



THE DIRT SHEET #20 – 07/22/12

MURPHY: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to a special Sunday night edition of the Dirt Sheet! I'm Harold Murphy and this is Benjamin Washington. Two consecutive weeks of Wednesday Night Revival means the Dirt Sheet gets shifted to tonight, so everyone can catch up on the action that happened last week.

WASHINGTON: That's right, Murph. Before we get to all of that, Commissioner Strickland has announced the signing of two more young competitors, continuing the youth initiative that has been going on the last month or two. First it was Alex Monroe, and possibly Enigma. Now we have three new young stars- Excellence, Emerson Favreau, and Taiga!

Excellence

<The Camera zooms at the MMA training facilities....“THE DUNGEON OF EXCELLENCE” The Camera starts in the training room slowly showing the training equipment and various other machines and slowly panning towards the training/sparring area. Excellence is with his trainer, Robert Lions, training a certain submission hold which looks like a modified Camel Clutch but instead using the dragon sleeper hold on top. Robert Lions is a former pro-wrestler who was a brilliant submission wrestler, a natural heel who had brilliant microphone skills but his career was cut short by a knee injury which forced him to retirement and now is the trainer at THE DUNGEON OF EXCELLENCE.>

LIONS: Now you need to put the extra-pressure on the neck with your hand muscles to cut out the air supply or you can stretch your opponent to gain the extra-added leverage.

<Excellence seems to have got the idea of the submission and nods in acceptance. You can see the intensity in the eyes of Excellence.>

LIONS: Now try the hold on me.

EXCELLENCE: Okay. But hope that I don't break you in half.

<After the joke, Excellence tries the hold on Lions and uses the move on Lions and after a few seconds Lions taps and Excellence breaks the hold.>

LIONS: You could have snapped my neck.!

EXCELLENCE: I did break the hold after you tapped.

<Robert Lions cools his temper and pats on Excellence's back.>

LIONS: You need to learn a lot son. You've got all the talent to make it big but you need to respect your trainer and give it all of you. Once this move is in your arsenal along with you speed, power and unpredictability, you can make it to the summit of pro-wrestling.

EXCELLENCE: I have a lot to learn and I know that I'm learning from the best.

LIONS: Now that you have learned how to execute the MODEL SOLUTION, I can feel that you can make to the top where I was never able to reach. This submission move is the best I can offer and is as vicious as it looks like. You will be benefit with this move. So far you are the only one who has patience to learn this move designed for the elites.

<Lions laments how he couldn't reach the top of the pro-wrestling with a weary face.>

EXCELLENCE: Now I need to spar with someone.

<Excellence, full of confidence, looks at the other trainees watching from the sidelines. Lions points at the trainee.>

LIONS: Andy, you're the toughest out here come and give him a round.

<The pointed trainee hesitates but steadily steps inside the sparring arena.>

LIONS: "1! 2! 3! GO!

<From the start go, Excellence uses his speed and strength to take him down for ground and pound striking him with his elbows repeatedly making him bleed in the process and quickly grabs the opponent for the dragon sleeper locking his legs around his opponent's belly. Andy starts tapping but instead of releasing the hold Excellence quickly rolls and attains the position at the top of the opponent all the time still holding the dragon sleeper. Robert Lions quickly forces Excellence to break the hold. His opponent is all battered and bloodied in just a matter of seconds. Andy is panting for air while Excellence doesn't even seem to have broken a single drop of sweat.>

LIONS: That was vicious! You need to have a cool head. Otherwise you will end this guy's career before he even starts wrestling!

EXCELLENCE: I think I just got a bit excited with the new hold.

LIONS: But I like the way you twisted him that's the real creativity that you required.

EXCELLENCE: It's been quite a while that you have been on the spotlight. Isn't it?

LIONS: Its been a while I guess. But I think I will be in your corner from now on, as a helping hand to you.

<Excellence nods his head in acceptance and with a smile on his face. Excellence stares towards the camera and starts.>

EXCELLENCE: This coming Wednesday, I will destroy my opponent like I destroyed that pathetic little child, whatever his name was. What will be even greater is that my trainer, Mr. Robert Lions, The Ultimate Submission Machine will be in my corner as my mentor and my agent. Starting next week the Domination will begin. Starting next week, a new light will shine in the horizons of Revival Pro Wrestling. Next week you shall witness, the history shall witness yet again The MARK OF EXCELLENCE plus A PERFECT MODEL SOLUTION.”

<He strikes the camera and it fades to black.>

Emerson Favreau

<The Scene Opens to a lavish mansion and then inside to a man working out in his personal gym, as the camera pans closer we see Emerson Favreau relaxing with a young women by his side. They are sharing a glass of wine. He is wearing a dark black suit with his hair slicked back the camera comes in closer as the girls begins to talk to him.>

WOMAN: Don’t you have a match coming up soon?

FAVREAU: Yes, as a matter of fact I do, but don’t you worry to much about that. This isn’t the first time and all the preparation I need is up here (points to head) My opponent can toy away with his buddy in the gym pretending to be a mixed martial artist all he wants but I am preparing for a fight, not a match.

