

INT. SAINTS HQ

The PLAYER, KEVIN, ELI, and NEENAH are decorating the HQ for the upcoming party.

KEVIN  
Do you think we have enough crate paper?

NEENAH  
Come again?

KEVIN  
Crate paper. Do we have enough?

NEENAH  
It's crepe paper, with a p.

KEVIN  
Really?

NEENAH  
Yeah really.

A MARSHALL LAWYER enters.

MARSHALL LAWYER  
(Assertively)  
Sorry, folks. Party's over.

PLAYER  
Who the fuck are you?

MARSHALL LAWYER  
Chet Drummond, Marshall General Counsel.

The Marshall Lawyer holds out a stack of documents. Eli takes them and starts reading through them.

MARSHALL LAWYER (CONT'D)  
The Saints are now a wholly-owned subsidiary of Marshall Defense Industries.

PLAYER  
Ha, uh, no?

MARSHALL LAWYER  
The employment agreement you signed when we hired you contained a non-compete clause.

PLAYER

I signed a lot of shit--I didn't actually read it!

MARSHALL

Not our problem. By attacking Marshall interests, to wit: the Frontier prison, our cargo train, and various other assets, you became a competitor!

PLAYER

So, what's your fucking point?!

MARSHALL LAWYER

Pursuant to Article 9, Section 12, paragraph 36a, you have surrendered all rights and ownership of the Saints to us!

PLAYER

(looking for help)  
Eli?!

ELI

(Looking up from the papers.)  
Oh my God, he's right.

MARSHALL LAWYER

(tooting his own horn)  
Of course I'm right! I wrote the fine print myself.

The Marshall Lawyer gloats in the screwing over of the Saints. The Player pulls out their gun and shoots the Marshall Lawyer in the head. There is a pause after the body hits the floor.

ELI

You're aware that didn't solve the issue.

PLAYER

Yeah, but he was being a dick.

CUT TO GAMEPLAY