



CONGREGATION.... WELCOME...

TO THE REVIVAL

Saosin's "Voices"

♪ Opening music ♪

John "The Brand" Brandenburg stretches his students at the Black Knight Gym while barely breaking a sweat. Sketchy Dan is in a dive bar chatting up a girl much younger than him. He spies the camera and offers the cameraman a PBR. Len "Ard" Knox takes a pint from a bartender and smiles big into the camera. Mr. Nice Guy jumps rope in an empty gym, ever-present smile on his face.

♪ I miss the part, when weee were moving fooodward now ♪

Malcolm Valenzuela and Gary Grapplin are in front of an RPW-logo bus. They cross their arms and flash a big smile, Ryan Mercy pats them in the back.

♪ (Onnn our way doooown) ♪

Ian Jones bashes away at a punching bag in a dimly lit room, laughing maniacally.

♪ But maaaaaybe someday I'll be something moooore than loooove ♪

A cameraman approaches Magenta Moon, but she is too busy looking at herself in a handheld mirror to notice. Leanna "Sunshine" Morningside greets a camera with a wave and a smile.

♪ Just know I'll never tell ♪

Brett Bannion is at a bar. He grins and lifts a shot as a toast.

♪ And when you're on your way down, ♪

Kirk Cobain is in his room, legs crossed on his bed. He looks up to meet the camera's gaze.

♪ and you're waiting for your body's reentry agaaain ♪

Landon Jackson stands in front of the penitentiary that just recently held him prisoner, he turns around and gets on an RPW bus.

♪ We speeeek in diff-reent voiceees! ♪

Damien Wolfe and Mr. Nice Guy stand back to back with arms crossed in front of the white and red English flag. Jafaar al-Sultan rings the opening bell on Wall Street, then stares into the camera with a smirk.

♪ When fighting with the ones we've loved! ♪

Aron Scythe and his wife are seen in a park, holding hands.

♪ We speeeek in diff-reent voiceees! ♪

.San Diego Martin stands arms crossed with El Omega 23 towering behind him.

♪ *Why can't we say what we're thinking oooof?* ♪

Ian Jones hits Hakai Dragon with The Punisher and pins him 1, 2, 3. He raises the RPW Heavyweight title in the air, ending the transmission!

+++++CAMERA CUTS INTO A WIDE SHOT OF THE ARENA+++++

The scene opens inside the arena where the fans are eager to this live RPW event! The crowd cheers wildly as fireworks erupt around the stage area and put up their signs for the camera to see as it pans around the building to catch the throng of RPW fans in attendance.

BRING BACK DOBBS!!!

USA!

YOU SCREWED SCYTHER.

THE ENIGMA!

BRANDED 4 LIFE!

+++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE RING+++++

The lovely Brandy Swinson is in the middle of the of the ring in a lovely outfit, she is carrying a microphone.

SWINSON: Ladies and Gentleman will you please stand for the national anthem of the United States of Americaaaaa!

The crowd unanimously stands, many with their hands on their hearts.

SWINSON: Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light (8)

[Suddenly the theme music of the British Empire](#) hits, this totally cuts off Brandy Swinson who looks pissed off in the ring, a wave of boos and jeers from the patriotic crowd fills the arena as Ian Jones strolls out*

MURPHY: Oh what the hell...

JONES: You're welcome great citizens of the United States. Brandy Swanson's butchery of your national anthem even offended me. But you see as its Independence Day even we're getting carried away with the celebrations...

Out from the curtains comes Mr. Nice Guy draped in an American Flag

MNG: Oh I do love a good party Ian...

A member of the staff carries out a cart with fireworks, he gives it to Ian Jones who strolls it down the ramp with Mr. Nice Guy following closely behind.

WASHINGTON: **This surely is out of character for the British Empire, will they really participate in freedom's day celebrations?**

Both members of the Empire make it to the ring, Mr. Nice Guy starts setting up the USA Flag in a pole set up in one of the corners of the ring. Jones starts to set up the fireworks inside the ring, near the corner where the flag is. Nice Guy gives Jones a box of matches and he extracts one, he looks at it tentatively and then looks at his partner.

JONES: **Do you want to do the honors ?**

MNG: **Sure.**

The crowd boos at the unnecessary delay as Jones takes his time and gives MNG the matches, the No Limits champion crouches near the fireworks and looks like he's going to lit them up, but he then suddenly gets up and talks on the mike.

MNG: **You know Jones, I was thinking...do we really want to set those fireworks up here? It looks kind of dangerous? Maybe we should be setting something else on fire.**

Jones has a huge smirk on his face and he replies.

JONES: **What do you have in mind?**

MNG gives Jones the matches up and he walks towards the corner with the USA flag on, he climbs to the top rope and gives a long and hard sniff to the USA flag, this brings out another huge wave of boos from the patriotic American crowd.

MNG: **I can literally smell the lack of history.**

Both Imperials share a laugh as Jones lights the match and starts walking towards the flag. The crowd is enraged yelling at the Empire and the heat both men are getting is nuclear. MNG climbs down from the corner and whispers something at Ian Jones, both men share a suspicious look and Ian Jones extracts a cigar box from his pocket, both men get cigars and light them up.

JONES: **What? What did you think we were going to do?**

MNG: **I think they thought we were going to light their horrible flag on fire.**

JONES: I see, you people always come to think the worst of us, uh? but we're so much better than that, we are so much better than you. You see we won't be celebrating your faux holiday. Today we'll be celebrating the dominance of the British Empire over your "country".

MNG: Tonight belongs to us. We are at the pinnacle of this business and we'll do whatever we want.

MNG reveals a cheeky smile to a fiery chorus of "you suck" chants.

MURPHY: These guys never fail to surprise me. They are our champions for God's sake.

JONES: What's even more brilliant is that not only do we dominate the roster but the new interim general manager of RPW is a fellow Briton, a close associate of ours - Sir Charles Strickland!

MNG: Have a lovely evening folks.

[The Fragrance of Dark Coffee](#) plays over the sound system instantly changing the mood of the arena, Sir Charles Strickland comes out to the stage mic in hand, this time there are three young women on fancy dresses following him around to his every step, he is showered in boos as he makes his way down the ramp. The girls open the ropes for Strickland who enters the rings and shakes hands with Jones and MNG. Strickland then turns his attention to the live crowd.

STRICKLAND: Interim General Manager of Wednesday Night Revival...

The crowd boos as Strickland looks both impressed and pleased by his actions leading to this moment, he turns to the Empire and tells them **"I bet Diego San Martin wishes he had allied with me now...."** All three men share a laugh, the girls join in when Strickland gives them a nasty look.

STRICKLAND: In any case or scenario, there is one fact that cannot be ignored. This is the dawn of a new era, an era where RPW will rise as a GLOBAL phenomenon, starting with our next PPV venture, RPW's British Uprising, live from London!

The crowd boos and then starts a USA chant.

STRICKLAND: Chant all you want, but the hard facts are on the table, every British Superstar won their matches at Call to Arms, we are the most dominant form of Professional wrestling.

More and more boos fall upon Strickland and the British Empire, they whisper some words to each other and discretely laugh as they let the crowd's anger play up.

STRICKLAND: Is the angry mob of yanks finished yet?

Strickland's words are uttered with such a venom that ignites the crowd even further, the whole arena turns into a single entity only capable of repeating the same three letters over again: **"U.S.A!"** a full minute and parts of a second passes as Strickland is unsuccessful in quieting down the crowd, after a while, the chants die down enough for him to impose his voice through the microphone.

STRICKLAND: **First order of business!!!**

This appears to get the attention of the crowd as they start to quiet up more and more.

STRICKLAND: **Regarding the suspension of Damien Wolfe....**

CROWD: **"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"**

STRICKLAND: **I've talked with the new commissioner Mr. Rufus Biggs and he's informed me that due to the severity of his actions, Damien Wolfe's suspension was co-signed by the board of directors. Much to our chagrin, I'm forced to inform you that Damien Wolfe won't be reinstated here tonight...**

We get a reaction shot of the Empire and they don't look happy about it, the crowd seems happy about it though and they respond with cheers, Strickland is not pleased about the cheers and shouts back.

STRICKLAND: **What are you guys cheering about? Damien Wolfe is the best bloody wrestler in the company and you are cheering because you don't get to appreciate his craft?**

The camera shows Jones giving Strickland a mean look, Sir Charles doesn't catch it though and he continues.

STRICKLAND: **Is everyone here mental? How ignorant to our beautiful sport can you Yanks be?**

Boos rise again, but Strickland just powers through them.

STRICKLAND: **Point at hand, Damien Wolfe's suspension has been upheld and he won't be able to take part on RPW shows until he completes a one month long Anger Management course in a certified institution.**

The crowd once again cheers, pissing off the Empire and Strickland.

STRICKLAND: **Moving on...regarding the RPW Heavyweight title situation....**

The camera zooms in on Ian Jones, title upon his shoulder; he raises it on the air to many boos.

STRICKLAND: **I want to publically apologize to Aron Scythe for my role in the finish of his Call to Arms match up against Ian Jones. I was so excited about the action that I tripped up and my steel chair somehow managed to slide into the ring, cutting short a fine match up.**

Strickland has a huge smile on his face, the crowd boos him.

MURPHY: **What? He tripped and his chair magically managed to slide into the ring? Does he expect us to believe that?**

STRICKLAND: **I understand that this apology might seem empty, but by the power vested in me as the Interim General Manager of WNR, I'm declaring Aron Scythe the number one contender for the RPW Heavyweight Title!!!**

The crowd explodes in cheers and the Empire is in complete disbelief, both MNG and Jones walk up to Strickland demanding explanations, Strickland puts a palm in between himself and the Empire, gesturing for them to stay back and wait, he quickly gets back in the microphone.

STRICKLAND: **And that match will take part in London during our RPW's British Uprising event. Ian Jones vs. Aron Scythe 2! Ian Jones will get to prove in front of his countrymen that he is a much better wrestler than Aron Scythe.**

We get some boos, but not enough to cut the scene off. Ian Jones seems a bit less angry about the match after Sir Charles' compliment. Strickland still has something to tell us, and he gets close to the mic again.

STRICKLAND: **To close this up and let the show go on, I'm pleased to announce that our new Executive Vice-president of Talent Relations Mr. Richard Goldstein has signed a new British Superstar to RPW. Please give a warm welcome to the superstar known simply as...**

EXCELLENCE!!!

Excellence's music hits and he slowly walks down the ramp looking at the crowd with a disgusted look in his face.

WASHINGTON: **Isn't that the man that helped Strickland get on his car to escape from Aron Scythe?**

MURPHY: **I think he is.**

He stops midway through the ramp and picks up the microphone that he's brought with himself, he then speaks,

EXCELLENCE: **"FINALLY, Excellence has come to the Revival Pro Wrestling, FINALLY, This promotion will learn what a true talent is."**

The man simply known as Excellence stops and waits for the crowd reaction, he doesn't get much more than a few boos.

EXCELLENCE: just know that you people are dying to see me fight. And, do you know what I do best? I fight the best because you are looking at the best. But I fight for myself. I don't need to fight for you guys. I can't see cheers for me because you don't appreciate my talent. You all are looking at the future of this business and this is the welcome that I get??

