

EVENING PAPERWORK



We're in DEFIANCE head booker Kelly Evans office upstairs, by the looks of dim orange sunlight pouring through her large corner office windows it's obviously quittin' time at the Wrestle-Plex. That assumption is doubly confirmed as we hear the unmistakable sound of ice hitting glass and liquid being poured. Kelly sighs as she makes her way from the wet bar back over to her desk, both hands holding a similarly dressed glass of scotch. The "Head Bitch In Charge" hands off one of the cocktails to the other business beauty occupying the office...

Jane Katze:

[accepting the drink with a tired nod and a weak smile] Mmmm.

Kelly Evans:

Shake it off, toots. Here, better to be drunk than let them see you sweat.

Jane Katze:

You truly are a fount of good advice, Kelly dear.

Kelly Evans:

[collapsing back into her desk chair with an exhausted sigh] Oh go to hell ice queen, just trying to help. He's a goddamn sociopathic cretin with a one track mind... it was only a matter of time before he went off the rails again. Not even *you* can control Bronson Box forever. Fact of life.

Jane Katze:

It's more than that this time. That Murray boy crippling Eric? It's *TRULY* fucking with Bronson's head.

Kelly chucks as she fiddles with her high heels, trying to dislodge her aching feet. Finally freeing herself she emits a long quiet sigh before answering her "drinking buddy."

Kelly Evans:

Eric's body was held together with duct tape and bad intentions, just like the rest of Team Danger. It could have been anyone salty enough with the right grudge to do it, just so happened to be Cayle. I've told Eric just like I've told Ty over and over and over for years now... you gotta' stop or somebody's going to come along and stop you. And when that happens it won't be pretty... go out on your own terms, more free good advice right there, cookie.

Jane rolls her eyes.

Jane Katze:

So... the logic being Cayle, a young healthy blue chip prospect with areal name value, lucked into a feud with a weakened Eric Dane. Fine. Let's build on that... Eric Dane was the ultimate *goal* for Bronson. He was the prize at the end of the game, the cherry on top of the gore and violence sundae Boxer's been building since Eric himself *HIRED* him. His second match, he tore Stephen Green to pieces *JUST* to stick it up Eric's ass...

Kelly Evans:

[waving her free hand around to stop Jane's yammering] Alright, point made, enough... Bronson had his toy taken away by Cayle and Bronson's gunna' beat him up good... and? I mean, Andy's still standing... sort of.

Jane Katze:

Do you remember what Box was like before Edward? Before The Blood Diamonds? Before Dusty? Before *Eugene* even? When he was brand new and raw and so so ANGRY...

Kelly Evans:

[taking a second, she emits a little shoulder shrugging sigh] Yeah. I remember.

Jane Katze:

Box wants to end that boys career, Kelly. In the worst most *painful* way possible. I've personally never seen him like this. He's *obsessed*. All the things that interested him, all the people that helped calm him, he's cast all of it aside. He trains and thinks about what he did to Andy and what he plans to do to Cayle. *That's it*.

A calm quiet falls between the two women.

Kelly Evans:

I remember after the first Ladder War walking through gorilla and seeing what was left of the competitors in that match. White and Cannon literally goddamn *stabbed*, Bancroft looking like he'd been straight up assaulted, his whole face just *swollen shut*. And Box... walking through it all with the DEFIANCE Heavyweight and the WfWA World titles both slung over his shoulders. All that blood and gore and... I'm not sure if I've ever seen someone more genuinely *proud* of himself. Even with aaaaaall that on his hands, on his conscience...

The story hangs in the air for a few moments before Kelly raises her glass.

Kelly Evans:

Here's to Cayle Murray and the Wrestle-Plex itself... let's hope they're both still standing and in working order in a few weeks, eh?

Jane emits a deep sigh before cocking her head slightly and raising her own glass.

Jane Katze:

Knowing *my client* as well as I do? ... I wouldn't place that bet, Kells.

As the two women responsible for keeping the doors of the Wrestle-Plex open finish their drinks and dig into an evenings worth of paperwork we slowly fade out on the scene and right into the next.

DAVINE INTERVENTION

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

Directly following Scott Douglas vs. Frank Pastore in the opening bout.

During the airing of a segment played live on the DEFIATron and Midorikawa having had made his exit as the PPV camera faded; Scott Douglas was assisted by DEFIANCE Official Benny Doyle from the ring and to the backstage area.

