

Livewire Exclusive: Exclusive 1

July 7, 2014 | Studio

Livewire

From Wrestleshow #16

The scene opens up with the camera following a gold-filtered cigarette tumbling to the cold grey concrete floor below, a pair of Alexander McQueen Peep Toe Filigree skull heels comes into view, one of which stands on the cigarette stub in an attempt to extinguish it. The camera pans up revealing the legs and derrière of a slender, well sculpted woman. A black pencil skirt hugs her legs as she walks. She has an attitude and air about her. A few of the UTA crew whisper and mumble as she passes, almost as if in shock.

The camera continues to pan upwards as it follows the mystery lady, her long ebony locks pinned over her shoulder in a loose side pony flicks from side to side as she walks. The whole time the camera follows her, it reminds behind her, not once showing her face. Looking from side to side, she appears to be lost. She stops the next member of crew that she sees by simply grabbing their arm.

???: "I'm sorry, but could you tell me where I..."

She begins softly, her upperclass Manhattan accent fills the air. Runner: "Oh my god, aren't you..."

The spotty teenage runner interrupts her.

???: "Yes, and you should know you should not interrupt me"

She squeezes his arm slightly out of annoyance but quickly lets go.

???: "Now could you tell me where I could find a one Tobias Devereux's locker room?"

The teenager, who understood the question but is still confused by it, points to a door onto the other side of the hallway.

Runner: "But uh- he's out at the ring, his match is right now."

The teenager explains, his facial expression changes as the woman responds.

???: "Perfect."

She scoffs at him, turning in the direction of the door. The woman takes a deep breathe and knocks gently. After a short while and no answer, she tries the handle of the door but alas it is locked. Frustrated she sighs and pulls a couple of bobby pins from her hair and crouches down. She glances down each way of the

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hallway, still keeping her face concealed from the camera. She bends the pins out and uses them in an attempt to pick the lock, frustrated and about to give up, the lock clicks open. The woman stands and opens the door, only ajar at first and peeks her head around to double check if anybody is inside. Confident the coast is clear she enters Tobias' locker room.

She saunters over to a table in the corner of the room where Tobias' bag is sat. She opens it up and has a nosy look inside. Nothing of interest to hear as her attention shifts to her own bag that is over her shoulder. She reaches inside and pulls out a single black rose with a scarlet ribbon tied round the stem, followed by a small black leather box. She lays the rose on the table and places the box next to it.

She opens the box to reveal a diamond ring, the central and surrounding diamonds are accented by sapphires beneath a platinum web and the ring is clearly worth more than the average person earns in a year and lastly, a worn piece of parchment paper which reads "Mon cher, Laisser les bons temps rouler, Pour toujours et à jamais" in elegant and decorative writing.

After arranging the items so delicately on the table, her attention shifts back to Tobias' bag where she proceeds to throw it across the room, sending the contents flying.

???: "Oops"

She laughs sarcastically innocent before leaving. Meanwhile, the match is over and a dazed and exasperated Tobias is wearily returning to his locker room. As he approaches the door, he sees the figure of the woman stood at the end of the corridor, her face still partially concealed from the camera by the black rimmed Oliver Goldsmith sunglasses. She gives a sly smirk and an apathetic wave.

Tobias Devereux: "No..."

Tobias is taken back by the figure and not quite believing his dazed demeanor, he rubs his eyes but as his vision clears and he looks to the end of the corridor once again, the figure is gone. He rushes to his locker room door and slides it open. Looking inside he sees the box and rose.

Without seeing the writing he already knows what it is. He knows who it had to of been he seen at the end of the hall. Yet why would she be here, how could she be here?

Tobias Devereux: "No...no...no"

Tobias just slowly falls forward onto his knees, he sits there in the doorway of his locker room just shaking his head slowly back and forth staring at the ground.