

SHOW OPEN



We are back in the UNCUT studio this week. The Motormouth of Malcontent is poised and ready as the intro music fades down. He shuffles some papers, taking one last fake glance at their content, and dives in.

Angus:

Fuckboys and fuckettes! Welcome back to another edition of Uncut! I am, of course, your humble host... Angus Skaaland!

We cut to a wide shot to find Angus has been joined by his DEFtv partner, "Downtown" Darren Keebler. Keebler questions Angus with a smirk.

DDK:

Humble ... ?

Angus: *[sighs]*

... and with me tonight, for some ungodly reason, folks it's Darren Keebler ...

DDK:

Glad to be here, partner.

Angus:

Oh no, no, *NO*. None of that partner shit here. This is my gig... Solo, Keeps! This is a one off for you, you ... you guest.

Suddenly it hits him.

Angus:

Wait a *GORRAM* minute... Why the hell are you here, anyway?

DDK:

Sweeps week?

Angus scoffs at the idea.

Angus:

Like hell. Skaaland is Scandinavian for Ratings Juggernaut.

Angus punctuates his obscurity with a proud nod.

Angus:

Anyway, we got some shit for you tonight! Let's see here ...

Angus looks at the provided notes, reading them, clearly, for the first time.

DDK:

Well, *partner* ... Aleczander the Great is on the hunt. No longer content with Team Hoss, he is looking for a new tag team partner!

Angus turns and glares at Keebler.

Angus:

Slow your roll, Keebs. I knew that already. I'll fuck this goat, you just hold the legs ...

Angus makes a deliberately slow turn back to camera. Keebler seems mildly amused. Of course, he is the consummate professional, but he seems a little loose in this role reversal.

Angus:

Aleczander is a hell of an athlete and I'm sure he could carry any no body to victory. Your thoughts, *guest*?

DDK:

I don't know if I would quite go that far, par -- ah, Angus. The team dynamic in tag wrestling is an art all to it's own. There has to be chemistry, all the great teams have it. It's like I've always said --

Angus cuts his eyes and interrupts.

Angus:

Moving on!

He flips through his notes.

Angus:

This ... wait, this is just a personals ad? Are those e -- emojis!?

DDK:

Looks like Klein is looking for love, Angus.

Angus:

What in the holiest of hells?

Confounded, Angus gives in and moves along.

Angus:

We got some more weird shit with this Jessica chick.

DDK:

... chick?

Angus:

Girl, young women, *whatever*. Don't get *all* PC on me, Keebs.

DDK:

This Jessica Reeves epic has been playing out here on Uncut for awhile now and--

Angus:

HA! You do watch it!

DDK:

This week raises as many questions as it answers. It's clear now, for at least a period of time, she trained with Rocko Daymon and "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama at Daymon's infamous gym; "The Dojo". Not to mention, she has crossed paths with the current Southern Heritage Champion, Impulse sometime in the past... and as we've seen before, was extremely close to this Courtney Allen/Scott Douglas situation... I think it's pretty obvious what is going on here, Angus.

Angus:

It's lost on me, Keeps. So, anyway --

DDK:

Not even the slightest spark on an idea? These videos don't shine any light on the situation?

Angus:

Nope! So, what's left? It's Happy Hour in t-minus; now.

DDK:

Well, as I touched on before, the importance of chemistry in Tag Team wrestling ... especially at the Championship level.

Angus' eyes light up and the hate fills him.

Angus:

Agghh, no ... no ...

DDK:

Elise Ares and Skid Row apparently hit it pretty hard the night after DEFtv, but it looks like a bond is forming between the current Tag Team Champions. It'll be interesting to see how this plays with The D, Ares' former tag partner. But also as I mentioned before ...

Angus:

Yeah, yeah ... *Biology*. Got it, Keeps. So yeah, that's what we got for you! Watch it or get don't. For Keeps here ... I'm Angus Skaaland, you're welcome.

The audio fades as the outro bumper swells. Angus turns toward Keebler and the two bicker as we fade to black.

