

[We hear the cords of “London Calling” playing over a jukebox as we fade in at small English pub. A somewhat rowdy crowd of locals celebrating as we see some highlights from “British Uprising.” It appears a good time is being had by all. Well almost everyone as we cut back to a somewhat exhausted looking Aron Scythe wearing a faded gray sweatshirt. A mentally and physically exhausted look in his eyes as leans back in his booth, his head hung low. Tomoe Ami is sitting beside her, wearing a white blouse and black skirt looking on. A compassionate look in her eyes as she runs a hand through her husband’s long hair. A pint of black lager and a plate of half-eaten fish and chips in his hand.]

AMI: **Aron, Anata... don’t beat yourself up. You did your best. Maybe tonight just wasn’t your night. You’ll get the belt next time.**

SCYTHE: **I... I... don’t think there’s going to be a next time. It’s been a pretty long road. Maybe it’s time to consider r-**

Scythe cannot finish as he’s interrupted.

AMI: **No-no-no... not the “R” word.**

SCYTHE: **No I’ve been offered a TV deal and I was just... *sighs***

[Aron’s sigh is suddenly cut off by an audible silence as his green eyes go a bit wide. An audible hush as woman walks in wearing a tailor made suit.grey suit, white shirt, and black tie. She is short but muscular, despite being middle aged. Her hair is shoulder length, jet black with a subtle graying to it. A cool, somewhat aloof look in her eyes. We finally pan back to see for sure that it is indeed “The Atheist” Anne Brandeis.]

AMI: **Anne! Obaa-san!**

[Anne pauses for a moment her cool, cold demeanor momentarily cut short by a slow roll of the eyes before placing a silk-gloved hand on his shoulder.]

BRANDEIS: **Thought I’d find you here languishing about. You know you’re not the only one who had a bad night. Besides it’s not like the announcers couldn’t even bother to remember your name.**

SCYTHE: Sorry I just... really thought it was going to be in the stars tonight.

BRANDEIS: Stars had nothing to do with it. You had Gallagher in position to deliver the coup de grâce, and you hesitated.

SCYTHE: I...

BRANDEIS: The fans were booing and it got in your head. Plain and simple. You've always been soft "nerd boy."

SCYTHE: Hey I...

BRANDEIS: That doesn't mean you weren't trying.

AMI: Aron is **not** soft and even if he was they make a pill for that now.

BRANDEIS: I was meaning soft hearted. Besides have you ever stopped for a moment to think that maybe, just maybe the reason you came back wasn't about the belt after all.

SCYTHE: Um...

BRANDEIS: You didn't come back because you failed to win the big one against Steppenwulf, or Valtherius. You missed the fans. You came back for the pop, and so long as you don't embarrass yourself there's no shame in that. I mean look at yourself. You have your health, a loving wife, and a lovely child. What does Ian Jones have? A bunch of sycophants and abettors who put up with him for purely mercenary reasons. Do you realize how lucky you are? You say you came back for the big one? I say you won it a long time ago.

SCYTHE: Sorry I didn't think of it that way.

BRANDEIS: Doesn't mean I expect you to go soft in the ring again.

AMI: I think they make a pill for that too.

[Aron and Anne pause for a moment share an awkward look of disbelief before Anne lets out an exasperated sigh.]

BRANDEIS: Look Aron... I didn't come here to give you a pep talk. We've never been on the active roster of a promotion before and I wanted you to realize the gravity of the situation. One of these days after all of these years we are going to face off in that ring and any history between us is going to be irrelevant. We are going to face off, Teacher vs. Student and I expect you to draw no quarter. Expect it to be your final and hardest lesson.

SCYTHE: I knew that day would come. But what until then?

BRANDEIS: Drinks are on me...

[Aron pauses for a moment he and Anne raise their glasses, Tomoe wrapping an arm around her husband as we fade to black.]

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[The Camera starts up in the office of Don Diego San Martin, a familiar place for the RPW Audience. San Martin looks calm and ready to address the camera.]

SAN MARTIN: As you probably already know, RPW is going through hard times. The TV contract for WNR has been cancelled and in consequence it's audience has greatly diminished. RPW management is going to be hard-pressed to keep the company from losing big money and as a very successful businessman myself, I sympathize with their situation.

[San Martin takes a sip from a glass of water and breathes deeply before continuing.]

SAN MARTIN: When RPW started, it's management came to me with promises of a global audience and a product that would rekindle wrestling fandom around the world, a promotion that would unify the torn wrestling world...