A small "YES!" chant breaks out, the boos increase and Excellence enters the ring as the British empire examines his every move.

EXCELLENCE: But I will do you all a favor, I will give you all a chance to see me destroy someone and let my actions speak louder than my words.

Excellence sets his sights on the Empire.

EXCELLENCE: who do we have here? It's "The Future of Wrestling" Mr. Nice Guy and Ian Jones. I see Title belts on you, which means that you are the best around here, do you remember what I just said? I'm here to fight the best.

The Empire seems to take this as a challenge as they get serious and set forward, getting on Excellence's face. The crowd starts to get hot and we can even hear some cheers but Excellence just smiles and turns his back onto the Empire, addressing the crowd instead.

EXCELLENCE: But tonight is not a night to fight my fellow Englishmen, tonight is a great opportunity to continue to prove the British dominance over RPW. So I'm laying out an open challenge to any American RPW wrestler to come out here and face me, then I'll proceed to defeat him and ALL OF YOU WILL WITNESS THE MARK OF EXCELLENCE."

The crowd replies with boos, as Excellence looks happy about his official debut.

WASHINGTON: Stay with us as we go to a commercial break, when we return Excellence will make his in-ring RPW debut against whoever takes his challenge.

+++++COMMERCIAL-BREAK+++++
+++++COMMERCIAL-BREAK BACK INTO THE RING+++++

DUCKY: The following match is a Flag Match, the first contestant to retrieve their nation's flag from the pole will be declared the winner.

MURPHY: RPW's first ever flag match, fitting for a 4th of July show.

DUCKY: Already in the ring, from London, England. Excellence!!!

[The arena goes pitch black and a spotlight hits the ring entrance. The crowd starts getting frenzied as time passes during the intro to “Blackened”!]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO"

WASHINGTON: Small mistake by Brand here, can Excellence capitalize?

Yes, he does, taking advantage of the no pinfall stipulations Excellence can make great use of his grappling background, he sneaks the legs in and throws Brandenburg off with a beautiful butterfly sweep, he lands into mount and starts raining down punches.

MURPHY: **Brandenburg is a bit off his game here tonight.**

WASHINGTON: **He has a lot going through his mind, losing the title in the fashion that he did it has to weigh on his mental game.**

The referee warns excellence for his excessive closed fist striking and he gives up the position, he sounds the ring for his flag and goes up to his nation's corner. Brandenburg forces himself up and rushes the corner, Excellence hears him coming though and he backflips off of the corner, Brandenburg goes chest first into the buckles and turns around to receive a sound arm drag by Excellence.

MURPHY: **Good debut for Excellence thus far, dictating the pace against an opponent of Brand's caliber is no easy feat.**

Excellence stalks, he loads up a big round house kick. Brand pulls himself up to his knees and reacts just in time to duck under the beheading kick, Brandenburg pounces onto Excellence and manages a rear waistlock, and Excellence immediately breaks it and transitions to a hammerlock, not content with that Excellence takes the action to the mat with a hammerlock back suplex.

WASHINGTON: **Are the Britons gonna dominate again here tonight?**

Brandenburg stands up but an Aggressive Excellence easily closes the distance with strikes and clinches up, huge belly to belly Slam, the American Brandenburg tries to scramble back to his feet but Excellence holds him down on a front headlock sprawl.

MURPHY: **Brandenburg is one of RPW most decorated grapplers and Excellence is having his way with him, what an impressive debut so far.**

Excellence transitions to the back and goes for a German suplex, Brandenburg backflips and lands on his feet, the crowd pops a bit for it but Excellence shuts him up as he quickly turns around and puts Brand on his ass with a double leg takedown, Excellence then fires a huge ground and pound elbow to the face of Brandenburg.

WASHINGTON: **Holy ****, that was a bone cracking elbow.**

Brandenburg rolls while holding his face, but he doesn't get a break, Excellence picks him up and hooks the leg, Brandenburg doesn't put much of a fight and Excellence lifts him up and sends him head first into the mat with a fisherman buster, the crowd boos wildly.

MURPHY: **Sigh, the punishment keeps on coming, come on Brand! You can do it!**

Excellence seems to want to put an end to this already as he once again goes after Brandenburg, this time setting up for a tiger bomb, he has Brandenburg all but ready and he lifts him up. Frankesteiner by Brandenburg is a huge counter, Excellence is completely surprised and he takes up too much time to get

back on his feet, as he does he finds himself on the receiving end of a huge spear. The crowd explodes with cheers!!

WASHINGTON: **SPEAR, SPEAR, SPEAR!!!**

Without wasting a second Brandenburg heads to the American corner and climbs up top, much to the delight of the crowd. He tries to retrieve the American flag as Excellence crawls towards the corner to stop him, he's unable to do so as Brandenburg manages to get the flag off the pole and he waves it to a gigantic pop.

BELL RINGS!

"Blackened" by Metallica hits

MURPHY: **YES!!**

Excellence curses as he reincorporates, he rolls out of the ring and stares down Brandenburg who's still on top of the corner waving the flag, a huge **"USA!"** Chant breaks out.

WASHINGTON: **Excellence dominated early on but Brandenburg took all the wind out of him with that spear.**

MURPHY: **Which gave him all the time he needed to retrieve our flag, great opening match here on WNR.**

WASHINGTON: **Brand looks good with that flag, he is a proud American.**

Brandenburg asks for a mic and gets it.

Brandenburg: I've got a lot to say tonight about my status here at RPW. As you can see, I do not have the RPW Iron Man Championship around my waist.

The crowd boos as Brandenburg shrugs.

Brandenburg: But we'll get to that later tonight, believe me. Right now, tonight, the title is not what matters. The matches are not what matters. Today is July 4, our country's Independence Day, and what a great day it is to be an American!

The crowd cheers again, and a faint "U-S-A" chant begins. Brandenburg waits out the chant as it increases in volume. He turns to the camera and smiles. The chants eventually die down, and Brandenburg raises the mic to speak again.

Brandenburg: In this time of war and conflict, we need to recognize those men and women that fight for the ideals that made this country independent all those many years ago, and we need to recognize them now more than ever. I see a few servicemen and women in the front row here, and I'd like to take a second and salute you all, and all the members of the armed forces, for making the sacrifices necessary to stand up for this great country's ideals.

Brandenburg stands at attention and salutes the armed forces members in the front row as the rest of the crowd cheers. Another "U-S-A" chant begins.

Brandenburg: Week to week, we come out here and entertain the fans and compete for the ultimate prize in professional wrestling. And we appreciate all the love you fans give to us. But day in and day out, these men and women of the armed forces are fighting for our country and making it a better place. There is no better time, on the birthday of our nation, to thank you again for your hard work. In the ring, we may be fighting for championship gold, but you guys are the true champions. Thank you.

Brandenburg drops the mic, salutes again to the soldiers, and walks out of the ring to his music.

+++++CAMERA CUTS OUTSIDE OF THE ARENA+++++

Wide shots of the outside of the arena are shown as Murphy and Washington speak.

WASHINGTON: **Brandenburg with a heartfelt speech and picking up an impressive victory.**

MURPHY: **Yeah, Excellence showed to be the real deal on his debut. But with that out of the way, Brandenburg must want to get back at Halfus Lykarn, and probably recapture the Ironman Champion.**

WASHINGTON: Yes Murph, I cannot wait to see those two in singles action. And speaking of the devil, I'm being informed that Halfus Lykarn has just arrived to the arena.

<We cut backstage where the silver-masked Halfus Lykarn can be seen entering the arena. Halfus is wearing a brown sheepskin leather bomber jacket, dark blue jeans and has the Iron Man championship belt over his shoulder. He walks with a sense of determination past the camera towards the RPW locker room.>

MURPHY: Halfus Lykarn, the new RPW Iron Man champion, making his Wednesday Night Revival debut tonight!

WASHINGTON: What a debut at Call To Arms from Lykarn, not only choking out John Brandenburg, but winning the Iron Man championship in his first ever match here in RPW.

MURPHY: Lykarn's got his work cut out for him tonight, defending his newly won title against the plucky Kirk Cobain and the veteran Leonard Knox.

+++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE RING+++++

Indian War Signs plays

DUCKY: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his way to the ring first, from Reading England... The Flying Slappsman!

Slappsman comes down jumping around wildly. He rolls in the ring and hops around wildly.

WASHINGTON: Sometimes I wonder what goes on in his head.

"I Am Onslaught" by Emmure plays

DUCKY: And his opponent, from Portland Oregon, "The Lethal Injection" Alex Monroe!

MURPHY: I'm not sure, but his opponent tonight looks like he's not in the mood for any antics.

Alex Monroe stands at the top of the stage, hood pulled over his head. He takes it off and lets out a loud yell before marching straight down to the ring. He rolls in and stares down the Slappsman, who has a big snarky smile on his face. He takes off his jacket and tosses it aside before referee Shen Lee calls for the bell. Alex takes a few steps forward and extends his hand for a handshake.

MURPHY: **He looks like he wants to get the handshake out of the way early.**

WASHINGTON: **Weird.**

Slappsman jumps around Monroe, who stands still, his hand still extended. Slappsman jumps off the ropes and flips around.

WASHINGTON: **Slappsman looks like he's trying to psyche out Monroe by acting like he's out of his mind.**

MURPHY: **Or maybe he's just out of his mind.**

Slappsman keeps jumping before stopping in front of Monroe and slapping him square in the face! Monroe's gaze becomes much, much more intense. Before Slappsman has any time to react, Alex locks in a quick Cravat and brings Slappsman's head down and starts kneeing him in the face repeatedly. After the flurry, Slappsman looks like he's been transported to a different dimension, but Alex doesn't let up, as he holds Slappsman's head down and hits a round of stiff Kawada Kicks.

WASHINGTON: **Looks like the respectful Monroe's pet peeve may just be disrespect!**

MURPHY: **Slappsman might seriously get hurt here!**

Monroe brings Slappsman back up and whips him off the ropes before whipping off the opposite ropes himself and hitting the Genu in Vultus! He covers...

1...

2...

3!!!

The bell rings as Monroe stands up and still looks at Slappsman.

DUCKY: **Here is your winner... Alex Monroe!!!**

MURPHY: **Alex showing us a different way to hit the Genu in Vultus, that man could probably hit that move from anywhere!**

WASHINGTON: **You're probably right, Murph, but after Leonard Knox's comments about Monroe taking too long with Brock Lemon, he must have taken notice because he didn't waste any time with Slappsman here tonight.**

+++++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE+++++++

MURPHY: **At Call to Arms the British dominated, but thus far it's all about the Americans in this 4th of July edition of WNR.**

WASHINGTON: **Yes, but that might be about to change. Up next, Douglas Gallagher attempts to get revenge on Ronnie Reynolds.**

MURPHY: he will tag team with RPW newcomer Enigma and they will face off with Ronnie Reynolds and his new bodyguard, the towering Hyperion Rushmore.

WASHINGTON: Check out how this came to be.

