



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. Alex Monroe practices his strikes against a heavy bag, and Excellence is doing some light grappling with his coach.

♪ *I miss the part, when weee were moving foooorward now* ♪

Douglas Gallagher is seen juggling a soccer ball, he then kicks the ball away, the camera follows the ball and we find Leonard Knox who catches the pass and smiles.

♪ *(Onnn our way dooown)* ♪

Ian Jones bashes away at a punching bag in a dimly lit room, laughing maniacally. Mr. Nice Guy and Demian Wolfe are casually chatting in the background.

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

A cameraman approaches Enigma but the mysterious one appears to be meditating and he doesn't react. Dominic Golden is seen backstage yelling instructions at Landon Jackson and Ronnie Reynolds.

♪ *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 and playing an acoustic guitar. He looks up to meet the camera's gaze.

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

The Craft Twins are as always pretty excited, they exit a dojo and they get on an RPW bus.

♪ *We speeeek in diff-reeent voiceees!* ♪

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. Their daughter runs endless laps around them.

♪ *We speeeek in diff-reeent voiceees!* ♪

.A Plane is seen landing, we get a shot of Diego San Martin, El Omega 23, The Amazonian Invasion and Malcolm Valenzuela all getting into the airport.

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

Ian Jones raises his title in the air, Sir Charles Strickland is behind him and he has a dubious smile on his face.

+++++++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.

GALLAGHER, YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE.

GENO IN VULTUS!!

“3”

WE WANT ADAMES!

“THE LIVERPOOL SENSATION”

I WANTED TO SEE SCYTHE

+++++++RING: IRONMAN TITLE TOURNAMENT+++++++

The show starts with heavy boos as [The Fragrance of Dark Coffee](#) blasts all over the speakers, Sir Charles Strickland comes out, alongside him is the much shorter Rufus Biggs, both men are booed heavy as they strut down the ramp.

MURPHY: Welcome to WNR live from Philadelphia, our Interim GM is out here with the RPW commissioner to address a very important situation concerning the fallout from our last episode.

Sir Charles and Mr. Biggs are both sporting suits and carrying microphones, the Interim GM starts addressing the crowd.

STRICKLAND: During our last episode of WNR live, Halfus Lykarn defended his RPW Ironman Title against Hakai Dragon, please take a look at the finish of that match.

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

Halfus Lykarn starts picking up the banged up Hakai Dragon and he hooks him for an inverted facelock, the crowd just keeps on raining down boos. Lykarn feeds off them and plants Dragon down with a huge Inverted DDT, he traps the body in full scissors and keeps strong hold of a dragon sleeper variation.

MURPHY: **On no! That's the inverted Signature Brand that Lykarn used to submit John Brandenburg and earn the Ironman Title.**

WASHINGTON: **Indeed, and I don't see how Hakai Dragon is going to be able to escape, he's right on the middle of the ring and he just took a Riley Render...**

You can tell that Hakai Dragon is trying to break the move off, but there's simply not much to be done. Hakai tries to peel Lykarn's arms off, he tries to bridge out of it, he tries to press Lykarn's shoulder to the mat for a pin, everything fails, Lykarn is just one step ahead of him at everytime. Hakai Dragon's options are running out and so is the oxygen on his brain, Hakai Dragon doesn't like it one bit but he's forced to tap out..

MURPHY: **Lykarn does it again!!!**

The bell rings but you can barely hear it under all the boos..

DUCKY: **The winner via submission and STILL RPW Ironman Champion...**

The bell just keeps on ringing as Halfus Lykarn still has his submission hold locked in and the ref is actually fighting to get him to release it, he refuses and just keeps wrenching as Hakai Dragon keeps tapping out...

WASHINGTON: **Come on, the match is over, you already won, get this over with...**

+++++++RING: IRONMAN TITLE TOURNAMENT ++++++

We return to the center of the ring where the crowd is booing wildly...RPW commissioner Rufus Biggs takes over.

BIGGS: **What you just saw, was an unsportsmanlike act which won't be tolerated in RPW, especially coming from a man that has shown previous offenses like assaulting John Brandenburg before their match even began and shoving our RPW backstage announcer Matt Josham into a wall...that's why as the new RPW commissioner I've decided to take action and send a message to the RPW locker-room that this type of shenanigans simply won't be tolerated, that's why Halfus Lykarn has been effectively suspended for two shows and therefore he has been stripped of his RPW Ironman championship.**

The crowd starts cheering for this announcement, seems like they really hate Lykarn, Sir Charles now goes to his microphone.

STRICKLAND: **And since we have promised to have an RPW Ironman title match in each and every WNR live, and every RPW produced PPV event, we will have to crown a new champion...**

BIGGS: Right here in Philadelphia!

Cheap pop does the trick, Strickland gives a puzzled look to Biggs before continuing...

STRICKLAND: The way things are gonna work is that we are going to have 4 first round matches, the winner of these matches will move on to a Fatal Fourway to determine who the new Champion will be, I find appropriate to mention that Mr. Biggs here chose the participants for this tournament, I just matched them up as I saw fit, our first round matches are....

JAFAR AL SULTAN VS EL OMEGA 23

JOHN BRANDENBURG VS ALEX MONROE

EMERSON FAVREAU VS HAKAI DRAGON

ENIGMA VS RONNIE REYNOLDS!

The crowd pops for all announcements, the biggest pops seem to come for Brandenburg and Hakai Dragon, followed closely by Enigma and El Omega 23.

BIGGS: Now we understand that whoever gets the last match will have less time to recover before the fatal fourway, in interest of fairness we will randomly select which match up will start this tournament, please pay close attention to the revivaltron.

The revivaltron shifts into a roulette with the names of the 8 wrestlers involved, it starts spinning....

JAFAR AL SULTAN, JOHN BRANDENBURG, RONNIE REYNOLDS, HAKAI DRAGON, EL OMEGA 23, ALEX MONROE, EMERSON FAVREAU, ENIGMA, JAFAR AL SULTAN, JOHN BRANDENBURG, RONNIE REYNOLDS, HAKAI DRAGON, EL OMEGA 23, ALEX MONROE.

It stops; the roulette zooms in to the plate of the wrestler where the spins stopped.

ALEX MONROE.

The crowd shows a small pop for Alex Monroe, nothing too notorious...

STRICKLAND: There we go, looks like will be starting this up with Alex Monroe vs . John "The Brand" Brandenburg, enjoy the show...

Strickland and Rufus Biggs start walking to make their way out of the ring when [Slayer's Mandatory Suicide](#) plays all over the arena. This stops the two authority figures dead on their tracks as Brett "The Chief" Bannion comes out mic in hand.

BANNION: Are you ****ing kidding me, Alex Monroe? Really? That's the guy you selected for this tournament over ME? What has Alex Monroe ever done in RPW, lose a PPV match to

Knox, lose a match to Hakai Dragon...meanwhile I'm relegated to the non-televised part of the show, even if I keep winning week in and week out...and off course the day I finally get to make my triumphant return to the main card, it's in the only match that doesn't have any title implications.

Mr. Rufus Biggs looks like he's going total but Bannion continues before anyone else gets a chance.

BANNION: Since you have left me aside, I will make myself part of this tournament, watch me become the official guest commentator for the opening match of this tournament...

Bannion starts his way down the ramp as Biggs and Strickland share a look, they don't seem to mind having Bannion at the booth, they both nod at each other and exit the ring and walk to the backstage area, the camera focuses on Brett Bannion taking a seat next to Murphy and Washington.

*****ANNOUNCE TABLE: BANNION, MURPHY AND WASHINGTON*****

WASHINGTON: Looks like we are going to be joined by Brett "The Chief" Bannion.

MURPHY: Good evening Chief, how is it going?

BANNION: Terrible, I should be on that very ring competing right now, if I had been selected for this tournament I would've walked out of this arena the new RPW Ironman champion, but was I selected? No, I wasn't...

MURPHY: Well, I hope we can make you feel better as we call this tournament for the fans watching at home..

BANNION: Better? You guys are terrible, and how does Biggs expects to legitimize RPW when he doesn't even put their best wrestler in the tournament, it makes no sense.

*****RING: IRONMAN TITLE TOURNAMENT *****

We return to the ring where Ducky is standing center.

DUCKY: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a 15 minute time limit! And it is a first round match in the RPW Ironman Title Tournament! Making his way to the ring first...

"I Am Onslaught" by Emmure plays.

BANNION: (sarcastic tone) Alex Monroe, great way to start the night....

DUCKY: From Portland, Oregon, weighing in at 200 lbs... he is "The Lethal Injection" Alex Monroe!

Alex Monroe makes his way out to the entrance ramp, with blue lights flashing on his black ring jacket. After a minute, he pulls down his hood and lets out a war cry before marching down to the ring. He gets a positive response from the crowd that has slowly been warming up to him.

BANNION: Aw come on, why are you all cheering this failure, he lost against Hakai Dragon, he lost against Leonard Knox, now he's going to lose again against John Brandenburg.

MURPHY: But Brett, you have to admit that even in defeat Alex Monroe has looked great, he's a very dangerous competitor.

Alex marches around the ring and stares down Brett Bannion, who looks to be highly amused at Monroe.

BANNION: Do you want to see a dangerous competitor Murph? Try me! After Brandenburg defeats this joke, I'll be the next one to join the long LONG list of people who have been Alex Monroe.

WASHINGTON: You seem confident Brett.

BANNION: I am, Monroe has nothing on me.

Alex continues his march before hopping on the apron and letting out another war cry and stepping in the ring to begin his warm ups.

DUCKY: And his opponent!

"Blackened" by Metallica begins to play.

DUCKY: From Inglewood, California, weighing in at 200 lbs... he is the former RPW Ironman champion, John "The Brand" Brandenburg!

Blackened by Metallica hits and the crowd pops as the arena lights shut down completely, a spotlight shows up near the curtains and John "The Brand" Brandenburg walks into it with his right fist held high. When the guitar riff drops, Brandenburg throws his fist in front of him and gives a primal roar, this Philly crowd is loving "BRAND".

MURPHY: Take a look at what Brandenburg had to say about this match up.

We go into a split screen, Brandenburg's face appears in a small window and he's talking.

BRANDENBURG: Alex, I heard what you had to say on the Dirt Sheet, and of all the people here, you know that I can appreciate a good sporting competition. You're going to get that

handshake tonight, and we're going to have ourselves a hell of a match with a shot at the RPW Ironman Championship on the line. But make no mistake about it, this isn't personal between you and me. I have respect for your effort, but I can't lose tonight, and I won't lose tonight, because I have to get to Halfus Lykarn and I have to have the Ironman Championship on the line! So yeah, Alex, let's fight this out in the ring, and no matter who wins, we'll shake hands. But rest assured, this won't be easy for you.

WASHINGTON: Strong words from the former champion, but this is not going to be easy for him either, Monroe has proven to be one hell of a competitor and he has given fits to everyone he has faced thus far.

MURPHY: Also, both Monroe and Brand share almost the exact height and weight, it's interesting to see how that plays up into the match up.

The full screen returns to the top of the stage where Brandenburg is still playing it up for the crowd, he runs down to the ring and slides in, immediately going to one of the turnbuckles and throwing his fist towards the crowd. Brandenburg yells out **"IRONMAN CHAMPION!!!!"** and the crowd pops huge, he jumps down and approaches Monroe, both men quickly shake hands in the middle of the ring.

WASHINGTON: these two respect each other, but end the ends this is about the gold, here we go, this match is about to get started.

The bell rings and the two circle each other, looking for an opening. Both men lock up in the center of the ring and fight for position before both men break it and continue to size each other up. Brandenburg goes for a low kick, which is dodged by Monroe who then fires back with a high kick, which is ducked by Brandenburg. Another tie-up sees Monroe take Brandenburg over with a side headlock. Brandenburg shoves Monroe off and goes for a dropkick, but Monroe hooks the ropes and Brandenburg hits nothing but air with his dropkick.

MURPHY: These two fierce competitors wasting little time to go at it.

Brandenburg quickly rolls backward and regains his vertical base. Monroe goes for a low dropkick, but Brandenburg jumps over it and Monroe quickly rolls out of Brandenburg's way and stands up. The two lock up and this time Brandenburg whips around and grabs a reverse waist lock. Monroe rushes forward and drags Brandenburg to the ropes, Monroe hooks on to them as they bounce, the momentum ends up shoving Brandenburg off. Brandenburg rolls to his feet and Monroe quickly leaps into the air.

THE GENU IN VULTUS!!

But Brandenburg rolls under it with ease.

The impact against the corner forces Brandenburg to release his hold. Now free from any danger, Alex Monroe starts hitting some shoulder thrusts. Monroe fires up and whips Brandenburg in to the corner before hitting the Mafia Kick, the crowd starts to get riled as Brandenburg takes a few dizzy steps out of the corner, Monroe sees a fine opportunity and positions himself behind Brandenburg, he hooks on double chickenwings and uses them to propel Brandenburg into the turnbuckles with a vicious Tiger Suplex. The crowd reacts big as Brandenburg holds the back of his neck in pain, quickly rolling out of the ring and selling big time on the mats outside.

WASHINGTON: What a move! Alex Monroe impressing big time, he could even be well on his way to upset John Brandenburg.

BANNION: Come on it was just a simple suplex.

The camera goes into a double feature, the life feed shows how Monroe hops out of the ring, the instant replay shows the brutal Tiger Suplex against the turnbuckles. We are back into a full screen of the live action and Alex Monroe marches over to the commentary table where he proceeds to bad mouth Bannion.

MONROE: Do I look like such a scrub now!? Huh!?

Bannion simply scoffs at Monroe, who continues to shove it in Bannion's face. This was not a wise move, however, because it gives Brandenburg enough time to recover. Brandenburg rolls in the ring to break the ref's count. Brandenburg stands on the apron and starts yelling at Monroe.

BRANDENBURG: Come on Alex, get back on this match.

Brandenburg backs off from the apron and gives Monroe plenty of space to get back on the ring, Monroe looks tentative as he slowly walks towards the ring and rolls back inside, he stands up to find Brandenburg with his right hand extended forward, both men shake hands in the middle of the ring to a good pop from the crowd, both men take their wrestling stances and they start circling each other looking for openings.

MURPHY: Brandenburg taking the honorable route, he had plenty of opportunity to blindside Monroe when he was distracted bad mouthing you Brett.

BANNION: Well...that just shows that Brandenburg is an idiot, in this tournament format you need to finish your match early and save energies, you don't let slip a golden opportunity like that.

Monroe launches himself forward and goes to mount offense, but gets taken out by a swift fireman's carry in to a rear chin lock. Brandenburg wrenches back hard and puts a knee on Monroe's back for added pressure.

WASHINGTON: **Brandenburg looking to wear Monroe out, and while I don't agree with Bannion's vision on cheap shots, you really need to look for an early finish here. Brand shouldn't be dragging this match like this.**

Monroe continues to agonize before working up enough will to fight out of the maneuver, he starts turning out as he work his way up to his feet, Brandenburg gives up on the knee to the back but stands up with Monroe, keeping the rear chin lock firmly in place, multiple elbows to the mid section from Monroe finally force Brandenburg to release the hold. Monroe immediately hits him with an elbow to the face, Brandenburg fires back with a forearm of his own. They go back and forth before Monroe gets the upper hand, letting off a series of elbow smashes before hitting a stiff Rolling Elbow that sends Brandenburg bucking to his knees.

MURPHY: **What a hit, Brandenburg cannot afford to take much more of those.**

BANNION: **I'd never buckle from such a weak blow.**

WASHINGTON: **I'd put money against that statement.**

BANNION: **Don't push me Benjamin.**

This allows Monroe to whip off and attempt another Genu in Vultus, but Brandenburg is still able to side step it and take Monroe out with a release German suplex. Brandenburg fires up even more and hits the inverted facelock backbreaker before turning it in to a swinging neckbreaker. Brandenburg covers.

...1

...2

...Kickout!

MURPHY: **Brand getting back on track.**

Brandenburg is quick with the pace and turns it right in to a sleeper submission. Monroe puts up resistance, but slowly starts fading away, his movements slower with each passing second, The ref brings up the arm and releases it, Monroe fights to keep the arm up but it slowly goes down all the way down to the side of his hip, that's one... the ref lifts the arm again to the same result, Monroe struggling and shaking his arm but the limb slowly but surely making his way down for a second time... The ref once again lifts the arm for what would be the third and final time... NO! Monroe's arm stiffens out as he begins to find the vigor inside to fight back.

WASHINGTON: **Monroe is still in this match, I thought he was going out!**

Monroe makes his way to his feet, but before he can fight out of it, Brandenburg turns it into a Sleeper Suplex! Monroe rolls out of the ring from the momentum, the crowd goes bonkers for the move as we immediately go into instant replay mode.

MURPHY: **Holy Suplexes Ben, I'm sure that Brand could stay inside the ring and wait for the ref to count Monroe out.**

BANNION: **Yeah, Monroe is gone!**

The replay shows how Brandenburg has a sleeper hold locked in, and used it to take Monroe in a modified belly to back suplex, the slow motion on the end of the move showing Monroe crashing head first on the mat is particularly brutal, the crowd reacts appropriately.

WASHINGTON: **Whoa, Monroe might indeed be out...**

Brandenburg is shown out of the ring and he picks Monroe up, but has a little trouble. Suddenly, Monroe breaks out of Brandenburg's grip and hits a chop to the chest of Brandenburg as the ref reaches a count of three.

