

SHOW OPEN

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to to fade up ...

A white streak of electricity shoots across the screen backed by a red glow.

It's accompanied by an electrical sounding sizzle sound effect.

The 3D block letters of UNCUT appear but the angle obstructs a legible reading of the word at first sight.

The red lined white streak shoots past the word as it continues to rotate and the background music swells.

As the letters tip upright and begin to reveal the five red letters back with a slight white glow, the white streaks fly behind the letters and wraps around the word angleing down as the drum beat hits and the theme is at full tilt only to abruptly end at the final presentation of the logo and a downnote.

The logo fades and on a black screen, words in white appear one at a time.

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

MISSING: SOHER

DEFtv 99

The Faithful can be heard, as a dull roar, during the main event.

Backstage, the camera passes through the doorway of the DEFmed bay. Scott Douglas sits atop the exam table, his faded black t-shirt ripped at the collar causing it to hang loosely around his neck. His right eye continues to trickle blood, each time Iris Davine dabs at it with gauze with the intention of glueing the small wound.

Iris Davine:

This might need a stitch, Scott ...

Scott is clearly frustrated by the added inconvenience but doesn't take it out on Iris.

Scott Douglas:

Whatever you need to do, Iris.

She applies pressure and Douglas' winces a bit.

Douglas:

... sooner the better though, eh? I've got to go get my title - I don't want it falling into the wrong hands. Especially, after I just burned the other.

Iris leans back from Douglas a bit - keeping the pressure but bearing herself for what she assumes will be an outburst.

Davine:

Well ...

She has a second thought.

Douglas:

What ... Iris, what is it? Don't tell me that little bastard -

Iris interjects.

Davine:

No, no , no ... Just let me close this up and then I'll tell you.

Just then, Lance Warner's voice can be heard behind the camera.

Lance Warner:

Scott Douglas ...

Camera A spins around the find Warner being followed by Camera B. The two pan toward one another for a split second of cameraman inception before each turn back toward Douglas as Lance attempts to question the SoHer.

Warner:

You burned the WrestleUTA Hollywood Heritage Title and admitted to tapping out to Kendrix - and as we speak Angus Skaaland is the one in possession of the Southern Heritage ...

Douglas half comprehends but asks ...

Douglas:

...what?

Warner:

With only ONE event left on the faltering DEFIANCE schedule, what does this mean for --

Douglas puts it together.

Douglas: *[under his breath]*

... fucking Angus.

As he curses the Motormouth of Malcontent he stands up and pulls away from Iris. Camera A stays on her, and she is none to pleased with Lance.

Cut to Camera B, which spins and following Douglas' exit, who's right eye begins to trickle blood again as he turns the corner.

Cut to Camera A, Iris is pissed.

Davine:

Damnit, Lance! Get out of my office!

Lance looks around confused for a second before quickly exiting as the the feed is cut.

Black.

SAFEGAURDED: SOHER

Post DEFTv 99.

The Faithful slowly file out of DEFarena for the second to last time. At the commentation station, Angus Skaaland and Darren Keebler are packing up their notes and the like, preparing to head out. Darren suddenly pauses, while stacking some papers, as if a thought has struck him. He turns to Angus and speaks.

DDK:

Angus, I have to ask ...

Angus, removing his head set, looks straight forward, verbally he'll respond - physically it is as if Darren was never even there.

Angus:

You most certainly do not, Keebs.

DDK:

You don't even know what I'm going to ask.

Angus grabs his disheveled stack of notes, which seem to be mostly covered in doodles depicting unsavory depictions of WrestleUTA wrestlers. Rather than correct the papers random positioning, he reaches down by his legs and retrieves a bag, shoving them in all at once. He still refrains from looking in Darren's direction.

Angus:

I assume it's where I'm going to be drinking tonight and that is a personal matter and I'd appreciate it you stayed out of it.

Darren cocks his head in derision and shakes it off before he begins to give up and return to his own personal belongings.

But he decides against it.

He turns, completely, in his chair to face Angus.

DDK:

The belt, Angus ...

Angus freezes mid paper stuffing and darts his eyes toward Darren, but holds his awkward about face. The camera operator moves toward its subjects and as it approaches the angle sheds new light on the scene in front of us. Most specifically the Southern Heritage title still sitting on the desk.

