



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!!!

THE ENIGMA!

HIRE ADAMES

“THE LIVERPOOL SENSATION”

THE EMPIRE STILL SUCKS

BRANDED 4 LIFE!

+++++RING: ENIGMA VS HYPERION RUSHMORE+++++

The show begins with a pyro show, but suddenly the blasts around the entrance go erratic. Random small blasts in a few places around the arena, and the lights in those places go out. Then one big blast above the ring and all the lights in the arena go out. The crowd is extremely loud as a few seconds pass and the arena is still pitch dark. Then suddenly, pyro comets shoot up from along the ramp, a spark waterfall starts around the entrance curtain, and the spotlight is at the top of the ramp.

**WASHINGTON:** **We've seen this before!**

Linkin Park - 'Wretches & Kings' hits, and the crowd pops huge..

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.

**MURPHY:** **It's the Enigma! He has his first RPW singles match tonight, he's coming fresh off a tag team victory. Last WNR, his partner Douglas Gallagher pinned Ronnie Reynolds, now it's his turn to try and pin Reynolds' partner, Hyperion Rushmore.**

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 around the ring with a microphone in his hand, as the crowd is eager to listen to the mysterious one.. He looks around at the crowd, and then begins to speak..

**ENIGMA :** What you saw last week was just the beginning.. It was just a little shimmer of my bounty of talent and ability. Nothing in the RPW, nothing in the world can intimidate me. There is absolutely nothing that can stop me from doing what I can do and doing what I want to do. I am not gonna stop at anything. I am not gonna stop till I do what I came here to do. I will not stop till I make an unforgettable impact on the RPW. I will not stop till I get the dose of success that I deserve. I will not stop till I do what I want to and do what I have to. I will not stop till I make a lasting impression in the ranks of this company.

Ronnie Reynolds.. You are first.. I am coming for you. I will take you down. And then I'll move on to the next person. I will take down your f\*\*\*ed up stable piece-by-piece.. One at a time.. Ronnie, you can get away from me for once and send someone else in your place to face me But I am warning you - You cannot stay away from me forever.. I will take you down. It'll be you and me - man to man, face to face. And when that day comes-

Enigma gets cut off as Hyperion Rushmore's music hits...

**DUCKY:** The following match is scheduled for one fall with a 15 minute time limit, making his way to the ring now, Hyperion Rushmore!!

Enigma stares down the ramp at his opponent, drops the mic and loosens up. He takes his jacket off and gives it to the referee who has just come in to the ring.. He walks over to his corner and sits on the turnbuckle waiting for the match bell to ring

**DUCKY:** And his opponent, ENIGMA!!!

**MURPHY:** I find interesting how Enigma just gets introduced as Enigma and no more information about him is revealed, he's truly a puzzling individual.

**\*The Bell Rings\***

The bell rings for the match to start. Enigma and Rushmore start circling each other around the ring. They go for a tie-up, but Enigma ducks under it and comes out behind him. Rushmore turns to face him and the two of them stare down. Rushmore mouths something to Enigma that looks like "Come on if you dare to". Enigma punches his fists together and they go for a tie up again. Once again, Enigma ducks under, comes out from behind and hits a kick to the back of Rushmore's knee. He hits a couple of forearms to the back of the Giant. The Giant turns around as Enigma comes off the ropes and hits a dropkick to his knees.

**WASHINGTON :** Great strategy here from the mysterious Enigma. A large athlete's biggest weakness is his knee and that's what he is targeting.

Enigma goes on his knees and lands a few punches on his downed opponent. He gets back up and hits a guillotine leg drop off a flip. He goes for stomps on the grounded giant's midsection, counting the

stomps, and the crowd counts along. He lands 10 stomps and the giant rolls over. Enigma picks him up and keeps him up on all fours, comes off the ropes and connects with a soccer kick to the giant's gut. He goes for a pin attempt that gets one.

**MURPHY :** **A flurry of offense here from the mystery man. But it's definitely going to take a lot more than that to keep the Giant down.**

Enigma is psyched up as he has the early advantage in the match. He picks the Giant up and hits a corkscrew neckbreaker which garners a nice pop. He flashes his crossed-guns at Rushmore and runs to the ropes, springboards off the top rope and connects with a hard moonsault. Enigma goes for the pin.

1 !

2 !

**KICKOUT !**

Enigma gets tossed halfway across the ring with that kickout, as Rushmore tries to regain some poise to get back on his feet. Enigma starts walking around the Giant waiting for him to stand up fully. The crowd starts to noticeably get behind the Mystery Man, expecting him to maintain this early advantage that he has.

**MURPHY :** **Impressive work so far by Enigma. He has been able to keep Rushmore down, and he is also able to wear him down with some brilliant offense.**

**WASHINGTON :** **That last kickout came with a lot of power. I would be very cautious if I were in Enigma's place. The Giant can turn the tables any time.**

As Rushmore finally gets back to his feet, Enigma rushes at him and hits a jumping crossbody that pushes the Giant to the corner. Stomps in the corner, and Enigma seems in full control of the situation. He walks across the ring taking in the chants of the hot Chicago crowd. He runs towards Rushmore and hits a dropkick to the midsection.

**WASHINGTON:** Gotta say. It's tough when you're up against a guy who is more than a foot taller than you. But Enigma has definitely defied those odds with a brilliant performance so far.

**MURPHY :** Absolutely Ben. But he still has a long way to go. Its gonna take a lot more work to keep the Giant down for the three count.

Enigma picks the Giant up and lands a few forearms to his face. He tries to Irish Whip him to the ropes, but Rushmore manages to counter and whips the Mystery Man across the ring. Enigma comes back off the ropes and Rushmore tries to put him down with a big boot, but he manages to duck underneath his boot. As Rushmore turns, he uses the ropes and jumps onto his shoulders, trying to go for a Hurricanrana. But the Giant manages to counter again and tries to go for a powerbomb. Enigma manages to get over his head and jump off his shoulders, escaping the counter attack, and hits a jumping neckbreaker slam that sends Rushmore rolling out of the ring.

**MURPHY :** Amazing counter attacks. Enigma manages to get the Giant out of the ring.

**WASHINGTON :** Oh wait.. I don't like the look of this.. Is he going to do what I think he is ?

Enigma is standing in the middle of the ring, waiting for Rushmore to get back on his feet. When he finally begins to get up, Enigma points his hand guns at him and runs to the opposite ropes. He comes off the ropes and runs across the ring. And then, in an amazing risky move, he springboards off the top rope and hits a flipping senton on his opponent on the outside. Both of them are laid out on the outside.

**WASHINGTON :** AWESOME ! Enigma shows us a bit of his high-flying prowess.

**MURPHY :** The two downed wrestlers better get back into the ring before they get counted out.

The referee starts the count..

**1 !**

2 !

3 !

Both the men slowly start getting back on their feet.

4 !

5 !

Enigma is up on his knees, and so is Rushmore.

6 !

7 !

Enigma slowly manages to get on his feet. Rushmore is still on his knees.

8 !

Enigma picks the Giant up and rolls him back into the ring. He gets up and stands on the apron. He takes some time to regroup, and starts stomping his feet on his apron, waiting for Rushmore to get up. When he is finally on his feet, he springboards off the top rope and goes back at the giant. But he's met midair by a clothesline from Rushmore.

**MURPHY :** First bit of offense from the Giant. But extremely effective..  
He has the Mystery Man down, and now at his mercy.

**WASHINGTON:** Enigma was giving Rushmore everything he got, hitting move after move, and all it took was one shot to turn the tide, how impressive is Hyperion Rushmore?

The Mystery Man is picking himself up like his whole world was just rattled, Rushmore just comes waltzing in and floors him with a right hand, Enigma is quicker getting back to his feet this time around but he goes down once again this time via Body Slam.

**MURPHY:**

**Ughh, this could easily start to turn ugly.**

Rushmore puts one of his feet on Enigma's chest, he walks and puts all of his weight on him as he steps over him and the crowd boos wildly. Enigma takes both hands to his chest, clearly in pain, and he rolls into his knees. Rushmore just puts his boot on Enigma's side and shoves him back onto his back.

**WASHINGTON:**

**The giant is dominating now, but can Enigma turn the tide?**

**MURPHY:**

**Stay with us to find out as WNR rolls on live.**

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

We return to the middle of the ring and Enigma is seated while Hyperion Rushmore applies a vicious nerve hold, Enigma grimaces in pain as Rushmore stacks on the pressure.

**WASHINGTON:**

**Welcome back to WNR live from Chicago, our opening bout of the evening is still taking place and Hyperion Rushmore has been controlling the action all through the commercial break and now has Enigma in a bad predicament.**

The crowd starts to rally behind Enigma and the Mysterious one is feeding off their energies as he looks to have gotten a sort of second wind, he slowly starts making his way up to his feet, even as Rushmore struggles to keep him down. Enigma jumps and hits a double mule kick on Hyperion's mid section, Enigma uses the momentum to roll forward and run into the ropes, the crowd goes crazy!

**MURPHY:**

**Nice counter move.**

The high flying Enigma jumps into the second rope and springboards back with a crossbody block, the move fails to knock over the giant, and instead Enigma is stopped dead on his tracks as Hyperion has caught him mid air, the crowd dies down once again.

**WASHINGTON:**

**This could potentially be bad for Enigma.**

Hyperion Rushmore is not paid to just hold Enigma in the air; he quickly throws him back down to the mat with a fall-away slam to boos aplenty. Enigma stands up but he's quickly run over with a clothesline, the giant picks his opponent up and whips him to the ropes, on the rebound Hyperion lifts a boot and plants it on Enigma's chest, Enigma doesn't just fall flat on his back but he also receives all of Hyperion's weight as the boot comes crushing on his chest, Hyperion raises a fist in the air and the ref is forced count a pin.

**MURPHY:**

**Come on, drop down and hook the leg...**

**1 !**

**2 !**

**KICKOUT!**

**WASHINGTON:**

**Rushmore's arrogance might cost him at some point.**

Enigma remains alive in this match up, but he has a lot to do if he wants to walk away with the victory here tonight, Rushmore isn't planning on letting him recover and he quickly picks him up. Rushmore uses both his huge hands to grasp Enigma by the throat, he lifts him up in an illegal choke hold and the ref is forced to count. Rushmore responds by throwing Enigma hard into a corner.

**MURPHY:**

**Enigma had a hot start but it's now been all Rushmore.**

Rushmore reaffirms his dominance with hard chops into the corner followed up for a open handed slap across the chest that is bound to leave a mark. This crowd doesn't like Hyperion Rushmore one bit and he couldn't care less. Rushmore finally pulls Enigma out of the corner with an Irish whip to the opposite one and starts running right after him. Enigma goes back first against the corner and immediately Rushmore flattens him with a huge clothesline against the corner.

**WASHINGTON:**

**Enigma was just made into a 2D character Murph.**

**MURPHY:**

**Paper Enigma, if you will.**



With no time to lose, Rushmore places one hand on Enigma's throat and uses it to pull him out of the corner, he then lifts him up to finish this match with a brutal chokeslam. Enigma has other plans and he pushes off the top rope and backflips over Rushmore's arm, he uses the momentum to take the giant over with a huge arm drag and the crowd pops big.

**WASHINGTON:**

**WHAT A REVERSAL.**

Rushmore rolls to one knee as he attempts to get all of his weight back into a standing position, Enigma on the other hand is not gonna let a golden opportunity like this pass and he rushes forward, Enigma launches himself and connects with a huge Shining Apprentice.

**MURPHY:**

**What an Enzugiri!!**

Enigma drops down for the pin...

**1 !**

**2 !**

**KICKOUT!**

**WASHINGTON:**  
powerful kick out.

**Almost! Whoaaaaaaa, Enigma just went flying, what a**

Rushmore just won't stay down and he rises to his feet, Enigma walks over and hooks him up, he's looking for the Corkscrew Neckbreaker yet again. Enigma is about to launch himself but Rushmore says no, he counter with a big time sidewalk slam for a two count.

**MURPHY:** **Enigma needs to try and seal the deal soon, Rushmore is just too big and too powerful to keep around.**

Rushmore picks up the much smaller Enigma and once again whips him into a corner just to charge behind him, this time Enigma is ready and jumps into the corner bouncing back with a corkscrew senton that catches the charging Rushmore completely by surprise, the giant falls near the corner and the crowd pops.

**WASHINGTON:** **Enigma wasn't going to fall twice for that.**

Enigma continues his momentum and uses it to get back to his feet and run into the ropes; he returns full speed at a recovering Rushmore and nails him with his multi-rotation corkscrew elbow. Rushmore once again falls prone near a corner and this gives Enigma a big idea. He signals to the top rope as the crowd is going crazy. Enigma starts to climb.

**MURPHY:** **What is Enigma thinking here.**

Enigma stands tall in top of the corner, with his back to the ring, he extends both arms high into the air and brings them down just before jumping off, he starts rotating backwards.

90°! 180°...

270°! 360°...

450°! 540°...

630°! Double rotation moonsault!!

**WASHINGTON:** **Holy mother of god, what a move!**

**1 !**

**2 !**

### 3! The bell rings.

**DUCKY:** The winner of this match, ENIGMA!!

Linkin Park's 'Wretches & Kings' hits again and mixes in with the cheers of the crowd who are loving Enigma and his high flying offense. Enigma celebrates by climbing each corner and addressing the fans.