BANNION: **You gotta be kidding me...**

MURPHY: **How did he find the strength to fight back after that suplex?**

WASHINGTON: **Alex Monroe is truly something special...**

BANNION: **Aw, come on Benjamin, are you going to need my knee pads? I have them in the locker-room.**

Brandenburg fires back, but Monroe has an answer. Again, Brandenburg chops Monroe, but Monroe then shoves Brandenburg against the steel ring post. Monroe begins the Kobashi Chopping Spree, but Brandenburg ducks one of them, letting Monroe's hand strike against the pole.

MURPHY: **Ouch, Broken hand maybe?**

Brandenburg then rolls Monroe in and follows suit, Monroe goes for another chop, but hurts his hand against Brandenburg's chest. Brandenburg uses this as an opportunity to quickly lock Monroe up and hit the Fisherman's Suplex. Brandenburg holds on to the bridge as the ref counts.

...1

...2

...Kickout!

WASHINGTON: Monroe kicks out, this match continues! Stay with us WNR LIVE!

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

As we return, both Monroe and Brandenburg are down and the referee is counting them.

MURPHY: Welcome back to WNR live as we continue this opening match of our Ironman title tournament.

WASHINGTON: And we are reaching the 10 minute mark of this 15 minute time limit first round match between Alex Monroe and former Ironman championship John Brandenburg, we are joined in commentary by RPW superstar Brett the Chief Bannion.

The camera shows a replay of both men connecting with dueling clotheslines in the middle of the ring, causing the double count; back live the ref's count reaches 7 and both men are nearly back to their feet.

BANNION: I can't believe these two full were selected for this tournament over me...

The count of the ref is broken at 8, and out of nowhere Alex Monroe musters the strength to rush forward at his opponent and leap in the air.

GENU IN VULTUS!!

And the move is razor thin close from connecting with a late ducking John Brandenburg, the crowd was very loud on their reaction to the move but the match continues with Monroe landing, both men turn around to each other and Brandenburg quickly secures the front chancery, the crowd goes wild as they smell a signature brand coming in, but before Brandenburg can complete it, Monroe counters with a northern lights suplex.

MURPHY: Northern lights suplex pin, will he steal one here?

...1

...2

BANNION:

No way...

...3?

NO! Brandenburg manages to kick out and roll into his knees, he has held on to Monroe's neck the entire time, he slides down under him and goes for the Signature Brand, the crowd pops big but Monroe is quick to react, he controls one of Brand's legs before he hooks on the full body scissors and he steps over it preventing the move from being fully locked in, Brandenburg has half a body scissor and the other leg scissoring one of Monroe's legs.

WASHINGTON:

from this position.

Great awareness from Monroe, is going to be hard to make him tap

Monroe expertly pushes Brand's shoulders into the mat, as Brandenburg adjusts to prevent a pin attempt, Monroe frees his leg and steps over into a lateral press, Brandenburg is forced to release the hold and he kicks out of this new pin attempt at 1.

MURPHY:

what happens in the event of a draw?

This match continues, and we have little time left, do you know

WASHINGTON:

Good question, I do not.

Brandenburg tries to rise up to his feet but he has to deal with Monroe who shoots up hard knees to his midsection, chest and face. Monroe has Brandenburg doubled over and locked up and he continues to hit knee after knee, most of them hitting the chest area of Brandenburg... Monroe switches his grip and extends one of his arms directly to the direction of the announce table, he's clearly pointing at Brett Bannion and then he does a cutthroat sign.

BANNION:

What does that guy think he is...

MURPHY:
could be bad for Brandenburg.

I don't know but he seems to be going for the Brainbuster, this

"The Lethal Injection" Alex Monroe goes to lift Brandenburg all the way up in a vertical suplex position, he manages to lift the former champion about $\frac{3}{4}$'s of the way up before Brandenburg manages to pull himself back down and straight into a small package, Monroe's shoulders are against the mat and the ref counts.

WASHINGTON:

What a reversal!!

...1

...2

...3!

Alex Monroe violently kicks out, it is a little too late though as the referee raises three fingers in the air and the bell rings. The crowd cheers like crazy for Brandenburg's victory...

DUCKY:
And the winner of this match via pinfall, and advancing to the Ironman tournament final, John "The Brand" Brandenburg.

BANNION:

Hahaha, told you so, Alex Monroe loses again.

Monroe is down on his knees and the frustration on his face is more than evident as Ducky's announcement only reinforces the cheers from the crowd, he looks up at John Brandenburg who is getting his hand raised in the air by the referee. Brandenburg notices Monroe and extends his hand up to him, Monroe takes the hand and he uses it to stand up, Monroe now raises Brandenburg's hand on the air to huge cheers from the crowd.

WASHINGTON: Great sign of respect by these two warriors that gave us their all in a highly entertaining opening match.

Both men go their separate ways, Brandenburg walks back to his dressing room while Alex Monroe climbs on top of a corner and points at Brett Bannion, the camera shifts into the next segment.

+++++LOCKERROOM: 1% FOR THE WIN+++++

GOLDEN: Ah, I'm glad you made it.

We are backstage, in the locker room of the 1%. At the door is Jafaar al-Sultan, who seems to have just arrived at the arena, still in his street clothes. Golden ushers al-Sultan in, and closes the door behind him. Inside, "Ravishing" Ronnie Reynolds is finishing up getting dressed. He is surrounded by his usual posse of handlers. He sees Jafaar and stands up, walking over to him. The two shake hands.

REYNOLDS: Ah, good, Jafaar, you're here. I thought for a second you might miss my match.

al-SULTAN: No, Ronnie, you know I wouldn't do that. We have a great opportunity here to win the Ironman Championship. The deck is stacked in our favor- Dom had to pull a few strings to make sure that you were included. We're going to make sure this all pays off, and when the night is through, the Ironman Championship will belong to the One Percent once more.

REYNOLDS: So true. I wrote an inspirational speech to rally the troops. Since I wrote it, and I'm properly rallied, I'll rally you now, Jafaar. Let me go get it, it's in my bag.

al-SULTAN: No, that's okay. I-

DR. LIGHT: No, let Ronny inspire you, Jafaar. Sharing is caring, an altruism produces dopamine, a chemical compound that will help Ronny in his match.

al-Sultan rolls his eyes, but says nothing. Reynolds walks back over with a few pieces of paper. He looks over the papers and begins talking.

REYNOLDS: The time of justice has now come. I tell you that I believe sincerely that no force can hold it back. It is right in the eyes of man and God that it should come. And when it does, I think that day will brighten the lives of every American. For Ronnie Reynolds is not the only victim. How many children have gone uneducated, how many white families have lived in stark poverty, how many lives have been scarred by fear, because we have wasted our energy and our substance to maintain the barriers of hatred and terror?

So I say to all of you here, and to all in the arena tonight, that those who appeal to you to hold on to the past do so at the cost of denying you your future. This great, rich, restless country can offer opportunity and education and hope to all: black and white, North and South, sharecropper and city dweller, Ravishing or not ravishing. These are the enemies: poverty, ignorance, disease. They are the enemies and not our fellow man, not our neighbour. And these enemies too, poverty, disease and ignorance, we shall overcome.

al-SULTAN: **Ronnie...That's just Lyndon Johnson's speech that you edi-**

DR. LIGHT: **That's just an excellent speech, I agree. Good job, Ronnie.**

Jafaar rolls his eyes again and sighs to himself when he sees how proud Ronnie Reynolds looks. Amy Evans and Norvile Titan walk over.

EVANS: **Come on, Ronnie. Time to go. Time to shine, baby!**

Ronnie Reynolds gives Jafaar al-Sultan a thumbs up, and leaves the locker room with his posse. Dom Golden accompanies them, and as the group leaves the room, he and al-Sultan make eye contact. Golden simply shrugs, closing the door behind him and leaving the billionaire to prepare for his match.

+++++++BACKSTAGE WITH MATT JOSHAM+++++++

Matt Josham is rocking one of his trademark plaid suits as he interviews Douglas Gallagher who's wearing sportswear, the crowd pops at the sight of Gallagher.

JOSHAM: **Welcome everyone to Backstage with Matt Josham, hosted by the best backstage interviewer of the world, yours truly, Matt Josham. Tonight I'm joined by RPW heavyweight title challenger Douglas Gallagher, he will go head to head with our Champion Ian Jones in a British Rules, 2 out of 3 falls, 6 five minute rounds Match that will serve as tonight's main event, how are you feeling Douglas.**

GALLAGHER: **Matt, you 'ave to believe me when I tell you that I couldn't be better. Tonight is an opportunity I 'ave been waiting for my entire career, me entire life.**

JOSHAM: **I believe you, you've been saying that for weeks, there's no need to repeat yourself that much Douglas, anyway...The best interviewer in the world, and by that I mean me, Matt Josham, has noticed that your RPW career has been pretty hit and miss, you started out with a loss to Jafaar al-Sultan, and while you picked up some nice victories including a win over Hakai Dragon your momentum went to a crashing halt after a defeat at the hands of El Omega 23.**

Gallagher shakes his head from side to side, he's not too happy about Josham's remarks.

GALLAGHER: Let me cut you off right there mate, just last week I avenged my loss against Jafaar al-Sultan, and while I was indeed defeated by the South American Wrecking Machine, that was a brutal match, a razor thin affair that was critically acclaimed as one of RPW's finest bouts .

So you might be busy putting me down and putting yerrself over but everyone needs to pay good attention to the facts, and the facts show the I've earned my shots fairly. Unlike you, I'm one match away to having a legitimate claim at being the best in the world in what I do, so you keep on touting yer own horn, claiming to be the best interviewer in the world, I'll be in the ring, beating people up for a living and showing the world how good at it I am.

Gallagher gives Matt Josham a pretty mean stare before walking away, the camera turns into a close up of a shaky Matt Josham as he stutters into his lines.

JOSHAM: we...we...well that was, that was Ba...back...backstage with Matt Josham..

The segment fades to black with a very nervous Matt Josham.

+++++ANNOUNCE TABLE: MURPHY AND WASHINGTON+++++

MURPHY: I think Gallagher might have finally put Josham on his place

WASHINGTON: the 1% really has an edge on this tournament, at least number wise the odds are on their favor, 3/8.

MURPHY: But they still have to go past the first round, and toppling Hakai Dragon, Enigma and El Omega 23 is not an easy task. We are being told that the order for the tournament matches has been drafted backstage.

WASHINGTON: Ronnie Reynolds will get the first chance to get a 1%er in the finals when he goes one on one with his nemesis, the mysterious character only known as Enigma.

MURPHY: Reynolds has made his life's mission to expose who Enigma is...for that he's putting his already large staff at work and acquired the services of Private Investigator Shirley Watson.

WASHINGTON: And tonight these two finally clash on singles action as they look to advance to the finals of this RPW Ironman championship tournament.

+++++RING: RONNIE REYNOLDS VS ENIGMA +++++

DUCKY: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a 15 minute time limit! And it is a first round match in the RPW Ironman Title Tournament! Making his way to the ring first...

AC/DC's back to black plays and immediately sends the crowd into moderate boos, Ronnie Reynolds comes out backed by the Titan Norville and his 7 feet tall ally, Hyperion Rushmore. The Trio comes out to the ring

and Reynolds has a cocky smile on his face, he's out here to score the 1% its first spot in the finals. Image Analyst Amy Evans comes rushing behind them and catches up with the trio mid way down to the ramp.

DUCKY: From Savannah , GA, representing the 1% at 217 lbs, "Ravishing"
Ronnie Reynolds.

Amy Evans hands Reynolds a personal mirror and a can of hair spray, which he masterfully applies over his brunette hair, which is as always worn in a quarter pompadour style. The crowd sends a wave of boos towards Reynolds' vanity. He continues to make his way into the ring and makes himself comfortable in a corner while continuing to appreciate his manly beauty.

WASHINGTON: Aw, knock it off. I had enough of that for a year with Taiga...

MURPHY: What did Taiga ever do to you Benjamin...

WASHINGTON: Let's focus on calling this match between Enigma and Reynolds ok?

The Lights of the arena slowly fade out, once in complete darkness a spark waterfall starts around the entrance curtain and a spotlight appears at the top of the ramp.

MURPHY: Enigma coming in.

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

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.

WASHINGTON: he looks focused, he really wants to get back at Reynolds, and maybe even capture his first taste of RPW gold.

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.

DUCKY: AND HIS OPPONENT, ENIGMA!!!

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. Reynolds gets more serious as he gives the mirror back to Amy Evans, then assumes a wrestling stance and faces Enigma as the bell rings.

MURPHY: Here we go...

Both men start circling each other, Reynolds looks to have the size advantage, that's not common for him and we guess he wants to use it to his advantage, (better description of Enigma's ring gear), he dives forward and forces a collar and elbow tie up, Reynolds immediately goes 2 on 1 on the arms as he attack with a spinning wristlock, Reynold holds the wristlock in place as he keeps Enigma's arm wrenched, he switches his grip to a double wristlockk, more commonly known as the kimura lock, he uses it to roll backwards and take Enigma to the mat.

WASHINGTON: **Reynolds showing excellent catch wrestling early on, but will he have enough to ground this mysterious high flyer?**

Reynolds rotates slightly and while doing so and forces Enigma belly down, at the same time he switches his double wristlock into hammerlock that he secures in place. Enigma manages to scoot his hips to the side and sit out, he gets a hold of a one armed three quarter facelock and uses it to stand up with his other arm still caught in the hammerlock, Enigma drops down with the splits and the momentum sends Reynolds flying over with a snapmare, the crowd pops for Enigma's ever evolving creativity in the ring.

MURPHY: **Just look at that, that young gun Enigma has a lot of fancy tricks on his sleeve.**

Enigma goes for a rear chin lock but even before he can interlock his arms Reynolds rotates and sends him belly down once again, it feels like deja vu as Reynolds once again is shown securing a hammerlock, Enigma repeats his escape but this time while Reynolds is prepared for a snapmare that never comes, Enigma goes behind reversing Reynolds' hold with a hammerlock of his own, you can feel the discomfort on Reynolds face.

WASHINGTON: **Enigma showing good holds too, this is going to be an interesting match up.**

Reynolds reaches back for an overhook, he sweeps back with one of his legs and brings Enigma over with a hard hip toss that easily breaks Enigma's hammerlock, Enigma rotates to his knees and stares down Reynolds who backs away into a corner, Amy Evans climbs into the apron and sweeps Reynolds' shoulders with a towel, the crowd boos as Reynolds extends his arms to the side and lets his Image Analyst wipe him clean.

MURPHY: **Can't he wait till this match is over?**

The boos starts to die down as Reynolds gets out of the corner with one of his arms in the air, he seems to be looking for a test of strength, you'd expect that the smaller Enigma would shy away from such a struggle but the Mysterious one goes forward and engages in the grecoroman knuckle lock Reynolds kicks one of the locks open, spins around into a wristlock, twisting Enigma's arm in the process, he then pulls down hard in the arm wringer, this catches Enigma off guard and brings the mysterious wrestler to his knees. Reynolds violently wipes his foot all over Enigma's face, the move generates him some good heat.

WASHINGTON: **Reynolds turning up the heat, to be honest I expected much more of a brawl between these two after everything that has happened between them as of late.**

this causes the little guy to react and prop himself back to his feet, Enigma runs around Reynolds and holds the top rope, using it to front flip out of the hold, the crowd goes "ooooooooh", but it quickly turns to "booo" when Reynolds drives a hard hook to Enigma's mid section, the boos only intensify when he repeats the strike for three consecutive times.

WASHINGTON: **Reynolds is roughing up Enigma, this is more like it.**

Reynolds secures a side headlock but he's immediately pressed against the ropes and pushed off, he rebounds off the opposite side and both men collide in the middle of the ring with shoulder blocks, Enigma goes hard to the mat.

MURPHY: **The 1%er dominating.**

Running into the ropes goes Reynolds, he bounces back to the middle of the ring and Enigma rolls belly down trying to catch a leg, Reynolds just jumps over him and goes to the opposite side ropes, he bounces back to the middle again and this time it's Enigma who leapfrogs over him while Reynolds combat rolls under him, Reynolds rushes back to the action but gets leg swept by Enigma who drops into lateral press.

1, Kickout!

Enigma leaps in the air causing Reynolds to duck for cover, Enigma was just doing a standing backflip though, this surprises Reynolds and allows Enigma to deliver a swift front dropkick to the face, Enigma immediately gets back to his feet with a 180 kip-up.

MURPHY: **Whoa Corkscrew kip up, I had never seen that before.**

With the 180, Enigma is left facing the side of the ring with Norville Titan and Hyperion Rushmore, he immediately leaps up all the way into the top rope and just bounces with a shooting star press to the outside that sends an unsuspecting Hyperion Rushmore back first into the barricade, right behind Rushmore we can find Shane Adames and a group of his fans, they are all holding up their signs, they read: "Hire Adames", "Adames= Ratings", "Adames to RPW", "Shane Adames is money", "We want Adames".

WASHINGTON: **Adames might have not been hired, but he somehow keeps being a part of our show...**

MURPHY: **Are we even allowed to mention him?**

Enigma rolls back into the ring, but as he does the RevivalTron lights up into the image of what looks to be the front yard of a school, a wooden sign reads Desert Winds Elementary School. Jackson Gerritt and the redhead beauty Shirley Jackson come waltzing into the scene.