QUEST FOR A PARTNER - I

EARLIER TODAY: DEFIANCE WRESTLE-PLEX GYM FACILITIES

The camera catches many glimpses of the folks using the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex gym facilities. State-of-the-art equipment as far as the eye can see. In the background, amateur standout and all-round nice guy Levi Cole is working on his strength by bench-pressing. Across another way, Tripp Wise and Davis Bloome aka the tag team known as BADASS are using some of the ellipticals.

The British trio known as The Guns of Brixton are honing their skills in one of the wrestling rings, perfecting their technical craft for the day they get a call-up or a chance to show their stuff.

Various other familiar BRAZEN stars are peppered throughout the facility largely minding their own business, separated into their own groups and cliques.

Coming in the door is a man in search of a person or a group he can call his own.

Aleczauder The Great:

[rubbing his hands together] Nice... so many people to choose from. I could make ANY of these guys famous! I mean, come on, I'm me...

"You talking to me?"

Aleczauder turns around and is greeted by one of BRAZEN's young standouts, Butcher Victorious.

Aleczauder The Great:

Anybody who'll listen, mate. I'm Aleczauder The Great, Tag Team LEGEND and I'm looking for a new partner! That Team HOSS stuff was gettin' old, mate and if you'd like, you could be my part...

Butcher Victorious:

Nope.

His blunt answer catches the former DEFIANCE Trios Champion off-guard.

Aleczauder The Great:

Uh... what? Mate, I ain't even given you me full sales pitch!

Butcher Victorious:

I heard you were looking for a new tag partner... and no. Remember WAY back on DEFtv 58? You and Angel were assholes to me and Levi Cole. I'm a nice guy, but I don't forget that kind of thing. Reap what you sow, pal.

Butcher walks off, but Aleczauder makes one last plea.

Aleczauder The Great:

Mate, wait! I was gonna let you smell me fingers after I have a good shag with some ring rats! I mean, there's perks to teaming with me! [Scoffs] Ugh. Wanker. Well, there's plenty of fish in the sea...

He spies on BADASS across the way, talking and laughing from a distance.

Aleczauder The Great:

Eh... they're already a team and they don't look that friendly...

He then sees Sho Nakazawa in his mask and street clothes working on his striking with padding.

Aleczauder The Great:

Them masked types... they got something to hide and I bloody well don't like it... probably ugly...

Off to another corner, he spots Denver and Oliver Brandt - The Louisiana Bulldogs - doing Hindu squats in unison.

Aleczauder The Great:

Hmm... maybe...

He then finally sees someone that gets his attention for sure... one of BRAZEN's largest men, Black Jack Savage. The big man takes a swig of his water and looks ready to wind down for the day after a hard workout with free weights.

Aleczauder The Great:

There we go! Big guy! I can make my OWN Team HOSS and run this place... We'll be Super Muscle Bros II: Now With More Bro-ing...

Aleczauder marches up to Savage as he tries to leave.

Aleczauder The Great:

Mate! Hey! You!

Black Jack Savage:

[annoyed] The hell do YOU want?

The Mancunian Muscle flashes him a grin.

Aleczauder The Great:

Mate, I've got an opportunity for you! I need me a tag team partner to get back to the top of the industry! How would you like to team with a Tag Team God... zilla. Godzilla. Like, a real Tag Team LEGEND! LEGEND is all capitalized when I say it, mate.

Savage's eyes dart around the gym, confused.

Black Jack Savage:

You... you know who I am, right? I'm already PART of a team... Nightmare Express. Me and Alex Graves.

Aleczauder The Great:

That's right, mate! You're part of a team starting now! I don't know about the name Nightmare Express, that's a little too 80's Wrasslin' for me...

Savage is about to speak again, but Aleczauder cuts him off.

Aleczauder The Great:

Picture this... [flashing his arms in the air] Aleczauder The Great plus, you, big man... Team HOSS II: The HOSSening.

By now, the look on Savage's face is one that indicates he's done listening.

Black Jack Savage:

Okay, asshole, I have a new offer... it's called "get the hell away from me or I'm going to rip your spine out through your back and play jumprope with it."

Aleczauder The Great:

Well, that isn't really much of an offer, ma... oh. You're threatening me with violence.

