

SHOW...OPEN?

We fade in on an empty desk. Typically, as UNCUT begins, Angus Skaaland sits here, cracking wise and insulting the wrestlers and personalities that would be featured.

Instead, the camera moves closer and zooms in on the desk. Specifically, on a handwritten note on the desk. It's written in a pretty sloppy hand, but it's legible enough.

FAITHFUL,

I'm off getting drunk. Squidboy took the FIST from Micropennis, so it's happy hour the rest of the month. Enjoy a bunch of UNCUT shit, and kiss my ass.

ANGUS SKAALAND

So...

There's that.



BLOODY MIC

POST/DURING-DEF ROAD

The Wrestle-Plex, backstage exists

His bruised and battered hand is already on the door handle when the camera crew lead by intrepid backstage reporter Lance Warner come hurrying down the hallway. Even from a few paces away we see the spots of crimson slowly bleeding through his clean white undershirt.

Lance Warner:

Boxer! A word, please!

Even a shower and several yards of bandages and athletic tape can hide the fact The Wargod is in quite a state. His stabbed and brutalized twice over shoulder should probably be in a sling, it hand slack at his side. The look on Bronson Box's face speaks volumes about how little he wants to acknowledge Lance's existence right now, but the state he's in he obviously has very little energy left to protest.

Bronson Box: [flatly, accompanied by a bothered sigh]

WHAT.

Warner immediately stops in his tracks an arms length away.

Bronson Box:

Ye' here to ask me about the squid? Oh, no no no that's probably old news, am I right? Maybe yer' gunna' ask me about Impulse's mouthy tramp and the fact I did what EVERY-FOOKIN'-ONE that works here has wanted to do since those two royal *TWATS* showed up here in DEFIANCE and socked her in her bleedin' FOOKIN' eye, aye?

Boxer turns and faces Lance head on with all the annoyed intensity you'd expect.

Bronson Box:

So go on Lancey, ask yer' bloody question so's I can fookin' LEAVE, savvy?

After a beat or two Lance finally puts his big boy interview pants on and gets down to business.

Lance Warner:

After such a devastating loss tonight, what does this mean for your future here in DEFIANCE?

The innocuous question seems to ooze and slime its way into Bronson's brain. By the look on his face, slowly but surely, it's not rightly agreeing with him at all. And by the look on Lance's face he can tell that too. He starts to take a step backward but faster than lightning Boxer reaches up with his giant meatloaf sized hand and grabs the microphone... Lance's hand included, trapping the poor interviewer right where he is whether he likes it or not.

Bronson Box:

My *FUTURE* here? Lance... there *is no future* without me! You pluck Bronson Box off this roster and this bloody place would deflate like a birthday balloon and blow away in the breeze. The squid wants to call himself a bloody "*Starbreaker*" well take a gander at the **STARMAKER** standin' in front of you, Lance Warner!

He lets that statement soak in a moment before continuing.

Bronson Box:

I forge the heroes these PRICK fans cheer for. And if the fire proves to bloody hot for 'em I melt 'em down and send 'em FOOKIN' packin' from this the temple I built with my bare and bloody hands! Win or FOOKIN' lose, the Plex will always be MY CHURCH Lancey. MINE!

Box YANKS the microphone, Lance's arm and all, *towards* him BEATING on his injured shoulder with the sharp edge of the plastic "DEF" sleeve around the microphone's hilt.

Bronson Box: [leaning in almost nose to nose with Lance]

Fookin' *ALWAYS*. Now and for-fookin'-ever.

The spots of crimson grow larger and larger. One of his grizzly shoulder wounds obviously reopened from the impact. Bronson's eyes are wide and unfocused, staring several holes directly through Lance Warner's terrified face.

