

SHOW OPEN

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to to fade up ...

A glitch effect, accompanied by a digital glitch sound effect usher in the UNCUT logo with a slow dissolve.



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

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

SOMETHINGS NEVER CHANGE

A violent crash opens the scene and it is quickly followed by a resonant clang of a table and chairs clashing with a brick wall. The violently indignant ranting of Angus Skaaland is well known in DEFIANCE and the entire state of Louisiana... but this particular fit challenges every preconceived notion.

Skaaland, a die-hard supporter of DEFIANCE, long time commentator and herald of all things BRAZEN has just witnessed the one thing that he cannot stomach; and this man sees a bleach blonde mullet in the mirror each and every morning, assumingly since the year that the hockey hair was still in vogue.

The Motormouth of Malcontent was rendered speechless ... or at least driven to toss his headset aside for the first time in recent memory during the main event of DEFIANCE's premier event, DEFCON; mere moments ago. The catalyst to this child-like fit; Mikey Unlikely has just won the FIST of DEFIANCE against the fighting champion; "Twist and Turns" Oscar Burns.

Angus has suffered through an extreme amount of results that he would deem unacceptable and normally would find himself rebounding with a good ol' HOSS FITE or a well-placed chair shot to the face of someone he doesn't care for. Worst case, at the end of the night, he'll just go key Jack Harmen's car ... get a drink and all is right in the world. Yet, tonight ... this cannot stand.

Angus:

NO! NO! THIS IS GORRAM ... GODDAMN, HORSESHIT!

Angus slings another chair against the wall, narrowly missing a production assistant who sides steps the projectile just in time.

The backstage area commonly referred to as the Gorilla or Go Position; the area for staging just before performers exit through the thin black curtain and take to the stage accompanied by pyro and lighting effects has been torn asunder by Angus' rage.

Just beyond said curtain, the event still rages on where the surprise return of Lindsay Troy has the DEFIANCE Faithful hopeful amidst trying times. Angus, though, isn't having it. The fact that Mikey Unlikely is now the FIST ... this is no longer somewhere he intends to be associated with. A fact he makes explicitly known as he exits Gorilla stomping down the hallways of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex.

Angus:

I'M FUCKING DONE!

Angus blurts as he pushes aside a cameraman standing in his path, the production crew quickly cuts from the jostling camera to another positioned behind the storming commentator.

Angus:

THAT MCFUCKASS NEARLY SUNK THE COMPANY! BUT OHHHH ... LET HIM COME BACK and .. I DON'T KNOW ... TAKE THE TOP PRIZE IN THE COMPANY!?! I'll be GODDAMNED!

Angus continues down the hallway, walking with purpose, he's done and he's taking his mic and going home. As he passes by the locker room he nearly collides with Scott Douglas as he exits. Both react to the near-collision, halting and jolting back a half step.

Scott Douglas:

Oh shit, excuse me.

Sub Pop attempts to acknowledge his presumed mistake and let Angus pass, albeit clueless to what has gone on before. Angus cocks his head back with a satirically confused look ...

Angus:

OH! Well EXCUSE THE FUCK OUT OF ME! While McFuckass just TANKED the entire company ... you were ... ? WHAT?! DEBATING WHICH GRUNGE BAND SUCKED MORE WITH KERRY KUROYAMA!?!

Scott is taken aback; this is obviously serious; Angus has never spoken Kerry's full name correctly, but the intensity of the moment is still slightly lost on Douglas as he isn't yet privy to the title change that has just occurred.

Douglas:

Angus ... I don't know what your ...

Angus:

You DON'T ... you DON'T KNOW WHAT?! What!?! You don't know anything, you greasy-haired son of a bitch!

Douglas:

HEY! ... hold on!

Angus:

Hold on, shit ... I'm out! I'm fuckin' DONE!

Douglas:

Hold --

Douglas is cut off as Angus slams against the crash bar and exits with the same, if not more, intensity than he began with. The door returns back to his closed position as quickly as it was slammed open as the camera turns to a somewhat confused Scott Douglas.

Douglas:

How is this on me ... ?

