

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 angling down as the drumbeat hits and the theme is at full tilt only to abruptly end at the final presentation of the logo and a down note.

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

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

THE GORRAM 50s!?

As the standard show open gives way to our first segment, we are treated to sight for sore eyes on this side of the promotion.

"The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland stands alongside the desk that he once sat behind ... for this very show. The dim light and variety of boxes stacked about, make it clear; this one-time studio for UNCUT is now nothing more than a storage area for the production team.

Angus picks up his glass of brown liquid and takes a sip as he looks over a very thin stack of papers. There might be three ... total.

Angus' face curls as he looks up from his current reading material. The curl bends into a snarl, unlikely caused by the potency of the liquid in his glass.

Angus:

Are you fucking with me!?

No one responds. Angus turns and looks nearly down the barrel of the camera. He points to the person operating it.

Angus:

Are ... YOU ... *GORRAM* fucking with me!?

Again, no one makes a sound.

Angus:

Episode fifty! FIF-fucking-TY! ... and this is the run sheet? Why did you even call me down here!? If you think I'm recording an intro for this shit - you're out of your mind. Call me for 100 ...

Angus tosses the papers into the air and shoots back the remainder of his beverage before he stalks off.

Cut to the next clip.

AND THAT WAS SUPPOSE TO IMPRESS ME?

A voice is heard coming from a darkened room and as we approach the room the voice becomes familiar as we see Oscar Burns speech after his victory on DEFYTv 115 against Aleczander the Great playing on a flat screen television.

Oscar Burns:

I could stoop to your level. You question MY sportsmanship and MY morals and MY manhood. All the while, you have the AUDACITY to make demands and bitch and piss and moan like a little girl each and every week you're out here when you don't get your way and take it out on everybody else. Do you see me doing the same, Scotty?

He leans forward.

Oscar Burns:

No. I manned up, mate. I challenged you like a man and despite the odds, you threw your way - even letting you pick the stipulation and putting my career on the line - I accepted like a man.

The Faithful continue to roar loudly as Burns continues.

Oscar Burns:

You'd like for me to go away, Scotty. And it's true. In one-on-one matches, I have never beaten you. And after MAXDEF, maybe just maybe if you win, I might go away for good. I'll be gone from DEFIANCE and I'll stay true to my word. You'll beat me... I'll be gone... and tonight will be the last time I can address the fans on a DEFIANCE show.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar Burns:

But... after the last year and a half of EVERYTHING you've put me through and taken away from me, mate... I will accept NO other result than to finally end this thing between us! I will not fade away! I will not go quietly! And I won't stop until I finally BEAT some respect into your tired, miserable ass and FINALLY getting back the FIST of DEFIANCE!!!

As Oscar enjoys possibly his last moment in DEFIANCE Wrestling the image of his face is paused as he is smiling slapping hands with fans and a voice out of the darkness is heard.

Voice:

And that was suppose to impress me?

As the person who speaks leans forward and the silhouette of Scott Stevens is shown as the light from the television reflects off of him before he turns on a lamp revealing his office.

Scott Stevens:

All that talk. All that bravado. All that.....nothing.

Stevens says with a sigh.

Scott Stevens:

That victory over Aleczander wasn't impressive at all Oscar.

Stevens says with a shake of his head.

Scott Stevens:

You're not even prepared for me and what I will do to you at Maximum DEFIANCE.

Stevens sighs once again.

Scott Stevens:

And that's a pity because when I end your pathetic career I wanted you to be at your best but alas you won't even be at 70%.

Stevens says almost disgustedly as he stares long at the image of Oscar Burns on the television.

Scott Stevens:

Oscar, you're like shampoo because you rinse, wash, and repeat yourself week in and week out.

Stevens says as he places his arms onto the wooden desk in front of him and places his head into his hands momentarily before continuing.

Scott Stevens:

All that talent. All that skill. All that....waste.

Stevens says with a shake of his head.

Scott Stevens:

You're too busy worrying about things in the past and about things that don't concern you. I don't piss and moan or make demands. When I'm owed something I expect it to be delivered to me especially when I can ask for it anytime and anywhere. I don't like it when I'm screwed over constantly because it doesn't end well and DEFIANCE should know this by now, but they want to do things the hard way just like you.

Stevens says as he stretches out his index finger and points towards the television at the image of Burns.

Scott Stevens:

At Maximum DEFIANCE, you have no idea what is in store for you.

Stevens says sternly as his face is expressionless.

Scott Stevens:

While you're busy slapping hands, kissing babies, and wondering what the DEFIANCE Filth think of you I've been training to end you.

Stevens says with a nod.

Scott Stevens:

The difference between you and I is that I don't care if I'm cheered or booed because what I do in between those ropes is all that matters. I'm a fucking Terminator that has only one mission and that mission is you.

