

SHOW OPENER



Cue the generic intro music, the highlight reel, and all those fancy visual effects. You probably forgot about all this nonsense because it has been so long since Uncut hit the airwaves, but we're back *BAY BAY* so get used to them again.

The cameras swoop down upon DEF studios after all the fancy stuff is out of the way, and we catch Angus Skaaland wearing one of his trademark tuxedo tees.

Angus:

What it do, fuckboys and fuckettes?!

The Motormouth of Malcontent has a glint in his eye tonight. It's almost like he's happy about something.

Angus: [giddy]

Welcome to Uncut 16! We're hot on the heels of Acts of DEFIANCE, where not only did Hollywood McFuckass *finally* drop the gorram Southern Heritage Championship...

He pauses, giggling.

Angus:

... but Micropennis got his micro penis well and truly stomped into the dirt by Lindsay Troy. Hail to the queen, and hail to DEFIANCE!

One big thumbs up.

Angus:

The dust's still settling from DEFIANCE's latest pay-per-view, but we're going to swing the spotlight away from the main event scene scene tonight. It's time to go behind the scenes and catch a glimpse from some of the night's other biggest and losers... so roll that beautiful bean footage, boys!

KURAYAMI GA UMAREKAWATTA

Wake up!!

The voice echos in a dimly lit room, a light dangling from a hard concrete ceiling drifts back and forth, as the camera gains focus, it's an odd sight on our hand. We see Midorikawa, sitting down on a wooden chair, his arms strapped tightly to the arms of it. His masked face is looking down as it seems he has yet to wake up.

The light in the room is just enough to illuminate MDK's presence. However coming into the view another figure appears, face hidden away from the camera at first, the figures paces Midorikawa in a circle before moving to the other side of the hanging lamp, the camera is able to catch the face or in this case the mask of the new figure. Code Name: Reaper.

Code Name: Reaper:[voice modified as usual]

Are you sure he is going to be ready? This choice is not an easy one to make but his role will be crucial in what we are planning.

Additional footsteps can be heard approaching pair. The figure, face hidden in darkness stands behind Midorikawa.

Unknown Voice:[female voice, not modified at all]

Trust me... I am well aware of this choice not being easy, if he refuses, there is nothing we can do. We will move on and set him free to do what he wants. The plan is still in place, the next target is already chosen. We just have to make sure he sees what we are doing and knows what the best of his choices can be at this point.

Reaper:

Terry will suspect something is up, you do realize this right? That old fool is already too close to this as it is and we need to cut him loose. His relationship to Scott, is a danger to not only this but our overall goal and plan.

Unknown Voice: [obviously irritated]

Don't remind me of who is a danger to what we are doing! Take care of what needs to be taken care of while I talk to our new friend.

Reaper's eyes light up a flaring hot blue. He takes a few steps towards the unknown figure and then stops, instead turning the opposite direction and exiting through another dark room in the corner.

Unknown Voice:

If only they knew what you were truly capable of like I do. Scott is never going to know what hit him is he...?

The figure runs her hand across the top of MDK's head who is still facing down, unmoving.

Unknown Voice:

I know you are awake. Don't you have anything to say to us?

MDK:

Us...?

Unknown Voice:

Have you thought about the proposal? You have to know why you are here, I mean it's such an obvious thing.... Isn't it?

MDK:

What the hell are you babbling about?

Unknown Voice:

We feel as if you would better serve yourself and what you are trying to accomplish by taking a slightly different, more dark approach. I mean, you do want revenge right? After everything that happened with Cour....

The figure is unable to finish her sentence, as the word immediately sparks an outrage out of MDK, he furiously tries to get away from his harness strapping him to the wooden chair. He sees little success in his efforts as it seems to be firmly stuck in place.

Unknown Voice:

That's the kind of reaction that I was looking for, D.

That statement seems to subside MDK's burst of rage slightly. The figure places something in MDK's lap as she moves to the other side of him, still keeping her face hidden in the shadows behind the light.

Unknown Voice:

It's your decision to make, but now seeing our power, I think you know what the correct decision is. It's the only way you are going to get what you truly want.

She pulls loose the rope tethering MDK to his seat.

Unknown Voice:

If that decision is a yes, then I expect you outside in five minutes. The rest of what you need is behind you. If I don't see you in five minutes, good luck with the rest of your decisions in life.

She abruptly walks completely out of camera shots and disappears into the same dark room as Reaper did a few minutes prior.

MDK pulls away from the chair to verify his freedom. He looks down to the object in the lap and back toward the exit. His pondering gaze turns back toward the object in his lap.

Black.

CARTE BLANCHE PT III

Security Camera Footage.

Lance Warner:

Scott! Hey, man ...

Lance Warner stands backstage, just beyond gorilla, as Scott Douglas returns from his triple threat match against CODENAME: Reaper and Midorikawa.

Lance Warner:

Congratulations! I'll tell you ... I was skeptical that you'd "finish" this tonight. But damn if you didn't. Think we could get a quick word on camera?