Black Jack Savage:

Wow... maybe you ARE smarter than you look.

Savage pushes right past Aleczauder, but he pleads anyhow.

Alezander The Great:

But but, mate... the HOSSening! Okay, Now With More HOSS! Mate, w...ugh... wanker...

He kicks at the ground and then starts to turn.

Alezander The Great:

AAAH! You gormless tits! I'm royalty and you should be working with... Wait...

Out in the distance, he spots a trio of his fellow countrymen: The Guns of Brixton and notes their particular color of attire - a black and white variation on the Union Jack. Nigel King and Harry Rose of the duo were being watched by their heavy, Rob Collins, while working on holds on the mat in a bit of a mat-sparring exercise.

Alezander The Great:

Awww, yeah! Jackpot! We'll discuss how shite Brexit is and maybe one of them will be me tag team partner! Gotta work on me sales pitch, too...

With that, Alezander walks towards the ring with the threesome in it as the scene fades.

TO BE CONTINUED... UNFORTUNATELY...

STORIES WE TELL OURSELVES

Date: November 11th, 2012

Location: The Dojo Wrestling and Fitness Academy, Seattle, WA

Time: 6:07pm

"Why are you so angry today ...?"

The scene opens to that statement and is followed by the repeated sounds of padded fists battering a heavy bag.

On our screen is Jessica Reeves; age appears to be about 16. She's sweating, profusely, her hair; pulled back in a ponytail. She's wearing a black shirt with a white wife beater and slightly differently toned black tights. Your normal 'gym' clothes, other than the accompaniment of boxing gloves. Holding the bag she is attacking so relentlessly is, none other than multi-federation superstar, Rocko Daymon.

This is *'The Dojo'* as Rocko has always called, a place for up and coming wrestlers to train and reach their greater potential. Well renowned in the Emerald City as the place to cut or even sharpen your teeth.

Within the landscape of the area; Jessica sticks out as the only woman currently in the building.

Daymon:

Hey ... I *asked* you a question.

The question goes unanswered, while more vigorous punches are thrown. Jessica's eyes appear to be dagger focused; unmoving, uncaring. She is furious. Pissed. Whatever adjective or turn of phrase you could attribute to anger, that's it. In the flesh.

Daymon releases the bag and it goes bobbing around as she unleashes the next flurry of blows.

Daymon:

If you aren't going to answer me ... I have other things I can be doing, Jess.

She increases in speed and intensity before finally letting out a loud scream and launching one final punch into the bag. She quickly narrowly dodges the vengeful object as it swing back toward her.

Reeves:

I'm pissed! **OK!?**

She rolls her shoulders and throws her gloved fists in a downward motion. Pitching a mini-fit.

Reeves:

Don't I have a right to be pissed off?

Rocko's brow raises in but quickly furrows. This isn't necessarily unfamiliar territory but he isn't certain what, exactly, was the trigger in this particular instance.

Daymon:

The question is ... what are you pissed about? You can go berserk, sure ...

Rocko looks away and motions toward the others; training in the gym.

Daymon:

...but end of the day your just going to sprain a wrist or tear something. If you want to train, Jess, you have to train focused. Focus is key. So, either let it out and let's get over it ... or **hit the bricks**.

Jessica turns away, slightly, but quickly returns with something to say.

Reeves:

/... I was attacked today.

Rocko instinctively flies into a inquisitive but demanding rage.

Daymon:

Attacked!? Attacked by who!?

Jessica, clearly exasperated and on her last leg, mentally; stifles and stutters for a moment. Her youthful gaze morphs into a thousand yard stare of a Vietnam veteran within milliseconds. She appears nearly catatonic as she responds with a deadpan and newly emotionless demeanor.

Reeves:

Unprovoked ... He assaulted me. Broad daylight.

Rocko steps in closer. He gets in Jessica's face.

Daymon:

Who? Who attacked you!? Details, Jess ... details!

Jessica abruptly snaps out of her zombie like state. Her eyes take on the hue of the living once again and go wide to accompany a smile. Her voice and timber begin to resemble something similar to that of sixteen year old's normal youthful exuberance.