Stevens says coldly.

Scott Stevens:

I can't be bargained with, I can't be reasoned with, I don't feel pity, remorse, or fear for you, and I will not stop...EVER, until your career is dead!

Stevens says emphatically as he smacks the desk with his fist.

Scott Stevens:

You are entering unfamiliar territory at Maximum DEFIANCE when you accepted the terms to the match. A Texas Deathmatch is my specialty, and it's the kind of that tests one's mettle and end those who aren't strong enough.

Stevens smirks at his comments.

Scott Stevens:

Guess it's poetic justice that your last match in DEFIANCE will be a match where I have ended careers against guys that wanted to test their mettle against me.

Stevens leans back in chair.

Scott Stevens:

I'm sure you've never been in a Texas Deathmatch before so I'm going to go over the rules, and there is no backing out because as we Texans say, "A deal is a deal."

Stevens opens a drawer in his desk and reaches in to pull out a piece of paper. The former FIST of DEFIANCE clears his throat before reading from the paper.

Scott Stevens:

The rules of a Texas Deathmatch are as followed.....

Stevens begins to list the rules.

Scott Stevens:

1. No Disqualification.

2. No Count out.

Stevens stops.

Scott Stevens:

There will be no excuses. I will use everything and anything to make sure I end you once and for all.

Scott Stevens:

3. No stopping the match due to excessive blood loss.

Stevens stops again this time with an expressionless face.

Scott Stevens:

You hear that Oscar? I am going to beat you within an inch of your pathetic, miserable, little life and when you're bleeding everywhere throughout the arena I don't want no one stopping me from ending you. No doctors, no paramedics, and not even the Grim Reaper or God himself can stop me from doing my best Cain and Abel reenactment against you.

Stevens says before continuing with the list.

Scott Stevens:

4. Pinfalls & Submissions (verbal or tapped) count anywhere.

Stevens lowers the paper.

Scott Stevens:

That means if you tap out after I'm drowning you in a shit filled toilet it's legal or if I burn you after I throw you inside a pizza oven and you tell for me to stop that counts as well.

Stevens clarifies before continuing.

Scott Stevens:

5. After a pin or submission (verbal or tapped) the wrestler has to the count of 10 to make it back to his feet.

6. If the wrestler makes it back to his feet before the count of 10, the match continues, if not, the match concludes.

Stevens says as he places the paper down.

Scott Stevens:

And last but not least number seven.

Stevens says as he picks up to things on his desk and turns them around for the world to see.

Scott Stevens:

The Stevens Dynasty and WrestleFriends are banned from the match, period.

Stevens says as he places the pictures down.

Scott Stevens:

No excuses. My people know I can beat you so they don't need to be there, but I'm worried about yours. If anyone of your compadres shows their face whether it's in the locker room, bathroom, parking lot, the Gulf of Mexico, you will automatically lose this match and prove to everyone that you are a coward, a phony, and an all-around piece of shit.

Stevens says bluntly.

Scott Stevens:

This is it, Oscar. I hope you're truly prepared for what you signed up for because after Maximum DEFIANCE there will be nothing left of you.

The image fades.

ALECZANDER THE GREAT VS. "WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL

DDK:

Hello, fans and welcome once again to an UNCUT Exclusive match. And coming up, we have one third of DEFIANCE's former most fighting World Trios Tag Team Champions, Team HOSS... Aleczander The Great in action against one of the rising stars of DEFIANCE, "Wingman" Titus Campbell. Aleczander just competed on our last edition of DEFtv in a narrow loss to "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns and now looks to redeem himself against Campbell.

Angus:

It ain't often that Aleczander The Great is out-HOSSED but tonight, he's out-HOSSED by the 310-pound Campbell. But Wingman's issue is trying to be everybody's friend. He needs to focus and if he could a little more, he might be able to put together some wins.

DDK:

Well, right now, Campbell is slated for a HUGE test on DEF tv 116 when he faces Burns' rival, former FIST of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens. If Campbell can pull off an upset here, he may look at his chances towards 115.

Angus:

Campbell is a guy I've been wanting to get serious for a while, so I hope he can actually do this.

And with that, it's over to ringside with Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first from Miami, Florida, weighing in at 310 pounds... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

♪ "Labrinth" by Earthquake feat. Tinie Tempah ♪

Flashing lights dance from the entrance, silhouetting a huge man with his arms extended wide, showing an almost impossible wingspan. Stepping out into the spotlight is a massive, mountain of a man. Wearing a black varsity style jacket with silver sleeves and a matching pair of silver sunglasses, "Wingman" Titus Campbell tosses off his "WINGMAN" flat brimmed hat and drops his jacket to the ground. The African-American giant smirks and bops a bit to the beat before walking down to the ring. He nods to the cheering fans - his Flight Crew - and hands off his shades to a fan in the front row before entering the ring. He waits on his opponent as his music cuts.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from Manchester, England... weighing in at 264 pounds... **ALEZANDER THE GREAT!**

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

Six foot four. Two-hundred and sixty-four pounds of sculpted steel and flex appeal, Aleczander The Great steps out into the arena. A mixed reaction rains down, a conflict between his HOSS appeal and his dude bro attitude. He takes this opportunity, of course, to show off his superior physique and flexes his muscles. He heads down the ramp and climbs into the ring, doing a nice pec dance before entering the ring. His music fades and he has a microphone in hand.

