



BRWL Facility
Santa Monica, CA
15th July, 2023

All good things came to those that waited and I had asked Dieter Wagner to do just that, well at least that is what I had told the man who played the role of interpreter for me. That language barrier was proving to be a problem initially although google translate helped it was a lot more informal than i'd like, but then that was why I spoke for him at SCW Events. Despite the lack of English, he spoke the universally known language of professional wrestling. Which is all he needed to do to be honest and even though the world had only seen a glimmer of what he could do in the ring, albeit by design, they would now see him in full force at Rise to Greatness.

I stood in my office that overlooked the BRWL arena beneath it. It wasn't the largest place, but it served its purpose ever since I moved the whole operation from Detroit to Cali. Admittedly it cost me a small fortune which Trin wasn't too happy about but it is what it is I suppose. Right now In the ring was Wagner with one of the rookies, he really was a workhorse I'll give him that. He didn't really think about anything else other than that twenty by twenty foot ring.

Which, let's be honest, is commendable when it looks like sex tapes or only fans, or twitch streaming or any other distraction plagues the business...

"Knock knock." Those words were followed by the sound of knuckles on the glass of the door to my office. *"Not disturbing you, am I mate?"*

I turned around and smiled, standing in the doorway was a man I've known my whole life, one I'd call my brother if I could. Dressed to the nines in his three piece suit, Chris Cannon smiled back.

"Long time no see mate, been a while." I stepped away from the window and approached him with a hand extended. We shook hands after he entered and pulled him in for a hug. *"What brings you here to my neck of the woods?"*

He looked at me and laughed before patting my shoulder and stepping away. *"I think you know why I'm here, Lucas."* he then took a seat on the nearby sofa.

I nodded before chuckling a little to myself and walking to my desk to open the bottom drawer to remove a bottle of mine and Dave's spiced rum. Yeah I had an inkling as to why he was here... *"Think I'm gonna need a drink, you want one mate?"* I was just being polite for politeness sake you know but to my surprise, he nodded and with that you didn't need to tell me twice, there was clearly something on his mind if he was here and accepting a drink.

Now don't get me wrong it's not like he was a straight shooter or anything, but I knew him well enough that he wasn't one to drink unless on a special occasion. His body was his temple in all that bollocks. *"Here."* After pouring a couple glasses I handed one to him and went back to my desk and sat on the edge of it. I'll admit that his presence here was a little surprising... *"So spit it out then, Chris. Don't tell me you knocked Sienna up again?"* I smiled cheekily.

He laughed before shaking his head. *"Nah, although that would be a worthy reason to have a drink with you. In all seriousness though, Lucas, I'm here because of next week. Rise to Greatness..."*

I nodded. *"Rise to Greatness. Does this mean you are thinking about taking up my offer then?"* I smiled while taking a sip from my glass. That offer I'm talking of is signing on as a client of mine and letting me manage him in SCW, I know deep down he has the itch to come back and compete, everyone does when they take time away. Id' be remiss if I didn't consider it. *"C'mon mate, you know it makes sense if we're being honest. You and Wagner would be killers together."*

Chris nodded before taking a sip from his glass. *"As tempting that is, you know I can't right now. Besides, the only commitment I have currently is inducting my wife into the Hall of Fame and the only person I would ever team with is you."* He smiled again proudly, couldn't blame him really. *"That said I'm here because of what happened at Breakdown mate, it felt very unbecoming of you, Lucas. You really want to do business with that guy over ten lousy grand?"*

I let out a sigh of my own again. *"It isn't about the money mate, something about him just rubs me the wrong way and well Dieter wanted to hurt someone so it made sense, it's win-win."* I shrugged. I wasn't going to feel bad for the twat now was I? *"Besides, I think we both know he deserves what he has coming to him. He talks too much shit for his own good."* I took another drink from my glass and finished the contents.

Chris looked at me confused. *“Deserves what’s coming to him? He’s a cocky little shit sure and he has a mouth on him, but so do you, hell half that roster right now has a mouth on em which will get them into trouble given half the chance. Besides you’ve said and done a lot worse, fuck so have I.”*

“I don’t know what you want me to tell you, Chris. I just want this business to mean something again you know? Trying to spice things up a little you know? Sitting back and watching as a fan, a lot of what has happened in SCW lately it just rubbed me the wrong way. Not happy seeing how things are, and well I think that status quo needs to change.” I said with a little bitter taste in my mouth which wasn’t due to the alcohol, but what i’ve seen going on...

He looked at me funny for a moment as I put the glass down. *“And pointing a raging bull at a guy is going to help with that?”* he sighed.

“Can’t hurt right?”

“I think you know where I am going with this, I watched that match of his back in Germany and well that was hardly a match... It felt more like a slaughter or a snuff film.” He pinched the bridge of his nose, like his thoughts were giving him a headache... “I’ll be honest with you, I don’t think he isn’t a good fit for SCW mate.”

