



THE DIRT SHEET #21 – 08/01/12

MURPHY: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Dirt Sheet on this, the first day of August, 2012! I'm Harold Murphy, this is Benjamin Washington, and we have a great show tonight.

WASHINGTON: As you know, the Ironman Championship is defended every night. With Halfus Lykarn's suspension last week, he will be unable to defend the championship next week, and as a result, has been stripped of the title. To determine a new Ironman Champion, as per the Revival Pro Wrestling boardroom, there will be an eight-man tournament that will culminate in a Fatal Four-Way match.

MURPHY: The match-ups are intriguing, to say the least. Jafaar al-Sultan will be taking on El Omega 23, John Brandenburg will be facing Alex Monroe, Emerson Favreau and Hakai Dragon will go one-on-one, and Enigma and Ronnie Reynolds will square off once more.

WASHINGTON: And, that's not even covering the biggest event of the night: The RPW Heavyweight Championship will be defended as Douglas Gallagher, who won the right to be considered Number One Contender, takes on champion Ian Jones. Before we hear from our Ironman Tournament competitors, let's see what the Heavyweight Champion and his challenger had to say.

Ian Jones

<The scene begins outside the arena in Danville, IL as Ian Jones is shown walking out with the RPW Heavyweight Championship draped over his shoulder. Brandy Swinson approaches him.>

BRANDY: Evening Ian, are your concerns growing about whether or not you'll actually be able to defend your title in your home nation?

<Ian Jones looks perplexed.>

JONES: No, to be quite frank with you.

<Jones takes a moment to think, before shaking his head.>

JONES: No.

BRANDY: How do you come to such a conclusion?

JONES: Everything has fallen perfectly into place, Brandy. I will be RPW's Heavyweight Champion come next week and for as long as I'm bloody breathing.

BRANDY: How do you respond to Gallgher's claims of you "disgracing his nation"?

JONES: It shows true patriotism.

BRANDY: Are you not offended?

JONES: I love patriotism.

<Ian walks off slowly not even acknowledging the presence of a pocket of fans clambering for his autograph. He leaves Brandy confused yet intrigued.>

MURPHY: The champion seems very confident.

WASHINGTON: Jones needs to be careful. There is a very fine line between confidence and underestimating your opponent. I don't want to say that Jones is underestimating Gallagher, because, being British and all, he must be familiar with his work in England, as well as in RPW. But, he doesn't seem concerned at all, and Douglas Gallagher is a guy that you really can't brush off as an automatic victory.

MURPHY: And, the challenger's retort...

Douglas Gallagher

<We start with a first person view walking down a flight of stairs, that appear to be heading into a basement.>

<The camera captures a big heavy bag hanging, the walls are filled with posters of Liverpool FC players and Old School British Wrestlers. A bunch of VHS tapes are scattered on the floor, the camera turns to reveal a TV screen. We zoom in to see what's playing. It's an old World of Sports tape, Big Daddy hits a big splash on Fit Finlay and earns a pin. The camera cuts back to Douglas Gallagher who's watching the screen and taking notes. Gallagher turns slightly to address the camera man, and he gives him a nod.>

GALLAGHER: Welcome to mum's basement...

<A faint smile appears in the face of Gallagher before he continues.>

GALLAGHER: Do you want to know what I'm doing? I'm researching, next week I 'ave the biggest match of my career, I get to go one on one with Ian Jones with the

RPW Heavyweight title in the line. And it's not just any match, it's under Admiral-Lord Mountevans Rules. Two falls to a finish, six five-minute rounds. The match immediately ends in the event of knockout or a disqualification. A disqualification will come after the third public warning from the referee, a knockout will be declared after a ten count either on the outside or the mat, the referee can also declare a participant not fitting to continue...that's also cause for a knockout finish.

<Douglas Gallagher stands up and gets all serious.>

GALLAGHER: Ian Jones, you 'ave been a complete disgrace to the entire United Kingdom since the first time you stepped foot in RPW. Next week I'll bring back glory to the name of our country and will finally give RPW a Heavyweight Champion they can be proud of.

MURPHY: Very stark difference between the challenger and the champion.

WASHINGTON: Well, let's not do what we were just accusing Jones of- you can't underestimate Ian Jones, either. He is the Revival Pro Wrestling Heavyweight Champion, and the longest title holder on the RPW roster.

MURPHY: These rules, these "Admiral-Lord Mountevans Rules", are you familiar with them?

WASHINGTON: I never wrestled using them, if that's what you're getting at. And, to the best of my knowledge, neither has Ian Jones. I don't know about Douglas Gallagher, but he is doing his homework at the very least, so I wonder how the match format will have an impact- if any- on the two participants.

MURPHY: I can't tell you, but I can tell you that this main event is going to be a doozy. Now, let's hear from our Ironman Championship tournament entrants.