**MURPHY:** Enigma just defeated a man twice his size, I would say that sky is the limit for this kid but he seems pretty comfortable flying through it.

++++ LOCKEROOM: CRACKING THE ENIGMA +++++

**A furious Reynolds is seen looking at the show in a TV screen, he turns around and yells at Norville Titan!**

**REYNOLDS:** We are not paying you all that for your guy to lose!!!

Reynolds is shaking his head from side to side; he stares at the ground for a couple of seconds before looking up and shouting: **“CREW, ASSEMBLE!!”**

Amy Evans and Jackson Gerritt, who were chatting in a corner, close in for the impromptu meeting. Dominic Golden also walks forward, the Camera turns around to show Landon Jackson busy hitting a heavy bag and Jafaar al-Sultan is nowhere to be seen. Sport Psychologist Dr. Light is now shown walking up to the meeting.

**REYNOLDS:** **Ok guys, this is important. I've had it with this Enigma guy, he's making me look terrible and we just can't have that right Amy?**

Image Analyst Amy Evans nods.

**REYNOLDS:** **I want to make him pay in kind, I want to expose this guy, I want to know his weaknesses so I can exploit them. I want to know what he believes, to understand why he is like he is. I want to know what he likes and what he loves, so I can take that away from him. So tell me my dearest team, how do we accomplish that? How do we crack the Enigma?**

Gerritt and Golden seem to be whispering something to each other, Gerritt looks up and speaks.

**GERRITT:** **Wait up boss, I know just the girl...**

Jackson Gerritt retrieves his phone from his pocket and starts dialing, after a few seconds he starts a conversation.

**GERRITT:** **Hey Shirley, it's me...Jackson.**

Gerritt lets go a silly laugh before continuing.

**GERRITT:** **Yeah, it's been a while.**

Reynolds looks impatient as Jackson Gerritt is doing a whole lot of listening and not much talking.

**GERRITT:** **I'm glad to hear that, yeah we should have coffee some time...**

Amy Evans looks pretty annoyed...

**EVANS:** **Coffee? What does that have to do with exposing the Enigma.**

**GERRITT:** **Yeah, that sounds good to me, I can make it no probs.**

Something that Jackson Gerritt hears puts a huge, goofy smile on his face.

**GERRITT:** **It was good hearing from you, see you Saturday then, send Mr. and Mrs. Watson my best regards. Have a good night Shirley!**

Gerritt finally hangs up, apparently having accomplished nada, zero, nothing.

**REYNOLDS:** **What was all that about Gerritt...**

**EVANS:** **Yeah, who was that?? You tell me right now why would you waste everyone's time as talk to one of your skanks.**

A girl we hadn't seen before raises her voice.

**RANDOM GIRL:** **Whoa, Jealous much?**

Amy Evans looks at her right in the eyes and yells, you can see how the tensions are rising.

**EVANS:** **WHAT? NEVER!!! And who in the hell are you anyway?**

**RANDOM GIRL:** **I'm Mr. Reynolds' official belt carrier.**

Norville Titan bursts out laughing.

**TITAN:** **Belt Carrier? He isn't even a champion.**

And this puts a worried expression of the face of Dr. Light, the sports psychologist.

**DR. LIGHT:** **Whoa, whoa! Don't bring Ronnie down, he needs to have a champion mentality in order to succeed.**

Reynolds is mad and he raises his voice.

**REYNOLDS:** **Yeah, shut up, your man couldn't even beat Enigma tonight.**

Everyone starts yelling at each other, except Jackson Gerritt who walks away from the angry mob with his cell to his ear, the camera follows him.

**GERRITT:** **Hey Shirley, I thought about it again and... what are you doing tonight?**

+++++ ANNOUNCE TABLE: WHO'S SHIRLEY WATSON?+++++

**MURPHY:** **Looks like we have some drama in the Reynolds camp.**

**WASHINGTON:** **Yeah, and who's Shirley Watson? And how is she going to help solve the Enigma?**

**MURPHY:** **I guess those questions will be answered in time, up next we have an interview with our "favorite" interviewer, Matt Josham.**

**WASHINGTON:** **How does that man still have a job with RPW?**

+++++BACKSTAGE WITH MATT JOSHAM: BRETT BANNION DESERVES BETTER+++++

Matt Josham is rocking one of his trademark plaid suits as he interviews Brett "The Chief" Bannion, who's still sporting his ring gear.

**JOSHAM:** Welcome everyone to Backstage with Matt Josham, tonight I'm joined by Brett "The Chief" Bannion who had a dominating performance in one of our preliminary match for the live crowd. Bannion continued his winning ways by making short work of Gary Graplin.

**BANNION:** Thanks for the kind introduction Matt.

**JOSHAM:** Don't sweat it, that's what I do; I'm not the best interviewer in the world for nothing. So Brett, tell me a bit more about your match with Graplin and where do you stand in RPW at the moment.

**BANNION:** What can I tell you? I crushed him, he's an amateur and didn't even deserve to be in the same ring with me, but I'm not complaining, I need to show everyone what I'm really capable of now that I've refocused myself fully into wrestling. Graplin was just caught in the crossfire, and many more people will until I get my hands on RPW Gold.

**JOSHAM:** speaking about RPW Gold, how do you feel about Alex Monroe getting into a number one contender's match for the Ironman championship later on tonight, honestly I believe that him getting a title shot is a travesty, there are at least 10 RPW superstars more deserving of that shot, including you.

**BANNION:** Yeah, that's a very questionable decision by our new general manager. I'm thinking that instead of the competitive match I would've put forth, he wanted to give Hakai Dragon an easy return match so he could drive business up for next week's title shot.

**JOSHAM:** That's an interesting theory, and I have no doubt that you would put a better fight than Monroe, and I'm also sure that you will crush him just like you did with Graplin when you two finally cross paths. This was backstage with Matt Josham, with the BEST interviewer in the world, yours truly, Matt Josham.

+++++RING: HAKAI DRAGON VS ALEX MONROE (IRONMAN NUMBER ONE CONTENDERSHIP)+++++

"I Am Onslaught" by Emmure hits.

**DUCKY:** The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a 30 minute time limit and it is a number one contender's match for the RPW Ironman Title!

Alex Monroe makes his way out to the stage, hood pulled over his head. He pauses for a second, letting out visibly deep breaths before dropping the hood and letting out a war cry in the form of "Ironman Title!" the crowd receives Monroe with a moderate mixed reaction.

**DUCKY:** Making his way to the ring first, from Portland, Oregon, weighing in at 220 pounds... "The Lethal Injection" ALEX MONROE!

He marches down the ramp, making a circle around the ring before hopping on the apron and letting out another war cry and stepping in the ring. He goes straight to his corner and removes his jacket before starting some warm-ups.

**MURPHY:** Here comes Alex Monroe, a lot has been talked about this kid Ben.

**WASHINGTON:** Yeah, and he has been very impressive both in victory and defeat.

Anticipation starts to build as the return of Hakai Dragon is up next, we can hear the crowd eager to see one of their favorites make his, hopefully triumphant, return.

**MURPHY:** It's been a long time since we've seen the Hakai Dragon, this should be a treat.

Suddenly the lights go out and the crowd reacts, a red spotlight hits the center of the stage and mist starts shooting off the stage. The mist gets a red hue from the spotlight and within we can see a glimpse of the Hakai Dragon. He is standing with his back to the crowd displaying the traditional rising sun on the back of his black shinobi shozoko.

**DUCKY:** And his opponent, hailing from Sendai Japan.... Weighing 221 pounds.... He is a former RPW Iron Man Champion! Please give a warm welcome to the returning...HAKAI DRAGON!!!!

The Dragon receives a huge pop as he turns towards the ring, he makes his way into the ring with the spotlight following him and the light starts to normalize, Hakai's blue eyes are focused on the ring and his opponent who looks thrilled to share a ring with him.

**WASHINGTON:** This is it Murph, Hakai Dragon is officially back and this is kind of a big deal, this man was the first RPW Ironman Championship, he held that title for a long while and amassed quite a few title defenses.

The bell rings and the two men begin to circle each other, testing each other. The two lock up in the middle of the ring, and Monroe backs Hakai into the corner. The ref counts to four and Monroe breaks. He steps out of the corner and the two circle each other again, this time Hakai locks Monroe in a side headlock off the tie-up. Monroe shoves Hakai off into the ropes and drops to the mat as Hakai jumps over him, whipping off the next set of ropes and leapfrogging over Monroe. Hakai hooks his legs under Monroe's arms and rolls Monroe up.

**MURPHY:** First pin attempt of the match.

**1...**

2...

## Kickout!

Monroe quickly returns to his feet and the two once again find themselves circling each other, still getting a feel for their opponent. They lock up again, and Monroe uses an arm take down before spinning on top of Hakai and locking in a front face lock. Hakai slowly gets to his feet and pushes Monroe off into the ropes before hitting a dropkick to the head of Monroe.

**MURPHY:** Hakai Dragon hasn't lost a step.

Monroe rolls to the outside and Hakai whips off the ropes before leaping through the top and middle rope with a suicide dive, sending both men to the ground on the outside. The ref begins his count **1... 2... 3...** Hakai kips up to his feet **4...** Hakai picks up Monroe, but Monroe whips Hakai in to the barricade **5...** Alex charges Hakai and hits a huge elbow to the face **6...** Monroe rolls Hakai back in before rolling in himself at 7.



**WASHINGTON:** Monroe is not going to let himself be overwhelmed by Hakai's mere presence, Dragon is going to have to go all out if he wants to get the Ironman Title back.

Monroe starts to stand up but eats a side kick to the face which dazes him. Hakai takes the opportunity to drop Alex to his knees and lock in the Dragon Sleeper. Alex writhes in pain for a moment, but quickly spins and gets to his feet before ramming Hakai in the corner, forcing Hakai to release the hold. Alex thrusts his shoulder in to the gut of Hakai before hitting an elbow to the face. Alex hits a few more elbows before unleashing the flurry of Kobashi Chops.

**MURPHY:** Monroe's hard hitting style is bound to give fits to everyone.

**WASHINGTON:** I'd love to see him face El Omega 23.

Hakai stumbles out of the corner and Alex whips him off the ropes. Alex bends over mid-ring, and Hakai kicks Alex in the face. Alex snaps up to a full standing position, allowing Hakai to quickly spin around and hit a spinning wheel kick, sending Monroe to the canvas. Hakai covers.

**1...**

**2...**

**Kickout!**

**WASHINGTON:** I don't care if you are Hakai Dragon or the pope, you need more than that to take out Alex Monroe.

Hakai quickly rolls Alex over and goes to lock in the Crossface Chickenwing, but Alex elbows Hakai in the face, allowing him to escape it. Both men return to their feet and Alex leaps up and connects with a jumping knee to the face, allowing him to whip a stunned Hakai in to the corner. Monroe has a second to catch his breath and he runs in to hit the Mafia Kick, he connects. Alex lets Hakai drop to the mat and covers him.

**MURPHY:**

**Brutal kick by Monroe.**

**1...**

**2...**

**Kickout!**

Alex helps Hakai to his knees and unleashes some slow, methodical Kawada Kicks before leaping in the air with a knee drop. Alex covers again.

**1...**

**2...**

**Kickout!**

**WASHINGTON:**  
**the occasion!**

**Monroe is stacking the pressure on his opponent, he's rising to**

Alex is in disbelief as Hakai is still dazed. Hakai tries to get to his feet again, but as he does, Alex quickly jumps him and locks in a flying Triangle Choke. Hakai writhes in pain as he considers tapping, but instead begins to drift into unconsciousness. The ref raises Hakai's hand and it slowly drops once. The ref brings Hakai's hand up once again and releases it, Hakai fights to keep it up but you can tell the move is sapping his strength as the hand once again slowly makes his way down to the mat... The ref brings up Hakai's hand for a third time.

**The ref releases the hand.**

**It slowly starts to descend for a third time.**

**It goes down...**

**Down...**

**NO! The arm suddenly stiffens and gets back up**

Hakai slowly begins returning to his feet, unleashing shots to the midsection of Monroe. Hakai hooks Monroe and in an incredible display of strength he pulls him up all the way into his shoulders. Monroe swings his arms in the air trying to regain balance but Dragon just crushes him down with a powerbomb, breaking the triangle choke. The move not only slammed Monroe hard into the mat but it also took a lot out of Hakai, and both men lay prone on the mat as the ref begins his count.

**1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6... Hakai begins to stir. 7... Alex begins to stir. 8... Hakai grabs the ropes. 9!**

Alex grabs the ropes as Hakai makes it to his feet in time, the Japanese warrior charges the bent over Alex and boots him in the head.

**MURPHY:** **Hakai Dragon trying to get himself back in control of this match up but Alex Monroe is proving to be a big test for him on his return 10 minutes into their match.**

**WASHINGTON:** **Far from the easy match-up that Brett Bannion and Matt Josham were suggesting, stay with us to see if Alex Monroe can spoil the return of Hakai Dragon.**

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

**MURPHY:** **Welcome back to WNR where Hakai Dragon is having his anticipated return match against hot prospect Alex Monroe.**

**WASHINGTON:** **After a back and forth start, Hakai has finally managed to establish control of this match's pace.**

Hakai has Monroe square center in the ring with a Crossface Chickenwing. The ref is asking Alex if he wants to give up, and Monroe replies with an emphatic "NO!" Hakai continues to punish Alex with the hold before Alex gets a spark of life in him and rolls over before returning to his feet and dropping on his back, forcing Hakai to break the hold.