“Oh c’mon Chris, he’s the perfect fit for SCW. He wants to be on the biggest stage and I’m facilitating that. What’s gotten into you?”

“Nothing has gotten into me, Lucas. I just want to look out for you.” He said sincerely.

I ran a hand through my hair showing a little frustration with this conversation... I didn’t like where it was going to be honest. Taking another swig from my glass I allowed that taste of the rum to change my focus... “Look I have big plans man, if only you knew what I was thinking up here.” I tapped my temple with a smirk. “You’d change your mind in an instant about returning. I’m taking this shit international. It is going to be something else.”

“International? What are you talking about?” He looked at me like I was talking Greek or something. *“I looked into that guy down there slapping that poor kid around you know, I had a few people I know who worked over there in Germany ask about him.”* He looked at me with one concern now, I stood up from the desk and walked back around it to pour another glass and looked down at the ring.

Taking another drink from my glass, I walked over to the window again and looked down at the ring where, like Chris had said, Wagner was slapping around one of the kids...

“Okay mate, humour me, what did you find out about him?”

Chris stood up from the sofa and walked over to me after putting his glass down on the desk. *“He’s uncontrollable, Lucas. He’s dangerous and if you want to take things like you said,*

international then he isn't the way to go about it. You want all of this to mean something I know, but this isn't the way..."

I let out a sigh, he wasn't telling me anything I didn't already learn myself in all honesty. But the truth was I didn't really care, I had invested a lot into him by bringing him over and training him here, to financing. Like I said this wasn't just about him, this was about everything. I had plans and I wanted to make this work... *"Alright Mando..."* I chuckled as I looked over to Chris who was looking down at the ring, he didn't see the funny side to that even if I were paraphrasing that line the world was obsessed with when every new season of that show aired... *"What is the way then mate, because I'm so deep into this right now that I can't get out even if I wanted to. To be honest I can't say that I do..."*

Chris sighed looking to say something I may not like, but opted to rest a hand on my shoulder instead. *"Wish I knew what to tell you. This is your gig, just know I will always have your back no matter what happens."* It was a relief to hear those words from him. It had been a while since we last spoke properly. He had been busy doing the family gig with Sienna and trying his hand at acting, small parts here and there.

"Appreciate it mate." I nodded. *"But everything is going to work out. Now if you excuse me I have to go talk shop with the big guy down there. Hopefully I don't get slapped around like Sal will be next weekend..."* I chuckled once again although the prospect of getting hit by Wagner wasn't one I relished either. It was from here I left the office with Chris and watched him leave. I in turn headed to the ring where Wagner was with Roy, one of the kids who liked to spar with the talent. Though the look on his face told me he wasn't enjoying this.

"Du bist schwach." He said while standing over Roy menacingly almost. I looked over to Claude the translator who glanced over to me.

"Dieter says he is weak, I am inclined to agree." I looked over to Roy who wanted to say something back but thought better of it.

"Yeah well he is a one of a kind athlete isn't he?" I said confidently and proudly. Wagner looked down to me and then to Claude before speaking.

"Wo ist sein Freund, ich möchte mit ihm trainieren."

Once again I looked to Claude who glanced back at me. *"What did he say now?"*

"Dieter asked where your friend is, the one who visited you. He says it would be a worthy challenge for him to train with no?"

He wanted to train with Chris, god I couldn't even imagine those two in the ring together. Chris made his voice heard a little while ago about what he thought of Dieter. Those two

butting heads right now wouldn't do me any favours. I just smiled not to give anything away to either one of them. *"Tell him he isn't cleared to do any wrestling right now. But next week he gets to do whatever he wants to that muppet."*

He began to translate what I said to Dieter, he looked down at me as Roy stood up ready for another go of things which lasted about a second when Dieter chopped him down like he had those two local talents. He then exited the ring saying something in German under his breath before walking off towards the locker-room area.

"He hopes the experience of this Rise to Greatness will be as you have sold it to him, Mr. Knight."

I looked at Claude confused and then over at Wagner who didn't look back as he kicked a door open leaving a boot mark imprinted in the door. *"Tell him it's the biggest show of the bloody year for SCW, if he doesn't think it's good enough for him then I don't know what to tell him. Other than that he is wrong."* Claude nodded.

"I will relay the message to him Mr. Knight." Claude then turned to go to the locker-room but not without me grabbing his shoulder quickly to stop him.

"Sure, tell him that but you know, feel free to omit the whole he is wrong thing yeah? I don't need the head a week before the show." Claude said nothing, offering just a small wink as if to tell me not to worry before disappearing into the locker-room. I turned to Roy who was laying in the ring and only now beginning to sit up. *"You alright there mate?"*

He didn't say anything, he was still trying to catch his breath himself, Roy only nodded before rolling out of the ring to sit on the apron. I couldn't help but think if I had made a mistake bringing the big German bastard to SCW. Regardless of what I think now, it's happening and I can only hope it works out...