GERRITT: **Phoenix, Arizona...the city where Enigma made his RPW debut, but most importantly...the city where little Enigma got his formation, and let me tell you for you to have ended up as you did this school must be pretty terrible...**

Shirley Jackson giggles in the background...

GERRITT: **Now we just have to figure out which of all the annoying kids that attended this shithole elementary school are you, we will keep you all posted...**

The RevivalTron blinks out and we cut back to the ring to where Enigma is staring at the now empty screen, Ronnie Reynolds comes from behind and takes him over with a schoolboy pin attempt.

...1

...2

...3! The Bell Rings...

DUCKY: **The winner of this match via pinfall, and moving on to the tournament finals, “Ravishing” Ronnie Reynolds**

Back in Black starts playing, adding another layer of sound to the arena, between all the boos and the music, things are getting pretty loud in there. The music comes to a scratching halt when Hyperion Rushmore enters the ring and starts beating up Enigma, the boos get a big boost as the Giant beat down on our little face painted fan favorite.

MURPHY: **Aw, come on, this is totally uncalled for, does he want to get suspended?**

WASHINGTON: **Well, Rushmore didn’t interfere in the match and Enigma did attack him with that springboard shooting star press, plus Kirk Cobain didn’t get suspended...**

Enigma is now down on the mat and Hyperion is just standing over him, putting all of his almost 400 pound frame over the small mystery man. A Smiley Reynolds retreats into a corner as the beatdown continues with brutal stomps to the mid section. Hyperion drops a big elbow drop over Enigma’s chest and once on the ground places both his massive hands around Enigma’s throat.

MURPHY: **Are you telling me that’s fair, and plus Enigma was distracted by what Shirley and Gerritt just showed in the RevivalTron.**

Hyperion Rushmore rises to his feet and lifts Enigma all the way up with a double choke hold, he gets very good heat for it, Rushmore just violently drops Enigma to the ground, but it looks like Hyperion is not finished. Indeed he start picking Enigma (or what’s left of him) and setting him up for a powerbomb

WASHINGTON: **This is going to be bad...**

But Rushmore doesn’t complete the powerbomb, instead he grabs Enigma by the hips and pushes him forward, Rushmore slides his hands down and ends up pushing Enigma away from the thighs, this causes Enigma to end up parallel to the mat, though at least feet in the air, not happy with letting Enigma do a free fall faceplant, Hyperion drives him down hard with a DDT, the crowd is impressed by the brutality of the

move and they almost forget to boo for a few seconds, the boos and jeers from the crowd return soon enough and Ronnie Reynolds is clapping as Enigma looks limp on the mat.

MURPHY: **What the heck was that move Benjamin?**

WASHINGTON: **I don't know, but I knew it was going to be bad.**

Back in the ring, Ronnie Reynolds has gotten a hold of a microphone, he speaks into it...

REYNOLDS: **the winner of this contest...RAVISHING, Ronnie Reynolds.**

Ronnie Reynolds drops the microphone and his music starts playing again, he has a million dollar smile, probably paid for by the 1%. Reynolds turns his attention to Hyperion and scowls at him **"RAISE MY HAND"**, this gets not response from Hyperion.

"Come on, RAISE! MY! HAND!"

Hyperion reluctantly marches forward and raises Reynolds hand in the air, the crowd boos even more...as Hyperion's massive left hand lifts Reynolds' right hand up in the air. Hyperion is much taller than Reynolds' though, and he seems to be lifting Reynolds' arm just way too high, even to the point of physical discomfort.

MURPHY: **I don't think Rushmore realizes that he's going too high with that lift.**

Reynolds turns his head around to give Rushmore a mean look, the look is met with a menacing claw that grasps the Ravishing One by the throat. Rushmore has used his free right hand to put Reynolds in a chokehold! Reynolds is too surprised by this too react and goes for a ride as Hyperion blasts him with a huge chokeslam.

WASHINGTON: **looks like he knew exactly what he was doing.**

Norville Titan rolls into the ring with a huge grin on his face, he's carrying a microphone now, he doubles over at the stomach and leans forward to the fallen Reynolds.

TITAN: **WE QUIT!!!**

But before Titan can straighten back up, Rushmore grabs him by the neck with both of his gigantic hands, he pulls Norville into a powerbomb set-up and then lifts him up and gives him the same elevated DDT that sent Enigma crushing, the crowd is completely silent as they don't know how to react to this.

WASHINGTON: **Rushmore is laying out everyone.**

The Camera focuses slightly on a very scared "Image Analyst" Amy Evans, who's sitting on the floor looking at the massacre, Rushmore looks like he means business as he stands tall in the ring, he turns his head around and notices Amy sitting against one of the barricades of the ringside area, they make eye contact and

Rushmore starts walking towards here, a very panicked Evans lets go a high pitched scream as she rushes to her feet and runs back to the lockers.

MURPHY: I would be afraid in that situation too, Rushmore was destroying everyone on sight.

WASHINGTON: Keep it quiet, we aren't far off.

Luckily for the announcers, the Giant lumbers his way into the backstage area...

+++++++BACKSTAGE WITH MATT JOSHAM+++++++

Matt Josham is rocking one of his trademark plaid suits as he interviews Excellence, who's sporting his ring gear. Excellence seems to be in a really foul mood.

JOSHAM: Welcome everyone to Backstage with Matt Josham, hosted by the best backstage interviewer of the world, yours truly, Matt Josham. Tonight I'm joined by Excellence who has dominated every opponent he has been in the ring with and is yet to lose by pinfall and submission.

EXCELLENCE: You don't need to hype me up Matt. You disappointed me Matt. Everyone in this building know how dangerous I am in the ring. Do you need to hype me?? No!!! So just shut the hell up.

JOSHAM: I was just doing my job.

EXCELLENCE: Well Matt. You call yourself the best backstage interviewer of the world huh. So today let me ask you some questions. Whaddaya say??

JOSHAM: Well its my job to ask questions.

EXCELLENCE: I said shut up. (Grabs Josham by his collar and asks again) So WHADDAYA SAY NOW??

JOSHAM: OK-KKAY.

JOSHAM HAS A SCARED LOOK IN HIS FACE, Excellence gently releases him and takes a step back.

EXCELLENCE: Matt, 1st question. Why do you think I wasn't included in the tournament for the prestigious IRONMAN CHAMPIONSHIP??

JOSHAM: I have no idea but You should have been in the tourna...

EXCELLENCE INTERRUPTS.

EXCELLENCE: Matt, 2nd question. Why do you think Emerson Favreau or whatever his name was no-showed in the match against me??

JOSHAM: He felt that he deserved a---

EXCELLENCE INTERRUPTS AGAIN.

EXCELLENCE: Matt, 3rd question. What do you think holds me back to wreak havoc on you and all the people backstage?? Do you think I should wreak havoc in here?? Starting with you???

Joshua looks terribly nervous, looks like tonight isn't really his night.

JOSHUA: P..p..p.probably the fact that a champion was suspended and stripped of his title partly for attacking me...In fact people are getting fined and suspended left and right.

Joshua's smart-ass reply seems to have gotten in Excellence nerves, the Englishman gets on Joshua's face and practically yells at him!

EXCELLENCE: Do you think I care Matt? Do you think I care about fines and suspensions?

Excellence then starts laughing as he once again steps back.

EXCELLENCE: Don't worry Matt. I'm a professional and I won't act like that unless I'm provoked. Now let me tell you something. I wasn't included in the tournament because I would have destroyed all the competitors and someone would have been hurt. And Last night my opponent no-showed because he was scared of me. And now let me tell you Matt, If I don't get what I deserve, someone will get hurt. RPW has provoked me this time. I will show all my disappointment in the ring. I will be ending someone's career tonight. Someone will be getting seriously hurt today.

Joshua looks like he's going to say something, but Excellence doesn't give him room to.

EXCELLENCE: THE MARK OF EXCELLENCE, The future of this business doesn't deserve this type of negligence. So after my match, I'll be in the ring waiting for the authorities. Or else----

JOSHUA: But Excellence, you don't have a match tonight...

A Raging EXCELLENCE turns around and looks like he pushes the cameraman out the way, we lose track of the scene and we abruptly cut into another segment.

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

Narrator: This summer get ready for a true underdog story for the entire family...

[We fade in to see the outside of an average high school, fall leaves blowing in the wind. We then cut in to see Aron Scythe wearing a ball cap, a track jacket and a referee's whistle looking like your stereotypical high school coach. He walks into a principal's office where esteemed actor Philip Seymour Hoffman is waiting.]

Philip Seymour Hoffman: I'm sorry coach... I know you're very high on her talents but we can't let Carnation wrestle at regional finals.

Aron Scythe: Oh I get it... it's because she's a girl.

Philip Seymour Hoffman: No it's because she's a Golden Retriever.

Carnation: **Arf! Arf! Arf!**

[We cut away to see a wrestler falling backwards as a large golden retriever leaps forward pinning him to the mat. It's tail happily wags as the referee signals for the pin. We then cut to Aron at a press conference.]

Reporter: **Is it true that you broke NHSCA guidelines by buying the star of your wrestling team a house?**

Aron Scythe: **I will not resign for doing the right thing! The entire NHSCA could learn a lesson from that dog.**

[We cut to see Nickelodeon teen star Carla Vega in a Cheerleader's uniform kneeling down outside on a field tears in her eyes.]

Carla Vega: **I'll never forget you Carnation...**

Carnation: **Woof! Woof! Woof!**

[Carnation as if on cue jumps up and licks the teen on the face. We fade out on the image of a high school auditorium filled with people standing and cheering.]

Narrator: **Witness the struggle and the triumph of... Carnation! Rated PG, In theaters this Friday!**

+++++BACKSTAGE: THE BEST BRITS+++++

<Mr. Nice Guy is shown in the locker room, he's wearing his trademark sweatshirt adorned with a large yellow star and the words, 'brightest young' around it. The No Limits Championship is draped over his right shoulder. We can hear the boos of the crowd in the background but a few cheers are also audible. There is a knock at the door, it opens to reveal Douglas Gallagher wearing his hooded robe, the hood is pulled back and we can see Gallagher's brown braided hair. The crowd pops for the number one contender to the Heavyweight title as he enters the room.>

GALLAGHER: **Heya mate, lookin' good with that gold aye? Look, before you say anything...I just came 'ere to tell you that I think you are a great wrestler, I know talent when I see it and mate, you are full of it. In fact, out of Jones, Wolfe and Ye, I think you are head and shoulders a'ead of 'em.**

<A small smile flashes across the face of MNG, clearly flattered by the compliment. Followed by a straight stare.>

MR. NICE GUY: **Well I appreciate that but the two guys you mentioned are world class. The three of us make The British Empire what it is.**

GALLAGHER: **I know that Jones and Wolfe are your team, yer family, but tonight I'm going 'ead to 'ead with Ian Jones, and that's just one man. I 'ave nothing against you, in fact I 'ave nothing but respect for you. I believe you may end up being the future of British Wrestling, maybe you would even be the present if you didn't have certain people 'olding you back.**

<The young Brit looks at Gallagher trying to figure out if he is being genuine or if he has a hidden agenda.>

GALLAGHER: Well, it was fun to talk to you, but I need to get ready for the big match...oh and when you see Ian Jones...tell em that if he thinks he's gonna beat me on a tick...he's gonna 'ave an unpleasant surprise tonight.

MR. NICE GUY: Will be sure to pass on the message but I don't think he will be too pleased.

GALLAGHER: Oh and mate, when Ian Jones gets taken to pieces tonight...don't take it personally.

<Douglas Gallagher turns and heads out the door leaving Mr. Nice Guy puzzled and pensive as he scratches his head. He seems to be trying to take the conversation with Gallagher in as his eyes follow the Scouser out of the locker room.>

+++++COMMERCIAL-BREAK+++++
+++++RING: EMERSON FAVREAU VS HAKAI DRAGON+++++

As we fade back into the middle of the ring, Emerson Favreau and Hakai Dragon are trading punches in the middle of the ring.

MURPHY: Welcome back to WNR live from Philadelphia, this third first round tournament match is underway.

WASHINGTON: Hakai and Favreau are going one on one in a 15 minute time limit one fall to a finish match.

Favreau ducks under a punch from Hakai and scores with a big double leg takedown and while he lands just in place for a lateral press, he decides to attack with multiple hammerfists instead, Hakai tries to scramble out of the poor predicament but Favreau controls him with a front facelock.

MURPHY: Emerson Favreau has an extensive amateur background and he's going to put it to good use.

Hakai Dragon tries to break out of the hold but Emerson Favreau clearly overpowers him, it's not just power tough, the technique on the new recruit of the 1% is sound. Favreau transitions into a rear waistlock and uses it to pull Dragon up, belly to back greco-roman takedown.

WASHINGTON: Hakai goes front first into the mat and Favreau floats over, he's once again in a front face lock.

Favreau uses the front chancery to bring Hakai up to his feet, the Dragon doesn't stay up long though as a snap suplex sends him crashing to the mat, a very aggressive Emerson Favreau starts stomping away at Hakai

who's near the ropes, the former champion tries to roll under the ropes but Emerson won't stop attacking him, the big man with the amateur background steps over Hakai Dragon as the crowd boos and the ref counts.

MURPHY: **Emerson doesn't want to get DQ'ed here.**

1! 2! 3! 4! Favreau breaks the hold and yells at the referee, Hakai starts using the ropes to pull himself up but he gets shoved all the way into the corner. Favreau attacks the midsection of Hakai with heavy kicks, stomps and shoulder thrusts, the former champ is bent over gasping for air and Favreau clubs him in the back for a few more boos.

WASHINGTON: **The debutant impressing thus far, don't you agree?**

MURPHY: **He's man handling Dragon.**

Emerson takes some time to yell insults at the former Ironman champion and Hakai responds kindly with a knife edge chop to the chest for a small pop, Emerson is not happy about that and he drives a big thigh into Hakai's mid section. Emerson imposes his physicality with hard strikes that flatten the much smaller Hakai against the corner.

WASHINGTON: **Hakai needs to do something...**

MURPHY: **yeah, but what?**

Finally the onslaught is paused as Emerson looks for an irish whip into the opposite corner, he gets it! Hakai crashes into the corner back first and tumbles a few steps forward, he ducks under a clothesline from Emerson, who turns around into an arm drag...attempt, that fails. Hakai flops to his back as a menacing Emerson Favreau stands tall over him.

WASHINGTON: **Ok, how do you stop this guy?**

Hakai Dragon gets to one knee and stares down Favreau, the former champion gets back up and charges in but he only gets flapjacked against the tense top rope. Hakai bounces back and takes both hands to his throat, Favreau doesn't give him rest as he kicks him in the gut and hooks him up for a fisherman suplex, Favreau lifts him up and keeps him elevated on the cradle as he paces inside the ring to boos.

MURPHY: **Incredible, just incredible.**

WASHINGTON: **Emerson Favreau is showing off his strength an athleticism.**

Favreau finally drops to the mat and completes the suplex, Favreau gets up and taunts the crowd, rejoicing in the heat, he finally drops down to the mat for the first cover of this match.

...1!

...2!

...Kickout!

Hakai Dragon tries to roll to safety but Emerson just does not give him room to recover, he picks him up and he immediately hoists him up in a military press, the crowd reacts in awe first, then the boos start to come. Favreau walks to a side of the ring and dumps Dragon over the ropes and to the outside, Hakai Dragon has a crash landing outside. Emerson Favreau just raises both arms in the air and receives the heat from the Philly crowd.

MURPHY: **This Emerson Favreau is really impressing in his official debut match, standing at 6'3" and 250lbs, he's quite the specimen.**

WASHINGTON: **He looks even bigger.**

The referee is counting out Hakai Dragon who just won't give up on his mission to become the first ever wrestler to capture the Ironman title in two separate occasions. The count reaches 7 as Hakai pulls himself up using the ropes, Emerson Favreau charges him and Hakai needs to pull out the evasive tactics, somehow he's able to leap over Favreau and land inside the ring with a combat roll, Hakai carries on with his momentum and goes to rebound of the opposite set of ropes.

MURPHY: **Hakai Dragon toughing it out, but will he have enough gas to topple the debuting Favreau?**

Favreau rushes back to the middle of the ring to meet Dragon, the Japanese star slides down with a dropkick to the knee that takes Emerson by complete surprise, the new member of the 1% goes crashing face first into the mat and Dragon jumps him with an ankle lock, the crowd pop is short lived as Emerson immediately rolls onto his back and uses his free leg to push Dragon off into a corner.

WASHINGTON: **was that the first bit of offense from Dragon aside from the starting brawl?**

MURPHY: **I think it was, Favreau is dominating.**

Emerson charges the corner with a high boot to the face, Hakai Dragon is able to get out of the way in time and Emerson finds himself holding all his body weight with one leg while his other is entangled on the top ropes, Hakai takes advantage of this and knee clips the bigger man's support leg, the 1%er goes down awkwardly and does a heavy sell on his leg.

MURPHY: I agree Ben, Hakai needs to capitalize.

MURPHY: Fast paced match thus far and we are more than a third into it, 5 minutes have already passed in this 15 minute time limit, first round matchup.

WASHINGTON: Favreau goes down!!

MURPHY: Favreau back to his feet! Hakai charges him...WOW!

WASHINGTON: Wow that was impressive...

MURPHY: The Mutalock!!! This is what he used to defeat Alex Monroe a few weeks back!!