**MURPHY:** **Monroe looking creative in those escapes!**

Monroe tries to rush back into his feet and mount some offense; he charges Hakai but falls prey to a Japanese arm drag. A second charge by Monroe only nets the same result. Alex Monroe must be getting frustrated as he now is sent back to the mat with a well placed dropkick to the face.

**WASHINGTON:** **This is where we will find out what Monroe is truly made of.**

**MURPHY:** **Can he rebound back or will Hakai Dragon break his will.**

Monroe makes his way to his feet and Hakai goes over to kick him, Monroe catches the boot and looks at Hakai with fire and determination. He quickly drops the leg and spins, launching himself with a rolling elbow that had it connected would've changed the entire complexion of this match up.

**WASHINGTON:** **Whoa, close call.**

Hakai not only managed to duck under the elbow, but he also catches Monroe with his back exposed and hooks him up for a ride.

**BACKDROP DRIVER CONNECTS!!!**

**1...**

**2...**

**2.90!**

**No! Kickout!**

**MURPHY:**

**What a near fall! This action is heating up.**

Hakai looks at the ref in disbelief but the ref assures him it was only two. Hakai signals that it's time for the Koji Clutch! Hakai begins to lock it in, but Monroe is able to counter it in to a roll up.

**1...**

**2...**

## **Kickout!**

**MURPHY:** **Alex Monroe almost steals one.**

**WASHINGTON:** **Monroe is far from out, he still has a lot of fight on him.**

Alex gets a second wind as Hakai returns to his feet and gets caught with a huge kick to the head. Alex grabs Hakai and hits a huge exploder suplex! Alex quickly makes his way to the top rope, the crowd is mixed on its reaction before Alex flies off with a huge flying double foot stomp to the skull. Alex rolls Hakai over and covers.

**MURPHY:** **Monroe might have just turned the tide on Hakai's tsunami.**

**1...**

**2...**

**3?**

## **No! Kickout!**

**WASHINGTON:** **Hakai lives! Whoa...this match is delivering the goods Murph.**

**MURPHY:** **Indeed, it's great to have Hakai Dragon back in RPW.**

Alex slaps the mat in frustration, but then refocuses. Alex brings Hakai up for a DDT, but Hakai shoves Alex out and hits a quick thrust kick the completely knocks Alex for a loop. Hakai quickly grabs Monroe and runs the turnbuckle before connecting with a huge Shiranui! Hakai covers!

**1...**

**2...**

## **Kickout!**

**WASHINGTON:** I don't know how this two are able to sustain such a pace.

And it's a valid concern, but it starts to answer itself as both men look pretty winded in the mat, both struggling to fill their lungs with oxygen and get up for another round, the referee starts counting them

**1! 2! 3! 4! 5!**

**MURPHY:** It would be a shame if this tremendous match ends up with a double 10 count.

And both gladiators are diligently working so that doesn't happen, both men return to their feet by 8 and they tumble into each other in the middle of the ring. Alex delivers a hard chop, and Hakai returns the favor. Alex pushes forward with a stiff elbow but Hakai comes back with one of his own. Another chop and another elbow go by as Hakai and Alex are happy to trade blows. Both men then start slapping each other in the middle of the ring repeatedly. They go quickly as they are able to duck some, leaving the crowd cheering loudly for this display of skill between both men. Finally Hakai leaps in the air and hits a huge enzuigiri to the head of Alex, sending him down to the mat. Hakai points to the air and the crowd reacts fondly.

**WASHINGTON:** Oh boy, Hakai Dragon might just start his road to the Ironman title right here.

Hakai ascends to the top turnbuckle and the crowd is on their feet, they know what's next.

**PHOENIX SPLASH CONNECTS!**

1...

2...

# 3?

## No! Kickout!

The crowd is on their feet as Monroe slowly picks himself up while Hakai Dragon is just waiting for the right moment, Dragon hooks the neck and goes for the vertical suplex lift that usually precedes his Tsunami Piledriver. Monroe manages to force himself back to his feet and surprisingly enough it is him who lifts Hakai Dragon all the way to the vertical suplex position.

**BRAINBUSTER BY MONROE!!**

It might have been a desperation move but it landed flush and left Hakai motionless on the mat, with both his arms and legs spread. Monroe looks a bit disoriented and he's trying to catch his breath instead of going for a pin, for some reason he starts to crawl away from Hakai, and all the way into the ropes.

**WASHINGTON:**                      Something is not quite right here.

With help from the ropes, Alex Monroe manages to get back to at least one knee, he turns around to face Hakai, the well traveled Monroe gestures with his arms for Hakai to get up, the Japanese superstar is being completely measured and Monroe wants to put an end to this.

**MURPHY:** It all makes sense now, Monroe must be looking for the Geno in Vultus, if that move hits we could have the upset of the year right here.



Monroe is getting anxious as Hakai is taking forever to reincorporate, the crowd is hot and they chant for Dragon who's now steadily working his way back up. All of a sudden, this grueling match is interrupted by Slayers' mandatory suicide.

**WASHINGTON:** **That's Bannion's music.**

With an instant reflex, Monroe turns around and leans on the ropes, he's looking onwards to the ramp, waiting for Bannion to make his move but much to his dismay, Bannion is nowhere to be found. Monroe turns around towards the ring to find Hakai Dragon back on his feet, he rushes at him and launches himself with the Geno in Vultus.

**MURPHY:** **Whoa!!**

Hakai Dragon manages to duck out of the way of the move, Monroe lands on his feet and goes for another attack but Dragon cuts him short with a reverse STO into a Koji Clutch. Monroe is caught flush and he's in a tough predicament.

**MURPHY:** **Dragon showing why he was always considered one of RPW's best.**

**WASHINGTON:** **He got a bit of help from Bannion though, didn't he?**

Dragon is now fully in control of the situation and he rolls backwards and into a front facelock, he uses it to pull Monroe not only to his feet, but to a complete vertical suplex position, the crowd pops huge as Dragon brings him down with his patented Tsunami Piledriver.

**MURPHY:** **That's the end right there.**

But instead of going for the pin, the Hakai Dragon starts to set up something else, he hooks his legs with Monroe and bridges back for the Muta-lock, synching it in place without a problem. The intense pain seems to sort of revive the dazed Monroe as he immediately starts looking for a way out of the hold

He reaches forward...

He tries to drag himself closer to the rope...

He doesn't have enough strength left...

He's forced to tap...

The bell rings...

The crowd explodes with a great pop as Hakai Dragon has made a successful return to RPW and earned himself a shot at the RPW Ironman Championship. A few seconds have passed since the bell rung and the referee now walks in to break the Muta Lock, which Dragon still holds firmly in place. Hakai Dragon releases the hold as the referee makes contact.

**MURPHY:** What was that all about?

**WASHINGTON:** It seems like Hakai Dragon has returned with a bit of a mean streak.

**DUCKY:** The winner of this match by the way of submission and now the number one contender for the Ironman Championship. **HAKAI DRAGON!!**

Dragon raises his hand in the air and the already cheering crowd responds with a great burst of love for the most successful Ironman Champion of RPW history. A frustrated Alex Monroe starts re-incorporating and he walks up to Hakai Dragon and extends his hand, as a response Dragon just turns around and walks away from the ring.

**MURPHY:** Hum? He didn't shake hands? It is a bit off-character for him...

**WASHINGTON:** I agree, he took his time releasing the winning submission hold, he didn't shake hands, and he took full advantage of Brett Bannion's music distracting Monroe.

**MURPHY:** Those are a lot of signs, could we be in presence of a new Hakai Dragon?

**WASHINGTON:** Maybe, but we will have to wait and see how the story develops, stay with us as there's still much more WNR left to enjoy.

**MURPHY:** We'll be back soon with the best Wrestling action on the planet.

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

+++++BACKSTAGE: A NOT SO GLORIOUS RETURN+++++

Landon Jackson is shown backstage wandering through a hallway, the sound of a flushing toilet makes him stop and turn his head, the camera turns to reveal what he's looking at, it's the handicap restroom.

After a few seconds the door opens to reveal Espírito do Animal on his usual ring gear and mask, he also sporting a cast on his injured leg and crutches. At the sight of Landon Jackson, Espirito starts producing a dog-like growl.

**JACKSON:** Look who we got here...the Brazilian Cripple, I'd say I'm sorry that I sent you to the vet, but I wouldn't want to lie to you.

Jackson looks menacing as he takes a couple of slow steps forward, this prompts Espirito to start barking.

**JACKSON:** **Maybe it's time to put the old dog down.**

The 1%'er starts charging forward but he runs into a crutch to the face which sends him staggering a few steps backward, Espirito uses both crutches as weapons and he sends a flurry of strikes towards Jackson. The flurry leaves Jackson temporally stunned and Espirito takes full advantage of the situation, he places both crutches on the ground and lifts both of his legs off the ground, keeping all of his weight balanced on the crutches, he brings his knees up and the camera starts circling around him, when the camera reaches the other side Espirito throws his bad leg forward and crushes his cast over Landon's head in a kick reminiscent of Trinity on the Matrix.

Landon Jackson goes flying into a wall and falls down to the ground, Espirito is still not done as he uses his crutches to walk over and continue a vicious beating of Landon Jackson at the best of his ability, officials rush the scene to separate both men.

+++++ ANNOUNCE TABLE: OH SWEET REVENGE+++++

**MURPHY:** **Whoa, Espirito do Animal getting his revenge on Landon Jackson.**

**WASHINGTON:** **And this war that DSM declared on the 1% is starting to heat up.**

**MURPHY:** **But the 1% not only has Don Diego and his boys to worry about, they also have Enigma promising to gun them down one by one.**

**WASHINGTON:** **Dominic Golden has made a few friends here in RPW but he has also made many enemies.**

**MURPHY:** **And that might be his downfall. But back to Landon Jackson you can't help but wonder what's going to happen with the match he had scheduled against Gusmao, I don't think he's gonna be in much condition to wrestle.**

**WASHINGTON:** **Very interesting point, I hope we have news about that soon, but for now we have some more matches to deliver. Up next, Douglas Gallagher goes one on one with the Manifestation of Randomization, Sirius Danger.**

+++++RING: DOUGLAS GALLAGHER VS SIRIUS DANGER+++++

**DUCKY:** **The following match is scheduled for one fall with a 15 minute time limit, introducing first..**

[The Sound of an Alarm shoots over in the sound system.](#) The crowd immediately starts moderate boos and out comes Sirius Danger in his usual black singlet with a yellow Danger sign on his front, he also has yellow wristbands and knee pads and long black wrestling boots complete his outfit.

**DUCKY:** **Introducing first, from everywhere and nowhere, weighing in at 222 pounds, he's the manifestation of randomization, Sirius Danger!!**

Danger erratically tumbles down the ramp and he slides into the ring where he starts endlessly running the ropes.

**WASHINGTON:** **Danger should be saving his energies for Douglas Gallagher.**

**DUCKY:** **and his opponent...**

[Queen's One Vision hits the speakers](#) with the guitar hitting to cue a beautiful display of pyro that shoots up from the ramp, Douglas Gallagher on his white hooded robe appears pointing to the sky with two of his fingers, Gallagher looks down to the floor while doing so and the crowd just cheers him on.

**HEY!**

Gallagher takes off his hood and raises his head, his multiple light brown braids flail over and land toward his back, Douglas is all smiles as he starts making his way down the ramp to the rhythm of the music while the cheers still go strong, a red cross runs all the way through the back of The Liverpool Sensation's robe, showing a strong simile to the English flag.

**DUCKY:** **and his opponent, from Liverpool, England....Weighing in at 245 lbs, Seventeen and a half stones, he is "The Liverpool Sensation" Douglas Gallagher.**

The Proud Scouser makes his way into the ring and disrobes, he hands the robe to the referee, Gallagher is wearing red trunks and white wrestling boots with red details, his red kneepads bear the Liverpool logo, his outfit is completed by tight white and red arm bands just below the shoulder that highlight his chiseled arms.

**WASHINGTON:** **Gallagher has been campaigning for a RPW heavyweight championship opportunity; he needs to defeat Danger to support his claim.**

Gallagher is all fun and dances as he plays it up to the crowd, as his music starts to die down Gallagher flexes his muscles, he's built like a god and he's proud of it. Sirius Danger pushes him and gets on his face, he now flexes and while he's no slouch he's not anywhere near Gallagher on terms of muscle mass and definition.

**DING! DING! DING!**

The bell rings and Danger immediately breaks his pose and starts landing right hands to the jaw of Gallagher who's completely surprised by the quick assault, he gathers his wits about him and forces a lock up, immediately grabbing hold of a side headlock. Sirius Danger takes the actions to the ropes and leans on Gallagher, he pushes him off the ropes and off the headlock, Gallagher bounces off the opposite ropes and runs back but Danger uses a jumping shoulder block to take the Scouser to the mat.

**MURPHY:** **This is already shaping up to be a very physical match-up.**

Gallagher rolls into the ropes and uses them to get back to his feet as Danger stares from a distance, "The Liverpool Sensation" reassesses his strategy as he starts circling back into the middle of the ring, again both men lock up to the same result, a side headlock from Gallagher that Danger takes into the ropes, again Gallagher is sent running, this time he ducks under a clothesline and hits the ropes on the opposite side to return with a jumping shoulder block that takes down Danger. The Chaotic Delivery Man gets right back to his feet and charges Gallagher just to fall into an arm drag, the action is fast paced as Danger once again gets up to his feet, this time he receives a kick to the gut, a snapmare and rear chin lock.