Douglas staggers through the curtain with the assistance of an ailing Doyle. A grouping of people carrying cameras scurry toward to the curtain; heading in the opposite direction of Douglas and Doyle.

Scott: *[confused, potentially concussed]*
Doyle... Doyle!? What ... what the, just happened?!

Douglas attempts to scream his nearly incoherent questioning over the commotion caused by the staging and movement of the next match. Line producers and pyrotechnicians scurry into place while the former barks at camera carrying talent. Voices surround from every angle and volume. For Douglas, it might as well be filter and blended with a loop of Charlie Browns teachers.

Doyle:
I... I ...

Doyle, having taken quite the bump himself, can't find the words. DEFSec and some medical staff rushes in to relieve Doyle and take up a confused and loopy Scott Douglas.

Scott:
I know those eyes. I swear it... something so familiar ...

Iris Davine, head of Medical, is amongst the rushing bodies.

Iris:
Scott? Scott!

Douglas snaps to attention on the second and more shrill of her concern based insistence. His eyes flutter a bit as he attempts to focus. He doesn't respond but it appears his eye contact is enough for Davine to continue.

Iris:
Scott, you may have suffered a chronic traumatic encephalopathy.

Douglas' attention fades for a moment. Davine begins snapping in his face trying to draw his attention back to her.

Iris:
Scott, what city are you in!?

Douglas turns his head and looks to the DEFSec holding him up. The look of confusion and shock still spread wide across his face.

Iris:
Scott!

Davine directs the DEFSec to set Douglas down in a chair not far off the gorilla position. They place him down on the black formed plastic chair set against the cold cinder block wall. He hits the seat as the security lets him loose and nearly spills off to one side. The match clearly took it's toll on his physical but right now the question is still his mental faculties. Security stays near with one lone black shirt, Wyatt Bronson, placing a hand on Douglas' shoulder to keep

him from slumping over. Davine, hands on knees, leans down to his seated level and attempts to question him again.

Iris:

Scott, what city are you in!?

Scott: *[confused]*

Uh, New Orleans ...

Recognizing the line of questioning, Scott glances to his left and right and takes in the entire situation. What is happening now begins to make sense and he snaps out of his confused haze.

Scott:

Shit...

Slamming his eyes shut and reopening them, he shutters and cranks his head either direction in attempts to shake it off and center himself. The question to be answered isn't the one being asked, in his mind.

Scott: *[confidently yet sullen]*

New Orleans. Maximum Defiance, against Frank Pastore.

Iris:

What was ...?

Scott: *[interrupting]*

Look, I'm fine. That masked dude dispatched Gamble and his grape ape.

Davine, utilizing a pen light starts checking Douglas' eyes and response. He complies.

Iris: *[listening but occupied]*

Midorikawa. Go on.

Scott: *[hurried]*

I won by DQ. The masked dude dropped me on my head. Doyle helped me back. The President is Barack Obama and Tony Gamble is an asshole. I gotta go.

Douglas attempts to stand up from his seat but is held back, to his surprise by Bronson. The unexpected pressure of the ever present hand originally intended to help keep him upright stunts his attempts and he lands back on the chair, it springs a little. Douglas snaps his head to look up at Bronson with a glare.

Iris: *[accepting yet concerned]*

Let 'em go ...

Bronson looks to Iris, who clicks off her pen light and stands up straight.

Iris: *[reiterating]*

Let him go.

Douglas stands slowly, never taking his eyes off of Bronson. After rising to his feet slowly cuts his eyes back and forth for a moment; gaging whether he will or won't be stopped. Iris motions with an open palm toward the locker rooms. After what he considers to be a subtle enough time he turns to walk away. His gate is slowed and certainly more labored than normal.

Most involved in the situation begin to disperse and head back to their other duties. Bronson steps toward Davine and widens his eyes giving her a questioning glare.

Iris: *[defensive]*

What ... ? He is responsive... And Gamble is an asshole.

Black.

SCRATCHING THE SURFACE

IN.

After MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

We all just witnessed the newcomer, Midorikawa sneak attack Scott Douglas and Frank Pastore, and The Faithful need answers.

Somewhere in the bowels of a dimly lit building, back to the camera, MDK is seen sitting Indian style on the cold concrete floor. Not a sound can be heard except that of a file scraping against the concrete; rapidly.

