

(The screen comes up on a ruined and partially torn down massive carnival somewhere, but from the wording on some of the signs-it's somewhere in Russia-with the entire place being dark and sinister, feeling like it's actually more like some kind of evil creature rather than some forgotten relic of a bygone age... when suddenly the world seems to “sneeze” as the screen does a couple of static bursts appear on screen and then out of the ruins of the Hall of Mirrors steps a tall, darkly handsome figure dressed rather simply in a pair of black slacks and a rich purple dress shirt with a wicked smile on his face.

In the shadows behind him, we see a figure dressed in a torn and bloodied rabbit suit, holding a large barbed wire-wrapped cricket bat who looks more than ready for anything)

Man: Hello SCW, my name is David Belmont, and I will be joining you all at Taking of the Flame on behalf of the Mavericks and ECWF, and needless to say that I'm looking forward to beating down a number of your supposedly great stars who built themselves up upon false promises and beliefs like they are what make people like us great in the ring when in fact it is not the ego that makes a wrestler great, but the strength of their arms.

Now some of you are watching this and wondering why is some ECWF freak coming to SCW and wrestling in one of the biggest matches in the company's entire history? Well the answer is actually quite simple;

Like I said previously, I enjoy the challenge.

Let's take my time currently in ECWF for a prime example. In my debut for ECWF's Lucha Ascension brand, I became one half of the Lucha World Tag Team champions and then a week later on the Monday Night Mayhem show, I became one third of the ECWF World Trios champions, and both times I helped to savage my opponents without a simple care in the world... so when my brothers in the Mavericks told me that this little shindig of yours was open for all kinds of talent and thus, I threw my hat in because apparently someone here in SCW didn't do as we asked?

(David turns and regards the Rabbit)

David: I mean my friend here did ask so nicely of Jonathan Knots to deliver a message to the European Fiery Nation on behalf of me, the Rom Baro, the “Gypsy King” of the Mavericks and Lucha Ascension as a whole as well as the Mavericks.

(The Rabbit very pointedly slams the cricket bat hard into its right hand as David turns his attention back to the camera)

David: So why are the Mavericks wanting to challenge the EFN? Well news travels through our industry that they pride themselves on being the supposed alpha predators of this company... that they go around preening and boasting that they are untouchable when in fact they are nothing more than a bunch of fucking omegas strutting around like they are a bunch of sigmas or alphas.

And they do this by posing as the true apex predators of this industry...my *Mavericks*.

So aside from me being here to test myself, I am here to test them... to see if this supposed “great leader” in Oskar Theron and his band of truly horrible posers need to be either put down like the mangy poodles that they are or if they need to be taken seriously and done away with the same way that all of those that stand before the Mavericks are dealt with;

Torn into thousands of little pieces without hesitation or restraint.

Pure, Simple, and most importantly to the point.

But as I have said previously, this whole thing with the EFN is so low on my to-do list at this pay per view that it's not even fully registering because my main goal is to not only win this entire match, pure and simple.

You see, while most if not all of the wrestlers here in SCW are going into this match with their eyes set on a chance at challenging for the biggest prize in this company down the road, they are all doing it for one reason or another;

Revenge, Redemption, a chance to prove their superiority, a chance to force a change, to keep clinging to their spot despite their time having long since past.

So many reasons... but how many of them is honest?

I come from the outside, a humble gypsy who always looks to make his bones every and anywhere that he goes... looking to prove his own skill in this industry, no matter the location or the product.

And here in this very match, I am the most dangerous man out of all the wrestlers in it, and do you know why?

Because I'm the only one here who's honest.

I'm not here to play power games nor am I here to be some pathetic toady's tool.

I am here to simply tear through the ditches and burn through the witches, until I am the last man standing with my arm raised high and that future title match is held firmly in my grasp.

And I know that will burn quite a few people here in SCW, the concept of some outsider walking in and fighting to prove himself on the grandest stage of this promotion while everyone else is here, in this time of some bullshit “new order”, saying that he's going to lay claim to a future world title match and then just leave with it.

(David then starts to walk through the abandoned carnival, the Rabbit close at hand as they walk)

David: But who is it to say that I'll just leave with it? Who is it to say that I may just stay here in SCW and commute between war zones, eh?

Me personally, I'm more than happy to commute between war zones because if it gives me a real chance to enjoy myself and what I've chosen to do for a living, then I'm all for it. But I feel...

remiss if I don't touch on some of the people that I'm looking forward to engaging with at the pay per view.

Let's start with you, Oskar Theron. We're both leaders of our respective clans... you lead the EFN and I lead the Mavericks, but the only difference there is that while you lead a bunch of dim witted braggarts who are more than happy to be nothing more than a bunch of cowardly thugs who simply cannot win the most simplest of matches... I lead a clan that is slowly regrowing in strength in the dark places of our industry, ready to rend and savage whoever stands in our way.

But you, Oskar, you want to claim that you're the biggest and the toughest which makes you one of the very first men that I want to fight in this match. One of the highest points that I want to crush with my bare hands as I drive your fat head off of your stubby shoulders with the Vampire Killer and I want to smile while doing it because I want to see to what depths that you will go to in order to prevent me from beating you, but understand that I'm already severely underwhelmed at what I've seen of what you can do thus far so I am truly not expecting much out of you.

Now we come to the little bird that thinks that she is a bird of prey when in fact, she is nothing but prey.

Yes, I'm speaking to you, Little Miss Polly Playtime.

You have spent weeks bitching, moaning, complaining about how everyone gets more chances than you simply because they are given them by one member of this company's front office and not because of “actual talent” or “actual reason” that you deem is real because you believe that all people see is you when you were at your supposed weakest.

