

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.

Fade to the first segment.

HIDE AND SEEK (1)

The scene cuts to the backstage area, just outside of Gorilla position. Gage Blackwood storms through, looking for Chris Ross. Moments ago he was beating the hell out of him. That was until security got in the way and stopped it, leaving Ross to flee the scene and head to the back.

Blackwood was sure Mikey Unlikely sent the security guards to protect one of his most reckless assets. But come hell or high water, Gage was going to find him.

He tears through the first part of the backstage area, shouting for 'The Boss'. His eyes are seeing red and he's clearly in a trance. The DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex is not that large of a backstage. If Gage would just calm down, he probably could figure out where Chris Ross is... if he's still in the building that is.

Blackwood starts to head in the direction of the UTA locker room. He doesn't care if he goes through half the Mormon roster. He's going to find Ross and he's going to finish what he started.

Until he runs right into Eddie Dante, knocking him over by mistake. Gage quickly snaps out of his trance and looks very apologetic.

Blackwood:

Very sorry.

Dante doesn't look well. He looks into Gage's eyes, overwrought with stress and panic.

Dante:

Young Blackwood... my apologies. I haven't been myself as of late. As you know, Mushigihara vanished after Maximum DEFIANCE and I haven't been able to locate him anywhere in the area. I don't know where he's gotten himself into, but he did NOT take his loss well at all.

Dante takes one deep, shaky breath, before placing a hand on Blackwood's shoulder and speaking to him with a seriousness that is immeasurable even by the standards of Dante himself...

Dante:

If you find Ross, beat the dogshit out of him.

Dante hurriedly pulls a small pad from his pocket and scribbles on a sheet.

Dante:

In fact, here's my number. Call me so I can join in. I owe that rat bastard a receipt.

He doesn't even wait for Gage to respond before he turns out in a hurry, looking for Lord knows what.

Blackwood, meanwhile, hasn't said or moved an inch. Eventually, Gage speaks to Dante, even though he knows Eddie is well out of sight and couldn't hear him even if he was shouting.

Blackwood:

If you see him, tell him thank you for saving me.

Blackwood refers to when Mushigihara made the save after Chris Ross attacked him for the second time a few months ago. Gage now continues down the path.

Blackwood:

Aye and tell him I'll gladly seek payback for both of us...

NO JUSTICE LEAGUE, NO PEACE

yoU
can'T
sAve
defiance
wrestling
a**l**one

HIDE AND SEEK (2)

It's been a while now and Blackwood has not found Chris Ross. He's looked everywhere but refuses to believe this.

Well, everywhere except the WrestleUTA locker room area.

Since their "takeover", they've also taken over an entire wing in the Wrestle-Plex. #FUCKDEFIANCE is spray-painted to let everyone else know they're getting closer to the new stars of this organization. But Gage doesn't care. Not right now, anyway.

Additionally, most of the WrestleUTA talent is elsewhere. Some are in the ring at the moment and others are doing a promo with Lance Warner, belittling him and mocking The Faithful as they continue to promote the job they did at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. As for anyone else? Well they come and go as they please, so the WrestleUTA wing is rather quiet at the moment.

Blackwood keeps his eyes forward, down the hallway. Voices can be heard closing in on the scene. Blackwood turns down another corridor and makes impact with one of those voices. The sound of a beverage hitting the concrete floor and splatting is the only thing you hear.

The camera zooms out to reveal those voices belong to THE Jay Harvey and the lovely Catalina. Harvey is fresh out the shower and in street clothes. Harvey looks down to his shoes and the puddle of slush at his feet. Catalina and Harvey both dart their heads up, she with a look of horror and he with one of absolute hatred.

THE Jay Harvey:

That... was... my... FRAPPE!

Blackwood mouths the words "god dammit", knowing Harvey isn't going to take this lightly and neither is he if this comes to blows.

Blackwood:

I really don't care about your... (confused) whatever it is you're drinking. Where's Chris Ross?

Harvey is now stumbling over his words. He looks down at his shoes quickly and rubs his head, trying to figure out what Blackwood just did.

THE Jay Harvey:

These... these are Brooks Brothers! You can't get frappe out of alligator leather! You goddamn bozo!

Catalina tries to calm down Harvey but Harvey is fuming.

Blackwood:

I asked you, where's Chris Ross?

Catalina:

You better apologize!

Before Blackwood can say anything more Harvey decks him in the jaw, dropping Gage down to the concrete. Harvey lands some kicks to Blackwood's chest and shoulder as he yells.

THE Jay Harvey:

(mocking Blackwood) Yea, I'm sorry for ruining your three thousand dollar shoes, Mr. Harvey! I'm sorry for dropping your delicious oreo frappe, Mr. Harvey!

Harvey abruptly stops his onslaught. He stands over Blackwood, pointing his index finger down at the beaten Scot.

THE Jay Harvey:

You better never cross me again.

Catalina:

You got off easy this time, Gage. Next time... it'll be Game Over for you.

Catalina blows Gage a kiss before giving him a devilish smile. The two stand over Blackwood for another second or two before exiting the scene.

It takes a while but Blackwood rolls over and then gets to one knee. While certainly recovering from the attack, it's also as if he isn't even phased by it (mentally, at least).

Blackwood:

So I guess they haven't seen him...

He mutters to himself, looking up and making a mental note of the attack and the person who did it.

Blackwood:

I'll deal with you later...

He pulls himself up and slowly but surely continues to make his way down the hall, holding rubbing his jaw as he does.

