

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.

SHOOTER LANDELL vs. EMILIO BYRD

DDK:

We are heading to in-ring action and a dark match from DEFtv!

The camera shows Shooter Landell and Emilio Byrd are already in the ring and await Mark Shields to call for the bell.

DING DING

Landell and Byrd circle each other.

DDK:

A few weeks ago we saw Gunther Adler defeat Hurtlocker Holt on UNCUT. Now, it's their respected tag team partners going at it!

Lance:

And this all comes after a pep-talk by Gage Blackwood, saying he wants to see Adler and Landell as his equals and not his lackies.

DDK:

A tall task but I guess it starts here.

Landell goes in for a grapple but Byrd sidesteps him. Byrd connects with a punch to the side of the face and then backtracks, waiting for Landell to strike again yet Shooter takes his time recovering from the unforeseen shot.

DDK:

Shooter does not look happy...

He charges in once more like a bull but Byrd leads him on and moves out of the way at the last second! Landell runs into the turn buckle chest-first!

DDK:

Byrd with a leg sweep and an elbow into the chest. Byrd lifts Landell onto his shoulders and connects with a running powerslam!

The fans get behind one-half of Thugs 4 Hire as Byrd begins a good old fashioned stomping! Landell, eventually, rolls into the ropes and even Mark Shields, one of the laziest referees of all-time tells Byrd to stop putting the boots to him.

Landell gets up on the apron. Byrd comes racing in but this time it's Landell who moves out of the way! The crowd gives a shocking "OHHH!" as Byrd flies right out of the ring and into the guardrail head-first!

DDK:

WOW! He might be seriously hurt!

Lance:

Emilio is NOT a high flyer, as you can tell.

DDK:

Definitely not. This is as grounded of a brawler as you'll ever get!

Landell looks down at his fallen opponent, who isn't moving a muscle.

DDK:

Landell with an axe handle smash to the back of the head!

Again, Byrd hasn't moved. It takes a while for Landell to lift him up and roll him back into the ring. The count would

have more than likely hit TEN already but Mark Shields was busy checking out the single girl in the first row. Well, he hoped she was single and it was her brother holding her hand beside her...

Lance:

Figures, Mark isn't doing his job again-

Landell props Emilio up and bounces off the ropes. He levels Byrd with an inside-out clothesline from hell! Then he lands a running splash! This is followed by a powerslam to place Byrd in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Shields may want to call this thing. I think Byrd is out cold!

It would fall on deaf ears. Shields is still thinking he has a chance with that girl. She winked at him!

DDK:

Landell is calling for the Landell Lock! That's his version of an STF!

Landell sinks it in. Byrd is already out... there's no way for him to tap. The Faithful grow restless with Shields, as he continues to work out if that girl did indeed wink at him. Now he's not so sure... maybe she had something in her eye. After all, she is asking the person beside her to check it out.

Lance:

Shields should call this thing...

Finally, the referee turns back to the action. He asks Byrd if he wants to quit.

Byrd's eyes are in the back of his head. Meanwhile, Landell just keeps pulling back harder and harder.

DDK:

This one is over-

Landell drops the submission hold. He gets up and raises his arms to a chorus of boos. He shouts "things are changing!" as he turns back to Emilio and levels him with some boots of his own for good measure.

DDK:

Shooter drags Byrd to one leg... I'm surprised Emilio can stand...

An atomic drop later, Landell flies into the ropes and just before Byrd collapses to the canvas, Landell gets in a swinging neck breaker!

Landell looks up at the referee. He's all grins because even he knows the match is over but Shields is too stupid to realize it. Landell rubs his hands together and attempts his best Weekend at Berline's impression with Emilio. He gets behind the man from The Bronx and attempts to throw his hands around while trying to dodge them himself.

Shooter Landell: *[to Mark Shields]*

Oh boy, I can barely escape!

Shields buys in.

Mark Shields: *[to Emilio Byrd]*

Watch the closed fists!

Shooter almost breaks out laughing.

DDK:

This is insane...

Landell finally puts an end to things and kicks Byrd in the stomach. He hits a diving DDT and storms around the ring, egging The Faithful on.