Reeves:

I saw Courtney today!

Daymon looks down and away for a moment almost as if he knows what this means or could mean. He responds, feeling badly for placating the girl but hoping for the best result.

Daymon:

Oh, yeah?

Jessica is nearly giddy and nervously chuckling with each word.

Reeves:

I know ... WHAT you're thinking ... but she is doing **A LOT** better. It's so awesome, honestly.

Jessica holds her glove out toward Rocko, wrist up. Rocko begins unlacing her right glove first. The look on his face is not one of confidence.

Daymon:

That's great, Jess.

Reeves:

She was talking again today. Oh, did I tell you she is talked to me the other day? Whatever, so she talked to me again today and I REALLY think she is going to be out soon. No, no ... **No, I KNOW** it! She'll be on her feet in no time, Rocko! I'm telling you! It's gonna be so awesome!

Kerry Kuroyama, Rocko Daymon's protege and, arguably the most successful to ever to come from The DOJO, makes his way into the frame. His head held slightly askew in confusion; as if he had been listening from a distance. He addresses the Rocko, directly, as he pulls the right glove from Jessica's hand.

Kuroyama:

Did she say she spoke to Courtney?

Rocko grunts more than answers and moves over to Jessica's left hand.

Kuroyama:

Courtney ... Allen?

Rocko turns his head slightly and cuts his eyes toward Kerry to nonverbally communicate an affirmative. Kerry is clued in. Rocko attempts to keep Jessica talking and stay off any type of fit that could arise.

Daymon:

What you two talk about, Jess?

Jessica is obvious. Simply off in her own world.

Reeves:

Oh, you know ... the usual. Old times, Derrick ... of course, how it was going for me here and how proud she was of me for learning to wrestle. She LOVES the sport. Honestly, Rocko ... maybe even more than me. She's my hero!

The look on Kerry's face tells a story on it own. Rocko finishes unlacing her left glove and pulls it from her hand. Jessica continues to ramble on. She might as well be talking to herself.

Reeves:

She tried to convince me to talk to my dad but she doesn't talk to her dad ... and look how she turned out! [laughing] Right? So, anyway we ...

Daymon, motions to Kerry to assist him in unwrapping her taped fists, previously underneath the boxing gloves. Kerry does so and the two stand side by side with Jessica's hands in their own respectively. .

Daymon:

Did Courtney attack you, Jess?

Jessica finds this hysterical. Her laughter burgeoning on manic.

Reeves:

No, no ... of course not, Rocko! Are YOU crazy!?

Rocko and Kerry share a concerned glance.

Daymon:

Who attacked you, Jess?

Jessica tenses up. She, no longer, exudes the traits of a typical sixteen year old girl. Nor does she retreat into a catatonic like state. Instead, Daymon's worst fears are confirmed ...

Kerry, however, has never seen this side of Jessica and has the potential to take it too lightly.

Reeves:

That piece of shit boyfriend of hers! That son of a bitch tried to have be kicked out the hospital! All the nurses were trying to make me leave!

Jessica starts to struggle against Rocko and Kerry, who previously were removing the tape from her fists. Rocko, clearly saw the potential on the horizon and positioned himself. Kerry wasn't as ready. Though the looks Rocko had given him prior clicked just in time.

Reeves:

I just wanted to STAY and TALK! She is MY FRIEND! ***SHE IS MY FRIEND!***

Daymon:

Jess! ... calm down, Jess. Just tell me what happened.

Jessica snaps out of her mini-fit but still appears very riled and manic.

Reeves:

He pushed me up against the wall and told me I had no business being there!

Jessica begins to struggle again.

Reeves:

He told me to LEAVE! LEAVE and NEVER COME BACK!

Her hands still held tight, she tips her head to the right baring her neck to Rocko.

Reeves:

You don't see the bruising!? He strangled me again the wall!

Rocko looks on but his expression says it all. There is nothing there. Kerry attempts to peer around to that side but to no success.

Reeves:

I hate him. I SWEAR to **GOD** I hate him for what he did to her! To **ME!**

Kerry, newer to this type of outburst from Jessica attempts to reason with her.