+++++CAMERA CUTS INTO VIDEO PACKAGE+++++

We get another recap of Gallagher's promo last month being interrupted by Ronnie Reynolds, Gallagher was heavily banged up and medically suspended but Reynolds blindsided him and gave them the Full Nelson Driver. Then at Call to Arms Gallagher was putting a dominating performance but the Giant Hyperion Rushmore intervened to cause a DQ, Rushmore was revealed to be Reynolds' new tag team partner, they both were beating down on Gallagher when the lights went out and Enigma finally made his debut after months of cryptic videos, Enigma and Gallagher cleaned house and sent the 1% members retreating.

+++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE RING+++++

DUCKY: The following match is a Tag Team Match with a 30 minute time limit, introducing first.

AC/DC's Back in Black plays on the arena and cues up the boos, out comes Ronnie Reynolds and his new hired gun, the Gigantic Hyperion Rushmore, Super Agent Jackson Gerritt, Image Analyst Amy Evans and Norville Titan all follow the new tandem in their calm walk down the ramp.

DUCKY: At a combined weight of 567 pounds, representing the 1%, Ronnie Reynolds, and Hyperion Rushmore!

WASHINGTON: Ronnie Reynolds has found a way to hire even more people to his staff.

MURPHY: Yeah, a bodyguard and the bodyguard's manager? Isn't that a bit excessive?

DUCKY: And their opponents....

Queen's "One Vision" hits the speakers and anticipation starts to build up. The crowd knows who's coming out. The music continues to play but nobody emerges from the curtains just yet. The crowd's anticipation rises higher. As the guitar finally enters the song a beautiful display of white pyrotechnics shoot up and down the entrance ramp. It is now when Douglas Gallagher emerges. The crowd reacts with thunderous cheers. Gallagher, wearing his white hooded robe, appears and is looking down at the stage floor while he raises both arms with one finger pointing to the sky on each.

DUCKY: from Liverpool, England....weighing in at 245 pounds..."The Liverpool Sensation" ...DOUGLAS GAAALLLLLLAAAGGGHHHEEERRR.

Gallagher whips off his hood; his multiple light-brown braids flail over and land toward his back. All smiles, he starts making his way down the entrance ramp to the rhythm of the music. The energy of the entrance just powers the cheers from the crowd. His usual English flag red cross robe is replaced by a

red one with "Gallagher" inscribed through the back, probably just a sign of respect for the American independence festivities.

DUCKY: **And his partner.**

Sirens start blaring and the lights in the arena start pulsing. After a few seconds, the sirens stop and the lights go out. The crowd is insanely loud, as the sound of static fills the arena and a large ' E ' forms on the titantron. It flips a couple of times and sweeps across the screen to form one sentence.. 'THE ENIGMA IS HERE'.. Pyro blasts around the screen and Linkin Park - 'Wretches & Kings' hits. A spark waterfall starts around the entrance curtain and the spotlight is at the top of the entrance ramp. Enigma comes out through the waterfall, wearing the hood of his black jacket. He gets down on one knee and looks around at the crowd, his green and black half-face paint glowing.

DUCKY: **ENIGMA!!!!**

He punches the ramp and jumps up and takes the hood off. Comets shoot up along the entrance ramp and pyro blasts around the entrance zone, and the lights in the arena come back on. Enigma comes walking down, hi5-ing the fans near the ramp. Then he runs in and slides under the bottom rope and gets in the ring. He walks over to Douglas Gallagher and fist-pumps him, then climbs on the turnbuckle and flashes his signature crossed-guns pose to the crowd, and sparks rain down from above the ring. He turns and stares down at Ronnie Reynolds, and takes off his jacket, gives it to the referee and walks over to his corner..

WASHINGTON: **So they don't tell us how much he weighs in at, they don't tell us where he's from.**

MURPHY: **He's not called Enigma for nothing, he did show us some pretty impressive moves at Call to Arms though.**

Inside the ring Douglas Gallagher squares off Hyperion Rushmore, the bell rings and both men immediately charge each other locking up in a test of strength, the much taller and heavier Rushmore takes early control of the situation and forces the proud Liverpudlian all the way into a neutral corner, Rushmore attacks with an overhead chop but Gallagher moves out of the way and seems impressed by the happenings on this match so far. A small expression of concern can be detected on his face as he circles out of the corner and back to the middle of the ring.

WASHINGTON: **Douglas Gallagher is not used to being out-muscled.**

Pride may have taken the best of Gallagher as both men lock up again, the result is the same this time onto the other neutral corner. Rushmore fires a right hand but Gallagher blocks it and connects one of his own, this enrages Rushmore who goes for a shoulder block into the corner, Gallagher moves out of the way and immediately assumes the offense with repeated shoulder thrusts to the giant's midsection, this starts hyping up the crowd.

MURPHY: **Gallagher finding a way to get the upper hand here.**

With momentum on his side, Douglas Gallagher looks to take the action out of that particular corner; he goes for an Irish whip. The Giant puts the breaks on Gallagher's plan as he holds steady and avoids the

Irish whip, with their hands still connected Rushmore pulls Gallagher and takes him down with a short arm clothesline.

Boos rain down from crowd as the massive Hyperion Rushmore picks up the fan favorite Gallagher and drills him with punches, forcing the Liverpool Sensation to cover up, Gallagher backpedals and finds himself trapped on the corner of the 1%.

WASHINGTON: **Not a good place to be.**

Ronnie Reynolds slaps him in the back, this causes Gallagher to turn around and try the head off Reynolds' shoulders, "Ravishing" jumped off the apron in time, but this distraction proved costly or Douglas Gallagher who becomes flattened by the towering Hyperion.

MURPHY: **Reynolds trying to get the mental edge here.**

The camera turns to the ringside area where Ronnie Reynolds is talking strategy with Jackson Gerritt and Norville Titan. Back in the ring Rushmore punishes Gallagher with a big headbutt that sends the Liverpoolian tumbling out of the corner, Rushmore catches up with him quickly and pushes him into the ropes, the pulls him out with an Irish Whip! Douglas Gallagher reverses and tries for a whip of his own but Hyperion is unmoved, the Giant then pulls Gallagher back and all the way out of the ring where he crashes loudly to another wave of boos.

WASHINGTON: **Ouch, nasty fall.**

Hyperion slowly makes it out of the ring and starts to mount some offense on Gallagher, slow but powerful strikes hit their mark and Gallagher is dazed enough to be sent crashing into the announce table.

MURPHY: **Dear lord, he almost ripped our table apart.**

Gallagher tries to compose himself but he gets no chance as Hyperion drags him back into the ring, Gallagher immediately starts crawling up to his corner but Hyperion puts a stop to that with an elbow to the back.

WASHINGTON: **Gallagher could really use tagging out and recovering some of his energies.**

Hyperion goes for a nerve hold and the face of Gallagher welcomes an expression of deep pain, he still tries to fight back though but he's not getting much in the results department. He works his way back to his feet as Enigma rallies the crowd for his partner. Gallagher frees himself with some elbows, he turns around looking for offense and lands knee to the gut and a huge European uppercut, Gallagher finally gets enough of a break to tumble into his corner and clap the extended hand of his partner.

MURPHY: **Great! Here we go!**

Enigma jumps over the top rope and charges at Hyperion Rushmore. He ducks under his clothesline, bounces off the top rope, and takes him down with a seated senton. He turns and charges at Ronnie Reynolds and knocks him off the apron.

WASHINGTON: **That was uncalled for!**

MURPHY: **Reynolds deserved it!**

He runs back in and hits a dropkick to Rushmore's knees. He screams at his downed opponent and hits a couple of guillotine leg drops. He goes for a pin attempt that gets one. Enigma gets the crowd psyched and goes up on the corner. The crowd counts along as they wait for Rushmore to get back on his feet. As he stands up again, Enigma jumps up and lands on his shoulder. He tries to go for a Hurricanrana, but Rushmore tries to regain control and teases hitting a powerbomb.

WASHINGTON: **That's it for Enigma's momentum!**

But Enigma manages to get out and jump off over his head, and when Rushmore turns, Enigma hits a handstand roundhouse kick and goes for the pin.

...1

...2

Ronnie Reynolds makes the save.

MURPHY: **Reynolds saving the match for his team.**

WASHINGTON: **You might be right, that kick was SICK!**

Enigma goes right after Reynolds, who bolts out of the ring. Instead of focusing on the match Enigma slides back to the ring and starts chasing Reynolds around ringside, "The Ravishing One" is running for his life around the ring. Reynolds finally slides into the ring with Enigma right behind him, once inside the ring, Enigma runs right into a big boot by the Giant Rushmore while Reynolds slides out of the ring before the referee can give him any kind of warning.

MURPHY: **Enigma paid for that recklessness.**

Rushmore picks up a dizzy Enigma and flings him into the heel's corner where he wails at him with lumbering kicks to the mid section, the 1%'ers make the tag and Reynolds jumps into the ring, Rushmore

gets some distance and hits a running shoulder block against the corner, he drops down on the corner making a trampoline and Reynolds uses him to bounce into the corner with a flying attack. Enigma ducks out of the way and hits a low dropkick on Rushmore's face, Reynolds picks himself up and charges out of the corner but he receives a Japanese arm drag.

WASHINGTON: **Momentum is being built up again; Enigma is going to take this into the Mysterious Galaxy.**

Reynolds tries to reincorporate but he's put back down with a corkscrew neckbreaker. Rushmore also gets back to his feet but Enigma takes him out of the ring with a front dropkick that he turns into a standing moonsault on Reynolds, it ties perfectly into a pin.

MURPHY: **Dropsault and a cover!**

...1

...2

Reynolds KICKS OUT!

WASHINGTON: **That was close, great move by Enigma**

Enigma is on fire and the crowd is as well, the mysterious wrestler executes an Irish whip on his opponent and sends him to the corner where Douglas Gallagher seems to be already recovered. Reynolds hits the corner hard but that's only half as hard as Enigma's spinning corkscrew elbow.

WASHINGTON: **He sure spins around a lot huh?**

MURPHY: **He does.**

Reynolds is picked up and lifted all the way up to the top rope where he's seated facing outside of the ring, Enigma holds him by the neck and starts pulling him out of the corner, eventually dropping him with an elevated neckbreaker. The crowd cheers as he pulls him a little nearer to the center of the ring. The camera turns to Gallagher who desperately wants the tag, he has been waiting to get back at Reynolds for a while, Enigma asks the crowd if he should tag him in and the answer is a resounding yes, the tag is made and Gallagher climbs to the top rope and flexes his biceps!

WASHINGTON: **Yeah, we get it, he has big guns, get this over already.**

Douglas Gallagher gets a lot of height on his jump and brings down a furious fist on the fallen Reynolds, Flight of the Liver Bird from the top rope and the crowd goes crazy, Reynolds rolls around on the mat holding his face as Gallagher is on stalk mode behind him.

MURPHY: **Reynolds is gonna get caught on the Crimson Tornado.**

Reynolds finally gets up to his feet and Gallagher rushes past him, he bounces off the ropes and returns to meet him in the middle of the ring with a hard discus lariat, The Crimson Tornado connects to a huge pop, Reynolds is sent crashing down and Gallagher goes for the pin.

