

SHOW OPEN



The shot fades in from the graphics and highlight reel as the camera swoops down upon DEFstudios.

Rather than The Motormouth of Malcontent, we find “Downtown” Darren Keebler in a tight shot, seated behind the desk.

DDK:

I'm not reading that ...

The camera cuts to a reverse angle exposing the stage, lights and cameras. Also, a production assistant holding cue cards. The first of which promptly displays “What it do, fuckboys and fuckettes?” The PA flips the card and we cut back to DDK; who shakes off the second card as well. The consignment professional, Darren jumps into the show.

DDK:

Welcome to *another* addition of DEFIA NCE UNCUT! I am Darren Keebler, standing in for my esteemed colleague, Angus Skaaland.

DDK glances at his papers.

DDK:

This is *UNCUT 20!* and as we double down in the tens ... I am here to tell you folks ... We have one hell of a jam packed show lined up for you tonight!

Keebler, having abandoned the cue cards, checks his notes. He looks back to the camera and continues.

DDK:

As *DEFtv 83*'s live broadcast would end ... DEFIA NCE was left with a new *FIST!*

We cut to camera two. It is an offset angle which places DDK in the middle third of the screen with room for a superimposed picture in picture of freeze frames from the event in question.

DDK:

Impulse would snag the title from Angus' favorite competitor; Curtis Penn. Who, would subsequently injure ol' Gussy, for the second time in recent memory.

The box zooms and takes of the screen and the fallout of DEFtv 83 plays out from three count to copyright.

DDK:

The *NEW* champ would FIGHT through the pain and injury inflicted on him only a few hours before; at the hands of this ... this - REAPER CO. One of which members, stole away the Southern Heritage Championship from Impulse only a few weeks ago.

Cut back to Darren Keebler. The boxed image changes to a still from the Masked Violator #1, The D, and Hiroshi Zo match up. Specifically, the moment MV#1 nods and salutes his competitors before exiting the ring to rescue the recently returned MV #2.

DDK:

The Tag Team Division, which is currently experiencing quite the explosion, is clearly embroiled in chaos as The Storm, the Masked Violators, The Bastards of Wrestling AND the reigning Tag Team Champions, PCP ... are amidst a unsanctioned and unorganized round robin brawl for all.

Cut to clips. DDK does a voice over.

DDK VO:

The previously injured, Masked Violator 2, returns to exact his revenge on The Storm. Which of, course caused the much more congenial MV #1 to respectfully recuse himself from the match just before aiding his partner.

Cut back to DDK at the desk.

DDK:

Of course ... The D, one half of the Tag Team Champions, would pick up the win. Tonight we'll take a look at some of the FALLOUT from that exchange!

The PNP changes to a still of Scott Douglas being escorted up the Wrestle-Plex's ramp in handcuffs.

DDK:

And ... as the saga of the Reaper Co versus the World continues... Midorikawa's sights are still clearly set on "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas. This unfortunately ended in Douglas being hauled of to jail by New Orlean's finest after getting into a scuffle with DEFsec.

Cut to a clip of the incident.

DDK VO:

Douglas, post match, became a man possessed and ripped open the mask of Midorikawa. The cameras were unable to get a good look at the masked MDK's secret identity but it bares to mention Scott Douglas looked as if he had seen a ghost.

Cut back to DDK at the desk.

DDK:

... and that is ONLY a portion of went down on DEFtv 83! And here tonight on UNCUT we bring you a well cultivated and curated grouping of clips spurring from the fall out of the events I have just mentioned.

The box fades just as the camera cuts back to a centered shot of Darren.

DDK:

So, sit back and enjoy ... DEFIA NCE UNCUT 20!

Darren goes back to stacking his papers for a moment. The incidental music begins and he believes his mic to be dead.

DDK:

I know Angus is banged up ... but really? He couldn't be bothered to sit here and slander the bulk of the roster? I mean ... isn't that what the intro to this show typically is? Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit ... roll the clips.

DDK shrugs.

DDK:

I really think this could be much more ... wha - ... I'm still ... - cut it!

DDK frantically gives the cut it/throat sign as the video feed fades away. He can still be heard in the audio for a split second before the bumper bleeds into the first segment.

Use Your Delusion I

The Pleasure Dome.

