



CONGREGATION.... WELCOME...

TO THE REVIVAL

Saosin's "Voices"

♪ Opening music ♪

John "The Brand" Brandenburg stretches his students at the Black Knight Gym while barely breaking a sweat. Alex Monroe practices his strikes against a heavy bag, and Excellence is doing some light grappling with his coach.

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

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

♪ (Onnn our way dooown) ♪

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

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

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

♪ Just know I'll never tell ♪

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

♪ And when you're on your way down, ♪

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

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

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

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

Jafaar al-Sultan rings the opening bell on Wall Street, then stares into the camera with a smirk.

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

Aron Scythe and his wife are seen in a park, holding hands. Their daughter runs endless laps around them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

GALLAGHER > JONES

GENU IN VULTUS!!

"THE LIVERPOOL SENSATION"

"3"

WE WANT ADAMES!

ART OF SCYTHERCRAFT

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

MURPHY: Good evening, all, and welcome to Wednesday Night Revival. Harold Murphy, here, and with me is Benjamin Washington. We've got an action packed card this week, and we're going to jump right into things with the Ironman Championship match to kick things off!

WASHINGTON: John Brandenburg promised Malcolm Valenzuela that he'd give him a title shot a few weeks ago if he became champion. Well, true to his word, the Ironman Champ is letting the Mexican Escape Artist have his shot.

MURPHY: A few weeks ago, if you'll remember, the two were supposed to have a match together, but they were interrupted by an attack on both men by the One Percent. Barring something unforeseen, they'll finally have that match tonight.

The camera pans to ringside, where Ducky Smith is standing, handling the introductions.

DUCKY This match is one fall, and is for the RPW Ironman Championship. Introducing first...

Social Distortion's ["Machine Gun Blues"](#) starts playing, and Malcolm Valenzuela appears at the top of the entrance ramp. He pumps his fist in the air a few times, and runs down the ramp, giving high fives to fans on either side of him.

DUCKY: From Mexico City, Mexico, weighing in at 250 pounds, Malcolm Valenzuela!

When he reaches the ring, he doesn't even stop, and simply slides into the squared circle. He runs the ropes a few times as Ducky introduces his opponent.

DUCKY: And his opponent...

"Blackened" by Metallica hits, the arena lights go black, and the crowd goes wild, as the anticipation builds for the entrance of John "The Brand" Brandenburg. A spotlight hits the arena ramp and Brandenburg walks out with the RPW Ironman Championship around his waist. As the opening guitar riff drops, Brandenburg raises a fist in the air and throws it out in front of him, yelling out a primal roar that gets the fans even more riled up.

DUCKY: And his opponent, from Inglewood, CA, weighing in at 200 lbs, he is the reigning and defending RPW Ironman Champion, JOHN, "THEEEEEEE BRAAAAAAAAAND," BRAAAAAAAAANDENBURG!!!!"

Brandenburg comes down the ramp, slapping high fives with fans' outstretched hands, and slides into the ring.

Once inside, he immediately goes to the turnbuckle opposite of Valenzuela and climbs up, raising a fist in the air and yelling "IRONMAN CHAMPION!!!!!" The crowd pops in approval of the Ironman Champion as he comes back down and begins stretching for the match.

The bell rings and both men shake hands in the middle of the ring before taking their wrestling stances and slowly closing the distance into a tie-up. Malcolm Valenzuela looks the more imposing wrestler and he uses this strength advantage to start pushing Brandenburg into a corner.

WASHINGTON: Look at Valenzuela. He got his chance, and I guess he isn't going to waste it. Looks like he's going to come right at Brandenburg.

MURPHY: Might not be the best idea- look at Brandenburg.

Our Ironman Champion is a swift individual and he manages a go-behind right as they near the corner, Brandenburg secures a rear waistlock and presses Valenzuela against the corner. Valenzuela slides one of his hands into the lock and peels it open, Valenzuela keeps hold of one of Brand's arms and secures a hammerlock.

With Valenzuela now behind Brandenburg and pressing on with the hammerlock, Brand starts to look for a way out of the hold, he looks to both sides and finds nothing. Brandenburg suddenly comes to a realization, the answer was right in front of him this whole time. Brandenburg uses the turnbuckles as an a stairway and he climbs to the top from where he backflips over Valenzuela breaking his hold.

MURPHY: **Brandenburg is free, dropkick to the back sends Valenzuela head first into the corner.**

Valenzuela takes a dizzy turn into Brandenburg and the champion follows his offense up with a sound arm drag, holding on into an arm bar on the mat, Brandenburg presses his knee on the Mexican's ribs and tries to control him but Valenzuela isn't called "The Escape Artist" for nada.

WASHINGTON: **How does he do that? I'd pull something.**

Malcolm Valenzuela spins around and out of the hold, Brandenburg still manages to maintain some degree of control over Malcolm's body and as both raise to their feet, Brandenburg slaps in a guillotine choke, Valenzuela immediately reaches for the ropes and since he's nearby, he's able to get a hold of them.

Brandenburg sees himself pressed against the ropes, the referee counts for a rope break but only reaches one before Brandenburg releases the hold, Valenzuela retreats in a clean break and the action is reset in the middle of the ring.

MURPHY: **A lull in the action, and we're back to square one now. The two men lock knuckles now, and engage each other in a Greco-Roman knuckle lock in the middle of the ring.**

Valenzuela immediately takes the dominant position and you can see their struggle on their faces. Before Valenzuela can take advantage of the situation, Brand jumps into Valenzuela's hips, the champion drops to his back and sends Valenzuela flying over with a huge monkey flip.

WASHINGTON: **The Knuckle lock is still in place Murph!**

Valenzuela tries to roll backwards and take a mounted position but Brand catches him with feet in the hips again and pushes him into a standing position, standing up himself with the momentum. Brand kicks one of the locks open and tries to go for a hip toss, Valenzuela merely switches positions and goes for a hip toss off his own, Brand goes along with the move and lands himself on the apron.

MURPHY: **Very nice ring awareness by our champion.**

Brandenburg catches an incoming Valenzuela with a forearm to the face, he jumps over the ropes and hooks his opponent for what looks to be tornado DDT, it doesn't come to fruition as Valenzuela is able

to push him off, Valenzuela smiles and motions “NO” with his index finger. Brandenburg smiles as well and both men start circling each other again.

MURPHY: **Brandenburg looking for a tornado Signature Brand but Valenzuela knows better than to get caught on it.**

WASHINGTON: **Malcolm might be the Escape Artist, but that Signature Brand is something I wouldn't risk.**

Another tie-up consolidates in the center of the ring. Valenzuela muscles his way into a rear waistlock but Brandenburg breaks it by dropping into a sitting position, he immediately rolls to his back and throws his legs up to try and bring Valenzuela over in a victory roll pinning predicament, his attempt backfires as Valenzuela blocks it and instead lifts Brandenburg in a wheelbarrow position.

MURPHY: **Facebuster incoming!**

Brandenburg manages to make some good of the situation as he counters with a wheelbarrow arm drag that sends Valenzuela flying away. The crowd is cheering and Valenzuela charges in like bull, he goes for the clothesline but he misses, he turns around and falls right into a small package, Brandenburg looks to retain!

...1

...2

...3?

NO! KICKOUT!!

MURPHY: **Wow! The Brand almost put his opponent away right there!**

WASHINGTON: **Valenzuela is lucky. He wanted to challenge the champion, though, and these are the big leagues now. If he thinks he can beat Brandenburg, he's going to have to not find himself in situations like that.**

The match continues with a very surprised Malcolm Valenzuela exploding up to his feet, Brandenburg is onto him quickly and he grabs a rear waistlock and pushes the bulky Mexican into the ropes. Brand attempts a roll-up but “The Escape Artist” holds on to the ropes. Brandenburg ends up rolling alone

Malcolm Valenzuela turns around to face his opponent and finds the Ironman champion charging right at him, the Latin American manages to lift an elbow just in time to catch Brandenburg right on the face. Brandenburg holds on to his face with both hands and this leaves him open for Valenzuela's aggressive schoolboy pin

...1

...2

...KICKOUT!

WASHINGTON: The champ escapes now. A good idea by Valenzuela, though? Take advantage of the situation. If Brandenburg is stunned for five seconds, a pin is three, so capitalize on that window.

Both men have slowed down a few notches from this hard paced action and they work their way back into their feet. Valenzuela has the advantage as he looks for a back suplex, he goes for the lift but Brandenburg backflips out of it and leaps onto Malcolm's back.

BLACK KNIGHT'S BRAND!

WASHINGTON: Brand connects with his backstabber, but he's not turning it into a submission this time.