WASHINGTON: **Gah! It's all over for Reynolds!**

...1

...2

...3

DUCKY: **The winners of this match via Pinfall, Douglas Gallagher and ENIGMA!!**

MURPHY: **Gallagher finally gets back at Reynolds, and he said he's looking to put Reynolds past him and work his way up to a title shot.**

WASHINGTON: **He's good, but he has a tough task ahead if he wants to get a shot at the RPW Heavyweight Championship.**

+++++ CAMERA CUTS TO THE LOCKERROOM OF DSM+++++

Diego San Martin is wearing a military uniform and he's addressing El Omega 23, Gustavo Gusmao and a patched up Malcolm Valenzuela.

El Omega 23 stands tall on his usual mask and outfit, boots put together, chest puffed out, he's quite the impressive figure, Malcolm Valenzuela looks to be in pain and Gusmao looks disoriented.

Both Gallagher and Scythe share a nervous laugh as they notice the cameras on them, a few seconds later they put more serious faces on and they reroute their conversation.

SCYTHE: So man, just explain this to me so we are finally on the same page, how does an Honorable competitor like you ends up working side by side by a man like Sir Charles Strickland.

GALLAGHER: I Get that question a lot Aron, you see, the answer is quite simple....

"The Liverpool Sensation" pauses and gives Scythe a serious look before he starts talking again.

GALLAGHER: If it wasn't for Sir Charles, I wouldn't have a career in pro-wrestling, i could've even ended up as a ragman. I had a tough time coming up the ranks in the British Circuit, there were even times when I thought about giving up and doing something else, but Sir Charles never let me give up on my dream, he was always there to support me, first as a fan, but then as a friend and later a business associate. I owe that man a lot, and sometimes I have to give him the benefit of the doubt.

SCYTHE: Look man, I get benefit of the doubt, but what he did to me at Call to Arms is beyond any doubt, there's absolutely no way you are buying his explanation and even if he guaranteed me a title shot, that's not gonna be for a couple of months he stole from me, that's the kind of man he is.

GALLAGHER: Look, I'm extremely sorry about what happened to you, and i don't condone it in any way or form. I know Mr. Strickland and I know he gets carried away, he's just too passionate about wrestling, especially the British kind. Having the next PPV in England meant the world to him and I'm sure he wanted to have a British Champion.

Aron Scythe is started to get a bit psyched up by Gallagher's explanations, and it is pretty noticeable.

SCYTHE: You just said you don't agree with his actions, but you stand here defending them, so just tell me in which side of the fence do you stand.

GALLAGHER: Calm down mate, dun gimme that look, I understand that it sounds that way to you, I'm not saying it is right, I'm just saying why it happened.

Look, between you and me, I'm not really fond of Ian Jones and his tactics, to the point that I wouldn't mind to send a couple of fists his way and sending him in a forced visit to the fang farrier. Damien Wolfe is bit thick too, them two cuddn fill a bath with water, even if thee knew where the tap was.

Eventually you will get some justice, and eventually it will be both of us facing each other for the RPW Heavyweight title.

Look mate, great talking to you but dem lads look like they've waited a long time to talk to you.

Gallagher pats Scythe on the back as he walks away from the scene, the camera turns to reveal, Billy and Jimmy craft, The Art of War C.R.A.F.T, they are jumping up and down on the spot, looking pretty excited.

SCYTHE: Hey guys, I saw your Call to Arms match, you were great!

The Crafts look at each other and jump in the air for a double high five!

JIMMY: We were great Billy did you hear that?

BILLY: Yes Jimmy, Aron Scythe just said we were great!

SCYTHE: Ehhhh, ummmm, anyway. What did you guys want to talk about?

JIMMY: We have another match tonight...

BILLY: Against the 1%, Sultan and Jackson.

JIMMY: Yes, and I think you've faced them before. And you have a lot of experience.

BILLY: Yes Mr. Scythe, you are the like the greatestest wrestler in RPW, even if Jones carries the belt, you are the true champion in our eyes.

SCYTHE: Thanks guys, that means a lot to me. And about your match, boy they threw you into the deep end...

The joyful expression on the faces of the Craft's quickly turns grim realizing that they might be a bit over their heads on this match.

SCYTHE: Look, I understand that you are riding the wave of your biggest victory, your first PPV win, but let me tell you a story about my early career, after my first big victory the way I saw life changed, the dream finally had become true, I was a professional wrestler, earning a living doing what I loved and nobody was going to stop me until I became the world heavyweight champion of the world. I was on a roll and I was going to tear through anyone they put on front of me. I was thinking big and talking bigger.

BILLY AND JIMMY: And what happened next?

SCYTHE: Some of the higher ups probably heard me talking and they put me on a match with one of their big stars, Tom the Lumberjack. I was way excited, I was going to defeat this guy who was super over with the local crowds, then I was going to become a name, make it to the big leagues, superstardom was ahead.

BILLY: So you beat him then went to other feds to be more successful and then came to RPW?

JIMMY: And are about to become the heavyweight champion?

Scythe breaks in laughter!

SCYTHE: I wish.... Tom crushed me. It was pretty embarrassing, all the hype came crashing down and I had to start from scratch, it took me months to get my head straight after it.

JIMMY: DANG!!!

SCYTHE: So don't be overconfident, Jafaar al-Sultan is a very capable wrestler, but on top of that he's very dangerous, he'll do anything to gain an advantage and he has even defeated me with his bag of tricks. And Landon Jackson is simply vicious, the way he took out Espírito do Animal was brutal, I still don't know how he managed to walk out of that unpunished.

BILLY: So basically we are screwed?

SCYTHE: No way, you guys are actually pretty good, just stay true to your training, and expect everything from the 1%. Legal, illegal, they have no limits.

JIMMY: That sounds dangerous...

SCYTHE: It is, but I'm sure you'll put a great performance. Just go out there and do you thing!

BILLY: Ok, do your thing, expect everything and stay true to our training.

JIMMY: Got it, thanks Aron.

SCYTHE: Wait guys before you go, I've noticed that Landon Jackson usually circles slightly to the left when he punches, maybe you can use that to catch him with something.

+++++CAMERA CUTS INTO BEHIND THE CURTAINS+++++

Matt Josham stands near the curtains with Brett Bannion, "The Chief" is on his ring gear, he looks ready for his match tonight.

JOSHAM: This is Matt Josham backstage with Brett "The Chief" Bannion right before his match against Ryan Mercy. Chief, what are your thoughts on your opponent.

BANNION: Ehhh, well....Ryan Mercy is a-

While we might be used to Josham rudely cutting off people, this time it was almost warranted as Bannion really didn't have any sense of security on his words.

JOSHAM: I Agree, there's not much to say about Ryan Mercy. The last we heard from you, you claimed to have refocused your attentions fully into RPW, I really hope that is the case.

BANNION: It is, the Chief is destined for greatness, any more smart-ass questions before I go kick some ass?

JOSHAM: You better go kick some ass, because while this isn't officially a loser gets cut match, both of you really need this win badly.

BANNION: The only thing that will end badly tonight is Ryan Mercy's face, and after I beat his ass maybe I'll beat-up your favorite wrestler, Alex Monroe. Maybe then I'll get your respect.

Josham just grins as Bannion's music plays and Bannion walks off through the curtains leaving Josham and his plaid suit behind.

+++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE RING+++++

DUCKY: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, making his way to the ring from Seattle, WA. Weighing in at 250 lbs, Brett "The Chief" Bannion.

Bannion is walking down to the ring to mild boos, he looks really focused, maybe he really is taking this seriously this time.

DUCKY: And his opponent, already in the ring Ryan Mercy.

Mercy gets no reaction from the crowd, but who can blame them, Mercy really hasn't been notable at all, despite having a great couple of first weeks on WNR.

WASHINGTON: One on one match up next and-

MURPHY: Watch out, Bannion is already on the offense.

The bell rings abruptly to signal the start of this match as Bannion unleashes a barrage of blows over the unexpectant Ryan Mercy, a small contingent of the crowd boos this nefarious action but this does not deter Bannion who backs his opponent into the ropes and whips him into the opposite set. Mercy is on the run and Bannion catches him with a knee to the gut that sends Mercy flying over.

WASHINGTON: Bannion couldn't get to get this match started, he has something to prove

Bannion picks his opponent up and sends him headfirst into the top buckle, he starts unleashes a flurry of strikes so mean that the referee has to intervene and separate both men, Bannion retreats for just a second but then jumps back into the fray with a clothesline against the corner and a pair of knees.

MURPHY: Violent man this Brett Bannion, he's showing a newfound mean streak.

Mercy is dragged out of the corner and body slammed into the mat, a elbow drop leads to a two count, while Ryan Mercy tries to figure out a way back into the match, Bannion stands up and stomps a mudhole on Mercy's abdomen. He then picks him up and sends him back first into a corner and hard, Mercy can only tumble a few steps forward before he's back body dropped back into the mat.

WASHINGTON: Ryan Mercy has been completely shut out of this match.

MURPHY: You failed to mention that Bannion started this assault before the match even started.

Bannion sets up and successfully completes a pumphandle slam, he then rubs his hands against each other as he smiles, a few boos come his way, nothing major.

WASHINGTON: Bannion is enjoying this moment.

Mercy is quickly propped up and kick into the gut, Bannion elevates him in the vertical suplex position but gently drops him forward, placing his feet over the top rope, Bannion then drops down to the mat hitting a huge elevated DDT he calls "The Meat Tenderizer"

"THE CHIEF" goes for the pin.

...1!

...2!!

...3!!! The Bell rings

DUCKY: And your winner by the way of pinfall! BRETT "THE CHIEF" BANNION.

Bannion raises his arms in the middle of the ring to a few boos as the commentators talk about his victory.

WASHINGTON: Nice Win.

MURPHY: It had been a long time since he had one.

++++++CAMERA CUTS SOMEWHERE BACKSTAGE++++++

Ian Jones and Mr. Nice Guy are talking with GM Sir Charles Strickland, both wrestlers with their belts over their shoulders.

STRICKLAND: **Honestly, I don't know why I put up with all of this.**

Sir Charles Strickland is walking and talking with RPW Champion, Ian Jones.

STRICKLAND: **We didn't make a fuss when it was the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth the Second, and that's an event that will never come to pass again. Certainly not in my lifetime. Yet, every year, I'm expected to literally set fire to tens of thousands of dollars in support of this 4th of July business. Every year.**

Ian Jones nods in agreement, hefting the RPW title on his shoulder. Just as he opens his mouth to speak, however, Sir Charles Strickland starts up again.

STRICKLAND: **Now as I was saying, I burn tens of thousands of dollars to entertain idiots who wil clap and yell at the opening of a new mall, and I do this every year. Perhaps we should start celebrating on August 24th as well, to commemorate the burning of the White House?**

As the trio walk backstage at the arena, more and more faces start to turn in their direction, picking up on the content of their conversation. Halfus Lykarn says nothing, but nods in agreement. Ian Jones, likewise, says nothing but appears on the cusp of offering his opinion when Sir Charles Strickland picks up his diatribe.

