

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.

Win & Lose

The Deacon had won - vanquishing the person who had tried to touch his soul. The crowd had cheered. All was as it should have been. Or that was what I told myself as he stared at the black screen on his phone. I didn't need to ask if she'd picked up, the fear in his eyes told me she hadn't, so I switched to focusing on the mundane.

"Do you want me to get your check?" I asked.

He stared at his phone screen. I waited a beat or two then asked again. Slowly, he gave an almost imperceptible nod. That was enough.

I left him so he could try another call.

Maybe Leah would pick up this time, or at least that's what I told myself, but I already knew the answer. She wouldn't. I wasn't sure how I knew, only that I did. I made my way through the back, scanning the hallway for Patsy with her book. It didn't take long. She always had a few people around her, and they were usually a raucous group.

"So there was Angus," Patsy said. "Seething. I mean, honey, that boy'd pissed off more talent back here than Dane had pissed on - never did quite understand that particular fetish, but who'm-I to judge? But now, the tables'd been completely turned. Cally'd bounded up there to the announcers table and held her fist out, not the title - nuh-huh, just her fist. You should've heard that pop when Angus gave that fist bump, we had to call in the masons to do some repairwork."

Just as I'd expected, she was telling stories to some of the Faithful regulars.

"Darlings, that was classic television. You know who else is gonna be making classic television?" Patsy turned to me. "This girl right here. Magdalena, what you need'n, doll?"

"Coming to pick up Deac's check," I said.

"Figured as much," Patsy said then opened her book, rifling through some pages. "You know the drill - give me the signatures & I'll cut you the check."

I did as instructed and she did as promised. I turned and Patsy gripped my elbow.

"You tell that big cuss, he did good work tonight." Patsy smiled broader. "He might have a future in this business yet."

I gave a small laugh and thanked her, turning back toward the locker room. I didn't need to walk far. Deacon was almost behind me. He had the phone to his ear and looked paler than I'd seen him, at least recently. And when I looked into his eyes, I knew one thing.

The Deacon had lost - vanquishing the one thing that held his faith.

CHAMPANGE ALL AROUND!!!

The Clash of the Brazen show had just ended moments ago and the party was now backstage with the new Brazen champion, Nathaniel Eye, along with his friend on the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster, Dex Joy just an hour after the new champion got his eye stitched up.

Dex Joy:

Holy crapbaskets, Nate! I still can't believe it!

The eyes of Eye couldn't look at anything else but the new championship and the smile couldn't be removed from his face.

Nathaniel Eye:

Dude I know! I can't believe it! I thought that piece of garbage, Carny Sinclair ended my career a few months ago but I proved him wrong and I proved anybody else that said that I wasn't ready for this! Lover *and* a fighter, Dex!

He shows the title off as proof and then slaps Dex on his back.

Nathaniel Eye:

And speaking of Carny Sinclair man ... I bet that felt good to kick his ass didn't it?

Dex Joy:

My friend I would never result to violence and revel in that sort of thing!

Nathaniel is waiting for the real answer and waits for Dex's facial features to change ... and they do after ten seconds.

Dex Joy:

Nah just kidding it was great throwing his ass around that mat pally! I sent his ass back to the carnival and hopefully he'll stay there this time!

Nathaniel Eye:

You can't fool me, bro. But hey to be all mushy and gross for a second ... thanks for everything Dex. You supported me when nobody else did and now I have this shiny new title to show for it! I'm gonna be the best BRAZEN champion this title has had!

Dex Joy:

Oh yeah, you are! Just you wait I've got gold in my future soon! We did great this weekend Nate! And Nate?!

Dex reaches off camera and has two big bottles of champagne!

Dex Joy:

Nate?!

Nathaniel Eye:

What?

Dex Joy:

Nate!

Nathaniel Eye:

What?!

Joy lets out what sounds like a bad attempt at an evil cackle when he pops the corks off the top.

Dex Joy:

Nate ... time to celebrate!

Nathaniel Eye:

Bro why do you have to be Doctor Seuss when you get excited? Biggest Boy Dex Joy?

Dex Joy:

Cause the Biggest Boy got the gift of gab son!!!

He hands Nate the bottle and both start to take a drink when they get interrupted by two other men on the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster ... Mason and Max Luck, a.k.a. The Lucky Sevens! Nathaniel's eyes bulge when he sees them in person.

Nathaniel Eye:

Whoa holy crap you're both tall ... I mean hi!

Max Luck:

Did I hear somebody pop a little bit of the ... champagne, Mason?

Mason Luck:

Yeah! Hey ... I know we haven't met but we were backstage watching the show and laughing at Team Hoss sulking about how we beat their asses ... but we wanted to introduce ourselves.

He shakes Nathaniel's hand and then Max does the same.

Dex Joy:

Yeah he's right, you are tall. Mason and Max Luck! Both of you are big as f ...

Nathaniel Eye:

Dex!