MURPHY: Malcolm is renowned for his ability to counter submissions; I think this is a good choice by Brandenburg.

The crowd is going nuts and Brandenburg has taken himself to a corner as Valenzuela lays in the mat, arching his back and showing the effect that Brandenburg's killer Backstabber had on him. Brand crouches in the corner and he's stalking his opponent.

MURPHY: Could Brandenburg be looking for that spear?

Valenzuela finally gets into his feet, turns into Brandenburg, and he's nearly cut in half.

SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

WASHINGTON:

Malcolm Valenzuela has been De-Branded

The Ironman champion dives for the cover, the crowd is on their feet!

...1

...2

...3!

DING! DING! DING!

DUCKY:

Your winner, and STILL, the RPW Ironman Champion, JOHN, "THE BRAAAAAAAND," BRAAAAAANDENBURG!!!!

MURPHY:

The champion retains. John Brandenburg can add The Escape Artist to his list of opponents defeated and challengers turned aside.

WASHINGTON:

I'll be honest, now that the match is over, I didn't think Valenzuela had much of a chance. He lost, but he put on a better show than I thought he would. That counts for something. At the end of the day, he doesn't have the gold around his waist, but this kid should be proud of his performance here tonight.

Brandenburg receives the RPW Ironman Championship back from the referee and climbs the turnbuckle again, raising the championship in the air much to the crowd's delight.

Suddenly, the arena goes black again and Brandenburg's music cuts off. In the darkness, you can see him get off of the turnbuckle, looking around puzzled. The lights then come back on, and Halfus Lykarn is in the ring with a steel chair in hand behind Brandenburg! Brandenburg turns and Lykarn swings down hard with the steel chair!

MURPHY:

Halfus Lykarn is back! And he's going to destroy the Ironman Champion with that steel chair!!!

But Brandenburg dodges it and both men turn in fighting stance, Lykarn with the chair reloaded and Brandenburg with the RPW Ironman Championship raised for a counter-swing! Both men stand and stare, an intense look in the eyes of Brandenburg while Lykarn's mask shows a cold lack of emotion.

MURPHY: Wash, this is almost a direct flip-flop of what happened a few weeks ago, following Halfus Lykarn's title defense against Hakai Dragon. That time, Brand showed up with the chair in hand and almost hit Lykarn, this time it was Lykarn's turn with the chair!

WASHINGTON: That's right, Murph, and just like when Brand did it a few weeks ago, Lykarn is here to send a message to the new RPW Ironman Champion that Lykarn has not forgotten the belt that was taken away from him! He clearly wants the Ironman Championship back!

Brandenburg signals for a microphone and receives one.

BRANDENBURG: I told you Lykarn, I told you that I would get this championship, MY Ironman Championship back. But that is just a part of my goal. You defeated me, shamed me with a move too similar to my own. No matter how much backstabbing and sneak attacking you've done to me, that loss weighs heavy on me. And I want my rightful chance at redemption against you! To be the real Ironman Champion, I NEED to defeat you, and you deserve a rematch for the belt !

Both men stand tensely as the crowd stirs with excitement.

BRANDENBURG: That's why after I retain my title next week against whoever gets put in front of me I'm issuing YOU, Halfus Lykarn, a challenge once more! This time, it won't be submissions or pinfalls only, it won't be a triple threat or a fatal four-way. it will be You, me, one-on-one, with two things on the line!

Brandenburg pats the RPW Ironman Championship.

BRANDENBURG: First, the RPW Ironman Championship.

Brandenburg then points to Lykarn directly!

BRANDENBURG: And also, YOUR MASK!!

The crowd pops at the mention of a mask match!

BRANDENBURG: If I win, you take that mask off and allow us to see who you really are. I want to look into the eyes of the man that defeated me, shamed me once, and look upon those eyes as I get my redemption! Lykarn, I need to look into your eyes to know who you really are, and I need to beat you for THIS title to be the true IRONMAN CHAMPION!

Brandenburg drops the mic and walks right up to Lykarn, and once again the two men are face to face with one another, jawing at each other, Lykarn drops the chair and pushes Brandenburg hard in the chest, the champion is suprised and sent a few steps backwards. Surprisingly Lykarn drops the chair and extends his hand instead.

The Ironman Champion looks tentative as he looks to Lykarn's extended hand, he pauses for a second before taking a step in and firmly shaking the hand of his would-be challenger. After a few seconds Lykarn pulls the champion in and both men are once again face to face.

MURPHY: **Wow, British Uprising, it looks like Brandenburg vs Lykarn, Title vs Mask.**

WASHINGTON: **I'm not too sure about that Murph, it's likely that Brandenburg will have to defend his title against Mr. Nice Guy next week and our No Limits Champion has a fair chance of spoiling up this little party.**

MURPHY: **You are right, we will have to wait and see.**

WASHINGTON: **Speaking about MNG, I have word that he's just arrived into the arena, lets take a look.**

+++++BACKSTAGE: THE REF IS HERE!!!+++++

<Brandy Swinson is seen deep within the bowels of the arena. Clearly she is waiting for someone as she keeps looking left and right. Out of nowhere Mr. Nice Guy appears behind Swinson walking in the distance. He is wearing an RPW referee's shirt.>

SWINSON: **Mr. Nice Guy, MNG, MNG!**

<Swinson is unsuccessful with her calls to grab the attention of the No Limits Champion, so she gestures to the cameraman to follow her. You can sense the cameraman is jogging to keep up with Swinson. She gets nearer to MNG and then taps him on the shoulder who is caught off guard and turns swiftly with his fists clenched ready to fight, but MNG relaxes when he realises it is just Brandy.>

SWINSON: **Mr. Nice Guy I am sorry to bother you but the RPW fans were left wondering after the previous episode of WNR. The talk of the town is the main event tonight between the Heavyweight Champion, Ian Jones and Douglas Gallagher; these guys have a rematch after the brawl that ensued during their bout, which involved a lot of the roster.**

<The eyes of MNG are darting every which way.>

SWINSON: **My research through the RPW archives has shown me that you have never missed an opportunity to speak on the Dirt Sheets. So why was it that you missed the latest episode?**

MR. NICE GUY: **I have been busy thinking over a lot of things.**

SWINSON: **By that do you mean the fact that you are the special guest referee for the main event?**

MR. NICE GUY: **Well, yes.**

SWINSON: **Have you decided on what you plan to do? Call it fairly and there is an Ironman title shot waiting for you but Ian Jones stated you would do the right thing according to him.**

<MNG looks at the floor and zones out, you can tell the cogs in his head are working overtime and he is indecisive. He walks off without having answered the question. Brandy Swinson is left standing on the spot with a slightly confused look on her face.>

+++++++BACKSTAGE: BOLSTERING THE RANKS+++++++

<The big screen pans to the backstage parking lot as Ian Jones exits an executive taxi alone. He picks him up his bag towards the entrance of the arena, pausing before entering.>

JONES: **This place is a dump.**

<The camera follows Jones as he languidly walks towards the changing room. He walks into the door marked "The British Empire" but he enters an empty room. Jones slowly puts his bag down at his changing area. He looks to his left and sees the empty lockers and unused pegs that were reserved for his compatriots. They aren't being used today. Jones stares, with squinted eyes...>

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

<Jones' trace is broken and he shakes himself back into reality. He answers the door to see the Union Jacks standing in front of him, making a strained effort to look confident.>

JONES (perplexed): **Wh...What do you want?**

UJ #1: **gulps** **Mr. Jones...Ian...we've come to offer our services.**

JONES: **Your services?**

UJ #2: **That's right, we're here to offer our services to yourself and the British Empire.**

JONES: **pauses** **Your services? OK...**

<The Union Jacks stare at Ian in disbelief before exuding cautious glee.>

JONES: **You two... You two think this is some kind of charity? You think you can just come down in an apparent time of need and offer your help like it's some kind of volunteers club?**

<The Union Jacks quickly look to the floor and shuffle backwards.>

JONES: **No. NO. You listen to me and you take this in. You are in no position to offer me anything. The British Empire doesn't do applications but you've put of a hell of a lot of thought into yours' coming knocking on *our* door and having the cheek to offer a helping hand?**

We don't need anything. We're as strong as ever. I'm as strong as ever no matter what disjointed spin Harold Murphy wants to put on it.