DDK:

Is it time...? Yes! Shooter has the Landell Lock in again!

Byrd, once more, can't do anything.

Landell wrenches back as hard as possible. Finally, after hearing it from the crowd the referee grabs hold of Byrd's hand and realizes it's going nowhere. He calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Lance:

About time!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... SHOOTER LANDELL!

Landell's music plays as he continues to pull back on the STF.

DDK:

Enough already!

Finally, he breaks the hold. Shooter smiles at Shields while his hand is raised. Hurtlocker Holt along with a few additional referees come down to check on Emilio.

DDK:

That's 2-for-2. Adler and Landell with recent victories on UNCUT.

Lance:

It's a start. However, you have to wonder if the match would have been different given Byrd knocked himself out extremely early.

DDK:

I'm sure Emilio won't make excuses. I hope he's okay.

The scene fades as Landell exits the ring, arms raised.

OH

The catering area of the WrestlePlex is sparsely populated as Darren Keebler saunters over, grabs a plate and starts heading down the buffet. There's plenty of fresh veggies, protein packed entrees and a dessert bar that would put the most popular of restaurants to shame.

DDK:

Take a few of these... hmmm, that looks good. Oh, crab legs.

Keebler mutters to himself as he progresses down the line. He doesn't get far before he finds himself stuck behind Malak Garland.

Malak Garland: *[Talking to the caterer behind the table, pointing at different items]*

Are these gluten free? And these? These? These can't be.

Malak takes his dear time as he peruses over the selection with a plate of his own in hand. He nitpicks over the items with the catering staff member.

Malak Garland:

These breadsticks better not have Agro BPI in them. I'm allergic. Didn't you get my dietary form? I'm a professional wrestler and I need to be sufficiently nourished.

Getting slightly impatient, Darren tries to mosey closer to Garland, as if hoping his presence would be felt in order to move things along.

Malak Garland:

I can't have orange carrots. Do you have any yellow ones?

Clearly flustered, the catering staff member scurries off to try and find something that will please Malak. It's that moment where Keebler finally asserts himself.

DDK:

Excuse me, Malak? Could I get by here, or possibly just squeeze in there? I wouldn't mind some orange carrots.

Darren speaks politely and begins to reach in as he assumes what he's done has gone above and beyond any expected cordial norms. Malak just stands there with his back half turned to Darren.

Malak Garland:

Oh.

Keebler snatches a few carrots before wielding back to a standing position.

DDK:

Are you... ummm, waiting, or?

Malak turns and faces Darren.

Malak Garland:

Oh.

The awkwardness melts over the situation as Malak stares rather plainly at Darren.

DDK:

Sorry, I was just going to... ummm, I need to get by to the desserts, please.

Malak Garland:

Oh.

Darren takes a step back. Clearly being cordial is getting him nowhere fast. A bit of frustration mounts within him.

DDK:

Look, Malak, take what you need and move on. You're holding up the line here.

Malak Garland:

Oh.

The catering staff member finally reappears with some yellow beans and offers them to Garland.

Malak Garland:

Oh... nope.

He turns his nose up at them and continues to the end of the table where the cake resides. Darren eyes down the last piece of delectable pecan pie but Malak gets there first and swipes it for himself. Darren sighs as he is left with an assortment of meringue pies to pick from.

DDK:

Typical.

Title Defense Three News

The scene opens up to the inside of the bar where people are drinking pints and yelling about whatever nonsense is on their mind. At the end of the bar minding his business is none other than Scott Stevens.

Scott Stevens:

Hello ladies and gentlemen.

Stevens greets the viewers as he takes a sip of his alcoholic beverage.

Scott Stevens:

My last stop on the Ace of DEFIANCE World Tour has taken us to the land of rainbows and pots of gold.

Stevens gives a slight smirk before continuing.

Scott Stevens:

We are in Dublin, Ireland, and I will be defending my Ace of DEFIANCE championship against the Irish Heavyweight Champion, "The Distinguished" Connor James Fitzpatrick.

Stevens says as he takes another sip of his beer.

