

SHOW OPENER



ONLY I CALL HIM THAT

PCP calls a huddle outside the ring and all of them are gathered arm over head as they are discussing what to do.

DDK:

What do you think are they talking about?

Angus:

Nobody cares. I'd be leaving too if not for Reaper.

It's the middle of the main event of DEFtv 73. As the action continues the camera pulls back even further. We're suddenly backstage watching all the action on a monitor propped up on a large black crate. Rows of chairs in four or five neat rows sit mostly empty just a stone's throw from the gorilla position leading out into the Wrestle-Plex's main arena where the aforementioned action is taking place. There's a smattering of crew and a small cluster of babyface developmental talent sitting, minding their own business watching the show. The one notable face worth mentioning in the bunch is the current and brand new reigning and surely soon to be defending FIST of DEFIANCE Lindsay Troy sitting front row center, her legs and arms crossed and her eyes focused forward on the monitor.

The ten pounds of gold on red leather sits in her lap, partially obscured by her folded arms.

The sound of Angus and Darren's commentary on the tinny speakers can just be made out over the chatter of the BRAZEN talents making up the second and third rows. Butcher Victorious, Levi Cole and a few others. The idle chit chat and running commentary of the men slowly tapers off as another warm body joins in watching the main event unfold. The gentleman in question tosses his neatly folded suit jacket over the back of his chair and sits down in the middle of the back row.

Like she's got ESP or the Force or something, Troy greets the new spectator without even turning around.

Lindsay Troy:

Thought I felt the aura of Unchecked Ego headed this way.

DEFIANCE's resident Wargod chuckles under his breath as he crosses his legs.

Bronson Box:

Don't go gettin' yer' wee panties in a bunch, sunshine. Just here to watch the bloody show.

Levi Cole and Butcher Victorious both clear their throats and check their non-existent watches, motioning to their lesser known, nameless BRAZEN compatriots that it might be time to vacate the premises and let Troy and Boxer conversate in peace, fully aware of what happened the *last time* these two were in close proximity to one another. Boxer smiles to himself, watching the group of young wrestlers scatter down the hallway.

Bronson Box:

I think we scared them away, lass.

Lindsay Troy:

No 'we' here to speak of, Box. Pretty sure that was all your doing.

Bronson Box:

Oh, you think they're any less put off by your presence than mine? Notice they weren't sittin' there with ya' havin' a chat... I'll tell ya' what, if they 'aint scared then yer' not doin' yer' fookin' job... [he scoffs under his breath] *champ*. They should be bloody terrified of the sight of ye'. Yer' either a monster or... [motioning weakly towards the television still displaying the end of the night's tag team main event] yer' *one of them*. Bloody rifraff.

Troy finally breaks her gaze from the monitor to regard Bronson with a very pointed side-eye glare. She turns in her chair slightly, moving the FIST of DEFIANCE belt up to her shoulder, and faces the Wargod head-on. The huge gold faceplate with it's trademark red clenched hand is now in full view for everyone, the DEF "Ace" included, to see in all

its glory.

Bronson Box:

But I guess you're livin' proof ruffraff can rise to the top, eh?

He eyeballs the gold slung over her shoulder greedily, which the Queen most definitely notices.

Lindsay Troy:

Not going to take credit for that? Are you feeling alright?

She pats the faceplate and *tisks* quietly, shaking her head.

Lindsay Troy:

But I guess you wrote the book on *riff raff* anyway. Too bad your... *stablemate*, is that what Penn and you are now? Stablemates? [Waves her hand, dismissively.] Doesn't matter. He's in front of you in line, according to Kelly, in case you hadn't heard. Jane didn't even have to grind her pointy banshee claws in anyone either. All Penn had to do was...conspire with her to beat *you* in your bracket finals and then snake a win out over Cayle at the big dance.

The mention of Curtis Penn and their shared business manager Ms. Jane Katze obviously rankles Boxer ever-so-slightly. He sniffs and readjusts himself in his chair at Troy's cheeky jab at the still very fresh wound surrounding his exit from this year's DEF*MAX tournament.

Bronson Box:

Go ahead and get it aaaaaall out, lass. I'll unload every ounce of venom gained on the *fookin'* squid when the time comes. Rest assured. So just keep pressin' me. I know how yer' so bloody fond of the boy an' all... [he chuckles dismissively under his breath]

The mention of the Murrays and their current interlude with the Original DEFIANT causes Troy's eyes to narrow instinctively. It can't be helped; not when it's a reflex of a Mama Bear mentality paired with friendship. She knows Bronson knows this, knows that he's purposely digging in with the rusted blade of a well-worn knife to get that rise out of her. She also knows that the Wargod isn't so far removed from his own war with her - a war that he also started - and what hellish lengths he'll go to when he's got a score to settle.