<He gets up and walks over to the bar pouring himself another drink of scotch and drops a couple ice cubes in continuing to speak about his upcoming debut)>

FAVREAU: I think the superstars of RPW are in the belief that because I am new to RPW that I am new to the world of professional wrestling. Let them be assured this couldn’t be farther from the truth. This man, this Excellence (a look of disgust comes over his face), he has his manager barking orders at him and getting him ready for what he thinks he wants. All the drills in submissions and takedowns aren’t going to mean a damn thing when my fist collides with his face and when I hit him with the moves his trainer has never even thought of.

<He turns to the camera as if he just noticed it recording what he is saying>

FAVREAU: Excellence, I don’t care who you’ve beaten before me, I don’t care what you think you’ve accomplished, what I do care about is that you show up for our match as ready as I am because when you step into the ring with me(laughs to himself) it’s not a sparring session and it’s not practice. It’s real. I am going to beat you within an inch of your life and then I am going to leave you lying on the canvas tasting your own blood. You have drawn the wrong opponent and despite the fact you think this is going to go your way. It’s not. You’ve messed with the wrong guy. I just hope that you have enough smarts to come out of this match still able to wrestle and (pauses) as far as there being a new light shining on the

horizon of Revival Pro Wrestling, well...you are right about that because once I've beaten you and proven that I am the best in Revival Pro wrestling, I will be the shining beacon in the future of professional wrestling and you will be merely an afterthought.

<The camera stars to fade away as Emerson walks towards his female companion>

Taiga

<The camera reveals Taiga in newly renovated dojo in his house. The camera pans around room revealing a myriad of trophies and certificates. The camera finally reveals the RPW newcomer, Taiga, wearing nothing black gi pants looking into a vintage black Venetian portrait wall mirror and picking out his afro with a gold plated hair pick comb while flexing his pecks. He puts down the pick and checks himself out in the mirror. Taiga, as if he's gone crazy, begins talking to the mirror...>

TAIGA: Mirror, mirror on the wall who is the most handsome man of them all?

<The cameraman moves in and is startled after finding a woman in place of where the mirror is supposed to be. That woman is non-other than Bria Myles, King magazine's 2006 cover girl for the month of July and August!>

MYLES: The sexual tiger by the name Taiga.

TAIGA: (hmp) Damn right he is.

<Taiga, finally acknowledging the presence of the cameraman, proceeds to close the blinds of his Venetian 'mirror' and talks into the camera>

TAIGA: Hear ye, hear ye! I guess this jive turkey is finally in the possession of testicular fortitude to put me in a match. No really, it must've have really taken a pair to put me up against some scrub in the form of Alex...Monroe. In his last match we were all witnesses to this so called (air quote) wrestler not being able to defeat a former RPW Ironman Champion, competition I should have been giving for my debut.

This so called (air quote) wrestler could not defeat the former champion fresh off a hiatus shaking off rust. This so called (air quote) wrestler called it quits when shit got real, when he realized he was in an actual match against real competition. Monroe will repeat this cycle again when he falls prey to the Tiger Pit. After that match he will then seek a new career and finally put those knees he loves raving to good use. Heh, I'll let that simmer a bit

<Taiga begins to smile in a self-satisfying manner and continues talking>

TAIGA: Some of you may think to themselves, "This newcomer has a mouth" my lady friends will nod in agreement because I put it to great use.

<Taiga reveals another smirk>

TAIGA: Whether it's thrilling women or bragging about my in-ring abilities, I am the real deal. Unlike previous RPW newcomers I can and will back up what I have said. You're looking at a man who achieved each and every goal he set out before him. You're looking at the greatest MCW Heavyweight Champion and NWL Champion in both of the companies' respective histories. You're looking at the man that will stop the Lethal Injection, the embodiment of perfection, the desire of natural selection. Oh yes, oh yes... you're looking at Taiga, a natural brute and the forbidden fruit that all females succumb to.
Monroe...Monroe...Monroe...

<Taiga, with an intense look in his eyes, stares into the camera>

TAIGA: You will need divine intervention to beat the Taiga. Protip- Pray or be prey.

<The camera crashes into the floor of the dojo after Taiga smacks it out of the cameraman's hands...disrupting the picture feed but roar can be heard from Taiga.>

MURPHY: Well, it looks like they've all read up on the accomplishments of each other. First impressions are important, so I'm willing to bet that Excellence versus Emerson Favreau and Taiga versus Alex Monroe will be great matches.

WASHINGTON: Before we get to all that, we have our weekly address from the commissioner, Commissioner Strickland.

Sir Charles Strickland

<Sir Charles Strickland is seen in his office, he's talking to two young women in dressed, they seem to be the ones that follow him around everywhere, Strickland seems pretty happy about things as they trade meaningless gossip, Strickland notices the RPW camera and gets his serious face on.>

STRICKLAND: Let me inform everyone that Aron Scythe has been suspended for one week due to his acts of aggression against an authority figure, such acts won't be tolerated on RPW.

British wrestlers have been a main stay of RPW since it's inception and we'll continue to tap into that resource to ensure that we have the best wrestlers in the world in RPW, British tag team The Union Jacks will have a tryout match on WNR against The Art of Warcraft...

Also, Sirius Danger has been badgering me about being in No Limits matches ever since I became GM, if he wants to go No Limits that hard I guess he can go against the best, Sirius Danger will go one on one with Mr. Nice Guy in a No Limits Non-Title Match.

Finally, the 1% and Diego San Martin caused quite the riot last week and we where "this" close of suspending the whole lot of them, instead we agreed to let them settle their differences in the ring in a huge 8 man tag team match.