STRICKLAND: **I've never seen so many stars and stripes in one place, I do declare. Not even since boarding school.**

Jones and Nice Guy look a little confused.

STRICKLAND: **That was a joke. To do with being caned. Truly, gentlemen, while I value your talents in keeping the upper echelon of my promotion a strictly British affair, I despair of your conversation at time. Now, as I was saying, the sheer corpulence of some of the flag-wearers truly stuns me. I'd have never thought that a flag could be made so large. And, yet, it's not illegal to set fire to the flag in the United States so I must presume that it's just as legal to do the terrible things these people do. Stars and stripes on bumper stickers, baby buggies, hamburgers, jumpers, leggings, car bonnets and all the rest. And it's even worse on the 4th of July. Freedom this, America that...**

Jones and Nice Guy are both seen smiling.

STRICKLAND: **Should I remind everyone that it was us Britons who used to own this place? Or maybe for some more recent history we should talk about how both of you, along with all British RPW superstars, came out of Call to Arms victorious?**

JONES: **Indeed, we show British superiority all the time, especially us on the British Empire, we embody superiority. Speaking about Call to Arms, where did you meet this Halfus Lykarn? His victory over Brandenburg was bloody impressive; he managed something that Wolfe never did, to tap out Brand.**

MNG: **Yes, when did you meet him, and how come Damien never talked about him, he's pretty good.**

Just as if they had summoned him, Halfus Lykarn appears on scene, walking backstage with his Ironman championship also over his shoulder.

MNG: **Hey mate, wait up!**

Lykarn stops in front of their fellow champions, he stares at Jones for a second and then turns his gaze into MNG, without saying a word the Ironman champion walks away from the scene.

JONES: **How rude...**

STRICKLAND: **He does have a match to get ready, he's a hard working man. Something this lazy Yanks will never get. They even have me planning their stupid 4th of July party, what do I have to do with all of this? Freedom day...if it was up to me, I'd throw all of their lazy bums in jail just for being stupid.**

As Strickland has gotten into full swing, more and more of the arena staff and RPW staff have begun to follow him. Amongst their number, more than one RPW wrestler can be seen.

STRICKLAND: **Oh bloody hell... they've heard me, haven't they?**

MNG nods. Ian Jones, again, begins to open his mouth to reply, but is cut off by Sir Charles Strickland. Ian Jones is, understandably, beginning to look vexed.

STRICKLAND: **Alright, alright. Calm down. You'll get your fireworks, you shall have your hot dogs, everyone just get back to what you were doing.**

CROWD: **And what about an apology?**

Nice Guy and Jones glance at each other, shrug, and take a fractional step backwards as voices start to call out from amongst the crowd.

STRICKLAND: **What do you mean? An apology? For what?**

Out from the crowd emerges former commissioner Jack Dobbs, he has some choice words for the Interim GM.

DOBBS: **This place might not be perfect, but it's America! You're free to leave. You're also free to make it a better place. You're even free to run yer mouth, and we're just as free to show you how we feel about that!**

By now MNG and Jones have taken a second step backwards. Individually either one of them is larger than anyone in the crowd, but there are dozens of men and women now, with only the loudest voices audible over the collective noise.

STRICKLAND: **Alright! Alright! I shouldn't have said those things, but look! I'm wearing a Stars and Stripes lapel pin. I'm paying for all of these fireworks, I've even organised a cook-out in the parking lot...**

The crowd has surrounded Sir Charles Strickland. The Empire has long since departed.

DOBBS: **That's real good of you and all, but anyone can spend money. You don't get what the 4th is all about, and we're going to help you get into the true spirit of the day.**

From out of the crowd, a comedy top-hat that's clearly too large to be worn for anything other than costume, is produced. It is *covered* with the Stars and Stripes.

DOBBS: **We want you to wear this as you celebrate the 4th of July with us. Wear this during the show. Wear this to the cook-out after the show. Wear this until you understand just why today is so important to us. And uh, Charles, this is one request you're really not free to refuse...**

+++++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE+++++++

WASHINGTON: **How dare they do that to Sir Charles?**

MURPHY: **When did you become such an Empire fan?**

WASHINGTON: **Well, I've always liked Damien Wolfe. But this is about respecting Authority.**

MURPHY: **I think it was more about Independence Day, anyway...it was nice to see Jack Dobbs again.**

WASHINGTON: **Whatever you say Murph.**

+++++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE RING+++++++

DUCKY: **The following match is scheduled for one fall, introducing first!**

Dragonforce's prepare for war blasts over the speakers.

The Craft Twins come out pumped up in their usual gear, Jimmy on red, Billy on blue, both men wear colored Gi-Pants, colored Sleeveless Jackets which are open to reveal an Aron Scythe t-shirt under it.

DUCKY: **From Los Angeles, California. At a combined weight of 385 pounds, Billy and Jimmy Craft, The ART OF WAR C.R.A.F.T**

The camera zooms in on the ring from a panoramic shot of the audience. The Craft Brothers are pumping the patriotic crowd up. At some point, the two brothers obtained two American flags, and they are climbing up on the turnbuckles waving them.

The theme of the One Percent hits, and the audience begins booing. A limousine pulls up to the side of the entrance ramp, and Jafaar al-Sultan and Landon Jackson exit from the back. Already wearing their

wrestling gear, the two begin strolling to the ring. A few moments pass, and Dom Golden appears, following the other two. al-Sultan picks up the microphone that he is holding in his hands.

al-SULTAN: God bless America!

The crowd hesitantly cheers, unsure where al-Sultan is going with this.

al-SULTAN: I love America. Love it, love it, love it. I'm not from here, but America has done so much for me and my family, I feel more at home here than in my homeland, Saudi Arabia. If it weren't for you Americans, driving your oversized SUVs, my people wouldn't be rich selling you oil for \$100 a barrel!

The audience seems to have wised up to al-Sultans motives and begin booing him.

al-SULTAN: That's not the half of it. America is where it all began! Rich bankers and businessmen buying politicians, using that political influence to benefit themselves, and sucking out every dollar possible from the locals before abandoning them for greener pastures. Do you know how much-

The Saudi businessman is cut off by a very loud "U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" chant. It started when he began talking, but grew louder and louder until he was forced to stop talking.

al-SULTAN: Yes, U.S.A.! U.S.A.! Where us elite manipulate you...classless pigs into doing whatever we want, and you don't even know it. All that healthcare stuff last week? We convince the poor to protest having access to health insurance! Regulations that would protect the environment? We can get you people to fight against things that would stop us from destroying your land! Hahaha!

The audience boos loudly again, perhaps the loudest jeers the audience has given somebody all night. The two members of the 1% reach the ring, and Jafaar steps inside, while Jackson waits on the mat outside the ropes.

al-SULTAN: **We get you people to support us dropping bombs and sending your kids to war, all so we can make profits!**

Jafaar drops the microphone face down so it lands on the ground with a thud, to emulate his point about dropping bombs. He struts over to the center of the ring, where the referee and Billy Craft are waiting for him. He hops from leg to leg staring down Billy- who is staring al-Sultan down as well- until the referee signals and the bell keeper rings the bell.

MURPHY: **Not sure what to make of all that.**

WASHINGTON: **Nothing to really say, Murph. As someone who was blackballed out of the U.S. scene for a while and traveled across the world, there's truth to what he's saying. But, this is a wrestling program, not CSPAN. al-Sultan and Billy Craft lock up in the middle of the ring.**

The two competitors lock arms in an old-style grapple- they interlock their fingers and hands, and attempt to use their respective strength to force the other down onto their knees. The taller Billy Craft seems to have the upper hand at first, angling Jafaar backwards and forcing his knees to start to buckle.

MURPHY: **Craft establishing dominance over al-Sultan now, trying to get him to his knees. The determination on his face, I think he wants to prove something to al-Sultan.**

WASHINGTON: **I never knew the Craft Brothers were so patriotic.**

MURPHY: **Oh, what's this?**

Dom Golden, who has been walking behind Landon Jackson and Jafaar al-Sultan takes a seat at the announcer's table and starts putting on a headset.

MURPHY: **He can't be here. Hey, you can't be here!**

GOLDEN: I'm happy to see you too, Murphy. And Mr. Washington, always a pleasure. I'm not doing anything tonight, so I figure I'd help Ben here with the commentary, because Murphy here certainly isn't. And, it's a good thing the cameras are showing the action and not the desk here, because your haircut is horrible, Murph. Who did that, your mom?

MURPHY: Oh, come on...

Before Billy Craft can push the Saudi billionaire to the mat himself, al-Sultan does it for him. Like a cat, al-Sultan lets go of the grapple, drops down to a crouch, and sweeps his leg under Billy Craft's, tripping him. When Craft hits the mat on his back, Jafaar jumps back up and begins stomping him.

WASHINGTON: al-Sultan with the upper hand now. A kick to Billy Craft's midsection. And another. And another! al-Sultan is stomping a mud hole in his opponent here.

GOLDEN: Look at him go. That's championship material, folks.

al-Sultan picks up the pace of his stomps, and the referee moves in to break up the assault. Jafaar complies, lifting his arms in innocence and turning away...before rushing back over to the prone Billy Craft and executes a knee drop to his head.

MURPHY: al-Sultan with a knee to Billy Craft. Craft rolls away from the impact, smartly towards his corner. Jafaar slow to get up, communicating something with his tag-team partner in the other corner...Jimmy slaps his partner's back, the tag is made! And, Jimmy Craft wasting no time here!

As Jimmy Craft jumps up onto the top turnbuckle, Landon Jackson begins pointing and shouting, which causes al-Sultan to turn around. He is too late to do anything, as Jimmy springboards himself through the air and lands on the billionaire with a diving crossbody. Landing on the ground on top of al-Sultan, Jimmy grabs his opponent's leg for leverage on the pin.

GOLDEN: Aw, come on! The tag didn't happen!

WASHINGTON: **A pin, but too early. al-Sultan pushes Jimmy off of him before the referee can even get over there to start the count.**

Jimmy Craft gets up first and before his opponent can get up, Craft lands a standing legdrop on al-Sultan. He rolls off of his opponent and pulls al-Sultan up, locking in a standing side headlock. The two struggle, al-Sultan to get out of it and Jimmy Craft to keep it locked in. After a few moments, the Saudi businessman is able to wiggle out of the headlock, and kneels down, delivering a snapmare to Jimmy Craft.

MURPHY: **Jafaar in control now, he picks up Jimmy and the two lock horns. Though he's smaller, al-Sultan powers Jimmy into the corner turnbuckle; Craft looks a little woozy from the snapmare**

With his opponent in the corner, the billionaire delivers a few slow, deliberate punches to his opponent's head, grabs him, and runs over to the opposite turnbuckle, slamming Jimmy Craft's face into it. He turns around and goes running back to the turnbuckle the two had previously just been in, looking to do the same thing again. Jimmy Craft is able to stick his leg out and brace himself from having his head knocked around again.

WASHINGTON: **And...Oh, wait! Reversal by Jimmy Craft, and he gives al-Sultan a taste of his own medicine! Jafaar stunned, and Jimmy is looking to snapmare him into the other corner. al-Sultan reverses it, though! Jimmy back in the corner!**

al-Sultan goes rushing over to deliver an elbow to his opponent, but Jimmy ducks down evading his opponent's attack. As Jafaar stops his momentum, Jimmy Craft slides beneath him and pulls him down into a schoolboy pin.