Dex Joy:

Pally you already know! I Doctor Seuss when I'm giddy!

Mason and Max both look perturbed by the jolly big guy but then they shake his hand too.

Mason Luck:

Big fan, Dex. My brother and I liked the way you beat up Carny Sinclair and sent him packing.

Max Luck:

Yeah, he was kind of an ass-hole wasn't he?

Dex Joy:

Pallies, you don't know the first thing ... but if you care to join us for a drink we can swap stories. I mean this was a big weekend for everybody here! Including ya boy, The *Biggest* Boy!

Mason and Max both agree.

Mason Luck:

Yeah, we could get in on that action.

Max Luck:

Only if I get to tell when I bashed Alec zander's stupid face in! He was like ... "blimey! Ow! My bloody head!" You know cause I hit him with a chain and he was all bloody!

The four men had a good laugh and were probably going to get ... LiT as the kids say on the internet apparently!

ASMR WITH AMES 1: INTRODUCTION

A single camera, a laptop and a rather large boom microphone is all stationed neatly and nicely on a desk. The sound of friction between fluttering fingers accompanies the glowingly radiant face of Teresa Ames. She sits in an AKRacing gaming chair, in front of her setup with a perky smile and her chest arched upwards. Her hair is wet from taking a shower and she's sporting a white tank top.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Hello, everyone and everybody. Welcome. Welcome. Welcome.

Her fingers continually twitch with vigor, creating a nice ambient sound. The serenity extends to the environment as Teresa has pot lights focused on all her good angles. Pale blue and sharp red lights project upwards behind her, filling the background with soft glows.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Welcome to my practice and something that I plan to do regularly from now on.

Teresa clearly uses her retail voice for such a formal video.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

So for those of you that might be wondering just what exactly I am doing, well don't you fret. I'm going to explain everything to you right here, right now.

An unnecessary smile breaks across her face as she finally puts an end to her finger flutters.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

What I am doing right now is called ASMR which stands for autonomous sensory meridian response. Look it up. It is a calming technique that helps relaxation, stress reduction and tension alleviation. While it's also a great sleep aid, many get confused over what the actual use of ASMR is for.

She takes a breath and smiles yet again.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

I want to be clear about my DEFIANCE ASMR mission. While I am not a registered professional ASMRtist, I am doing this because it is required. Firstly, I am making these videos to help calm my good friend, Malak Garland. He's been under so much stress and anxiety that I hope these videos find him well.

She raises an eyebrow.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

But then I got thinking big and I thought, why stop there, Teresa? The masses need this too. The masses need **me**. So, I am also doing this for your calming enjoyment. Wrestling is a naturally cutthroat industry and the average obese fan has a lifespan of like 25 years or something. If I can even influence just one fan to make better choices, to slow their heart rate, to take up exercise and calming techniques, well, then I've done my job.

She smiles as wide as someone who loves hearing the sound of their own voice does.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

So sit back, relax and enjoy. May I recommend you watch my videos not only with headphones on for full effect, but with your beverage of choice too. May I suggest a nice vanilla creme bubble tea? With extra foam, of course.

Naturally, she has one out of frame. She grabs it and takes a sip from the straw. The sound of her drinking is overpoweringly loud into the microphone.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Mmmmmm, that's so good. Refreshing. Thank you for the drink, Vital Espresso. Perfection. Now, for some tapping.

Teresa gently taps the side of her plastic cup. The noises that bounce off it depend on where her nails hit. The upper area of the cup is loud and sharp as there is no liquid there. However, the sounds are dull when her nails hit the lower portion.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Such a nice drink.

Suddenly, the sound of a door opening wrecks the mood like an alarm clock going off in the morning. The sound of bodies shuffling is heard but they remain off screen. Teresa puts her drink down and looks beyond her single camera setup.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Malak, Cyrus, what are you guys doing here?

Teresa does her best to stay "in character" with the whispering but she can't help but have a heightened tone to her voice.

Malak Garland:

We just won the biggest match of our careers and we're going to go celebrate like it's 2015!

Cyrus Bates:

Yup.

Their voices are heard but still remain unseen.

Malak Garland:

Leave whatever you're doing right now and lets crash the photo studio. We need commemorative pics of this occasion!

The sound of feet shuffling away is caught by the boom microphone. Teresa half rises from her chair before looking back into the camera one last time.

Teresa Ames: *[Whispering]*

Don't worry, this is just the start of what I planned for everyone but for now, that's a wrap. I'll be back next time with some more ASMR. Until then, subscribe and stay frosty. Ames out.

Teresa cuts the feed to her video and follows her fellow Keyboard Warriors down the hall.

LEFT 4 DEAD: THE PASSING

MAXDEF EXCLUSIVE, reads across the bottom of the screen as Jamie Sawyers is in the pay-per-view interview area. Tyler, Conor and The Princess burst through the scene, fresh off their victory against Scott Douglas and Kerry Kuroyama. Well, Conor bursts into the scene anyway, creating a ruckus, pounding his fists against the walls, shouting randomly, jumping up and down. Meanwhile, The Princess is all smiles and Tyler doesn't blink or show any expression.