Scott Stevens:

Tune in this weekend to find out if I can complete the set of collecting another championship title to my already impressive resume.

Stevens invites everyone to tune into his next matchup as he finishes his beer and the screen fades.

MASON LUCK VS. ANGEL TRINIDAD

DDK:

We have a big match coming up for you right here on Uncut and it's going to be a doozy! We have one half of The Lucky Sevens, Mason Luck, looking for some retribution by taking on one half of Team HOSS, Angel Trinidad. Mason Luck issued the challenge in a Propaganda exclusive on defiancewrestling.com and Angel Trinidad accepted the challenge.

Lance:

Harsh words were exchanged, but Team HOSS made this personal when they not only insulted their grandfather "Wild" Winston Luck but attacked both brothers. Mason Luck tried to get some payback for his brother Max and tried to save Lindsay Troy only to get laid out by both Team HOSS and Mikey Unlikely backstage.

DDK:

Yeah, things have been heating up between both teams on a collision course. We have the announcement right here tonight that at Maximum DEFIANCE, it will be The Lucky Sevens taking on Team HOSS!

Lance:

That's going to be a dangerous collision and I can't wait! But before we get to Maximum DEFIANCE we'll see Mason Lucky versus Angel Trinidad right now! And for this match both Aleczander The Great and Max Luck will be barred from ringside! Let's get to the match!

Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall and per DEFIANCE Wrestling management, both Aleczander the Great and Max Luck will be barred from ringside.

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The music goes right into the thunderous chorus of the song and right away, the camera cuts to the stage. Smoke begins to billow from the stage and through it... out come the two members of Team HOSS.

Darren Quimbey:

From the Bronx, weighing in at three hundred and three pounds ... Angel Trinidad!!!

Angel Trinidad walks out onto the stage and then looks out to a crowd that can't help but jeer him. Angel blows them off and then storms toward the ring. He climbs onto the ring apron and then gets into the ring. His opponent who wanted this match is now about to arrive.

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 ...

This is why the World Series of Poker
Is decided over a no limit poker tournament
Players, pro's even, can't handle the pressure of the game
They consider no limit the only pure game left

♪ "Pokerface" by Ghostface Killah ♪

The lights come back on and the fans are now standing in amazement and the fans look on at the seven foot tall men on the entrance ramp. There isn't any posing tonight because Mason Luck is ready for a fight.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing his opponent ... whoa!!!!

The fans start cheering because the second that Mason makes it into the ring, he's already ready to fight! Angel Trinidad boots Mason with a toe kick and throws a few punches in order to stun the giant. A few more punches and then Mason finds himself knocked back into a corner. Angel then chops him in the chest. Another chop follows and another before he finally backs Mason with another boot.

DDK:

Angel Trinidad is starting off this match not even giving Big Mason a chance to breathe.

Lance:

It's true and now he's throwing those knees into Mason's rib cage.

Angel is throwing knees into the corner and then takes a moment to bask in what he's just done. Angel crows and starts parading around to revel in the hate that he's getting. When he turns around ...

DDK:

Winning Hand! Angel has been ridiculing that claw made famous by their grand dad and now he's feeling it!

The crowd cheers Mason Luck when he locks the Winning Hand iron claw on Angel Trinidad before he spins him around and plants him into the corner. The claw continues to be pressed on until the official orders Mason to let go. When he does not, he gets the count of five administered. He holds on until four and finally lets him go ... then he applies it again!

Lance:

He's got the Winning Hand applied again! He's going to punish Angel Trinidad for what's happened to him and his brother.

DDK:

The official is counting again! And the crowd wants to see him punish Angel!

At the four count, Mason Luck moves. Angel is winded from the claw when Mason goes for body shots on the man from the Bronx. Trinidad tries covering up when Mason continues punching away at his chest. He pulls him out of the corner and then sends Trinidad to the ropes where Mason rocks him with a huge running knee strike that gets Trinidad off his feet for the first time.

DDK:

Look at Mason go! He's got Trinidad on the back foot now!

Lance:

And now Mason is waiting on Trinidad to stand!