Angus slowly moves his right hand toward the belt, still leering at Darren in his peripheral. Once his hand reaches the far side of the belt he snatches it away and begins to try to stuff it in his bag - unsuccessfully.

Angus:

Don't worry about it! It's SAFE WITH ME!

DDK:

... but you know you have to give it to one of them ...

Angus gives up his attempt to stuff the title in his smallish bag. As well as, avoid eye contact with Darren. He takes great offense as he snaps his head toward Darren.

Angus:

THE HELL I DO! It was a DRAW, Keebs! A GORRRRRRRAAAAAMMM DRAW! Douglas is the RattleUTAH WHORE

Champion AND the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion ... and since one of those titles no longer physically exists ... I will be --

DDK:

... returning --

Angus:

SAFEGUARDING! ... Safeguarding the title to preserve it and it's legacy ... to MAKE sure it survives, at least as long as DEFIANCE does.

Angus stares at Darren, waiting to see if his explanation was enough. Keebler breaks the silence, or ties to.

DDK:

Well, you ...

Angus:

HEY! He's already LOST IT ONCE!

DDK:

Well, it was stolen.

Angus:

YEAH! And this time if McFuckado and/or McFuckadee get their hands on it ... it's SURE to go up in FLAMES. Especially McFuckadee!

DDK:

McFuckadee ... is Jesse?

Angus stands up abruptly with the unbagged title pinned between his arm and body. In the opposite hand he holds his smallish bag, with the corners of papers sticking up at varying angles.

Angus:

OF COURSE IT IS, DARREN!!! JESUS! Which SIDE ARE YOU ON!?

Angus storms off.

DDK:

Darren ... ?

Black.

SAFEGAURDED II: SOHER

Post DEFTv 99.

Backstage.

Angus Skaaland makes his way through the backstage area, SoHer still tucked firmly under his arm and disheveled bag in his hand. He doesn't make it far before bumping into Lance Warner.

Lance Warner:

Angus ... fair warning, Scott Douglas is looking for you.

Angus:

Warning? Ahhh come on, Lancey pants! Scotty and I are the best of pals! Where's he at though? ...

Angus darts his head left and right, quickly, attempting to take in all angles.

Angus:

... Ah, shit - I mean Where is he ... so I can meet ... up ... with ... him ... ?

Angus' head is on a swivel.

Warner:

Last I saw him he was storming out of medbay, he was still bleeding so, given the show was still live - maybe he doubled back to get stitched up, rather than interrupt the show.

Angus:

No ... that doesn't sound like him at all. I'll ... uh, I'll catch up with him at the bar. We usually bump into one another there - it's kind of our thing.

Warner:

You go to The Holy Ground? I don't think I've ever seen you in there ...

Angus:

Where? ... oh, yeah - The Holy Ground! Man, I've been kicked out of the place more times than you've seen it on your way back from getting a muffin. Boysenberry, right? You look like a boysenberry type of guy, Lancey pants. Ah, me ... I'm more of a bear claw guy! Man, love a good bear claw ... you know what - I could go for one now, with fifteen or so beers ... I'll see ya around - there Lance-a-not!

Angus scurries out of frame, SoHer still under his arm, leaving Lance a bit puzzled. He takes a beat but shakes it off because after it ... it's Angus.

Just as Lance begins to head off in the opposite direction, Angus reappears over his shoulder.

Angus:

Hey, Lance of Love!

Angus, again checks his surroundings closely as Lance stops and turns around.

Angus:

Hey ... so I know Evan's in long gone ... and I've seen hide nor hair of Dane since ... hell WAR GAMES [fake laugh] So ... pecking order wise ... who is actually booking around here??

Lance thinks for a moment but is clearly stumped.

Warner:

Ahhh, that's a good question -- with the lawsuits and everything most of the brass has been tied up. For the most part, since the War Games match -- things just keep falling into --

Angus:

Say no more! All I heard was, BRAZEN head booker ...

Angus checks around him one more time and then exits frame again.

Warner:

...but ... Angus, there is only one more show!?

Black.