The crowd explodes in cheers, the bell rings and Hakai Dragon's music blasts over the PA system....

DUCKY: And the winner of this contest, and advancing to the Ironman title tournament finals, HAKAIIIIIIIIIII DRAGON.

The camera turns into a shot of the 1% on their locker room looking completely dissapointed, Jafaar al-Sultan is notoriously mad as he yells some gibberish on his native tongue, we cut back to the ring where Emerson Favreau is complaining to the referee.

MURPHY: I think Favreau panicked and tapped out.

WASHINGTON: Well, maybe it was just a rookie mistake, it was his debut in RPW after all.

MURPHY: Regardless of the loss, Favreau has HUGE potential in this federation.

WASHINGTON: Indeed.

We now cut into the top of the stage where a very serious Hakai Dragon raises his hand in the air.

+++++++ BACKSTAGE: WHAT'S GOING ON WITH KIRK COBAIN?+++++++

Matt Josham seems to be in a hurry, he's as always rocking one of his numerous "stylish" plaid suits.

JOSHAM: Go! Go! Go! Come on, there he is! Hurry up with that boom light; I didn't get to be the best interviewer in RPW by being late to an opportunity like this one!

Matt Josham and an RPW camera crew are behind the curtain, between the arena and the locker room when a troubled Kirk Cobain enters the backstage area. Uncharacteristically, Kirk's face is streaked with tears as both hands pull through his dishwater-blonde hair.

JOSHAM: Kirk! How do you feel about the way your match with Leonard Knox a few weeks back ended? Do you know that Brandy Swinson was sent into a hospital to recieve urgent care? How do you respond to accusations that you knowingly dropped the rope so that Leonard Knox crushed Ms Swinson?"

Kirk's face is a mask of confusion that breaks into sorrow and then anger.

JOSHAM: Kirk, did you ask for that No Limits match to prove a point? Was that point to Leonard Knox alone, or to all of the RPW roster? More importantly how do you feel about actually being in the same team as Leonard Knox this week in WNR?

Matt Josham is right in Kirk's face now with a hand-held microphone.

COBAIN: I... what? I don't know what happened out there. One moment, Leonard Knox is charging at me and, like by the time I knew what was happening, all I could do was cling on and drop down before, well, I had to do something.

JOSHAM: And you had no idea that Brandy Swinson was right in the path of Leonard Knox? None whatsoever?

COBAIN: Oh man. Oh man. I [beep]ed up.

Seeming to ignore Matt Josham's badgering, Kirk staggers away.

JOSHAM: Hey Kirk! Kirk! Kirk? But you never answered about teaming with Knox this week?

+++++++BACKSTAGE: WHAT TAIGA DOES BEST+++++++

[The camera cuts backstage to Brandy Swinson preparing for an interview]

SWINSON: I'm preparing to interview the self-proclaimed greatest MCW and NWL heavyweight champion in the respective company's histories and, of course, one of Revival Pro Wrestling's newest signees, Taiga! Welcome, Taiga.

[Taiga is in his wrestling gear including his cashmere silk robe holding a bottle of baby oil.]

TAIGA: Thank Taiga for allowing you interview him...

SWINSON: Pard-

[Taiga cuts off Swinson by laying his index finger on Swinson's lips]

TAIGA: Thank Taiga for letting you interview him.

[Swinson is lost in bewilderment, fumbling with her words before fulfilling Taiga's request]

SWINSON: Thank...you...Taiga for allowing me to interview you...

TAIGA: My pleasure, sweet thang. Now begin the greatest interview you will ever host.

Swinson: Ermm, um, o-kay. Taiga you busted in-

[Taiga giggles a little]

TAIGA: Wait, what? Wow. As I was saying you entered -

[Swinson is again interrupted by Taiga's childish behavior and decides to blurt out his question]

SWINSON: You had a tremendous career in Maryland Championship Wrestling's and National Wrestling League's respective companies. Could you expand on your illustrious career?

TAIGA: I had a couple things on my mind but most importantly, to become the gold standard in pro wrestling. Fighting tooth and claw to become the soon-to-be gold standard in pro wrestling, I quickly ascended to the top of everywhere I went. In the process I became youngest wrestler to attain the most coveted title in not one but those TWO Maryland promotions. And I did it faster...and better than all the previous "greats".

SWINSON: Wow, that's amazing! After this illustrious career you jumped head first into Revival Pro Wrestling. What's it like?

TAIGA: It's great. I dare say it's akin to a sexual clim- well no...not really but it was still pretty damn awesome. Being able to bless millions with Taiga on RPW, is definitely something I deeply cherish. I take it that poppa Washington, Murphy, Ducky, and Mister Lethal Injection Alex Monroe also cherished it as all got a pretty damn good seat in the house.

SWINSON: Thank you so much for your time. Ladies and gentlemen, Taiga! Good luck in your first tag match in RPW later tonight. Finally...ladies and gentlemen, I do commend your efforts in sitting through such a...Wow. I am Brandy Swinson, now turning-

[Taiga once again places his index finger on top of Swinson's lips]

TAIGA: You are Brandy Swinson? You are Brandy Swinson? You are *just* Brandy Swinson? I know damn well you will like a better title than that. Look at your buddy, Matt Josham... Matt "The Best Interviewer in the World" Josham. E tu? *Just* Brandy Swinson. I'm feeling pretty generous right now so I'll go out of my way and dub you "The Greatest Interviewer in the World." Ladies and gentlemen you will now witness...greatness. Swinson, all you have to do is [Taiga takes the baby oil out from inside his wrestling shorts] rub this over every inch of my body.

SWINSON: Erm, I'd rather not.

TAIGA: Shh, you talk too much Swinson.

[Leonard Knox barges in]

TAIGA: Who the hell is this chump? Have you no decency? Ms. Swinson was down to become the greatest interviewer in the world and rub Taiga with baby oil.

KNOX: I know who you are...

TAIGA: Oh, yeah? Well, since you know who I am, take the pro-tip I gave Monroe last week and haul your ass back to where you came from.

KNOX: / know who you are. You're dog meat. Or, at least, you will be if you don't leave this woman alone and get the hell out of here...

TAIGA: Such rudeness! Just what business is it of yours where Taiga sets the finest boots in the wrestling business?

KNOX: I...I'm...I'm defending this lady's honour.

TAIGA: *This* lady's honour. Not yours - so not your business. Excuse me, Swinson, where were we before this Neanderthal barged in from the stone age?

KNOX: It is my business. She's m --- she's a good friend of...

TAIGA: Oh...*Oh*, Taiga sees what's going on here! You've got a lid'l thing for this woman, haven't you!

KNOX: It's not...It's no one's...Can't we have a *little* privacy?

TAIGA: That's *just* what Taiga wanted!

[Leonard stares into Taiga's face.]

KNOX: Why does it always end up like this in wrestling?

[He head butts Taiga, who fires back with a big overhand right. They grapple with each other as RPW staff rush in to separate them.]

+++++ RING: JAFAR AL-SULTAN VS OMEGA 23 +++++

WASHINGTON: Really? Really? Can you believe that guy Taiga...he just makes me so mad Murph...

MURPHY: He can be really unsettling, it's a good thing Leonard Knox was there for Brandy Swinson, and what's going on between these two?

WASHINGTON: I don't know but this whole situation is just getting weird, even Kirk Cobain is on the mix and he's really in a rough place emotionally.

MURPHY: Say what you want about Sirius Danger but I think he has really gotten on Cobain's head, and he might be the puppet master behind all of this chaos...

DUCKY: It is now time for our last qualifying match of the Ironman Championship tournament. The winner of this match will join John Brandenburg, Ronnie Reynolds, and Hakai Dragon in a Fatal Fourway to determine the Ironman Champion. Introducing first...

The lights in the arena fade and the audience gets pumped up as the words 'RESISTANCE IS FUTILE' appears on the Revivaltron and Nightwish's "[End of all Hope](#)" starts playing.

DUCKY: **From somewhere in South America, weighing in at 110 kilograms, El Omega 23!**

The South American walks through curtains and heads down the entrance ramp, followed by his manager, Diego San Martin. El Omega is wearing his normal wrestling attire- black shorts, black boots, and a black basketball jersey with his name on the front. His white luchador mask makes it difficult to see what emotions are running through his head, but by his actions, he seems pumped up. Halfway down the ramp, Omega lifts his arms in the air, and lifts his finger, signaling that he is 'number one'. He walks up the steps to the ring apron and steps between the ropes. He jogs in place, loosening up, and then walks to one of the turnbuckles opposite the entrance ramp as he waits for his opponent.

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

A.F.I.'s "[Head like a Hole](#)" starts playing as gold and white sprinkler pyros begin spraying from in front of the curtain. Jafaar al-Sultan, decked out in his white and gold robe, emerges from behind the pyros. He poses in front of them for a few seconds, opening his arms wide, before strutting down the entrance ramp.

DUCKY: **From Riyadh Saudi Arabia, weighing in at 210 pounds, Jafaar al-Sultan!**

Dominic Golden, his manager, follows behind the leader of the One Percent. When al-Sultan reaches the ring, he opens his arms once more and Golden dutifully removes his robe. The billionaire gingerly runs up the ring steps and stands on the ring apron. He tests ring ropes by pulling them once or twice before jumping over them into the ring.

"[The Fragrance of Dark Coffee](#)" suddenly begins playing, and Commissioner Strickland appears on the Revivaltron. He is sitting behind his desk stacked high with papers, with his arms crossed.

STRICKLAND: **Before we get this match going, in an effort to maintain impartiality and even-handedness...Dominic Golden and Diego San Martin are barred from ringside, as are the rest of the One Percent and the Latin American Wrecking Crew. Have a good match, gentlemen.**

The camera shows a split screen of the reactions of Golden and San Martin. Both have shock and anger written across their faces. RPW officials escort the two managers away from ringside, and back up the ramp. Both shout last words of encouragement and strategy to their respective competitors before leaving ringside. Both men are very angry and express their displeasure in different ways- San Martin is keeping his anger suppressed, his eyes betraying his poker face, while Golden openly hurts insults and abuse at the officials escorting him, and at RPW management in general.

MURPHY: **Well, looks like this match will be between just al-Sultan and El Omega 23. You think that affects things?**

WASHINGTON: Maybe, maybe not. Last time these two met in the ring in singles competition, things got out of hand because of outside interference. It was a pretty even, back-and-forth affair, so I think neither guy is really handicapped by not having his manager or friends at ringside.

Back in the ring, the referee has finished checking both men for foreign objects, and signals for the bell to ring. It does, and the match gets under way. Both men circle each other, keeping their distance, neither wanting to be the first to strike, for fear their opponent will be ready with a counter.

WASHINGTON: These guys need to remember, there is a time limit in this match. They only have fifteen minutes, and every second is precious.

As if he heard Benjamin Washington, El Omega 23 charges at Jafaar, looking to grapple him. al-Sultan ducks under his opponent and grapples him with a rear waistlock. El Omega 23 is able to reverse, and grapples al-Sultan from the same position. Unlike his opponent, he is able to turn the grapple into an attack before a reversal could be handed.

MURPHY: El Omega 23 with a German suplex there. He locks it in for a pin, and he's going for a quick upset here!

...1, Kickout!

El Omega 23 barely gets the one count before al-Sultan kicks out of the pin. Both men get to their feet, but the South American brawler gets to his a fraction of a second faster, giving him time to kick his opponent in the midsection. al-Sultan bends at the waist, and 23 knees him in the face, before locking his arm around his head and dropping down for a DDT.

WASHINGTON: El Omega 23 establishes control early. He's back to his feet, and he lifts al-Sultan back up. He sends al-Sultan into the ropes, but he grabs the ropes and puts on the brakes before he can run into El Omega's big boot.

MURPHY: Omega not wasting any time now, and he charges al-Sultan like a rhino. Oh, al-Sultan drops down, pulling the ropes with him, and El Omega goes toppling to the outside.

WASHINGTON: A good move by al-Sultan. I don't think El Omega hurt himself or anything, but that gives al-Sultan the high ground, and the ability to control the match.

MURPHY: Looks like Jafaar is giving that all up, though! The billionaire pulls the top rope and launches himself at El Omega on the outside with a flying crossbody!

The aerial maneuver connects, and El Omega 23 gets laid out on the outside of the ring. Fans in the front row try to get on TV as the camera shows the two bodies crumpled on top of each other on the outside. al-Sultan gets up first, and drags his opponent up. Grabbing Omega's head, he whacks it on the ring apron, causing Omega to stagger back.

MURPHY: The referee starting his count now.

Jafaar, the current aggressor, ignores the referee, and continues attacking his opponent. After a kick to the gut, al-Sultan grabs El Omega 23 and throws him into the ring steps. al-Sultan put so much force and effort into the throw that he falls to the ground himself. He is much luckier than 23, who crashes into the steel steps with a loud thud, and falls to the ground face first.

MURPHY: **al-Sultan stands back up, and rolls back into the ring now. The count was up to six, but he rolls out, and resets it.**

Jafaar goes over to the steps he just threw 23 into, and walks to their top. He jumps off of them and lands right on El Omega 23's back, his lower back.

The South American grabs his lower back in pain, but al-Sultan does not give him much time to record. He pulls him back up, muscles him into the ring apron, targeting his back once more. He grabs the ropes and lifts himself to the apron, pulling 23 with him. al-Sultan slinks between the middle rope back into the ring, and grabs his opponent, pulling him through the same rope and draping him on it.

WASHINGTON: **al-Sultan with a draping DDT, and it connects. He quickly rolls on top of El Omega for the pin.**

...1!

...2!

The referee stops the count, as El Omega 23 puts his leg on the bottom rope.

MURPHY: **El Omega 23 with ring awareness, and al-Sultan is happy about it, complaining to the referee.**

WASHINGTON: **Complain all he wants, but he's just giving 23 more time to recover. Plus, he's wasting valuable time.**

The countdown clock on the bottom of the screen shows there's just a shade over 12 minutes left in the match. Finished griping, the billionaire pulls his opponent back to his feet, grabs him, and throws him into the ropes. El Omega 23 bounces back towards al-Sultan, but ducks under his clothesline. Bouncing once more on the rebound, he jumps up and delivers a shoulder block that knocks al-Sultan to the mat. El Omega can't press the advantage, as al-Sultan sticks his legs out and trips him with a drop toehold.

MURPHY: **Some fast paced action here. al-Sultan drops El Omega 23 to the mat, and jumps on his back, applying a sleeper hold.**

The referee slides over and gets in El Omega's face, checking to see that he is still conscious. The camera angle and position make it hard to tell to viewers at first, but El Omega quickly makes it known that he is still in the game. With al-Sultan on his back and the sleeper still locked in, the South American muscles himself first to one knee, then to his other, and then to a squatting position, and finally, to standing.

MURPHY: **El Omega demonstrating his power. He lifts al-Sultan up, and brings him back down with an electric chair drop! That's one way to release the hold.**

WASHINGTON: **No doubt.**

The two competitors reset, and the South American powerhouse is the first to get to his feet. When the Arabian high flier gets back up, El Omega pounces with a shoulder block and Sultan goes down again, the oil magnate spins and gets up to his feet near the ropes and Omega presses him against them, the South American Wrecking Machine pulls Sultan out of the ropes with an Irish whip and moves to the middle of the ring where he waits for Sultan he return, as the Oil Magnate charges back in Omega receives him with an inverted atomic drop.

MURPHY: **ouch!**

El Omega doesn't waste a second as he bounces to the ropes while al-Sultan is distracted with the effects of the move he just took, El Omega comes charging full speed in front of Sultan and leaps into him.

THE BOOT OF THE SOUTH!

WASHINGTON: **El Omega with his Bicycle kick, but Sultan saw it coming a mile away.**

Sultan ducked under the move, but that didn't let him completely off the hook, El Omega quickly turns around and catches Sultan from behind, he locks in one chicken wing and looks for the second but the oil magnate starts to fight with elbows. El Omega just takes the like a boss and stand there unfazed, the crowd pop for him being unaffected by Sultan's elbows, and even more when he lands a huge forearm to the back and finally hooks the second chickenwing and Sultan becomes the victim of a Bridging Tiger Suplex Pin.

...1!

...2!

...Kickout!

al-Sultan kicks out of the pen just as the referee began bringing his arm down for the three count.

MURPHY: **Still no good for El Omega 23. Closer this time.**

WASHINGTON: He quickly pulls Jafaar back up, and he's not going to waste any time. We're at 5 minutes now, just about 10 minutes left.

Now in control, El Omega 23 grabs his opponent and attempts an Irish whip. al-Sultan does not let go of his opponent when thrown, and turns the whip into a reversal, spinning around, dropping down, and landing a rolling Liger kick. El Omega is stunned, and al-Sultan presses the advantage by landing a flurry of roundhouse kicks that push his opponent into the corner turnbuckle. The attack culminates with al-Sultan jumping up and delivering a knee to his opponent's jaw.

MURPHY: An effective combo by al-Sultan. He walks over to the opposite corner now, not sure why.

Instead of preparing for an attack, the leader of the One Percent begins undoing the protective covering of the middle turnbuckle. The referee is checking on El Omega 23, so he doesn't notice the villainous billionaire tampering with the ring. al-Sultan, though, doesn't notice El Omega get back up. The crowd cheers as the South American stalks his prey in the corner like a jaguar ready to pounce on a tapir.

WASHINGTON: Sultan is trying to take advantage of the situation, but I think he going to end up paying a big price.