Or, rather, the Office of the Head-Mistress of DEFIA NCE.

It turns out Daddy Eric doesn't really "get" the whole Pleasure Dome deal. If you've been paying attention you'd have noticed the subtle but continuous kiboshing of all things leather and spikey over the weeks since the return of The Only Star.

Kelly Evans sits behind a sleek looking silver and glass desk, a mountain of paperwork arrayed all across the desktop leaving very little space to work. Her hair is messily held up in a bun, and a cute pair of glasses sit perched across the bridge of her nose as if they had been placed there by the hand of God.

She sighs, having grown increasingly frustrated with her place in DEFIA NCE. There is no time to dwell though as the Lords of Acid playing through her iPhone signifies an incoming call. She picks the phone up, looks at the caller ID, and purses her lips almost in a "duckface" before answering.

"What."

She listens.

"Yeah, I was here, I saw the whole thing."

She rolls her eyes.

"I know. He always has a plan. I'm not always in the loop."

Kelly sits back in her oversized office chair, getting as far away from her work as possible before lightly pulling the frames from her face and rubbing the spot between her eyes where a migraine is surely brewing.

"Yeah. Well. My Curtis Penn Problem has been solved, no thanks to you, so call the whole thing off." She shrugs to herself. "I know the contracts are already signed, but it's not time."

Another eye roll.

"Not yet. But stay ready. You never know what shit is going to hit what fan around here. Just make sure when it's time, it happens, and make sure I'm there to see the look on his face."

She pulls the phone away from her ear and screws her face into a scowl before answering one last time.

"Boy, bye!"

She hangs up, drops the phone onto her desk and sighs.

"Jesus titty-fucking Christ."

That voice is different, deeper.

Though, to be honest, not very much deeper.

Angus Skaaland:

You've got some kind of sick secret plan up your skirt, don'tcha!

The Motormouth of Malcontent is dressed as he was when DEFtv 83 went off the air, only now he's also sporting an uncomfortable looking neck brace, he's got a sling around his right arm and a crutch underneath his left.

Kelly Evans:

I see you've been to Nurse Davine.

Angus Skaaland:

Yeah. She won't give me any morphine. Don't change the subject! I wanna know what you know, and I wanna know what's going on!

Kelly Evans:

How long have you been in my office? What did you hear? And more importantly how did you get in here in that get-up without my noticing it?

Angus Skaaland:

Ancient Chinese Secret. Now spill it!

Kelly Evans:

I absolutely will not "spill" anything to a color commentator. Your reactions need to be real, it makes better television that way.

Angus Skaaland:

I ain't just no commentator, Kels, I'm the Executive Goddamn Producer and you know it!

Kelly Evans:

The fact remains that I'm not telling you anything. Best case scenario you'd fuck everything up just like you always do. So why don't you just scurry on off to post and make sure the pre-tapes are ready to go out to the affiliates, mmkay?

Skaaland's eyes narrow.

Angus Skaaland:

Fine. Don't come running to me when it blows up in your face.

Before she can answer Angus makes an abrupt and rather deft for a man on crutches about face. He marches out of the office and kind of slams the door behind him.

Kelly sighs again.

"God. Fucking. Dammit."

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT: Miranda Rights

DEFtv 83. As the DDK and Angus stall, awaiting the news of whether or not Impulse will compete, backstage Scott Douglas is being held by police.

Douglas sits in a chair along the wall in a backstage hallway, hands still cuffed behind his back. His eye isn't currently bleeding but the pre-coagulation effects show, in the form of the crusty and drying drip line leading from his eye to his jaw line. His hair still plastered to his face by sweat wildly unkempt.

The police officers radio's come alive with a high pitched feedback. One of the officers cuts down his volume reducing the others to a squawk of hardly intelligible information. He keys the mic clipped to his shoulder and responds.

Officer #1:

10-4. Suspect in custody. We're 10-17.

The radio tones and he turns his down as well. The two officers pow wow off to the side.

Officer #2:

What do you want do about the disorderly conduct?

Officer #1:

Eh, it's DEFIAНCE. We start charging these maniacs; we'll never go home. Let Seattle PD deal with him.

Officer #2:

Less paperwork anyway.

The both turn back toward Douglas.

Officer #1:

Mr. Douglas, are you aware you have an outstanding bench warrant in Washington state?