The crowd is cheering Mason on when he tries to pick Trinidad up. Before he can fully get him up on his shoulders for the finisher that he calls Rack City, it's Trinidad going for the eyes that stops him! Angel claws at his eyes with his free hands until Mason lets go and then heads off the ropes to smash into him with the appropriately named Flying HOSS Body!!!

DDK:

What a big move by Trinidad to turn the tide, but not before he went for the eyes first! The official is on him, but Angel doesn't care about rules.

Lance:

Team HOSS whether they have been liked or hated have always garnered respect, but I don't find anything they've said or done to be on that plain at all since they've come back.

Angel is punching away now at the head of Mason Luck. He angrily beats him down until Angel stands up and takes a quick break to yell back at the fallen Mason. He punts him in the rib cage and then takes a second to pose for the cameras. He then drags Mason to the corner and then heads for the middle rope. Angel basks in the moment and then takes flight with a big leg drop across the throat.

DDK:

Big move by Trinidad! He can have this one.

One ...

Two ...

no!!!

Lance:

Close one by Trinidad who finally gets the first fall. These two men have fought tooth and nail since this begun.

Angel picks up Mason by the neck and then delivers a sucker punch while he's down on a knee. Mason recoils and then Angel runs off the ropes to nail a running boot to the face to knock Mason back down. The crowd is booing Trinidad again but he doesn't listen to any of the fans. Instead he stomps at Mason and then strikes him with an uppecut that sends him flying back to the corner.

DDK:

What a shot by Trinidad! He's been ruling this since Mason failed at hitting Rack City.

Lance:

Trinidad has also been an accomplished singles wrestler outside of DEFIANCE Wrestling, but Mason came into this match knowing that.

Mason is reeling in the corner now when Angel comes running with a splash. Mason's foot comes up and nails Angel's chest. When he runs forward, Mason tries to charge at him with a clothesline when Angel scoops him up and then plants him down with what might be one of the biggest michinoku drivers ever pulled off!

Lance:

What a big slam! That might be it for Mason!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Mason's shoulder comes up and Angel is shocked.

DDK:

What a big move by Angel! He almost grabbed the win, but Mason won't give up!

The crowd is now cheering on Mason when he starts to sit up and waves at Angel to bring the fight back to him. Angel obliges and then socks him with a right. The blow sends Mason staggering back, but he comes out of nowhere with one of his own. Angel checks his chin and fires back with a stiff punch. Mason comes back with a big one, but when Angel tries to hit him again, Mason blocks the right and hits another ... and another ... and another!

DDK:

Mason is fighting back now! He's got Angel set up for the ride in the corner ...

Lance:

Then he hits a big splash in the corner!

Mason Luck rocks Angel with the splash and then grabs his him prior to knocking him down with a short arm

clothesline. Angel goes down in a heap but Mason isn't done and uses his free arm to pull him up. He grabs Angel Trinidad by the side and then pulls him into a gut wrench ... and holds him in place!

Lance:

Wow! What strength by Mason! He's got Angel in the gut wrench and then takes him over with that massive suplex!

The crowd is wowed by the stronger of the Lucky Sevens as he lets out a loud howl for the fans. He takes a second and then picks him up again by the arm and fires elbows towards Angel's temple. The blows send him packing and then when he pulls Angel in, he scoops him up on his shoulders and then plants Angel into the mat with another gut wrench but this time twisting it into a cutter!

DDK:

That's called the Deck Cutter!

Lance:

And now Mason has the chance to win!

One ...

Two

No!!!

Angel's shoulder comes up before the three count and that's when Mason sits up. Mason looks out to the crowd and then starts to take off his signature weight belt and then throws it outside of the ring. Mason picks him up and then tries for a pump handle but when he tries to lift, Angel elbows him back until he's free. Both men continue to fight and then fight over a suplex before Mason ducks and then fires a huge clothesline that sends Angel sailing over the top rope to the floor ...

DDK:

Clothesline over the top ... no! Oh my God, Angel landed on his feet on the outside after that Clothesline!

Lance:

And now he's got Mason's leg!