<The Union Jacks attempt to walk away before Jones grabs them both around the collar and drags them into his face.>

JONES: **You two have got a lot to prove before you're even on the radar. Do something useful, show me you got the inner fire that burns in the Empire because all I'm seeing in front of me is two naive, wet-behind-the-ears imbeciles who've just wasted 10 minutes of my time.**

<Jones throws them away.>

JONES: **Now get the hell out of here. I'll have my eye on both of you.**

<The Union Jacks meet Jones' stare determinedly before Jones slams the door on their faces. They stare at the British Empire sign on the door. Meanwhile, on the inside, Jones exhales and sits down twitching his knees nervously.>

JONES: **Looks like it's just me tonight.**

<Jones stands up>

JONES: **I'm not liking this.**

+++++BACKSTAGE: TAIGA WON'T GIVE UP+++++
[Camera cuts backstage to Taiga singing his own rendition of Minnie Riperton's "Loving You" to a visibly agitated Brandy Swinson]

TAIGA: ***Liiii-king youuuuu is easy 'cause you're beautifulllll.***

SWINSON: ...

TAIGA: ***Makin' love with you, is all I want to doooo. Liii-king youuuuu will be a dream come true for youuuuuu. Lalalala, lalalalala, lalalala, la la laaa dooo doo doo.***

SWINSON: I-I thought Knox made it clear that me and him are a couple...

TAIGA: **What? Taiga doesn't give much attention to that jive turkey. And besides, I thought he had a thing for and after that Cobain cat. But if that's the case, I might have to exert a little bit more effort. [Taiga, biting his bottom lip, pelvic thrusts and moves his hip in a circular reptitive motion] *We're going to Party, Karamu, Fiesta, foreverrr. Come on and sing along!***

SWINSON: ***All nig- ugh, stop it! Len and I are in a serious relationship, commitment? Faith? Love?***

[Taiga gets a little bit rattled after hearing the word love]

TAIGA: Whoah...cool it mama, love is such a strong word. Ease up a bit. And if I recall correctly, last week you were in the process of rubbing lub onto my body before we were rudely interrupted by that jive turkey. While I do not have baby oil with me at the moment, we can embrace each other. Don't fight it baby- [Taiga runs his hands down from his chest to his waist] My body is ready.

[Horrified, Swinson immediately makes a run towards the exit]

TAIGA: [Grinning] I love it when foxy mamas play hard to get.

[Dr. Light, Ronnie Reynolds, and his image analyst, Amy Evans, enter the scene. Amy quickly holds up a mirror in front of Reynolds. Reynolds gestures a thumbs up after seeing his quarter pompadour is to his liking. Taiga, holding his grin and starts nodding]

TAIGA: I like yo' style, I like yo' style. What can I do for you, brother?

REYNOLDS: Why thank you. I like your style as well. Anyway, I'm just letting you know that the 1% has been scouting you for awhile

TAIGA: Far out, 'bout time someone in RPW has noticed mah in-ring abilities aside from Dobbs, oh and Washington who has noticed both mah in-ring and out-of-ring abilities, heh.

REYNOLDS: Don't get too comfortable. I'll have the final say on whether or not you make it into the 1%, but that shouldn't be a huge problem-just perform well. Looking forward to teaming up with you later tonight.

TAIGA: Aww shucks, stop it. You're truly...

Taiga walks forward and extends his arm towards Reynolds, who is grinning. Ronnie stretches out both his arms in anticipation for a brohug,

TAIGA: Ravishing!!

Taiga with his arm extended, sidesteps Reynolds and places his index finger under Amy's chin.

TAIGA: Mhm, mhm, mhm where have you been foxy mama.

REYNOLDS: Wait, what?! Hey, Taiga that's my image analyst!

TAIGA: What does that have to do with me?

Taiga directs his attention back at Amy and begins to sing a couple of classics by Marvin Gaye

"Lets get it onnnnnn, sugar."

REYNOLDS: **Hey Amy, lets get out of here. You must be pretty tired since you've been running through my mind all day long.**

TAIGA:(still singing) ***Heaven must have sent you from aboveeeeeee***

Amy Evans has a beautiful smile on her face, he seems pretty amused by the situation, Reynolds in the other is growing desperately nervous.

REYNOLDS: **Amy! come on... We are a team right?**

Taiga keeps on singing, while Amy Evans simply keeps on smiling. Dr. Light really is looking like an odd-man out in this awkward situation.

REYNOLDS: **Come on Amy, look at you, let the Ravishing One take you to a hospital... becaus...eh, It, uh, must've hurt when you dropped from Heaven.**

We can hear the laughs of the crowd in the background and even Taiga abruptly ends his song and chuckles as he nods his head from side to side.

EVANS: **Ha, you guys can cut it out. Don't be fooled, this lady can handle herself. Plus, I'm pretty confident I could handle either one of you...or both.**

After Amy's remark, Taiga has one of his patented grins on, Reynold is on his toes, slightly jumping up and down, the camera turns now to Reynolds' sports psychologist, a horrified expression is on the face of Dr. Light.

EVANS: **Come on now big boys, you have a tag team affair later tonight and I'm gonna need you two to look your best, lets talk entrances...and some other stuff.**

Amy Evans puts one of her arms around Taiga's shoulders and the other around Ronnie's, they start walking out of the scene with Dr. Light trailing shortly behind, the camera pans away from the quartet as we go into our next scene. ...]

+++++RING: RUSHMORE VS MONROE ++++++

Ducky Smith is in the middle of the ring ready to announce our second match of the night.

DUCKY: **The following contest is scheduled for one fall, introducing first.**

Hyperion Rushmore comes out to his music and he looks like he means business, he marches to the ring to plenty of boos.

DUCKY: **Weighing in well over 350 pounds,the Giant, Hyperion Rushmore..**

The Giant climbs the ring steps and gets into the squared circle, and just stares down to the stage waiting for his opponent, "I Am Onslaught" by Emmure plays and signals that the wait is over.

DUCKY: **And his opponent! From Portland, Oregon, weighing in at two hundred pounds... "The Lethal Injection" Alex Monroe!!!**

The crowd begins to cheer as Alex makes his way out to the stage and removes his hood to give his war cry. He marches down to the ring, staring down his mountain of an opponent. He stops short of the ring and stares down the giant. He marches around the ring and hops on the apron to let out another war cry, but Hyperion knocks him off, sending him in to the barricade.

MURPHY: **Oh come on, let this match start.**

Rushmore gets out of the ring and picks up Alex before whipping him hard into the barricade. He lifts him up again and whips him into the barricade again. Rushmore then lifts Alex up on his shoulder and runs toward the ring post to lawn dart Alex, but Alex is able to slip behind and send Hyperion in the ring post himself.

WASHINGTON: **Well, don't count Alex Monroe out of this match just yet.**

Alex kicks the leg of Rushmore, right at the knee. He does so again, and again until Rushmore shoves Alex off and the levels him with a clothesline. Rushmore rolls Alex in the ring and follows suit, finally allowing the match to officially begin, the bell rings.

MURPHY: **Here we go! Alex Monroe vs Hyperion Rushmore, who do you got Ben.**

WASHINGTON: **I don't know, is hard to go against the size of Rushmore, I think the giant will take this but I wouldn't be surprised if I'm wrong.**

Alex tries to get to his feet, but a boot to the head from Rushmore prevents it. Rushmore continues to stomp on Monroe before lifting him up and whipping him in the corner. Rushmore charges Alex and smashes him in the corner. Monroe stumbles out of the corner right in to Rushmore who lifts him up for a powerslam. Rushmore puts his foot on the chest of Alex for the cover.

...1

...2, Kickout!

MURPHY: **Hyperion not really committing to the cover, he's not gonna finish off Monroe like that.**

Rushmore lifts Alex up again and whips him off the ropes before going for the big boot. Alex slides under and then dropkicks the back of Rushmore's knee, sending him down them, and then jumps off and hits a quick Shining Wizard to the back of Rushmore's head. Alex goes for the cover

...1, Kickout!

WASHINGTON: **Monroe bringing it to the giant early on, but he needs to do way more.**

Rushmore tosses Alex off of him and sends him flying a couple of feet in the air. Alex attempts to continue his onslaught, but is leveled by a stiff right hand to the jaw from Rushmore and is then whipped off in to the ropes again, this time allowing Rushmore to hit the big boot to the face.

MURPHY: **What a boot Ben, and that's no normal boot, it's a giant's boot.**

Rushmore picks Alex up again and sets him on the top turnbuckle. Alex tries to battle back, but a big open right hand to the chest of Alex is just enough for Rushmore throw Alex off with a big body drop, sending Alex on his back. Rushmore covers.

...1

...2, Rushmore breaks up the pin himself!

WASHINGTON: **What is Rushmore doing?**

Rushmore laughs as he picks Alex up again with both hand around his throat and lifts him off the ground, the double chokehold is in place and the referee starts to count **"one, two, three, four!"**, Rushmore avoids disqualification by dropping Monroe back to the mat. Monroe tries to get air back on his lungs but Hyperion is not making that easy on him, the Giants steps on his opponent and puts all of his body weight on Monroe's back as he passes over him slowly, the crowd boos Hyperion and with good cause.