Bronson Box:

I'll gladly BLEED for DEFIANCE, Lance Warner. Over and over and over again. That's what I *DO*. That's what I'm gunna' KEEP doin' from now 'til the good Lord calls us all home. At this point I don't even care who I'm fightin' Lancey, *BRING 'EM ALL ON!* I'll take on the whole damn roster if I have to! I'll "start at the bottom" again and again and again...

Boxer reaches up with his free hand and pats Lance Warner on the cheek, then eerily straightening his tie.

Bronson Box:

Because I'm damn good at hurtin' people Lancey. It's my one true talent.

The look of horror on the little interviewers face is indescribable.

Bronson Box:

As for your query about my immediate FUTURE?

The ACE turns and looks finally directly at the camera. Waits a beat.

Then smiiiiiles.

Bronson Box:

If AAAAAAAAAANYone of you CUNTS wants to jaw jack with The Original DEFIANT fer' some perceived slight or insult? Eriiiiiic, Keeeeeely, Impuuuuulse, Impulse's mouthy one eyed laaaady friend... *I'll be at DEFTv 85 with BELLS on, sunshine.* I 'aint a hard man to bloody find.

Boxer gives Warner one last toothy lip curling snarl before releasing his hand and pushing through the door out into the open air.

Lance Warner: [quietly, to himself]

Jesus Christ...

We slowly fade to black watching Lance Warner examine his now blood spattered microphone, obviously thanking his lucky stars it's Boxer's and not *HIS* blood silently pitter pattering down onto the cold concrete floor.

Amen.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

It's early.

Several days after DEFIANCE Road, and the biggest (two) win(s) of his career, Cayle Murray has barely slept a wink. Part of it's down to the pain clenching onto every inch of his body, and part of it's down to good old-fashioned excitement, but the Wrestlerman Formerly Known As Squidboy looks like death warmed-up.

He's sat in his New Orleans hotel room, flicking through television channels. He has barely slept a wink, but he's fully-clothed, and the FIST of DEFIANCE belt is sat on a cheer across the room. Beams of sunlight stream through a gap in the curtains, but he doesn't have the energy to get off his bed and pull them closed.

Suddenly, there's a knock at the door. It doesn't register with Murray at first, such is his tiredness, and he remains zombie-staring at the TV screen. The second knock catches his attention, however, and he judders into life.

Cayle slides off the bed, and slides his feet into a pair of burgundy Adidas Ultra Boosts. He shambles across to the room and pulls the door open. There's a delivery guy there, dressed in a delivery guy's outfit, with a parcel under his arm that he's about to deliver, because he's a delivery guy. Yes.

Delivery Guy:

Cayle Murray?

Cayle Murray: [groggily]

Aye.

Delivery Guy:

Sign here, please.

Delivery Guy hands him one of those wacky computer screen things that you sign upon receiving a delivery these days. The Scot swipes his signature across the surface, then hands it back, before taking the cardboard box as it's shoved in his arms.

Delivery Guy:

Have a nice day.

The lad leaves down the corridor. It doesn't even register to Cayle that he isn't expecting a package under he's back inside the room, but he continues inside regardless. Figuring he should at least open the damn thing, Cayle places it down on the desk, then tears it open.

Cayle Murray:

... the hell?

It's a laptop. Curiously, Cayle removes it from the box, then sets it down on the desk. He pauses for a moment, wondering if it's going to explode, but then realises how bloody daft an idea that is and pulls it open.

A computerized face appears on the laptop and begins speaking to him, in a strictly monotone fashion which makes each word kind of linger, especially at the end of a sentence.

Voice:

Good Evening Mr. Murray.

It has come to our attention, that you are the new FIST of DEFIANCE. We wanted to be on the list of many that should congratulate you on this great accomplishment.

We, as an organization, felt that the presence of Curtis Penn, representing the FIST of DEFIANCE was almost too much to bear. The intention was that soon... very soon.... We would be intervening to show that there is no place for a man such as him representing the top title in a great federation.

We thank you for making our job much easier. It will be a pleasure to see you wear that title with pride and represent it like it should be represented.