Alex Monroe

<We are backstage during WNR. Alex Monroe is walking more deliberate after his match with Hakai Dragon. Sweat is still fresh on his body as he breathes in heavily. He's angry about how things turned out for him tonight. Not only did Hakai not return his handshake, but he was cost the match and the shot at the Ironman Title by Brett Bannion. He sees the camera, stops, and speaks.>

MONROE: Tonight...Tonight might just have been the worst night of my RPW career thus far. Not only is Matt Josham getting in my business like usual, but now he has some lucky doing the dirty work he's too much of a coward to do. And on top of all that, one of my heroes is walking down a dark path...

Matt Josham so far has only been a nuisance to me. Just an annoyance I have decided to put up with. That was... until tonight. Tonight, he started messing with my career. As I'm sure you've all seen, Josham has been talking to that Bannion who's been trying to get his career back on track. Josham has convinced Bannion that he can take me down easily. Well, let me tell you something Bannion. I don't know if you saw the war I just had with Hakai Dragon, but rest assured, if I can go toe to toe with one of the bona fide main eventers here in, then don't think I'm going to go down to the likes of you. I know how bad you want to be accepted here in RPW, but you're making two mistakes. The first is paling around with Matt Josham. The second is trying to restart your career at my expense.

<Alex Monroe's face grows intense as he continues to talk.>

MONROE: As for you, Josham... you had better rethink your beef toward me, because you're heading down a dangerous path right now. First it was kind of cute, but now I'm starting to get sick of it. You're talking this kid in to thinking he can beat me because you're too scared to face me yourself, so you're talking other people in to doing it for you. You're a fucking weasel. You're a scumbag coward who's not even man enough to face me face to face. You're too weak to deal with your problems on your own. Josham, you're really close to the edge... and I'm warning you right now... you don't want to piss me off.

<Monroe takes a deep breath before continuing.>

MONROE: As for you, Hakai, I really hate to say I was right, but I was right. There's something more to this. The Hakai Dragon I heard legends about in Japan would have returned my handshake. He would have obeyed the Code of Honor. There's something going on with you, and don't think I, as well as many other people, will be looking to get to the bottom of it.

You know, after the week I've been having, I would hate to be the guy who has to face me next week...

<Monroe turns quickly and walks off as the camera fades to black>

WASHINGTON: What's the policy about RPW stars laying hands on non-wrestling personnel, Murph? Do you know?

MURPHY: I can't say I'm sure off hand- why?

WASHINGTON: Not that I'm rooting for Alex Monroe to be screwed over by the antics of Matt Josham, but I'd like very much to see that weasel gets what's coming to him...

Sirius Danger

<A Mailman is walking down a sidewalk on a quiet suburban street, his baseball cap covers his face. It could be anywhere in America; anywhere with trees shading the pedestrians, anywhere with white picket fences dividing serene homes with neat gardens. Anywhere in America where a cat mailbox marks a property, where ceramic cats are posed throughout the garden, where the doormat has a smiling cat's face embossed upon it. He knocks at the door of one such property.>

FAMILIAR WOMAN: Just a minute!

<The mailman knocks a second time, rocking back onto his heels and off them again.>

FAMILIAR WOMAN: I'm almost there! Oh come on Mittens, shoo!

<The door opens. A black cat shoots out across the Mailman's path.>

MAILMAN: You got mail!

MRS. COBAIN: Mail? You don't sound or look like our usual mailman...Who are you?

<The mailman takes his cap off to reveal the well known bald head of one Sirius Danger.>

DANGER: Good afternoon Mrs. Cobain. Is your son Kirk at home?

<Kirk's Mom's jaw drops. A surprised gasp escapes.>

DANGER: Well, since Kirk's not home, perhaps we can talk. About Kirk. About Kirk's career.

MRS. COBAIN: Oh gosh. Well. It's not a very good time Mr. Danger.

DANGER: Call me Sirius

<Danger makes a half-bow to Kirk's Mom.>

MRS. COBAIN: It's just that I've got a pie baking, and my cat Mr. Twinkles needs to take his pills and he really doesn't like that and...

DANGER: Mrs. Cobain. I understand. I appreciate you're a busy woman. Under normal circumstances I'd be delighted to come in for a cup of tea, but I'll try not to keep you. Here. This is a gift from me to you, and to Kirk as well.

<Sirius clicks his fingers towards the camera; the arm of an RPW staffer juts out holding a picture frame covered by bubble wrap.>

DANGER: I wouldn't normally be so pushy, but if you'd do me the honor of unwrapping my humble gift, you would make me very happy indeed.

<Fingers shaking, Kirk's Mom unwraps the gift. As the bubble wrap falls away, her neutral expression changes to one of confusion. She looks up at Sirius, then back at the photo, then up at the RPW camera mouthing a phrase that can't be quite made out.>

MRS. COBAIN: This is... this is very nice, Sirius. You must be very proud of yourself.

DANGER: I am a humble man, Mrs. Cobain. But you, you must be proud of Kirk. Your son has a wellspring of untapped potential. With the right guidance, well, who knows how far he could go?

MRS. COBAIN: I... yes... my Kirk is a handful, but the Lord knows I've kept him on the straight and narrow. Perhaps he loves his music a little too much, but he stands up for what's right, and he isn't afraid to put himself in harm's way for another. He's just tends to be in the wrong place at the wrong time a lot. But thank you, Mr. Danger, for the picture. It is very nice.