As al-Sultan turns around, he is blindsided by his opponent, who charges at him from the opposite corner and smashes into him with a massive body avalanche. Just as al-Sultan crashes into the corner, El Omega delivers his trademark corner splash. The South American lurches back from the momentum of the impact, and al-Sultan sinks down to the ground, feebly holding the ropes for support with one arm, and his lower back with the other. El Omega is not done and continues pressing his advantage, muscling al-Sultan into the middle turnbuckle over and over and over.

MURPHY: Those turnbuckle thrusts have got to hurt.

WASHINGTON: I've been on the receiving ends of them before and, yeah, they do. Particularly when your opponent is built like an ox, like El Omega 23 is.

MURPHY: Plus, the middle turnbuckle is exposed. al-Sultan was planning to use that for his own advantage, but it looks like that came back to bite him. Call it karma, call it whatever you want, but we have a little over eight minutes left, and al-Sultan is in dire straits here.

The five turnbuckle thrusts really get the crowd going. With al-Sultan in the corner on the ground, El Omega backs up, and then charges back in, delivering a running big boot. Jafaar is able to duck away from the attack, rolling out of the ring completely, causing El Omega to kick at nothing, and crash crotch first into the exposed turnbuckle.

WASHINGTON: Oh, geeze, just seeing that hurt me. Let's hope there isn't a Mrs. Omega, because, well...

The South American powerhouse lies crumpled in the corner, while his Arabian opponent lies on the outside, holding his lower back. The referee looks at El Omega 23, and then to Jafaar al-Sultan, and begins counting.

1!

2!

3!

4!

5!

6!

Jafaar al-Sultan gets to his feet, holding himself on the ring apron for support. Seeing him get up, the referee stops his count.

WASHINGTON: Jafaar is the first man up. He definitely looks a little tender, though. Ordinarily, this might be a good rest spot, taking your time to feel a bit better while your opponent gets back up, but this is a timed match, so al-Sultan doesn't exactly have that luxury.

MURPHY: No, he doesn't. Looks like he realizes too, as he jumps up to the apron now. It looks like he's measuring something...Oh! al-Sultan jumps on the ropes, and launches himself on top of El Omega 23 with a springboard senton! He quickly rolls back on top of the big South American for the cover!

WASHINGTON: This is it!

...1!

...2!

...Kickout!

At the last possible second, El Omega 23 muscles his shoulder up.

WASHINGTON: Wow! Incredible! I thought that was it right there. So did al-Sultan.

Jafaar is sitting on his knees, with his hands in his hair, looking both shocked and frustrated. He checks with the referee once more to make sure it was only a two count before getting back to his feet. He grabs his

opponent and pulls him back up to his feet. A knee to the stomach doubles El Omega 23 over, and al-Sultan moves in to attack. He jumps up and wraps both legs around Omega's neck, while grabbing one of his arms and torquing it backwards

MURPHY: What the heck?

WASHINGTON: Wow, an octopus stretch! You don't see a move like that pretty often. al-Sultan is putting pressure on El Omega 23's shoulder and lower back- see how he's pulling the arm backwards there and putting all of his weight on his opponent's lower back?

MURPHY: The South American is certainly in a predicament here.

WASHINGTON: It is a hard hold to break out of, yeah. We'll see if El Omega has the intestinal fortitude to break it.

The two men struggle, al-Sultan trying to keep the move locked in and El Omega trying to break out of it. The South American's legs stumble a bit, and he falls to one knee. The leader of the One Percent senses his foe's weakness and rears back, putting even more pressure into the hold. A battle of wills takes place, and one wrestler wins.

El Omega 23 somehow uses his free arm to pull al-Sultan off of his back and more to his side, despite al-Sultan still holding and twisting his other arm and shoulder. With one hand, he holds his opponent in position and drops down to a sitting position, landing a Emerald Flowsion variation, it looks like a sit out belly to belly piledriver dropped on the side . The move breaks al-Sultan's octopus stretch, and the crowd goes absolutely nuts as the two men fall down to the mat.

WASHINGTON: Incredible! I've never seen anything like that before!

MURPHY: Both competitors looks spent, and we have just about five minutes left. This thing is going to come down to a photo finish!

Both men are down again, and the referee begins counting once again.

1!

2!

3!

4!

El Omega 23 starts stirring

5!

6!

Jafaar al-Sultan begins stirring.

7!

8!

El Omega 23 gets to his feet.

MURPHY: Omega gets up first, but he looks like he's been through hell. His arm, that right arm, it's dangling on his side.

WASHINGTON: That octopus stretch might not have gotten 23 to tap, but it looks like it did plenty of damage. The question is: Can he overcome that hurdle?

With his functioning left arm, the South American pulls his opponent up. He rears back and delivers a mighty left hook that causes al-Sultan to stagger back, and come to rest on the ropes. He charges at the oil magnate like he did earlier in the match, and this time he connects. His clothesline bowls al-Sultan and causes him to topple over the ropes and onto the mat outside. He stands in the ring, standing triumphant over his opponent, but looks to the time counter on the Revivaltron. It is down to 3:00. El Omega slides out of the ring, grabs al-Sultan with his good arm, and throws him back in the ring.

MURPHY: 23 looks like he's going for the pin. A count out would work, but he either doesn't realize it, or wants to get the pinfall victory over al-Sultan, a man who he has come to blows with a few times over the past month or two.

El Omega 23 drapes himself over al-Sultan and the referee slides over to count.

...1!

...2!!

...3!?

The referee stops the count inches away from slamming it on the mat for three, as Jafaar al-Sultan got the tip of his boot on the bottom rope.

WASHINGTON: Oh! El Omega 23 had the victory right there. Another inch and he woulda had it. I bet he's kicking himself- That's defeat snatched from the jaws of victory right there.

MURPHY: He's sitting on the ground, looking back and forth at Jafaar's boot and the ref. He certainly can't believe it. And with 2:30 minutes left, El Omega 23 is going to have to press the advantage and not let precious seconds get wasted like this.

WASHINGTON: He's going for a pin again- he hook's al-Sultan's legs now!

...1!

...2!

...3!?

At the last possible second, Sultan muscles his shoulder up.

WASHINGTON: It's no good! No way!

MURPHY: Jafaar al-Sultan somehow gets his shoulder up. I have no clue how he did it, but he somehow did. El Omega doesn't, either!

El Omega props Al-Sultan up, he sets him up for a gutbuster which connects and follows it up with a short lariat that sends the Oil Magnate back to the mat.

MURPHY: **That's one of Omega's signature moves.**

Shaking his head, the South American looks at the Revivaltron to gauge how much time is left in the match. Still shaking his head, he realizes that now is as good a time as ever for a gambit that is either going to win the match, or consign himself to a loss. The big man lumbers over to the turnbuckle and begins climbing up it.

MURPHY: **Is El Omega 23 looking to go airborne!?**

WASHINGTON: **No, he's going underground. Use your head, of course he's going airborne. I don't know if I like the move, though. He's a big man, and his arm is pretty dead right now. A lot can go wrong here.**

The ropes and turnbuckles bounce under Omega's weight. He ascends to the second turnbuckle, turns around to face his opponent, and then carefully steps to the top. The crowd goes wild as time seems to stand still for a few moments as El Omega 23 bounces up and down tentatively.

MURPHY: **He's doing it!**

The South American launches himself into the air. He does not look graceful doing it, but he slowly starts rotating his body backwards as he's going forward.

MURPHY: **He's not going to make it!!!**

El Omega somehow manages to flip his body backwards a full 360 degrees right before he lands, completing a shooting star press. An ugly shooting star press, but a shooting star press nonetheless. Jafaar al-Sultan is nowhere to be found when 23 lands, and the big man's gambit fails. He lands on nothing but canvas, eating nothing but mat for his troubles.

WASHINGTON: **al-Sultan avoided the shooting star press! That's it, it's over. al-Sultan needs to cover El Omega 23 because he sure as hell isn't getting back up!**

MURPHY: **And El Omega almost landed on his head**

Even though al-Sultan dodged the aerial technique, he himself is still far from 100%. He crawls over to push the big South American over on to his back, but he is unable to do so. El Omega 23 seems out, completely unconscious, and his body is nothing but dead weight. al-Sultan tries again, this time sitting down and trying to use his powerful legs, but again, he is unable to flip the downed 23. Glancing at the Revivaltron timer, al-Sultan sees that he only has: 35 seconds left to pin his opponent. Or make him tap with a submission hold.

MURPHY: **Jafaar is unable to turn El Omega over for the pin, but now he's scampering on top of him, straddling him, and locking in the camel clutch!**

The referee slides over as the barely conscious El Omega 23 puts up a struggle and resists the submission hold as the crowd begins to count.

"10! 9! 8! 7!"

WASHINGTON: Will he tap out!!

"6! 5! 4!"

MURPHY: Omega holding on for dear life!

3!

2!

1!

A buzzer rings, and the referee signals for the bell as al-Sultan remains sitting on top of El Omega 23 with the camel clutch locked in. The bell rings, signaling that the match is over.

WASHINGTON: Omega tapped?

MURPHY: No, he didn't!

WASHINGTON: So, both men win, then? Both men advance to the finals?

MURPHY: Or neither one, since neither man actually technically won.

WASHINGTON: What an incredible match, and what an ending.

MURPHY: Ladies and gentlemen, we'll get this all sorted out. Please stay tuned, and we'll soon have this cleared out. Jafaar al-Sultan, El Omega 23, one- or both or neither- of these men is headed to the finals!

++++++BACKSTAGE: UNDESERVING CHAMPION?++++++

GRAPLIN: Gallagher is going to destroy Jones tonight, and I can't wait for it, Jones has always been an ass to me.

MERCY: Word, we are finally gonna have a Champion we can be proud of, I can't believe Jones has held on to that Championship as long as he has, do you know who was a great champion? Shane Adames was a great champion back in the day..

KNOX: Well, Ryan. It's not that hard when you are cheating in every title defense and you dun 'ave to defend it very often.

MERCY: Most certainly, Ian Jones is just not that good of a wrestler, at least not championship caliber, he makes RPW look bad.

KNOX: He makes the entire United Kingdom look bad.

GRAPLIN: Agreed.

KNOX: But tonight he's not going to have it easy, under British wrestling rules...I don't think he's gonna be able to get another sneaky win, not against Douglas Gallagher.

MERCY: I even heard that he will be stripped of the title if he gets DQ'ed.

GRAPLIN: Come on guys, let's stop talking about Ian Jones, he sucks and after tonight he won't be relevant.

Mr. Nice Guy has been looking increasingly furious as his fellow superstars continue to bad-mouth Ian Jones, he's now furious as we turn to commercial break.

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

+++++ RING: TAIGA, BRETT BANNION & SIRIUS DANGER VS LEONARD KNOX, KIRK COBAIN AND RYAN MERCY+++++

MURPHY: Welcome back to WNR Live, up next its a 6 man tag team bout which is sure to be interesting.

WASHINGTON: A lot of interlacing rivalries in this one too Murph, The Disgusting Taiga and Knox have some issues, i really hope the British brawler knocks some of his teeth off, Leonard Knox and Kirk Cobain also have stuff to sort out, and Kirk Cobain has his long on-going rivalry with Sirius Danger.

DUCKY: The Following contest is a 6 man tag team with a 30 minute time limit, introducing first...

The instrumental for Teddy Pendegrass' "Turn Off the Lights" begins to play.

WASHINGTON: I hate this guy so much...

MURPHY: (Sarcastically) Really? I don't seem to have noticed it.

Taiga comes out draped in a magnificent cashmere silk robe, Sirius danger in his usual black singlet with a yellow danger sign and Brett Bannion has old jeans and a ratted t-shirt, as always. They look completely out of tune with Taiga's entrance.

WASHINGTON: AW! Come on! They are all entering to this loser's them, really?

As soon as Teddy Pendegrass mutters "Turn off the lights" the song stops, lighting for the arena turns pitch black, and the crowd turns mute. The song resumes playing from its brief pause with "And light a candle" in an instant the light is shown solely on Taiga and behind him his expensive cashmere silk robe descending behind him. Taiga, grinning, puts his arms behind the back of his head as if he's relaxing, The entire team makes their way to the ring to very loud boos, a start contrast with last show's absolutely no reaction for Taiga.

DUCKY: The team of Brett Bannion, Sirius Danger and Taiga....

All three wrestlers take over the ring and seem to be discussing strategy, they move on to light warm ups, the music fades out and so does the boos.

DUCKY: And their opponents...

Chumbawumba's tubthumping explodes throw the arena and the crowd enters a rather happy state, out comes Leonard Knox with Ryan Mercy right at his tail, the two heavy brawlers are clearly having a good time as they make his way down the ramp to plenty of cheers.

DUCKY: At a Combined weight of 620 pounds, Leonard Knox and Ryan Mercy...

MURPHY: Huh? where's Kirk Cobain, he's supposed to be on that team...

Half Past You from Love Battery seems to respond Murphy's question...Kirk Cobain comes out with a serious face...the crowd recieves him with mainly cheers but you can also hear a couple of guys booing him here and there.

DUCKY: And his partner, the Generation X-Factor, Kirk Cobain!!

Leonard Knox is in the middle of the ring while Ryan Mercy has already taken his place in the corner, Cobain finishes to make his entrance and slides into the ring, he walks all across it shoulder checking Knox on his way to the corner. The crowd can feel the tension forming as Knox turns his head around giving Cobain a deadly stare, he even turns around and heads to their shared corner but the ring of the bell gets him back on the match, he turns around to see Sirius Danger as the legal man for the opposing team, suddenly Knox gets a huge slap on the back, Cobain has made the tag and he jumps over the ropes and charges straight at Danger while Knox is left yelling at his "partner".

WASHINGTON: **Whoa, a lot of tension between Leonard Knox and Kirk Cobain...**

Cobain dives in with a double leg but Danger is ready and waiting for it and he sprawl, Danger quickly transitions to the back, he immediately brings his opponent up with a rear waistlock transitioned into a german suplex, Cobain backflips and lands on his feet, Danger turns right into a deep arm drag by Cobain, with Danger flat on the mat Cobain goes wild with punches and hammerfists all over the chaotic delivery man, the referee is forced to intervene.

MURPHY: **What is wrong with Kirk Cobain? he's been different as of late.**

WASHINGTON: **You say different, I'll say troubled.**

Danger crawls to the ropes for cover but Cobain goes right after him and starts choking him against the bottom rope, Cobain is stepping on the back of his opponent's neck as the referee counts.

1! 2! 3! 4!

Cobain releases the hold and Danger gasps for air as his throat is no longer being pressed against the ropes.

MURPHY: **Kirk Cobain is ANGRY!!!**

WASHINGTON: **He most certainly is, and he's been taking out his frustrations with Sirius Danger for a while now, but this thing has been escalating and people like Brandy Swinson and Mr. Nice Guy have been caught in the middle.**

Danger is selling his throat big time as he's prone near the ropes, Cobain goes over and starts stomping over him, after five or so more hits, he finally drags him back to his feet. Cobain attacks with three jabs and the referee warns him about the usage of closed fists so Cobain swings an open handed left hook to the face of Sirius Danger.

MURPHY: **He slapped him in the face!**

WASHINGTON: **That was so much more than a slap Murph...**

And Danger feels the impact and buckles forward, going face first into Cobain's chest. Cobain just holds him in place and turns around to face Leonard Knox, he points at him and yells at him, Knox won't stand back and he yells back at him, this creates an opening for Danger who pushes Cobain off and then gives him a huge dropkick to the chest that sends Cobain to the face corner.

MURPHY: **Never sleep on Sirius Danger.**

Cobain and Knox are now face to face badmouthing each other. The camera shifts to show Brett Bannion, eager to get a tag. In Contrast, Taiga is composed in the corner more worried about looking good than on getting into this match. Danger knows he has an oppening and he makes his way to his team's corner, he jumps in and tags...Taiga.

WASHINGTON: **Oh come on, Bannion wanted the tag, looks like Danger gave it to Taiga just to spite me.**

MURPHY:
you?

I think this is hardly about you Ben, and what did Taiga ever do to

Knox looks over Cobain's shoulder and notices Taiga getting into the ring, he has a hold of the tag rope and he lifts it in the air a second before slapping Cobain across the face and getting into the ring. Cobain looks furious as Knox makes a bee-line into Taiga.

MURPHY:

See Ben, this wasn't about you, Danger masterfully helped fuel the dissent between Knox and Cobain.

Knox and Taiga plant their feet in front of each other and starts swinging fists, normally the referee would warn them about the use of closed fists, but he's now busy trying to send Cobain out of the ring, Kirk is RAGING as he tries to push his way into where Knox's is. Bannion and Danger take advantage of the situation by jumping inside the ring and taking down Knox, all three men start to viciously wear Knox down much to the crowd's dismay, the boos start getting really loud here in Philly.

WASHINGTON:

Not only did Danger drove the wedge between Knox and Cobain further, but his team is also getting a pretty good advantage out of it, Danger playing the mental game here.

Cobain notices what's happening to Knox, but that doesn't stop him for trying to get in the action, he's keeping the referee very busy and allowing the villains to gang up on the British Bruiser, you cannot tell whether Cobain is distracting the referee on purpose or if he really can't control his impulse to get revenge on Knox for the slap, it doesn't matter anyway the end result is the same, Knox getting battered by Danger, Taiga and Bannion.

MURPHY:

This is not fair Ben, someone do something about it!