MURPHY: **That's almost 400 hundred pounds stepping over Monroe, poor guy, that's gotta hurt.**

WASHINGTON: **Come on Murph, he's a wrestler, he'll live.**

Rushmore kicks the fallen Monroe on the ribs causing him to roll into his back, Rushmore once again puts a but on the chest and goes for the cover.

...1

...2

... Kickout!

WASHINGTON: _____ Monroe kicks out again, will he be able to overcome the Giant? or will the sheer size and power of Hyperion Rushmore prevail?

MURPHY: Stay with us and find out when we return LIVE.

+++++COMMERCIAL BREAK+++++

MURPHY: Welcome back to WNR Live! And if you have just joined us, Hyperion Rushmore and Alex Monroe are going one on one.

WASHINGTON: And things aren't looking bright for Monroe, the Gigantic Hyperion has dominated the match through its entire duration.

MURPHY: He put quite a beating on Monroe during the commercial break too.

Hyperion Rushmore uses a violent Irish whip to send Alex Monroe to the ropes, Monroe is so worn down by this point that he just goes crashing chest first into the buckles and collapses back first into the mat.

WASHINGTON: I don't think Monroe will hang around much longer, he just took too much time to figure out Hyperion, and that beast of a man is unforgiving.

Alex Monroe is trying his best to pull himself back to his feet and bring the fight to Hyperion, he doesn't need to pick himself up as the giant helps him with a "friendly" hand, a massive hand that puts a firm grasp on his throat.

MURPHY: Oh! oh! Hyperion has put many people away with that chokeslam, he lifts him up and WOW! You gotta be kidding me...

When Hyperion lifts Monroe up for a chokeslam, the Lethal Injection uses his upward momentum and converts it in a deadly weapon in form of a huge knee to the face that sends the Giant limp, he goes

down in a slow fall with his arms extended to the sides and makes quite some notice as his large frame hits the canvas. The crowd is going crazy for Monroe, who has also fallen to the mat.

WASHINGTON: **Incredible counter, what a guy...just when everyone thought he was out, he finds something in his toolbox to impress us all.**

Alex pounds the mat and thinks of what he can do to beat this giant of a man. Rushmore proves to be resilient as he reaches his feet once again but so does Alex who hits a spinning elbow to the jaw of his opponent, despite the incredible straight on the move, this just leaves the giant barely fazed. Alex Monroe tries yet again, but gets a huge slap to the chest from Rushmore followed by a headbutt that sends Alex to the ground.

MURPHY: **This match is getting very interesting.**

WASHINGTON: **Indeed.**

Alex just doesn't know how to quit and he gets back to his feet, although not without a struggle. Rushmore just doesn't care about it and picks Alex up with a bear hug like he was nothing. Hyperion continues to add pressure to the hold and Monroe's face just paints the story. After some painful seconds of torture, Rushmore sends "The Lethal Injection" flat on his back with a spinebuster. He covers.

...1

...2

...Kickout!

Alex gets back to his feet but is immediately taken back down with a sidewalk slam. Rushmore calls for the end and bring Alex to the powerbomb position. Before Rushmore is able to toss him in the air, Alex connects with right hands to the face of Rushmore, the crowd starts getting soundly behind him with each coming punch, Alex gathers his strenght and uses it to try and topple the now staggered giant, Monroe throws his body backwards and executes a head scissors takedown, the 7 foot tall giant tumbles forward and drops throat first into the top rope.

MURPHY:

This could be the opening Monroe needs!!!

Alex Monroe does not waste a second, he digs deep down to the bottom of his fuel tank to come with the energies to rush Hyperion and leap onto his back with a huge double flying knee, the impact his head around the arena and Rushmore's throat is driven further against the ropes. Monroe spins to the side and the bounce of the ropes send Hyperion back inside the ring where he crashes back first.

WASHINGTON:

Monroe needs to make something happen now.

Alex psyches himself up for his comeback, he then hops out to the apron before springboarding in with a double foot stomp to the skull, Alex uses a combat roll just after the move and gets back to his feet, he runs a short lap around the ring and the crowd is going insane as Alex Monroe looks to have gotten a much needed second wind.

MURPHY:

I think this is do or die for Monroe right here, if he lets his adrenaline rush end before a victory things are going to turn nasty for him.

Alex sees the opportunity as Rushmore slowly and weakly get to his knees, the crowd is expectant as everyone knows what Alex Monroe needs to do right now, Alex himself knows it as well and it's time for the execution. Alex Monroe rushes forward and leaps into the air.

GENU IN VULTUS CONNECTS!!

...1

...2

...3!!!

Alex jumps up in excitement and disbelief as "I Am Onslaught" begins to play again. The ref raises Alex's hand to recognize his hard fought victory. The crowd is crazy for Monroe here and he just drops to his knees and raises both his fists to the air.

DUCKY:

Here is your winner... "The Lethal Injection" Alex Monroe!

Alex takes a minute to rejoice in the moment, his inhuman effort lead directly into what might be the biggest win of his RPW career. Meanwhile, Hyperion Rushmore has rolled out of the ring and exited the scene.

WASHINGTON: **Alex Monroe really deserves all the praise of the world after this victory.**

Alex goes over to Ducky and calls for his mic, the ring announcer obliges.

MONROE: **You know, I've been coming out here, week after week going toe to toe with the best RPW has to offer, fighting for the respect of everybody in the back. But despite all that, there are two people in the back who continue to talk trash about my ability... and quite frankly I'm sick of it. That's why I'm putting a stop to it. Brett Bannion, you've been clamoring for the RPW to give you a fair shot for weeks now, and Josham has been saying that you deserve it over me. Fine, it's time to put your money where your mouth is. Because right now I'm officially challenging you to a match at RPW's next PPV, British Uprising!**

The crowd cheers at the prospect.

MONROE: **Now you can finally have a chance to showcase your ability on a grand stage, and you can show the world whether or not you really are far past my ability. You can even bring your buddy Matt with you to ringside so he can get an up close and personal seat to see the match. And you can show to RPW officials that you deserve a spot on television and not me. I'll give you a week to respond, "Chief." What do you say?**

Alex drops the mic and "I Am Onslaught" plays yet again.

++++++BACKSTAGE: I'VE FAILED YOU GUYS :SADFACE:++++++

Members of the Latin American Wrecking Crew are in a lockerroom sitting, Diego San Martin speaks with The Amazonian Invasion in Portuguese while El Omega 23 is quiet as always. The door opens and Malcolm Valenzuela walks in with his head down but the rest of his teammates start clapping for him.

SAN MARTIN: **Cheer up Amigo, you did a great job.**

VALENZUELA: **Pero...Don Diego...I lost, I didn't win the championship..**

SAN MARTIN: **That's true, but you put up a good fight, you showcased our Latino fighting spirit, we will get those championships sooner or later, stay positive.**

VALENZUELA: **Thanks boss.**

The Latin American Wrecking Crew resumes it's conversation now in a strange mixture of Spanish and Portuguese, they seem to understand each other so more power to them.

++++++BACKSTAGE: UNVEILING SOME MYSTERIES++++++

Jackson Gerritt is backstage in the empty lockerroom of the 1%, he looks a bit nervous and he constantly looks down to his wristwatch.

After about 30 seconds, The flowing reddish locks of Shirley Watson enter the scene.

GERRITT: **Shirley!! Where have you been?? It was about time...**

WATSON: **Gee Jackson, relax, I was doing my job, some investigation...**

GERRITT: **Well that's good but the Boss' match is up next and we need that scoop on Enigma.**

WATSON: **That might be a bit of a problem....**

GERRITT: **Aw come on, what happened now?**

WATSON: **I've been having a lot of problem trying to get new info on Enigma, I'm following up on a tip I got but it will take a bit more time.**

GERRITT: **That's no bueno...do you have anything for me...**

WATSON: **Well, I've figured out what the C.R.A.F.T Acronym stands for...**

Jackson Gerrits just shakes his head from side to side in disapproval as he storms out of the lockerroom

GERRITT: **The boss is not going to be happy about this...**

Shirley yells at Gerritt as the "Super Agent" is about to go through the door.

WATSON: **But it's recursive!!!**

+++++VIDEO PACKAGE: THE REASON+++++

A Familiar voice is heard talking against a black background.

DOBBS: **There is one question I've been asked over and over again lately...**

It has been presented in many different ways but in the end, they all boil down to one simple concept...

why Shane Adames?

The Screen fades in to a shot of Jack Dobbs and Shane Adames in a room with the RPW Logo in the background.