[A cell phone starts vibrating over San Martin's table, it's buzz quite audible, San Martin subtly turns

it off.]

SAN MARTIN: Until British Uprising, RPW delivered and I was very happy to be a part of their success, but considering it's current situation it makes no sense for them to keep me and El Omega 23 in the kind of contracts that we are. We have no intention of competing against RPW for the US and global audiences, so we will return to south america and will have El Omega wrestle for my company once again.

[Don Diego stands up with a smile.]

SAN MARTIN: We have no issues with RPW and look forward to their shows, I consider myself an ally to RPW and I'm willing to act as a distributor for their DVD products in Latin America. We sincerely hope that they are able to once again find success and that one day we are able to return.

So for now I say adios to all my RPW Amigos, and Muchas Gracias for all the good times and Memories.

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[The scene opens in RPW General Manager Sir Charles Strickland's office with the words 'Earlier Today' sprawled in the corner. Sir Charles is doing paperwork when Alex Monroe enters the office]

STRICKLAND: Ah, Mr. Monroe, how are you today?

MONROE: Let's just cut to the chase. Why am I here?

STRICKLAND: I'm sure that you will agree with me when i say that was is no way an appropriate fashion in which to greet your boss, now is it?

MONROE: ...

STRICKLAND: In any case or scenario... I'm here because I wanted to ask a favour of you.

MONROE: A favor?

STRICKLAND: Yes. You see, as it stands right now, the singles divisions are packed full of competition and there's so many challengers it's getting extremely hard to keep track of who deserves a title shot.

MONROE: Okay...

STRICKLAND: And, as you may know, I'm trying to start up a tag team division here in RPW.

MONROE: Stop. Just stop right there. I know where you're going with this, and I don't do teams.

STRICKLAND: Look, I get that you like to work alone, but you have to understand the position I find myself in. I have got a young talent who is not only very green, but he also seems to lack maturity, I am quite positive that he could use some guidance.

MONROE: So what?

STRICKLAND: Come on Alexander, You should know what kind of gentleman I am. I'd rather prevent than to be sorry afterwards and I don't want this kid to succumb to the temptations of the road, and that's why I'm turning to you.

MONROE: **It's Alex.**

STRICKLAND: **Well, Mr.Monroe I see that you have a lot in common with this kid, and you've got experience on your side. I'd like you to show him the ropes while competing in a tag team. It's a win-win situation. We have a new tag team for the division, the kid gets some guidance, you get a protege to add to your resume and if I enjoy the work you two do as a team, it'll certainly affect your singles careers in a positive manner as well. So what do you say?**

[Monroe doesn't look a tiny bit happy about the suggestion, his face can tell us as much but also his tone is not a friendly one]

MONROE: **Who is it?**

STRICKLAND: **Enigma.**

[A mixture of surprise and disgust takes over the face of Monroe, who quickly reacts with a spoken response]

MONROE: **No. Never. I don't do Linkin Park.**

STRICKLAND: **Why not? it sounds like that might be completely aligned with your interests.**

MONROE: **You... you must be completely devoid of intelligence.**

[Sir Charles seems to completely ignore that insults as he proceeds with his speech]

STRICKLAND: **You two can arrange a meeting and work towards finding an adequate tag team entrance theme that you can both enjoy . But in the meantime, you two will be**

coming out on their own, separately. So just go out there and... allow yourselves to have some fun!
You will be facing Team Höchstgeschwindigkeit!

MONROE: Team what?

STRICKLAND: Team German Top Speed.

MONROE: ...whatever.

[Alex shakes his head as he leaves Sir Charles Strickland's office]

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A Scene from British Uprising appears now in the screen, RPW No Limits Champion Mr. Nice Guy is seen in the mat, with his head trapped inside a steel chair. Kirk Cobain is on top of the second rope, ready to jump and crush the Champion's throat in a move that would most likely earn him his first taste of RPW gold.

Kirk Cobain jumps in the air but doesn't land on top of the Chair or on any part of MNG's body, Kirk Cobain lands on his feet just to the side of MNG.

Suddenly the scene is rewinded and we see it all over again, and again, and again. A familiar voice whispers a few words.

"I couldn't do it"

The short phrase is repeated all over again, with the intensity rising each time, the voice is clearly Kirk Cobain's and the camera turns into him while his voice morphs into a loud yell.

"I COULDN'T DO IT!!"

A crying Cobain throws the remote hard at the screen, shattering it. He falls into his knees and holds his head on his hands, sobbing.