Bear no mind, there is a reason we have sent this message to you today..... We feel that things may be coming to a boiling point. The water is rising, the waves are crashing, there is a Darkness looming and we do not feel comfortable with the current position of the rest of your federation. We believe that it is imperative that the strength of you and the strength of others like you be unified.....

We are watching always and we would like to offer you a chance to be a part of us....

We know this comes as a very strange request, but we will accept your answer at anytime that you feel you need us. Do not worry, about the future, as we are guiding the outcome of all destinies.

Please take what has been delivered to you as a token of our appreciation, you'll need protection from the Storm approaching.

Do not worry about finding a way... to contact us, as we will contact you. When the time is right.

Thank you again Starbreaker, as you have made everything sooooo much better.

The message stops and a black screen appears. Totally baffled, Murray wonders if his sleep-deprivation is causing hallucinations, then shakes his head.

He peers into the box that also contained this laptop, he reaches in and pulls out what appears to be a raincoat. Looking at it awkwardly he tilts his head and looks back at the black screen of the laptop in front of him.

After a brief moment the strange looking computer animated face returns.

Voice:

This message will delete and detonate in 5 seconds, please find a safe location.

5.....

Cayle drops the raincoat on his sofa staring at the monitor.

4.....

Still stares, unmoving.

3.....

He gets up only half way.

2.....

Stopping he looks down and gives a look of 'this can't be real'.

1.....

The sound of the computer's countdown hitting one is like a thud to the heart. Cayle is frozen and suddenly the

computer lets out a loud BOOM! That nearly knocks Cayle over, but instead he sits down on the couch.

The face appears on the laptop again.

Voice:

We would never do something like that to someone we liked... enjoy the new laptop. Good day.

The computerized face disappears and a string of symbols appear on the screen. !@-!-@-!-!!

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT (FINALE)

As DEFIANCE Road rages on; Midorikawa, or Derrick Allen ... as we've just learned, is being escorted out of the Wrestle-Plex by New Orleans Finest. Maskless and bare chested, his face bleeding a bit, hands cuffed behind his back and his eyes full of rage.

Officer #1:

Mr. Allen, I am going to reiterate ...

The officer pauses as he and his partner struggle to keep the irate wrestler under control.

Officer #1:

If you continue this display, I'll be forced to charge you with resisting arrest!

The formerly masked marauder isn't deterred by the threatening tone in his captor's voice. He continues to struggle. His level of resistance continually raising with the volume of his ranting.

Midorikawa:

This ISN'T over, Scotty!

Officer #2:

Mr. Allen!

Midorikawa:

NOT BY A *LONG SHOT!*

He continues to thrash back and forth as the officers, forcibly, move him down the hallway.

Midorikawa:

You killed her, Scotty! *YOU* killed Courtney!

The trio reaches the end of the hall at the height of MDK's outburst; physically and vocally.

Midorikawa:

This weighs ON *YOUR SOUL!*

One of the officers loses his grip slightly amidst the resistance but quickly regains. Although this recalculation throws him off, he missteps and the three men crash into the door. The "crash bar" lets loose the latch and the door flies open as all three fall through it's opening.

Lance Warner, clipboard still in hand, steps into frame to get a better view, unencumbered by the doorway and the adjacent structure. The camera takes the same motion but a little bit to the left; to clear Warner.

On the outside, the speaking officer managed to take a knee rather than spill to the concrete completely. The misstepping second officer did not fair as well. He squirms from a prone position while trying to keep a hold on Midorikawa's cuffs.

Two additional officers rush from a nearby police car, door open - lights flashing, to the fallen (of varying degrees) officer's aid. The first of the second pair of policemen takes hold of Midorikawa's cuffs, while the second of second jams a knee into his squirming neck.

Officer #3:

Do not resist!

Officer #4:

Suspect is detained ... You guys, alright?