Alex Monroe

<The camera opens in a gym. The gym is painted blue, and have various top of the line training machines as well as various punching bags, speed bags, etc. There is a man in the center of the room is a large mat, where two men are on the ground, grappling. We see a blue tipped faux hawk peek out from the fray before Alex Monroe locks in a cross arm breaker on his foe, who has no choice but to tap. Alex shakes hands with his sparring partner before grabbing a towel and a drink. He approaches the camera as he simultaneously drinks and wipes sweat from his brow. He takes a second to catch his breath before beginning to speak.>

MONROE: Welcome to my personal gym. This is where I come when I'm not travelling to hone my skills with my training team, Team Monroe. As for last Wednesday, needless to say, I'm pretty pleased with how things turned out. I came out with a win, I taught a rookie a lesson, and Josham was only a slight pain in my side. But next week is going to be perhaps the biggest obstacle I've come upon.

A tournament. A tournament with eight of RPW's biggest stars to determine the new RPW Ironman Champion. It seems like Halfus Lykarn got himself suspended because of his actions, and now we have ourselves a vacant belt. And eight hungry young stars ready to take what they believe is theirs. And while I'm not sure how this whole thing is going to turn out, what I do know is that my first, and perhaps biggest obstacle, is my first round opponent.

<Alex puts on a look of intensity, as well he should considering who's he going to talk about.>

MONROE: John "The Brand" Brandenburg. A man who's cut from the same cloth as I am. A man who values respect for competition, for his opponents. A man who commits himself as much to training as much as I do. A man who I am excited to face one on one for the first time in my career.

This week, John, I've been training specifically in countering submissions. I'm watching videos and picking apart every single move you have. I know there's no sparring partner that can add up to the former Ironman Champion himself, but I think I have quite the sound strategy. It should be a tremendous contest. Emphasis on the word should.

You see, we've both come upon our own problems in the past few weeks. As we all know, the now former Ironman Champion, Halfus Lykarn, basically screwed you out of your rematch for the Ironman Title, while Brett Bannion with the help of one Matt Josham, screwed me out of a shot of my own. We're both dealing with guys who need to be taught lessons in respect. And I have an idea. I'm pretty sure you'll like it.

Let's you and me, two of the most technically sound, respectful competitors in RPW, put on a five star match. And at the end of the match... let's shake hands. Win or lose. Let's demonstrate to these guys exactly how wrestling should be, a competition, where the best man wins, and at the end of the night, both men acknowledge each other's ability. No dirty tricks, no taking advantage of rules. The winner advances and comes one step closer to gold. Gold that would be my first, and gold that you believe should still be yours.

<Alex's demeanor turns from focused seriousness, to a more irritated one.>

MONROE: I've even heard through the grapevine that Matt Josham got Brett Bannion a guest commentary spot for our match, so I look forward to showing "The Chief" to his face exactly what I'm made of. He's been bragging to anybody who'll listen that he plans on costing me the match, too. Let me just say, to you right now, "Chief," I won't let that happen.

<His usual intensity then returns as he's finished dealing with his greatest annoyance.>

MONROE: As for you, John, quite an interesting night shaping up for you and me, don't you think? But mark my words... I know you've made it clear that you won't be stopped, but if you think I will be stopped from capturing the Ironman Title either, you're sorely, sorely mistaken.

<Monroe smiles as the camera fades away.>

John Brandenburg

<RPW cameras catch John Brandenburg sitting in his office, watching his computer screen. When the cameras move into the room, they catch the audio of what appears to be official RPW tape. The voice of Harold Murphy can be heard through the laptop's speakers.>

MURPHY: *This is ridiculous, the match is over, why is Lykarn continuing to assault our former Ironman Champion?*

WASHINGTON: *He's sending a message, Murph. A message that no one in the back is capable of what he is capable of. This new Ironman Champ Halfus Lykarn is a scary individual.*

MURPHY: *But these actions are uncalled for, message or not. Somebody get some help-*

The crowd furiously boos Lykarn's actions, but then suddenly the lights go out. A few seconds pass before Blackened by Metallica hits and a lone spotlight appears on the ramp. The crowd changes from boos to cheers as they anticipate John Brandenburg's appearance! But a few more second pass and he is nowhere to be found. In the ring, Lykarn can be seen releasing the hold and standing up, looking at the ramp, waiting for Brandenburg to appear.

Suddenly, the lights turn back on, and Brandenburg is suddenly behind Lykarn and holding a STEEL CHAIR! Brand has the chair cocked and ready to swing as Lykarn turns to his left and right, still confused. He turns around and meets a mighty swing of the chair from Brand head-on!

Brand stops the chair just inches away from Lykarn. Lykarn lurches back in reaction to the chair, but stands back up straight when he sees it stop. Brand tosses the chair to his side and shakes his head. The two men get in each other's grills, Lykarn's mask hiding his expression while Brand has a snarl and continues to shake his head. "No, not this time," the microphone picks up Brand saying as he points to Lykarn's RPW Ironman Championship.