Scott peers up to at the officer with a confused stare. The officer continues before Douglas has a chance to respond.

Officer #1:

We're not interested in pursuing any charges related to this evenings ... festivities. But we will however have to detain you and notify Washington.

Scott shakes his head in derision as the frustration builds. The second officer places hand under Scott's arm ushering him to his feet.

Scott Douglas:

It's Allen.

Officer #1:

Hold on, son. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law ...

They walk Douglas down the hall toward an exit while continuing the miranda rights. As they reach out to open the door it swings open to reveal a confused Lance Warner. He steps to the side while stuttering out an awkward apology.

Lance Warner:

Uh, oh ... sorry.

The camera operator stops just beyond the threshold of the door. Lance stands just in frame with a concerned look on his face as Douglas is loaded in the backseat of a cop car.

...OSU.

It was a sunny day in New Orleans. The highs were in the mid-80's, and some of the hopefuls of BRAZEN had decided to take their workouts outside the DEF Wrestle-Plex. However, there was one...

...head bowed before the power cage as if it were the altar of some long-forgotten god, his almond-shaped eyes glowing with determination and aggression. A few shakes, bends, and twists later, he reached down for the barbell, launching it upwards and landing it gently towards his collarbone, supported by his hands, clawing onto the knurled iron like his life depended on it.

With a mighty jerk, the mountainous man hoisted it above his head, roaring in defiance towards an invisible doubter, teeth gritted and sweat dripping from his brow, before swiftly lowering it to the ground; gently, but not so gently that it didn't make the ground around him rumble. He looked down at the slabs of weight that lay at his feet, and added them up in his mind; with the five-kilo bar itself, he had just pressed an impressive one hundred fifty-five kilograms.

Satisfied with his efforts, he bellowed a proud and defiant...

“...OSU!”

His voice rang through the empty gym, shattering the booming quiet surrounding him. As the echoes died down, he heard footsteps, growing louder and louder. He turned around to see where they were coming from...

“...well, that's it.”

The monster of a man tilted his head in response to the dapper gentleman approaching him, responding with an inquisitive...

“...osu?”

He noticed that Dante-san had a smile and was clasping his hands in glee, so he knew the news was good.

“Mr. Skaaland and I have made arrangements for you to begin transitioning back into the DEFIAНCE main roster. We agreed that you were ready to return and have already set the time table for it. Just in time for DEFCON, if I am not mistaken.

“We also agreed that my relationship with BRAZEN will continue as it has, uninterrupted. So while you and I may be making the step up alone, others may not be far behind...”

Mushigihara smiled and nodded. He looked over by the distant chair where his duffel bag sat, and then stared at the insect-themed mask that had laid unworn for some time now. It would not be long before he stormed the ring once again, his mask inspiring fear in those who faced the God-Beast. He was grateful for what he learned in BRAZEN, and had hoped he would share a DEFIAНCE ring with many of his contemporaries there someday, whichever sides they be on.

“Now come. We have preparations to make for your return. I want as little waiting as possible, so let's begin. Take a shower and call it a day.”

The monster heeded his manager's advice and began lumbering towards the locker rooms with his bag, but not before pulling his mask out from it and gently passing over to Dante. With a nod, the former sumo wrestler prepared for the next step.

Eddie Dante stood, satisfied. Looking into the mesh-covered eyes of his client's iconic mask, he smiled as he began to see visions of the legacy he and his monster would build.

A light chuckle squirmed from his lips.

ONE YEAR LATER

Cally paces back and forth outside the trainers' room, bags in hand. Every now and then she does a little jig.

After a bit, the doors open, and out walks the FIST of DEFIAНCE, Impulse. Cally jumps up and hugs him around the neck, knocking him back a step.

Impulse:

Easy, Rosie... I'm flyin' with one wing.

He holds up his left arm - it's been heavily wrapped and has a soft cast around it. He takes her hand in his, and they begin to walk.

Cally:

What's the deal?

Impulse:

Fortunately, no break. Some bruising and muscle damage, but Doc says four weeks rest 'n rehab, and I'll be fine.

Cally:

Domino.

He smirks.

Impulse:

'Things just fall into place for me.'

Cally:

Well then, Champ... you're gonna need this.

She reaches into her bag and pulls it out.

