

[The scene opens in a grubby boxing gym in South East London where the three members of the British Empire: Damien Wolfe, Mr. Nice Guy and Ian Jones are all in three separate corners working up a sweat, the three of them appear to be in their own worlds, not acknowledging each other. MNG is jumping rope rapidly, the camera pans. Wolfe looks hard into the mirror as he curls a pair of heavy looking dumbbells before setting them down and taking a deep breath.]

WOLFE (muttering to himself): **I'm sick of this, something needs to be done.**

[Wolfe approaches a sweaty and disgruntled Ian Jones and drags him towards an equally irate Mr. Nice Guy.]

WOLFE: **We can continue as we are right now, grafting and working for nothing. Or we can do something about it.**

[Jones wipes his face with a towel; Mr. Nice Guy's eyes are fixed upon the floor.]

WOLFE: **Get a grip, lads!**

[Mr. Nice Guy looks up directly at Wolfe.]

MNG: **You know what? I agree with you. For too long we've been fighting it out for the gold losing sight of the bigger picture.**

JONES: **Well it doesn't help when you've been screwed out of being the rightful champion.**

WOLFE: **It's obvious these changes aren't going to manifest under the current regime...**

JONES: **What are you on about?**

WOLFE: **Well look at us. We're at a gym in London just days before a huge pay-per-view show. Who are we facing? are we even in the card at all?**

MNG: **It just makes no sense, we aren't booked and it's all because all of the "executives" are too busy trying to outdo one another.**

JONES: Tell me about it.

WOLFE: The suits running this company can't even secure us a TV deal. Network deal they say...how are they going to secure anything if they can't even work as a team.

JONES: Well I say b*****t.

[Mr. Nice Guy flashes a wry smile.]

WOLFE: Exactly. RPW needs a cohesive unit on top, Perhaps a different kind of takeover is needed if you know what I mean?

[Mr. Nice Guy and Ian Jones pause before nodding slowly, pondering Wolfe's words.]

WOLFE: The Empire needs to rise again, I've been away from you guys for too long, I let Brandenburg and Dobbs push me to the edge, I let them force me out of RPW into the wilderness, I should have been there for you both.

MNG: Dobbs has been a thorn in our side too long, we need to do something about him.

WOLFE: But before we can do anything, we have to clear the air...we need to be in the same page.

[Wolfe turns to look at Jones.]

WOLFE: You were the champion, when Gallagher and Scythe were banging on the door I should have been here; I should have had your back... I didn't, I can only apologise, it won't happen again.

[Wolfe looks at Mr. Nice Guy and feels a mixture of pride and regret as he looks over his shoulder at the No Limits title peeking out of the top of MNG's gym bag.]

WOLFE: That belt will always hold a special meaning to me, my first

championship in RPW, but you're a better No Limits champion than I ever was. When I left you were still a wet behind the ears young kid finding your feet as a wrestler, but on your own you've taken on all comers, you've stood tall, you've become your own man, you're a deserving champion and a credit to the Empire, words cannot express how proud you've made me.

MNG: I'm the reigning and defending RPW No Limits Champion and have been since the 11th of April. I am the youngest RPW title holder in history yet still on every show somebody calls me out with the thinking that they can just turn up and take this title from my grasp. You're right Damien, I have taken on all comers in the most extreme match stipulations and I remain a Champion. I will not mention any names but a few wrestlers have said my title isn't being honoured and that the division is a joke. This blatant lack of respect for me and my abilities really drives me crazy. I have carried the title better than anyone else could and if I am at the top of the No Limits division then there is absolutely no way it can be a joke. It is the same for all of us. The British Empire is at the pinnacle of RPW but the office and upper management refuses to acknowledge this fact.

[The bright young star turns towards Ian Jones slowly and the respect he has for the leader of The British Empire is clearly evident as he makes eye contact.]

MNG: Also I too would like to apologise. Ian, I have been conflicted recently, Douglas Gallagher was able to get into my head and it nearly turned me against you but I have seen through all of the lies and deceit to rediscover the important roles both you and Damien have played in my career and I pledge my allegiance to both of you and more importantly to The British Empire.

