

Location: Cryo Texas (Cryotherapy)/Houston, Texas

To use the word “Cryo” around David Striker, a man big into classic science fiction films such as Ridley Scott’s “Alien”, that brought up ideas of cryonic sleep while traveling through deep sleep...but the idea of using it to recover from injuries that had built up over time was something else entirely.

And his need to recover was made incredibly evident by the fact that during his match against Polly on the Breakdown before RTG, he was starting to feel some stiffness in places where he was much more incredibly flexible before and that’s when his friend Gabriel had suggested to him that maybe giving Cryotherapy a try wasn’t such a bad thing to do.

The first time that Gabe brought up to him was when the two of them, along with Kevin Slayton, had gone to have a meeting with April Song and Diantha Rosso about a business deal before David headed for Texas, Gabe had noticed that David was favoring his right hand a little bit too much, even to the point of David having to actually use his left hand to take the pen out of his right hand before shaking his hand out.

Later on the flight to Houston, Gabe grabbed both of them a glass of Wheatley Vodka, Neat on the Rocks...and the older man leaned back in his seat and watched David for a few minutes, sipping his vodka silently, before laying out everything that he’d noticed that was wrong with David that day.

And now, here they were at Cryo Texas with David in a pair of One Piece board shorts getting ready for his first ever round of therapy while Gabe stood near-by. “Look, I’ve got accounts with most of the cryo treatment places all of the country, this will be good for you.” he reassured David who still had a worried look on his face as the technician helped David into the chamber. “I mean everything was explained to you and you understood it, right?”

“Yeah...doesn’t mean that I’ll like it though.” David muttered as he stepped into the chamber before the tech sealed it as then he watched as everything got really cold as everything around him went to negative two hundred and twenty degrees....at which point David’s mind cinched up hard, as he started to panic from the intense cold.

“Dude, you’re alright...they told you that it would trigger a natural response in you..” Gabe’s voice started to explain, but sounded far and away as everything else faded from David’s mind for a few seconds.

And it was in that moment, David actually gave himself sometime to think and wonder if he was really making the right decisions.

Was Colleen okay, he hadn't heard from her in a couple of days? Would Chris forgive him for what he had to do next? What would...

David shook his head, trying to short out all of the questions that was hitting him all at once as to where the answers were, it was like the cold was thawing something in his head...and he didn't like what was being found there.

And then just like that...the chamber opened and David stumbled out, his body slowly but surely starting to go back to normal as his natural body temperature started to adjust back to normal as he shook his head slightly....but the pain that had been mounting for weeks, months even, was slowly starting to fade and when he slowly tried to stand fully erect-he heard and felt a series of loud pops that made him feel better with each one.

"See, that wasn't too horrible, now was it?" Gabe said with a slight smirk on his face.

=====

(The screen did a little bit of a static jump and then we find ourselves somewhere....dark, as the familiar form of David Striker dressed in a pair of black dress slacks with a black wifebeater-style shirt on which leaves his muscular bares bare as stands next to another person who has his back to the camera ever so briefly before revealing that it is the "Reverant" Gabriel Marik who is smoking a thin black cigarette which he takes a slight drag from as he regards the camera with a baleful look)

David: RTG is literally right around the corner and slowly, surely...everybody is working hard to get their two cents in and I can tell that everybody has a desire to at some level prove themselves worthy of what is to come next...be to prove themselves still capable of doing this weekly violent shingdig or to try and claim that shot at one of the golden apples of SCW.

I know that Chris isn't exactly too happy with me trying to separate myself from his little pissing contest with the Fall of Man and to be honest about it, I'm sick and tired of having my entire career here in SCW determined by what mood Billy Heaven Senior and Chris Dumont are in that particular week, so you'll forgive me ladies and gents if I decide that maybe the direction that I need to take for the time being is one away from my friend and tag team partner because I need to get head back on straight, and knowing Chris like I know him he'll probably laugh in my face and tell me that I don't need to go and *"find my smile because I need to man up and get back on the firing line with him."* or some shit like that.

No. What I ****need**** to do is follow the advice of my friend Gabe here and focus on what matters most and that's what is best for David Striker and right now, that's focusing on the match at Rise to Greatness and nothing else.

I do feel the need to address one thing that was recently brought up and that is to you, Polly. I don't know how many times that I need to stress this but I'm trying my damndest to separate myself from Chris' precious war against the Fall of Man and the lengths that I will go to in order to leave that bullshit behind.

But as for my comments about you being cold and being alone...you miss understand what I'm trying to say to you there because I've seen quite a few of my friends go through things like that...I mean look at Gabe here.

(Gabe turns and gives David a curious glance in mid-inhale)

David: He went through something similar with his girlfriend at the time a few years ago and he went down almost the exact same path that you're on, so you'll forgive me if I worry about you in that same manner....but I'm loving the fact that you're taking all of this hate and rage and using it to your own advantage, letting it drive you towards doing something truly epic...

(At this point, David's eyes narrow sharply as he motions at the camera)

David: But as for your little shot at me...about being my "Dreamkiller". There is only one person that can do that to me and I pray that doesn't happen and that's all that I'm going to say on the matter, but needless to say Polly is that Rise to Greatness, when you and I are at the very top of that structure and you go for that SCW golden apple...when you see me there already holding it, I hope that you won't scream like a banshee for too long because you'll still be the SCW Television champion.

But I will be moving on to fight for my right to be the next SCW United States Heavyweight champion and that's is something that I've wanted to try for ever since I first came to this company!

Something way down in the bottom of my chest...something that drives this cold spike through the cockles of my heart...maybe below the cockles, maybe even in the sub cockle area, be it in the liver or the kidneys...maybe even in the colon, I just don't know.

But what I do know is that cold spike keeps telling me that no matter what I do...I might have nothing left in the tank to keep me from becoming just as dark and hollow as Gabe here once was and that's something I pray would never happen to me.

So at Rise to Greatness, I'm going to do everything in my power to do exactly just ***THAT***;

****RISE****.

Because the opposite...that's just too dark to think about.

So Polly and everyone else, I am looking forward for you all to be bringing your best fucking A Plus game because I know that I will be!!

See you all at the pay per view!!

(The screen then static jumps to black)