

Livewire Exclusive: 11.22.2014

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NIGMA SESSIONS: MIKEY UNLIKELY PART 1

We see a typical doctor's office with a bookshelf and desk and a chair but not the typical all white affair that Nigma normally uses, this time it's filled with oak and rose wood. Nigma is sitting with a patient that he's conferring with. He stops and looks out the window as he checks his watch and shakes his head. He turns to the man and walks over to him as he places a hand on his shoulder.

Nigma: So I hope you do not mind that. I know it will be difficult for you, but I will help you . We are waiting for Mikey.

The man nods as he starts to shake in which Nigma smiles deeply under his mask as he turns to the window again. He starts to laugh quietly as the intercom chimes in.

Nurse: Doctor the other patient is here.

Nigma nods as he walks over to the desk and presses a button.

Nigma: Excellent! send him in.

Nigma walks to the door and opens it. A confused Mikey Unlikely stares back from the doorway. He is wearing a red hoodie, and a pair of jeans. His short black hair disheveled. He stands, shoving a yellow twinkie into his mouth as quickly as possible before the door fully opens.

Mikey: Whaaa Mm ah Ding her

He tries to slip past the pastry that fills his mouth.

Nigma:Ah Mikey, just in time, I didn't quite catch that? What did you say?

Mikey takes a long look at Nigma, and then chews violently before swallowing the delicious treat.

Mikey: Sorry, I didn't have time for breakfast, I said... What am I doing here?' Mikey looks over noticing the man in the chair... Oh, I am sorry sir, i didnt mean to interrupt...

Nigma cuts him off with a scoff.

Nigma: You are not interrupting, in all actuality you are right on time. Mikey this is someone you might know, but five years is a long time to remember a face. Please sit.

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Nigma motions to another chair and walks back to the desk and sits himself down. Mikey furrows his brow, and looks confused. He slowly, cautiously makes his way to the seat. He turns his head, and takes in the room. You can tell he is quiet tense. He sits down, barely looking at the man to his right, he gives a casual nod, but does not want to take his eye's off of his recent foe.

Mikey: Prooooooooooceede

Nigma nods as he opens a file on the desk.

Nigma: So tell me Mikey, what is it you remember five years ago? See you told me you've conquered your problems and yet when you saw the beer to had that slight panic attack did you not?

Nigma looks at the man and lifts up a hand to him, as if to tell him to wait. As he turns to Mikey and grabs a pen and looks at him with piercing eyes. Mikey thinks hard before replying.

Mikey: First off, I want to discuss that tag match we just had! I dared you to prove to me, you had what it took, I dared you to prove to me, you were worthy of my time, and dammit Nigma, you delivered!

Mikey smiles.

Mikey: I'm here, not because I like you, not because I think you can 'help' me. No, I am here solely based on curiosity. I am curious to what you THINK you know about me! What you THINK you know about the incident.

He pauses to get his point across.

Mikey: Now as for the accident, this is what I remember. I remember busting my ass, and winning a big match! I remember wishing my friends the best.. I remember getting in my car, and turning on 'Mambo Number 5' by the great Lou Bega. Then I remember headlights... Headlights so bright, you could almost see through yourself. Then... everything went dark.

Mikey closes his eyes, thinking back. He muscles become taught. Nigma smirks under his mask and looks at Mikey with a calculated glance as he stands up and slams the desk.

Nigma: See Mike this is what you call you overcoming your fears? You've helped yourself with what happened? You can't even answer a simple question, you have to avoid the true question Mike. You barely even remember what happen. How can you...

Nigma stops as he get's a brilliant idea. He turns to Mikey and places a hand on his shoulder.

Nigma: I don't care about our match Michael, As you were there, you should remember I did nothing to you. I watched you, I wanted to see what you would do with your fear and you failed. You have proven to me you **NEED** my help more than you realize.

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He walks over to the other man and whispers something into his ear as he then continues.

Nigma: I need not know anything about the accident, I will gain my answers from what it is you tell me. You have curiosity that's good for a cat. You are a grown man, and you act like a child. This isn't about me answering your questions. It's about you answering mine. This is your time to see the truth. to see how far you've really come down the proverbial rabbit hole.

Nigma then turns to the man.

Nigma: Please state your name for the record.

Man: I am Yarrin Carmack, while I was wrestling in Cincinnati Ohio, I was driving that fateful night drunker than a thirty dollar whore when I struck a Cadillac CTS. While driving drunk.

Nigma turns to Mikey and nods.

Nigma: See Mikey I don't have to ask you about when this happened or why it happened, I am asking to figure out where you stand, in the way I can and will HELP you. See I dug up your past to find the accident report, and the court case and I found Mr. Carmack here and I started to speak to him to gain his side of things, and now it's your turn to tell me the side or I can allow you to walk away and stay in that shell you live in..

Nigma dismisses Mikey as he turns back to his desk and sits down and opens another file.. Mikey cocks an eyebrow at Nigma, almost dismissively. Then looks at the man next to him, who also turns to look at Mikey.

Mikey: Here we are Yarrin, together in the same room for the first time since the lawsuit. Honestly, I never wanted to see your face again, but thats not possible is it?

Mikey cocks his head looking at the man.

Mikey: No, of course not, because I see your face every night Yarrin, Every night when i close my eyes, every morning when I wake up, every time i do a squat and my knee swells and makes it difficult to walk after a hellacious workout... every time, i see you! I see you being pulled from the car, I see you stumbling to the ambulance, in a drunken stupor, with nothing more than scratches.

Mikey, turns to Nigma.

Mikey: This is the man who nearly ruined my career. Yes, I did make it here, Yes I am in great physical shape, but yes... I am still pissed.

Nigma, a bit taken back by Mikey's swearing. Tries to speak, but is quickly cut off.

Mikey: In fact, Nigma, this has nothing to do with you, You can sit there and call me a child, call me a cat, call

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me whatever in the hell it is you want to call me, because frankly Nigma, I'm better than you. I am the superior athlete, I am the superior draw, I am the better person. You come here, and you bring me here, to attack me? To scare me? I think you're the one who's scared Nigma, I think you hide behind a mask, so no one can see the shame on your face, you hide behind a desk asking people about their own problems, because you're too afraid to face your own.

Mikey points at Nigma

Mikey: I dont have time for you, or these stupid little games you play, and I certainly don't have time for him!

Mikey points back at Yarrin without looking at him. He slams both of his hands off the desk, in a fit of rage and storms out, leaving Nigma, and the man sitting. Nigma smiles under his mask as he lets out a breif chuckle as he turns to Yarrin.

Nigma: And you thought I was a joke, This plan is coming together nicely, and the next phase will start soon. mikey won't even see this coming will he.

Nigma nods to yarrin who laughs as Nigma opens the files and jots down some more notes.