He trips Mason and then pulls him out to the outside, but Mason is already fighting and the two continue trading shots on the floor! The two giants fight up the ramp and continue battling while the official starts a count.

DDK:

Mason and Angel are fighting up the ramp now!

Lance:

And they're about to get counted out!

The official continues until he finally reaches ten!!!

DING DING!!!

The crowd doesn't like the outcome of this match ending in a double count out, but Luck and Trinidad continue to fight up the ramp. Mason has Angel reeling now when he punches him. He holds the claw up and the fans cheer when he locks in the Winning Hand again! He's got Angel near the announce table at the top of the ramp near the stage!

DDK:

No! They're right on top of us! Run, Lance!

Lance:

You don't have to tell me twice!

Mason kicks Angel and then has him near the announce table. He raises a hand to the crowd and then looks to use the Winning Hand Slam to put him through the table But before he can, Aleczander The Great comes up from behind and bashes Mason in the back!

Angel backs off while Aleczander tries to gang up on Mason ... but that doesn't last long!

It's Max Luck!

The crowd cheers for the appearance of Max as he runs out from the stage, grabs Aleczander The Great and then fires a knee into the side of his head! The muscle bound Brit goes stumbling back and Max then grabs him. Mason and Angel continue fighting as well on the stage and they continue to fight as Aleczander and Max are on the other side of the stage scrapping. Security then swarms out by the half dozen and try to break up the fights on the stage!

Mason slams Angel's head against the stage while Aleczander and Max continue to battle on the stage when the sound of a head set can be heard being slipped back on.

DDK:

Team HOSS and The Lucky Sevens continue to fight! There's no winner tonight but these two teams are going to get this settled at Maximum DEFIANCE!

The scene fades on the two massive teams tossing the smaller bodies of security and officials to try and get at one another. Angel throws one man across the stage while Mason does the same before he tries to apply the Winning Hand again! Aleczander throws a security guard at Max and then when he catches him, rushes him with a shoulder!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen we'll try and get this settled but we've got to end the show! We'll see you on DEF TV!!!

THE TRUTH REVEALED

We open in a darkened studio, where the Faithful are used to being greeted by the rough and tumble appearance of Angus... but with the habitual hater of things gone from the company, who takes his place?

So far, only dust.

There's a commotion, as a door swings open and a bright light fills the room. Entering the room is a man barking directions at two goliaths who carry large lights and studio camera equipment.

The D:

Alright! Like we practiced. Chop Chop!

Emerging from over the D's shoulder is the primp and pampered Elise Ares, tag title over her shoulder.

Elise Ares:

This is the PCP studio on the Sunset Strip.

The D:

More like the Bayou.

Elise Ares:

On the Bayou Strip!

The D:

It smells like poor.

Looking over to the corner, O-Face is there wearing her tattered shirt and grunge attire. She gently starts to unbutton her flannel. The D walks up and steadies his hand at her to stop.

The D:

We've got five minutes before the alarms alert the police, and I don't want to be shot by a poor.

Klein:

Striking!

The large flood light fills the room, and makes it feel as if the studio hasn't missed a beat. Then, Flex walks up and throws up a HUGE PCP banner as the background. Elise and the D nod to each other, and take their places.

The D:

Count me down O!

O does her best second AD impression and shouts.

O-Face:

Five. Four!

She silently counts 3 - 2 - 1 on her hands. We then hear Flex and Klein doing an acapella version of a news intro song.

It's catchy.

The D:

Hello poors, welcome to Uncut you bitches. Especially you Angus.

Elise Ares:

Yeah! Angus and you poors'll never see these!

Elise squeezes her shoulders together and showcases her cleavage.

The D:

What does that have to do with anything?

Elise Ares:

I dunno. Just wanted to show off the girls.

The D:

Well, if you search Elise Ares top--

Elise Ares:

Don't search that!

The D:

Filthy perverted poors, I know they have it set to their homepage!

Elise Ares:

What's a home page?

The D:

I feel like we're off the rails here El. Listen, I don't know why we even resurrected this forsaken tv show. I don't know why we even resurrected the tag team division! These poors didn't deserve it, but here it is! US, me and my co host are your NEW, Tag Team Champions!