Upon seeing The Bros., Sawyers, who's recently had some run-ins with them tries to turn away but he's grabbed in the nick-of-time by Player Two.

The Codebreaker pulls Sawyers in closely. Unsure of what's about to happen, Jamie closes his eyes and anticipates the worst-case scenario. However, Conor just puts his arm around Sawyers and hugs him as hard as possible. Conor tussles his hair.

Conor Fuse:

Hey there, ya little NPC. Did you see that? Huh!? Did you!?

Sawyers nods. He slowly starts to go into interview mode, although he's extremely cautious.

Jamie Sawyers:

Yes, yes I did. I can see you're very happy.

Conor Fuse:

Oh yeah! Pretty sure that one's a GAME OVER huh bro!?

Sawyers, not really knowing what to do, nods.

Conor Fuse:

Kerry Kuroyama, GAME OVER. Scott Douglas, maybe he can press continue but The Specific Blitzkrieg is dead.

If there were announcers, someone would surely be correcting Conor that it's The *Pacific* Blitzkrieg.

Conor Fuse:

We tried to do it. We tried to warn Douglas. This was a game he didn't want to play. The level was too hard. Us... *bosses*, just too damn good.

P2 looks back at his brother, who now stares a hole through the interviewer. Conor, again, puts his arms around Sawyers as if to say "don't look behind you, just stay with me, bro".

Conor Fuse:

Best you stick with me, ya little computer controlled guy. Listen, we're sorry all of you Gamers got your hopes up but losing to us was NOT an option. Sometimes, you just pick the wrong difficulty level. Kerry Kuroyama is an 8-bit player trying to make it on 1080p.

Conor grins wildly upon saying that comment, like a light when off and he thought it's hilarious. And again, if there were announcers, they may enlighten the listener that it's all about 4K right now.

Conor Fuse:

Scott Douglas used to be the Main Player around here but if you run too many sequels, The Gamers get burnt out.

Conor looks dead into the camera.

Conor Fuse:

How many more times ya gotta lose, Douglas, before you hang it up? This isn't *Last Gen* anymore.

Conor looks over Sawyers, who cringes, anticipating the worst once more.

Conor Fuse:

Ah man, I love ya!

He shakes Sawyers about but then drops the smile on his face to rattle Sawyers a little more. Player Two turns away, puts another smile back on his face and skips down the hall. This leaves The Princess to look over the interviewer but ultimately leaves him alone and head off-screen. Then it's Tyler, who turns, forces Sawyers to roll into his own chest and leaves as well.

DOWNWARD SPIRAL

An embed logo appears on the lower portion of the television screen it reads....

*MAXDEF
EXCLUSIVE*

During - Deacon Vs. Victor Vacio::

The sounds of the battle waging on in the ring at this time between Deacon and Vacio can faintly be heard in the background. The camera is focused on a hallway and what looks like Scrow heading down it. He is dressed in his street clothes in one arm, dragging his luggage on wheels. The other hand looks to be a bottle of some sort. He has a black hoodie pullover on, with a pair of blue jeans and black boots. Through all the background noises of The Faithful cheers and groans, Christie Zane takes front stage over the audio of the scene.

Zane:

SCROW...SCROW...

Scrow finally stops after a few belows from Christie. He takes a drink from the bottle in his hand. He turns slightly toward her with only portions of his face showing from the hoodie. Mainly the side where he has his hair over his face.

Zane:

I have been looking all over for you, I wanted to know how it felt to finally stop Carny from taking advantage of you.

Scrow clicks his tongue for a moment, still with that same emotional stare he had after he struck Carny. He takes another drink from the bottle. Zane quickly notices it and is quick to respond to it.

Zane:

Have you been drinking?

Scrow snickers under his breath and looks at the bottle.

Scrow:

You truly are an observant young woman now aren't you?

Zane:

Are you celebrating?

Scrow takes another gulp of the liquid in the bottle. He smacks his lips a few times.

Scrow:

Celebrating....Scrow has nothing to celebrate....Once more Scrow is alone. The lone raven...misery apparently is his destiny.

Zane:

Scrow why are you miserable, didn't you hear The Faithful you did it you won their admiration.

Scrow spits on the ground. He faces the path he was walking and heads away from Zane, but answers as he walks away.

Scrow:

Scrow is no fool all they were clinging too was Carny getting struck. It never was for Scrow it was the mere fact a manipulative bastard got what was coming to him...

Zane softly replies.

Zane:

Scrow if only you could see that it was not all about Garry.

A somber Zane watches Scrow push open the doorway leading to the parking lot. The street light peers into the arena for a second and then vanishes as the door closes behind him.

IN OTHER NEWS...