Suddenly, the chiselling halts and MDK hurls the file against the wall. It's impact and bounce ring and reverberate through the empty space. MDK removes himself from the room amidst the commotion.

The camera pans over to where he was perviously positioned. The new vantage point reveals two words haphazardly etched into the surface of the floor.

"Scott's Place"

His muffled voice can be heard in the distance.

MDK:

You brought this on yourself, Scott. You did this to us. To yourself, to Midorikawa ... to HER!

FADE.

DRUNKBROS

We come to an empty bar with some old school Dixieland jazz playing in the background.

Strictly speaking, that's not true: it's practically empty. There's a bartender looking bored, scrolling through her phone, the sounds of activity behind the bar's far wall indicates a kitchen. And there's one lone patron, drowning his sorrows over a half - eaten plate of loaded nachos.

Angus Skaaland:

Another PBR, please. Make it two; you're too gorram slow for me tonight.

The bartender rolls her eyes, but remains silent: Angus has been here before and he's always tipped well. As long as his insults remain generally based at her performance and not against her personally, she'd deal.

Two cans are produced, but before Angus can pop the top on the first, he's jolted out of his seat.

Calico Rose:

Pabst, Angus? Sweetie, can you get us four bottles of Dixie, please?

Angus turns his head and comes face to face with Andy Murray, Impulse, and Calico Rose.

Angus:

What the hell, Cally? What happened to the fistbump?

Cally smirks.

Cally:

I did fist bump you.

Angus:

...You fistbumped my ass!

The bartender returns at that very moment, places four bottles of Dixie on the bar, and expertly pops the lid on all four with her church key as Cally drops a 20 on the bar.

Impuse:

It's still a fistbump.

Cally:

You looked really sad, Angus - and what could possibly put anyone in a better mood than touching butts?

Angus sips the Dixie; he makes a bit of a face since it isn't his hipster piss water, but he drinks it approvingly.

Angus:

Better mood? I really couldn't say, but when Kels makes us all take sexual harassment training again, I'll be in a much worse mood.

Andy Murray:

Don't worry, Gus...

Andy slaps Angus' back a little harder than intended.

Andy Murray:

We'll cheer you up.

The Motormouth of Malcontent groans.

Angus:

You know what'd cheer me up? You not knocking my spine crooked.

He pauses.

Angus:

And "Gus." Quit that shit.

Andy shrugs.

Andy Murray:

You call my brother "Squidboy," Gus.

Angus:

That's different.

The King polishes off his first mouthful of beer, then sits down beside the colour commentator so that he's no longer looming over him. He's in good spirits, but looks to be struggling with his posture after MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

Andy Murray:

Angus, mate. You do realise that I promised to elbow anybody who kept using that nickname right in the face, right?

He taps the point of his elbow.

Andy Murray:

Apart from Lindsay Troy.

He pauses.

Andy Murray:

And Cally, but the point stands.

After swallowing a mouthful of beer, Angus sighs deeply.

Angus:

Did you guys come out with the express purpose of giving me shit?

The King smiles.

Andy Murray:

Nah, I'm screwing with you. It would be kinda nice if you dropped the cephalopod shtick, though.

Angus:

Why? Your brother gave a victory to Curtis Fucking--

Cally:

Language.

Angus:

Penn. Big fucking-

Cally:

Language.

Angus:

Tournament victory. You, Knox...

He points a finger at Impulse.

Angus:

You had one job to do, take the belt from Hollywood McF--

Cally:

Language!

Angus:

...and you didn't.

Impulse reaches over Angus and takes one of his loaded nachos.

Impulse:

Patience, Gus.

Andy Murray:

You're upset, Augustus.

Murray frowns.

Andy Murray:

Why are you upset?

Angus:

Didn't exactly expect to get ambushed by a bu--

Andy Murray:

"Ambushed?!"

He shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

You're among friends here, Gustavo. You know what friends do?

Angus:

What?

Andy Murray:

Share their nachos.

Just as Impulse had done before, Murray swoops in and grabs a couple of nachos. Angus looks like he wants to pull his hair out.

Cally:

Do you remember what I said at Maximum Deletion?

Impuse:

Defiance.

Cally:

That's what I said. Do you remember, Angus?

Angus stares at her blankly, stopping only to glare at Andy and Impulse continuing to take his nachos.