Scott says nothing. He doesn't leave either but he certainly isn't as jovial as someone who just dusted off an enemy should be.

Lance Warner: *[to the camera man]*

Roll it!

The feed switches from the less quality security camera to television ready quality as the camera focuses on Warner and Douglas.

Lance Warner: *[to the camera]*

We're here with none other than Seattle's Favorite Son, "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas. Fresh off a victory at ACTS of DEFIANCE! *[turns to Scott]* Scott, you stated earlier tonight, very emphatically, that you would put all this craziness to bed, here live on pay per view!

Scott doesn't respond.

Lance Warner: *[awkward]*

Well, uh ... Scott, the Faithful really got behind you out there and I'm sure they would love to know, after everything you've been through in your short time here in DEFIANCE, how does it feel to walk out of the Wrestle-Plex Arena as the victor?

Lance trails off toward the end of his questions as Douglas wanders away.

Lance Warner: *[to the camera man]*

...the hell? For the life of me I can't get this guy to talk! Just ... kill it.

Cut.

WORDS ENDING IN "ANZA"

COMING SOON...

DEFIANCE'S NEXT PAY-PER-VIEW EXTRAVAGANZA...

BONANZA...

OTHER WORDS ENDING IN "ANZA"...

**ASCENSION.****SOON.**

WORDS WITH DAVE

Cut to somewhere else entirely. The following text appears along the bottom of the screen:-

EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE: DEFIANCE Press Conference, 12th January 2017

We're just off-stage from a typical press conference podium. There are all kinds of journalists and photographers buzzing around for HOT SKOOPZ, but there's only one man guaranteed to deliver.

Dave Felcher:

Hi everyone, Dave Felcher here for DEFIANCEwrestling.com and I'm here at DEFIANCE's official post-Acts of DEFIANCE pay-per-view with none other than The King himself, Andy Murray.

DEF's multimedia mastro turns towards the Scot, who greets his acknowledgment with a nod. The duo are stood before a black press backdrop with sponsors' logos plastered everywhere, and while Felcher wears a shirt and tie, Murray is altogether more casual. Wearing a grey tee and black jeans, Andy's lack of suit is easily explainable: he doesn't own one.

Dave Felcher:

Andy, that was quite the performance act Acts of DEFIANCE. You comprehensively and methodically picked Perfection apart in less than ten minutes, completely dominating the renowned technician from bell-to-bell. What are your thoughts coming out of the match?

Andy Murray:

I don't take great pride in hurting other people, Dave, but sometimes, you've just gotta beat somebody's arse. James Witherhold is a blight on our business, and I didn't just want to beat him, but beat him at his own game. Everything went exactly as planned, so hopefully this'll make him rethink his ways and come back with a better mindset. I'm not hopeful, though.

Dave Felcher:

Any lingering feelings of resentment?

Andy Murray:

No, absolutely not. He and I are finished.

There's a shedload of background noise as other wrestlers and officials are caught by the press. Felcher pauses when a brief round of applause breaks out across the room, before turning back to Murray.

Dave Felcher:

There was no Mark Shields last week, of course. Kelly Evans banned him from the building, and with a second investigation into his conduct currently ongoing, where do you think his future lies?

Andy Murray:

I've no idea. He obviously acted out of turn, and there must be consequences for that, but I guess it all depends how much of that was down to Perfection's influence. Whatever happens, it'll be what he deserves. I have complete confidence in whatever decision Kelly and the guys make.

Murray is typically calm and confident as he speaks. Having taken only a couple of licks during his match with Perfection, he shows no signs of wear and tear from the encounter.

Dave Felcher:

Your other big news coming out of the pay-per-view is your new role with DEFIANCE, of course. What can you tell us about it?

Andy Murray:

Not too much at the moment, Dave. I'm going to be working closely with Angus and the BRAZEN kids, and I should be

in the building for every DEFtv show. I'm not going away: I'm just stepping into the background a little bit.

Dave Felcher:

What prompted this decision?

Andy Murray:

A lot of things, but the crux of it this: I'm 39 years old, and I've been doing this for 23 years. I don't feel like I have anything left to prove between the ropes, and with the success my training school has had since 2011, this felt like a natural transition.

He pauses.

Andy Murray:

Aside from that, I just don't want to be competition for Jason and Cayle. I firmly believe that my brother is on the verge of something special in this promotion, and I don't want to take any attention away from that. It's time for both of my guys to strike out on their own, and I know they're going to kill it.

Dave Felcher:

So we may still see you on television from time-to-time?

Andy Murray:

Sure, I'll pop my head in every now and then.

Dave Felcher:

Will we see you in a DEFIANCE ring ever again?

Some hesitation.

Andy Murray:

Never say never.

Dave Felcher:

Thanks, Andy: just one more before we wrap things up here. You were successful at Acts, but you brother didn't fare so well. Do you think the war between him and Bronson Box is over, and what's next for Cayle?