**WASHINGTON:** **Gallagher starting to impose his will on Danger.**

Danger is on his knees but his fighting off the chin lock but Gallagher is putting his built-up arms to good use as he tightens the hold. After finding no success breaking the hold by brute force, Danger starts looking for alternative methods to get out. Slowly he works his way back to his feet, and quickly drops to a knee while leaning his body forward, the sudden change of momentum sends Gallagher rolling over.

**MURPHY:** **Danger needs to get on his head that he's not going to out muscle Gallagher.**

Gallagher gets up to his feet and receives two boots to the face, Danger's dropkick is sound and sends the Briton to the mat. Danger drags him up and towards the ropes, he goes to dump him outside of the ring but Gallagher lands on the apron. A swift right hand from Danger stuns Gallagher and it works as a set-up, Danger hits the opposite ropes and comes charging in to throw Gallagher off the apron, Gallagher catches him coming in with a hard forearm and hooks him in for a suplex.

**WASHINGTON:** **Gallagher is going to suplex Danger to the outside, this could be the defining moment of this match right here!**

The lift is cut off as Danger tangles his legs on the ropes, he's back on a standing position and he starts shooting hard knees into the midsection of Gallagher. A burst of strength allows Danger to lift Gallagher in a vertical suplex position, but he drops him groin first into the ropes instead of finishing up the suplex. The crowd boos wildly as Gallagher receives a low blow from the ropes and is left hanging over the ropes.

**MURPHY:** **Ouch.**

A strong clothesline dumps Gallagher into the ring and Danger starts climbing the corner up, he jumps up from the top rope and throws both his legs forward, he falls back-first on top of Gallagher's midsection with a huge top rope senton, which reignites the boos from the crowd.

**WASHINGTON:** **That's gotta hurt.**

And without losing one second, Sirius Danger picks his opponent up and starts setting him up for his finishing maneuver, The Danger Zone Delivery, a fearsome package Piledriver which Douglas Gallagher wants no part of, Gallagher uses a back body drop to free himself from the predicament and to give to crowd something to cheer for. Danger picks himself up in the corner and Gallagher rushes in with a clothesline.

**MURPHY:** **Danger's gonna be flattened!**

But Danger sidesteps him at the last second and secures a rear waistlock after Gallagher goes front-side first into the corner. Danger rolls him up and all the way back into his feet; in a continuous arc of movement he delivers a huge deadlift German suplex. The Chaos Theory connects, a bridge leads into a pin

**WASHINGTON:** **Is this it?**

**1!**

**2!**

**NO! Gallagher kicks out!**

**MURPHY:** **Almost got him!**

The crowd manifests with a sigh of relief, but they still have lots to worry about as Danger is in control of the situation still, he goes behind Gallagher and uses hard forearms to his back to soften him up, then he sets up for a pumphandle.

**WASHINGTON:** **What's Danger setting up here.**

Danger uses the pumphandle to bring Gallagher all the way up to his right shoulder but “The Liverpool Sensation” immediately slides out of it and lands behind Danger. In a sort of desperation move Gallagher pushes Danger into the ropes.

**MURPHY:** **Danger rebounds off the ropes, Gallagher drops to the mat, Danger jumps over him and hits the opposite ropes, WHOA!!!**

Gallagher has received Danger from the second rebound and lifted him all the way up in a huge military press; he takes a few steps towards the center of the ring and drops Danger behind him, the Chaotic Deliveryman crashes face first on the mat and the crowd is pumped up.

**WASHINGTON:** **If Gallagher is allowed to build up momentum from this move Danger Is going to be in a whole lot of trouble.**

Looking to impose a relentless pace, Gallagher immediately drags Danger to his feet and hooks him up for a vertical suplex, Gallagher effortlessly lifts him up and keeps him high in the air as the crowd counts.

**“1! 2! 3! 4! 5! ”**

**MURPHY:** **Douglas Gallagher putting all that muscle to good use.**

**6! 7! 8! 9! 10!”**

**VERTICAL SUPLEX LANDS!**

The crowd cheers as Danger favors his back and shows pain on his face while he scoots towards a corner, that’s not gonna buy him any time as Gallagher gets right to him and scoops him up to his shoulder. Gallagher starts running towards the middle of the ring and plants Danger down with a huge running powerslam.

**WASHINGTON:** **Danger needs to do something now!!**

But Gallagher is already in the zone, he points to the ceiling and the crowd cheers hard, Gallagher looks for and finds the nearest corner, he starts ascending. Once he’s found himself on the second rope, he flexes his left bicep and raises his right fist to the sky, the crowd is digging him up.

**MURPHY:** **The Liver Bird is gonna fly...**

And fly he does, Gallagher jumps off the second rope and drives that right fist right into Danger’s face. Second rope falling first, The Flight of the liver bird finds its mark!

**WASHINGTON:** **Danger is in deep, deep trouble**

Sirius Danger holds his face with both hands as he rolls into his knees, Gallagher is by the ropes, just taunting for him to get back up, the crowd cheers are very high as everyone is expecting Gallagher to

bust out his finishing maneuver at any point now. A very disoriented Sirius Danger starts making it back to his feet, this instigates a charge from Gallagher, “The Liverpool Sensation” rushes in spins 360 and...

**The Crimson Tornado connects!!**

**MURPHY:** **Discus Lariat! This is it!**

Gallagher drops down for the pin and hooks the leg.

**1!**

**2!**

**3! The Bell rings**

**DUCKY:** **The winner of this match by the way of pinfall, The Liverpool Sensation, Douglas Gallagher!!!**

One Vision hits again and a very pumped up Douglas Gallagher dances around, plays it up for the crowd and signals for a title around his waist, he then runs around ringside giving high fives to the front row fans. Gallagher makes his way up the ramp to a very sizeable pop and at the top of the stage he motions for a belt once more before going through the curtains.

**WASHINGTON:** **Gallagher is building up a solid argument for a future title opportunity.**

**MURPHY:** **Yes he is, but he’s going to have to wait in line as Aron Scythe is still our number 1 contender.**

++++++OFF-SITE PROMO: WELL DESERVED VACATIONS++++++

**VOICE:** **How is everyone doing?**



A familiar voice is heard, Jafaar al-Sultan suddenly appears. He is reclining on a lounge chair, wearing sunglasses, a tropical shirt and brown Bermuda shorts, with some kind of mixed drink inside a coconut on the floor near his chair. In the background there is a pool or hot tub, with women in bikinis giggling and talking amongst themselves. The transmission looks like it is coming from a boat, based on the wooden deck and the ocean in the background.

**al-SULTAN:** How is Chicago this time of year? Or, as I like to call it, shit-cago!

The audience understandably begins to boo al-Sultan, who flashes his million dollar smile when he hears the reaction to his insult.

**al-SULTAN:** What? It's a city where one of the main attractions are the Union Stock Yards- haven't any of you people read Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle"? Chicago is a crappy city- shit-cago!

**MURPHY:** I would like to point out that the depictions of the meat packing centers in “The Jungle” are not very reflective of the city of Chicago, the people, or the fine businesses that operate here today. That was over a hundred years ago.

**al-SULTAN:** Well, what else am I supposed to say? You're a city whose main claims to fame are a failure of a baseball team that hasn't won any championships in over 100 years, some kind of...thing that claims to be pizza, and having a chip on it's shoulder for not being as important as New York City. I'm glad I took the week off, because I wouldn't want to be caught dead in a little, two-bit city like yours.

As the crowd boos, Benjamin Washington interjects.

**WASHINGTON:** I do have to agree with him about the pizza part.

**al-SULTAN:** As you can see, I'm down in the Bahamas, on my yacht, thinking things over. After our collective losses at Call To Arms, it got me thinking that maybe the 1% needed to regroup and strategize, and after my loss last week on Wednesday Night Revival to Billy and Jimmy Craft, I knew it was something we had to do. Ronnie, Landon, and Dom were down here earlier in the week, but left so that they could go perform in front of you people.

There are a bunch of things that were on the agenda. Ronnie Reynolds was understandably upset and concerned about this mystery man, Enigma. Who is he, and why did he single out Ronnie as a target for his continued harassment? Landon elevated himself from midcard oblivion to putting on a spectacular match against an international champion in Douglas Gallagher, and wanted to make sure that he wouldn't be banished back down the card again. Dom worked out a bunch of agreements with now commissioner Charles Strickland before the pay-per-view, and now that Mr. Strickland has already gone back on his word once, he's worried that the commissioner is going to go back on his word regarding other promises and agreements. And, myself...I lost to the Craft Brothers. That's reason enough for anyone in this business to pause and reflect.

Which brings me to the reason I lost that match...Diego San Martin, and his merry band of men. You and your boys, you got yourselves involved in something that had nothing to do with you. When I was Ironman Champion, El Omega 23 and I had a very good match, that ended in a draw. Business is business, no hard feelings. That whole business where Landon Pillmanized Espirito's leg? Strictly business. At Call To Arms, I had an agreement with Commissioner Strickland with work with his entrant, Halfus Lykarn and team up on John Brandeburg. El Omega 23 got involved- inadvertently, since he wasn't even scheduled to be there to begin with- but business is business, no hard feelings. Last week, though, you made it personal. You stuck your nose where it doesn't belong when you got involved last week, "declaring war on the One Percent". You, El Omega 23, the rest of your crew, you're flies that are getting in the way of my true goal. And, like flies, you're all going to get swatted out of the way like the pests you are...

The Revivaltron blinks off.

+++++COMMERCIAL-BREAK+++++  
+++++RING: A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT+++++

As we return from commercial, Ian Jones and Mr. Nice Guy are already in the middle of the ring, both men have their titles strapped to their shoulders and Ian Jones carries a microphone.

**JONES:** I know we have a match later on tonight, but I wanted to pass out a public service announcement...

Jones and MNG share a smile while the crowd boos them.

**WASHINGTON:** I wonder what is Ian Jones up to now.

**JONES:** I just wanted to let everybody know that Aron Scythe's family is putting up a puppet show for charity tonight at a Chicago Hotel, those acts of goodwill shouldn't go un-noticed.

**MURPHY:** Huh? Is that the same Ian Jones we've gotten to know all this time in RPW?

The boos from the crowd have stopped, as the crowd is intrigued in Ian Jones seemingly doing a good deed for once.

**JONES:** And it's pretty coincidental that it's happening tonight, since a very good friend of mine is in town tonight, I've taken the liberty of recommending that hotel to him, it has pretty good service, and maybe he'll enjoy the puppet show...

**MURPHY:** Oh no...I don't like where this is going...

**JONES:** And before everyone starts getting their panties in a twist, no..it's not the Flying Slappsman...

**WASHINGTON:** That would've been a disaster, nobody wants to have Flying Slappsman of all people near his family.

**JONES:** My friend is a British Businessman that is taking over a local operation and merging it into his company and he flew over to finish up the last details...

**MURPHY:** Oh..well, ok...what does this have to do with anything?

**JONES:** Typical American, really...they couldn't get there stuff right and a British has to come over and right their wrongs.

The crowd starts to get pissed off at Jones who sneaks an anti-American comment at every possible chance.

**JONES:** So you are probably wondering why am I telling you this story, right? The important part is that a mob of disgruntled employees have taken matters into their hands to protest this merger, but since they are nothing but bloodthirsty filthy low-life yanks, they have found nothing better than to riot outside of the hotel...

The boos starts increasing on strength as Jones continues...

**JONES:** Just take a look at this footage.

The camera turns into the RevivalTron and the outside of an hotel has been cordoned off, outside an angry mob of hooded protesters seem pretty aggressive in their displays...it is a worrying picture as you can tell than a full blown Con! Fron! Tation!

The shot goes backstage where Aron Scythe is paying close attention to Ian's speech, the Anime Lover has a very serious look on his face, and who could blame him. We go back into the middle of the ring as Jones is not finished.

**JONES: I even heard that there was a bomb threat...**

+++++++BACKSTAGE: FAMILY COMES FIRST! ++++++

The camera cuts backstage and Aron Scythe is running somewhere, we turns into a corner and just runs, the cameraman is having trouble chasing him, a referee has to run out of the way to avoid being steamrolled by the rushing Scythe. We switch into another camera shot and we can see Scythe literally sprinting towards the camera, he has his mobile to his ear as he approaches the camera fast, Scythe probably didn't even see the Camera and looks like he knocked the camera man over as we heard a crash and can only see the ceiling. With no shot of backstage available we have to cut into the announce table.

**WASHINGTON: Scythe is running out of the arena with reckless abandon, he must be dead worried for his family, a bomb threat is no small issue.**

Now we get a shot of the parking lot as Aron Scythe has made his way there, the backsides of a man and a woman in a dress can be seen against a cab, the man seems to be talking to the driver. Aron Scythe just pushes the man off and climbs into the shotgun seat. The woman jumps back scared, she looks like he had just seen the devil. The Cab drives off with Scythe on it and the camera zooms onto the man who has been pushed off, he's none other than our WNR Interim GM, Sir Charles Strickland. The look on his face is one of pure anger.