So you betrayed your friends, betrayed your loved ones, and betrayed those who actually believed in you in the first place and all for what? To soothe your battered and bruised poor little ego?

If you were one of my clan and you did even a quarter of the shit that you've done to them what you've done to your supposed friends and loved ones, Polly Playtime, I would've fed on your fucking little wings myself before feeding your own own goddamned heart for betrayl of your loved ones as Clan does not betray Clan. That is a cardinal sin amongst the Romanii and I do not care how you try to self justify your actions nor does it matter... I will take you down and the Rabbit will drag your pathetic carcass back here, back to the Dark Carnival, and you will learn the error of your ways until you will beg for redemption before everyone.

Tell me Derek Adonis, and please be honest with me, have you ever heard the old eighties song “Two Tribes” by Frankie goes to Hollywood?

That song is how I feel when I think about what's going to happen when you and I face off in the ring at the pay per view, and unlike those other two dolts that I have mentioned previously in this promo, I am actually looking forward to standing across the ring from you because I honestly believe that you're talent is undersold by others who try to make louder noise, by trying to be things that they cannot fully understand... but I do, I understand completely and that's why as one leader to another, I am going to stand across that ring from you as something that you probably have never been done before here in SCW;

Be seen as an equal.

Because in a sense, our two tribes are going to go to war after a fashion because we both want that same thing, but in the end I can assure you that my clan, my Mavericks, will not do anything uncouth or unkind to anyone from KABLAMia and I will even go as further as allow you and your people freedom to visit our territories, because there is much more than the Dark Carnival that you see before you here in my lands... but that's for

another time and I look very much forward to facing you at the pay per view, Derek. May you enjoy much victory.

(The expression on David's face then darkens as he cranks his head to the left and a series of pops can be heard)

David: But to Gia and Gina, the disgusting and arrogant, pathetic excuses of sports entertainers that I've ever had the misfortune to witness in all of my years of professional wrestling, and that says something.

The two of you are nothing more than a complete and total disgrace to my division, no matter the promotion and that includes pieces of shit places like EAW and NFW to name two. I have been a tag team specialist since day one of my career and I have seen some pretty twisted combinations over the years... but the two of you shouldn't even be allowed in my industry, let alone in my division and if you were ever to cross into the territories of the Mavericks, you would have your legs broken and left to rot in the baking sun of the spotlights, because that is what a pack does to prey animals who are lame and do nothing but harm the rest of the herd;

They are crippled and left behind.

But since neither one of you has the actual skill to stand in the ring against the likes of a true apex predator like myself, then I don't have to worry about soiling my hands with your diseased blood, now do I?

(There is a bright flash of lighting that lights up the entire carnival, highlighting several figures in the shadows around David who stands there with a dark smile on his face with the Rabbit slowly nodding in approval)

David: But, enough of all of this talk. I have spoken enough of the darkest deeds that I will be doing in just a couple of more days time to which I will be putting words to deeds and deeds to action.

I will see you all in the ring, may you all enjoy the quiet before the bloodshed and I will see you there.

(David bows his head respectfully towards the camera before the screen does a couple of static bursts before cutting to black)

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An unknown amount of time later, the doors to a large conference room of sorts with David Belmont walking in, the Rabbit slowly following behind him. "I do hope that my promo

to the SCW faithful wasn't too...wordy, my brothers?" he asks in that same calm, steady tone that he used all throughout his promo.

Sitting on the left side of a conference table dressed in a simple pair of black jeans with a black tank top, his eyes covered by a pair of Agent Smith-style of Matrix Sunglasses and a preputial bored expression on his face is Dante Lannister, who only offers up a slight shrug. "Perhaps, but I'm told that they do love to talk there, my friend." before Dante rolls his head to the right and glances over his sunglasses at the person sitting opposite to him. "What do you think?" he asks the other person in that same, bored tone.

The other man who is sitting across the table from him is wearing a simple pair of blue jeans with a green tank top on, revealing his toned and defined arms before he runs a hand through his shaggy dark hair. "From what I've seen of their past promos, Dante's absolutely correct, King. They do like to talk, some more than they actually like to put effort into their matches. Asher Hayes, Xander Valentine, and that one fucker that those Phantom Troupe fools keep blithering on about in Gavin Taylor to name three right off the back."

David nods as he walks past the green shirted man to the windows on the far side of the room, "From what I've seen myself, I would hazard to agree with you, Gabriel."

Gabriel, the green shirted man, nods slowly before rubbing his jaw in a thoughtful manner. "Hey King, remind me again why you're taking a part of this whole shindig to begin with?"

"I would be remiss if I didn't agree with our brother, David. We do have a contract signing coming up in Mexico against the BFTs and all of that." Dante stated flatly.

David was silent for a long time, "Because I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of groups like the Rogue Horsemen and the Phantom Troupe to simply die out like the old fossils that they are so that we can take their lands for the Clan." David said in a low, dark tone. "Besides, I've always wanted to test the waters here in SCW... ever since I saw that Minerva wrestled here once upon a lifetime ago, and if a creature such as her can grace the hallways of SCW... then I must walk them myself to remove her *stench* from this place." saying the last part with a certain degree of emotion lacking from how he talked about either Polly Playtime or the Glimmer Sisters in his earlier promo.

Dante leaned back in his chair, nodding slowly in agreement. “You know that she did more in that one promotion, Braddock's I believe... Global Championship Wrestling?” Dante stated evenly.

“I know but brothers, I'm not greedy. I will deal with these things one at a time.” David said before slowly turning to regard the Rabbit who still stood on the other side of the room who nodded once. “All things in the fullness of time, after all.”

(The screen then fades to black)