Christie Zane is smack dab in the middle of your screen. The lights above her are bright and the red on the DEFIANCE logo on all the flat-screen TVs behind her are popping. Her smile distracts you for a second, forgetting what you are doing watching right now. Anyway, Christie...

Christie Zane:

In other news... we are being told that THE Jay Harvey suffered a bruised rib during his match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE with Scrow. Doctors have told us that he will not miss any time and should be ready for in-ring action in a couple of weeks.

Footage of said match rolls.

Christie Zane:

It has been pretty shocking here around DEFIANCE in the recent months. You all remember Lindsey Troy returning to the Wrestle-Plex at DEFCON to the shock of us all and more importantly... Mikey Unlikely. At MAXIMUM DEFIANCE we all waited to see who would walk out to take on Scrow...

We go back to live footage of Zane.

Christie Zane:

Jay Harvey made his shocking return and accepted the challenge. Harvey was victorious despite being injured. We all wish him a speedy recovery. Where does Jay Harvey go from here? Keep watching DEFIANCE to find out.

We stay on Christie for a few more moments before fading to black.

OLD FRIENDS, SORT OF

After MAXDEF.

The Holy Ground, an Irish Pub in Mid City, NOLA, is still as dimly lit as it ever was, the orange hue cascading over the fading and well worn green bar top.

Back at that bar top, just as he has many times before, Scott Douglas nurses the night's loss to the Fuse Bros. 360 over a stiff drink. He finishes off the glass and slides it back toward the service side of the bar still full of ice. DEFIANCE's Favorite Son stares blankly toward the high mounted televisions as their flickering imagery and rapidly changing brightness dance off the plethora of glassware around the bar.

It's unclear what program is on television but the look in Douglas' eye makes it obvious that it doesn't really matter. It's just a direction to look towards while the gears turn. Albeit slowly. He is mentally and physically exhausted, not to mention sore and beaten. The events of the night play out in his head until the feigned interest in the television is stolen away, as the bartender slides a refilled glass back to him.

Any energy he has left is devoted solely to the lifting and tilting of this glass.

"Tough night, boy scout? "

Scott, holds off from taking that next life-affirming sip and turns toward the voice.

Terry "The Idol" Anderson, aging poorly as ever ... stained Hiawian Shirt, shirt fedora.

Scott Douglas:

What hole have you crawled out of this time?

Terry saddles up next to Douglas.

Terry Anderson:

Tampa.

Douglas:

Been back home?

The bartender brings Terry a drink. Obviously, no matter how long he stays away, he's spent enough time in the Holy Ground to be known.

Anderson:

It's been longer ... then I'd care to admit.

Douglas tips his glass.

Douglas:

Cheers to that.

Anderson:

So, back to my original inquiry ...

Douglas:

Inquiry? You the lead prosecution on this one?

Anderson: [ignoring Douglas' quip]

... Tough night?

Douglas:

If you're asking I imagine you saw it.

Anderson:

Nah, it's on the computers now ... I can't even figure out how to make it work.

Douglas:

onDemand?

Anderson:

See, now they call it that... but to order a skin flick onDemand in the hotel room, that's simple. Why the hell do I need Google Apple Stick or a XBOX 3 --

Douglas:

Last. Three. Numbers ... I want to hear right now.

Anderson:

What? Are you afraid of circles?

Douglas:

No, just afraid of living in one.

Anderson:

You sound like one of those damn Reaper promos ... Talk like a person!

Douglas:

Don't sweat it, Terry. I wouldn't want your blood alcohol level to dip down into dangerous levels.

Terry smirks, tipping his glass to the not so subtle jab, before taking a comically large sip for Douglas' benefit. Likely for his own as well.

Douglas looks on, side-eyeing, his self appointed drinking partner, stoic as ever... but he breaks. He lets something close to a smile slip out as he chuckles lightly, which comes across more as exhaling in a chuckle's cadence.

The ice is broken. They know each other well, probably too well. Time to cut to the chase.

Douglas:

I know this new company is dragging out old-timers but I can't imagine you made the shortlist ... What the hell are you doing back here, Terry?

Terry feigns having been offended.

Anderson:

What I can pop in to check on an old friend? A buddy? ... a pal!

Douglas:

Dial it back there, buddy ... Really, what brings you back?

Anderson inhales deeply, bracing himself against the bar and pushing back to stretch. Letting out a real "dad" noise as he replies to Scott.

Anderson:

Well, its ... ah, it's a little too early to say exactly.

Douglas:

Now, who's a god damn Reaper?

Anderson:

I believe gorram is the parlance... I would think DEFIANCE's Favourite Son would know that ...

Terry's face lights up. He loves giving Scott shit but he's also trying to avoid saying much more about his new gig. It works for a second, Scott is distracted by the reference.

Douglas:

You know he's gone? Damndest thing. New company, cleaned house.

Anderson:

Well, you can't clean house without taking out the trash, Scotty. Otherwise, everything looks pretty but smells like shit.

Scott catches himself

Douglas:

Hold on ... you didn't answer the question.