The FIST of DEFIAНCE championship belt.

Cally:

Welcome back.

Impulse takes the belt from her and holds it up, studying the gold plates.

Impulse:

...Did you just write my name on some masking tape and put it over Curtis Penn's?

Cally looks down, smiling.

Cally:

They won't have your nameplate for a few days.

Their conversation is suddenly interrupted by a ringing phone. Impulse reaches into his pocket and turns the call off without looking.

Impulse:

Been goin' off since the show ended.

Cally:

Good news?

Impulse:

Some.

Cally:

Bad?

Impulse:

Some.

Cally:

How could there be bad news?

Impulse:

Standard story, a certain group taking issue with me winning a World Title, or its equivalent.

Cally:

Bitter cupcakes.

Impulse laughs.

Cally:

None of those spectacles are even wrestling anymore. Is it time to explode another truth bomb?

They open the door and step out into the warm night.

Impulse:

Nope. They don't matter anymore. It's funny though, Rose... it's been just about a year since we signed. Little over. I told Ms. Evans I didn't want a title, or a title shot, or anything beyond just wrestling - because I'd been World Champion before and it just gave me headaches.

Cally:

I don't think she liked us very much.

Impulse:

Probably not. But y'know, things haven't changed all that much. End of the day, all I want's a good match with a skilled opponent. This right here, though?

He holds up the belt.

Impulse:

This tells me we made the right choice. And hey, who knows where we'll be this time next year?

Cally:

I know where.

Impulse:

Where?

Cally:

About to hail a cab to go put food in my belly.

Impulse:

...That's what we're doing now.

Cally:

I'm hungry!

And so it goes.

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT: Time to Flee

Backstage in the locker room the camera finds Terry 'The Idol' Anderson, stalking a small TV screen. It's apparent he is in distress mode. He rubs his forehead heavily, and mutters something to himself. It's almost audible but not fully, the words 'can't believe she'd do this.' are heard but the rest of it is too mumbled. A few moments more pass by of him muttering to himself. When he hears a commotion coming from down the hallway.

Officer #1:

10-4. Suspect in custody. We're 10-17.

Terry moves closer to the door from within the locker room that he's in and pulls it open just slightly. He listens intently as the two officers communicate and you can see he is getting angry as he closes the door and turns around facing the camera.

Terry:

This is utter insanity. I can not sit here while this chaos is happening. Scott Douglas doesn't deserve to have to go through this crap. Much less me. I have to leave, I have to get away from this situation.

While speaking to the camera, something said in the outside hallway catches Terry's attention. He turns immediately back to the door and opens it again peering out. Watching the conversation unfold he begins shaking his head almost in disbelief.

Terry:

You are completely right, Douglas... you are so right. I wish I could tell you everything. I wish... I wish I was able to...

He backs away from the door, looking around the locker room very quickly he contemplates what to do next. You can tell in his eyes that he is beaten, frustrated and confused but he's a man that's had enough, a man pushed beyond tolerance for a situation he wants no part of.

Terry:

Fuck it... If they find me, they find me. I'm done being held here. I'm done participating in their games. It's time for a new side.

Scanning the room again he finds what he is looking for a large satchel bag, he grabs it up quickly and looks at the door, the camera and the locker room again. He sighs heavily and looks back towards the far end of the locker room.

Terry:

I love you...

With that he flips the door open with electric speed and walks out, almost bulldozing a confused Lance Warner on his way out. The camera tries to follow him but is immediately cut off by darkness in the locker room. It only lasts for a few seconds and when it comes back up, Reaper Red, Reaper Blue and MDK are all in the locker room staring at the camera.

Reaper Blue: [modified voice]

I knew he would eventually leave. Do you want him followed?

Reaper Red: [modified voice]

No... he's through with us. Let him parley whatever game he is trying. Our focus needs to remain here, after everything we've accomplished tonight it's time to watch the False Hero burn.

MDK stands in silence staring at the camera and we cut to static.

1+2=MV

Cut to a nondescript locker room. Lance Warner flashes that Colgate smile and nods on cue, bringing the mic to his lips.

LANCE WARNER:

Folks, we are backstage here at the Wrestle-Plex just minutes removed from the shocking conclusion of tonight's curious 3-way match featuring some of DEFIAНCE's top tag teams... and joining me now is one of the participants in that contest...

