SHOW OPEN

The shot fades in off the graphics and highlight reel as the camera swoops down upon DEF studios and would you look at that; Angus is back. The Motormouth of Malcontent, Angus Skaaland, decked out in his finest tuxedo shirt jostles a few papers as the music fades and the mic goes live.

Angus:
What it do, fuckboys and fuckettes?! It is I, your one TRUE host … Angus Skaaland! And this is UNCUT!

Glancing at the papers quickly and back to camera.

Angus:
It's been quite the depressing week here at DEFIANCE. Micropennis recalimed the FIST. Impulse can suck it. And honestly … I didn't pay attention to much else.

Back to the papers.

Angus:
So … whatta we got?

Angus mulls over the notes and mumble/reads out loud.

Angus:
Lance Warner - sticking his nose in a bunch of places where it doesn't belong … and some shit from the 90's?

Angus looks up but off camera.

Angus:
What the hell? We gonna broadcast that in 4:3 with those shitty graphic bars on either side?

He gets a nonverbal response from the production team.

Angus: *[back to camera]*
Ok … guess so. So it looks like most of the shit is Lance Warner trying to get, that criminal, Scott Douglas out of the clink. Spoiler alert; he fails! And this other shit …

He checks his notes again.

Angus:
I … *have no clue*. It's Seattle so … probably something to do with scraggly haired moron too. Who cares. Stay tuned for that, I guess. And much more importantly …

He drops the papers to the desk.

Angus:
DEFIANCE Road is next week! I'm not *Keebs*, so I'm not going to sit here and tell you how great of a show it's going to be… Douglas won't be there, so already that is a plus. Not to mention, Eric Dane in a unsanctioned match will beat the **BRICKS** off of Curtis Penn! Who the hell knows what is going on in the tag division … and Cayle will get murder sans ropes! So, well worth whatever the hell it costs. So, watch whatever the hell this is … and next week **DEFIANCE ROAD**!

Angus starts to pull his lapel mic off.

Angus:
That's a wrap folks. Fix it in post, or whatever the hell you do. I've got better things to do.

THE WALLACE/WARNER CALL

Lance Warner, fresh off his sit down with JFK, is still suited and seated in front of an official DEFIANCE backdrop.

He looks over some notes and taps a pen against his leg as PA's and grips zoom around the area preparing for the Jason Natas interview. Lance glances up from his notes and questions one of the production assistants as he passes by.

Lance Warner:
We're good?

The PA confirms ... without breaking stride.

Lance turns back to his notes, just before his attention is suddenly taken for an unknown reason. He digs into this pant pocket and produces a cell phone and hastily swipes to awnser.

Lance Warner:
Yes, this is Lancey - eh, damnit, LANCE! … *hello?*

The other end of the phone call picks up vaguely but remains unintelligible.

Lance Warner:
Mr. Wallace, thank you for returning my call. I --

He is intturpet and a few moments pass as Lance, frustratingly, takes in the information before responding.

Lance Warner:
Yes, but … *the tape?* And the --

He stops abruptly. The resonant hum returns from the other end of the call. He attempts to interject.

Lance Warner:
I understand. *But* --

Again. Cut off by telephonic buzzing.

Lance Warner:
Of course, but *if* you were just to take a look at the information I sent over …

Someone calls out from the wings.

Voice:
Lance, we're almost reset.

Lance holds the phone away for a moment.

Lance Warner: [calling out]
Just a second!

He returns.

Lance Warner:
I'm *extremely* sorry, sir. Is there anyway we could *possibly* meet ... this week, *sometime?*

More buzz talk ensues, it doesn't sound good.

Lance Warner:
Yes, *yes* … but if I could have just *five* minutes of your time, sir.

The buzz returns but then quickly pauses.

Lance Warner:
…

And it's back. Lance nods along and jots something down on his notes. He drops the pen as the buzzing stops.

Lance Warner:
Of course, *thank you sir*! I assure you, you will **not** be disappointed!

A hand crosses the lense, blurring the shot, the fingers move in a twisting motion. Admist the refocusing attempt the feed blacks out.

6:17 PM

Date: *March 3rd, 1996*
Location: *University of Washington Medical Center in Seattle, WA.*

The scene opens to the exterior of the University of Washington Medical Center. The view, into the front entrance, shows a young man running through the automatic doors, looking manically in several directions. He's lean with long brown hair; he looks like he couldn't be much older than twenty. Dawning a t-shirt with the writing 'Anderson's Gym' across it's chest and a pair of baggy jeans. It's obvious he is stressed, as he scans the area. Frantically looking from one direction to the other and quickly back again. He has no clue where to go.

Giving up, he notices the lobby receptionist returning to her position, approaching with haste the troubled scowl scrolled across his face cannot be hidden. His sudden appearance startles and cause the receptionist to be taken aback. Literally.

Young Man:
Ma'am … I'm looking for someone who was brought here … she's … she's having a baby!

The statement, instantly, relieves the tension built by the young man's hastened approach; as it shows in the receptionist's body language.

Receptionist:
Oh, ok … what's her name, son?