Aleczaender The Great:

Hey! You big wanker!

Titus stops egging on the crowd and turns to face the former World Trios Champion as Aleczander inches closer. While the size difference is only a bit noticeable between the two bigger men, the much more experienced Aleczander doesn't back down.

Aleczaender The Great:

So that goddamn Kiwi, Oscar Burns, got one over on me. And I wasn't tapping on DEFtv, you arseholes, that was me reaching for the ropes when he had me in that stupid Octopi Stretch or whatever it's called... who bloody cares?!

"YOU TAPPED OUT!
YOU TAPPED OUT!
YOU TAPPED OUT!
YOU TAPPED OUT!
YOU TAPPED OUT!"

The chant annoys Aleczander The Great as he turns back to Titus, who can't help hide a smirk.

Aleczander The Great:

Mate, who the hell do you think you even are, laughing at me! I'm Aleczander The Great! I've won Tag Team Titles the world over! UK, America, Mexico, Canuckistan, even in Portugal where they only have a one-sided ring, mate! That's what I do! I'm a winner! You? You look like a joke. A one-hit wonder.. Well, the only time you've ever wrestled, you lost to a girl, so what do you do know?

The crowd "OOOOOOH"s that one while Titus thinks nothing of it, that lady being the current SoHer/SoCal Champion who just defeated the FIST non-title, Elise Ares. Titus grabs a microphone of his own and waves at Aleczander.

Titus Campbell:

Look, Alex...

Aleczander The Great:

That's Aleczander The Great, mate. But you can call me sir.

Titus Campbell:

Look, bitch...

OOOOOOOOOOOH!

Titus Campbell:

I KNOW my Flight Crew didn't pay to see YO' whiny ass come out here and cover up the fact you tapped out. [cheers from the crowd, jeers from Aleczander] And you right. I lost oncel... toa girl that just beat the damn FIST of DEFIANCE! Ain't no shame in that game! But I went back to the drawin' board and I'm back now, ready to fight again and not make excuses. Imma do what Angus Skaaland told me to do...

Angus:

Tell him what I said, Titus!

Titus Campbell:

WIN, BABY!

As referee Hector Navarro gets in close to officiate, so does Aleczander.

Aleczander The Great:

MATE, I'VE...

RIGHT HAND!

DING DING

The cheap shot by Aleczander The Great signals the start of the match and it goes underway with Mancunian Muscle using his strength to power the larger Titus into a corner to attack him with Shoulder Thrusts!

DDK:

Have you taken a shine to Campbell or something, Angus?

Angus:

I like all my BRAZEN kids to varying degrees, but I'm serious. He needs that spark in the ring and I want to see that out of Campbell.

But the only spark right now is Aleczander having his way with the large BRAZEN talent until Navarro warns Mancunian Muscle to back off. He nearly shoves Navarro out of his way before he fires off on Titus with a huge European Uppercut underneath the jaw! The blows have clearly taken their toll on Titus as Aleczander gets close and talks trash to The Wingman.

He grabs Titus by the arm and with all the strength he can muster, whips him across the ring to the other side. Mancunian Muscle then powers across the ring and charges in with a hard Spear Tackle right to the gut of Titus Campbell, doubling over the big man in the corner!

DDK:

Well, so far it's all Aleczander and he wants to make people forget about that loss to Oscar Burns. Unlike his former partner, Angel Trinidad, he's keen on taking shortcuts and sneak attacks to get ahead!

Angus:

Well, when it's made him very successful as a tag team wrestler the world over, who are we to argue?

Aleczander enjoys his advantage over Campbell right now as he remains doubled over. He grabs Titus by the neck while he's kneeled over in one arm and then BASHES him repeatedly across the chest with a series of vicious Clubbing Forearms!

DDK:

That move's called Clangin' and Bangin', a tribute to former DEFIANCE star and his partner, Jonny Booya.

Angus:

Don't remind me of THAT prick...

After Titus gets sufficiently pummeled by Aleczander, the non-real-life Great One pushes him down to the canvas for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Kickout by Campbell! He needs to mount an offensive quickly, but Aleczander The Great is doing all the right things and keeping the bigger man off-kilter with his power offense.