Off-screen, we hear voices chatter and other disturbances, which Lance acknowledges briefly with a quick glance in that direction.

LANCE WARNER:

...and his tag team partner who, in fact, made a dramatic return to DEFtv tonight... ladies and gentlemen--

GRUFF VOICE OFF-CAMERA:

Awww, FUCK this guy...

Lance stops short for a moment, in shock.

LANCE WARNER:

--The Masked Violators!

1 goes on one side of Warner, 2 on the opposite.

MV#2:

Seriously! Fuck you too, Wapner!

MV#1:

Calm down, partner!

LANCE WARNER:

...fans, this is Uncut...

Masked Violator #2 was fuming. Turning to the camera, he angrily jabs a finger towards it.

MV#2:

DEFsec can lick my bed-sore ridden balls!!! Picking their fuckin' spots! Where were they weeks ago when the Storm Fruits blitzed us and put me on a fuckin' shelf?!? Bunch of punk ass bitches, if you ask me...

LANCE WARNER:

I... actually haven't asked a question yet...

MV#2:

You can tongue-juggle my taint too, Wapner!

2's stained yellow mask is extra moist with saliva tonight. Just wanted to paint that particularly pleasant picture for you. He turns his attention back to the camera.

MV#2:

STORM! Both of you fudgerunners are gonna FIND OUT, once and for all, that what you think you know about pain AIN'T SHIT!

Masked Violator #1 gently pulls the mic near him for a moment.

MV#1:

--I'm the articulate one--

MV#2:

You wanna fuck my shoulder up?!? I'MMA FUCK YOU BOTH UP! FIERCE! You haven't SEEN me go off yet! You haven't SEEN IT! But you WILL!

Eyes wild and somehow distant, the camera does that slow zoom in on them.

MV#2:

PCP, we ain't done with YOU either! Stole a win tonight, D'bag... Won't happen - CAN'T happen again! I will break YOU and your SKANK in HALF!

Showing them with his hands just how, MV#2 sputters more saliva into his beard as he does so.

MV#1:

--that isn't how I feel about things at all--

With that, 2 turns to 1 now, suddenly angry with him.

MV#2:

And YOU! What did I see a few weeks ago?!? You gave some tag team a fucking BUNDT CAKE?!?

1 wilted slightly.

MV#1:

...they were new here and--

MV#2:

I'm sittin' and shittin' in a hospital bed for weeks and all you bring me is kale shakes... and those... those... BASTARDS get a BUNDT CAKE?!?

Before 1 can respond, 2 furiously wheels back towards the camera - his voice off mic but still audible.

MV#2:

Guess what "bastards"?!? You can eat a tube steak, too! YOU'RE ALL ON NOTICE!

With that, he storms off. Lance Warner, visibly exhausted from the journey he'd just been taken on, looks to MV#1 for something... anything. Under his bright red mask, 1 is clearly grinning ear to ear.

MV#1:

Mr. Warner, I'd just like to share with all the fans out there how HAPPY I am to have my faithful companion back at my side. Yeah, I came up a little bit short tonight but that's okay! I'm going to pull myself up by my own bootstraps, calm HIM down a tad, and then we are going to regroup, and redirect our efforts! You know, we came to DEFIAНCE with a dream, with a singular goal: to prove ourselves to be the VERY best tag team in wrestling amongst the VERY best tag teams in wrestling and I promise you... at DEFIAНCE Road, the Masked Violators WILL find a way to do just that! Stay tuned, kids!

Holding up a single index finger, 1 offers the camera a wink before clapping Lance stiffly across the back.

MV#1:

Thanks, Lance!

Bounding off screen after his partner, the camera comes in closer on our still-harried interviewer.

LANCE WARNER:

...okay...

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT: Bond Court

The day after DEFtv 83.

Cameras follow Terry "The Idol" Anderson into the New Orleans Municipal Court. His attire is disheveled and his general appearance speaks to the night before. A uncharacteristic satchel is gripped tightly in his right hand.

Inside, he looks around for signage and direction. A few citizens populate the lobby area generating a small amount of noise in an otherwise deathly quiet building.

A large oak door swings open and the noise from inside draws Terry's attention. A amplified voice reverently reads out what seems to be a case number. As quickly as the silence is broken, the door swings shut and it swiftly returns. This jolting juxtaposition kept Terry from realizing the catalyst to the shift in sound was a familiar face.