<The camera catches a glimpse of the picture: It's a crude montage of Kirk Cobain holding the No Limits championship title. Sometimes it's his head on the body of Mr. Nice Guy. Sometimes it's just the No Limits title pasted into Kirk's hands or around Kirk's waist. From an artistic standpoint, it appears to come from the 'obsessive stalker' school.

DANGER: My pleasure, Mrs. Cobain. Say hello to Kirk for me.

MURPHY: I'm happy Danger didn't do anything untoward to Kirk Cobain's mother!

WASHINGTON: Me, too. I was worried for a second, there.

MURPHY: Looks like after their string of matches together, Danger has taken a liking to Cobain.

WASHINGTON: I don't know if I'd like that, if I was Cobain. I mean, that seemed a bit stalkerish. But, Danger did bring up a good point.

MURPHY: A good point?

WASHINGTON: Yeah. Cobain has a lot of potential. Like his mom said, he isn't afraid to stand up for what he believes in, and he isn't afraid to put himself in harm's way. A mentor could harness all of that, and use it more constructively. I just don't know if Sirius Danger is the right kind of mentor.

MURPHY: It certainly is a development that we'll all pay attention to.

WASHINGTON: Another development that we're going to have to pay attention to is former Ironman Champion John Brandenburg. The Brand sustained a beat down last

week, at the hands of Halfus Lykarn. Though he may or may not be cleared to compete next week, but though his shoulder was hurt, “The Brand” still might make an impact.

John Brandenburg

<RPW cameras catch John Brandenburg in his office. His shoulder is wrapped up, and his right arm is propped up on the desk and bandaged as well. He turns around slowly, favoring his injured parts.>

BRANDENBURG: I thought the Commissioner would at least be fair. I thought it was a fair move to make the match “pinfalls only.” I needed just THREE seconds. That was doable, that was fair.

<Brandenburg uses his uninjured arm to point to his shoulder.>

BRANDENBURG: But no, Commissioner Strickland's man, Halfus Lykarn, did not even give me three seconds. He didn't give me ANY time. He ambushed me from behind before our match began. He beat me up from behind and slammed me into the cold metal entrance ramp. He rammed my shoulders into the steel steps. He hit the Riley Render again and left me on my back for THREE seconds after I was brutally beaten.

<Brandenburg winced from the pain in his shoulder.>

BRANDENBURG: You did this to me, Lykarn. And like I said many months ago to your friends in the British Empire, I don't forget wounds easily. Every scar is a remembrance for me. And this injured shoulder, that's the mark you left on me with your ambush. And I won't soon forget it. No, what you did, this deserves a PERSONAL LESSON in submission. But there's no guarantee that I will get that opportunity. With Strickland on your side, there is a very good chance that I will never see a shot at the prestigious RPW Ironman Championship again. Like the rest of the Empire, you may have Strickland keep your enemies furthest away from you, Lykarn. And in any case, there's no guarantee I'll even be cleared to compete medically thanks to your cowardly beat down. You're lucky...

<Brandenburg stood up and walked right up the camera, his face inches away from the lens.>

BRANDENBURG: But not lucky enough. You see, I know the rules of the Ironman Championship. You have to defend it every night. And that means that every night, you will be out in the ring, focused on a title match to retain your belt. And every night, I'm going to be watching you. I'm going to be waiting for you. I'll be coming after you, Lykarn, EVERY NIGHT! There is no safe Wednesday Night Revival match for you, because every time you step through that curtain, you should know I'll be stepping through right behind you, waiting to make you life a living hell. Lykarn, I don't forget my wounds, I won't forget what you did to my shoulder. And as long as you have the RPW Ironman Championship, I will not forget to TEACH you how to tap at each...and...every opportunity. You had better watch your back kid, because I will be coming for you.

MURPHY: Things certainly are heating up between those two. As if things weren't hot already!

WASHINGTON: John Brandenburg's competitive spirit isn't going to allow him to forget what the Ironman Champion did to him- not next week, not next month, not ever. He might not get his revenge next week, or the week after, but trust me- it's coming. I have a feeling Lykarn has awakened a side of Brandenburg that he's not going to like.

MURPHY: And, speaking of that- Hakai Dragon's return to Revival Pro Wrestling hasn't been without controversy, with fans and competitors alike seeing a new side of the Japanese superstar. Our own Brandy Swinson caught up with him last week, and, well, the mystery deepens.

Hakai Dragon

<Backstage of Chicago's venue is the backdrop, Hakai is stalking through the halls>

SWINSON: Hakai, Hakai!!!!

<Brandy comes running up to him from the hallway.>

SWINSON: Hakai, you're back! What a....

<Hakai turns his icy glare to Brandy>

HAKAI: Swinson, this isn't about me. I don't need you buttering me up telling me what I've done. I don't care about the past. This is about the future. RPW is in a sad state. I don't know what they expected with my return but this isn't about wins and losses anymore. That time is over. The future is what I am looking at and RPW needs me. They need a reminder. They NEED to REMEMBER. It wasn't that long ago we almost lost it all. I may have been beaten at the End of the World. Many may have thought it was the End of the World for Hakai. But I have found new purpose.

SWINSON: What happened to you?