Cally:

The good guys always win in the end. That's what I said.

Angus (Sarcastically):

Yeah. Worked out great.

Impuse:

Who said that was the end?

Angus rolls his eyes.

Angus:

Don't give me that whole 'if at first you don't succeed' line... it's a crock.

Impuse:

Think about it. The Sports Entertainment Guild, Perfection, Curtis Penn... they're all at the top'a the world right now, aren't they?

Angus drains his beer in one long, painful looking gulp.

Angus:

Thanks for reminding me, you're a real friend.

Cally:

What RK means, sillyman, is that they've got nowhere to go but down.

Andy Murray:

Sooner or later, Gus, every fuckboy--

Cally:

Language.

Andy Murray:

--gets an *elby supper*.

Again, Andy taps his elbow's point. Angus spends a second making sense of the phrase "elby supper," because of course he does.

Angus:

Heh. Worked out well for you with Box, didn't it?

Andy Murray:

OOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!

The King raises his arms, feigning shock.

Andy Murray:

This cat's got claws! You know what you need, mate? A whisky. Single malt okay?

He shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

Of course it is, you're Scottish.

Angus:

No I'm not.

Andy Murray:

Your name is "Angus," Gus. Of course you're Scottish.

Angus:

You're an idiot, Murray.

Cally:

You shouldn't insult your countryman like that, Angus. What if I was Scottish?

Everyone looks at Cally.

Impuse:

Rosie, dear... your last name is Callasantos. You're as Scottish as Murray and his brother are Mongolian.

Cally smiles.

Cally:

Everyone is Scottish with the right motivation.

She stands up on the footrest of her barstool and leans way over the bar, looking at the bottles on the wall.

Cally:

Sweetie?

The bartender perks up and walks over.

Cally:

Four glasses, two fingers each of the Glenlivet 18 year.

Bartender:

Comin' up.

Angus raises an eyebrow.

Cally:

Everyone's Scottish with a glass of single malt, my friend.

Cut.

New Orders

Scene opens outside the Wrestle-Plex, the night after MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. The arena is dead silent, there a few cars streamed throughout the parking lot, but it's obvious there is no show for The Faithful to attend evening. Camera does a pan around the outskirts of the parking lot before coming to a rest on the back of Code Name: Reaper.

His arms are crossed behind him as he stares at the building, for more than a few seconds with the camera sitting in silence, Reaper just stares at the building. His modified voice, comes to life, slow and methodical as we are so accustomed to hearing at this point.

Reaper:

Perfection cheated, as he always does, in securing the win against me at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. I should have taken matters into my own hands and squashed the life out of that pathetic ref Shields. Without him, Perfection would have been rolled out of the building on a stretcher, instead of being helped to his car by that brain-washed girl. To prove I was stronger than his cheating I ignored it, knowing my skill would prevail...

Stopping mid-sentence, Code Name: Reaper raises his hand to his head and grasps it, leaning forward he lets out a yell.

Reaper:

It's NOT a WEAKNESS. I had Perfection dead to rights, that punk ass Shields screwed me and he SCREWED DEFIANCE. I would've broken that piece of trash in half if it weren't for him!

Raising his other arm to calm whatever is going on in his head, he looks to be mumbling under his breath words that can not be made out. Suddenly it stops, he removes his hands from his head and seems to have gotten control of himself.

Reaper:

Attacking Shields and leaving that ring would have caused more harm than good. Do you think they just let their wrestlers brutally attack their refs? What kind of sense would that make? I would have gotten fired and never would have had a chance at getting my hands on the true target.

Reaper:

I know I am nowhere near the real target I don't NEED YOU of all people telling me that. DEFIANCE is now in worse shape because I couldn't rid this place of that piece of trash Perfection... There has to be something more, something like a root cause to Perfection's existence that I could wipe away from DEFIANCE.

Reaper:

Courtney IS NOT an option, do not ever bring up a woman's name for me to go AFTER, EVER.

Reaper's back and forth with the camera, is extremely awkward. The tone in his voice has been consistently changing in between sentences, thoughts, even syllables. He moves closer to the camera, eyes flashing that ever bright red.

Reaper:

Now he... he is an option. Without him I mean... it's possible that Perfection would not even be in DEFIANCE. All he had to do was squash that roach before it mutated but he failed to do it. Now he's a failure trying to make a comeback while Perfection is a former world champion.

