

Livewire Exclusive: 12.02.2014

December 2, 2014 | Studio

BACKSTAGE AT WRESTLESHOW DURING THE MAIN EVENT

LiveWire Exclusive Unseen Footage fades in on the bottom right hand corner of the screen.

The scene cuts in on a bustling backstage area. Kathryn Vermont Thomas, the First Lady of the UTA has just been eliminated from the 5v5 match up and literally moments ago made her way back through the curtain. Despite being eliminated via a choke hold, she is limping slightly and being escorted by several runners and road agents including Seth Payne and Johnny Legend.

Payne: Kathryn, everything okay?

KVT: I'm fine, I've just tweaked my hamstring.

Payne: let's get it checked out.

Seth takes Kathryn's arm and escorts her to the medical area. The camera shambles behind them at a safe distance. Seth calls over a physician and Kathryn starts to explain the popping sensation that she had felt in her left thigh.

KVT: It happened as I landed the Crucifixion. I felt it pop and now it's just throbbing and burning.

Kathryn turns and leans over the exam table to expose the back of her thigh, her skin now a purple-bluish bruise covering the back of her thigh and the inside of her knee.

Doctor: No swelling, which is a good sign. But with this much bruising, this fast, you definitely have a grade 2 tear.

Payne: So what does that mean?

Doctor: All that's needed is RICE Therapy and time. That's it. Maybe some anti inflammatories. Normally takes 4-6 weeks...

KVT: So more like two.

???: You should probably ask her to remove her pants altogether, I think the bruising might be higher up than you're looking, doc.

Her head whips around at the unexpected voice, looking over her shoulder she sees the obese Bobby Dean wobbling into the room with a smile on his face. His eyes are glued to her bent over the table and his

eyebrows raise suggestively.

BBD: I must say, my dear, you should seriously consider walking backwards. I think people would like you a lot more if all they saw was your butt. You're seriously doing it wrong.

Bobby walks up and gently pushes the doctor out of the way, and he reaches out to grab Kathryn's butt, smiling the whole time. She jerks up and spins around slapping his hands away with an audible smack, causing him to wince and immediately withdraw his hand. He begins to rub his hand gently, looking at Kathryn with a sad, puppy dog look in his eye.

BBD: That's the kind of greeting I get? Here I am just trying to come help a friend, and you hit me? You know, I've been told I've got magical hands!

She looks about ready to murder him, but the doctor steps forward, clearing his throat.

Doctor: Bobby, what are you doing back here?

BBD: Well, I was wrestling with that masked woman, you know, the porn star. And well, I think she may have given me something. Suddenly, my crotch itches and I feel like I've got cold sores forming on my lips. I was kinda hoping you had some Oxy for me, doc.

The doctor looks at Bobby as if he were crazy.

Doctor: I can't just prescribe that to you, Bobby.

BBD: Why not?

Doctor: Because you don't need pain killers for an itchy crotch and cold sores.

Bobby is still rubbing his hands, looking from KVT to the doctor.

BBD: Well, now my hand really hurts, can I get them for that instead?

The Doctor turns his attention back to KVT.

Doctor: As I was saying. Rest, Ice, Compression and Elevation. Wrap it right, ice it and take it easy.

The Doctor continuing the discussion of rest leaves the room with Seth Payne, the doctor still insisting on 4 weeks of rest. Kathryn just rolls her eyes.

KVT: TWO!!

She calls out after them. Now, Bobby and Kathryn remain in the room, each of them standing their awkward

and unsure of what to say. Kathryn scowling, Bobby Dean, eying her up without making any attempts at being subtle about it.

KVT: What do you want Bobby?

BBD: Well, I kind of felt bad.

KVT: Yeah, itchy crotches and cold sores tend to do that to a fella.

BBD: It's not about that, but you're right, that's certainly not helping any.

KVT: So...

BBD: Well, you know that whole camera business you went through a while back?

Kathryn jumps to attention, looking at Bobby as if he just slapped her. Her fists clench at her sides, her eyes grow wide and she simply stares at Bobby, without saying a word.

BBD: I, may know a guy, who knows a guy, who knows a guy, who was the guy who stole your camera. He may have told a guy, who told a guy, who told a guy, who told me about said camera . This guy, who is rather Beautiful, did not know who's camera it was at the time...

KVT: You!? You stole my camera!? You leaked my pictures!? It was you!?

BBD: No, weren't you listening, it was a guy who knows a guy who.

Kathryn advances a step, pointing a finger in Bobby's expansive breast.

KVT: You! I know you Bobby! You were always a horrible liar, I can read you like a book! A very dull and lacking book, but I can read you none the less.

BBD: I always pictured myself as more of a page turner, one of those books you just can't seem to put down.

KVT: Oh no, I'll be more than happy to put your fat ass down, you son of a...

BBD: I think we should save the kinky talk for the bedroom honey.

Kathryn looks on the verge of exploding, but with a primal scream of frustration she shoves Bobby aside and storms out the room. Bobby turns and quickly follows, sweating as he jogs to keep up with her casual but determined pace.

BBD: Listen, you gotta hear me out. I didn't mean for those pictures to get out. But you outta be thanking me!

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She stops in mid stride and twirls around, her hair whipping around at her sudden turn.

KVT: What did you say? I should be thanking you!?

BBD: Yeah, I did you a huge favor!

KVT: Which was what, Bobby?

BBD: Well, I didn't release the other pictures, you know, the OTHER pictures.

Kathryn reaches both hands up as if she were about to wrap her pretty little fingers around Bobby's triple chin and strangle the life out of him, but she restrains herself. Somehow.

BBD: I didn't come here to talk about the pictures...

She interrupts him, asking a question that Bobby Dean gets asked almost daily.

KVT: Then why are you here?

Without a word, Bobby reaches down, pushing his fat roll aside, and reaching into its folds, deep within, where no man should ever go. With a little digging around Bobby begins to extract his arm out, Kathryn doesn't look too happy, in fact she looks absolutely disgusted, on the verge of upchucking as Bobby's arm suddenly comes free. She covers her mouth with her hand in an attempt to prevent said upchuck.

BBD: Here we go.

Bobby extends his hand, a disposable camera is held in it's palm. You know the one, made out of cardboard, costs about two bucks to buy, absolute trash. Kathryn looks at the camera then at Bobby, then back at the camera. Without a word, she turns around and storms off, muttering to herself as she walks away.

KVT: Son of a. Fat piece of. Steals my sh. Leaks my pic. Buys me a piece of.

Bobby simply stands in her wake, watching her walk away. He calls out at, before she can get too far away.

BBD: Remember what I said! WALK BACKWARDS!