1!

2!

GOLDEN: Look at that ring awareness.

The referee doesn't finish the pin, as he sees al-Sultan grabbing the bottom rope. The billionaire breaks the negated pin, causing him and Jimmy Craft to roll out in different directions. Jimmy Craft hustles over to his brother and tags him in, while al-Sultan does the same and tags in Landon Jackson, effectively restarting the match with one fresh wrestler and one mostly fresh wrestler as we go into commercial break.

+++++COMMERCIAL-BREAK+++++

+++++COMMERCIAL-BREAK BACK INTO THE RING+++++

We return to action as Jackson and Billy Craft are in the ring now, and the two are locked up near the center of the ring and they are looking considerably less fresh than they did before commercial, Jackson wins the struggle, and puts Billy in a side headlock.

Jackson keeps the move locked in for a few seconds before Billy Craft is able to pull himself and his opponent over to the ropes and push off of them, throwing Jackson. Jackson bounces off of the opposite rope and comes charging at Billy Craft, who himself moved towards the middle of the ring to initiate an attack. He seems to think better of it, and drops down to the ground, causing Jackson to run right over him and bounce into the rope. Jackson comes running back at Billy, bouncing off of that rope, and Billy attempts to jump over him. This time, Billy does not have as much success, as Landon grabs the Craft Brother from midair and delivers a spinebuster.

WASHINGTON:
pin!

Oh, great power move by Landon Jackson there. And he drops into a

1!

2!

Kickout!

WASHINGTON: A two count, and Billy kicks out. Looks like Jackson might have gotten that three count if he hooked Billy's leg.

GOLDEN: Looks to me like Jackson would have gotten that three count if the ref had gotten over there to start the pin count a little faster. This ref needs to pay a little more attention here, come on!

Jackson and Billy get up around the same time, but unlike Jackson, Billy craft backs into his corner, tagging his brother into the match. Billy exists, Jimmy reenters, and the two legal men walk circles in the middle of the ring stalking each other. They lock up and Jimmy gains the upper hand, putting Jackson in a side headlock and then lifting the bigger man and dropping him on his knee for an atomic drop.

MURPHY: Jimmy Craft with the atomic drop, but unfortunately for him, Jackson was facing towards his partner, so the momentum took him back into his corner and he got the tag in to al-Sultan.

WASHINGTON: This is proving to be a good match, gentlemen.

GOLDEN: Of course it is. Every match that these two men, Jafaar al-Sultan and Landon Jackson are in is a good match.

Jafaar jumps over the top rope and into the ring. Jimmy Craft charges at him, ducks under a chop attempt, and bounces off of the rope back at his opponent. al-Sultan grabs him and pulls him up into the air with an armdrag, but Jimmy Craft lands on his feet.

MURPHY: Oh, what agility by Jimmy Craft! Craft grabs onto al-Sultan's arm and pulls him into a clothesline that causes both men to fall to the mat. Jimmy connected with that forearm, though.

The crowd begins chanting "Jimmy! Jimmy!" and transitions into a "U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" chant. The two wrestlers get up roughly at the same time.

WASHINGTON: Jimmy goes charging at Jafaar now.

al-Sultan senses the charging Craft Brother and ducks under his clothesline. Jimmy continues running and bounces off of the ropes back towards Jafaar, who is ready for him.

WASHINGTON: Oh! al-Sultan with a frankensteiner! What a move! Jimmy Craft down, and he seems out! al-Sultan slow to get up, looks like he might of hurt himself?

GOLDEN: Come on, Jafaar. You're fine, you're fine. Shake it off.

MURPHY: Hmm...Looks like al-Sultan might've landed awkwardly there. He's holding the back of his neck, might of landed on it. Jafaar tags in Landon Jackson, and it looks like he's going to try to walk that off.

Landon Jackson steps into the ring, and picks up the ailing Jimmy Craft by the hair. He sets him up for a vertical suplex, and slams Jimmy into the near center of the ring.

MURPHY: Jackson with a suplex. Jimmy Craft in the middle of the ring, and Jackson with a lazy elbow drop. A pin attempt now...

1!

2!

KICKOUT!

MURPHY: Jimmy Craft with a kickout!

GOLDEN: That clearly was a three count. What is wrong with this referee?
What's he doing out there taking twenty minutes between counts?

Landon Jackson does not seem bothered by Jimmy Craft kicking out of the pin and picks him up from the ground by the hair once more. Controlling him, Jackson Irish whips him into the turnbuckle near his corner. Jimmy Craft crashes into it with a thud and has no time to protect himself from Jackson who follows suit, splashing into him in the corner.

GOLDEN: Look at that power.

WASHINGTON: Jackson now pummeling Jimmy with lefts and rights. The ref getting involved now, pulling Jackson away.

While the referee's back is turned, al-Sultan gets involved. He grabs Jimmy and puts him in a makeshift inverted facelock, using the turnbuckle and the ropes as leverage.

MURPHY: And, of course, al-Sultan does something backhanded.

GOLDEN: Pull the stick out of your ass, Murph. The ref doesn't see it, it didn't happen.

As the referee turns around, al-Sultan lets go of the hold and slithers back to where he had been standing before the illegal attack.

GOLDEN: See, Murph. Never happened.

WASHINGTON: Jackson pulls Jimmy out of the corner, and with those wobbly legs, Jimmy looks like he can barely stand. Him and al-Sultan look to be on the same page.

Landon seems to be working for a swinging neckbreaker but Jimmy spins all the way around and pushes Jackson away. The referee is on Jackson's path and he steamrolls him into the corner, the ref falls prone to the ground, he seems out.

MURPHY: Oh no, the referee got caught in the way.

GOLDEN: Seems like everything is legal now.

And al-Sultan is more than aware, he immediately jumps into the ring and blindsides Jimmy Craft who was starting to go after Jackson. Hard forearms to the back and a German Suplex all connect and Jimmy goes down.

WASHINGTON: I don't like the looks of this.

Billy Craft gets in the ring and goes after al-Sultan, both men get into a brawl firing hard rights at each other. Suddenly Jackson appears with a steel chair and clocks Billy on the back hard summoning the hatred of the crowd upon the 1%.

GOLDEN: Cry all you want, it's all legal as long as the referee doesn't see it.

Jackson yells something to al-Sultan, who nods. Landon Jackson grabs Jimmy and pulls him to his feet.

WASHINGTON: al-Sultan going to the top rope, this looks extra bad.

Landon Jackson lifts Jimmy Craft onto his shoulders and al-Sultan leaps off of the top rope to deliver an Asp Strike, which connects!

WASHINGTON: Oh my goodness, what a move! A modified doomsday device that transitioned into the Asp Strike!

GOLDEN: And that's all she wrote, now we just need the incompetent referee to wake up.

MURPHY: I didn't remember how much I hated to work with you Dominic.

The ref is still unresponsive and the crowd goes wild, why? The camera shows us why, quickly rushing down the ramp come Diego San Martin with Omega 23 and Gustavo Gusmao right behind, all three men slide into the ring and go after the 1%.

GOLDEN: This is absolute madness, what are these guys doing, they are ruining a fine match, this shouldn't be happening.

WASHINGTON: Why? It's all legal as long as the ref doesn't see it.

GOLDEN: This looks bad, I'm outta here.

Golden takes off the headset and starts running off, he's cut off midway through by Diego San Martin who vaults himself outside the ring with a huge tope con hilo.

WASHINGTON: Whoa, DSM's got the moves.

MURPHY: He's a young gun, he retired early and who can blame him. I wouldn't want to put my body through that, especially if I could make even more money promoting.

El Omega lands a nice inverted atomic drop on Jafaar al-Sultan in the middle of the ring. The masked man goes to hit the ropes for momentum and comes back with a huge running, almost jumping big boot. Sultan sees it coming and drops to the mat to avoid it, he rolls out of the ring to avoid El Omega altogether.

MURPHY: Sultan wants none of El Omega 23 right now, especially that boot of the south.

WASHINGTON: probably because Omega's fresh and he was just in a match.

On the other side of the ring Gusmao is tossing Jackson around, Side Suplex first, half Nelson suplex second, Jackson is groggy and gets put on a rear naked choke by the stocky Brazilian, he immediately taps out but this is not a match, at least not between them. Jackson starts to fade out, and San Martin climbs onto the apron to yell at Gusmao, he points at the referee that is finally reviving.

MURPHY: Looks like Don Diego wants this match to continue.

Gusmao reluctantly throws an almost limp Jackson to the mat and kicks the steel chair out of the ring before rolling out himself. the camera turns to the crowd where El Omega 23 and Jafaar are evenly brawling as they make their way through the stairs.

WASHINGTON: Those two have some bad blood.

Back in ring the referee sees both Jimmy and Jackson down on the mat, struggling to get back on their senses. With both men down and no way to find out what had just happened, the referee can only start a ten count.

1! 2! 3!

Both men start getting to their feet.

4! 5!

Jimmy Craft is back to his knees.

6!

Landon Jackson is in one knee and one feet.

MURPHY: **Both men getting up!**

7!

WASHINGTON: **And after all they've been through I commend them.**

Both men get back to their feet.

The ref breaks the count.

MURPHY: **this is it, the match continues.**

Landon Jackson charges in with a double jab, Jimmy is pretty aware of his surroundings and manages to avoid both strikes, Jackson circles to the left to get ready for another offensive move, but as he does Jimmy Craft catches him flush on the jaw with his patented stepping side Superkick. The crowd rises!

WASHINGTON&MURPHY: **THE TEN-KAY!**

One small step backwards is all that Jackson takes before falling limp to the mat, Jimmy Craft lets himself fall on top of him, the identical twin is spent as he just lays back-first on the prone Jackson as the ref counts.

...1!

...2!!

...3!!!

MURPHY: He did it!

Dragonforce's Prepare for War bursts all over the speakers as Billy Craft enters the ring to celebrate.

DUCKY: The winners of this contest, Billy and Jimmy Craft. The ART of WAR
C.R.A.F.T.

Billy helps his brother back to his feet and both men raise their arms into the air, Billy climbs up to a corner and plays up to the crowd who greets them with their biggest pop to date. Jimmy Craft opens his sleeveless Jacket even more and points at his Aron Scythe T-Shirt.

WASHINGTON: The Crafts are on a roll! They've won two on a row now and seems like taking advice from Aron Scythe is doing wonders for them.

MURPHY: Yeah it is, they pick up a HUGE victory against very Big Names, Jafaar al-Sultan is a former Ironman Champion.

++++++EARLIER TODAY++++++

WASHINGTON: Let's take a look at how Kirk Cobain was celebrating the festivities

Kirk Cobain is shown in a football field with a posse of friends, the camera is zoomed way out but they seem to be chatting up as they walk to one of the end zones. We switch to another camera with a closer view and now we can hear Kirk.

COBAIN: I had him over the table and I was all the way up on that ladder and boom, I jumped off and went right through him, just like when I was a kid, it was awesome.