But maybe what *he needs* is the reminder of how *that* particular war ended. So the High Queen DEFIANT steels herself, leans right into Bronson Box's dance space, and cuts right to the quick.

Lindsay Troy:

I've had conversations with both Andy and Cayle about this historical tome you've been so content on revisiting, given my first-hand experience in dealing with you when you get "*ideas*" in your head that you refuse to let go of. So let me speak plainly: Yes, I am fond of the Murrays and yes, they will deal with you in their own way, because this is their own battle to fight, just as mine was with you. But you sitting here and dangling my friendship with them above my head like a Sword of Damocles in an "*Oh, look what I can do,*" type of threat has its consequences. You know that if I need to I'd have no scruples about putting two *shuriken* straight through your beady little eyes, given our dance in the WARCHAMBER~! and all.

Long. Awkward. Silence.

The Wargod runs his tongue over his teeth and takes a deep breath, his arms folded across his massive chest. His eyes dart back and forth between Troy, the title and the television screen for a tick as he gathers his thoughts. He just starts in...

Bronson Box:

This that you just tailed up between you and our friend Dan-O... it was *deeply personal*, yes? The sort of heat that blisters and burns. I could tell. He played you and pushed you. You settled that score well, lass. Made history. I *envy* you in that, Troy. Nothin' feels finer than scores like that settled in a fight that bloody well fought... aye. I envy ye'

somehthin' fiercely indeed. I want ye' to think for a moment, Lindsay, if that satisfaction was stolen from ye'... say in that match ol' Dan-O and I had some few weeks back...if I'd *broken his wee neck*? Pulled the rug right out from under ye' that would have. All that *family animosity* then... nothin'... well. I've never bothered with family. This company, my reputation, the scores I'm settlin'... that's my family. And that boy snatched my "Dan Ryan" right away without a fookin' thought.

He glares across the rows of chairs right into the eyes of his once and surely future adversary.

Bronson Box:

That *BOY* did that to me when he settled his POINTLESS little score with Eric Dane and left the man pissin' in a bloody BAG rollin' around like fookin' Daniel Day Lewis in '*My Left Foot!*' He *OWES* me a fight worthy of what he *TOOK* from me...

He scowls at Troy and calms down.

Bronson Box:

...like you fookin' give a shite. Just finish deridin' me and fook off, would ye'... bloody harlot.

Boxer shakes his head in disgust and refocuses on the monitor in front of them. Troy's forehead crinkles in thought for a moment.

Lindsay Troy:

Listen, I get that you and Eric Dane had bad blood way before he even opened the doors to this place and the two of you never got to settle it. I *get* why those of us who do this day in and day out *need* those opportunities. But you know what, Ahab? Torturing Cayle because you *dicked around too long* isn't going to bring that White Whale back.

Boxer narrows his eyes, his lips curling into a thin mock smile. He leans forward ever so slightly in his seat. Arms still crossed across his chest.

Bronson Box:

Imma' skin the boy *alive*, girl... Or die tryin'. So *come at me* "Mama Bear" or FOOK right off. 'Aint gunna' change the squid's fate one bloody *bit* either way.

He again looks back towards the main event, coming to a close up on the monitor. We can tell by the sounds of the Faithful drifting in on the air from out in the arena. Troy shakes her head in disgust, turning around in her seat to watch the events unfold.

Lindsay Troy:

You keep calling him a squid, and I *will* cut you up like one. Only I call him that.

We can tell by the positioning of her shoulders... not to mention the tone of her voice... that she's more than done with this particular conversation.

Lindsay Troy:

And you can go to hell while you're at it, Boxer.

Bronson Box:

Aye.

The FIST and The Wargod sit in the middle of a stoney awkward silence as they watch the chaotic conclusion of the night's tag team main event together on the monitor. The events of which can be heard clattering just beyond the gorilla position down the hall. The two simply sit there. The only thing between them a few rows of folding chairs and pure unfiltered *loathing*.

Bronson Box: [muttering under his breath]

... Right back atcha' lass. Right back atcha'.

The silent standoff of main event proportions between the two continues until this scene thankfully cuts to the next.