Anderson sighs.

Anderson:

Look, I don't mean to be all super secretive or anything ... I just legit don't know, yet. In Tampa, I got into a new line of work and it's done right by me. I got an offer to come back to the "Big Easy ..."

Douglas: [scoffing]

Don't call it that.

Anderson:

... I got an offer and I'm meeting with the client in the next couple of days to work out the details.

Douglas:

Well, based on you being dressed ... well ... exactly like you always have I'm going to guess either; Catamaran Charter Captain or ...

Scott squints for effect like he is actually trying to make a proper estimate of Terry's new profession.

Douglas:

... last 80's TV PI.

Terry finishes his drink and turns to Scott.

Anderson:

Hilarious.

He slams the glass down after shaking it in the direction of the bartender.

Anderson:

Drink up, your falling behind ... and you're buying.

Cut to the next segment.

EXACTLY

Another **MAXDEF EXCLUSIVE** reads the bottom of the tv screen. Christie Zane is standing behind a backdrop waiting on...

Gage Blackwood to emerge from gorilla and the DEFarena. He's directly off his victory against "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. The Scot struggles to march past Zane until she stops him.

Christie Zane:

Gage, Gage, a word please?

Blackwood has The SoHer draped across his right shoulder. His forehead is still bloodied and his eyes a bit dazed over. However, it's clear he knows where he is and what's happened, which was not the case after he got the three count. He stops, cold in his tracks, back towards Zane and the camera. It takes him a moment to turn around but as he does a look of confidence brushes over him. Confidence and determination.

Christie Zane:

Gage, this has to be the biggest win of your career?

Again, proving she's not the best with interview questions, Zane inflects up upon finishing her sentence. It leaves a confusing atmosphere upon how one would answer this but Blackwood, the champion, doesn't care. He strolls up to Christie as his theme song ends within the arena and the fans can be heard cheering for Oscar Burns now.

Gage Blackwood:

Did you hear that?

Blackwood says, pointing to the entrance.

Gage Blackwood:

And yet, they still cheer him. Cheer, cheer, cheer.

Zane doesn't know what to say.

Gage Blackwood:

But that's okay, they can have their fallen star.

Blackwood smacks The SoHer.

Gage Blackwood:

I still have this and the most underrated, undefeated pay-per-view winning streak of all-time. Three years and counting.

Blackwood looks directly at Zane, holding up three fingers.

Gage Blackwood:

Three years and counting.

The champion turns away while still muttering loud enough for the microphone to pick it up.

Gage Blackwood:

I'm done trying to impress them and seek their approval. They can have their *False God*.

He leaves.

TAKE 1

"Mmmm yeah, gimme that gimme that extra extra."

We go to the communal shower area where a rather short, round, bludging individual stands in front of the mirrors, up against the wall near the blow dryers. The man wears black tights and a black muscle shirt. However, the sheer weight of the individual means the shirt comes nowhere close to the end of his stomach in order to tuck into his tights like it's meant to. Instead, the man's rather large gut hangs well out of it. Additionally, he looks to be 19 at best and given the fact he has numerous zits all over his face with some additional puss swirling about, it's certainly a sight to behold. Young, inexperienced and yet... confident?

As he rubs lube on his protruding stomach, lathering it up "nice and good" as he tells himself, he takes a moment to look in the mirror. He begins to flex. There's no muscle mass. But to him, he's chiseled in stone.

He brushes back his extremely long black hair. It's so wild and greasy it can't stay in one spot.

He flexes again, this time like he's posing for a bodybuilding contest.

Finally, the shower doors open up. A very *slender man* pops his head through. In a similar fashion, he doesn't look a day past 19 either and has loads of acne on his face, too. His boney hand points towards the man he was looking for.

???:

Oh, there you are, Gilbert.

He says with a nervous-looking smile while the pudgy man hasn't stopped posing just yet.

???:

It's time to get going. The lights are on in five-minutes for our try-out match.

The pudgy man finally looks over, as he seems to be done admiring himself. For now.

Gilbert:

Yeah yeah sounds good be right there.

He says this without taking a breath.

???:

Okay, but hurry up! I'm already nervous!

The skinny man leaves. The pudgy man goes back to showing off in the mirror.

Gilbert:

Layer me up, yeah yeah. This butter machine is on overdrive!

One last flex, a smack on his stomach and he exits the shower room area.

FADED ACES

It's hot, humid and generally awful in New Orleans, Louisiana this time of year. But even the thick inescapable humidity doesn't deter the faithful. Outside the still state of the art DEFIANCE Wrestling Wrestle-Plex facility they're lined up around the block. The black and blood red vinyl banner fluttering over a line of seven or eight long folding tables reading... "DEFIANCE AUTOGRAPH EXPO, TODAY"... and perched several feet apart at said tables an array of DEFIANCE and BRAZEN superstars both past and present and signing and handing out headshots at a sometimes reasonable price, depending on the superstar.