The Legal Men Taiga and Knox are finally left alone in the ring as the bad guys notice Cobain giving up on his attempt to get physically involved, Knox is pretty badly worn down and has become easy prey for Taiga. The extravagant new RPW signee picks up Knox and grabs him in a front facelock, Taiga locks one of his legs with one of Knox's and drops him down face first with a leg sweep DDT.

WASHINGTON:

What a move.

Taiga starts using one of his overly sexual taunts and the crowd just hates him, Taiga picks up Knox and slams him hard onto the mat before tagging in Brett Bannion, as Bannion gets into the ring, we can notice Sirius Danger jumping off the apron.

MURPHY:

Bannion is now the legal man, but Sirius Danger looks to have something in mind.

Bannion jumps into the ring and immediately drops an elbow to Knox's chest, he covers but only gets 1. Bannion drags Knox up to his feet and shoves him into the heel corner, Bannion starts unleashing forearms to the face and knees to the gut, the camera suddenly switches to Sirius Danger who has just emerged out of the depths that lie below the ring, he's very close to the face corner and he's carrying a Kendo Stick.

WASHINGTON: **Danger with the Kendo Stick, he's going to get himself and his team DQ'ed!!**

But Danger doesn't use the Kendo Stick, instead he just puts the weapon down on the apron, right next to Kirk Cobain's feet, the grunge lover looks at the wooden pretend sword and a borderline evil smile appears on his face.

MURPHY: **The Kendo Stick is Kirk Cobain's favorite weapon, and he now has it right in front of him, he could use it to go after Danger...**

Back in the ring Bannion continues to dominate Knox and we see russian leg sweep leading into a two count, the camera turns back to Cobain who looks tempted to pick up the weapon, he starts crouching but he then goes back up, he's undecided as he reaches for the Strick and then pulls back shaking his head from side to side.

WASHINGTON: **Cobain is really having an internal struggle here.**

Ryan Mercy attempts to convince Cobain to let go and focus on the match, we can hear a clear **"Shut up Ryan"**, the camera turns to Sirius Danger who is LOVING this exchange, he's all smiles as Cobain finally reaches all the way down and puts his hands on the stick, Cobain has the Kendo Stick...but so does Ryan Mercy.

MURPHY: **Both men are holding on to opposite ends of the weapon, what's going to happen?**

Both men are now engaged into a tug-o-war, both men pulling trying to get full and sole control of the Kendo Stick, as Kirk pulls and pulls with no result against the bigger Ryan Mercy, his face seems to turn and indicate that he's under control of his actions and that he's going to relax and continue with these match.

Cobain ends up releasing the weapon and Mercy's own pull sends him backward and against the ring post, Cobain looks worried but the crowd is clearly booing, a very surprised Cobain turns his head and looks at the booing philly crowd, he gets all angry and stomps all over the apron, he then grabs the stick and once again forces himself into the ring, this time weapon in hand.

MURPHY: **Cobain is on a rage, someone is going to get hurt!**

WASHINGTON: **And he's going to get himself DQ'ed.**

Luckily for the rest of the wrestlers, the referee notices Cobain intruding and he runs the interference, he gets on the way of Cobain and yells at him to drop the weapon and get out of the ring, Cobain is having none of that as he tries to move past the referee who's forced to get a little physical, the crowd is full on booing but we cannot be sure if they are booing Cobain or if they are boing Taiga and Bannion who are once again double teaming Knox behind the referee's back.

WASHINGTON: **Taiga is such a cheap asshole...**

MURPHY: **Live TV Ben...**

Cobain is throwing a temper tantrum in the middle of the ring, although a fairly childish one, Cobain ends up lifting the Kendo Stick up in the air with both hands, horizontal to the mat. The referee takes a step back, but Cobain brings the stick down on his own head, breaking it in half...the crowd is loud and impressed, but the reaction is not quite discernible.

WASHINGTON: **Whoa, Cobain has a hard head...**

MURPHY: **And he's got a couple of screws loose too.**

Cobain drops both pieces of woods and rolls out of the ring, he immediately goes after a laughing out loud Sirius Danger, who is left with no choice but to run away from this raging bull, Danger tries to find safety as he runs up the ramp and disappears through the curtains with Cobain trailing closely behind him.

WASHINGTON: **Looks like this match has turned into a normal tag team match.**

MURPHY: **Bannion and Taiga vs Ryan Mercy and Leonard Knox.**

The referee loses time picking the pieces of the kendo stick and taking them out of the ring, he then turns around and catches Taiga red handed as both villains are still double teaming Knox. The referee goes to send Taiga out but he complains that he tagged in legally and the referee missed the tag, the ref is having none of that and Taiga is sent out, it's now Brett Bannion who starts complaining to the referee...

WASHINGTON: **That's a bit shameless...**

As the heels are distracted with the referee, Knox starts to crawl towards Ryan Mercy who has already recovered by now. Mercy has a firm grasp on the tag rope and he's extending his hand as far as he can. The crowd is cheering on Knox, hoping he makes it to the corner.

MURPHY: **He's getting closer!**

Brett Bannion seems to notice what's going on and he rushes across the ring and drops an elbow across Knox's chest just in time to prevent a tag from being made, the crowd boos wildly and Bannion puts a knee across Knox's back as he wrenches back on his neck.

WASHINGTON: **He almost had that tag, it was so close!!**

The crowd continues to encourage Leonard Knox, they want him to fight this hold off and get the tag on a much fresher Ryan Mercy. Brett Bannion has other plans, he picks him Knox up and hooks on for a vertical suplex, he lifts him up and puts him hanging off the top rope with his feet.

MURPHY: **Bannion looking for the Meat Tenderizer! A DDT with his opponent hanging off the top rope from their legs, this could be the end for Knox.**

Bannion prepares to drop him down into crushing defeat but somehow, somehow, Knox manages to push him off and land on the apron. Bannion runs into a forearm and Leonard Knox gets back into the ring, Bannion tries to hit a big boot but Knox somehow ducks under it and jumps towards his partner.

WASHINGTON: **HE GOT THE TAG! HE GOT THE TAG!!!**

MURPHY: He got the tag but how much energy did he spend doing so? I don't think he's going to be able to be part of this match again, look at him on the floor trying to catch his breath.

The crowd goes insane as Ryan Mercy goes into the ring, he's on fire and he fires away with punches to the dome of Bannion, one, two, a third one not only connects but sends Bannion to the mat. Bannion is up and back down from another punch, he picks himself up and down he goes again.

MURPHY: This is the best crowd reaction Ryan Mercy has EVER gotten, the Philly crowd is really getting behind him.

Ryan Mercy waits for Bannion to rise up again, the former bar tender has recovered near the ropes and he's sent crashing hard to the outside via clothesline. Taiga rushes into the ring and tries to blindside Mercy but Ryan catches him on time and sends him flying over the top rope right next to Bannion. Mercy starts playing it up and the crowd eats it up, looks like Mercy is looking to fly.

WASHINGTON: Wow, Mercy is over 250 lbs, this is going to be sick!

Mercy build momentum by bouncing off the opposite ropes, he returns and goes through the ropes like a missile, the suicide tope connects on both Taiga AND Bannion! The crowd erupts into a chant...

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

MURPHY: Rowdy crowd here in Philly!

With both of his opponents down, Mercy can rejoice on what he has accomplished, he goes next to the barricade and high fives with a fan, it turns out that it's not a normal fan though, it is Shane Adames who's front row here in Philly, in fact the entire front row seems to be his posse as everyone in that section is holding up pro-Adames signs, they read something like:

"Hire Shane Adames", "Shane Adames > Ian Jones", "Adames to RPW", "RPW needs Adames", "Shane or Riot!".

WASHINGTON: Richard Goldstein is not going to be happy about that.

Ryan Mercy takes the "Hire Adames" sign and raises it into the air to a big pop, he gives it back and continues on with the match, he now rolls Bannion back into the ring and they barely make it through a 8 count.

MURPHY: Yep, Mercy might get in trouble backstage for that.

Back inside of the ring Bannion gets up first and fires a right hand, Mercy blocks it and lands one of his own, Bannion shoots another but again he gets blocked, now Mercy hits three on a row and an Irish whip into the ropes, Bannion bounces back and...

SPINEBUSTER BY MERCY!!

WASHINGTON:

WHAT! A! MOVE!

The crowd is going wild, Mercy is seizing the moment, lately relegated to preliminary cards Mercy is enjoying every last second of this spotlight, despite that, he knows how important is to get a win here and he starts setting up for something big...

MURPHY:

I think that he's setting up for his sit-out powerbomb, he could end Bannion's night with it!

But as Mercy has Bannion set-up for the powerbomb, Taiga appears from behind and clubs him in the back...Mercy lets go off Bannion causing "Chief" to fall flat on his face. Mercy has a new found anger on his face as he turns around, Taiga starts backing up with his arms in the air, he's claiming innocence, he extends his hands and asks for Mercy to relax. Mercy is going into a trance as he shakes his head up and down, the crowd is digging him and Taiga starts running for his life with Mad Man Mercy rushing after him!!

WASHINGTON:

GET HIM! GET HIM! TEACH HIM A LESSON!

Both men are racing laps around the ring, Mercy cuts some distance but is never able to catch on to Taiga and his feline speed, they run all the way around the ring twice and we can see Knox still laying down on the apron, we can also see Adames and his posse on the front row. Taiga slaps Knox in the head as he runs which furtherly infuriates the crowd, Taiga finally rolls into the ring and Mercy does the same seconds after, Taiga slides out on the other side but Mercy is stopped dead on his tracks by a Brutal clothesline courtesy of Bannion, Ryan Mercy falls prone in the center of the ring while Taiga takes his place on his corner and does one of his signature taunts, the crowd hates him and Bannion and they let them know it.

MURPHY:

That didn't end well for Mercy.

WASHINGTON:

The referee should've DQ'ed Taiga, damn Taiga!!!

Bannion is now back in control and he hits a DDT to soften Mercy up, he hesitates for a second but decides to go for a cover.

...1!

...2! Kickout!

The crowd has calmed down a bit as Brett Bannion drags Mercy to the bad guys corner, the tag is made and both men combine with a tandem suplex, Bannion exits the ring and Taiga picks up Mercy and whips him back first into a neutral corner, Taiga unleashes many strikes all over Mercy and ends up stomping a mudhole on his midsection, this causes Mercy to drop all the way to a sitting position.

MURPHY: I think I know what's coming...

WASHINGTON: Please...not that bronco buster...

Bronco buster it is, Taiga rushes forward and lands the rather uncomfortable to watch maneuver. The crowd boos him more and more but Taiga is too focused to pay them any mind. he starts setting Mercy up in that same corner, he picks him up and somehow seats himm all the way over top turnbuckle. Taiga hooks the neck, and both legs, he pulls him up on his shoulders and carries him to the middle of the ring where he drops him with a very impressive Muscle Buster.

MURPHY: Tremedous move, impressive that he was able to do that to Ryan Mercy.

WASHINGTON: Whatever, he goes for a cover...

...1!

...2!!

...3!!!

The Bell ring as Taigas Music starts to play and the crowd gets to boo some more as the flamboyant Taiga "celebrates" in the ring.

DUCKY: The winners of this match: Taiga, Brett Bannion and Sirius Danger!

We get a last shot of Taiga's "exotic" celebration as we turn into a the next segment

++++++OFFICE OF TALENT RELATIONS: YOU ARE HIRED!++++++

Our EVP of Talent Relations Richard Goldstein is FURIOUS backstage, he's looking in a monitor and we can only assume that he just watched the match as his monitor still shows Taiga celebrating. Also in the room we can spot the Union Jacks, the tag team that had a try out in our past show.

GOLDSTEIN: Look guys, the RPW fanbase was pretty positive about your performance so I've decided to give you two a contract to bolster our growing tag team division, now for

your first assignment as contracted RPW performers...I want you guys to go into the crowd and confiscate all the signs that reference Shane Adames.

UNION JACKS: **Yes sir!!!**

GOLDSTEIN: **And before you go, find that Excellence guy and take him with you, I heard he wants to end someone's career, he might come in handy if Shane Adames is not cooperative..**

Goldstein has a smile of pure evil across his face and he laughs as we fade into the next segment.

+++++VIDEO PACKAGE: ANGER MANAGEMENT PART 4+++++

<The scene opens on the interior of Doctor D. Morgan's office. We can see the doctor sat at his desk, papers scattered over the surface, sat opposite him sporting a Team GB Olympic shirt is Damien Wolfe.>

MORGAN: **Okay Damien, today we are going to introduce some coping mechanisms that will allow you to control your anger. I've found from experience and treating past patients that one of the best ways of dealing with your anger is, when in the heat of the moment, to see if you can understand where your alleged perpetrator is coming from. Putting yourself in their shoes, considering their point of view, these things can make all the difference, I think you'll find it a big help Damien.**

<Wolfe replies by raising his eyebrow, he seems unconvinced.>

MORGAN: **Let's take one of the objects of you anger, your former boss, Jack Dobbs. I want you to put yourself in his shoes, and consider how your actions have affected his life.**

WOLFE: **Oh come on! My actions? He thought it was a good idea to put the best wrestler in the world on suspension, three months later and I'm still there!**

MORGAN: **Damien, please. This is a necessary step of your treatment, I can't sign that your treatment is complete if you are not willing to participate.**

<A scowl creeps across Wolfe's face, he rubs his chin with his right hand before letting out a long sigh. Morgan picks up the telephone on his desk and slides it over to Wolfe.>

MORGAN: **Now Damien, it's time for some role play. In a moment I want you to pick up that receiver, as Jack Dobbs, and I will speak to you regarding Damien Wolfe.**

<Wolfe sighs and slowly puts his hand on the receiver, before quickly pulling his hand away.>

WOLFE: **This is ridiculous, this is not going to help.**

MORGAN: **Commissioner Dobbs, the phone is ringing, answer it.**

WOLFE: Don't call me that.

MORGAN: Ring... ring... ring...

<Wolfe snatches the receiver and puts it to his ear.>

WOLFE: What?!

MORGAN: Commissioner Jack Dobbs?

<Wolfe grits his teeth.>

WOLFE:yes.

MORGAN: Hello, I'm Officer Morgan from the New York Police Department, I'd like to talk to you about Damien Wolfe.

WOLFE: What about him?

MORGAN: I 'm afraid he has been arrested, he's been charged with assault.

WOLFE: Assault on who?

MORGAN: A bar tender at LaGuardia airport.

<Wolfe puts the receiver down on the telephone and shakes his head.>

WOLFE: No, that was at Salt Lake City airport, doctor, and I didn't get arrested then either, I got arrested when I pissed on The Alamo.

MORGAN: Damien, please stay in character.

WOLFE: Well get your facts straight then doctor!

MORGAN: The facts are not important, Damien, what's important is the emotional reaction. Let's try again... ring ring.

WOLFE: Jack Dobbs.

MORGAN: Commissioner Dobbs, this is Detective Morgan from the San Antonio Police Department.

WOLFE: What can I do for you?

MORGAN: I'm calling because we've just arrested one of your employees, a Mr Damien Wolfe.

WOLFE: What happened?

MORGAN: I'm afraid Mr Wolfe was caught urinating on The Alamo, we take damaging a public monument very seriously in the state of Texas.

WOLFE: Oh my God, I can't believe it... I feel responsible for this.

MORGAN: How do you mean?

WOLFE: I mean, I've got the worlds greatest technical wrestler in my employment and I've not given him the chance to show his skills, I book him in lower card matches, or in most cases not at all, I never give him a shot at the Iron Man title, and then I allow John Brandenburg to use an illegal choke hold, because... well because he's my favourite dammit, and that choke was the only way he'd ever be able to beat Damien Wolfe!

MORGAN: Erm... I don't think you've quite understood the concept of this exercise Damien.

WOLFE: Doctor, please stay in character... Now Detective, I tell you what I'm going to do, whatever the fine is, I'll pay it, I just want to get Damien back here and show him how much he's valued at RPW. I sincerely apologize Detective, Damien cannot be held responsible for his actions, for they are a direct response to my mismanagement of him. Thank you for bringing this situation to my attention Detective, it's time to start treating Damien Wolfe with the respect he deserves, he is the best technical wrestler in the world after all.

<Wolfe places the receiver back on the telephone and smiles a massive grin as he looks at Doctor Morgan.>

WOLFE: Wow, that felt good.

MORGAN: Damien, I really don't think you got what you were supposed to out of that exercise.

WOLFE: Oh I did doctor, I got it and then some, this has been a massive help, I feel... great.

<Wolfe stands up and walks to the door, the grin still stretched across his face.>

WOLFE: Same time next week doctor.

MORGAN: Damien, please come back!

<But it is too late, the door is already slammed shut and Wolfe is gone.>

+++++ANNOUNCE TABLE: MURPHY AND WASHINGTON+++++

WASHINGTON: Gah, that's a bit unsettling to see, if Wolfe keeps being so damn uncooperative on those sessions he's never going to be cleared to return to RPW.

MURPHY: I'm not in any rush to have him back...

WASHINGTON: You are crazy, Damien Wolfe is one of the best wrestlers in RPW, he would be competing for titles if it wasn't for his suspension...

MURPHY: Are you saying that RPW should ignore his criminal conduct?

WASHINGTON: No, I'm not saying that, he does need those anger management classes, i just want him to get his head straight and focus in Wrestling once and for all.