A long, drawn-out pause. This clearly wasn't a question that Andy had prepared for today. Regardless, he answers...

Andy Murray:

I think that nobody in DEFIANCE is more driven to succeed than my brother, and that his main priority at the moment is to prove everyone who ever doubted him wrong. Let's leave it at that.

Dave Felcher:

Thank you for your time, Mr. Murray.

Cut.

CARTE BLANCHE PT IV

Kelly Evans and Wyatt Bronson move through the Wrestle-Plex backstage area and run across a despondent Scott Douglas, cramming things in his duffle bag.

Kelly Evans:

Mr. Douglas ...

Douglas looks up toward Kelly as he continues to stuff his things in the bag.

Kelly Evans:

Congratulations. Albeit a bit unconventional in the result... you stood by your word and you put this Midorikawa beef to bed. The Reaper situation, that appears to be a much more complex issue.

Douglas turns back to his belongings.

Kelly Evans:

Regardless, Scott. Congrats on your victory. Midorikawa couldn't take this one away from you.

Kelly begins to walk away. Wyatt Bronson follows. Scott finally pipes up.

Scott Douglas:

You don't get it, do you?

Kelly turns back, a little annoyed.

Kelly Evans:

Get what, Mr. Douglas?

Scott Douglas:

I won the battle. He clinched the war.

Kelly Evans: *[to Wyatt Bronson]*

What the hell is he talking about?

Wyatt shrugs.

Kelly Evans:

Mr. ...

Scott Douglas: *[interrupting]*

I stooped to his level. I fed right into the plan he had laid out, all along.

Kelly Evans:

That is preposterous. You, effectively ... and in ways I'm willing to overlook ... put an end to Midorikawa's endless sabotage to both MY shows and your matches.

Scott Douglas:

Astrix.

Kelly Evans:

What?

Wyatt Bronson:

I think it's French.

Kelly looks to Bronson with a questioning eye.

Wyatt Bronson:

Seattle's not THAT far from Canada.

Scott Douglas:

Even in defeat ... He still won. The victory was tainted and therefore empty...

Scott picks up his bag...

Scott Douglas:

He didn't need to blindside my opponent...

...and slings it across his shoulder.

Scott Douglas:

He had me do it for him.

Douglas walks walks past the two and leaves the frame.

Cut.

CHOSEN

Terry:

I don't freaking understand the point of all of this.

Terry 'The Idol' Anderson looks frazzled, tired and hungover. His usual attire of hawaiian shirt and fedora is on point today, he however is not. His face look beet red and the look on his eyes is more of confusion then anything.

We are outside Wrestle-Plex, the pay per view Acts of Defiance is about an hour finished. Terry is outside in the parking lot standing next to a beat down Honda Accord, staring at something in the distance, as the camera follows his gaze it shows that he is looking at none other than Code Name: Reaper. He's staring at the back entrance for what looks to be the locker rooms for DEFIANCE's finest.

Terry:

I need to get a drink in me. It's starting to get late and I'm remembering how shitty my life is.

Reaper looks back at Terry, says nothing, no eye flare, no sudden approach and threat. Nothing.

Terry:

You don't have a place to judge me. Ever since I've found you everything has changed here. As if I thought it couldn't get any more freaking insane it has and now we are out here, wasting our time staring at the back entrance of the stupid locker room. If you are waiting for someone why don't you just challenge them to a match? These mind games....

Reaper:

These mind games...

Reaper approaches Terry, slowly, with a glowing fearsome set of blue eyes.

Reaper:

These games don't require your presence Terry, in fact, I think it would be better served if you would just leave.

Terry:

That's not going to happen. You know why I am going to stay here and it has NOTHING to do with you. At all.

Getting closer Reaper's eyes continue to flare a bright blue, but in the background a loud thud is heard like the sound of the locker room door closing.

Calico Rose:

Don't move. His eyesight is triggered by sudden movement.

As the newly crowned Southern Heritage champion and his partner exit the arena, everyone's eyes meet everyone else's.

Impulse:

I don't think that's how it works. Gentlemen?

Reaper stares at Impulse, eyes continuing the bright blue glow. In silence he stands there staring, unmoving. Terry moves forward trying to ease the awkwardness.

Terry:

Great win tonight...

Before he can finish his sentence, Reaper extends his arm blocking Terry from approaching any further which also ceases him talking. Like a whipped puppy, Terry backs away and heads towards his car getting inside and leaving the three of them behind. Impulse takes a step towards the two men, which causes Reaper to tense. Impulse steps back

when Terry turns back and subtly shakes his head. No.

Reaper:

Chosen.....

That's the only word Reaper says, staring daggers with his blue eyes at the pair across from him. Instead of replying, Impulse raises an eyebrow; the word 'chosen' confuses him.

After a few seconds, Cally stands between the two and pulls Impulse away.

Cally:

What was that about?

Impulse:

I wish I knew.

And like that Reaper is gone. Fade to black.