**WASHINGTON: I think Aron Scythe has just gotten himself in major trouble...**

**MURPHY: He shouldn't, an apology should suffice, come on...any man would've done the same, that was the act of a desperate man...**

**WASHINGTON: I know that, and the people at home know that, but do you think Sir Charles knows? Do you think he cares?**

+++++++RING: EMPIRE AND EXCELLENCE VS SCYTHER AND ART OF WARCRAFT ++++++

The camera turns back to Ian Jones in the middle of the ring, the RPW heavyweight champion seems to be enjoying himself greatly...the crowd boos him...

**JONES: Well, that's all that I wanted to say...we can have our match now...**

**DUCKY: The following match is a 6 man tag team contest scheduled for one fall and with a 30 minute time limit...Introducing first, already in the ring...Ian Jones and Mr. Nice Guy.**

[Excellence's music hits](#)

**DUCKY:**  
**at 228 pounds EXCELLENCE!!!**

**And their partner, from London, United Kingdom, weighing in**

Excellence looks disgusted as he walks to the center of the stage...he stands there just moving his head to the music!!

**“JUMP DA F\*\*\* UP”**

The Londoner starts jumping up and down to the music and he starts making his way down the ramp, he receives moderate boos and Excellence doesn't take it kindly, he flips off his haters on the front row and he really looks very aggressive towards them, because of this he takes quite a time before entering the ring, he greets the Empire members as his music dies down, the boos for Excellence have risen from moderate to high.

**DUCKY:**  
**And their opponents....**

[Dragonforce's "Prepare for War"](#) now fills the arena.

**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 crafts come out very pumped up in their usual attire, Wrestling boots, Colored Gi Pants and Sleeveless Jackets over a white Aron Scythe T-shirt. Billy's color is blue and Jimmy's red. They receive quite the warm welcome as they rush down the ramp and slide into the ring, both Craft's climb corners and raise their arms to the air for a pop as their music dies down...

**DUCKY:**  
**And their partner...**

[Pegasus Fantasy](#) now hits...

Aron Scythe's music usually brings a huge positive reaction out of the crowd, tonight that's not the case as everyone knows that Scythe is not coming out, everyone but the Craft's who are staring down at the ramp, eagerly waiting for their friend and mentor to come out...the music keeps playing on and on and Jimmy Craft starts getting very impatient...

**WASHINGTON:**  
**I think the Craft's are unaware of Scythe's situation...**

**MURPHY:**  
**Looks like they are on their own...**

And the Britons are tired of waiting as they blindside the Crafts, the crowd explodes with boos.

Billy Craft is quickly dumped over the ropes and the referee tries to regain order, Mr. Nice Guy and Excellence reluctantly leave the ring and Ian Jones is left with a huge upper hand over Jimmy Craft.

**MURPHY:**  
**Oh come on, like they didn't have enough of an advantage already.**

**WASHINGTON:** Jones must be enjoying this, remember that a couple of shows back, he was supposed to face Scythe and the Craft in a six man tag with Wolfe and MNG as his partners, but after neither of the two could show up he had to take Gary Graplin and Slappsman, that was a crushing defeat for Jones, now he looks for payback.

Jones picks up Jimmy and shoves him into a neutral corner, he starts unleashing hard punches to his skull, and the referee interferes and counts ...1! ...2! ...3! ...4!

The RPW Heavyweight champion stops and gives the referee a mean stare, he grabs Jimmy by the hair and drags him to the corner for the British Team, he presses him against the corner and tags in MNG.

**MURPHY:** The No Limits Champion enters the match-up.

Mr. Nice Guy enters with a flurry of kicks to the midsection and takes down Jimmy Craft with a snap suplex, Jimmy is staggered but he still powers through to his feet, Mr. Nice Guy takes him right back down with a Russian Leg sweep, that move proves to be a good set up for MNG as the Brit jumps into the second rope and lands a pretty good moonsault on Jimmy.

...1, KICKOUT!

**WASHINGTON:** The Crafts fighting an uphill battle.

Mr. Nice Guy tags Ian Jones back in, he sets up Jimmy Craft and hits him with a pendulum backbreaker hold, Ian Jones climbs to the second rope and launches his assault with a diving double axe handle. The crowd boos as the Empire dominates early on. Jimmy is ragdolled up to his feet just so Ian Jones can deliver a belly to belly Suplex.

...1

...2, KICKOUT!

Jimmy Craft tries to fight on, but he's not having much success, the 260lbs heavyweight Champion puts him on a bear hug. Jimmy Craft screams in pain as the referee asks him if he wants to give up.

**MURPHY:** Ian Jones using his size advantage to the fullest here, how heavy do you think Jimmy is? I'd give him 195 tops.

The Champion stacks the pressure on Jimmy Craft, but the young martial artist doesn't have quit on him yet, he swings his arms in the air, looking for an answer, the crowd starts to rally behind him and he doesn't disappoint, he frees himself with a brutal clap to Jones ears followed by a pin point dropkick to

the chest that sends him into his corner, Jimmy Craft immediately jumps him, Ian Jones side steps him and Jimmy lands on the second turnbuckle of the heel corner, Excellence sends him crashing back to the mat with a stiff right hand, the crowd boos and the ref admonishes Excellence.

**WASHINGTON:** Excellence getting his licks in, and you better keep an eye on him, he's vicious...

Ian Jones picks up Jimmy Craft and puts him stomach first over his right shoulder blade, Jones carries Craft over his shoulder to the center of the ring where he drops him brutally...

**SPINEBUSTER BY JONES!**

**MURPHY:** What a spinebuster! That could mark the end of Jimmy's night right there...

But Jones is not going for the pin, he really wants to put an exclamation mark to this match, he once again picks up Jimmy Craft and starts setting up for the punisher, his trademark verteabreaker.

**WASHINGTON:** Bad news for little Jimmy...

Somehow Jimmy manages to roll all the way back and into his feet, Ian Jones is very surprised that his move didn't work and he turns around with mean intentions.

**THE TENKAI CONNECTS!!!**

A huge pop resounds all over the arena as Jones falls limp to the mat, his lights completely put out by Jimmy's huge stepping side Superkick to the jaw.

**WASHINGTON:** THE TENKAI KICK OUT OF NOWHERE!!

**MURPHY:** Right on the button!! Ian Jones is OUT!

Jimmy Craft is noticeably worn down as he falls on top of Jones for a pin.

...1!!

...2!!

...2,8!!

...Mr. Nice Guy breaks up the pin!

**WASHINGTON:** **Great teamwork.**

A wave of boos is directed to the ring as Jimmy Craft was denied of a huge upset victory...Jimmy is pissed off and goes right after Mr. Nice Guy who jumps out of the ring for safety...Jimmy gives him a mean stare and turns his attention back to Ian Jones who's just coming back to his senses, he rolls to his knees.

**MURPHY:** **That kick was a thing of beauty Ben, it connected in just the right place.**

**WASHINGTON:** **It's not called the Ten Kay Kick for nothing, Jimmy Craft is said to have practiced that kick over 10,000 times...**

Jimmy Craft attempts to whip Ian Jones into the corner where Billy Craft lies fresh...Ian Jones put the break to that and overpowers Jimmy, the HW champ goes for a whip against the heel corner, Jimmy Craft reverses position and it is Jones who goes chest first against the heel corner. Excellence gets the blind tag as Craft rushes in and takes Jones with a roll up...

**MURPHY:** **Jimmy with a pin on Jones, but he's not the legal man...**

The roll-up is textbook, but the ref can't do anything as Jones is not the legal man anymore, Jimmy Craft starts looking for the referee and tries to find out what's going on, he finds out the hard way as Excellence slams a HARD roundhouse kick to his face...

**WASHINGTON:** **Ouch...but look at Billy Craft....**

Looks like Billy Craft also missed the blind tag as he has jumped into the ring, the referee immediately rushes Billy and orders him to get out of the ring, Billy Craft resists as he wants to get revenge...

Taking full advantage of the referee's turned back, Excellence starts delivering a nasty flurry of mounted punches on Jimmy Craft, one after another, long past the point a referee would've broken it up, the assault on Jimmy is brutal and the crowd boos wildly as Billy Craft desperately tries to advert the referee of what's going on...

**WASHINGTON:** **Billy seems to be doing more harm than good here...**

**MURPHY:** **Only because Excellence is bending the rules...**



Jimmy Craft is busted up, his face severely bloodied by Excellence's attack, the referee finally turns his attention back into the match as Billy Craft has jumped out of the apron...Excellence picks up Jimmy Craft and hooks his head for a vertical suplex...

**WASHINGTON:** **Excellence taking his time, he looks to be setting up something big...**

Excellence lifts Jimmy all the way up to a vertical suplex position, he delays it for a couple of second and then uses the hand that is balancing the hip to hook a leg, Excellence violently throws Jimmy forward like he was going to send him face first into the mat but he uses the hook on the leg to rotate him, and the other hand to push him off the chest. Excellence plants Jimmy Craft in the mat with a sitout powerbomb.

**MURPHY:** **That's the Mark of Excellence...**

...1!!

...2!!

...3!!! The Bell Rings

Billy Craft tried to interfere, but he was cut off by a springboard crossbody from MNG...

**DUCKY:** **And the winners of this match, Ian Jones, Mr. Nice Guy and Excellence...**

The British team celebrates under the boos from the Chicago Crowd, all three men seem satisfied with their performance, we cut into a replay of the finish with Excellence hitting his Mark of Excellence on Jimmy Craft.

**WASHINGTON:** I told you, Excellence is vicious, and he looks to be a fine addition to the RPW roster...

**MURPHY:** Speaking about additions to the roster...our new Executive Vice President of Talent Relations, Mr. Richard Goldstein, is said to have made some hirings.

++++++NO, NOT YOU, GTFO! ++++++

Two new wrestlers on their gear are briefly shown leaving a room, entering the same room is former commissioner Jack Dobbs, the crowd pops for Dobbs.

Jack Dobbs is not alone though, he's with famous wrestler Shane Adames...Adames had a very memorable run World Heavyweight title in the 00's, but he's not only a memory, he's still somewhat relevant to this date with dominant performances although in a smaller scale...

**MURPHY:** Good to see Dobbs still around, but what is Adames doing with him, on the Dirt Sheet Richard Goldstein made very clear that Adames wasn't signed to a RPW Contract.

Both Dobbs and Adames are now in front of Mr. Goldstein desk...

**GOLDSTEIN:** Can anyone explain what are you doing here Dobbs, wait...is that...yes, Shane Adames...how did you manage to get in here?

**ADAMES:** Good to see you again Richie...

Goldstein looks enraged as he sweeps some paperwork off his desk...

**GOLDSTEIN:** I don't care what are you doing here Dobbs, you two get the hell out of my office! And shut that camera off.

++++++ANNOUNCE TABLE: WHAT A REACTION! ++++++

**MURPHY:** Wow, Richard Goldstein was MAD.

**WASHINGTON:** Yeah, he really dislikes Shane Adames...

**MURPHY:** Do you know why?

**WASHINGTON:** Not exactly, but I think it has something to do with their wrestling careers, Adames and Goldstein crossed paths as competitors some 10 years back...

**MURPHY:** Interesting, I'm pretty sure that's not the last we are going to hear about Shane Adames.

**WASHINGTON:** Indeed, that's a story that's sure to develop going forward, but let's keep this show going.

+++++++BACKSTAGE: WE ARE THE SAME, BRO+++++++

Kirk Cobain is keeping it to himself near a catering table; Sirius Danger appears and pats him on the back.

**DANGER:** **Hey bro, how ya doing?**

Cobain turns around and it's very surprised to see Sirius Danger, especially being so friendly towards him.

**DANGER:** **I know what you are going to say, that I lost my match to Douglas Gallagher, just like you lost that Triple Threat Match during the last show.**

**COBAIN:** **I wasn't...**

**DANGER:** **let me tell you, you and me, we are not like all of those RPW wrestlers, we are cut from another cloth...we like to get hardcore and we like to go above and beyond, way past every limit. If my match against Gallagher was contested under No Limits Rules I would've crushed him.**

And in the same light, under No Limits rules you would absolutely destroy Lykarn or Knox....

Kirk looks pensative...

**DANGER:** **Knox isn't doing anything tonight and neither are you...but I'm going in a tangent now, I think I'll just go instead, cya bro!**

+++++++GM'S OFFICE: OF REPLACEMENTS AND SATISFACTION+++++++

The camera fades into Commissioner Strickland's office. He is sitting behind his desk, his hands folded, looking sternly at someone in front of him. Because of the angle of the camera, the person's identity is hidden, except for the fact that it is a he, and the man is wearing a suit.

**STRICKLAND:** **And, why should I grant you this?**

The camera angle shifts, and the man addressing the commissioner is revealed to be Dom Golden

**GOLDEN:** **You saw what they did to Landon Jackson earlier! The trainers are looking at him right now, and I don't think there is any kind of permanent damage, but he's not going to be able to compete tonight.**

**STRICKLAND:** Then he forfeits. Quite simple, really. Is there anything else you want, Golden, or are you finished wasting my time.

Commissioner Strickland looks down, picking up a pen, and begins filling out some paperwork. Dom Golden looks at him for a few seconds before trying again.

**GOLDEN:** Char- "Commissioner". Don't you think that reflects poorly on you?

Strickland stops writing and looks up at Dom. He says nothing, but his facial expression hints that he is both annoyed at Golden, but at the same time, wants him to go on.