<RPW cameras zoom back out as Brand turns around in his office chair to face the camera.>

BRANDENBURG: **Last week, I was hurt, probably a little too hurt to compete, but that wouldn't have stopped me. If I got what was rightfully mine, a TRUE rematch with Lykarn for the RPW Ironman Championship, I would have gone at it, bum shoulder and all. Instead, I got passed over for a shot at the RPW Heavyweight Championship for Jafaar Al-Sultan, who I have beaten in the ring as many times as he has given \$50 bills away on his way to the ring.**

<Brandenburg points to the laptop screen.>

BRANDENBURG: **But that, that was me coming through with my promises. My promise to make Halfus Lykarn's life a living hell. As soon as he stepped out, I was already examining, waiting for an opportunity to pounce. And when he wouldn't let the choke hold free on Hakai Dragon, I found it the right time to catch him off guard.**

<Brandenburg smiles and shakes his head slowly.>

BRANDENBURG: But a chair shot to the head on a sneak attack? That's not my way. That is, however, a threat! A threat that I will always be ready to take you down, Lykarn, inside the ring AND out! A threat that there isn't a safe time for you when you step into that ring. I don't want to have to take you down like that, it's not my style. What I want is for you to WANT me to take you down, in the ring, for that Ironman Championship!

<Brandenburg sighs and gets up from his chair. He starts walking down an empty hallway at the Black Knight Gym.>

BRANDENBURG: But it appears Lykarn himself has gotten the best of himself. Rather than me getting in his head, he got in the head of the commissioner, and Commissioner Biggs suspended him and vacated the title. Next week, I'll be in a tournament to decide who will become the new RPW Ironman Champion, and my goal is simple: hold that belt once again, be a two-time RPW Ironman Champion, and most importantly, request my first match as champ. Since Lykarn was stripped of the belt, he never got a fair rematch for the championship, but don't worry Halfus, I'd be GLAD to give you a PERSONAL LESSON in the ring, one-on-one, as it always should have been, for the Ironman Championship. So Wednesday Night Revival, August 8th, live in Philadelphia, PA, I vow to once again become the Ironman Champion. And when I do, Halfus, and when you come back from your suspension, my issues with you will be solved. Not by sneak attacks. Not by chairs. But in the ring, for the prestigious Ironman Championship!

Hakai Dragon

<Setting is the Liberty Bell Center. The podium is set up directly beside the Liberty bell itself. There is a Japanese flag and an American flag on the stand. Behind the podium is a monitor that starts playing as the cameras turn on. The video is black with just a voice>

HAKAI: You people. You sheep. You're missing the point. History. This bell directly in front of you. American history on display, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. But for what? Why does the bell stand? What does it stand for? The Dragon will tell you this about your beloved bell. The crack in it is representative of the Revival Professional Wrestling. This organization used to be whole. It used to stand for something. It had meaning, history, relevance. Do you people understand history? Or just take it for granted?

<Voice cuts out and the screen flickers to life. First, video of the horrific Tsunami that wiped out Hakai's family is shown. Children and families crying on roof tops. Despair and desperation on the faces of thousands who lost everything are flashed across the screen. Abruptly the video shifts to the aftermath. Entire spaces of emptiness where buildings once stood. Nothing where once there was something. The video shifts back to black.>

HAKAI: History. In the past, you have seen vulnerability and weakness from the Dragon. I am human. I can be beaten. But you know what, just like you people, I will forget that history. Unlike you people, I WILL LEARN FROM IT. There is a tournament this week on WNR. It's for MY belt. The title that proves I am and always have been the IRON Dragon. You've seen me at my weakest. Tapping out to a lunatic with no self-control. Don't judge me on that. You would tap out too if you were in my shoes. The trick is, how do I learn from

it, keep it from happening again? I took Halfus for granted. I thought I could walk back into the ring without watching tape.

Reviewing history. Learning from the past. I promise you this. I have scouted my competition this time. I will not be like your bell here. I will not be forgotten. I will not be taken for granted.

<Video cuts to present day scenes of the Sendai area. Buildings are rebuilt, stronger than ever. Families are shown with smiles on their faces. The video cuts to a mantle where the original Iron Man title sits.>

HAKAI: This belt belongs to me. I will fix the wrongs of my past. I will make you remember why I was called the IRON DRAGON. You people all thought you were going to get a typical Hakai press conference today. Well, those days are over. You took me for granted. You expected me to be perfect. I am Hakai Dragon. I am the original Iron Man. Get used to the concept of that belt around my waist. There is nothing I will not do to bring legitimacy back to this federation. It starts... NOW.

<Video cuts out as the reporters are left to look at each other with utter confusion on their faces.>

Enigma

<A montage of clips of Enigma in training. The date stamps on each of the clips are different>

20 December 2008

<Enigma is shown lifting weights in a personal gym. A man in a trench coat is next to him, keeping count.>

10 August 2009

<Enigma is in the ring against another trainee. The man in the trench coat is standing ringside, shouting instructions. Enigma takes his opponent through a table with a corkscrew neckbreaker and gets the three count.>

19 July 2010

<Again a clip of Enigma in the ring, his opponent is outside. He goes for a springboard senton, but he misses and crashes to the ground awkwardly. He looks to be in serious pain, and his opponent starts screaming for medics. The man in the coat checks on him, but also starts screaming at him for the recklessness of the move. The medics come in and take him out on a stretcher.>

07 November 2010

<Enigma is in a hospital room, and his shoulder and back are fully bandaged. He's seen excitedly watching wrestling matches on his TV.>