I really didn't want to lose ten grand to that twat...

DIETER WAGNER VS SAL DARIUS

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22nd July, 2023

I have stood in front of the camera a million times now but I'll admit this was the first time I actually felt a little nervous. Not because of the match itself, but because of the situation I found myself in. Usually I was one of those getting ready to talk the big game before heading into the weekend to compete. This time I am here as a voice for the voiceless because what he would say could and would be lost in translation. Claude was here with

me along with Dieter Wagner, however Claude was most so just hanging behind the camera out of view.

He didn't need to be on screen as far as I was concerned, didn't want to give off the wrong impression you know? We would leave all of that to Wagner's opponent Sal Darius because that is exactly what he does. I look at my watch and nod to myself while Wager stood behind me like a statue. He was an imposing figure no matter which way you looked at it.

With an adjusting of my tie I smiled at the camera from behind my sunglasses...

[Rec.]

"You know I am going to be honest with you all, it's taken me a while to come up with something to say to everyone who will tune into watch and listen to what I have to say. Because let's face the facts shall we, usually I would be standing here in front of this camera and waxing lyrical to my opponent. I would be telling them what's happened and how things are going to go down, but the truth is it is easy for me to forget I don't need to do that anymore." I chuckled. "No, my job now is to sell this match to all of the fans around the world, convince them to tune into Rise to Greatness on Sunday night."

I looked behind me at Wagner who looked down to me before turning his attention to the camera. I would do the same with another nod. *"Truth be told though this is a lot harder than I would believe because Dieter Wagner's opponent isn't making this any easier. I mean we just have to look at that whole incident last week with him being arrested for drugs and rape is it? No I don't know if anything like that is actually true, I don't know the guy personally. My opinion of him however is something else entirely, but then opinions as they say are like assholes everyone has one right?" I laughed a little. "So what are we going to do about tomorrow night exactly, Sal? I mean I get it you're a confident little shit, I'll give you that. You talk about a big game and you've been demanding matches left and right."*

I nodded. *"But I want to know one thing, do you really know what you've gotten yourself involved in now? You look at Wagner behind me and see your golden ticket right? You think you're going to use him to punch your way into contention for the TV Title? That irrelevant Unsanctioned championship? Maybe you're thinking higher, like the United States or Adrenaline or even the Underground championships instead?" I took a moment to think, I reached into my pocket to remove the cheque for ten-thousand dollars. It has Sal's name on it and it is signed, which I show to the camera. "See this mate, it has your name on it. All you have to do is beat this mountain of a man behind me. But no one has been able to do just that as of yet. One day it will happen I'm sure, no one is invincible. I know that. I like to think you do too but with how you carry yourself around here, you act like you're king shit around here."*

I sigh. *"So tell me Sal with everything I have said so far, what is it exactly I can pluck from it to sell this match to the casual fan. Because if they want to see violence, that is exactly what they*

are going to get. Because I don't know what you THINK is going to happen tomorrow night mate." I turn back to Dieter. "I genuinely am honest to god, curious." I know he couldn't understand me, but the thought was genuine on my part even if he stood there like one of the queens guards. "Here is what I think we should do mate. Let's face facts here, despite all your confidence you are walking into this on the biggest night of your SCW career as the underdog. Now you don't want to be hearing that I know, but the truth hurts. But this is good..." I nod confidently to myself. "We can work with this, this is the hook we need to get those fans to turn up and tune in to the match and not use it for their piss break, they can save that moment for someone else's." I smile at the camera.

"See, I feel the big picture beginning to reveal itself to me now. Sal Darius, the cocky, young dog looking to make SCW his yard so he can make all the money, but mate with all females of this company like a dog in heat. I know you will have a plan, if you don't you're an idiot mate. Be that as it may though if nothing else You will come into this with the passion and the heart you never knew you had as you stand across from The Munich Mauler. You will look up into his eyes, maybe on your tippy toes and when you do I want you to ask yourself one question. Was this all worth it?"

I pause for dramatic effect. *"You are going to have to dig deep if you want to leave that ring under the strength of your own two feet tomorrow night Sally boy." I nodded once again.* *"Because only one of you will have their Rise to Greatness moment, and here is a spoiler. That individual is the one standing behind me. But don't worry mate, there is a reason why I've signed this cheque in your name. Once Dieter Wagner is done with you, you're going to need it for your medical expenses. You're welcome."* **I wink to the camera before waiting for Claude to turn it off which he did. This match was going to be something, i'll admit a test even for Dieter even if the giant German didn't feel like it would.**

I knew all too well what Rise to Greatness brought out of people, I have been on both sides of the fence.

[Rec.]