The first officer stands from a scuffed knee, at worse ... he swipes his hand across the knee and then against his opposite hand.

Officer #1:

All good. *Davidson*, get up!

The second officer, whose misstep led to his the kerfuffle and is apparently of the Davidson clan, begins to pull himself to his feet.

Officer #1:

Mr. Allen, I will remind you ... **ONE. LAST. TIME.** You have the right AND the *STRONG* fucking suggestion to *remain* ... silent! You are under arrest ... for *RESISTING* arrest, as well as the aforementioned charges *YOU WILL* face in Washington State.

With Davidson finally on his feet, the second pair of officers begin to pull Midorikawa, or Derrick Allen, to his knees ... and then his feet.

His faces is noticeably more bloody and his nose looks like it may be broken. He spits a dark red lougie of blood onto the concrete as he is pulled to the cop car with his booted toes drag along the rough ground.

He is, nearly, tossed into the back of the squad car and the door slams. The officers crowd around one another and speak in hushed tones just out of the ear shot.

The camera swings around to find Lance Warner standing just outside the door as Scott Douglas exists it. No bag, no gear ... clearly he had to see this through.

Lance Warner:

It's probably not the most appropriate timing, Scott ... but sooner - than - later; you think I could get it a word?

Scott stares on, as his year long tormentor is sequestered in the back of a police car. He doesn't appear to have registered the question as the moment rolls on for far too long.

Lance Warner:

Scott ... ?

Scott gives it another beat or two before he turns toward Lance on his way back into the building.

Scott Douglas:

Sure thing, bud. I owe you one.

Before he can finish the sentence Douglas is crossing the threshold back into the building. Lance Warner turns back toward the entrance, basked in the flashing blue light of the squad car.

SUN SHINY DAY

Open to a stage decorated with what could double as the set of a low-budget high school play; a poorly painted backdrop of a seemingly sunny day at the park. A mechanical bird chips mechanically in a cardboard tree set to the side. A two-dimensional sun shines bright, two-dimensional yellow beams of light towards an actual, factual park bench. Seated on this park bench, head bowed slightly, is a man dressed in a black suit, hands folded on his lap. A black bowler cap sits atop his head.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

What a... *lovely*... day.

Raising his head so you can only just see the steel, dead grey of his eyes, the camera zooms in, painfully slow. Agonizingly deliberate. Lord Nigel tips the brim of his insufferable cap in a gentlemanly fashion.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

But listen... do you hear?

We strain our ears, hearing nothing but the canned-sound of a bright, summer's day.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Silence. Well... to be quite fair, anything would seem peaceful in the absence of The STORM in the distance... the rumbling, the crashing, the thrashing... Listen!

Again, we do. Again, nothing. A smile smears itself, with some effort, across his face.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Silence. Yes, the storm has passed... as we all knew it would. And while DEFIANCE would like you to believe it was THEY who silenced them, THEY who cast them out... I appear before you today to inform you that, as ever...

The zoom is now abrupt - resting finally on those cold, dead eyes.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

The STORM rises and falls... with ME. By my hand, through MY voice. *I* choose their path. Just as, hapless denizens of DEFIANCE, *I* choose *YOURS*.

He removes his cap, revealing his white, slightly hat-tousled hair, and robotically rests it on his lap.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Yes. I am the master of all of your fates, intertwined as they may be. Whether it be your bastards or your phenoms, your marathon men, your reapers or your grunge anti-heroes, your FAILED violators or your even your triumphant squids... I am the hand that guides them all.

He raises a hand to the camera, turning it slowly. Admiring it with some curiosity.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

I am the hand that sets you forth... that raises you up... or, as with The STORM, *casts you ASIDE*.

He snaps his fingers, that odd smile suddenly returning. He delicately retrieves his cap, setting it back on his head as the camera now reels the zoom back - as slowly out as it crawled in.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

But don't fret... don't frown...