DOBBS: **There's a simple reason why I believe on the man that is standing right here next to me in this very arena...**

The crowd reacts with excitement to the notion of Dobbs and Adames being in the arena tonight.

DOBBS: **Before I started getting involved in this wrestling business I was merely a fan, and one of the biggest reasons I went from just a fan to a HUGE fan of wrestling was because of Shane Adames.**

It was his epic run nearly ten years ago that made me turn the corner and made me want to be involved on this business, it was his gritty attitude, his larger-than-life presence and his reigns as world champion that turned wrestling from a hobby to a passion.

Without Shane Adames the Wrestler we wouldn't have Jack Dobbs the wrestling manager.

Jack Dobbs takes a short pause and flashes a smile before continuing.

DOBBS: **Shane Adames might've going through a bit of a hard time right now, he might not be the same huge star he was during the last decade, but Shane Adames is no washed out veteran trying to cash in on his former glory, Shane Adames can still go, this man has one more run at the top on him and all we want is the chance to prove it.**

The board of directors has granted us a meeting with Mr. Richard Goldstein where we will present him with an argument and a proposal that he will find hard to refuse.

+++++RING: FAVREAU, REYNOLDS AND TAIGA VS HAKAI, KNOX AND ENIGMA+++++

DUCKY: **Introducing first...**

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

WASHINGTON: **Come on, couldn't they have all entered to Reynolds' theme?**

Taiga comes out draped in a magnificent cashmere silk robe and so is Ronnie Reynolds. Both men flank "Image Analyst" Amy Evans who's rocking a very short skirt and a skimpy and pretty revealing top.

Behind the trio we see the imposing presence of Emerson Favreau wearing a princely looking white cape, he's flanked by Jackson Gerritt and Dr. Light.

WASHINGTON: **They are all entering to this losers theme, really?**

As soon as Teddy Pendegrass mutters "Turn off the lights" the song stops, lighting for the arena turns pitch black, and the crowd turns mute. The song resumes playing from its brief pause with "And light a

candle" in an instant the light is shown solely on Taiga, Evans and Reynolds. Taiga, grinning, puts his arms behind the back of his head as if he's relaxing. Reynolds does the exact same thing and the crowd is booing this team quite a lot. The Spotlight starts increasing in size and Emerson Favreau is seen bowing behind the trio.

WASHINGTON: **And they have a coordinated entrance too, I just couldn't be sicker...**

MURPHY: **Relax, it's very possible that Taiga and Favreau will become permanent fixtures of the 1%, it makes sense for them to be coordinated. I'm pretty sure Dr. Light also weighed in on the importance of having a team that meshes well..**

Taiga and Reynolds start gyrating their pelvis while Amy Evans strikes a pose, all six men now walk down to the ring to many boos.

DUCKY: **Representing the 1%, being accompanied to the ring by Superagent Jackson Gerritt, Image Analyst Amy Evans, and Sports Psychologist Dr. Light, "Ravishing" Ronnie Reynolds and his tag-team partners, Emerson Favreau and Taiga!**

The trio of wrestlers and Reynolds' support staff keep walking down the ramp to the ring; Taiga stops during the process to encourage a woman sitting in the seats near the aisle to pull up her top. She seems hesitant, and before he can decide one way or the other, Taiga realizes he needs to get to the ring and rushes over to join his teammates, who are climbing into the ring.

WASHINGTON: **This is a wrestling match, not a stripper joint...**

Once in the ring Reynolds disrobes, he is dressed in his usual sky-blue trunks and white boots, along with his purple 1% armband. He points to the sky, and audibly shouts "Number one!"

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

Dissections's ["Black Dragon"](#) starts playing over the PA system. The opening lyrics are blasted, and when the main beat drops a huge pyro explosion in the area gets the crowd in a frenzy.

DUCKY: **From Sendai, Japan, weighing in at 221 pounds...Hakai Dragon!**

Hakai Dragon walks through the curtain, wearing a black shinobi shozoko. He stands at the top of the ramp, puts his hands together in front of him, and bows.

DUCKY: **And his tag-team partners, Leonard Knox and Enigma!**

Leonard Knox exits through the curtain, wearing his normal wrestling gear, while Enigma emerges from a sudden blast of smoke to his side. Knox and Enigma shake hands, but Hakai Dragon seems to ignore them, walking to the ring alone. Knox shrugs and follows, as does Enigma.

MURPHY: **Hakai doesn't seem to be in the mood to fraternize with his**

partners.

WASHINGTON: Don't think that's a good idea, myself. Especially against the guys they are going to be competing against, who seemingly will be working as a unit, as a team, following the plans concocted by Amy Evans, Jackson Gerritt, and Dominic Murphy.

The match starts up with Taiga and Enigma and both men waste no time getting into the action, Enigma ducks under a lock up attempt and goes to rebound off the ropes, Enigma returns and sends Taiga flying with a flying head scissors takedown.

WASHINGTON: Good way to start up the match, with Taiga falling on his ass.

Taiga punches the mat and he looks frustrated, but he spins onto his knees and gets back on this match, both men lock up in the middle of the ring and Taiga has the clear power edge. Enigma tries to use his superior speed to go behind with a waistlock but Taiga cuts him off mid way in, Taiga gets a good hold of one of the arms and keeps a tight wristlock in place, Taiga spins around and adds an arm wrench to it.

MURPHY: Taiga is not just looks and power, he's also got some solid skills.

WASHINGTON: Shut up Murph, Taiga sucks!

Enigma uses his free arm to cartwheel forward, he backflips to negate his opponent's hold, but Taiga is having none of it and he pulls Enigma hard from the arm, sending him back first to the mat. Taiga puts a knee on Enigma's chest and the referee counts.

Enigma rolls backwards!

With his arm now free, Enigma slides his legs to the side and he's once again on his back although it's just for a second as he immediately kips up, he once again places one arm on the mat and puts all of his weight on it, Enigma is upside down and he hooks his feet around Taiga's neck, Handstand headscissors takedown, the crowd claps as Taiga goes flying again.

WASHINGTON: Enigma is just tooling Taiga.

A pissed off Taiga gets right to his feet and starts pointing at Enigma, who just opens his arms to the sides and motions Taiga to come at him, Taiga has other plans in mind and he tags in Ronnie Reynolds. The Crowd boos heavy as Taiga just waves Enigma off and gets off the ring, Reynolds enters to the ring with a cocky smirk on his face that is quickly erased by Enigma who charges into the fray.

MURPHY: Enigma can't wait to get his hands on Reynolds, Ben.

Reynolds catches the charging Enigma with a knee to the mid section, he pushes him back to the middle of the ring with well placed punches and once there he sets him up for an Irish whip, the whip is successful and Enigma goes to the ropes, he leaps into Reynolds and lands on his shoulders, before Enigma can fire off an hurricanrana Reynolds runs a side of the ring and pushes Enigma off over the top rope and to the outside, the crowd boos wildly as Enigma crashes on thin mats that cover the outsides of the ring.

WASHINGTON: **Reynolds perhaps a little too familiar with the offense of Enigma.**

Enigma is in pain on the outside but Reynolds couldn't care less, he has the game face on as he slides outside of the ring and puts boots to ribs repeatedly, Reynolds picks up Enigma and slides him back into the ring. Reynolds boasts to the crowd, he gets boos in return. He slaps the back of the head of a recovering Enigma before picking him up.

MURPHY: **Such lack of respect. I think he's overconfident from his win last week.**

Reynolds goes for a whip into the corner but it gets reversed, the Ravishing one has his back against the corner and Enigma looks to take advantage, he charges into the corner, cartwheels and jumps into a huge back elbow to the face of Reynolds, Enigma carries the momentum from the jumping elbow and completes a backflip, landing on the apron, the crowd roars.

WASHINGTON: **That was nice.**

The 1%'er goes tumbling out of the corner and Enigma measures the distance, Enigma jumps into the ropes and springboard forward. Enigma eats a huge jumping wheel kick that catches him mid-air.

MURPHY: **What a counter by Reynolds, into a cover.**

...1

...2, Kickout!

Enigma kicks out but Reynolds is still onto him, he picks him up and gives him two hard chops to the chest, Enigma fires back with a short clothesline but Reynolds ducks under and gets back to back double underhooks, Reynolds wants a backslide pin but Enigma just backflips over him, turning side kick to the gut by Enigma.

MURPHY: **Reynolds is doubled over, huge soccer kick to the chest of Reynolds, Enigma is on the move.**

The Mysterious Individual runs into the rope, he handspring bounces off the ropes, he jumps with a standing moonsault at Reynolds who's on his feet, Enigma lands with his gut on Reynolds shoulders and spins around to bring him face first to the mat with a huge Tornado DDT and the crowd jumps in the air in amazement.

