

## Ryde, Isle of Wight, England



*Snow is beginning to fall on the ground in the seaside town of Ryde and there is a cold, wet chill in the air.*

*In a large, dilapidated mansion overlooking the sea stands a young man who looks as if he just stepped out of an old painting from another era; his long, dark brown hair flowing freely around him in waves while he gazes out at the ocean beyond through the windows behind him. The floorboards creak under his feet as he walks slowly toward the doors leading into the hallways within the house. He places a hand upon them before turning back towards the window with a sigh that hangs heavily in the air between him and the walls. No one but him lives here. No one but him has lived here for years. It is so quiet... so silent. But it doesn't matter now. Everything about this place reminds him of what was lost to him. Of what will never be again.*

*Reginald Dampshaw III pauses for a moment to look over his reflection in a nearby mirror and runs his hands through his thick hair, straightening its natural wavy shape and making sure there is no evidence of anything other than perfection left behind by his brush. Reginald then turns from the mirror to continue walking down the hallway and through the doors into the room beyond, closing them quietly behind himself as he steps inside the warm, dimly-lit living quarters that had once belonged to his parents. Reginald Dampshaw II, the previous owner, had been a very wealthy man who owned many large companies, including Dampshaw Jewellery Co. and the Ryde City Theatre,*

*but Reginald hasn't seen or heard from him in over 3 years. He was too busy being away on business trips. Reginald looks around the empty room before sitting at an antique mahogany desk that has been placed near a bay window with heavy curtains covering it from sight.*

*The young heir stands up again, placing both hands against the cold stone wall and taking several deep breaths before finally speaking. "I've waited long enough," he mumbles quietly under his breath. He walks into one of the many empty rooms in the mansion where the only thing inside is a camera sitting on a tripod. The light outside begins to fade into darkness while he approaches the camera until he can see himself in the small monitor screen hanging on the front of the device. As he leans in closer to get a better view, his expression changes into one of rage as he sees his own face staring back at him, still looking just like the last time he'd seen his reflection in the mirror. He snarls menacingly through clenched teeth as he watches himself on the monitor and then turns to look at the lens of the camera itself.*

*"I find myself in a....interesting situation." Reginald speaks out loud this time, sounding more composed than he did moments ago when he was speaking to himself. He takes a step back and runs his hands through his hair again. "I've been seeing this Supreme Championship Wrestling, watching matches and shows and I was intrigued. I felt that this promotion could do well in having Reginald Dampshaw III a part of it. So I contacted them, signed the deal and told them it was their honour and their privilege to have Reginald Dampshaw III finally on their roster. Do you know what they told me? They said I've been here before, years ago. I found this strange to hear."*

*Reginald pauses for a moment, listening carefully for any sound coming from outside the mansion or from within the rooms he's standing in now. His eyes dart around the room slowly while he continues talking to the camera quietly. "I had to rack my brain for hours thinking about it. I went online and did some research and sure enough, a few years ago, there it was. That's when it clicked. That was the other Reginald Dampshaw III."*

*He begins pacing around the living room once more as he speaks to the camera. "Let me explain." He stops suddenly in front of the window again, looking out at the ocean beyond through the heavy curtains before turning back to face the camera. "Reginald was a pompous man. Rich beyond anyone's imagination and he wanted everyone to know it. Back then, he had all the potential in the world. Young, strong and trained in multiple different fighting styles, he was a wrestler's wrestler. But he made a lot of mistakes. Made a lot of empty, hollow promises and eventually all that potential slowly drifted away. And when all the potential and privilege couldn't help him, that's when I came along."*

*Reginald turns his head sharply to stare directly into the camera while speaking to it with anger still lingering in his eyes. "I didn't want this. I didn't want Reginald to*

have to go away only for me to appear, but it was what was necessary. I'm the true Reginald Dampshaw III. I'm the one that was lurking and slithering underneath all of that pomp and circumstance. But They couldn't handle the pure, untainted form of Reginald and so they locked us away in that place. They put us in a white room and beat us, tortured us. They treated us like a dog but we were the ones called insane. Dangerous. So what did I do? I became exactly what they said we were and the old Reginald slowly faded away. He shed his skin until only I remained. The entity you see before you. The Time Lizard."

*Reginald walks over to a nearby bookshelf, opens a book and begins reading it slowly as he speaks again to the camera. "So now, I find myself here once more, at the beginning of another journey. But I want to make myself very clear. Whatever it is you know about Reginald, whatever you remember, that is all gone. No more limp wristed posturing. No more jokes. No more stereotypes and caricatures. The Time Lizard has descended upon SCW."*

*Reginald looks back up from the book he was reading, taking a deep breath and looking out through the window at the cold, dark sea beyond while continuing speaking. "I'm going to destroy everything that ever existed that was good about Reginald Dampshaw. Everything that made him weak. All his failures and his mistakes are going to be forgotten. That man is dead. And so it'll begin for SCW when I face Diamond Steele."*

*Reginald takes several steps forward before turning his head slightly to look around the room. He then turns back to the camera with an almost forlorn look on his face. "Mrs. Steele, I want you to know that I don't want this match. I don't want to wrestle you on the 8th. And before you think the reason is due to some disrespect to you. Not so. You too have potential. A successful wrestling career in your own right, and a successful music career, even at a young age. That's why I didn't want this match. Because all of that potential, all of that early success, it's all gone now. After Breakdown, there will be nothing left for Diamond Steele because there will be nothing left of Diamond Steele."*

*Reginald closes the book and sets it down onto a nearby table as he continues speaking into the camera. "But my hands are tied, Mrs. Steele. I am merely a vessel for what is needed of me and what is needed of me is to take you and make an example of you. Not for me, but for The New Dawn. What The New Dawn wants, I provide. I've died a thousand times for Their honour, and I'll die a thousand more for it. Can you say the same for yourself, Mrs. Steele? Yes, it takes a lot of time, effort and energy, both physically and mentally to both wrestle at such a high level while also performing on the road, but are you willing to die for that? Do you have something in your life that you are willing to put every lifetime you have in this universe on the line for? If not, then you're already dead a million times over."*

*Reginald stares at the camera with cold, lifeless eyes that seem almost hollow, like a ghost's or demonic being's eyes before speaking again. "I'll be waiting for you, Diamond Steele." He turns his head slightly and looks out through the window once more as if he can see the woman herself standing outside in the cold night air. He smirks and begins to leave the room as he turns the camera off.*