He lifts his arms, admiring the view...

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

It's a *lovely* day. Sadly, for you, today - and all those that follow - belong to ME.

Another tip of the brim paired with that same plastic smile. Nigel turns to regard the "chirping" bird as we fade to black.

HOME VIDEO: MISSED BIRTHDAY

Date: March 3rd, 1997

Location: The Anderson Residence, Seattle, WA.

Black

“Hey ... hold my beer!!”

The audio is followed by a visual; as the camera lense is removed revealing a man’s face about six inches away. He’s looking at it awkwardly, studying it. We are in a residential backyard, long wooden gated backyard, definitely a house that’s been around a few years. The man turns around and yells.

Voice:

Hey Aaron, where did you say you got this thing again? Looks sort of cheap. Smaller than what I’m used to seeing.

A man emerges behind him, casually dressed in khakis with a button up polo. He hands over the beer he was requested to hold.

Aaron:

Freddie, down at the pawn shop, said this was the best value. I figured Riley would enjoy something to keep track of moments like this ... you know, her growing up and all. Just be careful with it, Terry.

Terry:

AC, you know, that’s my middle name!

A loud sliding glass door can be heard closing in the background and the man holding the camera, Terry, spins it around to see who has arrived.

Terry:

Hey, hey ... Martha!! Look at what Aaron got Jess for her birthday! It’s awesome, isn’t it?

Martha Anderson looks directly into the camera before redirecting her eyeline to Aaron; who shifts in place.

Martha:

What ... exactly, is a one year old going to do with a camera, Terry?

Aaron:

It’s more really ... for Riley and you guys, you know? Keep track of all her big days as she grows up!

Martha:

... like her father missing her first birthday? ... and her mother balling her eyes out in the bedroom?

The exchange causes an awkward silence, at which; Terry seems to completely ignore as he moves forward.

Terry:

Is it time for that cake? I know, I could use a big slice right about now.

Martha looks at him, obviously annoyed, but returns inside the house. As Terry spins the camera to face himself again; Aaron approaches.

Aaron:

So, what’s the deal with Jason? I thought, his gig in Portland finished up two days ago?

Terry:

They asked him to stay over; they liked his performance. He called Riley ... but ... you know how women are. Can’t

understand; what it's like out their on the road. Plus, he's had someone from Superior Championship Wrestling contacting him about a possible contract.

Aaron:

Seriously? I heard they were ... kind of up and coming.

Terry:

Yup ... and you know: Jason. He's, extremely, hungry for it. He loves the sport. Probably even more than we do.

A few seconds pass and the sliding glass door is heard opening again. This time, Martha comes out with a rather large cake in her hands. Behind her; Riley, holding her baby girl, Jessica.

Terry:

Smile for the camera, Riley!

She looks at it, shielding her face, while Jessica can't help but produce that awesome baby smile. Martha sets the cake down on a large patio table and the four adults gather around it. Jessica, continually, grinning from her mother's arms.

Terry:

Happy Birthday, Jessica! You are the greatest thing to happen to our family ... we ... we love you so much! Let's sing it, guys!

Aaron, Martha and Terry lay into the traditional happy birthday tune as Jessica stares on; still grinning. Riley, however, glares off into the distance as if her sight has become glued to one singular point. A tear forms and attempts to roll down her face: yet instead is swept from existence before it can be seen. This breaks her from her nearly catatonic state and turning her chin toward her baby she feigns a smile as the Jessica coos and grins.

Riley's eyes, however, continue to tell the same story as they had before.

Static.

ANOTHER WORLD

We're at a bar.

Do you really need more detail?

Fine... we're at a nearly empty bar. It's me and Cally and the bartender. He told us his name once, Frank Jones - and Cally insists on calling him 'Jonesey.'

Jonesey:

Whoo, that's quite the shiner, Cally.

Cally:

Eh, you should see the other guy.