HAKAI: Do not interrupt me Swinson. I have a message and it will be delivered. If you have questions, save them for someone who cares. I came here with passion and purpose. A meaning. I wanted to be everything the fans thought I could be. Do you know what happens when you lose a match? Of course you don't. You don't understand what it's like to be a victim. To be repressed. I will show the RPW what it feels like to be repressed. History does not mean the lessons of life are over. Oh no. They have just begun. The Iron Man title is first on my list. But the list is not one deep. Oh no. Others will pay for their misdeeds. I will be the avenger RPW needs. I will bring legitimacy back. Yes. What once was the Iron Dragon...You will know me now as the Black Dragon. The dark days have one just begun...

<Hakai walks away from a completely shocked Brandy Swinson>

WASHINGTON: Certainly is a new side of Hakai Dragon.

MURPHY: He says he is here to clean up Revival Pro Wrestling, to make it legitimate again.

WASHINGTON: I'm going to have to respectfully disagree with him. Revival Pro Wrestling is more legitimate than ever, with new signings, new stars. The future is looking bright. Even brighter, of course, since Hakai Dragon is back.

MURPHY: He's not the only RPW star who has reinvented himself. Leonard Knox, he's the same old Leonard Knox, but his string of victories in the last few months have made him a contender.

Leonard Knox

KNOX: I don't know what it is about this business...We 'ave blokes that people like: blokes who fight 'ard but fight fair an', win or lose, shake yer 'and once you've finished. Then we 'ave blokes who go out of their way to be *dis*liked: blokes who'll cheat to get ahead; who'll spit in yer 'and kick you in the balls once the bell's rung.

That's 'ardly surprising: there are good an' bad 'uns everywhere. What gets me, though, is 'ow blokes in this business seem to shift from one position to another. You can 'ave a guy that everybody likes - who entertains the crowd; fights fair an' even gets 'is rounds in at the bar - an' all it takes is an embarrassing loss; the opportunity for a cheap win or even just an innocent misunderstanding an' they 'ave an 'issy fit an' start to cheat; bully; boast and generally make a nuisance of 'emselves.

Kirk Cobain - you've always seemed like a decent chap. A good fighter, sure, but one who treats 'is opponents an 'is audience wi' respect. Don't tell me that you're going to turn into one o' *those* guys? First yer claiming that I "threatened" 'Arold Murphy. Jesus, lad, I never even intimated such a thing. I 'ad some 'arsh words for 'im, sure, but that's 'is business, not your's, an' e's man enough to take care of 'imself wi'out you riding in like a white knight.

Still, I would'a' wrtitten that off as a misunderstanding. I'd 'ave even credited you wi' sticking up for a friend; for someone who's smaller than you are. But then you pick a fight wi' Brandy Swinson? She's no fighter, Kirk, she's a delicate lass. She can't be an 'undred an' fifteen pounds after Thanksgiving. She 'ad to go to the 'ospital to get an X-ray, an' if you came to see 'ow she was doing - *well* - I didn't see you. If you want to fight me then I'm up for it. Anytime. But don't drag our poor interviewer into it. Don't pick on a lass.

Don't become one o' "those" guys, Kirk. And, if ya do, you'll meet a Leonard Knox you won't much like. In fact, *you'll* 'ate the bastard.

Aron Scythe

<We cut to Aron Scythe standing in the middle of an hotel room, he's wearing a white T-shirt promoting his new movie "Carnation," a Silver jacket with the logo of a long gone wrestling promotion, and blue jeans. A pair of wire-framed Lennon-esque glasses over his eyes. He pauses

carefully looking away a somewhat dully bemused look on his face as Ian Jones insults him to his face.>

SCYTHER: So guess what, I rush to the hotel for my family and when I arrive there everything is normal, no signs of a riot, and certainly no British business man, that funny story Ian Jones was telling...all lies.

So there goes our glorious RPW Heavyweight Champion, having to make up a story to get me out of a match since he's too scared to face me again, you took me away of the equation so you could pick on the smaller and less experienced Craft Twins. And to them I must apologize...

But Ian, your team might have won that match, but you didn't beat me. And this is about you and me and don't forget, at Call to Arms you may have also won the match but you didn't beat me either.

All everyone remembers about that night is that I knocked you down and you didn't get up. You won on a technicality... you only kept the belt because a little weasel cared more about keeping the title within his stable more than he actually cared about your career. You can insult me to the face, make fun of my family but do you know what? I can live with that knowing I've already kicked your ass! Now in a few weeks at...you know what, let's just forget about the silly name and the U.S. vs. U.K. nonsense. The next RPW internet pay-per-view is "Jones Vs Scythe II." Nice and simple.

At "Jones vs. Scythe II" you have a chance to defend a world title in front of your country, your hometown, your people. This could be your legacy. Think about what that word means... Do you want to be remembered as the guy who could only keep a belt because his manager threw a chair in the ring? The guy who couldn't pin Aron Scythe clean 1-2-3?

<Aron pauses for a moment raising his hand in the air counting on both fingers.>

MURPHY: The prospect of Ian Jones versus Aron Scythe II is going to sell tickets, I'll tell you what!

WASHINGTON: No doubt, but...

MURPHY: But?

WASHINGTON: Well, as we've seen already, other guys in the lockerroom feel that Scythe has had enough chances to capture the gold, and that it's their time now. That he's yesterdays news, and that he needs to get to the back of the line.

MURPHY: One such guy is Douglas Gallagher.