28 May 2011

<The highlight reel of a match first shows all the other trainees in the gym giving a warm welcome to Enigma, as he makes his way into the ring for his first match after the injury. Various clips from the match plays. Enigma is shown to be on the offense most of the time - he ducks under a clothesline and hits a jumping neckbreaker slam, hits a superkick when his opponent was on the apron, and hits a corkscrew neckbreaker off the top rope. He starts punching his fists, waiting for his opponent to get back up. As he's back on his feet, Enigma charges at him, but his opponent tosses him over his head. But Enigma manages to land on his feet, and as his opponent turns, hits a handstand roundhouse kick that sends his opponent rolling out of the ring. Enigma points his fingers to the sky and goes for a springboard senton again, and this one connects perfectly. He is all psyched up on hitting it perfectly. The man in the coat walks over and pats him on the back. Enigma nods in acknowledgement, picks his opponent up and rolls him back into the ring. He climbs up on the top rope, points to the sky and hits a double moonsault that gets the pin. Enigma helps his opponent up, and then climbs the turnbuckle to celebrate.>

<The video stays blank for a couple of seconds. Then, Wretches & Kings plays in the background, and clips play, where the One Percent attacks get interrupted by Enigma's cryptic promo videos. It leads up to a highlight reel of Enigma's first appearance during RPW Call to Arms, his debut match against the team of Rushmore & Reynolds, and his singles debut against Rushmore. Then the video feed starts getting disturbed, and then the video snaps out to black. The sound of static disturbs the audio feed, and after a couple of seconds, the video snaps back in to the image of the dark room lit by a light blue haze. Enigma is in front of the camera.>

ENIGMA: Years of hard work Years of perseverance. Years of dedication. All the moments of pain. All of it culminates to this moment, the moment of a lifetime- A shot at the Championship. I am gonna walk in to that Ironman Championship tournament determined to prove my worth, determined to achieve my goal, determined to attain my destiny. It'll be the day I prove that I truly am a step above the rest. I am gonna walk in as a contender and walk out as a Champion.

Being a true Iron man isn't just about the body. It's about the body and the mind. A true champion should have control over his emotions, and he should know that the place to vent it out is in the ring. Yet somehow, the title went into the hands of the undeserving. But not anymore. Halfus Lykarn, your mistake is my gain. I will take the opportunity. And prove what a real champ is made of.

When I heard about the tournament, I knew one thing for sure. There's no more mind games. There's no more running away. Ronnie Reynolds, this is the moment. There's no getting away from this. It's finally you and me in the ring, face-to-face. And you will finally get the thrashing that you always deserved. Your huge staff is not going to save you here. It is time, Ronnie: It's time to face the mystery. It's time to face the phenomenon of the Enigma.

The other three match-ups pit a former Ironman Champion against a person who thinks they deserve the title. But who wins there is not something that's gonna intimidate me. I am gonna kick Ronnie Reynolds' ass and walk into the fatal four-way. And I will beat the other three who walk into that match with me. I don't care if its the Oil dude or if its Mr. 'Too-low-profile' or anyone for that matter. On 08/08, I will prove that I am the best of the 8 and

I will prove to everyone in the RPW, beyond any doubt, that I am the true, deserving Ironman Champion...

<The video glitches out.>

Ronnie Reynolds

<The footage opens up in what seems to be a run of the mill office cubicle. Sitting behind the desk is none other than Matt Josham. He is sitting back on a rolling chair, holding a CD in his hands. He looks to the camera and leans forward, inserting the CD into the desktop computer in front of him.>

JOSHAM: RPW's premier journalist Matt Josham here. I have some exclusive footage here, that you'll see in a minute. How did I obtain it? Like other premier journalists, I'll never divulge my paid sources. What you're going to see here is...very interesting.

<The CD boots up, and the camera focuses on the scene unfolding on the monitor. It is grainy, black-and-white footage of what seems to be the large, opulent locker room of the One Percent. Jafaar al-Sultan is sitting on a bench near his locker, in the process of changing out of his wrestling gear and into his civilian clothes. Standing around him are Super Agent Jackson Gerritt, Image Analyst Amy Evans, Sports Psychologist Dr. Light, and "Ravishing" Ronnie Reynolds himself. By the angle of the camera, it seems to be planted in an air duct.>

EVANS: -necessarily. And, in any case, it just doesn't look good!

LIGHT: Studies show that a single, solitary failure can cause a person to lose up to 45% of their confidence. Walters, University of Chicago, 1997.

<Jafaar al-Sultan has an exasperated look on his face, and it seems that this conversation-border-argument has been going on for some time now.>

al-SULTAN: Ronnie, think of it like this- Remember 2007 and 2008, when Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama were campaigning against each other?

GERRITT: Of course Ronnie remembers when Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama were campaigning against each other!

<al-Sultan rolls his eyes, but continues.>

al-SULTAN: How they really didn't like each other, but when Obama got the nomination, Hillary Clinton campaigned on his behalf?

REYNOLDS: Yeah? And?

al-SULTAN: Well, what is she doing right now?

REYNOLDS: I don't know...

al-SULTAN: She is currently serving as Secretary of State, my good man.