I laughed. Sticking with the winner of a joke, huh, I asked her. She winked at me with her good eye. Seriously, neither eye was strictly bad - the one Bronson Box punched was certainly discolored, but only slightly swollen. Box escaped with only his dignity from the beating Cayle gave him wounded; he was out of the building before I could catch up with him.

We'd normally have been here for post - big - match drinks earlier, but the sudden inclusion in the main event threw things off; I needed to get my leg checked out and we wanted to hold off until Cayle was taken care of: after his two wars he's spending the night in the hospital.

Still, he's got the FIST... I've got the SoHER... that's not a bad night.

It was at this moment that Jonesey returned with our drinks - beer for me, two fingers of single malt for Cally. We clinked glasses and drank.

Cally:

So, you gonna tell me now?

Tell you?

Cally:

I was watching, RK... that Reaper chick. You know her.

So do you, I said. Cally shook her head no. Well, you've met her, at least.

Cally:

I'd remember that.

Would'ja?

Cally:

...Maybe not. So what's the deal?

I hesitated. It wasn't one of my proudest moments.

She came to the bar a few years ago looking for me. Wait, I said, you knew her. You directed her to me.

Cally:

I did?

Yeah, you did, I replied. Angel and TJ played an acoustic set that night and the place was packed.

Cally:

Okay... well, that doesn't really narrow it down. They played all the time and it was always packed.

She sipped her drink.

No, I said, this was the one that was **really** packed. The only one they actually advertised. Two days after the final Empire card at the Garden?

Cally's eyes rolled up, and she thought about it. After what seemed like minutes (but was only a few seconds), a look of recognition crossed.

Cally:

Wait... yeah, I think I sorta remember her. Little lost lamb, look of terror on her face?

Something like that, I said, and I sighed.

Cally:

Allrighty, what'd she want?

I looked down.

She wanted me to be the hero that everyone was claiming I was, I said, and I refused. You know the worst part, I asked.

Cally:

What's that?

I looked at her.

If I hadn't blown her off, it's likely none of this would be happening right now.

It's not one of my proudest moments. I just don't want to talk about it right now.

ORIGIN STORIES: NAMESAKES

Date: March 2nd, 1997

Location: Portland Civic Center, Portland, OR.

Black.

“Jason... Jason, wait up!”

Camera footage shows a man walking through a darkly lit hallway, carrying a duffle bag slung over his shoulder. He can't be older than twenty. Sporting a pair of cut off jeans fashioned into shorts underneath a black wrinkled t-shirt; he heads towards a door with the bright red exit sign hanging above it.

Voice:

Hey ... man, hold up for just a minute!

Jason turns around, his face is swollen slightly and he has a large cut on his forehead that is bandaged up. He looks annoyed, tired and ready to leave. The voice originates from a run down version of a man ... cheap looking dress shirt, PCW embroidered on the breast pocket, dark pants.

Jason:

What do you want, Nathan?

Nathan produces a small envelope from his jacket pocket and hands it to Jason, who eagerly takes it, placing his duffle bag on the ground. He opens it up and seems to have an immediate mood change.

Nathan:

The boss was extremely happy with tonight's performance. He wanted to give you a bonus.

Jason looks on, enthralled yet suspicious.

Nathan:

Word is; your performances have been speaking for themselves' the past few weeks and ... you drew beyond what we expected. We had to turn a few people away ... Just don't tell the boss man I said that.

Jason:

Glad to hear it ... so I'll be back in a month like we agreed ... right?

Nathan:

Well, about that ...

Jason's mood flips, yet again. He stashes the money in his jean pockets and heads for the exit. Over his shoulder he responds with the intent of it being the last words said.

Jason:

I was clear on what I was looking for.

Nathan speeds around and in front of Jason, hands out signalling for Jason to stop him in his tracks.

Nathan:

You got it all wrong, Jason. The boss LOVES you. We don't want you back next month, we want you to stay... at least for the next week of shows. You know, we have another tomorrow ...