Kuroyama:

Jess... I mean, I wasn't there but hey ... I - uh, well ya' know -- that really doesn't sound like Scott.

Rocko shoots Kerry a look. The look is very clear; shut it down. That don't work here. Kerry doesn't catch it.

Kuroyama:

I mean, hey ... the situation at Surge was incredibly unfortunate and I know he is really broken up about it ... but Scott Douglas, attacking a sixteen year old girl? Slamming you against the wall?

Jessica's eyes begin to fill with rage.

Kuroyama:

I can't really see that happening. I've known Scott for ...

Jessica boils over. She snatches both hands away from a distracted Rocko and a unexpected Kerry. She backs away from the pair, fuming. The dingy tape ends dangling from her fists nearly down to the floor.

Reeves:

For ... ? *FOR!*? HOW **LONG** have **YOU** known SCOTT!? Ohhh, Kerry ... I PROMISE YOU. I've known him for much LONGER! He is NO DIFFERENT from her FATHER! From mine ... DOUGLAS WILL PAY! I SWEAR on EVERYTHING HE WILL PAY for WHAT HE DID TO HER! TO ME!

Daymon:

ENOUGH!

Rocko's voice echos through the gym. Anyone who wasn't already tuned into the Looney Toon show ... now is.

Daymon:

We've gone over this, Jess. If you aren't going to take you meds ... this IS NOT going to work. Get your shit, I'll have a

car called ...

A look of betrayal immediately sets in her face as she looks at the both of them, she shifts and thinks of a retort, but seems to change her mind and instead walks away.

Kuroyama turns to Rocko.

Kuroyama:

Courtney is stone cold in a coma ...

Daymon:

I know ...

Kuroyama:

... and Scott hasn't left her side since the accident.

Daymon:

I KNOW ... sorry ...

He pauses for a moment and looks down at the floor before returning his eyes back to Kerry.

Daymon:

It's happening again ...

Static.

MAN SEEKING WOMAN

Mysterious box-shaped man seeking like minded individual to wear boxes and cuddle while watching Gravity Falls. Single white male, late 30s, with a penchant for dark spaces and a distrust of technology and fireworks. If you're not into Yoga, and you have half a brain. Have VIAGRA, willing to share. Open to monogamy, plutonomy, and astrology. Willing to learn new languages, like English. Will eat lots of food to impress both upon and without request. No pictures or I break your cell phone. No cell phones. May or may not have Mike Tyson face tattoo. Definitely have a burrito on my ass. Call if interested. 323-555-2503. Apple Shampoo is luxurious and delicious.

- Klein

DAYS GONE BYE - PART 2

You don't want to be a wrestler, I said.

"Yes I do," said Jessica back to me. Cally brought her over a birch beer - this is one of the only bars in the Bronx that has it on tap, it's actually a pretty significant nonalcoholic draw - and let us be. "That's all I ever wanted to do," she said.

Why, I asked. It's a valid question; too many people get involved in the sport for the wrong reasons.

The precise number, by the way, is 'everyone.'

"I want to make a difference," she said, "Seeing how people look at you, how they respect you. That's what I want, to have the respect that will allow me to right certain wrongs. I want to be different from him."

'Different from him,' she said at the time. I didn't catch it. If I had, who knows what would've happened.

You're naive, I told her, as I sipped my beverage, and you're going to fall flat on your ass.

Again - this was way too harsh, and in retrospect I should've handled this meeting much differently; in my defense, this was the lowest point I'd ever been at.

"You don't believe that," she replied.

Oh, I don't, I asked. Let's run the list, then. I was World Champion in the New Frontier, which was the only company I ever really wanted to work for. I gave everything I had to that place, and in the end I was told it wasn't good enough.

"That's not what the fans would say," she countered.

The idea that the fans dictate what you see on your screen is a crock, I explained. You can be a pure wrestler in a company with a history of insanity and psychedelia that says it wants to transition to a wrestling - based style. They even go so far as to declare themselves the forefront of the Wrestling Revolution; and it's all well and good until one of the bosses' old friends turns up with four moves, six catchphrases, and a decade past relevancy but that doesn't matter because they're friends with the right people.