LET THE GAMES BEGIN

Regretfully imprisoned, the Almighty wrestlers of defiance finds themselves in a lethal Gladiatorial contest against the Nasty united toughness alliance, consisting of former Allies and bitter enemies out for inexorable Revenge. On the eve of judgment day, defiance must fight for survival and race against time to prevent the all-powerful King mikey unlikely and his crew from destroying their home and the faithful's civilization. Hope is All defiance possesses at this moment in the face of a spiteful and Successful takeover. Can the heroes Overcome these Mammoth odds in order to Excel together, or will they fall individually and watch their utopia crumble?

HIDE AND SEEK (3)

Gage has been looking all night. It's very clear by now Chris Ross is not in the arena. He left and got the last laugh after all, leaving Blackwood pissed off and one step behind for yet another time (plus a nice bruise on his jaw from THE Jay Harvey. However, none of this registers with the fuming Scot. Instead, Gage is giving it one more go, retracing some of his steps just to make sure.

Blackwood:

I know you're here.

He mutters to himself, convinced Ross is just waiting for the right time to strike. After all, Ross has got the better of him at least four different times now.

Blackwood opens a locker room door and looks inside. Empty. He slams it shut.

Blackwood opens the next locker room door and looks inside. Empty. He slams it shut, too.

Down the hall he goes, opening door after door, not even realizing these are not locker rooms. He's way back in the storage area of the Wrestle-Plex, essentially looking at rooms with just enough space to keep a few supplies. One is a janitor's closet. The other is kept for the television production crew and so on. But Gage still sticks his entire body in, as if he's seeing a large open space where anyone could be hiding.

Once entering the production crew room, Blackwood frowns and notices scuffling in the background. He fumbles to the side and clicks on an overhead light, revealing The D grabbing a large ARRI light kit and shoving it into the hands of Klein, who's covered and wrapped in "stingers" (heavy duty extension cords), clamps, and clotheslines. The two turn their gaze toward the entrance, noticing Gage and freeze like deers in headlights. After a brief pause.

The D:

(quickly) Hi. Hello. Who's there? What's up? Why? Nothing to see here. Nothing.

Blackwood stands there, awkwardly as well. He scratches his head.

Blackwood:

Um, I don't care what you two are doing. I'm looking for Chris Ross. Have you seen him?

The D smiles and begins to throw a bunch of more equipment from the shelves into a small wooden "apple" box.

The D:

We don't know who or what that is. Wait, is he that guy who paints shrubs?

Klein shakes his head no.

The D:

Then no idea.

Blackwood raises an eyebrow. His look intensifies as if he's angry the men he's speaking to haven't heard of that name before.

Blackwood:

How do you not know who your opponents are!? He's UTA.

The D:

Oh. Them. We don't think of them as people, therefore they have no names. Is he the undead hoodie dude, the guy with the weird face, or the guy who thinks he's tough because he's from a capital?

Blackwood nods, agreeing with the notion anyone from UTA aren't people. He then stops to ponder the question.

Blackwood:

I think he's the "tough guy" from a capital. Is Philadelphia the capital? I think that's where he's from. Anyone from there is useless.

Gage continues to shift between looking at The D and looking at Klein, now wondering what they're actually doing but he's too afraid to ask.

The D:

Except M Night. That dude's gonna cast Elise in the remake of Twister. Cool thing about Twister? It's gonna have a twist... That's why we're... (coughs) borrowing this equipment. She needs a demo reel, show she can be the next Helen Hunt, but like, way better cause Helen's old now.

Blackwood:

(joking) We're not in Kansas anymore.

Blackwood's very poor attempt at humor (and not even using the right movie reference), confuses The D and Klein, as everyone now stands in complete silence for a little too long until Blackwood catches on.

Blackwood:

Oh, I think that was a different tornado...

Klein nods his head like "duh" as The D picks up the apple box and walks toward Blackwood.

The D:

I think you're out of luck on the Chris Ross front. He's prolly gone. I'd recommend just waiting till next week, showing up early, laying down some glue traps and just swatting him with a giant mallet when he gets stuck. Maybe bait the traps with some cheese or something. I dunno. What's the guy like? Heroin? He's from Harrisburg. Put some heroin down with a little note that says "free heroin." We gotta load this stuff into our unmarked van. C'mon Klein! Chop chop!

Klein fumbles with all the stuff that's turned him into the production equipment equivalent of a Christmas tree. He begins to shuffle his way toward the door.

Meanwhile, Blackwood ponders what The D has told him.

Blackwood:

No matter when I get my hands on him...

There's a long pause as Gage's face becomes red and he remembers why he's chasing after Chris Ross to begin with. Beating after beating run through his mind and suddenly, Blackwood looks like an entirely different person, filled with rage. When he speaks, a very thick Scottish accent comes through (though it's debatable if it's even Scottish because it's so incoherent).

Blackwood:

Ah will fankle his face up sae bad his ain mum wilnae recognize him! A'm waantin' his blood pouring oot o' his skull!!!

Gage once again realizes The D and Klein are just staring at him. The D goes to say something, but no words come forth.

Blackwood:

Sorry. (pause) Enjoy stealing your S&M supplies. Just remember to be careful, the UTA is lurking everywhere and if you run into Chris Ross, he'll stop at nothing.

The D nods toward Blackwood as the two of them take their leave down the hallway. The D just starts babbling as

Klein fumbles with the innumerable amount of equipment he's holding.

The D:

That guy's got the passion of Marlon Brando with a mouthful of peas. Stop dropping things! Coming out of your paycheck if it's broke!

Klein fumbles and picks up a cord that had fallen to the concrete and scurries after The D.