EVANS: What does that have to do with anything?

LIGHT: Indeed. According to research done by the University of Phoenix, five times out of ten, an individual changes the subject as a way to avoid the subject matter.

al-SULTAN: Don't you see? When you have friends in high places, you get kickbacks. Greatness attracts and compliments greatness. Do you think it is a coincidence that Clinton helped out Obama, and when he got elected president, she got rewarded? Do you think it is a coincidence that Ian Jones is the RPW Heavyweight Champion, and that Mr. Nice Guy and Halfus Lykarn have RPW's other two championship belts? Greatness attracts and compliments greatness. If I became RPW Heavyweight Champion, yourself and the rest of the One Percent would be in better positions. That's why I did what I did last week.

And, with your run in with Enigma, are you really one to point fingers about abandoning the team and the match?

<Reynolds, Gerritt, Evans, and Light all look at each other.>

LIGHT: That was a different situation. "Cloture is a primal, basic instinct. If a person performs routine tasks while having unfinished business of an important nature, the average person exerts 25% more effort to do those tasks and is 25% less effective at them." Professor Emeritus Stanislaw Kovlovski, University of Poland.

EVANS: Exactly. That was clearly a different situation.

al-SULTAN: Fine, but that doesn't change the truth to my first statement. If I was Heavyweight Champion, we'd all be in better positions. And, if I regain the Ironman Championship next week, the same.

<Ronnie Reynolds, Jackson Gerritt, Amy Evans and Dr. Light all look at each other tentatively.>

REYNOLDS: Alright, Jafaar, alright. I'll keep all that in mind. Come on, guys, let's go.

<Reynolds and his posse all walk off camera, presumably out of the locker room. al-Sultan shakes his head when the door can be heard closing, and goes back to changing, which prompts the camera footage to end.>

<Matt Josham can be seen again.>

JOSHAM: Interesting stuff...

Diego San Martin

<The shot starts out outside DSM's office, the door is halfway open and the camera man knocks on the door to no response, he slowly pushes it opens and walks in. Diego San Martin is alone in his office, he sitting down with headphones on and going through some paperwork, he notices the

camera rolling and he seems surprised. He immediately takes the headphones off and looks at his silver watch.>

SAN MARTIN: Sorry, I lost track of time...I'm telling you, all of this RPW stuff has me behind in my personal biz...

CAMERAMAN: Sorry to hear that.

SAN MARTIN: Don't worry, it will all be worth when my man El Omega becomes the new RPW Ironman Champion. And we get to take care of that punk al-Sultan as well, you all saw the L.A.W.C wreck the 1% last week on WNR, what do you think it's going to happen when El Omega goes one on one with Sultan? Same result, we are going to be victorious and then at the Fatal Fourway nobody will stop us, Brandenburg won't stop us, Dragon won't stop us and the man to stop us definitely won't be Enigma.

Because when we are rolling with momentum there's nobody in RPW, nobody in the world able to stop us, and Sultan will just prove to be a trampoline to our first championship, just wait and see...

CAMERAMAN: I'll be looking forward to your performance next week...

SAN MARTIN: Before you go, send my best regards to Landon Jackson in the hospital.

<San Martin flashes a golden smile for the camera before the feed goes off>

Jafaar al-Sultan

<Jafaar al-Sultan is in his lockerroom, in his civilian clothes. He closes his locker, and Dom Golden suddenly appears. The angle of the camera was hiding his presence in the room.>

al-SULTAN: Did you get in touch with him?

GOLDEN: Yeah, both of them, actually.

al-SULTAN: Ah, excellent. And their responses?

GOLDEN: Non-committal right now.

<al-Sultan turns around and looks at Golden with a quizzical look.>

GOLDEN: One wanted to know why it'd be in his best interests to agree to the proposal, and the other...Well, he didn't seem to take us seriously.

al-SULTAN: He didn't take us seriously? He didn't take a former Ironman Champion and his message seriously?

GOLDEN: Well, no, I don't think it was a lack of respect or anything like that. He seemed preoccupied.

<The Saudi billionaire arches an eyebrow.>

GOLDEN: With a woman...

<al-Sultan seems to understand.>

al-SULTAN: Ah, well, that makes sense, then. On that note, how about we go celebrate? Things seem to all be going according to plan- more or less, of course. I took the Ferrari to get here, so it's upstairs in the parking garage. A night on the town, because next week, we will start pushing our plan into motion...

WASHINGTON: You'll notice, one of the competitors are missing. Emerson Favreau didn't submit a video entry to the Dirt Sheet, as per the normal guidelines that (sigh) every other wrestler here does week in and week out. We got in touch with him-

MURPHY: One of his agents. Or, something.

WASHINGTON: Right, one of his people. Anyway, they directed us to EmersonFavreau.com, where Emerson himself recorded some exclusive content that addressed his upcoming match. I had to join, so I did, and then...I found out you need to be a premium member to access gold level content.

MURPHY: Our supervisors didn't consider that a 'business related expenditure', so that's that.

WASHINGTON: You know what the worst part is? I am constantly getting spam from his website in my e-mail inbox now. It's getting so bad that I might have to change my e-mail, erase my cookies, or whatever.