The new parent company put one of these together several times a year. Making an effort to reach back and pull forward in any way DEFIANCE's past. Nothing sells quite like nostalgia.

Today however is a special day. At the end of the line of tables, just past German powerhouse Gunther Adler and former BRAZEN champ Reinhardt Hoffman sits one of the most familiar figures in all of DEFIANCE history. Like a ghost, unseen or heard from publicly in several years now sits the former two time FIST of DEFIANCE, the Original DEFIANT himself "Bombastic" Bronson Box. No trademark three-piece suit and glossy sheared head, no freshly waxed handlebar mustache. The former self-proclaimed Ace looks uncharacteristically... well, normal.

Dressed down in black chinos and a plain black v-neck t-shirt we can see the partially grown horseshoe balding pattern on his head, his mustache unwaxed, his eyes fireless and he sits staring into the nondistance in front of a half gone stack of old eight by tens and a black sharpie.

A few feet away two fans wandering by, take notice of the bored-looking Wargod.

The male fan raises an eyebrow and looks at his female counterpart.

"Hey Grace, who the hell is that guy?"

The female fan nearly does a legit spit take.

"Who is Bronson Box? Are you mental? He's... he's the WARGOD, man! I'm planning on shelling out for two of his autographs. One to frame and one for fuckin' eBay, son. The guy is a goddamn legend in DEF, I honestly can't believe he's here. Last couple years he just dropped off the wrestling map completely. I always forget you just got into wrestling last year. Come on, while his line is short."

Grace grabs her male counterpart and pulls him over into line. The guy leans to his right and peers around the bodies in front of them to get a better look at this Wargod. He raises an eyebrow incredulously.

"He's a little short... and has the same male pattern baldness as my sociology professor."

Yanking her friend back into line.

"Would you shut the fuck up?! He's likely to leap over the table and throttle you."

He shoots Grace a doubtful look as they step forward one place in line. His eyes are drawn to the big standee behind the table depicting The Wargod in all his glory from a number of years ago. Brown and grey striped singlet, gnarled scar over his right eye, rusty spike held aloft.

"Bronson... Bronson... oh shit, like that Nicolas Winding Refn movie! That's where I've seen that goddamn mustache before. Seriously Grace? Dude nicks his look AND name from the dude who made Drive? Oof, girl. Doesn't sound like the baddest of asses to me."

The girls round little face gets that reddish, eye twitching look only dyed in the wool wrestling fans get when some non-or-pseudo-super fan starts to get lippy.

“Yeah, Michael Peterson aka Charlie Bronson the UK’s most violent prisoner. Dude served time with him before he got into wrestling. It’s an homage. It’s the whole point. Now stick a fucking sock in it, it’s our turn... “

Box doesn’t even look up, just halfheartedly pulling another eight by ten off his dwindling stack and uncapping his red Sharpie. Even his accent sounds flat and somewhat lifeless.

“Seventy for the headshot, hundred for a headshot and a picture.”

Obviously overcome with excitement Grace opens her mouth and unleashes a torrent of just complete word diarrhea all over the first unified World champion in DEFIANCE history. As she starts talking she whips open her flannel shirt to reveal a vintage Blood Diamonds t-shirt. The signatures of Frank Dylan James, Virginia Quell, Jane Katze and somehow that of felon and current resident of a federal prison upstate somewhere, Edward White can all be made out written around the big bloody diamond logo.

“I can’t believe you’re actually here! I’ve never seen you do a fan event before, like HOLY shit! So, I’ve literally been to every show DEFIANCE has held here at the Wrestle-Plex. You’re AMAZING. I’ve seen so many of your big matches Box.. er... Boxer... Mr. Boxer, sir.”

Bronson takes a beat and really examines the girl’s shirt.

“How’d ye’ manage Eddy’s signature, there.”

She absolutely beams with pride.

“Step-dad’s uncle is a prison guard.”

Boxer shoots her a look of vaguely impressed interest, leaning forward and quickly jotting his name down between Edward and Jane’s. His red ink standing out amongst the others in black.

“On the house. Seein’ as ye’ obviously went to such trouble to get the whole set’n all.”

As Boxer and Grace finish their transaction and she tucks the two autographs under her arm, her lippy companion decides now would be the perfect time to question this obviously very depressed sociopath’s credentials. He brazenly reaches over and scoots one of the headshots in front of Bronson.

“Oh I’d love one to. Might be the closest I get to getting Tom Hardy’s... “

The snitty comment lands like a wet fart right in front of everyone. Even Gunther and Reinhardt’s attentions are drawn away from their own lines of fans. The young man looks particularly proud of himself, and utterly unaware of the line of red traveling up the still quite muscular neck of the brutal Scotsman he just insulted. He rises ever so slightly out of his seat. His hands grab the edge of the table white knuckle tight. Grace looks absolutely horrified.