MURPHY: Well, we have some pretty good wrestling up ahead as we have not one but two RPW Title matches still to come.

WASHINGTON: A new RPW Ironman champion will be crowned when Ronnie Reynolds, John Brandenburg and Hakai Dragon collide in a triple threat match.

MURPHY: Since the Jafaar al-Sultan vs Omega 23 match ended in a draw, none of them advanced to the finals, it's a shame really...

WASHINGTON: Yes, Reynolds remains as the sole survivor from the 1%, the money hogging stable had huge chances to take the gold home as they had 3 entrants in the tourney.

MURPHY: Emerson Favreau looked dominant and a prime candidate to take this whole tournament but in the end the experience of Hakai Dragon prevailed as the Japanese star won via submission.

WASHINGTON: Reynolds managed to score a huge win against his nemesis, the man simply known as Enigma. We have word that a very unsettled Enigma has left the building.

MURPHY: Private Investigator Shirley Watson is the latest addition to the staff of Ronnie Reynolds, she's already paying dividends as she and Jackson Gerritt seemed to have found Enigma's old elementary school.

WASHINGTON: But as the match ended Reynolds' staff took a hit as, Norvile Titan, the handler for the massive Hyperion Rushmore announced that they would be quitting the Staff after Rushmore planted Reynolds with a chokeslam, further confusion ensued when Rushmore then attacked Titan and went after Amy Evans who had to run away to safety.

MURPHY: Amy Evans complained to the RPW office about her personal safety and Hyperion Rushmore was escorted out of the building.

WASHINGTON: And that's that, lets focus on the ring as our Ironman Title tournament finals is about to begin.

++++++RING: IRONMAN TITLE MATCH++++++

A wide shot of the arena shows the fans getting excited for our co-main event of the evening, a graphic of the Ironman title belt flashes over the screen, the camera centers at the top of the stage as the lights drop out and smoke starts rolling out the entrance area, the crowd cheers with anticipation.

WASHINGTON: Here we go Murph! After a long night of qualifying matches we will soon have a new Ironman Champion.

[Black Dragon by Dissection](#) starts. The opening lyrics are blasted then the main beat drops to a huge explosion in the area.

DUCKY: Introducing first, all the way from Sendai, Japan. Weighing in at 221 pounds, he's a former RPW Ironman Champion, HAKAI DRAGON!!!!

MURPHY: Hakai Dragon coming out first, despite his newfound aggression and demeanor, Hakai has remained one of the crowd's favorites.

WASHINGTON: He has, but I think he's walking over a thin line. He might find himself crossing it sooner than later.

When the fireworks die down, a red spotlight is beamed into the middle of the entrance ramp and Hakai is standing there in a black shinobi shozoko. The once bright sun is replaced by a total darkness.

MURPHY: I don't know Ben, I believe in Hakai Dragon.

WASHINGTON: Enough for him to be your pick here tonight?

Hakai Dragon has a very confident walk as he marches down the ramp, the red spotlight follows him all the way into the ring.

MURPHY: Yes, you can't go wrong with the first Ironman Champion of RPW history, he captured that title in a multi-man match over current HW champion Ian Jones, and he defended it against Landon Jackson and El Omega 23 in a triple threat match.

WASHINGTON: Good point, Dragon having some measure of success in multiman matches.

Dragon has taken the center of the ring and his music dies down, the lights remain low though, the spotlight fades in the middle of the ring and we are in total darkness as Metallica's Blackened starts to play.

MURPHY: Here comes Brand!

the crowd pops as a spotlight shows up near the curtains and John "The Brand" Brandenburg walks into it with his right fist held high. When the guitar riff drops, Brandenburg throws his fist in front of him and gives a primal roar, this Philly crowd is loving "BRAND".

DUCKY: From Inglewood, California, weighing in at 200 lbs... he is the former RPW Ironman champion, John "The Brand" Brandenburg!

Brandenburg starts walking down the ramp and he takes the time to high five the fans near the ramp, he then slides into the ring and climbs a turnbuckle to pose for the roaring crowd, you can't help but notice that this is the loudest pop of the night thus far, the shot of a dark arena with Brandenburg up in the top of a corner only illuminated by a spotlight is a sight to behold. The Music finally dies down and Brandenburg meets Dragon in the middle of the ring, tension starts to rise between the two former Ironman champs but it's all broken when Back in Black hits the PA System.

MURPHY: Our third and final participant on this match, Ronnie Reynolds of the 1%.

WASHINGTON: For those of you tuning in just now, this match was supposed to be a fatal fourway, but when El Omega 23 and Jafaar al-Sultan went to a 15 minute draw earlier on, none of them qualified and this match turned into a triple threat.

Ronnie Reynolds comes out accompanied by Amy Evans, he sporting his usual perfect pompadour hair, he looks confident but Amy Evans looks to be in distress.

DUCKY: From Savannah, GA. Weighing in at 217 lbs and representing the 1%, "RAVISHING" Ronnie Reynolds!!!

Reynolds makes his way into the ring, but a very nervous Amy Evans starts running up the ramp and into the backstage area as the Reynolds yells at her to stay, he can't do much about it as the bell suddenly hits.

MURPHY: Amy Evans still a bit shocked after Hyperion Rushmore laid everyone out earlier on and Amy had to run for her life.

As the bell rings, Reynolds immediately charges over to Brandenburg, "Brand" swiftly reverses him and puts the 1% into a corner, Brand starts unleashing rights but Hakai Dragon appears from behind and waistlocks him. He uses the waistlock to violently pull him out of the way and Hakai now jumps into the second turnbuckle and starts unleashing hard punches to the head of Reynolds.

MURPHY: Hakai Dragon is being very aggressive here, it seems like this new found aggressiveness is a staple of his new persona.

Reynolds is pressed against the corner and covering up from Dragon's punches, he manages to push him off to a side, Dragon would've crashed badly to the outside had he not held on to the ropes, he lands on the apron instead. Reynolds takes a deep breath but Brandenburg jumps back into the fray with a forearm, "Brand" unleashes a flurry of punches to Reynolds midsection but suddenly he eats a high roundhouse kick from Dragon who was lurking on the apron.

WASHINGTON: Brand needs to keep his eyes wide open, you can't turn your back on any of these men.

Brandenburg staggers backwards, Hakai Dragon grabs the ropes and uses them to help himself leap into the ring with a frontflip, halfway through it he hooks his legs around Brand's neck and takes him down with a frankensteiner, the crowd pop for the nice aerial maneuver. Brand rushes into his feet and charges Dragon but the man from Japan drops to the mat, holds on to a leg and rolls backwards, Dragon nearly has a half crab locked in.

MURPHY: **This is how he finished Favreau.**

But Brand is not going to fall for that, he spins onto his back and uses his free leg to push Dragon off, Brandenburg immediately manages to get up and he lands a hard knife edge to the chest of Hakai, the crowd responds:

"WOoooooooooooooooooooo"

Hakai Dragon is pushed one step backwards but he comes back stronger with a knife edge chop of his own.

"WOoooooooooooo"

Brand and Hakai start alternating hard chops, they each manage to land three before Reynolds rushes in and knocks them both down with clotheslines, the crowd boos wildly. Reynolds picks up Dragon and whips him hard back first into a corner, Reynolds throws him so hard that he himself ends up falling to the mat, the 1%er quickly picks himself up and knees a recovering Brandenburg in the gut, he whips him to the ropes and receives him on the rebound with a reverse elbow.

WASHINGTON: **Reynolds dominating here after he caught both his opponents by surprise.**

Ronnie Reynolds now goes after Hakai in the corner, Dragon catches Reynolds with a kick to the gut, he whips him into another corner and attacks with chops, after 3 hard shots he pulls him out with another whip, this time to the opposite corner. Reynolds crashes chest first into the buckles and Hakai follows up with a back suplex, Reynolds backflips and lands on his feet. He dropkicks Hakai and sends the japanese wrestler shoulder first into the ring post, Hakai rolls to the outside of the ring in pain.

MURPHY: **Watch out for Brand, he clubs Reynolds in the back!**

Brandenburg uses hard looping open hand strikes to back Reynolds into the ropes, he pulls him out with an Irish whip but Reynolds manages to shift gears and turn things around, Brandenburg ends up being sent running into the ropes, he rebounds and eats a pair of size 10 boots to the face. The crowd boos.

WASHINGTON: **Nice dropkick by Reynolds.**

After the impact of the dropkick, Brandenburg is sent crashing to the mat, he rolls under the ropes and stars using them to stand up on the apron. Reynolds notices this and rushes to the nearest corner, he hops into the second rope, probably looking to spring into another dropkick to Brand's face, Hakai frustrates his plans by holding on to his legs and causing Reynolds to fall back first in the ring.

MURPHY: **That's the complication with triple threat matches.**

Hakai Dragon slides back into the ring and quickly picks up Reynolds and dumps him to the outside. With Reynold out of the way, Dragon can now turn his attention on John Brandenburg, he punches him twice and forces him to the middle of the ring. The referee warns about the use of closed fists and Dragon switches to a knee to the gut and a body slam attempt, Brandenburg is able to slip out of it and slide down Hakai's back.

WASHINGTON: **These two are evenly matched.**

Brandenburg uses a headlock takedown to throw Hakai onto the mat, the japanese superstar counters with body scissors and Brandenburg immediately flips over for a no arms jackknife pin variation, the referee counts.

MURPHY: **Hakai in a precarious position.**

...1

...2, Dragon bridges up.

Dragon has a body lock and uses it to spin Brandenburg all the way around, they are now back to back and Hakai Dragon is trying hard for a backslide, he slowly starts overpowering Brand and after a hard struggle he manages to put his shoulders down.

WASHINGTON: **Hakai looking for a second reign as the Ironman Champion.**

...1

...2, Brand kicks out!

MURPHY: **He's gonna have to do more than that.**

Hakai Dragon rushes to the ropes to attack Ronnie Reynolds who has just rolled into the ring, Reynolds lowers the ropes and Hakai is sent crashing to the outside. The crowd boos briefly, but the reaction turns into cheers when Reynolds goes to the middle of the ring and finds himself in the wrong end of a kick to the midsection and a butterfly suplex from Brand.

WASHINGTON: **beautiful double underhook Suplex.**

Brandenburg quickly goes to a corner and crouches in it, he bounces up and down in the crouching position as he taunts Reynolds, the crowd is getting fired up as they see a spear coming. Reynolds slowly gets up, and turns into Brandenburg. But while we expected Brandenburg to take down Reynolds with a huge spear, the reality is that Hakai Dragon has a firm hold of Brandenburg's left leg and a section of the crowd is booing.

MURPHY:
Philadelphia.

Looks like the "Brand" fans are being more vocal here in

Hakai Dragon is outside of the ring holding on to Brandenburg's leg, Brandenburg turns around and uses his free leg to kick Hakai Dragon off of him, this distraction has given Reynolds time to recover and he charges into Brandenburg on the corner, Brand moves out of the way and Reynold goes chest first into the buckles, Brandenburg takes him down with a schoolboy pin.

...1

...2, Reynolds kicks out!

MURPHY:

This title match continues

Ronnie Reynolds tries to reincorporate fast and go right back into action, he gets caught mid way with a release German Suplex from Brand, the move momentarily stuns the ravishing one, who now tries to get up. He's met by a kick to the gut and a huricannrana.

...1

...2, Hakai breaks it.

WASHINGTON:

Brand really wants to get that title back.

Hakai pulls up Brandenburg, jumps at him and connects with a jumping wheel kick, he follows up with a pin but Reynolds instantly breaks it and backs Hakai against a corner and lays a beating on him.

MURPHY:
match.

Reynolds taking advantage right now, this could be anyone's

Reynolds turns around and clotheslines Brandenburg down before he can do anything, he uses a body slam to set him up near a corner and he climbs it, Hakai knocks him down and sends him crashing near the announce table.

WASHINGTON:

Wow, that's really gonna hurt Reynolds title chances.

Brandenburg gets up to his feet but it looks like it was just to eat a boot to the mid section, Hakai with a snap suplex for two. He picks up Brandenburg and tries again, the snap suplex connects and once again it nets him a two count. It looks like Dragon wants to make it three in row, Brandenburg manages to reverse and lands a nice release Northern Lights Suplex, Reynolds comes charging and clotheslines Brandenburg down for quite a decent amount of boos.

MURPHY:

We say it all the time but it's worth repeating, you need to be aware of all your opponents at all times.

Reynolds goes after Dragon who's reincorporating, he punches him down to the mat. He goes after Brandenburg, he softens him up with boots to the midsection and dumps him out of the ring, Brand holds on to the ropes and is left hanging from the outside, Reynolds doesn't notice it, the crowd pops as Brand hangs on and tries to pull himself up.

WASHINGTON:

Brandenburg is holding on as if this was an over the top battle royal...

Reynolds goes after Hakai again but this time he's suprised by a barrage of chops that backs him into the ropes, on the opposite ropes, Brand has pulled himself back in the ring. Hakai goes for the irish whip but it gets reversed, Reynolds whips Hakai right into Brand who side steps the charging Japanese and helps him go over the top rope and to the outside.

MURPHY:

Bullfighting agility shown by Brandenburg.

Brand now backs Reynolds to the ropes with chops, his irish whip works and Reynolds is sent running, Brand leans forward at the midsection and recieves Reynolds with a huge backbody drop.

WASHINGTON:

Brand sending everyone flying!

Brandenburg mounts some offense and is moderately successful but Reynolds ends up countering and sending him to the mat with a drop toe hold, Reynolds notices Hakai trying to get back in the ring and he goes to run interference, Hakai Dragon uses shoulder thrusts through the top two ropes to gain an advantage. The two first shoulders are successful but the third one runs into a hard knee and Hakai is sent crashing to the outside.

MURPHY:

Hakai can't catch a break here, the crowd is booing Reynolds

But as Reynolds taunts a fallen Hakai Dragon, Brandenburg is crouching in the middle of the ring, he has his sights set on Reynolds, the crowd starts going bananas as they smell a spear coming, Reynolds turns to the middle of the ring and Brandenburg launches himself forward.

SPEAR, SPEAR, SPEAR!!!

Reynolds somehow reverses it into a small package.

WASHINGTON:

Whoa, what a reversal into a cover.

...1

...2

...3??

NO! Brandenburg kicks out.

Brand immediately rolls back to his feet, still reeling from the fact that he almost got caught. He tries to sneak in a clothesline but Reynolds ducks under it and hooks on the full nelson, the crowd **“ohhhs”** as they see Reynolds’ deadly finishing move coming, luckily for the fans in attendance, Brandenburg reverses with a victory roll.

MURPHY:

Brand looking for the title!

...1

...2

...KICKOUT BY REYNOLDS!!

Immediately trying to go back in the offense is John Brandenburg, he gets blindsided by a huge enzuigiri from Hakai Dragon, Brandenburg staggers away a few feet and falls throat first in the second rope. Hakai Dragon

looks like he wants to capitalize on that position but Ronnie Reynolds is closing in, the 1% eats a side kick to the midsection first and a snap ddt second, he's left flat on the mat.

WASHINGTON: **Hakai Dragon has the ring wide open, this is his big chance.**

And he looks to take full advantage of it, he picks up Reynolds and sets him up for a vertical suplex, he lifts him all the way up and BANG! He drops him down into a piledriver.

...

THE TSUNAMI CONNECTS!!!

MURPHY: **Tsunami! TSUNAMI! TSUNAMI!!**

Hakai stands up and Brandenburg appears out of nowhere, the crowd is going crazy as the collision is made in the middle of the ring.

...

BRANDENBURG LANDS THE SPEAR!!

WASHINGTON: **Wow!!!**

Brandenburg wants the cover on Hakai, but the Japanese star wisely uses whatever energy he has left to roll out of the ring, Brandenburg crawls trying to catch on to Hakai, he looks to Dragon outside the ring and decides to focus on a groggy Ronnie Reynolds who is trying to get to his feet but he's barely holding his balance, Brandenburg kicks him in the gut and locks in a standing guillotine choke.

...

BRANDENBURG DROPS DOWN WITH THE SIGNATURE BRAND!!!

MURPHY: **SIGNATURE BRAND! GUILLOTINE DDT!!!**

Reynolds is trying to resist it...

He reaches forward...

He taps! Ronnie Reynolds has tapped out!!

The Bell Rings, Blackened hits, the crowd explodes!!

MURPHY: He has done it again Ben, he did it!!!

Brandenburg is on his knees with his hands over his face, the referee receives the belt from the timekeeper and goes to present it to John Brandenburg.

DUCKY: And your winner of this match and NEEEEEEW RPW Ironman Champion, John "THE BRAND" Brandenburg!!!

The Camera focuses on Brandenburg who is now on his feet in the middle of the ring, the referee is raising his hand up in the air. You can see the tears rolling down Brandenburg's face, you can tell how much that title means to him...

Brandenburg climbs a turnbuckle and raises the belt high in the air with both hands, the Philadelphia crowd is as loud as ever and they react strongly as Brandenburg climbs all four corners.

MURPHY: Emotional moment as Brandenburg becomes the first man in RPW history to capture a title in two different opportunities...

WASHINGTON: Stay with us as up next Ian Jones will defend the RPW Heavyweight title against The Liverpool Sensation.

Brandenburg is in the middle of the ring raising his belt up high as we fade out into the break.