JONES: I'm not exempt either. I've been too self-centred. Obsessed with Douglas Gallagher and the Heavyweight title. More recently it's been Aron Scythe. The pure hatred I have for that "man" won't go and I hope you guys respect that. I want to crush him, but with the Empire united I can wipe him off the face of RPW.

[They look at one another.]

MNG: The name Deadly Alliances is actually quite fitting for describing The British Empire.

+++++

[The British Empire's music [hits](#) to the usual chorus of booing and hissing and out walks Ian Jones dressed in a three-piece Versace suit. Jones struts towards the ring but suddenly stops and shakes his head before walking back up the ramp.]

JONES: **I'm going to make this short and sweet...**

[The crowd cheers ironically.]

JONES: **Because I want to minimise the amount of time I have to spend in this abhorrent, third-world city.**

[The Miami crowd reacts sharply to Jones' jibe, one fan throws an empty soda cup which falls pitifully short of the ramp. Jones sees this and just shakes his head.]

JONES: **As many of you know I've made my objective very clear over the last few weeks: the complete mental and physical destruction of one *pause* Aron Scythe.**

[The fans cheer at the mere mention of Scythe's name.]

JONES: **Now one has to ponder what more can be done? I've beat him down in the ring, I've beat him down in his head and I sure as hell kicked his arse last time we encountered one another.**

But that still hasn't given me the satisfaction I crave.

[Jones pauses and slicks his fringe.]

JONES: **You see I want to expose Aron Scythe as the pitiful excuse of a man he is. Call me old-fashioned but a man should they provide for his family, should he not?**

[The crowd murmurs some sort of sound, confused by the tone of Jones' words.]

JONES: **I want to see the look on Aron's face when he comes home**

empty handed and can't put food on the table. I want to see the look on his face when his landlord boots him and his family out of their dingy little den in New Rochelle, perhaps the one place on this planet worse than Miami if only because it's frequented by Scythe.

[Jones' intensity increases, as does the crowd's.]

JONES: I want to see the look on his face when he's out on the street, raking leaves or cleaning barber shop floors for a couple of dollars an hour to maintain the sustenance of his family.

But best of all I want to see the look on his wife's face...

[The crowd is incensed by Jones' remark.]

JONES: No, no, no... the cherry on top of the cream on top of the cake...will be the look on his *daughter's* face when she realises that her Daddy is a hollow excuse of a man and a piss poor father who can't find a meaningful of job and can't provide a living.

[Jones begins laughing, but that slowly turns into anger and his face turns to red.]

JONES: Let's hope I'll have the power to do that.

[Jones drops the microphone and exits the arena to silence.]

+++++

[The camera fades in to see "The Athiest" Anne Brandeis sitting in a chair wearing a custom made black suite, a burgundy colored silk shirt and a black tie. A deathly solemn, serious look in her eyes, a stern somewhat solemn look on her lips. The middle aged veteran wrestler rolling her knuckles for a moment as she begins to speak.]

BRANDEIS: As you all know several weeks ago a hurricane struck the eastern seaboard, causing untold billions of dollars in damage and hundreds of senseless casualties.

[She pauses for a moment quietly bowing her head out of respect.]

BRANDEIS: One of the buildings damaged was my wrestling school. A minor cost in the grand scheme of things... but one that leaves me with rather dark thoughts. I have come to terms with the fact that I'm only particularly talented at two things. Teaching... and fighting.

I won't be able to teach in the foreseeable future. Do you realize what that means?

[She pauses for a moment her brown eyes shifting, her knuckles rolling again.]

BRANDEIS: Some people enter the ring for titles, some for applause of the fans, some merely for a paycheck. Some people consider this to be battle of right and wrong. I wrestle simply because I am a person of a virulent nature.

I enjoy hurting people. I enjoy getting hurt. If I was not a professional grappler I would probably be dead or in jail.

[She pauses for a moment flashing a subtle smirk.]

BRANDEIS: Which brings me to the incident at "Back With A Vengeance." I find it almost comical that Ronnie Reynolds hired a public investigator to figure out what should be obvious to anyone was watching the show. Taiga made a series of unwanted advances towards myself, and one of my few friends. After repeatedly told that Tomoe is a married woman and that I had no interest he left me with no choice but to act in self defense.