Elise Ares:

Yes, yourself and yours truly were able to best the ugly, face-hiding, sewer creature who belongs in a small cage at a zoo behind many, many cages for paid viewings.

The D:

Note to self, Open a zoo.

Elise Ares:

Need more tigers.

The D:

And then we made an idiot out of Uriel Cortez!

Elise Ares:

I will be deferring all of my insults to Flex because Uriel could probably snap me in half and use her like a wishbone, then pick his teeth with her beautiful, very prominently featured corpse.

The D:

But then he gets shot by the poors.

Elise snaps her fingers, and a reluctant Flex Kruger enters frame. He shakes his head no.

Elise Ares:

Like we rehearsed.

Flex Kruger:

I don't wanna.

Elise Ares:

DO IT!

Flex sighs.

Flex Kruger:

... Uriel Cortez is an idiot.

Flex walks out of frame, as Elise nods approvingly.

The D:

Let's take you back to that faithful moment, when the PCP broke the Faithful, broke Minute, and outsmarted Uriel Cortez and the Family Keeling on their way to becoming THREE, time, DEFIANCE tag team champions!

Elise Ares:

I think it's only two.

The D:

What was the other thing?

Elise Ares:

The Trios?

The D:

Yeah, but these are the Unified.

Elise Ares:

So is this just our first reign?

The D:

I don't know wrestling. I know acting.

Elise Ares:

I know. Me too. This is so hard.

The D:

Poors in the truck! Play the clip!

FADEIN: with a lower chyron saying DEFtv 135.

The air is taken out of the Faithful as it's taken out of Minute. He stands, clutching his chest winded. The D charges and clothesline BOTH himself and Minute up and over the top rope to the outside.

There's a loud smack, as Elise tags herself in as they fly. Slater points to Elise and calls her the legal man.

As Elise enters, she looks over to Uriel in the corner and blows him a kiss. Then, suddenly, her eyes slow roll into the back of her head, and she collapses onto the mat.

As that happens in the ring, new camera footage with a rustic scratched treatment shows The D and Minute crawling across the mat outside of the ring. Minute finds a barricade and grabs it, trying to pull himself up to his feet and get back into the match. As he turns to look back and locate his opponent, Minute is suddenly pulled into the crowd.

The Faithful scramble and turn around as Flex Kruger throws Minute like a lawn dart into a sea of chairs. Meanwhile, back at ringside, The D desperately tries to squeeze on an armband that Elise Ares left on the ground outside. Once successful, he looks up to where Flex Kruger shoves his way past fans. Kruger drops the mask nonchalantly to the D

on the ground.

Quickly, The D pulls the mask down over his head as Flex Kruger disappears back into the masses. The D turns to the front row, places his index finger over his mouth to “shh” them, and slides into the ring.

It’s here where the footage returns to its normal High Definition clarity, and we flow right back into the footage we saw live on television. The D, as Minute, stumbles to Elise who quickly rolls him up. She gets the pinfall and the crowd immediately shows their disapproval, with quite a few fans in the first row waving their arms trying to direct Brian Slater to Flex Kruger, who can’t be seen on camera at this time.

We then fade to what can only be described as a polaroid slideshow of PCP’s celebration. Elise and the D toasting champagne. Klein and Flex sitting on all fours as Elise and the D use them like ottomans. All four of them clinking shot glasses high above their heads. The D plays his Tag team championship like an air guitar on Bourbon street as Elise sings into hers. Klein holds the D while Flex holds Elise as the two play chicken in the middle of the road, numerous cars and traffic honking their horns in anger on both sides as they block the street. Elise making out with the Minute mask holes. The final image is of Flex, Elise and the D passed out in a hotel room while Klein takes a selfie with both belts over his shoulder. One of his hands is giving the Faithful a thumbs up, as the scene fades.

WHO?

“Moments after Scrow took on Dex Joy”

Scrow walks past the gorilla position holding his ribs, exhausted by his battle with Dex. Christie Zane tries to catch up to the deranged man. It would seem the only thing Scrow can think about is Sinclair as he clearly is mumbling under his breath.

