

Everett K. Olson "EKO" Side

(EKO's office. Sleazily inspired.)

That kick. That goddamn kick. You know what I had the announcers call it?
The Sleeper Cell.

How perfect is that?

The Fucking Sleeper Fucking Cell. It works. Like this guy.

He works. I don't get it, but he works.

The fans, they're eating it up. He intimidates his opponents then BAM – he lays them out. Sleeper Cell. What a fucking name!

This is what we're gonna do with The Fundamentalist now, kid.

Minimalism.

It fits with the fucking caves, the fucking anti-technology blahblahblah.

I want you to do as little as possible in the ring.

You'll have the mysterious, annoying, manager guy on the outside, he'll rant and rave, he'll interfere, he'll do the heavy lifting. But you, Vigneshwar Paduar, you stay minimal and mysterious and don't let the audience have any idea what you're capable of. By the time we put you in a match with Chad, I'm thinking like three weeks away on Pay Per View, they'll be dying to see what you're going to have in store. Just remember your game plan: nothing, nothing, Sleeper Cell.