Cut to elsewhere.

PACKING A SAD

PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED FOOTAGE FOLLOWING DEFCON 2020'S MAIN EVENT

Losing sucks.

Badly.

The understatement of the year that is now hanging over the head of "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns as he gets helped to the back by a trainer following a nasty fall... and one of the most devastating losses of his career to Mikey Unlikely.

Loose turnbuckle be damned, he struggled to keep up with Mikey Unlikely who was finally able to channel his desperation after several FIST title match losses, only to finally pull it out against the now former two-time FIST.

Former.

The word burned badly thinking about it.

Trainer:

This way, Oscar...

Burns gets led to the trainer's office where Iris Davine is sitting.

Oscar Burns:

Sorry, love, I'm not Scotty Douglas and I won't be as pleasant to be around.

He goes to have a seat.

Iris Davine:

It's okay, Oscar, you're gonna be fine. We'll check your back out and get you some ice to relax, then we'll check you out. That was a really bad spill you took.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah...

He cursed himself. Why'd he pick THAT buckle? Did he get caught up in the heat of the moment? He made a grievous error that cost him the championship.

???:

Oscar? Oscar, are you back here?

Oscar Burns:

Yeah, GC, back here... ow!

Iris surprised Burns with an extra cold ice pack against his lower back as Burns' protege, "Bantam" Ryan Batts walks into the room with the sorrow of the situation etched on his face.

Ryan Batts:

Oscar... I'm so sorry. I should've come out there as your second.

Oscar Burns:

No, Rye, it's not. GC, I told you and Mace to stay back. Look... I'm sorry that I haven't been around that much for you guys lately. I've been running myself crazy and I wasn't keen on that egg Mikey using any excuse to blame a loss on... bottom line, GC. I made that mistake. Nobody else. Don't blame yourself.

Ryan Batts:

Look... I'm sure you can get a rematch, right?

Burns shakes his head in the negative, surprising Ryan.

Oscar Burns:

That was my choice. I wasn't going to be some ponce that relied on some contractual rematch garbage. I lost fair and square... and I hate saying that... Mikey had a gameplan and that ponce followed through. I lost, simple as that. I'm not going to sit here and pack a sad... If I want another shot, I'll get out there and EARN one.

Ryan Batts shakes his head.

Ryan Batts:

I'm sorry, Oscar. Well, what do you want to do now?

Burns winces a second time.

Iris Davine:

Sorry, had to change the ice pack.

The Technical Spectacle sighs.

Oscar Burns:

Love, can you give a Kiwi a warning, please?

???:

Iris, I just wanted to give this bac...

Both Burns and Batts turn around and in the door stands another friendly face ... "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy.

The two men with the rhyming names are looking to one another for the first time when Dex approaches him.

Dex Joy:

Holy balls! "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns!

He throws the ice pack that he had for his own noggin earlier back at Iris and then walks up to shake Burns' hand.

Dex Joy:

Look, pally ... I am sorry for going all wrestle-nerd on you especially right now. But man, I've followed your career for a while and I'm a fan! It's nice to meet another white hat around here and not some ego-tripping jagaloon like Mikey Unlikely or thost attic creepers that stole one from me, Carny and Scrow.

Burns looks at the exuberant man called The Biggest Boy and can't help but offer a friendly hand with the hand not holding his ice pack.

Oscar Burns:

Pleasure. And I know you. I hear people talking about how your name rhymes like mine. Heh.

Dex Joy:

Totally a coincidence, man! One of my original trainers called me The Biggest Boy in his training class and thought I'd drop out, but I was literally the only man that stuck around so the name just kind of went with me... but look, pally I just came here to give Iris her ice bag back.

Dex turned to Batts.

Dex Joy:

Hey, Ryan Batts, right? I'm a big fan of the WrestleFriends! Sorry those Fuse Bros dinguses kind of did you dirty.

Batts can't help but utter an awkward chuckle.

Ryan Batts:

Hey, nice to meet you... sadly, Jack and I decided to split recently. He's staying with BRAZEN.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah, he told me, GC.. but what about you?