Zane:

Scrow...Scrow please can I get a word?

Scrow stops and looks up at the ceiling, clearly not in the mood to talk. He looks over his shoulder as Zane catches up to him.

Zane:

Scrow what could possibly be going through your mind right now.

Scrow: *{still trying to catch his breath}*

Do you people ever stop?

Zane, slowly shakes her head toward the young man.

Zane:

For the past few months people have wondered “Why” you let Carny win at DEFCON, and now it appears he used you as a pawn to stay out of the ring against the Biggest Boy Dex Joy. Please you have to see what everyone else has seen?

Scrow stares down the hallway and clicks his tongue for a minute before looking back at Christie.

Scrow:

Scrow has other things to think about, and that being this LOSING STREAK Scrow is on! First Scott Douglas, then Oscar, and now Joy! OH...BUT LET'S TALK ABOUT A TOPIC these people still feel the need to keep asking Scrow!

Zane:

Scrow, we all see it. Why are you letting Carny manipulate you into doing his bidding?

Zane fearfully leans back as Scrow gets in her face flipping his hair to the side revealing the side of his face burned by the chemical fire of his past.

Scrow:

Scrow will say this for the last time, Scrow is more concerned on where his career is heading. YET you pests want to continue to infest my time about an issue that does not matter. SCROW DOES WHAT SCROW does for a reason!

He whispers...

Scrow:

It's not like anybody wants to be Scrow's friend..

Zane widens her eyes could that be the reason?

Zane:

Are you saying you did it because he is your friend?

Scrow takes a deep breath and does not answer her question and instead just walks away. He waves his hands in the air like he gives up trying to talk about what really matters in his life at the moment. Zane lowers the microphone as the

camera follows Scrow down the corridor. Until he stands in front of a door you clearly can see his fist clenched together shaking a bit. He opens the door and enters the room slamming the door in front of the camera. The name on the door reads..

CARNY SINCLAIR

LEFT 4 DEAD: IN DARKNESS

A video promo of Fuse Bros. 360 attacking Seattle's Best is shown with the main highlight being Tyler Fuse performing the figure four leg lock off the ring post to Kerry Kuroyama, significantly injuring him in the process.

The words "DURING DEFTv 135" appear at the bottom of the screen as the DEFIANCE backdrop location is viewed. Jamie Sawyers sits, not anticipating anything to happen until there is a loud rumbling and The Bros. come into play. Tyler Fuse bursts into the scene and knocks Jamie right over. He pulls him up and in a huff and grabs the microphone in his hands.

Tyler Fuse:

WHY? YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY!?

Tyler shouts into Sawyers face. The interviewer is clearly rattled.

Tyler Fuse:

And you used to call yourself a bully!?

Player One continues to shout at Jamie, calling back to the days Sawyers was the manager for David Hightower and believed everyone else was a bully, even though it was he and Hightower who did the bullying towards others.

Tyler tosses Sawyers to the side and flips the microphone to The Princess.

Princess Desire:

Scott, Kerry, your message has been delivered. No matter how cryptic it may seem, rest assured you are on a need-to-know basis.

Conor is all cocky smiles behind The Princess. He mouths the last few words of every sentence she says. Meanwhile, stone cold Tyler Fuse hasn't blinked yet while he looks dead into the camera.

Princess Desire:

Scott, we took out the weak link. Kerry Kuroyama is no more.

Conor jumps up and down at the thought of this.

Princess Desire:

You can thank us next week. You haven't seen *the last of us*. In fact, this is only the beginning, Scott. We are only the beginning of everything that is about to come... that will change your life forever, Scott. We were once like you. But then we saw it. Tyler and Conor saw the darkness. And the darkness has always been in me, too. The darkness will be in all of us soon. All of us. What happened to Kerry will happen to you. It is inevitable.

The Princess strolls off while Conor makes sure he mouths the last few words of her speech again and follows suit. Tyler, however, still stands in place. He hadn't blinked and he hasn't moved since throwing Jamie Sawyers to the floor.

UNCUT fades to black.