I paused, just to let that sink in.

When that happens, I continued, it doesn't matter what the fans think - because the boys that have the owners' ear can just convince 'em that you 'don't have it' - and they've been friends and drawn money together for a long time, so of course they believe 'em.

Her eyes fell; I continued.

The second you think that your hard work is all you need, that's when you lose everything.

There was nothing else to say at the moment, so I let the silence hang.

"But," she finally replied, "In Empire--"

Empire, I interrupted, laughing. Empire was the New Frontier in miniature, with an owner who was less easily played by untalented hacks, and more detached and aloof.

I thought about it.

No, I said - that's not totally true. Dan Ryan did fire Reeves after he and that bitch screwed me over by assuming I'd do the right thing and defend her from Stalker, but he also had no problem with The First and Muse playing fast and loose with the rules that gave him another World Title run.

She seemed singularly uncomfortable by that one. She does have a slightly emo look; she might be a fan of The First. At least, that's what I thought at the time - hindsight is everything.

Regardless, I said, you talk about wanting to be a hero like me, or about doing the right thing like me. While it's true, that I always tried to do the right thing, or at least, what I considered the right thing, you need to realize that it doesn't matter. The right thing is rarely, if ever, the most profitable thing, and therefore you won't get any support for it, and you won't get any recognition for it. For that matter, the people who really run things'll make you pay for it.

I finished my drink, and stood up - I didn't want to give her a chance to respond because I knew I was still feeling the pull towards the sport. I felt like she had a strong personality that would make me nostalgic for the good parts. And what's the point of that, right?

Listen, I said, you seem like a good kid, but you're wasting your time in the wrestling business. You should do something else.

"What else?" she asked me as I started to walk away.

I don't care, I replied. Anything else, you'll be much happier.

In hindsight... this was not a good move.

THE HUNGOVER

It's the day after a party and hotel room is good and trashed. You've never seen this kind of devastation. Well maybe one time at college where some jerk off friend of yours swapped a glass of water you had been spinning to sober up for a glass full of Everclear but that's a story for a different time. This time, it's the day after a party.

There are pizza boxes, cupcakes - some of them mashed into the carpet. There's glitter - everywhere. Do you know how hard the cleaning staff is going to have to work here? There's a yucca tree in the corner of the room with a trail of soil leading to it - a clear indicator that it isn't supposed to be there. If that didn't give it away, the muddy footprints leading to it might.

There are many questions, but one thing is as clear as crystal. Someone had a TIME last night. Especially if you look at the half empty/half full bottles of beer, and the trashcan that's overflowing with a collection of liquor bottles. Tequila, check. Triple sec, check. There's a cutting board out on the bedside table with some limes. A Margarita Monster was born here last night.

There's a massive heap of covers on the bed, you can't make out anything going on with that situation.

Out of the corner of the eye there is a glint, over in the living room portion of this amazing suite. It's the DEFIANCE Tag Team Title - well TITLES. That's right, a plurality. The twins have found each other once more.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

A muffled voice from the other side of the door inquires:

Voice:

Hellllooooo, house keeeeping!

Suddenly there is movement from the bed. The blob of covers is ALIIIIIVE!!!! Up jolts Skidd Row, looking worse for the wear. Black wifebeater, hair every which way, bags under the eyes. He was hitting it hard last night. He's confused. He doesn't remember shit. His room is a mess and the poor house keeper who's going to have to clean this mess is about to bust in! Once again, a knock.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Voice:

Anyone awake? House keeeeping!

Skidd panics. He looks left, right, center. He has no clue how he got here, no clue what to do. An answer begins to form in his mouth but before he can get the words out he hears the keycard slide. The lock on the door clicks over and in walks housekeeping.

Or so Skidd thought.

Instead in strolls Elise Ares. She's armed with a plate of food, silver tin adornment - hiding the goodies inside. She's wearing the most stylish ath-leisure one could possibly own, everything exuberantly priced. Like always she looks her Hollywood self.

Now Skidd Row is even MORE confused. He looks around the room. Elise and him finally lock eyes. She's seen it before.