Ryan smirked.

Ryan Batts:

Well... I came here to give you the good news and I was hoping to do it under better circumstances... but I'm back on the main roster. The deal was The WrestleFriends went back to BRAZEN but since we're no more, the management liked me work and wanted me back up here.

Dex offered an awkward laugh.

Dex Joy:

Awesome.

Oscar Burns (Wincing):

Haha... ow... maaaaaate. Bloody awesome.

The two bumped fists... then Dex joined in. Both Oscar and Ryan turn their heads toward him and The Biggest Boy let out another low laugh.

Dex Joy:

Sorry, that was too much... sorry, I'm trying to be good, but Dexy Baby got taken for a ride. I put Carny Sinclair and Scrow on the floor more times than Johnson's wax ... and still got beat.

Ryan Batts:

It's okay, man... I'm sorry. I saw what went down. They'll get theirs.

Dexy Baby flashed him a grin.

Dex Joy:

Oh you bet your asses they will. Next time Dex gets his hands on them it'll be me riding the elevator to the win and those jagaloons will be getting the shaft!

Burns can't help but laugh... then wince yet again.

Oscar Burns:

Sounds like it's been a rough night for us all, GCs. I got a bottle of that Jack Daniels Apple back in the locker room...

Both arms of Dex Joy and Ryan Batts go up. The scene heads elsewhere.

DUNSON CLAN vs ????

DEFCON DARK MATCH

DDK:

Fans we'd like to welcome you to tonight's episode of Uncut and we have a great match for you! Unfortunately due to injuries taking longer than expected to heal from an attack by Carny Sinclair and Scrow, Nathaniel Eye didn't get cleared in time for DEFCON. Tonight, The Dunson Clan wanted action and tonight they will be getting it against a new team that was signed to DEFIANCE Wrestling. From what I hear Angus I think you'll like them.

Angus:

I don't like almost anybody, Keebler so don't make promises you can't keep.

DDK:

The Dunson Clan demanded a handicap match with this new tag team we have coming into DEFIANCE and they accepted. I have a little information on them and they are known as The Lucky Sevens and are family, as they are brothers. So let's see what they have in store for DEFIANCE.

♪"Turn The Page" by Metallica ♪

The crowd jeers the family now coming out from the back. With the gruff and surly Paul Dunson front and center, right behind him is the short but tough pretty boy Todd Dunson and the tatted-up Richie Dunson. Paul Dunson has a microphone on him and his music cuts unfortunately so people have to hear the old codger speak.

Paul Dunson:

Nathaniel Eye ... you get yourself a little beat up but instead of accepting our challenge for Defcon, you decide that you're gonna cut and run instead of facing the full might of The Dunson Clan!

Richie and Todd add in a few "yeahs!" and some other talk while Dunson continues.

Paul Dunson:

You cost us a Defcon payday and one day when you're healthy, we're going to beat that money out of you and put you right back on the shelf! But in the mean time we are going to be facing these debuting idiots. The Lucky Sevens? Some idiots who are like five foot nothing that trained in Las Vegas or Reno or whatever. They sound like fodder!

Richie Dunson:

Yeah they do!

Todd Dunson:

We got this! Three of us against two idiots.

The Dunson Clan are now in the ring and Paul is ready.

Paul Dunson:

Come on out, Lucky Sevens! Show your stupid faces and earn your one hundred dollars for showing up tonight then we can all be on our way. Take your beatings like men and we'll show you what happens when you go against The Dunson Clan!

Dunson's microphone goes off and they are ready for the introduction. A trio of three sevens appear on the video screen.

7 7 7

The arena lights up with several lights shining in various shades of red, green and gold and looks like the fans hit the jack pot ...

♪ "Diamond Life" by Tyga ♪

DDK:

This is an impressive entrance!

Angus:

Cool, all show and no g... holy crap!!!

The lights come back on and the fans are now standing in amazement and the fans look on at the two seven foot tall men on the entrance ramp, standing back to back arms folded like they are ready to rock and roll. The two appear to be identical twins that both have black hair and matching goatees. One twin wears red thigh length trunks and gold boots, the other wearing green and gold boots and both with "777" across a pair of weight belts.