FRIEND: You won dude, PPV, it was pretty boss.

They make it to the end zone and there we can find a big cannon on red, blue and white with a huge eagle drawn on the side. Cobain picks up a helmet from nearby and straps it in to his head.

FRIEND: Are you sure about this?

COBAIN: Off course I am, VIVA LA U.S.A!!! Wooooooooooooo!

Cobain jumps into the cannon, his voice can be heard from inside.

COBAIN: Light this thing up and let's get this party started.

One of Cobain's friends reluctantly starts the shooting sequence; all of the guys put their hands over their ears. The Cannon shoots and Cobain goes flying in the air like a missile, as he goes passing each 10 yard line fireworks starts shooting up behind him, Cobain ends up landing in some big ass USA Flag, the camera then turns up to the sky and focuses on the fireworks.

+++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE+++++

MURPHY: last week on the dirt sheet we saw an interesting piece, seems like one of RPW's favorites, Hakai Dragon is returning soon!

WASHINGTON: Yeah, all the fans should be very happy about this news, but strangely there's one man who doesn't seem happy at all, and that's Hakai himself.

MURPHY: That's your opinion Ben, but let the fans decide for themselves, take a look at the footage.

+++++++VIDEO PACKAGE+++++++

<Camera shot opens to a shot of a glass case holding the original Iron Man title. It pans out to show a shrine of newspaper clippings, fan mail and pictures of various celebrities with half of each picture cut off. Abruptly, the screen cuts to darkness>

HAKAI: Forgotten. Passed over. Left behind. Revival Pro Wrestling and all of you have forgotten what this federation was built on. You have celebrated the newcomers. The evolutions, new stables and championships have provided a veil for everyone to forget the foundation of this organization. Much like the survivors of the Tsunami two years ago, time has moved on and everyone has forgotten.

<Screen cuts to the horrific scenes of carnage from the Tsunami in Japan.>

HAKAI: I will not let you forget. The Iron Man Championship is just the beginning. I will bring it back where it belongs. Prestige will be restored to the RPW. If you thought you saw the last of me, think again. You will rue the day you decided to forget about me. The beatings will begin and continue until you remember. The Tsunami is coming and none of you are safe. You have not seen destruction yet, but you will... You will

+++++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE A BAR+++++++

The scene is a known one as we stand on what used to be Brett Bannion's bar, Last Call Erica is the working bartender and she has some business tonight, the camera shifts to a table with just one chair.

Sitting on the chair, leaning back on it, with both feet on the table, is a man dressed in a tight black t-shirt, some dark blue Levi's, and a pair of steel-toed combat boots. He says nothing, just stares into the camera, chewing his gum, and even in the negligible light you could see and feel his deep black eyes boring into you through the camera. After a few moments, he reaches into a the table and chugs out a bottle of Heineken, he stands up and walks up to the bar. The man can be recognized as Shane Adames, one of RPW's newest signees.

ADAMES: Hey there Beauty, I hear you have some insight on RPW, why don't you get me another beer and you can tell me what you know.

Adames winks an eye at Last Call Erica as the camera fades back into the arena.

+++++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE BACKSTAGE AREA+++++++

The very beautiful Brandy Swinson is rocking a killer dress, she's backstage with RPW Ironman title challenger Leonard Knox, she has a microphone in hand.

SWINSON: Leonard, what would winning an RPW championship mean to you?

KNOX: I --- I, er --- I --- You know, Brandy, that's the first time I've ever been lost for words.

Knox pulls up his sweatbands and strides away.

+++++++CAMERA CUTS INTO ANNOUNCE TABLE+++++++

MURPHY: Weird, Knox seemed quite nervous out there, I don't think it was the title match ahead.

WASHINGTON: I wonder why...heh, heh. Knox actually has a lot to be worried about, he faces Kirk Cobain and Halfus Lykarn, two men that are very dangerous inside of the ring.

MURPHY: Especially Kirk Cobain, I'm guessing you remember the brutal beating he put on Sirius Danger AFTER their match at Call to Arms.

WASHINGTON: I do, and did you see that thing he did earlier today with the cannon? That's crazy, but most importantly, that's something that Sirius Danger would do.

MURPHY: Yeah you are right, I fear Danger might be starting to get in Cobain's head.

WASHINGTON: But it's not only Cobain that Knox needs to worry about, there's also Halfus Lykarn, who despite having only made his debut at Call to Arms, he made a huge impact capturing the Ironman Title, check what transpired a few weeks back.

+++++++VIDEO PACKAGE+++++++

The camera cuts to Charles Strickland in the middle of the ring during Call to Arms.

STRICKLAND: As you all know I wanted to have Damien Wolfe represent me.

The crowd boos heavily at the mention of Damien Wolfe.

STRICKLAND: But let me remind everyone that Mr. Wolfe is still indefinitely suspended and thus, won't be able to participate in tonight's match. Now, this left me on a dire predicament, as Mr. Dobbs over here quickly booked all my British Superstars in different matches, leaving me without a strong choice...

Strickland gives Dobbs a look of disdain before continuing.

STRICKLAND: I wanted Damien Wolfe, I needed Damien Wolfe, and then it hit me. Tommy Riley...I went to visit Tommy Riley at the hospital, he wasn't in much condition to talk but he was able to point me into other of his pupils, another of the men he trained alongside Damien Wolfe.

So without further delay, let me introduce you the man who will use his devastating Reverse STO to capture the RPW Ironman Champion and make ME the General Manager of WNR, GIVE A BIG ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR HALFUS LYKARN.

[Mastodon's Black Tongue](#) fills the arena through the PA system, the crowd responds with heavy boos to the theme of Damien Wolfe. Out from the ramp comes a masked man, about 6 foot tall. He wears long black tights with silver boots and knee pads; his mask is also silver and looks like a fanged monster straight out of a Lovecraftian horror.

A random Nu-metal song plays as we get some highlights of the match:

Sultan with a Superkick on Omega after Golden distracts him.

In another take, Omega sets up Sultan with an inverted atomic drop then runs into the ropes and comes back with a huge running big boot that sends Sultan backflipping. BOOT OF THE SOUTH!

The camera switches again, now Halfus is setting up Sultan for the avalanche german, Brandenburg appears from behind and gives a german to Halfus who in turns takes Sultan over with the Avalanche German, all three crash on the mat.

We shift to Omega with his Gut buster/lariat combination on Sultan.

Brandenburg is seen stalking Sultan, Lykarn appears out of nowhere and lands his jumping reverse STO!

Lykarn puts Sultan in the sharpshooter; el Omega comes charging in with the boot of the south but Lykarn ducks under it, he releases his submission attempt and lands the jumping reverse STO on Omega.

Lykarn now puts Omega in the sharpshooter, but Brandenburg appears out of nowhere and locks the Brit in the Signature Brand, Sultan breaks the hold.

Now Sultan gets hit and subsequently locked with the Signature Brand but he manages to put his feet on the rope. Brandenburg gets up and gets hit by Omega's Boot of the south, Halfus sneaks in with a schoolboy on Omega for 2.

Omega lands triple Tiger suplexes on Lykarn and bridges into a pin, Sultan comes flying off the top rope with a double stomp to break the pin.

Sultan lands the ASP Strike on Brandenburg, Omega puts Sultan into the Argentinean backbreaker rack, he lands the Omega Cutter into the ropes, Sultan is sent to the outside.

El Omega breathes hard; he turns back to the ring as he has a title to capture...Instead he's captured by a huge Jumping Reverse STO from Halfus Lykarn.

Halfus kicks Omega out of the ring and turns his attention on Brandenburg.

he hooks in Brandenburg in a inverted facelock and lifts him up just to put him down with a huge inverted DDT, but that's not all, Halfus Lykarn also puts body scissors on him and he's holding on to the inverted facelock in what looks like a dragon sleeper of sorts.

You can tell Halfus is committed to this choke hold of sorts, his arm muscles showing incredible strain, the camera angle blocks Brandenburg's head but we can see him with his arms trying to fight the choke, and shifting his hips from side to side trying to escape the body scissors and/or gain inches into the ropes, the crowd rallies firmly behind Brandenburg and they chant for their champion.

We are now shown how the referee lifts the arm of the champion three times, Brandenburg opposes resistance to the gravity but it's not enough to keep his arm up the first two times. The third time his arm drops completely limp to the ground just a fraction of a second before Omega and Sultan arrive to break the hold, the bell rings as Lykarn is declared the winner.

The timekeeper hands the belt to the ref, but Strickland jumps into the ring and claims it for himself, the package ends with Strickland putting the title across Lykarn's waist.

+++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE RING+++++

DUCKY: **The following match is scheduled for one fall and it's for the RPW IRONMAN CHAMPIONSHIP!!**

The camera is zoomed at the suited up Ducky!!

DUCKY: **"Introducing first, from Seattle Washington, standing six feet tall and weighing two-hundred pounds..."**

['Half Past You' by Love Battery](#) begins to play, but fifteen seconds in it cuts out abruptly and the house lights die along with the music.

WASHINGTON: **"Now this is just unprofessional. Has anyone got a flashlight?"**

The hum of hushed conversation amongst the RPW crowd is cut by the sound of powerful spotlights clicking on, then silenced by a different song.

['Promises Kept' by Champion](#) plays as the spotlights sweep the crowd for someone.

MURPHY: **"We've seen this before! Wednesday Night Revival, some weeks past now, right before a bout for the Ironman Championship between Jafaar Al-Sultan and..."**

DUCKY: **"... the Generation-X Factor. Kirk. Cobaaaaain!"**

Through the crowd, surrounded by a half-dozen plaid-clad men and women, Kirk Cobain makes his way to ringside. His traditional lumberjack shirt has had the sleeves torn away, and one of them is wrapped around Kirk's hair bandana-style.

Chumbawumba's tubthumping plays next as Leonard Knox is greeted with cheers.

DUCKY: **Now making his way into the ring, from Bradford, England, weighing in at 270 pounds, Leonard KNOX!!**

Knox marches down to the ring with a serious face, he's contended for the Ironman title a couple of times but he has yet to hold the increasingly prestigious belt. He makes his way to the ring and keeps himself warmed up as the introductions are finished.

The crowd starts to boo as they know who's the only man yet to be introduced, Mastodon's Black Tongue hitting the speakers just adds fuel to the fire.

DUCKY: **The final participant of this match, from England and weighing in at 215 pounds, he's the reigning DEFENDING RPW Ironman Champion. HALFUS LYKARN!!**

The silver masked Lykarn comes out with the belt strapped over his shoulder, he's looking calm as he walks down the ramp. The camera zooms on his mask, immediately one details comes to attention, the mask has many eye holes all over the forehead and sides, for each eye hole there's an eye drawn or painted on Halfus' skin making it look like he has many eyes.

WASHINGTON: **It's a pretty monstrous mask that of Halfus Lykarn, look at all of those eyes.**

MURPHY: **in a triple threat match, he's gonna need all of them.**

WASHINGTON: **We already know he's good at multi-man matches, he captured the title in a fatal four-way.**

Lykarn makes his way into the ring and all three men are finally in the ring for our main event, they do their final preparations as the referee gets the belt from Lykarn and raises it in the air.