Elise Ares:

You don't remember a thing... do you? ACX? The pony? All that tequila? I've never seen a guy throw back so many shots before. As a matter of fact, I'm shocked you're not in the hospital right now.

Skidd doesn't speak, his mouth just hangs open. He's SO confused. That point cannot be hammered home enough.

Elise Ares:

You need to eat something or else you still might. Trust me. Free continental breakfast! Can you believe this spread?

Elise sets down the plate, pops the top to reveal a delicious breakfast plate. Scrambled eggs, bacon, few sausage links, two pieces of toast, little pat of butter. Skidd's eyes go wide. Elise pulls out a fork and knife combo, wrapped with a napkin and hands it to Skidd. She then strolls over to the kitchenette area of the suite. Skidd continues to eat.

Elise Ares:

So you really have no idea what happened, huh? Wow. Well let me fill you in on a few things you might need to know...

Elise pops open the fridge, finds a bottle of water and tosses it the Cutter King of Chicago's way. Skidd nods his head, twists the top off, and downs a large portion.

Skidd Row:

...Like?

A smirk crosses Elise's face.

Elise Ares:

He speaks!

She waits for more, but Row is too busy shoveling food into his face.

Elise Ares:

ACX came by for the party, you did some... drinking games with them. You promised them a tag team title shot if they could beat you in a chugging contest.

Skidd takes a look sideways towards his reluctant tag partner.

Elise Ares:

You never challenge Rich Mahogany to a chugging contest. The details aren't important. Just know a fun time was had by all and the cops never got involved. You are sitting next to the best party planner on this side of the equator.

A deep sigh leaves the breath of Skidd Row between bites.

Elise Ares:

Look... those assholes left you, and I understand what that feels like. Mikey and Kendrix did the same thing to us when they realized they weren't better than us anymore. We really looked up to them and cared about what they thought, so we'd do anything to please them and were blinded by how jealous they'd get about our success. The same thing happened to you, and it kind of sucks watching it happen to someone else.

Elise takes a sigh herself.

Elise Ares:

Who knew the day would come where I'd develop a conscience. What is wrong with me...

She runs her hand through her hair and mutters something to herself in Spanish.

Elise Ares:

Maybe I'm still drunk or something but... those dicks are gone now. Don't worry about them. Stick it out with D, Klein, and I. We'll take good care of you. We won't let those assholes take advantage of you the same way Mikey and Kendrix did to us. Plus, we throw one hell of a party, yeah?

She has a million dollar smile that doesn't get a response out of Skidd, apparently deep in his own hungover thoughts.

Elise Ares:

Just think it over. Give me a call once you make up your mind. We'll swing by and get your before DEFtv. We can make this right.

She gives him a pat on the back before she walks away. He can't help but check her out as she leaves, concentrating heavily on her backside as she slams the door shut. Once she's out of view he falls back on the bed looking at the ceiling. What in the world was he going to do next?

THE REALITIES WE FEAR

Date: November 11th, 2012

Location: Virginia Mason Medical Center, Seattle, WA.

Time: 11:27am

Jessica Reeves, 16, is seated next to a standard hospital bed; in a small and extremely standard hospital room.

"I know, right!? Yeah, that is going to be awesome, Court!"

She is speaking to Courtney Allen, who has been comatose for the better part of a month.

"What's Derrick up to?"

It's long been a strong suggestion that friends and family speak to the comatose.

"Oh, well I'm sure he'll be by soon!"

Their brains show increased activity in MRI scans when clips were played, and many patient have recovered faster than normal in studies.

"So, the training is going great! Rocko has really taught me a lot! I can't wait to get in the ring, for real."

Jessica, however, seemed to think her former babysitter and family friend was upright and responding.

"Come on, Court. Don't start with the Jason thing. When's the last time you saw your dad?"

The nursing staff, empathetically, had taken notice but not yet put a stop to the odd behavior.

"I know, I'm sorry. That was unfair."

In the hallway, the nurse on duty turns away from peering into the room to check on the patient. Stuck in an awkward situation she has a moment of relief when she see's a disheveled Scott Douglas shuffling down the hallway. He is headed to Courtney and sit with her; as he has done every day since the incident. He appears thoroughly unwashed and has clearly not been taking care of himself.