But if we’re being honest? Also a little excited. She’s seen this enough times watching on television and upclose at DEFIANCE shows in the past. Nobody, especially some hundred pound soaking wet little college junior gets away with insulting the Bombastic Bronson Box.

And just like that... nothing. The same deflated, drained, fireless look returns to his tired face. He sits back down and quickly signs the headshot, flicking it towards the pompous young man.

“Now fuck off, the both of ye’... “

Deflated, Grace turns to leave with her smug friend.

Boxer clears his throat and narrows his eyes at the young man.

“Seventy.”

Something about the dry way he said it. The arrogant young man's “ahhaa” moment. His expression changes as he fumbles with his little velcro wallet, handing over the stack of bills.

“NOW fuck off.”

Embarrassed and obviously disappointed Grace reaches over and takes out her aggression on her friend as they both walk away with a legit nasty punch to the kidney area. Boxer shakes his head and reaches into his pants pocket producing a small flask he immediately realizes is empty. He looks back over his shoulder through the glass front facade of the building and sees the front lobby bar and restaurant in the distance.

Without a word he gets up and strolls towards the nearest bank of doors.

Hoffman looks up quizzically as a whole horde of new fans line up in front of Boxer's table.

“Hollis, what the hell man? We've still got an hour and a half.”

Bronson looks up at the line of eager fans and back to Reinhardt.

“Tell them I was thirsty.”

He starts through the door and stops.”

“Also to go fook themselves.”

He nods at his friend, nods at the line of bewildered fans, and disappears into the Wrestle-Plex's lobby.

ALVARO DE VARGAS VS. NICKY SYNZ

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining us on UNCUT this week! Originally we had a match planned out between The Sky High Titans and Team HOSS for the Unified Tag Team Titles this week, however due to scheduling conflicts, Team HOSS were not able to make the show. Tonight, though, we're going to have a first-hand look at one of the newest BRAZEN stars!

Lance:

That's right! Tonight, long-time BRAZEN star Nicky Synz returns to active duty looking to make a name for himself against a debuting BRAZEN newcomer! 26 years old from Miami, Florida and born in Cuba... tonight we see the debut of the 6'8" and 264-pound young man, Alvaro de Vargas!

DDK:

If you missed out on our latest CLASH of the BRAZEN special, there were plenty of debuts from the new class of young stars, along with new champions crowned! New BRAZEN Champion Nathaniel Eye and new BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, Les Enfants Terrible! Tonight, Alvaro de Vargas wants a taste of that success. As both competitors are introduced, we'll be hearing from them both. Now let's get to ringside with Darren Quimbey for this UNCUT Exclusive match!

And we do just that!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a BRAZEN Exclusive match set for one fall! Introducing first... From Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 205 pounds... **NICKY SYNZ!**

♪ "Prime Mover (Zodiac Mindwarp cover)" by Synyster Sledge♪

Nicky Synz explodes from the back, headbanging his long, blonde locks on his way down to the ring slapping hands with the fans as he goes. As he does this, an inset promo appears in the corner.

Nicky Synz:

Hey hey! I'm back! My band, Synyster Sledge, just finished our latest Northeast tour and now I'm back! A lot's gone down in BRAZEN since I was here last, but I'm back and I want in on the BRAZEN Championship! I'm sure my opponent, the big tall scary dude from Miami, is thinking he's just gonna steamroll right over me... and I'm here to say this.

He pulls out his guitar.

Nicky Synz:

OVER! MY! DEAD! BODY!

He plays a LOUD chord as the camera returns to Synz...

He hops up onto the middle rope and air guitars along to the hard rock stylings of Zodiac Mindwarp until they start to fade out.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Miami, Florida, by way of Cuba... weighing in at 264 pounds... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

♪ "I Know You Want Me" by Pitbull ♪

The camera returns to the ring and out comes the VERY tall young gun from Miami, Florida. Brown curly mini-fro, chiseled body, sunglasses, confident-as-all-shit smirk. Flame-themed baggy pants and a thick silver chain around his neck round out the flashy attire for the young man called Alvaro de Vargas. But instead of an inset promo, he also has a microphone. His theme goes quiet as he speaks.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Nah, nah, nah, you aren't putting ADV in a box. When I got something to say, I say it LIVE with FIRE!

De Vargas looks at Synz and scoffs in his general direction.

Alvaro de Vargas:

...and already, BRAZEN management got me all wrong. Instead of rolling out the red carpet for me and giving me the ball on their big show a few nights ago... they stick me here. With you. Nicky Synz. Spelt with a Z cause you're a hardcore punk rocker who gets punani from 60-plus groupies who can't tell the difference between you and a drunk old guy singing "Margaritaville", right? Well, I got news for you, Little Nicky... Over your dead body, huh?

ADV finally steps onto the ring apron and has a smirk on his face.

Alvaro de Vargas:

ADV can arrange that!

He enters the ring and takes off his chain, then throws the microphone off to the side as Nicky gets ready for the match.

DING DING!