Now I realize there are some people who think I did so through skullduggery but I was completely honest. I asked if he had a thing for women in nurse uniforms and I found a way for him to see them. Or perhaps men in nurse uniforms. I'm rather unfamiliar with the staff of Denver's hospitals.

If anything I think Taiga should be thanking me. I would consider a few contusions and some minor trauma to be a small price to pay to avoid a pinkslip and a prolonged sexual harassment lawsuit.

[Anne pauses for a moment her shoulders shrugging.]

BRANDEIS: On November 21st... at Deadly Alliances in Tampa Florida. I will face off against Kirk Cobain. An opponent that I can't afford to overlook. He is durable, he is almost unpredictable and most the most dangerous thing about him is that he is desperate. Twice he has come within inches of having an RPW title. And twice he's been denied.

I'm expecting Cobain to be as vicious and unpredictable as any opponent I've faced. But he has one distinct disadvantage. He's never been in the ring with someone like me.

Because of that at "Deadly Alliances" no god can save him...

[Anne flashes a small, but wicked looking grin at the camera as we fade to black.]

+++++

'Half Past You' by Love Battery begins to play as a black screen fuzzes into focus. It's a rainy day in somewhere in the Seattle suburbs, and in the distance Kirk Cobain is walking towards the camera. Behind him stands the old Laurie Strode Sanitorium. The wind whips through his dishwater-blond hair and broken-in green jacket, but he barely seems to notice the wet or the cold.

COBAIN: Uh...

[Kirk begins to address the camera, sliding damp coils of hair out of his face.]

**COBAIN: You haven't been waiting here for me all this time have you?
It's been a while.**

[The camera shakes in response.]

COBAIN: I've got a lot to catch up on!

[As if captured on a VHS videotape the screen wipes awkwardly to show Kirk Cobain training in a dingy ghetto gym. It's more a montage than a training diary, with each scene punctuated by a judder in the music and a shudder in the screen.]

COBAIN: 'Yeah we gotta use VHS dude. Do you know how hard those tapes are to break? I know you probably have some kind of souped-up high-tech high-def wonder camera, but making movies is like being in a grunge band. You gotta work at it. And being in a grunge band is exactly the same is pro wrestling. You gotta work at that too, *and* get in a lotta fights.

[Throughout the monologue the camera wavers and drifts around the gym as though it's too heavy for the holder. There are bigger guys than Kirk there, lifting bigger weights, but as the clips progress Kirk himself starts to fill out, the number of plates on his barbell goes up, and his hair-style changes once, in the middle of the montage, to all black.]

COBAIN: **I miss RPW. I really do. But that's why we're doing this, right? For the fans. That way when we're back on TV and I'm back in the ring, we can give this to them to show them all what I've been up to.**

[Kirk pulls a hand through his hair as he turns back from a heavy bag.]

COBAIN: **Did you just say Japan?**

['Push it to the limit' by Paul Engemann plays over a clumsily shot video of a plane taking off. In the background, Kirk can be heard muttering to someone.]

Another montage begins, incomprehensible Japanese voices shouting excitedly over different clips of Kirk Cobain. Or rather, a masked wrestler who looks like Kirk Cobain. The Stars And Stripes luchadore mask covers his face, but everything else from the clothing, to the body, to the stand-and-deliver style screams out loud to any fan of Pro Wrestling that this is the Generation-X-Factor in action.

The montage pauses at a few moments; one particularly ugly looking incident involves Kirk diving from the ring apron onto an opponent laid out on a bare concrete floor. Another sees him trading punches with an opponent while locked into a figure-four submission hold. The shouting in Japanese becomes more intense and much higher pitched as a final scene with fireworks plays through at high speed. Kirk battles another wrestler with a rising sun luchadore mask in a free-wheeling contest that dances in and out of the ring. At such high speed it's hard to make out everything that's happening until the kendo sticks come out from under the ring.

After a fierce exchange of blows that continues past the point of sanity, Kirk slumps to his knees as does his opponent. Both of their masks have turned red from the blood soaking through them. The referee raises their hands once, and the crowd gasps as they both fall right back down. The

commentators shout in Japanese as the hand of Kirk and his opponent are raised again, on for them to sink back down once more. Then finally, through sheer force of will, the masked man in the Rising Sun mask keeps his hand up on the third attempt.]