Aleczander derisively slaps Titus right on his bald dome, continuing to make fun of the rookie as he does so. The Faithful... or Flight Crew, whatever you want to call them... side behind the energetic BRAZEN star as Aleczander continues running his boot across his face.

Aleczander The Great:

Who's the bitch now, mate? You think you can beat me?

Titus starts to get angry after another slap catches him on the jaw. Aleczander The Great drops a few elbows into his gut and tries to lift the rookie up for an Argentine Backbreaker. He tries to lift him up and the crowd gasps in shock when he does so! But the brief stumble in elevating him allows Titus to elbow Aleczander on his head, getting him to drop him near the ropes.

DDK:

Big Titus finally musters up some offense, but can he follow up here on one of DEFIANCE's more powerful stars?

Angus:

That's a premier HOSS, Keeps!

Aleczauder grumbles about the state of his noggin before he sees The Wingman hunched over in the corner. He angrily charges forward at Titus, but this time the rookie is ready and catches him with an elbow to the jaw. Aleczauder angrily stumbles back before charging in again, this time catching a boot for his troubles. He then lunges out of the corner, shoves Aleczauder across the ropes and EXPLODES with a huge Shoulder Tackle out of the corner, knocking him down!

DDK:

There we go! Taking your advice, partner!

Angus:

Now I just wish you'd take my advice about letting me do commentary myself and we'd be golden!

Titus gets cheers from the crowd and waits for Aleczauder to get back up before whipping Aleczauder into a corner. He charged forward and CLOCKS him with a Running Clothesline and then a second one for good measure, before whipping him back to the original corner. Aleczauder manages to reverse and send Titus to the corner, only for him to come back out and BLAST him again with another Clothesline, knocking Aleczauder on his ass!

DDK:

Titus now rallying! And now he's got Aleczauder up... he's looking for Turbulence!

Angus:

Jeez, not this!

He has Aleczauder across his shoulder and spins him around and around, Airplane Spin-style! The crowd cheers as Titus suddenly stops for a second, then revs up again, going the other way! He spins Aleczauder across the ring before dropping him like a sack of spuds with a Front Slam on the canvas!

The crowd cheers him on as he holds both arms wide out and climbs to the middle rope. The big man then comes off, Diving Headbutt style!

DDK:

Unorthodox offense, but it did the job! He calls that Take Flight and he did just that! Can he win here?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Titus' jaw drops as he can't believe the series of signature moves didn't put Aleczauder away. He then signals to the crowd and clutches his arms together. One Hook-up away from a big upset!

Angus:

Show, don't tell, dingus!

As Aleczauder groggily stands up, Titus boots him in the gut and looks for the Elevated Underhook Facebuster. Unbeknownst to him, Aleczauder surges free and POWERS him over with a Back Body Drop! Aleczauder laughs while Titus doubles over. Aleczauder happily SPITS on Titus, earning him more jeers from the crowd.

DDK:

Now THAT'S uncalled for!

The Mancunian Muscle goes lunging off the ropes looking for his patented Biceps Explosion Clothesline... only to get a HUGE Big Boot to the face! An angry Titus wipes the spit off his face and the ring rattles. Titus quickly capitalizes by turning Aleczander up...

Angus:

No way. NO WAY!

DDK:

THE HOOK-UP! HE LANDED THE FACEBUSTER!

The Faithful Flight Crew cheer on Titus as he drops Aleczander like a bad habit and rolls him over for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The crowd can't believe it! Titus barely can! He inches himself away from Aleczander's fallen body, amazed that he just pulled off a massive win over a man that has gone toe to toe with some of DEFIANCE'S biggest stars!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

DDK:

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THAT'S GOT TO BE A HUGE UPSET! ALECZANDER'S A DECORATED TAG WRESTLER INCLUDING HERE IN DEFIANCE AND TITUS JUST WON!

Angus:

I CAN HEAR YOU KEEBS I DON'T NEED YOU SCREAMING IT IN MY EAR! BY JOVE, SOMEBODY LISTENED TO ME AND IT WORKED!

The crowd cheers as Titus gets his arm raised.

DDK:

Anything can happen on any of our events and tonight, that just happened! Aleczander taunted and annoyed Campbell, took him lightly and just paid for it big-time! And he goes into DEFtv with huge momentum on his side as he looks to take on the former FIST of DEFIANCE Scott Stevens! Will we possibly see lightning strike twice?

Angus:

God I hope so. Dumb Derp Dynasty...

DDK:

Folks, for Angus Skaaland, this is "Downtown" Darren Keebler thanking you for joining us on UNCUT! We'll see you next week on DEF TV 116, our final stop before MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

The final shots are a laid-out Aleczander with "Wingman" Titus Campbell celebrating over his fallen body, scoring easily the biggest win in his career.