**GOLDEN:** Well, remember why Jack Dobbs was removed from power. He let things go out of control, and as a result, the quality of the product began slipping. When that happened, the board dismissed him. Don't you think that, if you just cancel a scheduled match, the people who were looking forward to it will become disappointed?

**STRICKLAND:** The back of their tickets, it says quite clearly, "Card subject to cha-

**GOLDEN:** It doesn't matter what it says! If the audience goes home disappointed, that reflects poorly on RPW. And, if RPW doesn't look good, well, the board becomes angry. And, if the board becomes angry, well...

The commissioner leans up in his chair and crosses his arms.

**STRICKLAND:** Very well, Golden. The scheduled match will go on, and Gustavo Gusmao will face an opponent of your choosing, replacing the injured Landon Jackson. Satisfied?

**GOLDEN:** Greatly.

**STRICKLAND:** Right. Well, if you will, I have other matters to attend to; you can shut the door on your way out.

Dom Golden does as he is told, leaving the office and shutting the door behind him. As he exits the room, he is startled, as he bumps into Gary Grapplin, dressed in full wrestling gear- singlet, headgear, the works- who seems to have been standing by the door for some time. Golden stares at Grapplin for a few awkward seconds.

**GRAPPLIN:** Ah, Mr. Golden. I heard that you're looking for a wrestler to replace Landon Jackson later tonight. I assure you, sir, I am a wrestler, and...

Before Gary can finish, Golden rolls his eyes and pushes past the amateur wrestler, leaving him standing in front of Commissioner Strickland's office alone.

+++++BACKSTAGE: DO NOT LOSE SIGHT OF HIM+++++

The Enigma is shown and he walking backstage, we've seen this area earlier tonight; he's heading to the parking lot. Enigma gets on a car which drives away. Soon enough, Super Agent Jackson Gerritt is shown talking on the phone.

**GERRITT:** There he goes Shirley, I'm on his tail. I won't lose sight of him, see you downtown.

Gerritt climbs into the back door of a car, Ronnie Reynolds' driver was waiting for him and they go right after the Enigma.

+++++RING: JAFAR AL-SULTAN VS GUSTAVO GUSMAO+++++

**MURPHY:** Our next match should be good. Gustavo Gusmao will be going toe-to-toe against whoever Dominic Golden found to replace the injured Landon Jackson.

**WASHINGTON:** I don't think it will be Gary Grapplin. Speculation around the arena is that it's going to be Sketchy Dan, who has cordial relations with Dom. Rumor says that he was spotted in a bar nearby earlier tonight, but I can't confirm that. I don't think that whoever Dom gets to replace Jackson will be as able to compete with Gustavo Gusmao as Landon would of.

**MURPHY:** Speaking of Jackson, we received word that he has sustained a concussion, as well as some lacerations and contusions, but shouldn't be out of action for too long.

**DUCKY:** The following match is scheduled for one fall and it has a 15 minutes time limit, Introducing first...

[The Amazon Rainforest](#) begins playing. After a few moments, Gustavo Gusmao exits from the curtain and begins walking down the ramp. Diego San Martin emerges from behind the curtain and shadows him by a few steps.

**DUCKY:** Introducing first, from the Brazilian Amazon, representing the Amazonian Invasion, The Great Gorilla, Gustavo Gusmao!

**WASHINGTON:** Gusmao looks like he means serious business right now. He's barely acknowledging the crowd. Just straight to the ring, let whoever is going to wrestle with him come down, and let's rumble.

The Brazilian marches down the ramp with a purpose, rolling into the ring when he arrives. Diego San Martin walks around outside the ring, clapping for his client as he walks. He ends up near the announcer's table, where the microphones pick up him shouting encouragement to Gusmao. Gusmao stalks across the ring, tests the ropes, and ends up leaning against them with his arms crossed as he stares at the Rivaltron, waiting for the identity of his opponent to be revealed.

**DUCKY:** And his opponent...

After a few tense moments, extenuated by the crowd's excitement, [Head Like A Hole](#), the theme of the One Percent, begins playing. Silver and gold sparklers begin spraying in front of the curtain, obscuring the figure standing there. Suddenly, Jafaar al-Sultan steps out from the pyrotechnic display.

**MURPHY:** It's al-Sultan! He's not supposed to be here! I thought he was on vacation?

**WASHINGTON:** **Unless he has a twin brother, he's clearly standing right there. I guess he came back early. He looks none too happy, either.**

Jafaar doesn't have on the flowing robes he normally wears before his matches. Wearing only his normal wrestling gear, he starts walking down the ramp towards the ring at a brisk pace. Halfway down, his brisk pace turns into a jog, and he slides into the ring. The Brazilian already in the ring seemed to have a similar idea as his Arabian foe, and he charges at al-Sultan as the millionaire slides into the ring. Jafaar seems to have anticipated this, and is able to roll out of the way of Gusmao's stomp attempt, using his momentum to come to his feet and run into the ropes as the timekeeper rings the bell, officially beginning the match.

**MURPHY:** **And we're off. al-Sultan, bouncing off the ropes, but his momentum is stopped by a shoulder block by Gustavo Gusmao. al-Sultan stays on his feet though. The two stare off at each other for a few seconds now, and al-Sultan goes back to the ropes. Oh, but Gusmao shuts him down with another shoulder block.**

This time, Jafaar falls to the ground. The Great Gorilla quickly follows suit, attempting a standing elbow drop on his prone opponent. al-Sultan rolls out of the way, and Gusmao lands on empty mat.

**WASHINGTON:** **Both men up now, and they lock up near the center of the ring. Gusmao shoves al-Sultan now, pushing him into the corner. The strength advantage seems to be his. A knee to the stomach now. And another.**

With al-Sultan reeling from the pair of knees, Gusmao braces himself and delivers a chop to his opponent's chest, eliciting a loud "Woo!" from the crowd. And another. And another. As the referee begins to step over to break it up, Gusmao grabs al-Sultan and Irish whips him into the opposite corner. Before al-Sultan hits the turnbuckles, the Great Gorilla charges after his prey to hit him with a mighty splash. Gustavo began to count his chickens before they hatched however, as al-Sultan does not hit the turnbuckles. Instead, he leaps up onto the bottom ropes and springs off of them, turning in midair.

**WASHINGTON:** **Oh, what a double knee facebreaker! That stopped Gusmao's momentum.**

Jafaar gets up first, with the Great Gorilla lingering on the mat in pain from the facebreaker. He climbs up to the top rope, and steadies himself as Gusmao regains his composure and stands back up.

**MURPHY:** al-Sultan going for a high risk move here...And he connects!  
**From the top rope, a leaping dropkick! Gustavo Gusmao goes down like a ton of bricks!**

The crowd, which is decidedly on Gusmao's side, still appreciates the spectacle the Saudi billionaire gave them, as he got a lot of air before delivering the dropkick. Jafaar gets to his feet and grabs his opponent by the hair, pulling him up to a sitting position. Stunned, the Brazilian is unable to get out of the way when al-Sultan runs backwards, bounces off the ropes, and delivers a running dropkick to his head. al-Sultan lays on top of his opponent for the pin attempt

1!

2!

**MURPHY:** And Gusmao kicks out! Great ring awareness too; he rolls out of the ring before al-Sultan can resume his attack.

The referee begins counting, but Jafaar is not content to let Gusmao be counted out. He steps over the ropes and stands on the outside of the ring, above his opponent, who is shaking the cobwebs off. Before he can fully recover, Jafaar takes a few running steps on the outside of the ring apron and jumps off it, delivering a flying knee to Gusmao, dropping the two to the ground in a heap outside the ring.

**WASHINGTON:** A flying knee by al-Sultan! A real impact move there. He's not letting Gustavo catch his breath, either. On the ground outside the ring here, he's pummeling the Great Gorilla.



The referee stops counting momentarily to break up the pummeling al-Sultan is delivering on Gustavo. He grabs the Saudi billionaire and, shouting at him, begins shoving him towards the ring. al-Sultan listens to the referee, rolling back into the ring, but just as quickly rolls back out to go back to work on his opponent. Exasperated, the referee restarts his countdown.

**MURPHY:** Jafaar doesn't want to give Gustavo Gusmao a break, and it's understandable. He picks up the Great Gorilla now, looks like he's going to throw him into the ring steps...Oh! Gusmao reverses the Irish whip, and sends al-Sultan into the steel steps!

Holding his side, Gusmao grabs al-Sultan and throws him into the ring, rolling in behind him. The Brazilian pulls his opponent up and grabs him, delivering a belly-to-belly suplex that throws the ailing al-Sultan across the ring.

**WASHINGTON:** Trademark suplex there by the Great Gorilla.

Jafaar slowly gets to his feet, using the ropes as support. Gusmao windmills his arms, signaling a mighty splash into the corner, the same move he missed earlier in the match. Once again, he misses, as al-Sultan sees the stocky Brazilian running at him and falls to the ground, delivering a drop toe hold that catches Gusmao and causes him to fall face first into the bottom turnbuckle. With his opponent lying there, the Saudi billionaire sees his opening to perform the Asp Strike, but he has trouble lifting Gustavo Gusmao.

**MURPHY:** Looks like al-Sultan is having problems setting up the Asp Strike.

**WASHINGTON:** Not that al-Sultan is weak, but they don't call Gusmao a gorilla for nothing. The man is stocky and heavy, and he's all dead weight right now. Looks like he's improvising though. al-Sultan jumps on to Gusmao's back while he's hanging off of the turnbuckle. Bouncing now, adding pressure.

The referee pulls al-Sultan off. The billionaire pulls his opponent off the turnbuckle and towards the middle of the ring. He leaves him there, clutching his lower back, and begins climbing to the top rope. Realizing the severity of his situation, Gustavo Gusmao pushes past the pain and is able to stand up before al-Sultan launches himself. He charges at his opponent on the turnbuckle and successfully knocks

him off of his perch. With al-Sultan sitting on the top turnbuckle, Gusmao climbs on the bottom rope, and then the middle rope, and finally the top rope he, and sets up another suplex, this time from the top rope.

**WASHINGTON:**

**No way is he gonna do it.**

Gusmao hooks al-Sultan's leg and drops backwards, delivering a fisherman's suplex from the top rope. The crowd eats it up.

**WASHINGTON:**

**He did not just do that! Incredible! I think that's all she wrote!**

**MURPHY:**

**Both men look out of it now. Gusmao couldn't hold on and bridge a pin into that suplex. If he did, he'd be the winner here.**

The referee stands over both men and begins counting. Diego San Martin is shouting at Gustavo Gusmao to get up

**1!**

**2!**

**3!**

**4!**

Gustavo Gusmao begins stirring

5!

6!

Jafaar al-Sultan begins stirring

7!

Gustavo Gusmao gets to his feet!

**WASHINGTON:** **Gusmao recovers first.**

The Brazilian takes a few moments to catch his breath, grabs al-Sultan, pulls him up, puts him in a front facelock and lifts him up, holding him up above his body.

**MURPHY:** **Gustavo Gusmao with a vertical suplex, but looks like al-Sultan still has some life to him. With one of his free legs, al-Sultan is kneeing Gusmao in the head, trying to get free.**

Jafaar is able to stop the suplex, and wiggles his way from being held up in a precarious situation to holding onto Gusmao's back. al-Sultan drapes his arms across his opponent's head and neck and applies a sleeper hold while on Gustavo's back.

**WASHINGTON:** Nice reversal. al-Sultan has the sleeper locked in now, and Gusmao trying to shake al-Sultan off, but it's not working. The Great Gorilla down on one knee now, and al-Sultan looks like he knows he's close to victory, tightening his grip on the hold.

A last ditch effort works, as Gusmao takes a few jerky steps and thrusts himself at the ropes, where he is able to grab the top rope. al-Sultan keeps the sleeper hold locked in until the referee counts to four to break the hold. The Saudi hops off of his opponent's back, and delivers a roundhouse kick to his side as Gusmao turns around. He grabs the Brazilian to throw him into the corner, but the Great Gorilla reverses the Irish whip and throws al-Sultan into the corner instead. al-Sultan bounces off of the turnbuckle, and Gusmao shoves him back onto it with enough force that he bounces off a second time. al-Sultan rolls away, but Gusmao stalks him and delivers a splash, hooking his opponent's leg for the pin.

1!

2!

**MURPHY:** Jafaar kicks out, only a two count.

Gusmao picks his opponent up, Irish whips him into the corner, and once more windmills his arms, signaling for a big splash in the corner. Third time's the charm, as he actually connects this time. He holds on to al-Sultan as the Saudi falls forward and delivers a DDT.

**WASHINGTON:** Gusmao drapes himself over his opponent, looking for the pin again.

1!

2!

Jafaar kicks out of the pin once more. The Great Gorilla picks Jafaar up, and wraps his muscled arms around his slimmer opponent, squeezing him and looking to set up for a belly-to-back suplex.

**MURPHY:** **al-Sultan fights him off with repeated elbows to the head and breaks the hold.**

Gusmao attempts to throw al-Sultan to the ropes, but the billionaire holds on and delivers a rolling Liger kick to the Great Gorilla, dropping him to the ground. al-Sultan gets up and runs to the ropes as Gusmao is getting up. He jumps up and springboards off of the ropes, delivering a dropkick. He drapes himself over the Brazilian and hooks his leg, looking for the pin.

1!

2!