The young man doesn't quite comprehend her question right away; as the sweat is beading up on his furrowed forehead. His hands shake ever so slightly as he cracks his neck and reaches for his burning earlobe.

Noticing his twitchy and manic like behavior … the receptionist reaches over the table and pats his hand. His eyes flutter briefly as he whips his head to the right and … on it's return to send … he seems to snap out of it. At Least for the moment.

Young Man:
Sorry … It's Riley. Her name … is Riley Anderson. I think they brought her here about three hours ago.

Looking at a chart in front of her, what she sees does not register to the name given. She pauses for a moment and hits a few keys on her computer's keyboard. She looks up and smiles, pointing in a direction down the hall.

Receptionist:
If you go down that hallway, take the stairs on the left up to the third floor, you'll see the maternity wing on the right. She's booked to be in the second room on the right up there.

Young Man: *[walking away]*
Thank you ma'am!

He follows her directions and ascends the stairs with a quick pace of excitement and near overwhelming nervousness. He reaches the maternity wing and he places his hand on the wall … pausing for a few seconds, blown up … breathing heavily.

He approaches what looks to be, the aforementioned, Riley's room; the young man is stopped by a nurse exiting. She welcomes him with a sour disposition.

Nurse:
Are you … Jason?

Jason:
Yes ma'am. Is Riley in there?

Nurse:
Yes, she is … and everything is going okay. So far; she is having good contractions and the doctor expects the baby to be here within the next two hours or so. Possibly, even less.

Jason:
Okay, so … I can go in and see her, right?

Nurse:
I'm afraid not. Martha, … Riley's mother, asked that you remain out here …

Jason:
What the hell!? I'm the fath --

Nurse:
Riley agreed.

Jason's shoulders sink into nothingness.

Nurse:
Look everything is going to be fine. The baby is going to be fine. I will let you know as soon as she's here. Make yourself comfortable. It could be, as we predicted or, it could take much longer. The vending machines are down at the other hall.

Pointing in the direction of the vending machines the nurse makes her way down that area, Jason finds himself a chair to slouch down into and wait.

THE WALLACE/WARNER MEETING

"Do you have an appointment?" A young woman asks from the front desk of the Orleans Public Defenders Office. Lance Warner, homemade docket in hand, stands before her.

Lance Warner:
Yes, ma'am. Two thirty with David Wallace.

Receptionist:
You name, sir?

Lance Warner:
Lance ... Warner.

Receptionist:
One moment.

She taps away at her keyboard as Lance awkwardly checks his watch, he's fifteen minutes early. He sets his accordion folder down on the high top of her desk.

Receptionist:
I'm sorry, sir. I don't see anything on his schedule.

Lance Warner:
I spoke to him just yesterday and we confirmed for today.

Receptionist: *[feigning empathy]*
I apologize.

Lance Warner:
Can you please check again. A man's freedom hangs in the bal --

Lance's attention is stolen away by a suited, although disheveled, man appearing from a side office door. The receptionist, possibly feeling real empathy, widens her eyes and cuts them to the direction of the man. Lance turns to the man and back to her. She repeats her subtle cue. Lance's head ticks up as if he gets it. He mouths 'thank you' as he grabs his folder and heads to catch up with the man.

Lance Warner:
Mr … Mr. Wallace!?

Lance catches up as Wallace stops to see who is calling his name.

Lance Warner:
Mr. Wallace, I'm Lance Warner - we spoke on the phone.

David Wallace:
I'm afraid you are to late, Mr. Warner.

Wallace returns to his attempted exit.

Lance Warner:
What do you mean? It's still …

Lance checks his watch quickly.

Lance Warner:

... only ten till!

Wallace stops, with his hand on the door, and turns to Lance.

David Wallace:
Douglas was released to transpo a few hours ago. His extradition was approved and is on his way back to Washington State.

Lance Warner:
... but Mr. Wallace if you viewed --

David Wallace:
It's out of my hands now.

Wallace holds up a open palm and tilts his head with a slight shrug just before he pushes the door open. The flood of light throws off the white balance of the camera and the opening looks less like a city sidewalk than heaven's gate.

Voice:
Excuse me.

From the light appears, Terry Anderson appears as the door swings shut and the balance is restored.

Terry Anderson:
Lance.

Lance Warner:
Terry.

11:25 PM

Date: *March 3rd, 1996*
Location: *University of Washington Medical Center in Seattle, WA.*

7th Floor.

The time has crept along slowly for him yet quickly for us. It's obvious, that the couple of hours have extended into five or so. As the time has advanced, Jason is slouching, sweating heavily and rubbing his head. He is just about to fall asleep as he is approached by the same nurse he talked with earlier.

Nurse: *[speaking softly]*
She's beautiful, Jason … and VERY healthy. Riley is doing well, the baby is doing great, Martha has left the room and said if you'd like to come visit … now, that would be okay. But she doesn't want you to stay long and again Riley has agreed. So…

Jason nods and raises to his feet. He follows the nurse closely and they enter Riley's maternity suite. They find Riley, holding her bundle of joy and smiling from ear to ear. The nurse's entrance draws her attention.

Nurse:
Sorry, I have …

Riley:
Jason.

Riley smiles toward Jason.

