

SHOW OPEN

IT'S A CELEBRATION, BITCHES... UNLESS YOU'RE THE UTA RIGHT NOW...

Hooting and hollering can be heard as the camera opens backstage. Various members of the DEFIANCE roster come flooding out through the guerilla position. Angel Trinidad, Aleczander The Great, The Fuse Bros, Elise Ares, Klein (hiding behind Elise), The D, MDM4, Sho Nakazawa, BADASS, David Race, Rich Mahogany, Gunther Adler, Reinhardt Hoffman all crowd around backstage just as a man comes through the curtain...

"MATES! AND NEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW..."

Coming through the curtains to the backstage area is Oscar Burns...

Waving the WrestleUTA World Championship over his head as he limps through the curtain. There's no doubt in anybody's mind that Oscar Burns was hurt and might have even had his career shortened a little bit. His face is still somewhat caked with dried blood, but has a towel and has wiped away some of it to make himself a little more presentable for the people celebrating around him.

Oscar Burns:

Mates! We did it! WE. DID. THIS.

He holds his newly acquired title up when Angel and Aleczander The Great both pat him on the shoulder.

Angel Trinidad:

Killed it out there, Burns. You took out that big bastard.

Aleczander The Great:

Yeah, way to show that giant wanker not to fuck with DEFIANCE, eh?

Aleczander punches him on the shoulder playfully... but doesn't know his own strength and Burns winces, shoulder still sore from earlier.

Aleczander The Great:

Wow, uh... sorry, mate.

Oscar Burns:

It's okay, GC. Just uh... no punchy, kay?

Angel shakes his at his partner.

Angel Trinidad:

It's about time somebody stuck it to those UTA fucks.

Oscar Burns:

Hey, mate, can't take all the glory tonight. You and the Fuse Bros did a great job out there, too.

Tyler Fuse:

Thanks, Oscar. Those No Justice NPCs think they were going to walk all over us.

Conor Fuse:

[interrupting] But no... We had Mega-Powered Level 200 Orcs in Team HOSS...

Angel now interrupts.

Angel Trinidad:

Watch it...

Aleczander The Great:

What's an orc?

Conor Fuse:

We SCHOOLED No Justice No Peace... but you, Oscar... YOU. You took out the biggest, baddest baddie of the UTA. That was like the boss fight AFTER the boss fight!

Burns raises an eyebrow at all the game references, but shrugs his shoulders.

Oscar Burns:

Look, blokes, thanks to all of you for the kind words, eh?

Angel, Aleczander, Tyler and Conor start to clap and cheer along with the rest of the crew near ringside. Some of the other members of the DEFIANCE roster applaud Burns for his efforts just as Elise Ares (with taped fingers from her match earlier), The D and Klein (again, hiding in the background), approach the circle.

The D in particular eyes down Oscar, looking down to his UTA championship. His eyes linger, as he stares at his reflection in the UTA title.

The D:

Congrats Oscar. You done did do it to it. Did what we couldn't. That's an accomplishment of its own right.

The D extends his hand to Oscar, who looks a bit reluctant but then eagerly accepts.

Oscar Burns:

Thanks, mates, seriously. And Elise... I'm sorry about what happened out there. But thank you for being here...

Elise Ares:

No problem. I'd shake your hands, but...

Elise holds up her taped fingers.

Elise Ares:

Klein. Go hug him for me.

Klein rushes up behind Oscar and wraps him in a large bear hug, lifting Burns off his feet as they dangle. Burns is clearly taken by surprise.

Oscar Burns:

GC... thanks, let me down, please...

Klein reluctantly lowers Oscar and releases his grip. He then reaches behind his back and pulls out a slightly melting ice cream cone. He extends it to Oscar, who squints and politely declines. The D then points at the title.

The D:

What are you gonna do with that now that DEFIANCE has it?

Burns does glance at the title for a moment and then doesn't take him long to answer.

Oscar Burns:

I heard there was talk of making this a new paperweight for Eric Dane, but to me, GC, a title is a title is a title. Crimson Lord will no doubt want this back, along with all those other UTA guys... so if they want it they'll have to fight me to take it.

Burns nods and continues along in conversation as the mini-celebration continues and the scene fades out

MARVELOUS.

Blue skies, scattered white clouds, trees off in the background, and a blazing sun. This is our setting for today's recording. Beautiful shots of mother nature continue to fill your screen before a Cessna Citation Longitude comes into view. A crew member is seen pulling up the entry steps back into the massive private jet. We soon go into the spacious cabin, following a flight attendant as she walks down the aisle.