WASHINGTON: **Did you just see that move Murph, what an incredible performer this kid Enigma is.**

The sheer impact of the move sent Reynolds flying away, Enigma has to go get him, he loses a couple of seconds dragging him away from the ropes but he finally goes for the pin.

...1

...2

Taiga Breaks it.

WASHINGTON: **COME THE FFFFF...**

MURPHY: **Calm down. That generally happens in tag team matches.**
Nothing to get worked up over.

A booing crowd turns into a cheering one when Leonard Knox comes in and sends Taiga out of the ring with a clothesline against the ropes, Knox steers clear of the ring and leaves Enigma and Reynolds be for the time being. Reynolds is back on his feet but Enigma is the one on the offense, three boots to the midsection, Enigma with a whip, reversal by Reynolds and Enigma goes into the ropes instead.

MURPHY: **Enigma rebounds off, jumps, wheelbarrow, he comes up and**
WOW!!

As Enigma rose from his wheelbarrow, Reynolds catches him in a full nelson, the crowd is worried as they know Reynolds' finishing move is his full nelson driver. Enigma somehow manages to peel off Reynolds grip and free himself of the hold, Enigma makes a run for the ropes, he rebounds and ducks under a clothesline, he hits the break and hoists himself in the air once again, backflip kick to the head of Reynolds connects, the 1% tumbles around on rubber legs.

WASHINGTON: **Enigma showcasing his leaping, twisting, rotating ability.**

Enigma grabs Reynolds by the head in a one armed front face hold, The crowd cheers when he raises the other arm into the air with his signature hand gesture as he gets ready for his corkscrew neckbreaker. Enigma simply took too long to set up the move and this allowed Reynolds to spin out and secure a hammerlock. With control of Enigma via hammerlock, Reynolds drags him at full speed to the heel corner and Enigma goes flying shoulder first into the ring post, the crowd boos.

MURPHY: **Ouch, that looked like it hurt, and Favreau tags in.**

WASHINGTON: **Incoming Punishment! Favreau looked beastly on his debut against**
Hakai Dragon.

Favreau pulls Enigma out of the corner with a rear waistlock and bridges back into a huge release german, Enigma goes flying so hard that he rotates all the way through and lands front face onto the mat, the crowd is impressed.

MURPHY: **Incredible power and strength on this Emerson Favreau.**

WASHINGTON: **Enigma looks like a puny child besides him.**

The hand of Emerson Favreau just grips the top of Enigma's head and he drags him back up to his feet, Favreau uses a bear hug and lifts the high flyer up in the air as he presses hard on his back, the crowd boos Favreau for this a little, I guess they want to see the little guy fly around. The crowd does get it's wish, in a way, Favreau uses a killer belly to belly overhead suplex to send Enigma crashing to the mat.

WASHINGTON: **Enigma has already faced all three of his opponents, I think he needs to make the tag.**

The camera switches briefly to the corner assigned to Enigma's team, a very eager Leonard Knox is holding his tag rope and extending his other hand as far as he can, he really wants the tag. Hakai Dragon stands at Leonard's side, the Dragon is arms crossed as he inspects the action.

MURPHY: **Hakai Dragon doesn't seem to eager to enter the ring right now.**

Enigma is struggling to get up and Emerson Favreau is kind enough to help him, in fact he hoists him up all the way up to a modified fireman's carry position. His smile is huge and he starts setting up for his finishing maneuver. He swings Enigma's body around for a spinout facebuster but in the end it is Enigma who counters with a DDT, both men are down and the crowd reacts.

MURPHY: **Enigma needs to get the tag in, and so does Favreau. Both men are on the ground and coming to. Whoever is able to get to his side and get the tag in is going to have the advantage.**

Leonard Knox is still reaching as far as he legally can while shouting encouragement to Enigma while Hakai Dragon simply stands in the corner, watching impassively. On the other side of the ring, Taiga is calling for the tag. Ronnie Reynolds is outside of the ring, having something whispered in his ear by Jackson Gerritt. Enigma and Favreau both crawl closer to their respective corners...closer...closer...closer...

MURPHY: **Tag is made! Favreau reaches Taiga first!**

Taiga leaps over the ropes and makes a beeline to Enigma. The mysterious wrestler was only a few inches from tagging in Knox when Taiga grabs his legs and pulls him towards the other side of the ring. The audience lets out a collective groan of frustration, and then a sudden cheer in anticipation when Enigma kicks Taiga, who looked like he was setting up a sharpshooter, away and makes a leap to Leonard Knox. It connects.

WASHINGTON: **Knox is in! He looks pumped, and Taiga is about to get his sorry ass handed to him!**

Knox comes charging like a man on fire. A shoulder block knocks Taiga down. The Englishman bounces off the ropes and shoulder blocks his flamboyant opponent once again. When Taiga gets back up, he is met by three jabs from Knox's left hand, and a haymaker with Knox's right. The punch connects, and

causes Taiga to stagger back into his corner. Ronnie Reynolds taps Taiga's shoulder and tags himself in. He steps into the ring, and Knox stands his ground, taunting the Ravishing One to bring it on. Ronnie apparently thinks better of going toe-to-toe with Knox, and taps Taiga again, making him the legal man.

WASHINGTON: Looks like Reynolds wanted no part of Knox right now. That's fine with me, because Taiga is about to get wrecked! I CANT WAIT MURPH, I CANT WAIT!

Taiga looks at Reynolds with a confused and shocked face as the audience cheers. Reynolds leans in close, and says something to Reynolds that the audio isn't able to pick up. The ladies man nods in understanding, and when he turns around, he is met with a kick to the gut courtesy of Leonard Knox.

WASHINGTON: This, I like!

Leonard Knox grabs the prone Taiga and holds him in a side headlock. With his free arm, he gives his opponent a few punches in the head while navigating him closer to Knox's side of the ring. Taiga somehow wiggles himself out of the hold, and throws Knox into the ropes, towards his team.

MURPHY: Oh no! A collision!

Either through design or just plain luck, Taiga Irish whips Leonard Knox into Enigma and Hakai Dragon, both of whom were standing on the ring apron next to each other. Enigma seemed to take the brunt of the impact flying backwards and hitting the security fence around the ring. Hakai Dragon fell to the outside as well, but his martial arts instincts kicked in, and he turned the impact into a roll.

WASHINGTON: Enigma took a bad fall, there. That's a major advantage to the One Percent, if they can take advantage of it.

Inside the ring, Knox doesn't seem to have realized what happened. Taiga bends over to throw the running Englishman into the air, but he telegraphs his move and Knox counters by applying a front facelock and dropping Taiga with a running DDT.

MURPHY: If Knox can keep Taiga and the rest of the One Percent busy while his partners recover, he'll be able to nullify the disadvantage there. And, so far- uh oh, looks like we have some problems.

Hakai Dragon has already recovered and is back on the ring apron...but he is shouting at Leonard Knox. Instead of continuing his attack on Taiga, Knox walks over closer to his team's corner to see what the problem is.

WASHINGTON: Looks like Dragon and Knox are exchanging some heated words.

MURPHY: I think maybe Hakai thinks that Knox ran into him intentionally?

WASHINGTON: Hmm, yeah, that could be it. I don't know why Dragon might think that Knox did that intentionally, but I think you're right, Murph.

Hakai Dragon apparently said something that hit too close to the bone, because Leonard Knox starts

jawing back at him. He takes a few steps closer to the ring, and starts to get in Hakai Dragon's face- he doesn't look like he's in a irrational rage, but he's not backing down from the argument, either.

WASHINGTON: Uh, oh. Dragon pushed Knox. And Knox pushes him back, now. Don't think the referee is counting that as a tag or anything, but he's getting over there to break the two up.

Hakai Dragon starts to step into the ring for the first time the entire match, but stops halfway, returns to the apron, and then jumps off. He simply turns his back and starts walking back up the ramp.

MURPHY: What is Dragon doing? Is his abandoning his teammates?

Knox stands by the ropes, his arms up in the air at his sides, gesturing confusion. The referee, too, stands nearby, watching Hakai Dragon walk away. The official leans on the ropes and calls and signals for the Japanese superstar to come back to the ring. Leonard Knox shakes his head and turns around, where he is met by an arm to his groin.

MURPHY: Oh, did you see that!? A low blow by Taiga!

WASHINGTON: Come on, ref! How do you not see that! Disqualify that fool!

MURPHY: He was too busy with Hakai Dragon! Taiga with schoolboy roll-up of Knox, and the referee turns around because of the audience's reaction, to see what was going on behind him!

...1!

...2!

...3!!

WASHINGTON: You've gotta be kidding me!

["Back in Black"](#) starts playing.