MURPHY: **Here we go!**

The anticipation is over and the bell rings, all three men are tentative, circling and trying to gauge each other, Halfus breaks the monotony of the situation when he drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring, both Knox and Cobain rush the ropes from where he exited and they point and yell at him while Halfus taunts them from the outside.

WASHINGTON: **Halfus might be looking for the easy way out, but he has to be careful, he can lose the title here without being pinned.**

Knox yells instructions at Cobain and points to a side, he turns his back to Cobain and heads out to the otherside, he's only able to take a few steps before he eats a huge forearm on the back, Cobain turns him around and lays a heavy barrage of punches over him.

MURPHY: **Oh Kirk come on!**

WASHINGTON: **It's every man for himself out here, Kirk is not gonna take orders from anyone.**

Two hard punches to the dome, a knife edge chop and another punch form Kirk's offense, he goes for an Irish whip but Knox doesn't move at all, with the breaks well planted Knox stays in place and ends up pulling Cobain into the ropes, Cobain bounces off them and ducks under a clothesline on the rebound, he hits the opposite set of ropes and comes back with a shoulder block, Knox has an opposing shoulder block waiting for him and the Briton proves to have the stronger one as Kirk goes flying to the mat.

MURPHY: **Knox proving to be the stronger of the two.**

Without letting Lykarn out of sight, Knox helps Cobain to his feet just to send him back down via Headbutt. Cobain looks to get up but ends up being thrown into the corner. Knox closes the distance and scores a couple of forearms to the face, Knox uses his body as a battering ram as he drives his side into Cobain repeatedly, Knox puts his full body into those vicious back elbows.

WASHINGTON: **Dominating start by Leonard Knox, but watch out for Halfus Lykarn who's conserving energies on the outside.**

Knox pulls Cobain to the middle of the ring and plants him down with a hard body slam, he drops down for a pin but Cobain immediately kicks out, the camera turns to Lykarn who had already started to slide back into the ring, he exits again after seeing Cobain kick out.

MURPHY: **The champion is playing an strategic game, waiting for his opportunity to strike. I'd rather see him go fight his challengers.**

WASHINGTON: **You gotta do what you gotta do.**

As both men rise to their feet, Knox sends Cobain to the ropes via Irish Whip. Cobain baseball slides under Knox's legs and uses a knee clip to take the big brawler down. Cobain follows up with a dropkick to the back and Knox goes face first into the mat.

MURPHY: **Cobain finally getting back on this match.**

Cobain brings his opponent up to his knees and starts with methodical punches to the head; he takes his time to place the punches perfectly, slowly but surely draining Knox of his energies. Cobain gets an underhook, but before he can go for the other and set up his Double Arm DDT, Knox spins around with a pretty technical counter into a hammerlock.

WASHINGTON: **Whoa! Very surprising reversal right there by the British Brawler.**

But Cobain immediately frees himself with elbows to the faces and runs to the ropes for momentum, he comes back with a huge flying forearm and Knox goes down to the mat, Knox won't simply stay down and he immediately props up to his feet, Cobain kicks him on the gut just as fast and then turns him around for sound neckbreaker.

MURPHY: **This main event is quickly heating up, and the champion hasn't even taken part on the exchanges yet.**

Feeling lucky, Kirk Cobain scales up to the top rope, the crowd loves his air guitar playing, and they love his top rope elbow drop even more, it connects right in the solar plexus and Cobain goes for the pin.

...1!

...2!!

Halfus breaks the pin.

MURPHY: **It was about time.**

Finally the champion is on this match-up and he wails away at Cobain with hard arm strikes to the back, Halfus doesn't waste time and uses a Snap Suplex to throw Cobain away. With the Grunge lover momentarily out of the way, Halfus can turn his full attention on Leonard Knox, he uses a kick to the gut on Knox and then immediately takes him down with a snap suplex.

WASHINGTON: **And now Lykarn is dominating.**

Running clothesline takes down Cobain, Running clothesline takes down Knox. Lykarn walks up to Cobain and pushes him into the ropes and pulls him out with an Irish whip, Cobain is sent running to the opposite set of ropes and he holds onto them instead of rebounding, this appears to screw with Lykarn's plan and he has to improvise. Lykarn rushes Cobain but the resident Momma's boy of RPW ducks down and lowers the ropes. Halfus Lykarn crashes hard outside.

MURPHY: **Ole!!**

WASHINGTON: **You are hanging out with Diego San Martin too much.**

Cobain looks to the outside and holds on to the top rope, he looks to be measuring up a slingshot plancha, before he can launch himself to the outside Leonard Knox appears and sends him to the back with a back suplex.

MURPHY: **Ouch! You need to be aware of all opponents at all times Kirk!**

Leonard Knox starts setting up for a powerbomb but quickly gives it up as he spots Halfus Lykarn climbing back into the apron, he rushes him and shoulder blocks him off the apron and to the outside, Knox decides to exit the ring and go after the champion.

WASHINGTON: **Looks like Knox won't let Lykarn get away with having Cobain and Knox killing each other and then swooping in to steal the win.**

Knox has a clear advantage on the outside as he instigates a brawl with the champion, he's out landing Lykarn at least 3 to 1. Fists, elbows and even headbutts are flying around and the crowd is getting rowdy. Suddenly a big "ooooohhh" comes from the crowd, Kirk Cobain comes flying out with a suicide dive, Lykarn pushes Knox away just in time and rolls back, Cobain ends up crashing and burning against the barricade.

MURPHY: **Holy....**

Harold Murphy doesn't have to worry about swearing on live TV, the crowd completes his sentence with a strong chant "HOLY SHIT" resounds all over the arena. Lykarn is unfazed by the carnage and rushes in Knox, the title challenger from Bradford is prepared though and he catches the champ coming in and throws him hard to the floor with a spinebuster, the crowd pops big for it.

WASHINGTON: **That could lead into Knox's first title reign, but he needs to get the champ back to the middle of the ring first!**

And that seems to be his goal as Knox immediately starts picking up Halfus and dragging him back in the ring, it's a long process though and before he can complete it, Cobain has already gotten up in back into the fray, Kirk Cobain unleashes fists on the two men, Halfus quickly falls to the mat and that leaves Knox and Cobain to fist fight. Cobain gets the advantage and Irish whips Knox into the steel steps, or at least tries because Knox manages to reverse it and send Cobain crashing instead.

WASHINGTON: Cobain went hardcore and he got it back in kind.

MURPHY: So much violence out of Cobain lately.

Knox doesn't want to waste more time, he wants to become the new RPW Ironman champion, he rolls Cobain back into the ring and follows him up, once inside Knox starts to pick him up and set him up for a powerbomb.

WASHINGTON: Knox is gonna seal the deal!

Cobain is lifted all the way up to Knox's shoulders but he fights back with punches, three hard right hands are enough for Cobain to free himself, he kicks Knox in the gut and gets a double underhook. Before Cobain can complete the Double Arm DDT, Knox back body drops him, Cobain rolls back to his feet and turns around to eat a huge lariat that garners a great crowd reaction.

MURPHY: What impact! Tremendous Lariat!

Knox once again starts setting up for the powerbomb, this time Cobain opposes no resistance and goes all the way up to Knox's shoulders, then some more as Knox lands his signature elevated powerbomb. Knox can smell victory and he goes to hit the ropes, he wants momentum to drop all of his weight over Cobain with the Bull's-eye!

WASHINGTON: If he hits that splash it's all over.

...

JUMPING REVERSE STO ON LEONARD KNOX

Just as Knox was running to deliver his splash, Halfus Lykarn appeared out of nowhere and jumped at him. Knox was completely surprised and sent crashing down face first into the mat.

MURPHY: Lykarn with that Reverse STO, he really hits it out of nowhere.

WASHINGTON: It's amazing, I hear he calls that the Riley Render in honor to his trainer.

Lykarn immediately goes for the pin.

1!

2!

3?

YES! The Bell Rings!

DUCKY:
champion...

The winner of this match...and STILL! RPW Ironman

HALFUS LYKARN!!

The silver masked Lykarn gets the title from the referee and his hand is raised in the air as the music of his training partner Damien Wolfe hits the speakers. The camera zooms in on Lykarn's mask and we can notice small tentacles coming out of the mouth of the mask, the multiple eyes on Lykarn's mask comes to notice again. Lykarn lifts the title up in the air to many boos and he plays the crowd for a while, when he's done he goes to leave the ring but suddenly, "Blackened" by Metallica hits and once again, John "The Brand" Brandenburg comes out in full sprint to the ring. The crowd erupts in cheers as they see Brandenburg come out and slide into the ring to face Halfus Lykarn. The two stare down intently before Brandenburg walks to the side of the ring and grabs a mic.

BRANDENBURG: Lykarn, you may not be interested in talking but I have plenty to say tonight. Like I said on the Dirt Sheet, I was *prepared* at Call to Arms. I was prepared for Jafaar Al-Sultan, and I manhandled him in the ring and almost won back my title at his expense. I was even ready for El Omega 23, as I have seen plenty of him in my video banks. Hell, I was even ready for my good friend Damien Wolfe to come back from a suspension so he could take another beating at my hands.

Brandenburg and Lykarn have not broken their glare at each other.

BRANDENBURG: But one thing I was not ready for was Sir Charles Strickland picking Wolfe's old sparring partner. And you know what? It turns out that what I wasn't ready for cost me my RPW Iron Man Championship. I'm a man of integrity in the ring, you beat me fair and square, and I have no right to argue about that. I even kept an eye out for that reverse STO of yours, and I made sure to cover myself in case you tried to use that on me. But your submission hold, a reverse Signature Brand of all things, that I was not ready for.

The crowd boos as Brandenburg recalls the loss to Lykarn.

BRANDENBURG: As I said, I'm a fair man, and I knew that other guys like Leonard Knox and Malcolm Valenzuela deserved their shot at that title. For better or worse, they earned it. Knox got his chance tonight, and Valenzuela should get his soon. But I'm telling you right now, Lykarn, I'm not leaving the Iron Man Championship picture without getting a shot at you myself!

The crowd cheers. Brandenburg continues the intense look at Lykarn.

BRANDENBURG: No, I don't plan on letting you get by without facing me again. I'm laying down the gauntlet Lykarn! I know you have what it takes to handle the very best in RPW, so I am certain you won't back down from a challenge. And I have a challenge for you, my masked friend. I want you one-on-one, in the ring, for YOUR RPW Iron Man Championship. And I want it...in a SUBMISSION MATCH!!!

The crowd roars with approval as Brandenburg makes the challenge.

BRANDENBURG: It's on you, Lykarn. If you want to go against the very best here at RPW, well the buck stops WITH ME! And if you put that Iron Man Championship on the line in a submission match against the best technical wrestler in RPW, well, I'll TEACH YOU TO TAP just like I have with all of my opponents. Your move versus the Signature Brand! What's it going to be?

Brandenburg drops the mic and turns, raising a fist in the air and yelling at the fans for encouragement. He leaves the ring and turns back at Lykarn, engaging him in a staredown again, the staredown is fierce and it serves as our closing shot of the transmission.