Douglas Gallagher

<The scene is set in what appears to be a street basketball court, the wide angle of the camera reveals the court to be set up for soccer though, we shift into a closer shot of the center of the

court where a guy in street clothes places the ball in the center.>

GUY: Aye mates, last goal takes all.

<The soccer game restarts and the ball is passed, you cannot tell a team from the other at first sight as everyone is wearing street clothes, the camera follows the ball, one of the teams has possession of the ball and just passes it from player to player in their own zone, they are unable to push forward as they cannot find holes in the defense, suddenly one of the players throws a deep airborne pass to the other side of the court, it is received by none other than Douglas Gallagher, who uses his chest to dominate the ball, the ball falls dead to the floor and Douglas steps on it, he dribbles perfectly past a defender and is left one on one against the goalie, Gallagher kicks the ball hard, trying to score. The goalie tries to block it but the ball goes straight into the corner of the posts, burning the nets. Cheers are heard across the court as Gallagher's teammates rush into him to celebrate as they hug it out.>

<The camera fades into the next scene, Douglas Gallagher sitting on a bench.>

GALLAGHER: Football, or soccer as you like to call it, is a team sport and while some players can appear to carry a team, damn teammates will always be there for you to fall back on, in singles Wrestling you don't have such luxury, there's nobody but yourself to blame for failing and the glory you earn is all your own.

Oh, glory...that's what Douglas Gallagher is looking for in RPW, sooner or later I'll become the RPW Heavyweight Champion, that much I can promise.

WASHINGTON: Not everyone is looking to take Aron Scythe down and take his place as the number one contender for the championship title, though.

The Art of WARC.R.A.F.T.

<Jimmy Craft has his mean face on as he's doing Martial Arts Training on the CRAFT's dojo, he has someone holding up pads for him and he is going heavy at them, in the background we hear a familiar voice yelling.>

BILLY: JIMMY!! Come here, you have to check this out...

JIMMY: Shut up Billy, I'm not interested in your stupid computer games...

BILLY: Stop being an ass and come over- this has to do with RPW!

<Jimmy Craft stops his relentless flurry of strikes all of a sudden and turns around.>

JIMMY: RPW?

<The camera follows Jimmy Craft as he navigates through the dojo until he reaches Billy's room, he's watching a TV screen and he now rewinds it, he presses play and we see Ian Jones's promo on Aron's family and the bomb threat...>

BILLY: I think that's why Aron was nowhere to be seen...

<Jimmy is left speechless and his face has a weird expression on it.>

BILLY: Come on, will you forgive him now?

JIMMY: I'll think about it...

MURPHY: Looks like the Craft Brothers might be forgiving Aron Scythe for what happened last week.

WASHINGTON: I've been in tag team bouts where I've been double-crossed. Aron Scythe certainly wasn't trying to double-cross those two. To me, it looks like he's taken a liking to them, to be honest.

MURPHY: He would have been there, had it not been for what Ian Jones pulled last week...

Ian Jones

<The camera approaches a languid man perched on the plastic seats of a docile airport lounge. He's wearing a dark trench coat and a callous scarf covers the bottom of his face. His eyes are focused on the newspaper he is holding and his gristly bald head nods as he reads.>

CAMERAMAN: We've appeared to have found Ian Jones at O'Hare International Airport after his win on this past Wednesday Night Revival but we're unsure of his intentions. Lets go and find out what he's up to.

<The man signals the cameraman forward and they approach Ian.>

CAMERAMAN: Evening Ian, Alex de Rosa of cagesidescents.com I was just...

<Ian Jones peers up from his newspaper>

JONES: Oh great. You're here. Let me see you're going to ask just how scared I am of super Aron Scythe? Sigh. You reporters, you're all the same. However this time...this time you'll come in handy.

de ROSA: Erm...I was just willing if you'd respond to the allegations of you being classless and...

<Ian goes back to reading his newspaper.>

de ROSA: ...and tasteless and that you should have your Championship stripped after your actions this past Wednesday.

<Ian continues to read>

de ROSA: Anything?

<Alex seems to accept the fact that Jones is going to continue ignoring him when Ian finally puts his paper down and crosses his legs.>

JONES: You want to talk about class? Well let me tell you this. Aron Scythe's actions on Wednesday were classless and tasteless; hauling Charles Strickland over like he's a sack of potatoes. That's the real Aron Scythe and I finally exposed him. The man is rabid and he doesn't deserve to be in the same arena as me, let alone ring. It will be a disgrace if he ever touches this Championship belt. He's not a champion, he's a peasant, he's a commoner and I will put him in his place.

de ROSA: Strong claims. But how would you respond to...

JONES: Enough. I have business to attend to. Business that doesn't concern you. Write this down and tell all the squares, drooling over their computer screens waiting for news, this: I will have destroyed Aron Scythe before I even step in the ring with him.

<Ian picks up his things and calmly walks to the departure lounge. The airport PA system chirps: "Now boarding flight 379 to Tokyo, Japan at Gate 22, will all passengers...>

de ROSA: Surely not? Ian! Ian!

<Alex and the cameraman chase after Ian as he swiftly walks through security and enters the lounge for Gate 22/23. Gate 22 reads Tokyo, JPA while Gate 23 reads London, ENG.>

de ROSA: I can't see; Where is he going?!