MURPHY: The problems of our digital age, Ben.

WASHINGTON: But, where does this kid get the gall to pull that? Here he is, in his second week of being in RPW, and he is inserted into a tournament for one of the major titles of a world-renown organization like this one. You know where I was in my second match? Getting the crap beaten out of me by some fat ass has-been that I know I was better than, but knew that I needed to assuage his ego and suck up to, because apparently his titles, cars, houses, and fit wife with fake tits bigger than my head apparently didn't do the trick. I think I'm rambling now...

MURPHY: Well, Ben, how about that huge six-man tag team match that is scheduled?

WASHINGTON: Right, right. The team of Taiga, Brett Bannion and Sirius Danger will be taking on Ryan Mercy, Leonard Knox and Kirk Cobain. Let's roll some of the promo footage from a few of the competitors.

Taiga

<Within Taiga's mansion, the cameraman slowly makes his way up the stairs and in front of a magnificent gold door with a tiger head mounted on it with an arrow sign bearing the resemblance of a human arm pointing into the mouth of the tiger. The cameraman, wary of possible surprises behind the door, carefully inserts his arm inside the tiger mouth, opening the door.>

TAIGA: Come in, come in

<The cameraman slowly makes his way inside Taiga's royal master bedroom, decorated in red and gold akin to Peles Castle in Romania. Taiga in an upright position on his bed, without a shirt and relaxing his back on a pillow, has his arms behind his head and with the cover of his bed covering his body from the waist down. An enormous cabinet is situated directly in front of him on the opposite end of the room. Taiga gestures towards the edge of bed for the cameraman to sit but the cameraman shake his head.>

TAIGA: I don't bite.

<A huge grin stretching from ear to ear is on the face of Taiga.>

TAIGA: That Monroe kid is pretty decent. You know...that blindside knee was a nice wake up call. You know what's an even better as a wakeup call? The month of August, oh yes, oh yes. In particular, Beth Williams...

<A Caucasian female with dirty blonde hair, smiling, appears to the left of Taiga from under the cover>

TAIGA: Iryna Ivanova...

<As Taiga begins rattling off more names (Francesca Frigo, Kristina Shannon, Kayla Collins, and Tamara Sky), more females emerge from out under the sheets on both sides of Taiga, 6 in total all playboy playmates for the month of August>

TAIGA: Mhmm, mhmm, mhmm, the wonders of August. Gotta break me off a piece of white chocolate with caramel to cheer myself up

<Taiga begins to guffaw and bellows "Oh Taiga, you slay me">

TAIGA: You do know, chocolate is scientifically proven to make you happy right? Especially after my pops and RPW commentator Benjamin, yeah we're on a first name basis, exclaimed his love for me in his own unique way. Also when you have your way with a former champion of my soon to be belt in the form of Alex Monroe. Hell, even managing to subdue him and get his shoulders down on the mat four a count of four. Uh huh, you heard that right.

<Taiga removes the pillow he was resting on from behind the back to grab the remote that was hidden underneath it and pushes one of its buttons commanding a 72-inch LG LED TV to descend from inside the cabinet and rest in the middle of the cabinet. A replay Thursday's match is being streamed and shows Taiga pinning Monroe down for a count of two and later blackens out and reappears with Taiga pinning Monroe for another count of two in a different location>

<Taiga begins counting off to four>

TAIGA: Not one, not two, not three, but four. You gotta love having a full time jive turkey and mouth breather referring your match. Shake. My. Head. After watching, you might have realized two things. One, the different camera angles capturing perfection in the form of Taiga. And two, *screw job*. Probably the only type of job I hate the receive, heh. But we as humans must remember that unlike myself-- you are all not perfect and will tend to make mistakes no matter how big they might be. Forgive, forget, and move on.

<A waitress enters the room and gestures for the playmates to leave the room as she sets up what appears to be a three course meal in three gold platters with covers. Taiga removes the covers from all platters revealing a folded piece of paper on each of the platters with the names "Ryan Mercy", "Leonard Knox" and "Kirk Cobain." Taiga closes his eyelids and clasps his hands together>

TAIGA: Time to prey.

<The camera stops rolling>

Aron Scythe

<We fade in to see Tomoe Ami wearing a white blouse and a brown skirt as she is talking on the telephone. A somewhat uneasy look on her face.>

TOMOE: *Moshi-Moshi? Pa-pa?!*

<Her eyes widen for a moment before her jaw drops. The girl letting out a somewhat startled gasp.>

TOMOE: *Hai!*

TOMOE: *Hai...*

<She gestures wildly with her hands for a moment even though whoever she's talking to can't see her.>

TOMOE: *Watashi ga shitte iru hai...*

TOMOE: *Ie shimasenmasen!*

<She pauses for a moment letting out an exasperated sigh.>

TOMOE: (SIGH) *Hai...*

TOMOE: *Watashi wa kanojo o aishite mama ni shiraseru.*

<She frowns for a moment and shakes her head as she looks around the room. The camera pans around to see Aron Scythe standing in a T-shirt featuring the logo from his new movie “Carnation” on it and a pair of blue jeans. He lowers his head for a moment.>

ARON: Was that who I thought it was...