DDK:

And *this* is the lucky sevens!

Darren Quimbey:

Making their DEFIANCE Wrestling debut weighing in at 612 pounds ... they are Mason and Max Luck ... the Lucky Sevens!!!!

DDK:

Mason standing at seven feet tall and three hundred eight pounds, then MAX standing at seven feet tall and three hundred four pounds! And the crowd likes them.

They cheer the entrance and Mason and Max both hand out high fives and other greetings to the fans then they stop in front of the ring. Both men step up and then climb into the ring to get ready for the match. The Dunson Clan this entire time have been stunned at the size of the giants.

Once they enter the ring Todd and Richie Dunson surprise the two identical twin brothers with drop kicks.

DING DING DING!

The brothers stand up and they look pretty pleased with themselves to fire the first shots to the brothers. But when they see Paul Dunson still looking as panicky as he was when he started they turn and get clocked by clotheslines from both giants to the delight of the crowd.

DDK:

Well that backfired in a bad way for the Dunsons!

Angus:

Hey I like this! We need some more big ass kickers here.

Mason picks up Todd Dunson and then holds him up for a stalling suplex with his twin Max holding up an invisible watch that sees him keeping track of how long he is held up. Richie tries to save him but while holding Todd, he fires a big boot that stops him in his tracks!

And then he drops Todd Dunson with the big vertical suplex!

DDK:

Nice series of moves by Mason Luck right off the bat! These two are definitely specimens in the ring!

Angus:

They are ... oh no, don't ruin it by playing to the crowd!

The crowd then cheer when Mason Rex raises his arms and soaks in some applause from the crowd. Todd is still

down when he makes the tag to his twin brother Max.

DDK:

From what I understand both brothers have also developed a special subset to their in-ring styles. Mason is a power man that sets up for a deadly submission called the Rack City and Max Luck is a little more of the flyer type?

Angus:

He can fly too?

Max grabs the arm of Todd and twists him around. He pulls Todd back to his feet and then grabs the arm before he starts to climb to the top rope. He wows the fans as he starts to walk across the top rope before coming down with a powerful overhand blow to knock Todd silly.,

DDK:

And that's called Walking the Strip!

Angus:

How dare you keep these guys from me, Keebs? That's not nice!

DDK:

Well, Nathaniel Eye's loss is the gain of The Lucky Sevens tonight!

Paul Dunson talks some trash and orders his boys to get back in the action. Max notices and he throws Todd back to his corner and pleads with Paul to make the tag and back up his talk. The 56 year old father of the Dunson Clan shakes his head and doesn't want any part of it. Max shrugs and then grabs Todd before he throws him across the ring ... when Richie makes a blind tag! Max swings at Todd, Todd moves and Richie comes out of the air with a springboard drop kick right to Max's knee!

DDK:

There we go! If The Dunson Clan want any hope of a win here tonight against these men, that's the way to do it! Go for the legs!

Angus:

Wow, they're doing it!

Richie and Todd Dunson are now both attacking Max Luck and his brother is forced to watch as Paul Dunson hits the ring again and then all three try putting the boots to him. Mason watches his brother get kicked around as now all three members of The Dunson Clan take turns kicking. The referee orders them both get back to their corners and Richie Dunson as the legal man continues to go at the knee with another drop kick.

That knee is hurt and Max Luck is trying to hobble on one foot when Richie hits another drop kick that sends him stumbling him back to the corner. Richie now has him cornered when he grabs his neck. He tries a tornado DDT ...

DDK:

No! Max throw Richie off of him after that tornado DDT!

Angus:

Wow he chucked him far!

Max grins after throwing Richie away and then he comes at him with a spinning heel kick!

DDK:

Wow! Great move! And what agility!

Angus:

He's ready for the tag! Let's get the other twin in there to kick some Dunson ass!

