

SHOW OPENING

LATE CHECK OUT

Scott Douglas stomps up a cement and steel stair case at a NOLA motel. The camera operator struggles to keep a frame while negotiating the steps. The end result is a shaky composition mostly highlighting Scott's tattered jean jacket and poorly constructed ponytail.

The angle calms as Douglas reaches the landing. He pauses momentarily to assess his surroundings and figure out which way the numbers are going.

With that sorted out, assumingly, he makes his way past several doors, before the particular one he is looking for comes into sight. He picks up the pace and as the camera operator lags behind and the shot widens.

He raises his hand up with the intent on banging on the door as if he were the police or an asshole friend attempting to startle another. Instead, his first knuckle to door contact sends the already ajar entry deterrent swinging wide open. He shouts at the room's inhabitant as he crosses the threshold.

Scott Douglas:

What the *fuck*, Terry!?

The camera catches up and swings around to reveal Douglas, a step inside the room, screaming at Terry "The Idol" Anderson; feverishly stuffing garments, miscellaneous belongings and Gideon bibles into his duffle. Terry looks up from his bag long enough to access the intruder and continues to pack.

Terry Anderson:

I warned you, kid! I gave you *FAIR WARNING!*

Douglas moves further into the room.

Scott Douglas:

The hell with all that. Why, *Terry*? Why'd you do it!?

Terry Anderson:

It's them, Scott. It's -

Scott Douglas: *[interrupting]*

The hell it was, *Terry*. There isn't a *SOUL* down here - who'd have a clue about that tape!

Terry Anderson: *[zipping up his bag]*

You hit the nail on the head, kid! Not a *SOUL*! This... this situation is beyond what you can understand. The connection to all this goes well beyond me, I am not the only one that ever had a stake in that company.

Terry slings the bible and Greg Norman stuffed duffle over his shoulder as he rounds the edge of the queen sized bed furthest from the door.

Terry Anderson:

I may have been complicit, kid ... but the blood will *NOT* stain my hands. I didn't want any of this... not for *you*, not for *HER*, especially not for *Jes--*

Terry cuts himself short when his cell phone begins ringing, he pushes past the camera man and exits the door. Douglas follows and the camera swings around taking up a frame over Douglas' shoulder; calling down to Terry from the balcony as he scurries down the steps.

Scott Douglas:

The Nuremberg defense, Terry? ... *really?* I never took you for the Jack Booted!

Douglas continues as Terry hits the bottom of the stairs and turns hard left toward his vehicle. He is no longer out for actual information or even an admission of guilt... only to sting and to hurt. Hell it's entirely possible he hasn't heard anything Terry has said beyond his newfound role of noninvolvement.

Scott Douglas:

The complicit shall befall the same fate as their masters, Terry! When they came for my neighbors, I said nothing ...

Terry opens the door of his aging vehicle and it screams as if it were the one being called a world war two villain. Tossing his bag into the passenger seat, Terry throws one leg inside the car before turning back toward Douglas' higher ground.

Terry Anderson:

Cast the first ... hell, cast *ALL* the stones, Scott. I deserve that ... I do. *BUT*, I will not be party to this agenda any longer.

Terry slouches as if he is taking his seat behind the wheel but hesitates ... He pokes his head back out and speaks again but his tone has changed. The defensiveness and sense of urgency has completely escaped him in this brief moment. He sounds solemn. Almost caring. Although not necessarily for Scott.

Terry Anderson:

Call her...

The camera operator moves out from the door jam and trains on Scott's face. Perplexed, befuddled and all those other words. The sound of a late model steel body car door slamming is followed by the hesitant crank of a similar engine.

Douglas stands stuck in time.

Tires squeal briefly in the background congruent with a vehicle in reverse coming to an abrupt stop.

Douglas remains still.

Emotionless.

Tires squeal again as Terry "The Idol" Anderson gets the hell out of Dodge, rides off into the sunset and/or heads for the hills. Just pick one.

Black.

WELL LAID PLANS

As the camera opens up we are in a very familiar location, there is a chair in the middle of a dark empty room. A single light sways back and forth as footsteps are heard approaching from the other side of the camera lenses.

Voice: *[female, unrecognizable]*

It seems like the challenge laid forth was well placed. They eagerly accepted it, fortunately for us they have no idea what's coming.

The voice comes from behind the camera, unseen and unfamiliar. When her sentence finishes, additional footsteps are heard and approach the chair hanging under the swaying light. The back of this person is easily recognized, with the dark black suit and hooded head.

Reaper: *[modified voice]*

They were all warned; what happens next is on them. Piece by piece we are going to rip this company apart from the inside. Breaking their champions and their '*Favorite Sons*' ... no one will be left in our wake.

Voice:

I am very happy that you have decided to join this... Well, this ... *cause*. All is coming into play. Each piece falls precisely where we predicted.

Reaper:

The revenge you seek ... makes the answer one of a simple nature. *Happiness*, however, will be defined by the look on their faces when it all comes to light ...

Voice: *[adding without actual interruption]*

If... it comes to light ...

Reaper: *[continuing]*

... and those fools, *Douglas and Impulse*, realize what they have gotten themselves into ... I'll finally get what I have sought for so long; what I desire most.

Voice:

We know... and so does she. *Trust*; these are well laid plans, we have in front of us. Now, all we need to do is execute --

Cutting her off is a loud cell phone buzzing, a few seconds go by of silence. With Reaper standing still not facing the camera.