TOMOE: Yes.

ARON: And how is he?

TOMOE: Furious that Ian Jones would hire an actor to play him. So furious he wanted to send my brothers over. I told him not to. But it’s almost funny, he was more furious that they hired an actor with a Mandarin accent.

ARON: In a weird way I’m glad his Xenophobia doesn’t just extend to Americans romantically involved with his daughter.

TOMOE: Aron be serious for a moment. I know ever since you started in this promotion you’ve been nothing but professional. Between the “bomb hoax” and that video Ian Jones has gone too far.

ARON: He’s full of hot air...

TOMOE: But what if he isn’t? If he actually goes after someone you care about it’ll be like the boy who cried wolf. Only... he’s the wolf and he figured out how to cry for himself so uh... you know what I mean!

ARON: I... I know. No one in this business should have to worry about their personal life. About their family. I... I... talked to Brandeis. And I know what I have to do. I can’t be at revival but... there’s something I can show them. Something I never wanted the world to see.

TOMOE: Aron, relax. You’re new movie isn’t *that* bad.

ARON: I was talking about Inhumane 2000...

TOMOE: Inhumane 2000... You can’t be serious. You almost quit after that night.

ARON: I am... soon Ian Jones is going to know what happens when people threaten people I care about.

<The usually lighthearted Aron lowers his head for a moment and slowly walks away from his wife as Tomoe looks on in disbelief.>

Kirk Cobain

COBAIN: So, what? Wait. A promo is normally where you, like, get a camera pointed at you and you totally read off the cue cards behind the camera?

<Kirk Cobain, hair tied back with a bandana covered in tiny guitars, is talking to someone just out of shot.>

COBAIN: Really? Sometimes there aren't any cue cards? I dunno, dude. I'm, like, not the most talkative person.

<Kirk scratches at the light blonde stubble on his jaw and looks thoughtful. He nods in agreement with the muffled voice that's talking to him. In the background, a pair of RPW staffers struggle with a forty-foot ladder.>

COBAIN: Alright, Mr. Murphy. If you think I can do this.

<Kirk turns square on to the camera and pulls a few funny faces before smoothing himself over and clearing his throat.>

COBAIN: What up RPW? It's the Generation X-Factor, Kirk Cobain, and I gotta lot I gotta get offa my chest right here right now.

<Distracted, Kirk turns back to face the man stood off camera and mouths 'Was that OK?' before giving a thumbs up and turning back to continue his promo.>

COBAIN: Leonard Knox. We settled our differences. Yeah it didn't go down the way I wanted it to, but if you even think that I sent you flying into Brandy on purpose, well then this ain't over, you can bet your fish and chips it ain't. Brandy and I go way back, and after what you did to her, and how you tried to blame me for it, well you can bet your fish and chips that I'll finish anything you start. That's not a threat by the way. It's a statement of fact.

<Kirk turns again and shrugs his shoulders.>

COBAIN: I dunno man. Fish and chips was the first thing that came to mind. I suppose I coulda said something about the Queen?

<Slowly, behind Kirk, the giant ladder moves back through the camera shot.>

COBAIN: And as for you Sirius Danger, not even the Queen of England could keep me from you. You were lucky that Mister Nice Guy was there because my manners are so poor, that not even the Queen of England could make me be a Nice Guy where you're concerned.

<The muffled voice sags, as if defeated by the attempt to get Kirk Cobain to cut a traditional promo.>

COBAIN: Oh yeah and Craft twins? Aron Scythe? Keep up the good work dudes. I'll get a mixtape to you next time I see ya in the locker room.

<Kirk pulls his bandana away and lets his hair swing freely in his face, playing air guitar and nodding slowly to a tune that only he can hear as the camera fades to black...>

MURPHY: That tag-team match is going to be something. And, even though they're not scheduled, the rest of the British Empire is doing what they do best:

Sir Charles Strickland

<We see Sir Charles Strickland exiting a room, he looks pissed off as he slams the door shut, the door reads "RPW COMMISSIONER". Outside, Halfus Lykarn is leaning against a wall seemingly waiting for his boss.>

STRICKLAND: No luck, the suspension holds...

<The silver-masked Lykarn lets go a prolonged sigh. Strickland is in no mood and his tone of voice starts raising.>

STRICKLAND: Are you even in understanding of all the risks I've taken to have you here? It's just like you don't get that I've worked my hands to the bone to ensure that British wrestlers hold all the championship belts, that they get the chance that they...that we, are best in the world. So why do you have to keep making a mess out of everything? Why would you keep taking everything for granted, get this in your head, you are not owed anything, you are one of the best wrestlers on the planet but you are not above the law, you have to learn how to behave...

<Strickland is fuming, he takes a short break to catch his breath and continue.>

STRICKLAND: We are going to London in a couple of months and the idea was to have all British Wrestlers walking down that ramp as Champions, and now it all goes to waste because you decide to throw a fit, and I'm sure nothing of this would've happened had you not decided to shove Matt Josham into a wall...why do you think that kid has a job here on RPW? It has been mentioned time and time again that he's the son of a member of the board or something in that likeness, and what do you do? You Physically assault him you bloody imbecile. Ahhhhhrgghh...