<The cameraman falls as he's running and the camera strikes the ground causing the feed to become distorted.>

de ROSA: Why the hell is he...Oh crap - are you alright?

MURPHY: Now what does Ian Jones have up his sleeves?

WASHINGTON: I don't know, but you know, it's getting to the point where come on. This is wrestling. You got beef with someone, you settle it in the ring. If they have friends or partners, maybe you take them into account, but come on.

MURPHY: Well, it looks like Jones was going to Japan, so let's see if he's back to make an appearance on this Wednesday's WNR. If he isn't, Mr. Nice Guy will be the only true member of the British Empire.

Mr. Nice Guy

<The camera spots Mr. Nice Guy jumping rope in a gym. He sits down on a bench and takes three small sips from a water bottle.>

MR. NICE GUY: Next week I go up against Sirius Danger. I will be the first to admit that wrestling in the No Limits Division didn't come naturally to me. But I have grown into it and I have been at the top of the No Limits division for a while now and that will continue. I promise you that.

Going up against someone who is accustomed to these matches and would probably call No Limit matches his home will be tough but I have proved that my stock is rising constantly. Especially since my victory in a four way ladder match for my title. I have showed I will take on all comers and at Wednesday Night Revival the brightest young star and hottest commodity in this business will come out on top once again.

<MNG wipes his face down with a Union Jack towel as the camera fades to black.>

Damien Wolfe

<We open inside the office of Dr. D. Morgan, a noted expert in the field of anger and a specialist in the treatment thereof. Doctor Morgan is sat in a brown leather Chesterfield chair with his legs crossed and his hands resting on the arms of the chair. He's wearing grey pinstripe trousers and a white shirt, unbuttoned at the collar with the sleeves rolled up. Adorning the walls of his office are pictures of leading sportsmen, football players, basketball players, golfers, all smiling, shaking hands with Doctor Morgan.>

WOLFE: Happy customers?

MORGAN: All my patients leave me happy. Of course I'm normally bound by the doctor patient privilege, but some of my clients insist on being public with their gratitude.

WOLFE: I'm sure you don't protest too much, can't hurt the bank balance none.

MORGAN: Well, every little helps Mr. Wolfe.

WOLFE: Call me Damien.

<Wolfe is sat opposite from Doctor Morgan on a brown leather sofa, usually the patient would be lying down but Wolfe is sat upright, his gaze locked on the good doctor. Morgan puts his two hands together and smiles at Wolfe.>

MORGAN: Well Damien, before we work on a skill set for you to cope with the "problems" you've been having, I'd like to try to get to the root cause of all this, see if we can identify the triggers that have led to you being here today. So tell me Damien, how are you feeling now?

WOLFE: Frustrated. I've been suspended for two months now, with at least another month to go. Three months without a Damien Wolfe match? How am I supposed to show the world I'm the best if Damien Wolfe is not officially allowed in the ring?

MORGAN: This makes you angry.

WOLFE: Of course it makes me angry! By rights I should have been Charles Strickland's representative at Call To Arms, the world should know me as the Iron Man champion, but no, Damien Wolfe doesn't play well with others, so my suspension continued, courtesy of Jack Dobbs.

MORGAN: So instead of cooling off would you say your suspension has enraged you further?

WOLFE: Yes, I've had to sit on the sidelines, while men like John Brandenburg walk free. Did you hear what Brandenburg said about me last week?

MORGAN: I did not.

WOLFE: He said he was "prepared" for me. He said if I'd come back at Call To Arms I'd have taken another beating at his hands. Oh really John? Were you really prepared for me? I don't think you were John boy, it certainly didn't seem that way to me, I think your luck finally ran out, you got shown up and the world got to see John Brandenburg's natural place in the order, bottom of the pile, flat on your back, passed out.

<Doctor Morgan shifts in his chair as Wolfe has obviously started getting worked up.>

MORGAN: I sense a rage in you Damien.

WOLFE: A rage? I'm a professional wrestler, it's my job to keep a rage inside me. I'm sorry doctor but this whole thing is a joke, whoever heard of a wrestler needing anger management? I wouldn't be very good at my job if I was chilled out in the ring, a rage is a necessity in my line of work.

MORGAN: But maybe Damien the issue is that your rage follows you everywhere, even when you're not at work.

WOLFE: I'm always at work doctor, my mind never shuts down, I'm always visualizing, preparing, training, that's what it takes to be the best, and make no mistake, I am the best.

MORGAN: John Brandenburg might not agree.

<Wolfe bolts up from his chair and stands as if ready to fight.>

WOLFE: Are you trying to piss me off doctor? What kind of operation are you running here? Do you want to see first hand the rage that's inside? Will that make it easier for you to understand? Do you want to meet the Beast?

<Doctor Morgan holds his hands up trying to diffuse the situation.>

MORGAN: Damien, please, sit down.

WOLFE: Screw this, that's all we've got time for today doctor.

<With that Wolfe storms out of the office, kicking over a coffee table as he goes. Doctor Morgan lets out a loud sigh and furrows his brow as he watches Wolfe leave.>

WASHINGTON: Isn't that a little too private to air?

MURPHY: Well, as part of his suspension and rehabilitation, Damien Wolfe needs to demonstrate to the Revival Pro Wrestling community that he is not only going for anger management therapy, but that doing him some good.