Nurse:

Oh, Scott, thank god. We have a bit of a problem.

Scott Douglas:

... wha --

Nurse:

Courtney is **fine**. No change. Stable.

Scott Douglas:

No change. I suppose that is better than a turn for the worse.

Nurse:

She has a visitor.

Scott bows up as the anger ignites his depressed demeanor. He turns toward the door but he is stopped by the nurse.

Nurse:

It isn't her brother. It's this young girl.

She glances at her clipboard to get the name correct.

Nurse:

Jessica Reeves. She was on the visitors list and has been in there quite awhile.

Scott Douglas:

Yeah, I know the name. Court' used to babysit her or something. I don't understand, what is the problem, here?

Nurse:

Well she is in there talking to Courtney ... and responding. I think she thinks they are having a conversation. Do you know if she has a history of mental illness, by any chance?

Scott Douglas:

From what I know of that family ... probably. Let me go talk to her. She's probably just having a tough time with it.

Nurse:

Ok, I'll be close by.

Scott enters the room. Jessica cuts her eyes but doesn't turn her head to acknowledge him. Instead she pulls out her cell phone and buries her face in it. He pulls a chair from the back wall up the foot of the bed; next to Jessica.

Scott Douglas:

Hey Jess. I have heard a lot about you but I don't think we've ever met.

No response.

Scott Douglas:

Ok ... Well I'm --

Jessica Reeves:

I know who you are.

Scott Douglas:

Ok, well ... nice to meet you. I hear around town you're training down there with Rocko and Kerry?

Nothing.

Scott Douglas:

Following in the old man's footsteps, eh?

She turns slightly away from Douglas. Her body language gradually becoming more and more uneasy.

Scott Douglas:

You know, my old man was in the business too. Yeah, he started out in the Southern territories and eventually ended up here. Never quite reached the levels as your pops but he was good hand ...

Scott's attempt to relate has fallen completely flat, so he tries a more direct approach.

Scott Douglas:

Ok, well ... look, I'm glad you came down to see, Court' ... especially today. I was held up by lawyers and all the nonsense surrounding this whole deal.

He digresses.

Scott Douglas:

... but the nurses here are getting a little worried about you. And, hey it's ok to be upset - I know I am. This is --

Jessica:

Oh are you? Are you upset, *Scott*? **YOU DID THIS!**

The sudden ramp of anger and scream catches Scott totally by surprise as Jessica turns towards him and inches closer with each word.

Jessica:

You were the one **THAT PUT** her in here. Now *you* think that just because she is talking to **me** and **not you** that there is a **problem**? She hates you Scott.... **I HATE YOU!**

Scott's back is against the wall and he is more confused than anything, it doesn't seem like he feels threatened he just wants to know what is going on.

Scott Douglas:

I... I didn't...

Before he can finish the nurse is seen quickly moving into the room followed by three larger looking gentlemen. Hospital security obviously. As they approach Jessica and put their arms on her, she reacts violently shoving one of them away and into the nearby hospital bed, she takes a swing at the second one, but he is able to sidestep her shot as he gains control of both of her arms.

Scott Douglas:

Wait ...

The words start to fall on deaf ears as the security begins dragging him from the room, she is screaming and kicking at the air.

Jessica:

You are going to pay for this, **SCOTTY!**

She disappears from the room and down the corner and Scott approaches the nurse.

Scott Douglas:

Come on, let me just talk to her. Maybe, I can calm her down.

Nurse:

Scott, we have other patients to consider. We can't have someone this disruptive and clearly volatile. I couldn't let her stay if I wanted. It's against hospital policy. She is being removed from the visitation list and will be told to not return here. I'm sorry.

Exhausted with both confusion and lack of sleep Scott slumps down into a chair, he looks on as the nurse tends to Courtney. Rubbing his eyes and his forehead. he leans back staring into space for a moment. With a defeated look on his face he turns to Courtney as the nurse carrying on. He's facetiously questions his comatose girlfriend with a sigh.

Scott Douglas:

What I get us into, Court?

Static.