**WASHINGTON:** **Gusmao muscles his shoulder up there, breaking the pin. No go for al-Sultan.**

Jafaar pulls Gustavo up, and begins jabbing his midsection, left, right, left, right. Gusmao tries to deliver a haymaker, but al-Sultan ducks under it and continues landing blows on the Brazilian. al-Sultan turns around and delivers a mule kick to Gusmao's midsection, which causes him to stumble back and fall, leaning on the bottom rope. The Saudi runs towards him and grabs the ropes, jumping through them and delivering a tiger feint kick that knocks Gusmao forward, laying on his stomach. Standing on the apron, al-Sultan springboards himself into the air and lands on his opponent's back with a legdrop. He quickly scurries up and sits on Gusmao's back, applying the camel clutch.

**MURPHY:** **al-Sultan with the camel clutch!**

**WASHINGTON:** Gustavo Gusmao has nowhere to go. He's facing the middle of the ring, so the only way he can touch the ropes is if his leg muscles can overpower al-Sultan's entire body.

**MURPHY:** We've seen the Great Gorilla lift some heavy things. He has amazing core strength. I wouldn't put it past him.

The referee falls to the mat and checks with Gusmao, whose face is in pain. He refuses to submit, though. On the outside of the ring, Diego San Martin is pounding the apron, yelling for his client to fight out of the submission hold.

**WASHINGTON:** Look at the pain in Gusmao's face. I don't think he'll be able to hold out much longer.

As if he heard Washington, al-Sultan readjusts his grip, and adds even more torque to the camel clutch, pulling his opponent's legs up even higher and contorting his lower back even more.

Gustavo Gusmao finally begins banging his hands on the mat, submitting. The referee signals to the timekeeper to ring the bell.

**DUCKY:** Your winner, via submission...Jafaar al-Sultan!

The theme of the One Percent begins playing, and al-Sultan lifts his arm in the air to a shower of boos, but not happy with it, he brings it back down and slaps Gusmao in the back of the head, Gusmao starts trying to crawl back into his feet and Sultan slaps him again, from the outside Diego San Martin yells at Sultan to stop it. Gusmao gets up to his feet and immediately charges Sultan, but Gusmao is weary from the match and is really slow Sultan easily manages to trip him back to the mat and hook him once again in the camel clutch.

**MURPHY:** Oh, come on. You won the match, stop this! Jafaar is trying to hurt Gusmao now. This isn't right!

Gusmao continues banging on the mat in pain, prompting Diego San Martin to roll between the ropes. Jafaar ignores them all, and keeps the submission maneuver locked in.

**WASHINGTON:** **Mr. San Martin better be careful in there.**

San Martin, like the referee, attempts to pry al-Sultan off of the Great Gorilla. Unlike the referee, the Alpha Brain is able to free his client. All it took was a slap across the face.

**MURPHY:** **Diego San Martin slapped al-Sultan right across the face!**

**WASHINGTON:** **Uh, oh. Jafaar looks mad.**

As Gustavo Gusmao lies on his stomach grasping his lower back, Diego San Martin and Jafaar al-Sultan stare daggers at each other. The crowd pops as El Omega 23 and Malcolm Valenzuela appear, running down the entrance ramp to protect San Martin. Either al-Sultan never had intended to hurt San Martin, or whether El Omega 23 and Valenzuela scared him off, because he rolls out of the ring as the two Latin Americans arrive on the other side.

**MURPHY:** **El Omega 23 and Malcolm Valenzuela with the save, just in the nick of time!**

Backing up without taking his eyes off of San Martin and the rest of his group, the Saudi billionaire bumps into the announcer's table. He reaches back and grabs a microphone.

**al-Sultan:** **You want to get involved in my affairs, San Martin. You want to start a war with the One Percent? This is what happens when you poke the hornet's nest.**

The camera shows a close-up of Gustavo Gusmao, who is still on the mat grimacing in pain.

**al-Sultan: I don't have time for you. My goal is the Revival Pro Wrestling Heavyweight Championship, and you, Diego San Martin, Gustavo Gusmao, El Omega 23, whoever, are speed bumps on my road to the top. Distractions. Not even worth my time.**

Jafaar walks around the ring back towards the entrance ramp, keeping his eyes on the men in it. Likewise, the men in the ring keep their eyes on the wrestler leaving.

**al-Sultan: If he's lucky, Gustavo there isn't seriously hurt. If he is, that's just too bad. Maybe that'll teach you not to stick your nose where it doesn't belong. If you do, bad things might happen- to you, Malcolm Valenzuela, to you, El Omega 23, or maybe even to you, Diego San Martin.**

The leader of the One Percent drops the microphone and walks back up the aisle as a group of referees and other medical officials run down it to assist Gustavo Gusmao, but this is not over, Diego San Martin has shared words with Valenzuela and El Omega and they exit the ring and start chasing down Sultan, the crowd pops! The Latin Americans disappear through the curtain and a few seconds passes before the camera crew can catch up with them.

+++++++BACKSTAGE: ROUND ONE, FIGHT!+++++++

El Omega 23, Diego San Martin and Malcolm Valenzuela have caught up with Jafaar al-Sultan and a brawl has ensued backstage, luckily for Sultan his 1% partners Ronnie Reynolds and Hyperion Rushmore have joined the fray. Strikes fly everywhere and bodies go charging against production equipment, nobody seems to be safe as El Omega 23 sends Reynolds flying right into the camera who was taping the action. We can only hear the sounds of the scuffle for several seconds until a new camera gives us a new shot, there's a lot of referee's and even executive personal separating the two parties, everyone looks angry as the scene cuts off.

+++++++BACKSTAGE: CHALLENGE ACCEPTED+++++++

["Blinding Sun" by Mudhoney](#) begins to play. It's crackly and low quality, as if being played from a cassette tape. As the music starts, the camera begins to move. First it looks up from a pair of beaten-up hi-tops, then to a locker room bench where an arm reaches out to grab a lumberjack shirt. The camera flails around wildly for a moment or two then stabilizes. It settles on the locker room door and begins to move towards it, bouncing in rhythm to an unseen person's footsteps.

The camera moves through the corridors, past Brandy Swinson, then past Matt Josham. A team of RPW staff are seen trying to load pyrotechnics into a dispenser. Gary Graplin and Ryan Mercy are at the craft services table, eating baloney sandwiches and waving to the camera. And then, just as the guitars reach a crescendo, the music stops. The camera settles on a nameplate on a nondescript door. It reads 'Sir Charles Strickland.' It opens.



**STRICKLAND:** Come on in. Take a seat. Oh and hand the camera to my butler, Crichton.

The camera wobbles again as it's passed to Sir Charles Strickland's butler. 'Blue Train' by John Coltrane plays faintly in the background. As the camera settles, we see that it's Kirk Cobain who has come to see the man in charge of Revival Pro Wrestling.

**STRICKLAND:** Now then Mr. Cobain, you'll forgive me if I ask you to be brief, but I'm a busy man. What did you wish to speak to me about today?

**COBAIN:** It uhh... yeah. It's umm... that Leonard Knox dude.

**STRICKLAND:** That's it. You came to me today to talk about Mr Knox. Can I presume that you had something... specific... that you wished to discuss about that chap?

**COBAIN:** Yeah. Yeah. Yeah umm... I watch the Dirt Sheet, you know? I pay real close attention. And I wanna quote that Knox dude word for word so I wrote down what he said...

(Kirk Cobain puts on his best Northern accent which, predictably, isn't very good.)

**(COBAIN)KNOX:** it didn't make me any less outraged when I found out that 'Arold Murphy 'ad accused me o' being nervous

**COBAIN:** An' then he went and said this too:

(The accent comes back again, this time sounding even a little pompous)

**(COBAIN)KNOX:** It's what you feel before a punishment. It's what everybody in the locker room should feel at the prospect o' being thrown to this lion. Because I don't care who I'm faced with.

**STRICKLAND:** Ahh. I think I see where this is going.

**COBAIN:** I've known Mister Murphy since my first day in RPW. He got me a contract. I owe him; if it wasn't for Mister Murphy I'd be selling t-shirts outside of concerts and getting into fights where it's just me and a tape deck versus three other dudes.

**STRICKLAND:** Perhaps I misjudged this a little. It's not Knox, per se, that's the problem. It's that you've taken umbrage with his remarks. Am I correct here?

**COBAIN:** Mister Strickland, I don't know what umbrage is, but if it means that yeah, I don't like my friends being threatened, then you're totally right. You're dead right. Mister Murphy doesn't know anything about this, and he never asked me to do it either, but I'm not gonna stand by and let this happen.

**STRICKLAND:** Very good. I... think we can make something happen tonight. Crichton, pass me my telephone. I have a few calls to place.

+++++++BACKSTAGE: WHERE WAS SCYTHE?+++++++

We cut backstage where the Craft's twins are hanging out on street clothes after their crushing defeat at the hands of Excellence and the British Empire, both brothers are noticeably banged up and Jimmy Craft is putting ice on the back of his neck while he yells at his brother.

**JIMMY:** Care to explain where in the world was Aron? He right down abandoned us! We were doing so well, we even had a little streak going but did he care about us one bit? No he didn't, he didn't even bother to show up.

A much more on-earth Billy Craft tries to calm down his brother.

**BILLY:** Calm down bro, I'm sure there's a perfectly good explanation for what happened, I know that you look up to Aron Scythe a lot and I understand that you are disappointed.

**JIMMY:** Off course I'm disappointed, I was "This" close to pin the RPW heavyweight champion, I almost made it...if only Scythe had been there! Instead I stand here a complete failure.

**BILLY:** Defeat is not the worst of failures. Not to have tried is the true failure.

**JIMMY:** Save it Bi-

Jimmy is cut off by Pegasus Fantasy on what looks to be a ringtone...Jimmy Craft takes his cellphone out of his pocket and takes a look at it, his face turns into complete anger and he flings the phone against the wall, shattering it in pieces.

+++++++RING: THE GENERAL MANAGER LAYS DOWN THE LAW+++++++

[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 and boy he's getting some heat, for some reason this time he has come alone, without his usual company of girls.

**STRICKLAND:** Good evening ladies and gentleman, before I begin I would advice each and every one of you to show some respect for your interim general manager of Wednesday Night Revival.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO"

**STRICKLAND:** I'm out here to address some challenges that have been made recently, I'm going to make a start of things by revisiting what Mr. John Brandenburg \*pause\*

The crowd pops at the mention of Brand.

**STRICKLAND:** said after our last main event....for those of you who weren't paying attention, Mr. Brandenburg challenged my new Ironman champion Halfus Lykarn to a one on one submissions match. Since John Brandenburg was the last Ironman Champion and he lost that title in a mutli-man match I've agreed to give him a rematch of sorts....right here tonight in Chicago!

The crowd once again pops, they love the fact that they are going to see Brand vs. Lykarn for the title.

**STRICKLAND:** but that's not all of it, since Halfus Lykarn already submitted John Brandenburg I don't see the point in making it a submissions match, all to the contrary, Halfus Lykarn already proved that he's the better submission guy, so in the interest of fairness I've decided to make all submissions illegal for their match tonight.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO"

**STRICKLAND:** Since the match can only be won via pinfall, I've decided to make it a Falls count anywhere match.

Strickland seems really happy with himself.

**WASHINGTON:** Submission's are illegal and falls count anywhere, interesting.

**MURPHY:** You have to wonder how long has Lykarn known about these stipulations.

Strickland looks to have more to say as he takes the microphone back to his lips.

**STRICKLAND:** Also, Kirk Cobain challenged Leonard Knox and they will face each other right now in No Limits action.

Strickland puts his hand on his pocket and extracts a golden watch, he takes a look at it and says.

**STRICKLAND:** Good lord, look at the time, I better go...

Strickland turns around and disappears through the curtain as the crowd boos him wildly.

+++++COMMERCIAL-BREAK+++++  
+++++RING: LEONARD KNOX VS KIRK COBAIN (NO LIMITS)+++++

We cut to a wide shot of the arena as the commentators speak.

**MURPHY:** Up next we have Kirk Cobain going one on one with Leonard Knox in a No Limits singles match.

**WASHINGTON:** for those of you, No Limits is a special division with relaxed rules, the use of some foreign objects is allowed and the list of banned maneuvers is greatly reduced.

Brandy Swinson is spotted in the middle of the ring as the camera zooms onto her.

**SWINSON:** The following match is scheduled for one fall on the No Limits division with a 15 minutes time limit, introducing first!

['Half Past You' by Love Battery](#) begins to play, Kirk Cobain comes out with his trusty Kendo stick.

**SWINSON:**  
**X-Factor, Kirk Cobain...**

**from Seattle, WA, weighing in at 210 pounds, The Generation**

Some anger can be detected on Cobain's face as he walks towards the ring unceremoniously, he still gets the affection of the crowd, but the reaction is smaller than he's used to getting. Cobain warms up in the ring as Brandy Swinson continues the introductions.

**SWINSON:** **and his opponent...**

[Chumbawumba's tubthumping](#) plays next lifting the mood of the crowd, Leonard Knox comes out to the top of the stage with a lot of energy, the camera cuts to the ring where you can easily tell that a very happy Brandy Swinson is moving at the rhythm of the music.