Voice:

We have a problem.

Reaper:

What is it?

Voice:

Our old friend has a *visitor* ...

Reaper: *[facing the camera, eyes glowing emerald green]*

I'll handle it.

Voice:

Make sure he understands to keep his mouth shut and that he's not going *ANYWHERE*. She has plans for him.

Camera abruptly cuts off.

PRE-RECORDED

The words “pre-recorded” appear in the bottom right corner from the start and for the duration. An annoying, unavoidable, unnecessary stain on the entire process.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

You knew this would happen. Didn't you?

No hiding that we are on a poorly lit soundstage. A badly painted 2-D backdrop of the lovely, rolling british countryside. An actual, factual park bench sits before it awkwardly. A man primly sits on this bench.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

I certainly did.

His pretentious, put-on accent doesn't sit right in your brain. It bothers you.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

I warned you and everyone that LOOKS like you that the STORM was coming. I warned you that when it came that it would be devastating. That it would CHANGE you.

He wears what you would expect, a foolish black suit with equally foolish bowler cap. His cane rests across his crossed legs.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

And don't you ever, EVER doubt that the men who traipse-about DEFIANCE wrestling as “the Masked Violators” left DEFtv 79 undeniably changed. I refer not to the horrific injuries the grubbier of their ilk sustained... I instead refer to the permanent psychological damage BOTH of them sustained. After the onslaught they endured, I expect that now, when those spring squalls come, the Violators will hide under their hospital beds like mewling kittens.

Fake cardboard sunrays awkwardly swing through the top of the shot slowly, left to right. The Lord of Lords grins his brit-toothed grin.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

How MUST you boys feel? Sitting on the sidelines as ASCENSION passes you by.

He feigns upset as well as he fakes accent.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Poor children.

The faux-sympathy fades as quickly as it came - Nigel's eyes are a dead, steel grey. And probably colored contacts.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

You should bow out. You should walk away. Leave thoughts of competing at ASCENSION behind. I must believe the Barrio Boys and those Thugs 4 Hire will fare juuuust fine without the two of you. Leave it. Abandon your contracts with DEFIANCE. Never return. But WHATEVER YOU DO...!

Suddenly, his cane isn't a cane - it's an umbrella. He dramatically unfurls it over his head with flair. The words he next speaks somehow sound flowery due only to his sunny delivery:

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Stay. Away. And Survive.

The lights dim while grey and black layered cardboard “storm clouds” swing into frame from both sides. The shot slowly zooms in on the Lord's grey eyes.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

This STORM will persist. It will linger. So long as It so chooses. Those who stand against it - shall NOT. Those who scream into the wind... who challenge the STORM... will PERISH.

The "rain" falls. Lord Nigel stands proudly and walks off screen as the camera zooms and blurs into the "clouds". A crash of thunder accompanies the final fade to black.

GUERRILLA

Guerilla. Line producers and the techs in charge of the *DEFtron* are all shoulders. They rumble and discuss how that video of Scott Douglas clocking some women with a steel chair ended up on the massive screen for the world to see.

Impulse, not one to shy away from confrontation, awaits Douglas patiently. He sits on a steel chair against the wall, legs crossed, while Cally paces back and forth, talking to herself... or perhaps Impulse. Either way, she isn't waiting for a response to any questions posed.

Cally:

Hexed. *Totally hexed.* He's supposed to be one of the good guys, RK... Who does that? Doesn't he know my rules? Rule number three, mean people suck. That's a mean thing to do. *FURTHERmore--*

Impulse:

Slow it down, Rosie... things happen. You know that better than most. Let's give him a chance to tell us what's what.

Cally stops and nods.

Cally:

You're right, Knox... you're right, you're right. Let's take a breath and give him a chance.

Douglas, with his head hung low, comes through the curtain. The producer chatter halts instantly which draws his attention before it is stolen away. Calico Rose breaks from her pacing and approaches Scott directly.

Cally:

Dude! What was that? Who does that? What are you hiding? Are you evil? Don't tell me I blew it up with someone that's evil--

Scott clearly understanding Cally's ire, attempts to interject.

Scott:

I know how this looks... / --

Cally turns back toward Douglas, seemingly more miffed based on his interjection.

Cally:

Seriously, do you? Because it looks totally hexed.

Frustrated she trails off momentarily.

Cally: *[indignant]*

I will never get that fistbump back.

Impulse stands from his seated position and suggests Cally calm down and take a breath through body language alone. With an exasperated sigh she moves away from Douglas as Impulse approaches "*Seattle's Favorite Son.*" Well, until tonight.

Impulse: *[bit of a whisper]*

Look, sir - I get it. This business can take you down some dark roads no matter how hard you try. Things happen. Things go wrong. I've seen some stuff - stuff I hope you don't. Cally, *though?*

Impulse looks back toward Cally; continually pacing and mumbling grievances with herself. He turns back to Douglas.

Impulse:

She's taken hits like the ones we just saw, from people who claimed to be on the sight of right. She'll take convincing.

With a head tilt and a slight brow lift, Impulse turns away from Douglas and meets Cally a few steps away. With a few words inaudible from tape he convinces her to leave it alone for the time being. She turns to leave with Impulse's arm stretched across her shoulders.

Douglas looks on with a tortured look stretched across his face.

Cally turns and glares over her right and Impulse left shoulder as he ushers her away from Guerilla.