Lance Warner, head buried in his phone, nearly runs into Terry before the two collectively recognize one another.

Lance Warner:

Oh ... hey ... Terry.

Terry begrudgingly acknowledges Lance but won't look him in the eye.

Terry Anderson:

Warner ...

Lance Warner:

Surprised to find you here.

Terry fidgets and his head remains on a swivel. A jerky, paranoid swivel but a swivel nonetheless.

Terry Anderson:

Yeah. I had to uh ... I gotta a ticket to pay.

Lance Warner:

That's a few blocks over, Terry.

Terry hesitates while still rapidly averting his gaze from Lance. Lance attempts to break the awkward tension.

Lance Warner:

You normally come to pay tickets with a gym bag full of cash, Terry?

Terry's attention snaps to Lance and locks on intensively. He repositions his arm, moving the bag back slightly behind his right hip.

Terry Anderson: *[pointedly]*

I don't know what the hell you're talking about, Warner.

Lance holds both hands up in the air, one still gripping his phone and motions a begging off gesture.

Lance Warner:

Ok, ok. I thought you might be interested to know, Scott Douglas just had a bond hearing in this very building.

Terry tips his head back, mouth agape, with feigned surprise.

Terry Anderson:

Ohhh, you don't say ...

Lance's intrigue grows exponentially at the thinly veiled response.

Lance Warner:

Yes ... Bond was denied and he will be turned over to Seattle PD to face ...

Terry abruptly turns around and heads back toward the door. Lance trails off as Terry exits the building.

Lance Warner:

Take it easy ...

The door slams and echos through the quiet space.

Lord of Mercy

A black screen.

VOICE IN DARKNESS:

Aren't any of you wondering...?

A rumble of thunder.

VOICE IN DARKNESS:

...wondering when it will end?

A match is lit, grossly illuminating a startling face. The shadows playing across his features are deep and sharp.

VOICE IN DARKNESS:

...wondering if you'll even survive?

Another rumble of thunder and by now, we recognize the poor attempt at an English accent. We recognize the face. The hat. The man.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

The man known as "D" survived tonight... he found the serenity of the storms eye... the calm that it brings... he embraced it and found strength in it... and for that, I applaud him.

The thunder suddenly ramps up. Louder... more raucous. The flame on the match slowly eats the match stick. Trickelbush eyes it with a grin. His voice climbs over the thunder with ease.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

But The STORM always returns... stronger and more devastating than you remember it... Ask Those Who Violate. Ask the Second of their number. "Two" has returned. Well... next week on DEFtv... we will show you how "Two" becomes "NONE" when I unleash Kazushi on him.

The match goes out and the thunder fades.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Aren't any of you wondering...?

One last, final, distant rumble, like heavy rocks rolled across an old attic floor.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

...when it will end?

A black screen.

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT: False Identification

Lance searching public records/warrants finds the mugshot attached to the original bench warrant. It's not Douglas.

But it's familiar. He goes to the recorded video he ripped before The Reapers jack moved the tape. The man in the warrant photo is the same man in the chair shot video.

Lance Warner sits a desk nestled in his cramped and dim office. He is extremely focused on his computer screen. A few moments go by of mouse clicks and scrolling before his eyes light up. With one final click, he spins around in his chair as his printer comes to life and begins to cause a racket.

Once deposited into the printer tray, Lance retrieves the document appears to be a mug shot. He studies the image very closely for some time before remarking, out loud, to himself.

Lance Warner:

I have seen this face... but where?

Lance ponders the question he has asked himself, for a few moments, before it dawns on him. His eyes widen, once again, as he drops the paper to his desk and returns to his computer. A few clicks of the mouse later the audio from a video begins to play. Anyone watching would readily identify it, even muddled through cheap computer speakers, as a professional wrestling event.

Audio:

And that is why she should run the show! She has more balls than Mori has seen in ...

Lance Warner:

Terry?

The camera swings around Lance and the desk to capture the computer screen. It's the clip that previously played on the DEFIAtron on DEFtv 80. But this time rather than the low resolution looped gif style clip it full quality video.

Lance stares on blankly like he is seeing this for the first time.

