SHOW OPEN

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to to fade up ...

A white streak of electricity shoots acorss the screen backed by a red glow.

It's accompanied by an electrical sounding sizzle sound effect.

The 3D block letters of UNCUT appear but the angle obstructs a legible reading of the word at first sight.

The red lined white streak shoots past the word as it continues to rotate and the background music swells.

As the letters tip upright and begin to reveal the five red letters back with a slight white glow, the white streaks flys behind the letters and wraps around the word angleing down as the drum beat hits and the theme is at full tilt only to aburptly end at the final presentation of the logo and a downnote.

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

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

BREATH OF THE WILD: A MINOR TEST OF STRENGTH

As the scene plays, the text "from DEFtv 110" appears in the lower right hand corner.

The footage begins backstage near an exit in the arena. What is desolate at first, soon sees a man sitting on a stretcher while another man is pushing it forward, off in the distance.

Conor Fuse sits on the stretcher, looking down at his ankle as they come into view. Tyler Fuse, on the other hand, is pushing the stretcher towards the exit as the two continue to interact.

Tyler Fuse: *[concerned]*
Don't move it. It's not worth it right now.

Conor Fuse: *[looking down at his ankle]*
It doesn't look *that* bad.

Conor bends forward to touch the ankle and then snaps back in pain when he does.

Conor Fuse:
Ouch!

Tyler Fuse:
I told you, leave it alone!

Conor Fuse:
But it's not even swollen...

Tyler Fuse:
Not yet...

Conor is quick to change the subject. It's like his mind completely forgot about his ankle already.

Conor Fuse:
That's a fake coin, you know. The ToyBox, that Dandelion. That coin does not grant them a title shot!

Tyler shakes his head and continues to push the stretcher. They are halfway to the exit now.

Tyler Fuse: *[sigh]*
This isn't about the coin.

Conor Fuse:
Yes it is. Besides, we already beat them! I want PCP! PCP vs. The Fuse Bros. at DEFCON! That's the dream battle right there!

Tyler Fuse:
I have news for you, brother. Your ankle is more important. We have to get some xrays. There might not even be a title shot at DEFCON regardless of who we battle.

Conor's face becomes devastated. He snaps back into reality.

Conor Fuse: *[heavy sigh]*
Shit...

Tyler Fuse:
Look, don't swear. We don't know anything yet. DEFCON is still a while away. We'll figure out something.

Conor nods.

Conor Fuse:
Yeah, this is nothing. This won't get in my way!

Feeling very confident, Conor bends down to touch his ankle again.

Conor Fuse:
Sprain, tear, break... I can handle it. I'm tougher than this-

He touches the ankle again and snaps back even harder.

Conor Fuse:
OUCH~! DAMMIT!!!

Tyler sighs again as the two head out of sight.

Tyler Fuse:
You've got issues.

Conor Fuse:
I've got issues? No. The ToyBox have issues. That coin... I think it's made of chocolate...

Fade.

GO, GRAPS, GO!

The scene cuts to the interview backdrop for DEFIANCE.

Front and center?

The League of Extraordinary Graps.

“Bantam” Ryan Batts.

“Manpower” Jack Mace.

“Twists and Turns” Oscar Burns.

Annnnnnnnnnnnnnnd begin!

Oscar Burns:
Kendrix! You think you’re pretty damn smart, don’t you? Ooooooh, GC, you pulled the wool over EVERYONE’S eyes with that sneak attack and months of how you aren’t healed up, but a Superkick for me and a Bellend for that bellend, Scott Stevens and now here we are… but GC, you made a mistake. A very BIG mistake.

Burns smirks.

Oscar Burns:
I’m rarin’ for a fight! After I cleaned Angel Trinidad’s clock on the last episode of DEFtv and tussled with that even BIGGER pinkeye-looking Crimson Lord before that, I can definitely tell you I’m in fighting shape and more importantly… I’m feeling stroppy!

He beats on his chest.

Oscar Burns:
A win for you puts you right smack-dab in the middle of the main event of DEFCON with me and Scotty and, GC, I’m here to tell you that won’t happen! I have come back from too much pain and too much doubt. I’ve come back from the brink of doubting myself, wondering if I’m ever going to wrestle again to ever go back. I won’t be letting YOU or anybody else stand in the way of me ENDING this nonsense once and for all with The Stevens Dynasty and taking back the title he stole from me in the first place. I told you and lot of other people that I won’t be letting them down and I won’t let you make me go back on my word.