<Strickland turns around and punches the wall. He shakes his hand and grimaces in pain. He continues to sell a hand injury as he finishes up his speech.>

STRICKLAND: You better hope we can get that championship title back before British Uprising, but we are not just going to sit and pray, we need a new plan stat! Come on, to my office...

MURPHY: Well, you got your answer, Ben.

WASHINGTON: What was the question?

MURPHY: What happened if someone laid hands on Matt Josham

WASHINGTON: Ah, yeah. I'm going to have to shake hands with Mr. Lykarn next time I run into him...

Mr. Nice Guy

<The camera is rolling and Mr. Nice Guy is stood in the Olympic Park in Stratford. A sea of humanity is milling past in the background with flags of competing nations flying high. It is a warm day but grey clouds are visible overhead. It soon becomes obvious that MNG is filming himself with a video camera. The Brit is wearing a navy t-shirt adorned with the London 2012 logo.>

MR. NICE GUY: It is amazing to think the Olympic Games are taking place literally a stone's throw away from where I grew up. My tough childhood on the streets of London has made me who I am today. Hard work and dedication is what has got me to this stage in my career. Which is why I am the reigning RPW No Limits Champion so for Kirk Cobain to raise my title at WNR was Kirk showing me a total lack of respect. It was a disgrace to be frank. Who do you think you are?

<MNG points at the camera with his free hand.>

MR. NICE GUY: If you wanted to have a shot at my title all you had to do was ask. I'm not going to disappoint you Kirk. After all we do have some history, but I don't think you want any reminding of that, do you? Cobain, I will give you a match anywhere, anytime. If ever we do meet I dare you to take my title from me, but Kirk, I don't think you can.

<The youngest Champion in RPW history turns the camera around so that the Olympic Stadium comes into focus alongside the stunning Aquatics Centre. Clearly Mr. Nice Guy has tickets to an event as he walks leisurely towards the venue. The camera drops slightly and picks up his white hi tops before switching the camera off turning the feed black.>

Damien Wolfe

<We cut to the interior of Doctor Morgan's Manhattan office as Damien Wolfe is entering. Wolfe takes off a brown sheepskin leather jacket and hangs it on the coat rack.>

MORGAN: Good afternoon Damien.

WOLFE: Doctor.

<Wolfe walks over to the sofa, Doctor Morgan is sat in his usual Chesterfield chair, notebook resting in his lap.>

MORGAN: So Damien, no more skirting around the issue, we've got a whole session ahead of us here, tell me about the Beast.

<Wolfe shifts uncomfortably in his seat and stares at the window, as if searching for a way out.>

MORGAN: Come on Damien, if I am to help you it's important to get this out in the open. So...the Beast.

WOLFE: You talk about it like it's a separate person.

MORGAN: And it's not?

WOLFE: Of course not, I'm not a schizophrenic.

MORGAN: Then what is it?

WOLFE: I feel... I feel a rage inside me, deep down, that's constantly burning away. Every now and then it bubbles up and explodes out of me. I lose control, I have no power over my actions, when it happens I'm capable of anything. That's what I mean by the Beast, when my mind has got to that stage I feel... animalistic, like I'm operating purely on instinct, and I love it.

MORGAN: You love it because you feel powerful?

WOLFE: I love it because when I'm in that place, there's no one that can stop me.

MORGAN: In your line of work, this is a good thing?

WOLFE: It's the best, which is why I'm a bit suspicious of this whole process. Unleashing the Beast will take me to the top of the industry, why should I be forced to do something that will undermine that?

<Doctor Morgan starts writing in his notepad, then continues.>

MORGAN: I can certainly understand your concern, Damien, obviously you are worried about your professional work and how this anger management course could affect that... but I think the issue here is that your rage is not just confined to the ring, there's a long list of incidents of you getting into trouble with the law and assaulting members of the public.

WOLFE: If people get in my way, they usually end up getting hurt, that's just the way it is.

MORGAN: Well Damien, what if I told you I could help you focus your inner rage, the Beast, so that it only comes out when you're in the ring?

<Wolfe focuses his eyes on Doctor Morgan's.>

WOLFE: I'm listening.

MORGAN: Think about it, you say your rage is constantly burning, I'm confident I could teach you the techniques to focus all that rage and get it out of your system at once, in effect, when you're in the ring. Imagine it Damien, a full venting of your anger, leaving you free to carry out your personal life in peace.

<Wolfe takes a moment to ponder Morgan's proposal.>

WOLFE: So what you're saying is... you can make me more dangerous in the ring? Make the Beast more powerful?

MORGAN: Well... in effect, yes.

<A huge grin creeps across Damien Wolfe's face and he rubs his hands together.>

WOLFE: Let's do it.

MURPHY: Well, ladies and gentlemen, that's all the time we have for tonight.

WASHINGTON: Make sure to check out next week's episode of Wednesday Night Revival. It's going to be a great one, I'll tell you right now!

MURPHY: Oh behalf of myself, Benjamin Washington, and everyone else here at Revival Pro Wrestling, have a good night!