Scott Douglas and another man find themselves in close proximity to steel chairs already in the ring. Punch drunk and partially blinded by a mixture of blood and sweat they both grab one each...

A female in street clothes gathers herself and looks knowingly toward the two. She leaps to her feet ...

Scott and the other man turn while both attempting to blink through the blood and sweat.

The female jumps in between the two ...

The chairs are in motion ...

She holds her arms out stretched, crying and screaming for the pair to cease...

CLANG

The crowd falls silent.

Audio:

Oh my god! We need paramedics right now!

The camera pans from the screen to Lance Warner.

Lance Warner:

Allen?

Lance reaches for the mouse again to rewind the clip. The quick turn from flaborgasted to frustrated look on his face would suggest he went too far back, He sighs and goes to correct the mistake but realizes he has stumbled onto something.

Lance Warner:

Holy shit ...

The camera pans back to the screen.

The same female taking the dual chair shot is seen rounding the corner and following the path of arrows marked in tape on the floor along the path to the entrance ramp. She approaches her future unidentified assailant. She places a soft hand on his shoulder.

Audio:

Derrick ...

Derrick spins around on the defensive with his hands raised and bawled into a fist. He drops his guard once he sees who it is but keeps his head on swivel. Paranoid.

Audio:

Please, please... give up on the ridiculous pissing match! Nothing good can come out of this. Scott's already been injured and you don't even seem in your right mind! Please, don't go out there and stir this up; anymore than it already has been!

Derrick stares at the pleading women with no detectable emotion or consideration for her requests.

"Sail" by AWOLNATION hits and blast through the sound system just beyond the entrance curtain and the crowds muffled reaction sounds to be mixed but mostly negative. He responds.

Audio:

Mind your damn business, Courtney. Stay out of this. It's between me and him ... whatever happens ... happens!

Lance slaps the space bar of his computer and snatches up the mug shot.

Lance Warner:

It's Allen!

Use Your Delusion II

Eric Dane once again finds himself lost in his own thoughts.

That and a bottle of scotch.

The unlabeled bottle sits half-empty in front of him on his noticeably clean and empty desktop. He tells himself the best move he's made in five years was giving up the paperwork end of running DEFIAНCE to Kelly Evans.

He also does not believe his own bullshit.

The Boss of DEFIAНCE takes a long, thoughtful pull from a rocks glass and wills himself not to light a cigarette. That's one thing that the doctors were clear on the last time he'd been poked and prodded, there could be absolutely no more smoking.

Chronic Obtrusive Pulmonary Disease will do that to a man, make him stop smoking that is. In hindsight it was mighty lucky that Cayle Murray damn near broke his neck. Had he not been in the hospital dealing with that particular herniated disc and three fractured vertebrae, he may indeed have ended up with a much worse case of COPD that probably would have killed him before anybody in wrestling ever figured out how to.

A knock comes to his office door.

"Come in," he half-whispers.

The door opens and in saunters Angus Skaaland. Gone is the contrived neck brace from before. The sling is still there but it hangs loosely with his arm out and functioning just perfectly fine as the crutch from before currently rests over said shoulder.

Eric Dane:

You know Curt is gonna shove that crutch up your ass, right?

Angus deflects.

Angus Skaaland:

Not if I shove it up his first!

Dane gets a chuckle at this.

Eric Dane:

What's up?

Angus Skaaland:

It's Kelly. She's up to something. I can smell it on her like a bitch in heat.

The Only Star scrunches his face in disgust.

Eric Dane:

Goddammit, pal, show some manners.

Angus Skaaland:

Manners? Me? Have we met?

He juts out his free hand.

Angus Skaaland:

Hi, I'm Angus, and you are...?

Eric scoffs.

Eric Dane:

Not worried about Kels. She's got the job she always wanted and she knows her place.

Angus Skaaland:

You sure about that?

Eric Dane:

Kelly wouldn't go to war with me in a million years. Unlike a lot of people around here, she's not that stupid.

Angus Skaaland:

Like Cayle Murray?

Eric shoots eye-daggers at him.

Angus Skaaland:

What? Too soon?

Eric Dane:

You do know everyone hates you, right?

Angus Skaaland:

Of course I do! It's what endears me to the masses.

Shaking his head in mock disbelief, Eric Dane pours himself another scotch.