Burns nods as he hands it off to Ryan Batts.

Ryan Batts:
And Bo… Bo, I didn’t forget about that sucker punch on The Bruv Show. Hopefully, YOU didn’t forget about Jackie and me showing superior teamwork when he threw me straight at you over security and showed you that once you cross a line with the WrestleFriends, pal, you get yours in the end.

Jack Mace:
Right-o!

Ryan Batts:
The WrestleFriends are gonna fight you and George at DEFCON, but first, I’m gonna be getting my hands on you on DEFtv, Bo. I hope that you’re prepared to back up all the trash you were firing off to us on commentary about how you’re going to make us pay for tarnishing the Stevens name, whatever that means. But if you ask me, Jackie?

Jack Mace:
What’s that, Bantam?

Batts lets out a soft chuckle.

Ryan Batts:
When it comes down to brass tacks, I'm gonna run circles around you and tie you up into so many knots, you won't know which way is up and which backside to kiss out of Cary or Scott.

Jack Mace:
And Georgy-Porgy, mate, if you even THINK of steppin' outta line at ringside during that match, trust me that I've got more than enough in the tank to be prepare for the likes of YOU!

Oscar Burns:
Well said. Kendrix, Stevens Dynasty, we are ready for DEFtv next week! Now, WrestleFriends, let's go…

Jack Mace:
Fighting spirit.

Ryan Batts:
Graps!

Jack Mace:
Hossing!

Ryan Batts:
Flippy things!

All three put their hands together.

Oscar Burns:
BY OUR POWERS COMBINED, WE ARE THE LEAGUE OF EXTRAORDINARY GRAPS!
GGGGGGGGGGGGOOOOOOOOOOOOO GRAPS!

Jack and Ryan:
YES, TEAM GRAPS CAP!

The three pump their fists like rowdy schoolchildren as the scene fades.

I AM THE ONLY FIST THAT MATTERS

Static.

The static begins to filter and a familiar voice is heard.

Voice:
Pretenders.

The static begins to show an out of focus silhouette.

Voice:
Backstabbers.

The same voice is heard again as the silhouette turns out to be The FIST of Defiance, Scott Stevens, as he is sitting in a folding chair with his chest leaning against the back of it and the FIST draped across it in front of it dangling down like golden Christmas lights with the rest of the Dynasty surrounding him. Stevens seems to be at a loss of words because his head is hung low and he takes a few moments before he utters his next few words.

Scott Stevens:
Greed.

Stevens says as he slowly lifts his head with a somber expression.

Scott Stevens:
It is one of, if not, the most deadly of the seven sins because it is something can can spawn many different reactions based on what level of greed that has infected you.

Stevens says as he straightens up in his chair.

Scott Stevens:
Oscar Burns and Kendrix have become a cancer to DEFIANCE and to themselves because they want what I am.

Stevens informs as he gazes at the glistening golden trophy that draped over the chair.

Scott Stevens:
They both have a desire to be champion, but I'm not a simple champion.

Stevens states as his expression begins to change as he slowly raises his heavily taped up right hand that is covered in a black leather glove and slowly balls it into a fist. Stevens admires it for a moment before turning his attention back towards the camera.

Scott Stevens:
I'm THE FIST!

Stevens growls as he leans forward in the chair.

Scott Stevens:
And the both of you don't have what it takes to exemplify what being The FIST is all about.

Stevens says as he slowly rises out of the chair.

Scott Stevens:
The FIST isn't some golden trinket you wear around your waist or a cool nickname to sale merchandise.

Stevens says as he shakes his head no.

Scott Stevens:
Being The FIST isn't about wearing the latest fashion or being liked by the masses.

Stevens says as he picks up the championship and takes a long look at it before throwing it over his shoulder.

Scott Stevens:
Being The FIST of DEFIANCE is an honor that is bestowed to the absolute best and you're looking at the absolute **BEST**, period!

Stevens says emphatically as he turns his head towards the championship sitting on his shoulder.

Scott Stevens:
And knowing that is killing the both of you and that is why you're weaseling your way in with corporate to try and dethrone me for mantle of The FIST, but that isn't going to happen anytime soon especially from unworthy contenders to my title.

Stevens says as he turns his attention back to the camera.

Scott Stevens:
Oscar, you may at one point held this championship…..

Stevens says as he points to The FIST.

Scott Stevens:
But you were **never** The FIST!

Stevens says sternly before continuing.