DING DING DING!

[The montage stops.]

[A shot of Kirk's blood-soaked mask fills the screen with Japanese text overlaying the gruesome image]

これはカークコバーンための終わりですか？

まさか！カークコバーンは長身！

仮面の下に別のマスクがある。血の一つ。痛みのひとつ。

この戦いはファンの記憶に住むことになります。

カークコバーンはチャンピオンを残していません、彼は常にチャンピオンであった。

[And then, just as it started, so the video draws to a close. Love Battery's 'Half Past You' begins to play as the camera captures Kirk Cobain walking towards tonight's arena for his RPW show]

+++++

["Pegasus Fantasy" cues up, a series of gold pyro goes off near the entrance ramp as Aron Scythe slowly walks out near the entrance ramp wearing an old Dragon Ball Z T-shirt, jeans, and black denim jacket with a Twin Cities Wrestling logo stitched across the back. His hair is a bit shorter, the usually clean cut face showing a bit of a four o'clock shadow. He pauses for a moment, microphone in hand an uncharacteristically serious look in his green eyes.]

SCYTHE: Ian Jones... it wasn't that long ago I asked you. No.. I begged you to carry yourself with a bit of class and respect for this sport. All I wanted for you was to stop carrying Charles Strickeland's bags and wrestle a clean match with me at Call to Arms. And after he threw that chair in the ring I gave you chance to step up and be your own man. A real champion.

But... I know seeing the best in people doesn't always work out for the best. I now know the kind of man you really are.

But you can't seem to grasp the kind of man that I am.

[Aron pauses for a moment lowering his head.]

SCYTHER: At “Back With A Vengeance” my little stunt may have crossed the line but, you’ve made a whole career out of crossing the line. You let your friends threaten my daughter, you made me think my wife was in danger, and you threatened to go after me in my own home.

You also talked about how you thought you mentally and physically beaten me. It’s funny I wasn’t the one who got dropped head first on a chair. I wasn’t the first guy to get pinned at British Uprising.

All your little stunts have managed to do was throw fuel on the fire.

Do you have any idea what I did to the last guy who messed with my family?! Do you?!

[He hesitates for a moment frowning before continuing to speak.]

SCYTHER: You’ve sparked a war Ian! You can still walk away from Ian... but I now know you well enough to know you won’t.

RPW isn’t big enough for the two of us... hell. This sport isn’t big enough for the two of us.

So Ian if you really want to hurt me and don’t care where and when, then the feeling is mutual. This isn’t over yet...

But soon. It will be.

[Aron pauses for a moment lowering his eyes, an uncharacteristically serious look on his face as starts to walk away.]

+++++

[Taiga is shown posing in front a mirror when suddenly his door knocks]

?????: Special delivery for Taiga.

TAIGA: **Delivery? I'm not expecting anything...**

[A curious Taiga opens the door and in barges Sirius Danger carrying a big box, he leaves it on the floor and addresses Taiga]

DANGER: **Before you say anything...my boy Kirk has a match against your girl Anne. I thought that you could find the contents of this box useful.**

[before Taiga can respond to this, Sirius Danger is already way in his way out of the room, Taiga still curious starts opening the box as the camera cuts to the next scene]

+++++

[Douglas Gallagher is seen exercising, it doesn't seem like his usual training though. The man who's overseeing his progress hints that his is physical therapy.]

MAN: **Well done Douglas, you should be ok to wrestle.**

GALLAGHER: **Thanks mate, neck is a lil sore. But guess that a piledriver will do that to ya.**

MAN: **You are a funny man champ.**

GALLAGHER: **Well, it is all jokes and fun now. But wait until I get my 'ands on Sultan. Ee thinks its funny that ee can fake 'is injuries while I keep 'eadlining every show. At Season's Beatings the joke will be on 'em when I stand victorious and still RPW Champion.**

MAN: **Well, we can only hope so. Good Luck champ.**

[We fade to black as the extras come to a close with a shot of RPW Champion, Douglas Gallagher.]