DUCKY: Your winners! The team of Ronnie Reynolds, Emerson Favreau, and Taiga!

WASHINGTON: Knox was robbed!

MURPHY: While I don't disagree, if Hakai Dragon didn't walk away, this might not have happened...

WASHINGTON: Well, at least they didn't play Taiga's music again.

Outside the ring, Enigma is laying on the mat, holding his head. Inside the ring, Leonard Knox is lying on his stomach, a grimace of pain and frustration across his face. Taiga, grabs Knox, pulls him up, and throws him at the ropes, where he topples over and lands outside near Enigma. Amy Evans grabs a microphone from the announcer's desk and hands it to Reynolds, along with something else. The crowd boos.

REYNOLDS: Ladies and gentlemen, let me be the first to introduce to you...the newest members of the One Percent! Emerson Favreau and Taiga!

Ronnie hands Taiga and Emerson Favreau a purple armband with a '1%' on it, the same one that he is wearing on his arm. The crowd boos some more.

REYNOLDS: In the ring before you stand the three premier wrestlers in this organization. The three men in the ring right now are going straight to the top, and NOBODY is getting in our way. Taiga and Emerson Favreau, led by Ronnie Reynolds, are the cream of the crop, the elite, the 1%!

MURPHY: Well, it's official now. The ranks of the One Percent have grown. How is this going to change the landscape of RPW?

+++++COMMERCIAL BREAK+++++

+++++BACKSTAGE: CHAMPIONSHIPS+++++

The shot is one of a locker room and the camera quickly turns to reveal John Brandenburg freshly changed into street clothes. Brandenburg has his Ironman championship strapped over his waist and you can hear the crowd cheering in the background. "The Liverpool Sensation" Douglas Gallagher appears into the scene for another solid pop.

GALLAGHER: 'ello der mate. Look, I never got to congratulate you about yer title victory last show, but I guess it is better late than never aight?

In any case, I'm also terribly sorry that you got screwed out of a chance to compete for the heavyweight title, I was looking forward to face you. But maybe after I defeat Ian Jones we could go out it, Champion versus Champion, what do you think?

BRANDENBURG: Look, I respect you Gallagher, you're not like some the other Brits around here at RPW. You've got class, dignity, and you're looking for a well-fought battle tonight against Jones. But I'd be careful about Mr. Nice Guy, the referee for your match. It wasn't too long ago when that guy smacked me over the back of the head with a steel chair with a shot so hard it still has me reeling sometimes. You may think he's out there to call it straight, but don't be surprised if, in the middle of that match, you end up laid out by the guy in stripes. MNG, he's NOT to be trusted.

GALLAGHER: Nothing to worry there mate, I'm sure Eee will call this match fair and square, down to the middle. I'm gonna go make my final preparations for my match tonight, see you around Brand.

BRANDENBURG: Hey, Doug, good luck tonight. And I hope you're right...

+++++ VIDEO PACKAGE: JAFAR AL-SULTAN+++++

Backstage, Dom Golden has been watching the action on a plasma screen television mounted on the wall in front of him in his office. He is sitting on a leather office chair, and has his legs up, on his desk, and a cigar in his mouth. He looks down at his wrist and checks his watch. Noticing the time, he puts his legs down and pulls out a laptop from one of the drawers inside the desk. He puts it on the desk and opens the computer. As it loads, he takes a puff of the cigar, exhaling a few smoke rings. He leans over and starts typing, and suddenly Jafaar al-Sultan's face appears on the other side.

al-SULTAN: Is the connection good? Can you hear me, Dom?

GOLDEN: Yeah, Skype is working fine. I can see and hear you.

On the computer monitor, Jafaar al-Sultan seems to be in a hot tub or jacuzzi, with two other women, one to either side of him. Based on their make-up, they seem to be traditional Japanese geisha.

al-SULTAN: It's late here, so I can't stay for too long. Plus, I have some...other business to attend to.

He brushes the underside of one of the geisha's chins, like a person might brush the chin of a cat or dog in affection.

al-SULTAN: How did things go?

GOLDEN: They won the match. I "persuaded" Amy Evans to "convince" Reynolds to induct Favereau and Taiga into the 1%.

al-SULTAN: Dominic Golden, you sly dog. You still have it.

GOLDEN: It wasn't exactly like that- though, she is a fox. You'd be surprised how...interested she is in power.

al-SULTAN: Good, good, all things to keep in mind for the future. Is that meeting still scheduled for tomorrow?

GOLDEN: Yeah, it is. I have my allies on the board, so if all goes well, you'll get that RPW Heavyweight Championship title match.

al-SULTAN: That double disqualification last week was absolutely stupid. Three more seconds, and El Omega 23 would have tapped out.

GOLDEN: I think we'll have a convincing argument, don't worry.

al-SULTAN: Good, good.

Golden picks up the cigar sitting in the ashtray next to him and takes another puff. He blows another smoke ring and puts it back down.

GOLDEN: Are all of those business issues hammered out?

al-SULTAN: Yeah. It was something relatively minor that probably could of been handled without my presence, but...Those other issues that we discussed, I felt like I would be able to get what I was looking for here.

GOLDEN: And you did?

al-SULTAN: Yes.

GOLDEN: And you're sure that he'll be able to fix them all?

As Golden is asking Jafaar, the door to his office opens and Ronnie Reynolds, Emerson Favreau and Taiga walk in, with Amy Evans not far behind. Reynolds is holding a bottle of champagne, that has already been opened and very obviously already drank out of. Jafaar al-Sultan's answer is cut off as Ronnie Reynolds walks up to Dom Golden's desk and closes the laptop, ending the conversation. He looks a little buzzed from the alcohol and being in the match only a few minutes ago.

REYNOLDS: Dom! Dom! Not only did we win, but you're looking at the newly minted members of the One Percent. I felt they were good enough, so here they are! Forget what you're doing, and come and celebrate with us!

Dom looks slightly peeved that Reynolds just barged into his office, and shut his online conversation with al-Sultan short, but when he looks at Amy Evans standing by the door, a twinkle comes over his eye. He grabs his cigar and puts it out, and then grabs the champagne from Ronnie Reynold's hands.

GOLDEN: A celebration is is, then!

+++++RING: COBAIN VS MERCY +++++

WASHINGTON: Ladies and gentlemen we are now joined by RPW star Sirius Danger on commentary for this no limits match.

The camera turns to the announce table where Danger is once again wearing a suit, it's a weird suit as it has patches everywhere with strange logos.

DANGER: Thank you for the kind introduction Benjamin, are you and Murph ready for some grueling no limits action?

DUCKY:
Division, Introducing first...

The following contest is scheduled for one fall in the No Limits

“The Gauntlet” - Dropkick Murphys is the sound of the arena, low to moderate cheers join in with the music as Ryan Mercy strolls down to the ring.

DUCKY:
Mercy!!!!

From Boston, MA. Weighing in at 250 pounds, Ryan

DANGER:
himself into.

I don't think Ryan Mercy is quite aware of what he has gotten

Mercy gets into the ring and raises his arms in the air getting a few more cheers here and there, suddenly Love Battery's half past you ignites the crowd, Kirk Cobain comes out Kendo Stick in hand and he comes out to a much larger reaction.

MURPHY:

Whoa, Cobain has come armed!

DANGER:

It's no Limits Murph.

Cobain rushes down the ramp to many cheers, but some very audible boos as well, Mercy immediately rolls out of the ring and starts searching under the ring skirts, he procures a Kendo stick of his own and he rolls back into the ring just in time to face Cobain, the bell rings as both men start some sword play.

WASHINGTON:

So this turned from a wrestling match to a fencing one.

DANGER:

Ryan Mercy is no Match for Kirk Cobain.

The competitors are fired up and so is this crowd, both men swing their kendo sticks at each other with different degrees of success, a couple of seconds in we realize Ryan Mercy is clearly on defensive mode as all he is able to do is parry Cobain's attacks.

DANGER:

Told you so.

30 seconds into it and we can tell that Cobain is not even giving his 100%, he's toying around with Mercy. Kirk Cobain is showcasing his superiority when it comes to sword play, just like he got bored of playing, Cobain lands a huge hit to Mercy's mid section.

MURPHY:

What a shot, Mercy is doubled over.

WASHINGTON:

Cobain cracks him on the back!!

Ryan Mercy has fallen into his knees and Cobain continues to unleash shots all over his back, they come in quick succession, one after the other and they force Mercy down to the mat where he lays belly down

still receiving shots, Mercy tries to work his way back up to his knees but the continuous streams of strikes is giving him a hard time.