Reaper:

I can get behind going after him, he won't even know it's coming. That's what will make this so special. Even his new acquaintance can be taken out, if he gets in the way. I mean, you know what they say? Two's company... three's a party.

With that Reaper steps back away from the camera and nods his head, as if acknowledging another's presence and

the camera cuts to black.

DRUNKBROS II: LIVE BRO OR DIE DRUNK

We return to whatever shithole bar Angus and the diminished Drunkbros were holed-up in earlier. By this point, the group have relocated to one of the establishment's few booths: Cally and Impulse are at one side, with Andy and Angus on the other.

Angus, of course, is stuck between the wall and a gigantic Scottish wrestler. Nowhere to run.

Andy Murray:

... and THEN Jack Hunter walked by, and that's when things got super weird.

Cans, glasses, shots: there are alllllll kinds of alcohol receptacles on the table. It looks like the bartender hasn't been by in at least an hour or so.

Andy Murray:

But let's not go down the Superbeast rabbithole tonight. Last time we mentioned his name, he magically appeared and DDT'd a boombox.

Cally:

Great googly moogly, which time?

Impuse:

They do all sort'a blend together.

Angus:

Man, y'know, man... the problem with him is he doesn't take this shit seriously. This is a serious business and he's not being serious'n shit.

Drunkbros note: we've cleaned up his speech here, and for the rest of this scene. Imagine a lot more slurring.

Impulse sips his beer; he appears to be the most sober of the foursome.

Impuse:

He was serious, that's why it was so ridiculous.

Andy Murray:

Here's your problem, Angus. When you say Jack Hunter isn't being serious, you're comparing him with human beings.

He tightens his brow.

Andy Murray:

Jack Hunter is not a human being.

Angus:

What the fu--

Andy Murray:

Jack Hunter is the Superbest, and when you're the Superbest, you are not a human being, because you are the Superbest, and also the Little Bruiser, AKA Lil' Broozy, AKA Yung Contusions, AKA The Street Fighter, AKA Undefeati-boog--

The King stops himself.

Andy Murray:

Jesus Christ, guys, I think I've been indoctrinated by Jack Hunter.

Cally:

No, no you haven't. Here's the thing - Jackson Ulysses Hunter was fun. I know he drove you crazy, Angus - and he drove us crazy with his everything, but he was a good reminder to have around that we shouldn't take all of this so seriously. Take the work in the ring seriously, sure - but isn't giving the fans something to laugh at part of entertaining them, too?

Silence, for several seconds.

Angus:

Hey! You touched my ass!

Cally:

I did, and when you get up I'mma do it again.

Andy Murray:

It's okay, Gus...

Andy slaps his hand down on Angus' shoulder.

Andy Murray:

I've got your back.

Angus:

Well that just fills me with joy...

Andy Murray:

As it should. I'm a helluva guy...

Angus:

Would your two ex-wives agree?

Adopting a comically over-exaggerated frown, Andy pulls his hand off Angus' shoulder.

Andy Murray:

Cally, feel free to touch his arse again.

Cally:

I will, as soon as you tell us if your ex-wives would call you a hell of a guy?

Angus laughs, nearly dropping his glass.

Cally:

Does that make you a hell of a Gus?

And the laughter ends.

Impuse:

S'awright, Angus... like Rosie said, the good guys always win in the end. Look at Mom.

Angus:

Tried it once, she hit me.

Cally:

She doesn't play the touching butts game.

Angus:

Well, I know that NOW.

They all laugh at that.

Angus:

Y'know something... you guys are all right.

Cally holds up her fist.

Cally:

Blow it up. Andy, when he gets up, make sure to touch his butt for me.

Andy Murray:

Ehhh, as close as Angus and I have become over the past few hours, I'd sa--

He stops. A shiver runs down his spine.

Andy Murray:

Huh. Is it just me, or did the temperature just drop a few degrees?

Across the room, a new patron steps up to the bar. The bartender strolls up to him.

Bartender:

What'll it be?

Patron:

I'll take one shot...

He throws his hood back.

L. Bruises:

... of LITTLE BRUISES.

[DUN DUN DUUUUUUUUUUUUUUN!](#)

Cally nudges Impulse with her elbow.

Cally:

See, this is why I should always travel with sunglasses.