Scott Stevens:
You were in the right place at the right time when you were mistakenly bestowed the mantle of The FIST until I faced you because I was the true FIST of DEFIANCE before I ever won the championship as I had decimated everyone and anyone that stood in my way. You have never beaten me no matter how many chances you get and getting Kelly Evans to grant you some bogus rematch doesn't make you worthy, it makes you fucking pathetic!

Stevens spews his hatred as spit flies from his mouth and the Texan takes a moment to wipe his mouth.

Scott Stevens:
And then there is you, Kendrix.

Stevens says in an almost sadden tone.

Scott Stevens:
You were my tag partner. My Bruv. My brother…..

Stevens says and gets a shove from George.

Scott Stevens:
You were all those things, but true brothers don't stab each other in the back no matter what.

Scott looks at George who nods.

Scott Stevens:
That mistake is on me and it won't happen again because you stabbing me in the back will be the biggest mistake you've ever made. Kendrix you fail to realize I'm not some pushover you've beaten before in UTAH or in DEFIANCE. You may have been the final Onslaught champion in DEFIANCE but I am the personification of onslaught. I was born

and bred in the hardcore lifestyle of pain and suffering while you only merely adopted it when you came to this company for a fat contract. You attacking me proved you weren't the brains of the Hollywood Bruvs because why do you think Mikey never crossed me? Mikey knew that once you were in my crosshairs I am like the terminator because I don't stop until I end your career and Kendrix, you are in my crosshairs.

Stevens says with a nod.

Scott Stevens:
What chance do you think you have Kendrix? You couldn't beat Scott Douglas so what chance do you think you have against The FIST?!?!?!?

Stevens says as he holds up his fist.

Scott Stevens:
You can suck up to Kelly Evans all you want and get involved in my match with the Kee Wee, but it doesn't matter if its a triple threat, fatal four way, six pack challenge or a battle royal I am going still going to be THE FIST OF DEFIANCE because I'm Scott fucking Stevens and I'm simply better than you!

Stevens shouts as he points towards the camera as the image slowly fades to black.

BREATH OF THE WILD: A MAJOR TEST OF STRENGTH

The scene is a hospital room. Conor sits quietly on the bed while kicking around his left foot but keeping his right still, wrapped in ice and a tensor bandage.

His brother, Tyler, paces back and forth with his hands crossed and head down. This plays for a good 20-seconds before a man walks in, wearing a white lab coat and assumed to be the doctor.

Doctor Snoddon:
Hello, my name is Dr. Ryan-

Before the doctor is able to say more, Conor cuts him off.

Conor Fuse:
I'm okay, right!?

The doctor smiles slightly and then looks at his clipboard.

Doctor Snoddon:
Well I have some good news and bad news. The good news is it's not broken. The bad news is it *is* a high ankle sprain and a moderate to severe one at that...

Conor Fuse:
So I can get back to the ring in a week?

Tyler looks at Conor as if to say 'no'.

Doctor Snoddon:
I'm afraid not. A sprain like this may keep you out for a month or two at the very least. It's tough to tell until the swelling goes down.

Conor seems confused.

Conor Fuse:
Swelling?

He begins to take the tensor wrap off.

Conor Fuse:
It wasn't swollen when I-

And now he sees.

Conor Fuse:
My God!

The Doctor smiles again, somewhat uncomfortably while Tyler shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:
Thank you, doctor. We'll get going now.

The doctor nods and leaves the room while Tyler exits too for a moment and brings back a wheelchair.

Tyler Fuse:
Come on, come on. Hope on. We'll figure everything else out on the drive home.

Conor puts the ice pack and tensor bandage around his ankle again. He doesn't looked thrilled at the thought of sitting in the wheelchair.

Conor Fuse:
What does this mean for DEFCON?

Tyler shrugs.

Conor Fuse:
He said I could be okay in a month...

Tyler Fuse:
He said we have to see when the swelling goes down. We can get your ankle checked each week.

Conor lifts himself up off the hospital bed and with one foot, hops into the wheelchair.

Conor Fuse:
I can handle it, you know. In four weeks, this will be nothing. We will take The ToyBox down!

Tyler Fuse shows sympathy for his brother, where he usually would show annoyance. Player One pats his brother on the head as he wheels Conor out of the room.

Tyler Fuse:
I know you're tough. We'll take this a day at a time. We're not giving up anything just yet.

As the two leave the room, Conor can still be heard down the hall.

Conor Fuse:
It's a fake coin. I know it, I know it!