THE HOLY GROUND

FADE IN

EXT. BAR; THE HOLY GROUND, NOLA

The Holy Ground, an Irish Pub, is dimly lit in a light orange hue. The normal Irish-eque decorations adorn the walls. The green bar top shines and glares with the exception of the worn spots coinciding with the wear of drunk and weary elbows; of the many who've passed through this tried and true intoxicating location. The door claps shut just as the scene opens.

INT. BAR; THE HOLY GROUND, NOLA

Scott Douglas enters.

Scott: [calling out]

... as I live and breathe.

"The Idol" Terry Anderson has, clearly been bellied up the green topped bar, for the majority of the night. He recognizes the voice and rather than glance back for assurance responds; boisterously.

Terry:

SUB MOP!!

Scott approaches the bar, one seat apart from Terry, and leans in. The bartender meets him there.

Bartender:

Usual ... ?

Scott:

Yes, ma'am!

Scott pulls the barstool away from the dilapidated wood veneered paneling and takes a seat. The bartender deposits his drink accompanied with a thin two ply excuse for a napkin down in front of Scott's position. He mouths a quick "thank you" and is met with a smile as she makes her way back down the thinning bar crowd. Scott glances at Terry and silently chuckles before turning back to face the mirrored bar back; while sipping his drink.

Terry:

I warned you, Scott.

Scott:

You were the boy, well ... curmudgeon who cried armageddon. [sips] Aside from a few masked weirdos... DEFIANCE seems like business as usual, really. [sips] And that is mostly based on a LACK of masked weirdos ... Mexico and all...

Terry:

Laugh it up, undercard. Collect that check and have a grand old time. I've been tasked with seeking out someone who the likes of ... you don't want to see.

Scott: [feigns a spit take]

Mrs. Harris from the 9th grade!? Jesus, Terry! What in the world did I ever do to you or your friend with the rose tinted glasses?

Scott chuckles and returns to his beverage.

Terry:

You can't finish the past, Dougy.

Scott:

True, Terry. You cannot finish the past. You however have no problem finishing the Pabst. So ... [turns to Terry] What did you mean to say, bud?

Terry:

I may be drunk ...

Scott: [interrupting]

Aunt May!?

Terry:

...you have no clue what is coming, boy.

Terry jumps up from his chair.

Terry:

Even if Reaper could be stopped... Your past will never let you be, Scott. Courtney? [chuckles] You left her ... TWICE. Twice, Scott.

Terry stumbles as he reaches out for the beer he left sitting on the bar top. The bartender grabs what is left of the silver and blue aluminum can before Terry can get a hold of it.

He recovers from the attempt, steadying himself on another chair near by ... completely forgetting his original intention.

Terry:

You don't even know where she is! I knew she was gone before you did, Scott! Go find her, boy! Just leave! Go back to Washington!

Scott: [finishing his drink]

Terry... The finite amount of respect I have for you ...

Scott slams his glass down

Scott: [breathing deeply]

... is wearing extremely thin. And if you think for one mothafucking second ...

Scott leaves his seat; planting his feet flat on the ground causing the stool to fly backward and hit the finished concrete floor.

Scott:

... that you can dredge up that name, while in league with that freak ...

Terry backs away; finding his footing with the aid of a support column.

Scott:

... then ...

Terry: [interrupting]

...THEN WHAT!?! You don't even know where she is! I told you she was gone! There is nothing for you here! [stammering] nothing ... *na - na* - nothing good!!

Scott's temper gets the best of him and he wings his glass at Terry. It misses by a foot.

Terry takes his leave; post haste.

Scott turns back to the bar and throws both hands up; chest level.

Scott: [begging forgiveness]

I am SO sorry, Beth. That guy ... he just ...

Beth:

Don't worry about it, Scotty. That guy's an asshole anyway.

FADE OUT.

TOUCHING BUTTUS INTERRUPTUS

It's a few minutes after the final bell of DEFtv 73, and we're sitting in Kelly Evans' office. It's got the same feeling as being summoned to the principal, actually. I'm not worried, I know we didn't do anything wrong. Cally's taken off her ridiculous tail so she can actually sit, and she's spinning around in her chair.

I'm sure this means the chairs will be replaced by standard 'office sit-ty' types within the next week.

Cally:

I bet we're getting one of those 'behind the music' style DVDs. We're awesome like that.

Maybe, I replied - but I wouldn't get my hopes up just yet.

Finally - after what seemed like a long time, but was probably just a few minutes, Ms. Evans herself entered her office.