Riley:
I'm sorry … my mother … She gets really stressed out and insisted: since we are broken up you shouldn't be in here. I tried to reason …

Jason approaches the bed; shushing it's inhabitant with his index finger against his lips.

Jason: *[softly]*
It is all ok … Can I see our little girl?

The grin of a first time father spreads across his normally scowling face. It's obvious he is extremely nervous but also very proud. He reaches out to pick up his daughter and she makes a cooing noise as Riley hands her to him.

Jason:
…

Smiling down at her, he makes small whispers as he slowly looks her over, his grin; unrelenting.

A few moments pass and a soft knock is heard. A different nurse walks in carrying a clipboard.

Nurse:
Riley, you said you wanted to wait until the father was here to fill out her name for the birth certificate. I've already got the last name down, have you guys made it official?

Riley looks up to Jason and she nods to him. He looks back at her and nods smiling.

Jason:
Her name will be Jessica Alexandria.

Nurse:

That's a beautiful name. I'll let you get some rest. Congratulations you two.

As the nurse exits the room, footsteps can be heard approaching the open door. An older woman who resembles Riley enters.

Martha:
Speaking of rest ... I know this is a great moment for you, Jason ... but it would be best if you let Riley and Jessica get some rest. You are more than welcome to stop back by in the morning.

Riley:
Mom! He just got here ... Plea --

Martha:
I'm not undercutting how much this moment means, however … like I said before you and Jessica

Martha turns to Jason.

Martha:
… need your rest.

Riley cocks up to protest.

Jason cradles Jessica with his right arm and hold his left hand up toward Riley.

Jason:
It's fine …I'll go.

Jason spends a few more moments kissing on and cuddling Jessica before handing her back to Riley. He mouths the words 'I Love You.' to Riley as he starts to walk out with Martha following him. When they get out of the room, she closes the door to Riley's room and sternly stares at Jason. Martha slides in and takes Jason's place at the bedside … smothering her daughter and granddaughter. She speaks to Jason with in a salty tone.

Martha:
If you see that piece of trash ... Terry, please let him know that he missed the birth of his first grandchild.

Jason nods to denote his understanding and turns to walk away.

Martha:
That is if he isn't too drunk to understand what the …

She quiets to a whisper.

Martha:
… hell …

Back to normal, with avengeance.

Martha:
… that MEANS!

With his back turned, Jason, simply throws up a hand to acknowledge.

Martha:
One more thing …

Martha leaves the bedside and meet the revolving man at the door.

Martha:
For the sake of your baby … and for the sake of any future relationship that you have with her … or Riley …

She ushers backward into the hallway with a hand on his chest.

Martha:
Walk away from this sport. You are young and you still have a chance to do anything. This type of career consumes the men who partake in it; for better or worse.

She steps back from Jason, who finds himself in the middle of a cold hospital hall.

Martha:
Walk away … Jessica is going to need a father; who is present. This is NOT an off week gig, Jason.

The sadness in her voice, causes Jason to pause. He stares at her and clearly wants to say something but he either can't … or won't. She has spoke her piece and backs away disappearing into the dark hospital room; illuminated only by the flickering television screen.

The young man stands stunned and speechless. As extra wide door slams shut.

GANGWAY

POV Shot. Shakey and on the move. A blue gloved hand, fingers spread - palm out, appears in frame and gets extremely close to the lense. This hand halts movement and the camera steadies to reveal a TSA agent. The operator is stuck but the camera isn't. The view begins to swing around; intently looking for something.

TSA Agent:
Ticketed passengers with a valid ID beyond this point, only!

The view holds on a small bar just beyond the security checkpoint and begins to zoom and focus. The caticorned bar, rather than doors, has an open egress flanked by three large pillars. Several people sit at bar side tables, while a few others pick their poison from refrigerated food stands off to the side.

The TSA agent gradually disappears from the frame as the zoom grows.

TSA Agent:
Sir? … *sir*? Do you have a boarding pass?

The camera pans slowly from the left side of the bar to the right and doesn't find what it's after. The view begins to trail away from the bar just before snatching back to one of the pillars as Terry Anderson steps out from behind it.

TSA Agent:
Sir!? Donna, we're going to **need** some help here.

Donna questions from some distance away as the camera follows Terry Anderson from the bar out into the main concourse. He has small duffle bag slung over his shoulder and something in his hand.

TSA Agent:
Just MAKE THE CALL … *Donn-a*!

Line of sight is lost momentarily but Terry quickly re-appears from behind another support pillar. He takes a seat in front of a gate as the sound of police radio communication is growing near the camera.

TSA Agent: *[calling out]*
Right here, Officer! He's a mute or *something* …

Terry drops his duffle bag at his feet and sets the other item, an accordion folder, down on the seat next to him. The camera pans up to the sign above the entrance to the gangway at Terry's gate.

Police Officer:
What seems to be the problem here?

Further zoom is required. As well as focus.

TSA Agent:
Told you.

The camera jostles.

Police Officer:
Hey, *buddy*!

A quick glimpse of the sign becomes legible before it swings hard left and cuts off.

SEA - Seattle-Tacoma International.