DDK:

Here we go! Alvaro de Vargas already demanding things instead of working for it in the ring. I can tell he's going to be a gem.

Lance:

We'll see if he can back up his bravado. Nicky Synz is a talented high flyer and ADV better not sleep on him.

Nicky rushes Vargas, but the much taller wrestler throws him backwards. Synz rolls back to his feet, then rushes forward and then tries a second time. ADV brushes him off and then sends the lead singer of Synyster Sledge back to his feet. ADV comes running at him, but he hits nothing but the corner as Nicky dashes out to the side. He comes off the ropes and tries a Flying Forearm, but the move only moves Vargas back a little. He tries again, but now ADV EXPLODES and then hits him with a Shoulder Block! Vargas beats his chest and stands over Synz, smiling like a prick.

DDK:

Synz trying to use the speed off the right track, but Vargas quickly takes him down.

He goes to pick Synz up off the canvas when Synz fires back with a pair of kicks to his knee to get loose. Vargas boots him in the gut and then tries a Short Arm Clothesline... but Synz ducks and comes off the ropes, hitting a Handspring Flying Forearm Smash! Vargas doesn't go down, but he's doubled over and that allows Synz to hit the ropes again. He goes to the top and tries for a Flying Seated Senton...

Lance:

Flying V... no! Powerbomb by Vargas! What a counter!

DDK:

Vargas looking one step ahead of Nicky Synz!

ADV gets jeers from the crowd now as he looks over Synz and pats him on the head like a dog, mouthing "good try!"

He rushes off the ropes and then leaps with good height before connecting with a Leg Drop! No cupping of the ear or fake tans here, brother. He hooks the leg of Synz.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Synz with the shoulder up! But Nicky Synz isn't going to let Alvaro de Vargas just walk in here, run his mouth and pick up a win.

Synz looks hurt, but while crawling, Vargas stands over him and claps his hands, almost trying to get Synz to get up. When he tries, he picks him up, only for Synz to clock him with an unsuspecting Forearm! Nicky fires off three more and then fights back to his feet before hitting the ropes. Vargas tries a Big Boot, but Synz slips underneath and then fires a Dropkick to the chest of Vargas! The tall Miami/Cuban star gets knocked back, but when Synz comes running, Vargas catches him and then hits him with a HUGE Release Hotshot again the ropes!

DDK:

That's smart by Vargas! Whether you like his tactics or not, he keeps suckeringg Synz in.

Lance:

And Big Boot connects by Vargas! Now I think this is done!

Vargas with another cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Synz again kicks out, but now Vargas looks pretty sure of himself that this match is over already.

Vargas waits as Synz goes to the corner and throws him. When Synz is sprawled against the buckle, ADV runs to the other corner, comes back... then stops and CLAWS him with a Back Rake!

Lance:

And that kind of shenanigan is uncalled for!

Referee Hector Navarro admonishes ADV, but he shrugs it off and laughs like a prick. While Synz is still holding onto his clawed back, Vargas picks him up over his shoulders and looks for what might be a Powerslam or a Snake Eyes, but Nicky slips out and lands on his feet behind him! Synz sees him coming and goes low with a Dropkick to the knee to bring him down some, then fires off a Front Dropkick off the ropes to the side of ADV's head! Vargas finally goes down! Synz gets some cheers from the crowd when he flies off the ropes and connects with a Lionsault!

ONE!

TWO... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Big kickout from Vargas! Synz is trying his best here, but ADV has too much power and fire as he calls it.

Lance:

Synz going to the middle rope... **DOUBLE PLATINUM!** That middle rope Meteora lands perfectly and Synz tries the cover!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Vargas kicks out again, but he's looking more groggy now than he has in the match yet. Synz has the crowd with him when he goes to the ring apron. He tries the Springboard and looks for the Face Melter... but the crowd GROANS when ADV catches him. He turns him around and hits a Throwing Snake Eyes, sending Nicky hitting the top turnbuckle harshly!

DDK:

No! Synz went to the well once too often and ADV made him pay for it! That's called The Cuban Missile!

While Synz is hurt, Alvaro is done playing around when he picks him up and SPIKES him in the mat!

DDK:

The Cuban Missile leads to a move he calls the Latin Temper! That Fireman's Carry Driver looks vicious!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd boos as ADV gets back to his feet. When the referee tries to raise his hand in victory, ADV pulls it away and won't give him the pleasure. He leans up against the ropes and has a boot over the chest of Nicky Synz.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **ALVARDO DE VARGAS!**

De Vargas continues basking in his victory while the camera goes back to Darren and Lance.

Lance:

A big man with big attitude! ADV looked great in that ring and I think we could definitely see more of them.

DDK:

That he does. His attitude leaves much to be desired, but when you're that tall, that good-looking! He'll be one to watch in BRAZEN for sure!

ADV slingshots over the ropes with a handstand and leaves the ring before heading to the back, raising his chain in the air to signify his win tonight in his debut.