**SWINSON:** **Now making his way into the ring, from Bradford, England, weighing in at 270 pounds, please give a warm welcome to the very handsome Leonard Knox.**

**Knox continues his way down the ramp to a pretty good crowd reaction.**

**MURPHY:** **Very Handsome Leonard Knox? And why is she doing the introductions instead of Ducky?**

**WASHINGTON:** **I don't know, but Brandy Swinson did pick Knox to win the Ironman championship last week, and Knox was at a loss for words when Swinson interviewed him before the match.**

The ring of the bell cuts off Murph and Ben's conversation and Cobain charges forward with a frontal Kendo swing, Knox easily sidesteps it and tackles Cobain down with a double leg takedown. Cobain loses the grip on his Kendo stick and is forced to use his arms to block the barrage of punches that Knox is unleashing upon him.

**MURPHY:** **If some of you are confused about the definition of the No Limits match-up it's rules have been recently revised by RPW's new commissioner Mr. Rufus Biggs.**

Cobain rolls into his knees to try and escape and he manages to get up, although he has Knox latched on to him in a rear waistlock, Cobain uses all of his might to carry the action into the ropes, Cobain holds on to the ropes but the ref is powerless to intervene.

**WASHINGTON:** **there are no rope breaks under No Limits rules, also no 5 counts for excessively striking an opponent in a corner.**

If the ref cannot break the hold, Cobain is gonna have to come up with something to do it himself, he settles for elbows that send Knox staggering to the center of the ring. Cobain turns around and rushes Knox, he uses a baseball slide to go through under his legs and he attacks Knox with a Russian Leg Sweep. Cobain plays some air guitar for some cheers before dropping a leg on Knox's throat; the leg drop leads into a pin.

...KICKOUT!

**MURPHY:** **absolutely no way that you defeat Leonard Knox with that little. Still, Cobain is making Knox work.**

Knox tries to get up quickly but he's held down by a front facelock, Cobain tries to keep the hold with one arm while he clubs Knox's back with the other, that's not gonna work long as Knox revs the engines and drives Cobain into a corner. Knox goes to the body hard with hooks and Cobain looks to get the hell out of the Corner, he manages to get out but he ends up being clotheslined to the outside by Knox.

**WASHINGTON:** **these two are sure to deliver a hugely physical match up, and with relaxed rules and weapons allowed it can only escalate.**

Cobain immediately starts looking for something under the ring, he seems to have found something but Knox has gone to chase him and stomps on his back, **1!** Knox drags Cobain by the leg and pulls him out and we can now see that he's carrying a trash can. **2!**

**MURPHY:** **more weapons coming into play here.**

And they immediately become a factor as Cobain violently and blindly throws the trash can backwards, it catches Knox right on the face and puts him on his ass. **3!** Knox tries to shake the cobwebs and immediately turn it up to his feet.

**WASHINGTON:** **nowadays not all No Limits matches are no count out, falls must be earned inside the ring, this change has been explained to make No count out and falls count anywhere more special.**

Knox rushes forward and tries to catch Cobain with something but he runs straight into a drop toe hold that sends him face first into the apron **4!**, the camera briefly switches to Brandy Swinson with a worried expression on her face, she's on the next side of the ring, elbows on the apron.

**MURPHY:** **Brandy keeping a close eye in the action, she seems particularly interested on Leonard Knox.**

The camera turns back to Knox who's been rolled back inside of the ring, Cobain quickly follows suit and goes straight for his Kendo Stick, he raises it on the air and the bloodthirsty Chicago crowd eats it up. Cobain is vicious with his attack, repeatedly driving his weapon across the back of Leonard Knox, after 8 or so hits, Cobain goes for a pin.

**WASHINGTON:**

**I wouldn't blame Knox if he wanted to stop after that.**

**...1!**

**...2!!**

**...KICKOUT!!!**

Knox is still in the game! Cobain drags him back up and whips him into the ropes, the rebound comes and Cobain hooks a charging Knox into a sleeper hold, Knox immediately throws Cobain over his shoulder to free himself of the move, Cobain turns around back into Knox and steps into a huge forearm to the face that forces him to take a few steps back. Cobain now rushes in and falls victim to a sidewalk slam. We switch to a shot of Brandy Swinson clapping in approval.

**MURPHY:**

**Knox is looking to be on the up, the support of the beautiful Brandy Swinson doesn't hurt at all.**

**WASHINGTON:**

**Let's just hope that she doesn't distract him.**

Instead of going for the pin, Knox starts setting up for his signature powerbomb, the crowd cheers in anticipation but Knox is having some problems setting his move up, his lift fails twice and a third time never comes as Cobain back body drops him instead. Knox immediately gets up and back to the action but he's stopped dead on his tracks by a powerful kick to the guy, Cobain now gets a pop by setting up his double arm ddt.

**MURPHY:**

**Is that move hits it could pretty much be the end for Knox!**

But the counter comes quickly in form of a hammerlock, Knox holds the hammerlock firmly in place sets Cobain's free arm behind his neck, with the road free spins hard with a short range lariat!

Cobain ducks under just in time, he ends up behind him and he grabs him by the singlet and neck, he runs him towards the ropes and violently throws him over and to the outside, the 270 lbs Knox goes flying and Brandy Swinson is flattened by the Briton, she has just turned into collateral damage.

**WASHINGTON:** **Oh no!!!**

The camera quickly turns into reaction shots of the crowd, everyone seems to be very worried about what just happened to Brandy Swinson. The Camera now centers on Knox who's kneeling right next to Brandy, he throws an "X " sign to the back, and he seems to be even more worried than the crowd.

**MURPHY:** **Brandy is just a small women and she was run over 270 pounds of a flying Leonard Knox, I really hope she's ok...**

The camera is now centered on Kirk Cobain who's giving Knox and Brandy a blank stare, he has a complete poker face as he stands in the ring seemingly waiting for something to happen.

**WASHINGTON:** **I think Cobain is in shock that he was able to cause such destruction...**

**MURPHY:** **He has unleashed destruction before, more precisely to guys like Sirius Danger and Damien Wolfe, but never to someone like Brandy Swinson.**

A EMT team is now tending to Brandy Swinson and they stretcher them to the back, Leonard Knox is caught on camera asking one of the med techs if she's going to be Ok, Len'ard follows them backstage leaving Cobain alone in the ring.

**WASHINGTON:** **Kirk Cobain might not want to admit it, but he might be turning into something very similar to his nemesis.**

**MURPHY:** **I am afraid so too, the similarities with Sirius Danger grow stronger every week, though he still has some of a conscience, I'm sure that Sirius Danger would've kept an attack on Knox regardless of the situation.**

Replays of the accident take over the screen; Cobain is shown ducking under Knox's hammerlock lariat and dumping him outside, where the big brit accidentally knocks Brandy over. Multiple angles show and it seems that Cobain had no idea that Brandy was on the way.

**WASHINGTON:** We can only hope that Brandy Swinson is ok, we promise to keep you updated on her status.

**MURPHY:** This is bound to cast a cloud on the rest of the show, and it's a shame because it's been such an exciting show so far.

**WASHINGTON:** and our main event promises to deliver big time as Halfus Lykarn defends his title against John Brandenburg.

+++++ BACKSTAGE WITH MATT JOSHAM: JOHN BRANDENBURG WILL PIN HALFUS LYKARN+++++

**JOSHAM:** Welcome everyone to Backstage with Matt Josham, featuring RPW's premier interviewer Matt Josham, in this segment the best interviewer in the world Matt Josham wi-

Brandenburg swipes the microphone off Josham's hand.

**BRANDENBURG:** Not this time Matt. This time, it's my turn to talk, and this time, it's my turn to get my hands on Halfus Lykarn. In a few minutes, I'm going to be in the ring with the RPW Iron Man Champion, one-on-one, just like I requested last week. But instead of getting nothing but submissions, the Commissioner has seen fit to make this match nothing but pinfalls! That means that all of my usual tricks of the trade are *illegal* in this matchup.

Brandenburg shakes his head and looks down from the camera, on the background, you can see someone reading the paper, the paper blocks most of the view but he has wrestling boots.

**BRANDENBURG:** You might think this makes me afraid. You might think The Brand has nothing but submissions up his sleeve. But mat wrestling is more than TEACHING an opponent to tap! And setting up a submission requires more than slapping on a weaker one. No, technical wrestling, a skill my opponent I am sure is quite trained in, involves working body parts and wearing down opponents, just like I will have to do tonight to face down such a dangerous foe like Lykarn. My gameplan, it hasn't changed much. Instead of slapping on the Signature Brand, I'll just have to find another method to get Lykarn to not respond. Maybe I'll use the spear, since I already beat a British wrestler with it.

Brandenburg looks back up to the camera with a smile.



**BRANDENBURG:** You see, to get a pin, you just need three seconds. For a submission, you never know how long it will take for someone to tap. But for the pin, I have a goal in mind: knock my opponent out for *three* seconds. And if there's one thing that John Brandenburg can do with a goal in mind is *plan* a route to victory. So am I afraid that I cannot use the Signature Brand or some of the other tools that brought to the biggest stage in wrestling, to Revival Pro Wrestling? Am I afraid that I cannot beat a fearsome fighter like Lykarn, with his mask of eyes and jaws?

Brandenburg looked back away before wiping the smile clean from his face.

**BRANDENBURG:** All I can say is, even if I was, with the right planning, fear is a *good* motivator too.

Blackened by Metallica hits the speakers and it's go time for John "The Brand" Brandenburg, who resets his neck before heading out to through the curtains, the screen flashes on white.

+++++ RING: HALFUS LYKARN [C] VS JOHN BRANDENBURG (IRONMAN TITLE) +++++

The camera sets the scene at top of the darkened stage where John Brandenburg is standing in the middle of a spotlight with his fist raised on the air, just as he's about to shoot his fist forward as usual, he's struck on the back of the head with a hard forearm, his attacker is none other than the masked Halfus Lykarn. The crowd explodes in boos.

**WASHINGTON:** Oh Come on, this match has not even started...

Momentarily stunned by the sneak attack, John Brandenburg is easy prey for a German Suplex, he goes back and neck first into the steel floor of the stage, the crowd boos Lykarn even more as the man with the Many eyed mask raises his fist in the air and shoots it forward, mimicking Brand's entrance.

**MURPHY:** Lykarn adding insult to injury and denying us of a fine match.

Lykarn goes right back after his scheduled opponent and whips him into one of the metal structures of the stage, Brandenburg takes a dizzy step backwards and turns into Lykarn and his Riley Render to GARGANTUAN boos.

**WASHINGTON:** Jumping reverse STO at the top of the stage! How is Brandenburg going to compete in this match after this...

The crowd is still raining boos at Lykarn, who is now working hard to pick Brandenburg up, at this point Brand is pretty much dead weight and Lykarn's efforts to walk him down the ramp are useless, Lykarn needs a new method and he finds it in the form of a standing fireman's carry, with Brandenburg over his shoulders, he starts walking down the ramp but the whole ordeal has made him lose a lot of time.

**MURPHY:** **Something needs to be done about this, someone call Commissioner Biggs.**

You can feel the anger in the crowd as they yell at Halfus Lykarn, the mood on the arena is dark as not only one of RPW's most popular stars caught a brutal underhanded beating but we were also denied of a great match-up. Suddenly a spark of hope lights up the arena and cheers come aplenty as Brand slides down the back of Lykarn and starts unleashing fierce forearms all over Lykarn's back, the masked Briton is forced down the ramp and Brandenburg keeps on pushing him closer to the ring with his hard shots.

**WASHINGTON:** **Lykarn took too long, Brandenburg is fighting back.**

**MURPHY:** **He is, but what if the damage already has been done?**

Lykarn turns around and tries to regain control of the situation , Brandenburg wants none of that and he stops Lykarn with a kick to the gut, Brand sets up an irish whip and sends the Ironman champion running against the steel steps. Lykarn manages to put a boot up as a break, and he turns around to find Brandenburg charging right at him!

**SPEAR!!**

Brandenburg lands a huge spear to the steel steps as Lykarn deftly sidesteps him, Lykarn laughs and slaps Brandenburg on the back of his head. The crowd hates him bad but there's nothing they can do about it.

**WASHINGTON:** **Come on, stop this madness already.**

Lykarn grabs Brandenburg by the head and smashes him face first against the steel steps, he then rolls him into the ring, Lykarn follows his prey inside the ring but once inside, he walks straight up to the referee, a deep demonic, almost artificial voice comes from Lykarn as he wants to make his point to the ref.

**LYKARN:** **RING THAT BELL!!**

The ref is pretty scared by the voice and he signals for the match to start, the timekeeper obliges and he rings the bell.

**Aw, come on...you are telling me that we are going through**

John Brandenburg is severely disoriented as he tries to reincorporate; the crowd boos wildly as a stalking Halfus Lykarn is just waiting for him to do so. Brandenburg regains his vertical base and earns another Riley Render for his trouble.

**WASHINGTON:** Another Riley Render! I don't know how Brand survives that Jumping Reverse STO , especially after all the punishment he has taken...

Lykarn drops for the pin and the boos reach a fever pitch...

...1!

...2!!

...3!!!

## THE BELL RINGS!!!

**MURPHY:** this is a travesty.

**DUCKY:** The winner of this match and STILL RPW Ironman Champion,  
Halfus Lykarn.

"BOOO"

Halfus Lykarn raises both arms in the air and bathes on the boos of the Chicago crowd, the Camera Zooms in on Lykarn's many eyed mask and the RPW logo appears in the screen to signal the end of the show.