Jason begins to push past, feeling like he is just being dealt lip service. Nathan side steps with Jason, again halting his forward momentum.

Nathan:

We want to book you in the Main!

Jason stops, suspicious and slightly confused.

Nathan:

Word is... Edward Brown will be in attendance. Have you ever heard of the SCW? They are starting to make a name for themselves.

Jason:

My daughter's birthday is tomorrow ... I - I really appreciate the offer but I can't --

The name of Edward Brown didn't strike Jason in the least. The only words he could muster were that of his daughter's first birthday on the following day and his intent on attending.

Nathan:

I understand, if you need to leave but ... I'm telling you ... these opportunities don't happen often.

Jason nods; looking at his duffle bag on the floor and then to the exit door. He starts to rationalize why he is intent on passing up this what if opportunity.

Jason:

I ... already checked out of my motel; this morning.

Nathan:

No worries man, I got you. You can crash at my place, tonight. It's only a sofa but it's free and available!

Nathan chuckles, somewhere on the spectrum between forced and nervous laughter. After a moment or two, Jason nods in agreement and Nathan's face turns to a wide smile.

Nathan:

Perfect! Give me ... like ... twenty minutes.

Jason looks on, still skeptical. He glances toward the door until Nathan's voice snatches him back.

Nathan:

If you need to make some calls or whatever, use the phone in the office and I'll handle everything else. I've got a great Chinese spot by my place ... you like Chinese?

Jason attempts to answer, and to be honest is a little slow on the draw but Nathan is rambling at hyperspeeds. He is extremely pleased that the boss will be pleased.

Nathan:

Oh, also, the boss wanted me to bring up an idea to you ... A nickname!

Jason snaps out of his lulled state momentarily. There is always a catch ... even when you are already sacrificing your daughter's first birthday.

Nathan:

You need a hook! I mean, Jason Reeves is ... well, a badass name ... don't get me wrong but you need something more.

Jason eyes narrow and he senses another change of both mood and mind coming.

Nathan:

What do you think about: Jason ... 'The Reaper' Reeves? Amazing! Right?

Jason's concerned gaze turns into a smirk that builds into a hearty laughter. He reaches down and picks up his duffle bag.

Jason:

I don't think that is for me, Nate ... but I like where your head is.

Nate's face falls ... and yet rises again.

Jason:

I'm gonna grab a smoke while you wrap up. I'll call Riley tomorrow, it's too late right now and I don't want to upset her.

Nathan:

Fair enough. I'll meet you outside in a few.

The pair split ways and Jason heads outside, the footage picks up with Jason looking at the outside parking lot of the Civic Center. He pulls out a pack of cigs from his pants pocket, he puts one in his mouth and goes to light it but stops in his tracks. He notices a woman stumbling outside about fifty feet from him. It appears to be, either a homeless person, or someone who's had a few too many. Pulling the cig out of his mouth, he walks towards them as they turn the corner around a row of dumpsters.

When he gets closer, he notices the woman bent over holding her weight up against the concrete wall. She looks at him and her face turns to one of anger.

Woman:

What are you looking at?!? Huh? You got a problem or something?

Jason:

No ... I just wanted to make sure you were alright.

Woman:

Well mind your own business!

With that the woman turns and walks further away from the stunned Jason. Indignant and drunk enough to not realize she already has had the last word; she barks one last time.

Woman:

...fucking STALKER!

Jason, already one his way back to the rear door of the Civic Center, stops in place and turns around as the stranger sulks off into the night.

He stares off into the night for a moment before placing the cigarette between his lips. He mutters to himself as he ignites the flame.

Jason:

Stalker ... ?

He pulls it in and inhales the first drag. The lighters flame disappears and his hand falls from his face. The opposite hand retrieves the lit cigarette as he exhales and says to himself.

Jason:

Stalker.

Static