

## SHOW OPEN

We see the usual studio backdrop, but the lights are dim this time. The monitors are off, and there are no employees shuffling about a busy environment. It's the usual Uncut open, but it looks like the DEF studio is closed...

The soft clapping sound of shoes on ground grows louder and louder until finally from the side of the screen enters Mikey Unlikely.

Mikey is wearing a full suit and tie. The whole get up. He has his aviator sunglasses on and turns right in the middle of the frame to face the camera, this is where he stops.

He looks around, see's no one, and smiles.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

This is what has become of DEFIANCE...

The words echo a bit. Reinforcing the fact that the room is empty.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Welcome to WrestleUTA UNCUT! I am your host with the most, Mikey Unlikely!

He unbuttons the bottom button on his suit and the jacket seperates in the middle, revealing a large gold championship beneath Mikey's jacket. It's not the DEFIANCE Tag Team championship, which Mikey actually holds, It's not the DEFIANCE SOHER that he's been carrying around in recent weeks.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

I would like to take the opportunity to introduce you all to a friend of mine.

He looks down at the title and smiles.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

This is the BRAND NEW, WrestleUTA Hollywood Heritage Championship!

The camera zooms in on the lettering and sure enough, it's almost an exact replica of the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Title, except the strap is light blue, and the DEFIANCE logo is replaced with the UTA logo, Finally "Southern" was replaced with "Hollywood".

**Mikey Unlikely:**

I realized after having the DEF HOHER stolen from my possession that sometimes in order to make something stick, you have to improve upon it. Here is the new and improved championship.

He unclips it from behind his back, and holds it up with both hands for the world to see.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

This is the true trophy in sports entertainment. This is the true historical championship that WrestleUTA needs! Forget that old, beat up, leather smelling championship that wanna be Scott Douglas is carrying around, it's ancient! This is the new era, and it's time for new champions! With that in mind, I am going to go ahead and announce the first ever WrestleUTA Hollywood Heritage Champion..... ME!

Mikey smiles and gloats to the camera. He slowly straps the title back around his waist, before clipping it in place. He looks back to the camera.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

I'm Mikey Unlikely, you're WrestleUTA HOHER champion! Welcome to UNCUT (Sports Entertainment Edition) let's get the show rolling.

On cue the feed cuts from the studio and to the next thing on the show.

Fade.

## INTERRUPTED TRANSMISSION

During DEFtv 94

Lance Warner has caught up to Scott Douglas who, surrounded by fans, is trying to make his way through the concession area just outside of the arena seating. The Faithful who remain inside the arena can be heard both cheering Douglas' covert action as well as booing the Hollywood Bruv's tag team victory.

Moments before Douglas has reclaimed his Southern Heritage Title from Mikey Unlikely before escaping through the audience. Douglas' smirk says as much with the title tossed over his right shoulder.

Members of the Faithful stride along in step with the Champion, cheering and swatting at both the Champ and his title. Lance struggles to claim a little bit of real estate in Douglas' vicinity as well with a microphone in hand.

### **Lance Warner:**

Scott Douglas, you finally have the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Title, back, in your possession. What does this mean for you ... for DEFIANCE?

Scott glances toward Lance as he asks his question while the mob continue to traverse the upper deck. Some of the Faithful trail off where others join from passing concourse levels. Douglas adjust the title on his shoulder and answers Lance.

### **Scott Douglas:**

I tell you what it means, Lance ... It means -

The broadcast abruptly comes to an end.

Black screen.

The SMPTE Color Bars briefly flash before the visual opens back up to the UNCUT studio, where Mikey Unlikely still holds down the desk were we would normally see Angus Skaaland.

### **Mikey Unlikely:**

Nope....Nah uh.... Not on my show! Get that shit outta here! NEXT!

The screen fades out quickly, as Mikey won't allow the rest of the clip to be shown.

Fade.

## LOOK AT MY NOSE!

### AFTER DEFtv94 WENT OFF THE AIR ...

The sign on the door reads "WRESTLEUTA", and that's all you really need to know about that. We cut inside the room to see a member of the medical staff putting on latex gloves. The camera pans to the right and sitting in the chair next to him is the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth. Harvey's nose is twisted and all sorts of wrong colors. Catalina comes into view, rubbing his shoulders trying to ease his pain.

**THE Jay Harvey:**

That little bitch! Look... look at my nose! My God, now I look like one of those ugly as sin Murray brothers.

Catalina comes in close, right in Harvey's ear.

**Catalina:**

You taught her a lesson. Class... is far from over, but you have to keep your eyes on the end goal.

Harvey scoffs and shakes his head. He knows Catalina is right, but this piss and vinegar are clouding his mind.

**THE Jay Harvey:**

Ares is gonna pay and... that shit Blackwood. He owes me a new pair of Brooks Brothers! How dare he come down to **MY** ring and interfere in **MY** business. I was gonna break her goddamn neck before he showed up.

Catalina kisses the side of her man's head and continues to speak the truth.

**Catalina:**

Blackwood knew what he was doing when he ran down to *YOUR* ring... You just have to finish it.

Harvey nods in agreement.

**THE Jay Harvey: (in a strong tone)**

I'm going to destroy him.

He looks up at Catalina and the two share something in their gaze. The doctor turns to face the two and claps his hands together.

**Doctor:**

So are we gonna do this?

Harvey begrudgingly shakes his head. He doesn't want to have to endure what is coming next but has no choice.

**THE Jay Harvey:**

God, this is gonna hurt.

**Doctor:**

Yes... it... is.

The doctor comes closer to Harvey and puts his hands on each side of Harvey's nose.

**Doctor:**

Ready?

**THE Jay Harvey:**

No...

The doctor snaps Harvey's nose back into place. Catalina's eye bug as Harvey lets out a roar. Harvey slams his right

hand down on the table in front of him, knocking everything on it to the floor.

**THE Jay Harvey:**

GODDAMNIT! SON OF A BITCH! YOU FUCK! I WASN'T READY! I SAID NO!

The doctor laughs and grabs an ice pack, handing it to Harvey. Harvey stares daggers at him as he places the pack on his re-positioned nose.

**THE Jay Harvey:**

Give me some fucking Tylenol.

We stay on Harvey for a few seconds longer before fading out to black.