I'm sorry, but I can't call it 'The Pleasure Domes.' It's a little too disrespectful to the Boss; and it's not like she's a stupid shill of a woman, either; the worst thing I can say about her is that she allows referee decisions to stand when they're clearly the wrong ones, and I'm not even mad about it.

Kelly Evans:

Mr. Knox, Ms. Callasantos - we have a problem. Well, that's probably overstepping, but I'd like to handle this before it grows into one.

Cally:

I'll say. Halloween show, and I'm the only one in costume?

Ms. Evans smiled a bit, so she's at least a little at ease.

Kelly Evans:

No, Ms. Callasantos, though I agree with you on that front.

She opened up a file in front of her, and I tried to read the words from six feet away, upside down, but it was fruitless.

Kelly Evans:

According to the information I've been given, you goosed a catering worker, a makeup woman, two cameramen, and both our live commentators - while they were on the air.

She looked up, and looked like she was imploring me with her gaze.

Kelly Evans:

None of them are filing a complaint, Ms. Callasantos - but it's only a matter of time. Can I trust that you'll do the right thing and stop this foolishness?

It was a valid question, but I was curious as to Cally's response. She was looking down in her lap, and I could tell she was a little embarrassed, but that she had something to say.

Cally:

Do you enjoy this?

Well, that was unexpected.

Kelly Evans:

Excuse me?

Cally:

Your job - all of this. What you do. Do you enjoy coming to work?

Kelly Evans:

...Well, sometimes. I like the fans enjoying the show, I like seeing my talent succeed - but some of you really try my patience.

Cally:

Exactly!

She stood up to emphasize her point.

Cally:

You have a different perspective, and I get that - but the locker room can get that same kind'a stress, when this should be fun. We get to go out an' perform in front of these fans, and we get cheered or booed depending on what we do and how we do it - this is supposed to be the best thing ever, and it is. Do you know how many people are miserable in your locker room?

Kelly Evans:

Don't get me started on Curtis Penn.

I don't think just him, I replied, but I wouldn't presume to speak for anyone else.

Cally:

Well, all I know is that I saw a lot of people not having fun with this, so I sidled up to 'em and I touched their butts. There was surprise, sure. Shock - of course. But always a smile.

And confusion.

Cally:

Well, of course, confusion. I mean, touching butts? Who does that? But that's the role I kinda feel like I have here - I'm the clown. I get that. And if I need to be the clown to keep things loose in the locker room and with the crew, that's cool. If anyone has a problem, please let me know and I'll adjust... but right now - with the SEG doing their thing, and Mr. Penn being the top contender, and all that ridiculousness, I mean... I'd like to think I'm the necessary pressure valve that we need in these hexed times.

Staredown. Rosie to Ms. Evans to me, and back again.

Kelly Evans:

Alright, kiddo. Just please be smart for me, okay?

A smile formed on Cally's face, and she leaned over Ms. Evans' desk, obviously wanting a hug.

Cally never held a grudge from our previous encounters, but Ms. Evans clearly wasn't expecting this. She stood up to hug her, and of course, she jumped.

When Cally touched her butt.

I'll tell you, though - Kelly Evans' laugh was probably the first one I ever heard, and she looked like she could barely contain herself.

Kelly Evans:

Okay, fine - point taken. But please, like I said... be smart.

Cally winked at her.

Cally:

I promise.

Well, that's a conversation I never thought I'd have, or be witness to.

This crazy business, I tell ya.

IT ISN'T OVER

Darkness.

Voice: [almost sounds like an audio clip]

Are you mad that it's been ME and not you that has been deciding fates around here? Are you fed up with me because I tell the truth how it is? These are questions I want answers to, these are questions that I DEMAND answers to.

We fade into an apartment in New Orleans. The apartment is very dark with just a small bit of light coming from outside the various windows. The camera circles the apartment and comes to a rest on Code Name: Reaper, sitting in the corner of the room, silently. His eyes are a dim red, not the usual flare for brightness that we are accustomed to seeing.

A few moments pass and a door is heard opening in the distance, followed by a light coming on in the hallway leading to this room. Footsteps are followed by a loud belch, as Terry 'The Idol' Anderson enters the camera view. He stops dead in his tracks upon entering the room his sights set on Reaper first and then the camera.

Terry: [stuttering]

I.. I... thought you were heading to Seattle. If I had known you were coming I would have set up a meeting...

Reaper:

Instead, you decide to have meetings with other wrestlers and not do the job that I hired you to do.