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

+++++EMPIRE'S LOCKERROOM: HATERS GONNA HATE+++++

<The youngest champion in RPW history, the current No Limits Champion MNG enters the locker room of The British Empire, the very talented youngster from England finds Ian Jones is preparing for his match. Jones seems very relaxed. He is sat down arched over, pulling his black knee pads up his leg,>

MR. NICE GUY: Hey mate, I wanted to talk to you.

<Jones looks up and sits back on the chair.>

JONES: I am all ears.

MR. NICE GUY: I overheard a bunch of guys bad mouthing you. It really made my blood boil. Some of the things they were saying were outrageous. I don't even want to repeat their remarks.

JONES: It's ok, tell me. I can handle it. Words from foolish peasants don't bother me.

<The young No Limits Champion is still a bit unsure but Jones insists.>

MR. NICE GUY: They said you were a cheat, a bad champion for RPW and that Douglas Gallagher would beat you tonight. The worst was when they said you were a disgrace to our flag. I just couldn't believe my ears or eyes. I mean, Ryan Mercy said you were not that good of a wrestler which is rich coming from him. They had no respect for you and everything you have achieved in this business. I mean you are at the very top of RPW. You have held the Heavyweight title for so long and I know many people back home who look up to you, of which I am one of them.

<Jones stands up and places his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Nice Guy reassuringly.>

JONES: We are at the top of RPW and don't you worry about it. Ignore the haters. I have learnt they will always be there. At the end of the night I will still be Champion and that is all that matters.>

MR. NICE GUY: I also heard that you could be stripped of the title if you get DQ'ed.

<Jones is taken by surprise by this last detail, his face immediately turns to a grim expression, for a split second he seems almost fearful, like those words were the last thing he wanted to hear. Regardless of whatever is going through his mind, he quickly regains composure.>

JONES: Well that doesn't matter at all, you are going to be out there with me during the match anyway, that's what matters you being out there supporting the Empire and hell...i mean watching me defeat Douglas Gallagher.

MR. NICE GUY: About that Ian...I just don't want to give more ammo to the haters. I am not going to let them say Jones hung onto the title because I was at ringside. I think it best if I stay here and watch from the back tonight so that you can prove everyone wrong and silence the critics. Beat Douglas Gallagher silly and show everyone why you are the RPW Heavyweight Champion.

<MNG turns and leaves the locker room leaving a clearly frustrated Jones standing there.>

+++++CROWD: DOWN WITH THE ADAMES+++++

The cameras are showing a wide shot of the crowd, the words "Moments ago" can be clearly seen in white in the bottom-rightmost corner of the screen. The Union Jacks have teamed up with Excellence and the crowd is booing the brits as they go across the crowd taking away all crowd signs that reference Shane Adames. Highlights of the Jacks and Excellence taking away signs are ripping them to shreds flash one after the other.

We now turn into the front row where Shane Adames and his posse are sitting, they don't react too kindly to the Jacks and Ex taking away their signs, Adames fetches something from his back and pulls up a "Richard Goldstein sucks" sign with a football, basketball and a baseball drawn after "sucks". Excellence rips off the sign and gets on Adames faces, Shane Adames won't stand down and he shoves Ex away, a melee ensues and security has to intervene, escorting Shane Adames out of the building, the crowd is booing all the way through.

+++++ANNOUNCE-TABLE: MURPHY AND WASHINGTON+++++

MURPHY: Well, this beef between Shane Adames and Richard Goldstein continues to escalate.

WASHINGTON: It does, but that's not very important right now Murphy, do you know what's important?

MURPHY: Our RPW Heavyweight title match, and it's coming up next.

+++++RING: MAIN EVENT – IAN JONES [C] VS DOUGLAS GALLAGHER- RPW HWT CHAMPIONSHIP+++++

The main event atmosphere begins to grow as there are many authority figures in the ring, The Commissioner, the EVP of Talent Relations and our Interim GM Sir Charles Strickland are all inside of the ring along with Ducky Smith and two referees, the crowd cheers wildly as a graphic with the RPW Heavyweight Championship flashes in the RevivalTron.

Queen's One Vision hits the speakers and the crowd starts to rise, the anticipation is sky high and plenty of cheers starting to come out already, the music plays but nobody emerges from the curtains just yet, the crowd is cheering heavily now though, they know the music, and they like the man behind it. The guitar enters and a beautiful display of pyro shoots up from the ramp, it is now when a Douglas Gallagher on his white hooded robe appears pointing to the sky with two of his fingers, he's also staring down the floor as the crowd goes nuts for him.

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, the energy of the entrance has the crowd really pumped up. A red cross runs all the way through the back of The Liverpool Sensation's robe, showing a strong simile to the English flag.

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, 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 shakes hands with all the authority figures as he waits for the champion to make his entrance.

MURPHY: Gallagher looks more focused than ever, you can almost see the Heavyweight Championship and the pride of his nation in his eyes.

WASHINGTON: Well here comes a roadblock.

[The British Empire's theme music](#) strikes as Ian Jones strolls out to the ramp in maroon waistcoat with the title belt draped over his jacket's shoulderpads. He stares at either side of the crowd. he's also carrying a spare waistcoat in his left arm. A vociferous chorus of booing and hissing echoes around the arena.

MURPHY: What are they up to now?

Jones reveals a microphone from behind his back.

JONES: Cut the music.

Jones clears his throat and continues.

JONES: Douglas, Douglas, Douglas. You see as soon as I learned that you were in contention for a shot at my championship I knew fate had dealt me a bloody good hand. I'm all too familiar with your work you see even harking back to the days of competing in underground fight clubs on the outskirts of Liverpool. I knew you had something and I knew you'd make it here.

The crowd is momentarily silenced, taken aback by Jones' compliments.

JONES: You're one hell of a competitor. You have fantastic technical skills. Not only that but you possess that fiery British patriotism that me and the rest of the British Empire love. You don't just fight for yourself, you fight for your country. I very much respect that.

The camera shifts very quickly to a rather confused Douglas Gallagher who's holding the ropes while he stares down Jones.

JONES: The difference between you and Aron Scythe is you don't need to pander to these buffoons. You have class. British blood runs through your veins you've shown that in everything you've accomplished. But that's the past and this is the future. The reason why I was so complacent in my preparations for this "match" was that I had faith that you would do the right thing. You say you want to fight for Britain? We're going to give you a chance to act on that sentiment. As you know with Damien Wolfe absent for who knows how long, the British Empire are now recruiting...

Jones pauses. The camera pans to a perplexed Gallagher who is attempting to continue his pre-match ritual.

JONES: Join us, Douglas. We can give you the platform to succeed in this business. Together we can make it to the top and establish the British Empire as the strongest entity in the world of professional wrestling.

Ian Jones gestures the jacket in an inviting manner flashing a welcoming smile.

JONES: All you have to do is just throw this meaningless match so we can look at the... bigger picture.

The crowd hisses wildly at Jones' request. A "NO" chant breaks out and echoes from the rafters. Gallagher is squinting his eyes at Jones in disbelief.

MURPHY: I can't believe this! Ian Jones has just offered Douglas Gallagher a place in the British Empire and all he has to do is throw this match.

WASHINGTON: We're witnessing some incredible developments here, no wonder Ian Jones has been so relaxed in the build-up to this bout. He must think this an offer too good to refuse.

Douglas Gallagher asks for microphone and he quickly gets it, the crowd silences as they all want to hear what Gallagher has to say about Jones' rather indecent proposal.

GALLAGHER: So you are asking me to be a part of the British Empire 'ight? well, I'm not gonna go in circles around it and I'll get right to the answer...

...

...

YES!!

MURPHY: What??

Murphy is in disbelief and the crowd is too, they are booing, booing very loud. Ian Jones has a delightful smile on his face as he starts walking down to the ring.

WASHINGTON: So this is why Ian Jones was so confident he was going to beat Gallagher in five seconds...I can't believe Gallagher would do this though, the Championship was his dream...

The crowd continues to boo and Jones climbs into the apron, still looking like a happy camper, Douglas Gallagher raises the microphone again.

GALLAGHER: Oh but Ian, don't look so 'appy just yet. I'll be a part of the Empire but I'm not just going to be another of your lacking? Oh no...I'm coming for the top spot, I won't lie down for you, this will be an hostile takeover.

Ian Jones was about to enter through the ropes and he stands back up on the apron looking perplexed.

GALLAGHER: You 'ave disgraced the good name of our 'omeland by far too long, you've corrupted young impressionable talents and used 'em to do yer bidding. You've strapped yerself to der star. MNG, ees beeter than you and you know it, I'm better than you and you know it, and when I beat you on this very right tonight, when I take your championship belt and make it mine, when I prove who the Alpha Bulldog really is... then it will be the END of the British Empire as you know it.

The crowd cheers wildly. GA-LLA-GHER rings around the arena as he storms around the ring riling the crowd up.

MURPHY: Douglas Gallagher has just slapped Ian Jones and the British Empire square in the face. Ladies and gentlemen our championship match is getting more interesting by the moment and this crowd cannot wait.

WASHINGTON: That's one hell of a statement from the Liverpoollian. Let's see if he can back that up in the ring.

Ian Jones stares absently into space. The camera closes in on Jones who's lips are pursed with rage and a vein in his forehead throbs.

JONES: No, no, no, no, NO! You just don't do that Gallagher. You know what we don't want you anywhere near us. This was all just a ploy for me to try and save the 30 minutes of effort it would take to beat you down to a pulp. You're a shadow of Damien Wolfe, you couldn't tie his boots. Just like your bloody football team you're a disgrace to our proud nation. You're not a real Brit and I'm going to prove that by finishing you once and for all.

Jones slams the microphone down and storms towards the ring, Gallagher drops his microphone aswell. Both men meet in the center of the ring and they are engaged in a cold, deadly staredown. Both men go head to head and the tension is sky high, they look like raging bulls ready to kill each other, they butt heads and start pushing each other off with nothing but their heads, the commissioner tries to separate them but to no avail.

WASHINGTON: Wow, this is intense!

Push comes to shove and the commissioner goes flying, Ian Jones just cannot wait and he starts unleashing right hands, he connects with three on a row and the crowd boos wildly, Jones winds up and goes for a super powered fourth right hand, the crowd pops when Gallagher blocks it and fireback with a hard forearm of his own, he follows up with a knee to the gut that doubles Jones over, and he starts unleashing hard clubbing forearms to the back of the champion.

MURPHY: This match hasn't even started yet but these two are going at it hard.

The champion reacts and he attempts a double leg, Gallagher doesn't go down but that doesn't stop Jones from muscling him up all the way into the ropes, Gallagher continues to fire off strikes over Jones back, the champ gives up the takedown attempt and switches to a clinched situation where he's pressing Gallagher against the ropes, the efforts of Charles Strickland, Richard Goldstein and Rufus Biggs are not enough to separate the two English heavyweights and the struggle continues.

WASHINGTON: This is getting out of hand...

Gallagher is able to reverse position on the clinch and now it's him who presses Jones against the ropes, he releases the hold and scores a huge chop and a powerful forearm, he goes to cap things off with a hard clothesline that would send Jones outside of the ring.

Ian Jones manages to duck under it and reply with a hard German Suplex, Jones immediately takes mounted position and this giving it to Gallagher, and it is not exactly advice. Jones rains punches all over Gallagher who has to resort to covering up, the crowd boos, boos and boos some more. The referee and ducky try to pull Jones off Gallagher but he just shoves them away, he goes right back on the attack but Gallagher is now able to sweep him and go to town on his face with forearms, elbows, and hammerfists with the crowd loving every strike thrown and landed, Gallagher is raging and Richard Goldstein tries to stop him, Goldstein goes flying as he cannot withstand the Liverpoolian's fury. The crowd cheers this as they don't like Goldstein one bit.

MURPHY: **Someone stop this madness!!**

Suddenly three figures slide into the ring, it is the Union Jacks and Excellence! They start attacking Douglas Gallagher and the crowd is back on the boos. All three put their boots to good use as they drop them all over Gallagher.

WASHINGTON: **What are they doing here? What's going on?**

The Union Jacks both pick up Gallagher from Behind, they lift them up in what looks to be the set up for a double atomic drop but instead of dropping him tailbone first on their knees, they push off his back and send him face first to the mat! The crowd is now giving the Union Jacks the **"You Suck"** Treatment.

MURPHY: **Double Crash Thunder Buster? But how are we going to be able to have a fair match after this?**

WASHINGTON: **I don't know, but it's going to be even worse after this...look at Excellence...**

Excellence looks to be setting up Gallagher for the Mark of Excellence when two figures appear rushing down the ramp and invoke the cheers of the crowd, It's Alex Monroe and our new Ironman Champion, John "The Brand" Brandenburg...

MURPHY: **Wow! These two just fought each other in a match earlier on but it now looks like they are ready to fight side by side.**

Brandenburg slides into the ring and charges Excellence, who gives up his hold on Gallagher, Brandenburg ducks under a clothesline and rebounds off the opposite side, he drops Excellence with a huge spear!!

WASHINGTON: **Spear! Spear! Spear! The Crowd is going crazy!!**

Alex Monroe is trying to fight off both of the Union Jacks but he's having a hard time overcoming the numbers game, One of the Jacks has Monroe in a double chicken wing and the other attacks him with a hard right to the face, Monroe is able to free himself just in time to duck under it and hit the ropes on the opposite

side, the punching Jack ends up hitting the holding one and they are distracted apologizing, they eat a double Genu in Vultus as each Jack gets a nice serving of knee to the face courtesy of Alex Monroe.

MURPHY: **Brandenburg and Monroe dominating but watch out for Ian Jones.**

Chairshot to Brandenburg,

Chairshot to Monroe!!

Ian Jones is once again holding the spotlight as he stands in the center of the ring raising the steel chair high while being showered in boos. Jones sets the chair in the mat and starts picking up Gallagher when Leonard Knox starts rushing down the ramp.

MURPHY: **Leonard Knox, another wrestler from Northern England coming to the aid of Gallagher.**

WASHINGTON: **They even tagged together once in RPW!**

Knox slides into the ring and starts brawling with Jones, but the Brawl is short lived as Taiga appears from behind and kneels down to give Knox a huge low blow.

WASHINGTON: **FUCK TAIGA! FUCK HIM HARD!!!**

MURPHY: **Calm down Ben for gods sake.**

Ryan Mercy, Gary Graplin, the Art of Warcraft, all start rushing down the ramp, they team up with Knox to fight off Jones, Taiga and a recovering Excellence.

MURPHY: **Mercy and Graplin were bad mouthing Jones, they are now here to back it up!**

The crowd is going insane as the ring is getting more crowded by the second, the 1% rushes down on it's entirety, they start teaming up up Ryan Mercy and dump him out of the ring before engaging with Art of Warcraft and a recovering John Brandenburg. Now it's Diego San Martin who appears at the top of the stage rallying his troops. El Omega, Malcolm Valenzuela and The Amazonian Invasion all start rushing down the ramp to go straight after the 1%.

WASHINGTON: **This is madness, this is chaos...**

As if this wasn't enough...Kirk Cobain now rushes down the ramp with a kendo stick in hand, he slides into the ring and he starts cracking skulls, he's cleaning house. Cobain swings his weapon to everyone on sight, the camera turns to the announce table where Sirius Danger off all people is in a suit, he sits down and puts a headset on.

DANGER: **Oh my Beautiful chaos...**

MURPHY: **Oh great, what are YOU, doing here? Shouldn't you be out there brawling like most of the roster already is?**

DANGER:
Cobain is my queen.

What? I'm not a pawn, I'm the one who moves the pieces, and Kirk

WASHINGTON:

Your queen? What?...are you saying you are behind all this.

Knox hits a huge spinebuster on Kirk Cobain and goes to rebound off the ropes, he hits the Bull's-eye splash on him.

DANGER: **Not completely, you see, Chaos is unstoppable and RPW is bound to succumb to it, I'm just acting as an accelerant.**

The Tenkai kick on Ian Jones.

Jimmy Craft has just nailed his finishing move on Ian Jones, the champ goes down!

Mark of Excellence on Jimmy Craft!!

Mark of Excellence on Billy Craft!!

MURPHY:

Wow, somebody stop this madness...

DANGER:
a blood bath.

Why? I'm loving this, and look at the crowd, the Philly crowd loves

Genu in Vultus to Emerson Favreau!

Crimson Tornado to Excellence.

The crowd pops huge as Douglas Gallagher takes Excellence down with his Discus Lariat, the Union Jacks go after him once again. The Camera shifts to the outside where Omega 23 brawls with Jafaar al-Sultan and Taiga and Knox trade strikes.

WASHINGTON:
match?

We are running out of time, what's going to happen to our title

The bodies of many superstars lie scattered around the ring, Ryan Mercy, Gary Graplin, Malcolm Valenzuela, The Amazon Invasion, Emerson Favreau, The Craft Twins and Kirk Cobain are all down. The rest of the wrestlers continue struggling, except for a recovering Ian Jones who has grabbed a hold of his title belt and is sneaking out of the scene, he starts backpedaling down the ramp when suddenly...

[Never Gonna Get It](#) hits the PA system, Jones turns around at the bottom of the ramp to find No Limits Champion Mr. Nice Guy at the top of the stage, he stares down Jones with a look of major disapproval on his face, the RPW Logo and credits flash on the screen and then go to the bottom left corner as the camera alternates between Mr. Nice Guy and Ian Jones.

**DANGER:
EVER!!!! Long Live Chaos!!!**

This is Sirius Danger and this was THE BEST EPISODE OF WNR