Richie Dunson tries to get to his corner while knocked silly and Mason gets the tag! The power submission specialist clocks Richie with a big right hand and then Paul Dunson ducks. But Todd Dunson isn't that safe because Mason grabs him and throws him over the top rope and into the ring with his brother. Both Richie and Todd are up and just as quickly Mason knocks them both down with big clotheslines!

DDK:

Mason is feeling the victory is close!

Mason grabs Richie Dunson and then has him set up as he leaps and spins to catch Richie Dunson on the jaw with a discus big boot called the Red Roulette! Max then sees Todd coming and then scoops him into a big inverted DDT out of mid air called the Hotel Drop!

DDK:

Great moves by Mason Luck! And he's got this as he goes back to pin Richie.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

Paul Dunson finally gets into the action for the first time to break up the cover Oh, boy ...

Mason smiles at Paul and points behind him. He walks right into Max Luck who grabs him by the neck and then plants him with a huge choke slam for his troubles!

Mason Luck grabs Richie and drops him with a pump handle backbreaker, but holds him in place to lift him up on his shoulders!

DDK:

Rack City! The torture rack is locked on!

Angus:

Oh ... Todd should have stayed down!

Todd slowly rises but Max Luck grabs him and then plants him into the mat from a crucifix power bomb position!

DDK:

And that's Max's finisher adopted from their grandfather, "Wild" Winston Luck. He calls that Luck's Run Out! And Richie taps to Rack City! That's over!

The bell rings and Mason Luck throws Richie to the ground as the fans cheer the big powerhouse twins. Mason and Max celebrate in the ring with the fans cheering them for their successful debut.

DDK:

What a pair of signings we've just picked up for DEFIANCE Wrestling! We've got a rapidly growing tag team roster, but who is going to stop these brothers? We'll have to find out!

Max and Mason Luck both celebrate with fans at ringside and the show rolls on.

BECAUSE NOW I CAN

When Lindsay Troy makes her way back through the curtain to the Guerilla Position, she can't help but recognize the surrealness of it all.

It's been three years and change since she last set foot in the Wrestle-Plex. Three years and change since being fucked out of the FIST of DEFIANCE by her brother-in-law, Dan Ryan, and former DEFIANT Overlord, Eric Dane. A resigned and renegotiated contract, torn up and thrown in her face. The rise of Curtis Penn as the FIST, and all the subsequent happenings that she wasn't a part of.

She'd sworn to herself she'd never be back here. Was all done with wrestling until a year ago.

How things change.

Lindsay hop-skips down the stairs and walks right past gathering DEFIANCE staffers, all shocked that the Queen has returned. She's not here to linger, not here to chat, not here to answer to anyone, really. There will be time enough for banter, for reasons, for proclamations. Right now, her hotel room and an early flight back to Tampa await her, and she makes haste through the hallways toward the rear of the arena.

Of course, Lance Warner isn't going to let her leave that easily.

He's waiting for her near the back entrance, microphone in hand. He can't contain his amazement.

Lance Warner:

Lindsay...this is certainly unexpected. You were--hey!

The Queen doesn't stop, however. She keeps walking right toward the door. Lance finds his feet and hurries after her.

Lance Warner:

Hold on a minute! This is the first time we've seen you in three years and it happened during Mikey Unlikely's post-FIST of DEFIANCE victory celebration. Why now?

Lindsay stops, turns on her heel, and levels him with a hardened look.

Lindsay Troy:

Because now I can.

And then, *the smirk*.

Lindsay Troy:

See you at 133, Lance.

With that, she's out the door and into the humid New Orleans night.

APROPOS

The camera adjusts attempting to bring it's subject in focus. After a brief moment, a sensable sedan comes into view with Angus Skaaland crouched and wielding a car key; that he grinds into the driver's side doors.

The embedded message he scripts isn't instantly obvious as he is interrupted by a shout coming from the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex rear entrance.

HEY!!!

Angus, still crouching, jerks his head back toward the entrance before standing up and darting off into the night.

The camera pans back toward the voice; who is none other than the car's owner/renter ... Jack Harmen. Understandably flustered, yet too complacent with this repeated action to make chase.

Harmen:

Son of a bitch ...

Cut to black.