WASHINGTON: I'm not sure whether or not what we just saw was progress, but it's one step closer for Wolfe, I guess. I can really feel for the kid- I can understand how frustrating it is to not be able to wrestle when you know full well that there's no reason for you not to be in the ring except for political bull.

MURPHY: Damien Wolfe has a medical condition that needs to be hammered out, and as we just saw, he's getting the treatment he needs. Hopefully, it can all be worked out before the issue becomes debilitating.

WASHINGTON: Whatever you say, then. Back when I was a kid, boys would be boys, and men were men. I'm no doctor, though- if being angry is a debilitating medical issue, who am I to argue?

The One Percent

<A large rectangular table dominates a large portion of the room, what seems like a conference room. There is indeed a conference going on, as the entire One Percent is sitting down at the meeting. Around the table are the members of the stable- Landon Jackson, Dominic Golden, "Ravishing" Ronnie Reynolds, Norville Titan, and Jafaar al-Sultan. Standing behind Norville Titan is Hyperion Rushmore, the giant crossing his arms and looking stern. Sitting on tables against the wall near and behind Ronnie Reynolds are Image Analyst Amy Evans, Super Agent Jackson Gerritt, Sports Psychologist Dr. Light, and Reynold's belt carrier valet. The men sitting at the table all have folders and papers in front of them on the table. Jafaar, who is sitting at the head of the table, stands up and presses a button on a remote control that is on the desk in front of him. A projector screen comes down from the ceiling and covers an entire wall. As the projector screen goes on, al-Sultan grabs a pointer, and the other people in the room pay attention to him. The first slide shows Malcolm "The Escape Artist" Valenzuela.

al-SULTAN: Malcolm Valenzuela. "The Escape Artist". A technical wrestler, who excels in grappling and submission moves. He is extremely agile, and adept at reversing grapples and holds, as well as escaping from them completely, hence the nickname. His finisher is the "Mexican Torture Device", a mat submission maneuver involving the arm and legs. Any questions?

<al-Sultan looks around at the other members of his stable, and seeing that nobody in the room say anything, he moves on to the next slide. El Omega 23 appears on the projector screen.>

al-SULTAN: El Omega 23. A brawler. He is extremely tough and durable, and is all-around technically sound. His finisher is the 'Omega Cutter', a fireman's carry cutter that is sometimes a torture rack transitioned into a cutter.

<The projector screen changes and The Amazonian Invasion appear on the screen.>

al-SULTAN: The Amazonian Invasion, Gustavo Gusmao and Espirito do Animal. Gustavo, “The Great Gorilla”, is a powerhouse, who excels in suplexes. Espirito do Animal is a high flyer whose style seems to change from match to match, and even during matches- it’s always somehow based on an animal found in the Amazon, though.

<The projector screen changes and Diego San Martin appears on the screen.>

al-SULTAN: And, finally, Diego San Martin, the “Alpha Brain”. He is the glue that holds things together. The straw that stirs the pot. The nerve center of the so-called ‘Latin American Wrecking Crew’.

<al-Sultan snaps, and looks at the camera. The cameraman looks to his sides, and two large Black men dressed in suits- security detail- come up to either side.>

al-SULTAN: Escort him outside. He saw enough to let everyone else know that the One Percent knows all about our opponents, their strengths and their weaknesses. We’re preparing, taking into account every possible situation, every possible outcome, and will have prepared every possible contingency. You may be the “Alpha Brain”, San Martin, but you don’t have the resources or acumen that I have.

GOLDEN: Your pawns certainly don’t have the combined skill and ability that the One Percent has.

al-SULTAN: After we’re done with you and your boys, you’ll know not to interfere in matters that don’t pertain to you.

<The security personnel escort the cameraman outside of the conference room, and close the doors behind them.>

MURPHY: It certainly seems like the One Percent are preparing for war.

WASHINGTON: Well, Diego San Martin said as much the other week, that he was ‘declaring war’ on the 1%. Now we’ll see if the move was prudent, or if San Martin is going to wish he hadn’t.

MURPHY: I wonder how this will impact things .Take a look:

???

<CCTV camera footage in the basement of a building. The place is extremely deserted, and it’s almost entirely quiet. The videos switches between clips from the different cameras. It stops on one camera where the sound of a car is heard. The camera zooms in and out, and pans around the room. A car pulls in and stops directly in the line of the camera. After a couple of seconds, a man in a trench coat gets out of the driver's seat, but the man's face cannot be seen. He opens the back of the car, and a few muffled sounds can be heard from inside the car. The man looks at whatever it is that is inside his car, and takes a few steps back. He takes a phone out, dials a number and speaks after a few seconds>

ENIGMA: Ronnie, you're gonna love this!

<He throws the phone away and smashes it. He walks back to the car and as he reaches into it, the video starts getting disturbed. The audio feed is disrupted with the loud sound of static, and after a few seconds, the video feed glitches out.>

WASHINGTON: Enigma toying with Ronnie Reynolds continues.

MURPHY: Will we ever learn the point of contention between these two?

WASHINGTON: I have no clue, but I hope that the lady that Super Agent Jackson Gerritt sent to tail Enigma is all right. We know absolutely nothing about this guy, so who knows what he is capable of.

MURPHY: Well, ladies and gentlemen, that's all the time we have for tonight. Make sure to check out next week's episode of Wednesday Night Revival. Oh behalf of Benjamin Washington, and everyone else here at Revival Pro Wrestling, I'm Harold Murphy, and have a good night!