Cutting to a front view of the attendant reveals a man resting in one of the many French Roast colored leather chairs. A shine pops from the man's bald head. The attendant is within a few feet of her passenger.

Flight Attendant:

More champagne, sir?

We cut to a front shot of the man, decked out in a fine designer suit, a light blue dress shirt with the top few buttons open. We all know this man and he needs little to no introduction. He is the most marvelous man to grace God's green earth... and now, THE Jay Harvey.

THE Jay Harvey:

Of course.

Harvey raises his empty glass which soon turns full. He nods his head at the attendant.

Flight Attendant:

We will be taking off soon, Mr. Harvey.

Harvey finishes the sip of his champagne.

THE Jay Harvey:

Marvelous. Thank you.

The flight attendant takes her leave and goes to the cockpit, out of the picture. We center on Harvey who takes another sip of his beverage as he looks out the window, taking in the view.

THE Jay Harvey:

My whole life I've been a wrestler... My whole life I knew this is what I wanted to do every single day.

Harvey finishes his champagne and places the empty glass in one of the cup holders beside him.

THE Jay Harvey:

I knew from day one, that I was going to do whatever it took to become the best. I couldn't rest on my family's name like many that have come before me. There were always high expectations and always condemnations.

Harvey exhales a deep breath, gathering his thoughts.

THE Jay Harvey:

I've always had to work harder. I've always had to put more time in to silence the critics. Every time those critics would say I couldn't do something, I'd do it. I've made a career out of proving people wrong. They've told me I couldn't last as a professional wrestler... and I have. They told me I wouldn't be as good as my father or grandfather... but I'm *BETTER*.

You can feel the serious nature of Harvey's demeanor and his speech.

THE Jay Harvey:

I've learned that once you stop, that's when your competition catches up. I'm ahead of the game and ahead of the

industry. I want to be chased, I want to be doubted, I live for it. That's what keeps you on top of them all. I live hard, I play hard, and I train hard.

Harvey fixes his cufflinks as he continues to speak from the heart, even if it may be a black one.

THE Jay Harvey:

Don't let the suits, the jets, the cars fool you... I've worked my goddamn ass off to get where I am. Everyone wants to be famous but no one ever wants to put the work in. It's plain and simple. I want more and I always have wanted more. I'm never content.

The pilots close the cockpit door and begin the last minute preparations for taking off.

THE Jay Harvey:

That's why I'm the best... and you're not. It's been my goal since my arrival in DEFIANCE that not only was WrestleUTA going to take over, but I was taking over. Now is my time. Scott Douglas, you have something I want. Oscar Burns... you have something WE want. Cayle... Murray... you bet your ass you got something I want.

Harvey checks his Rolex wristwatch for a moment and then looks up at the rolling camera.

THE Jay Harvey:

It's about time I take what is mine. Just know boys... You don't have to like it but you're *ALL* going to have to live with it.

We get a tight shot of Harvey still seated and slowly we zoom out. Harvey takes another look out the window before the scene slowly fades to black.

DERELICTA

About a hour and a half after Acts of Defiance went off the air.

The scene shows a quite of bit of arguing behind the locker room door of the WrestleUTA. The voices are muffled behind the door, but the sounds of chairs and a clear skirmish is heard behind the door. Finally the door swings open with force. Jon Larver quickly exits with a ice pack in his hand, and luggage in his other hand. He is soon followed by the now former WrestleUTA Champion Crimson Lord.

Crimson Lord

You all are useless!

Shouts from inside the room can be heard but their all mixed between WrestleUTA members. Crimson grabs the door knob and slams the door shut with force. He stares at the WrestleUTA sign on the door and sneers at it. It appears it was not just Crimson in the middle of it as you can still hearing shouting behind the door. Jon stares at the battered former champion. A bandage over his forehead, his button down shirt shows a bandage across his chest with visible red bruising up to neck, and a wrapped up knee.

Crimson Lord

Lets go Jon, just being here makes me sick!

Jon Larver

Yes, boss. I called Anthony he should be outside with your transportation.

Crimson with a blank stare toward his administrative assistant. Jon starts heading down the hallway putting the ice pack on his head with one hand and pulling luggage in the other. Crimson follows with a clear limp with each step. Crimson suddenly stops and is in a comatose state. Larver notices Crimson has stopped and he looks toward him.

Jon Larver

Boss? Something wrong?

Crimson shakes his head dazed a bit and then looks back at Jon for a moment, before shaking his head. Jon continues his walk down the hall as Crimson seems to be a bit more disoriented as he looks around while following Jon.

Scene fades as they walk out of the arena.