Terry:

You mean Scott? I've known that kid for a long time, we just ran into each other that's all. We enjoy the same night life, getting drunk, forgetting things...

Reaper:

Terry, I need your focus now more than ever. You are getting close, I can feel it and I know you feel it as well.

Terry: [angered and quick to respond]

Quick to what, man? This is a lost cause, if he doesn't want to be found he doesn't want to be found. You... you have enough on your plate as is without worrying about him. Look what happened with SEG, how are you going to respond to that?

Reaper:

You worry about what I have asked you to worry about, Terry. Don't forget that. You are not my manager, you are simply around me, I have hired you for a specific task but yet you spend most of your time talking about what I should be focusing on.

Terry:

I quit.....

The words seem almost hollow for a moment, the silence bares incredible weight after those words, neither man says anything. Terry throws his keys to the table and sits down across the table in which Reaper is sitting at. He begins taking off his shoes, trying to ignore Reaper's stare down. Eyes growing fiercely red.

Terry:

I'm just saying this isn't worth it for me. The pay is fine.. But this is getting to be too much, you guys.. It's a heavy weight to keep pretend....

Before Terry can finish his sentence, the table at which he is sitting at gets flipped on its side and Code Name: Reaper is standing, breathing heavily and has a hard grip on Terry's shoulder.

Reaper:

YOU do not have the ability to quit, Terry. Finish your job and we will reconsider this contract. In the meantime, your friend, the root cause of my issue. He has a new variable in play, something I may need to squash before it gets out of hand. Punishment for his involvement will be just as severe for the one I'm after.

Terry:

Yeah... I'm too drunk to even understand what that means.

Reaper:

STOP bumping into him Terry, stop associating with him Terry. He's a dead man. His helper is dead as well. Now get some sleep, sober up and do your job.

Reaper heads down the hallway, the camera follows him as he makes his exit, opening Terry's apartment door and turning right out of the camera shot. As the camera inches closer towards Terry's front door to leave, a looming shadow can be seen coming from the left side of the hall way. Just as the cameraman is about to leave Terry's residence, the shadow jumps in front of the camera, revealing Code Name: Reaper staring into the lenses, both lights lit up a fierce red.

Reaper:

SEG! Did you think I forgot about you all? I hope you are preparing, for the worst, you never ever know when I will be coming. At first I thought, all of you could just be left to your own idiotic games, however I was proven wrong. None of you are safe, and that includes you Perfection. Reaper is Watching!

Cut to black.

OUTLAW

OPEN

The darkness fills the frame in a heavy vignette; leaving only the slightest highlighted sphere in the middle of the view. All that can be made out is the same basement/boiler room style scenery the viewer has come to associate with none live appearances of Midorikawa.

The already mysteriously masked man speaks out from beyond the view of the camera. His haggard voice echoing throughout the cold scene.

MDK: [slow methodical speech]

The Outlaw spirit has always flowed through me, Scott.

The camera searches for the voice. The only source of light, clearly affixed to the top of the camera, finds and highlights a plethora of pipes, both plastic and metal as well as ducting and other commercial building support elements.

MDK:

Doc Holiday. Jesse James. Curly Bill. Butch Cassidy.

Midorikawa's voice continues to echo throughout the space. With a bit of a chuckle he continues.

MDK:

And lest I forget; The Sundance Kid. Speaking of Kids ... William H. Antrum. He was ALWAYS my favorite.

The camera jerks to the left, quickly. Nothing is to be found there.

MDK:

Betrayed by Pat Garrett in 1881 at Fort Sumner.

The camera jerks back to the right. Find Midorikawa standing, where seconds before ... nothing was to be found.

MDK:

The next time I scrawl 'Scott's Place' across any form of canvas; it'll be in your blood, Scott! Yet, that timing... oh well ... that will be left up to me, Scott!

Midorikawa twitches. His shoulders shutter and he jerks his head to the right as his neck moves to the left.

MDK:

Until that moment ... the moment that I've deemed -

The masked man twitches once again.

MDK:

- it the proper time to avenge Pat Garrett's betrayal! To RIGHT the wrong committed by Robert Ford ... You will NEVER see a victory without an asterisk next to it. You will never again know the feeling of winning ... Every victory will be empty, Scott. Until I ... SAY ... OTHERWISE!

Midorikawa lunges at the camera and the video transmission is cut. The audio crackles and can be heard although distressed.

MDK:

The Outlaw ...

CLOSE