DANGER: **Kirk Cobain is dominating, how great is this...**

Kirk Cobain just keeps on swinging, hit after hit after hit, all connect and Ryan Mercy's back is flaring up, the hits just keep on coming and Mercy has even stopped trying to fight his way back up. Cobain stops for a bit and raises his weapon up to a very strong mixed reaction.

WASHINGTON: **I think this match is over, pin this guy already.**

Taking his attention off the match for a second, Kirk Cobain climbs over a corner and points his stick to Sirius Danger, he jumps back into the ring and raises the weapon high in the air.

MURPHY: **I think Cobain is just showing you what he has in store for you Sirius.**

DANGER: **I'm prepared and I'm liking what I'm seeing.**

Kirk Cobain cracks his strick on the back of Ryan Mercy with another huge flurry, over ten shots all land, more and more shots continue to pour all over Mercy who finds himself no choice but to tap out.

WASHINGTON: **He tapped out?**

DANGER: **He did, wow, what a disgrace of a man.**

The referee waves his hands off to end the match...the bell rings but Cobain is still raining hits on Mercy.

"DING, DING, DING"

DUCKY: **And the winner of this match via submission, KIRK COBAIN!!!**

Cobain's music starts to play again, and it's only then when he realizes the match is over. Cobain breaks the Kendo Stick over his knee and goes over to the edge of the ring, he leans on the ropes and starts yelling abuse at Sirius Danger.

DANGER: **I guess that's my cue...**

Sirius Danger gets up from the booth and starts making a run through the crowd, a furious Kirk Cobain jumps out of the ring and goes on to the chase.

WASHINGTON: **Kirk Cobain has picked up a victory and now he wants a fight with Danger.**

MURPHY: **Danger said he was prepared, but he ran away...I don't know what to make out of that.**

WASHINGTON:

Don't try to understand Sirius Danger, you'll go crazy.

+++++++ BACKSTAGE: EXCELLENT
IRONMAN+++++++

EXCELLENCE:

That's quite underwhelming"

"So you chose Malcolm Valenzuela for your first title defense?

BRAND:

"Malcolm earned that opportunity, that's more than I can say about you. I have already defeated you... In fact it was on your big debut. Have you forgotten that??"

Excellence laughs a little and his expression changes to that of pure intensity.

EXCELLENCE:

"Yeah, I remember it.. It was my debut but do you remember it was a flag match and you won by snatching the flag. Nothing was on stake. Do you remember that I dominated that match??"

BRAND:

RPW debut against The Brand."

"It's a win and it will be on your resume that you lost your

EXCELLENCE:

"Yeah, I guess I need to correct my resume by being the one who forced you out to retirement. 'Cause you can never pin me nor can you make me tap out."

BRAND:

"(Caresses the title on his shoulder) I have plenty of challenges lined up ahead, but I'll get through them and when I'm done we'll see if you have earned your shot, So whether you want a piece of me, or you want a shot at the title, start putting the work in.

EXCELLENCE:

"You can say...I want Both. I, The holy saint of REVOLUTION will get a piece of you anytime I want, so just be prepared and expect to meet me in the ring again."

Before Brand can respond, Excellence walks off.

BRAND:

"Who does this guy think he is...I bet he doesn't even get through Aron Scythe and the Crafts..."

+++++++ BACKSTAGE: INTERVIEW WITH DIEGO SAN
MARTIN+++++++

Matt Josham and one his trademark Plaid suits are outside the locker room of the L.A.W.C.

JOSHAM: Welcome to backstage with Matt Josham, I am your host, the best interviewer in the world, the smart, the handsome, the great Matt Josham. Tonight I stand here backstage outside of the lockerroom of the Latin American Wrecking Crew where the awesome one, that's me, the awesome Matt Josham. Where was I? Oh right...after Jafaar al-Sultan's statements, I'm trying to get the scoop on what "The Alpha Brain" Diego San Martin thinks of it.

Matt knocks on the door, it immediately opens and we can see the towering presence of El Omega 23 wearing his usual ring gear.

JOSHAM: Hey, Mr. Vein-tee- tres, this is the greatest interviewer in the world Matt Josham, I wanted to know your thoughts on Mr. Sultan.

OMEGA 23: ...

JOSHAM: Huh? Do you speak english? Hablar Ingles?

OMEGA 23: ...

The familiar voice of Don Diego San Martin is heard in the background...

"Que mierda esta pasando aqui"

Don Diego appears next to El Omega and sees Matt Josham with his mic forward, he shakes his head from side to side in a expression of disapproval...

SAN MARTIN: If you are coming to ask about Sultan, all I'm going to say is that the man is a fool, my Client knew that there was no time on the clock and he took a big risk to take that win, he attempted a huge move he'd never done before and it backfired, it might have put him in a bad position but he knew that it didn't matter with 10 seconds on the clock. Now get out of my face!

JOSHAM: But Don Diego wha-

But he's cut off by the short tempered San Martin.

SAN MARTIN: Vamos hombre, andate de aca!

+++++COMMERCIAL BREAK+++++
+++++RING: SCYTHE AND CRAFTS VS JACKS AND EXCELLENCE+++++

MURPHY: Welcome back to WNR LIVE, during the commercial break all 6 wrestlers involved in our co-main event have made their entrances and they stand in the ring ready to start off this match

Billy Craft starts off against "Bandanna Bandit" Edward Jameson, one half of the Union Jacks. Billy leans in for a tie up but Jameson catches him mid way in with a stiff jab to the face. Jameson secures a headlock and takes Billy down to the mat. Billy quickly spins to his knees but he's still trapped on the headlock, he manages to rise to his feet and push the Union Jack member into the ropes, Billy leans

forward for a back body drop but Jameson holds on to the top rope with one arm and coordinates his stop with a big kick to the face of Billy.

WASHINGTON: Remember that this is not the first time these two have faced each other, The Union Jacks lost to the Craft Twins during their RPW debut.

Jameson pulls himself into the ropes and bounces off them but as he approaches the center of the ring he's caught with a jumping clothesline by Billy Craft, the crowd is happy to see that. The Union Jack doesn't have much luck after getting up from it, instead he's sent back down with a jumping neckbreaker, the Blue wearing Craft Twin slides into a pin..

...

MURPHY: Come on, start that count already.

...

After two seconds of nothing we realize that the ref was arguing with the other half of the Union Jacks, he finally slides down for a count but Jameson kicks out even before one, the crowd is now booing. Jameson is picked up by Billy and the ref once again has to run interference as Jameson's partner teases entering the ring. Jimmy Craft is fed up with this and enters the ring himself, the referee now tries to keep Jimmy out as Billy Craft shoves the Bandanna Bandit into a corner. Billy climbs to the second turnbuckle and starts unleashing punches but Edward Jameson runs over the apron and punches him on the back, Jameson grabs a hold of his head and brings him down throat first into the top rope for more boos. Jimmy Craft finally gives up on his attempt to get involved in the action and the referee goes back to call the action, albeit a little too late.

WASHINGTON: The Jacks using their vast experience as a tag team.

MURPHY: They are pretty underhanded.

A dizzy and tumbling Billy Craft eats a jumping calf kick from Edward Jameson and we have another pinning predicament, the Jacks look to take the victory home.

...KICKOUT!

Jameson holds on to one of Billy's feet as he reaches his hand to the heel corner and tags in George Barrington. The other half of the Union Jacks immediately gets on the offense with a single underhook snap suplex. Barrington slides on top of his opponent but instead of pressing him down for the count he starts unleashing hard forearms, one, two, three, all connect. Barrington now executes his lateral press and the ref counts.

WASHINGTON: Barrington looking to steal one here.

...1

...2

...Kickout

The Match continues and Barrington controls the action as both his Union Jack partner and Excellence cheer him on. On the opposite corner we can see Jimmy Craft and Aron Scythe both eager to get a piece of the action. Barrington sends Billy hard to the British corner and he starts unleashing a flurry of forearms to the face, the tag is made once again and the Jacks switch position.

MURPHY: **The Union Jacks are working Billy Craft to the bone.**

The Bandanna Bandit Edward Jameson is once again the legal man in this match up and he fires a picture perfect dropkick against the cornered Billy Craft. Craft takes a wobbly step forward and gets put in a front facelock. Jameson goes for a vertical suplex and as Billy reaches it's peak point, he manages to twist his body around, he goes up and over and lands behind Jameson, the crowd reacts positively as Billy Craft gets a rear waistlock going.

WASHINGTON: **This is Billy's chance to do something and tag out of this match.**

Billy craft holds on tightly to the waistlock and now pushes Jameson all the way into the ropes, George Barrington makes the blind tag as the legal men hit the ropes, Billy Craft takes the Bandanna Bandit down with a roll up, the referee doesn't start the count as Barrington is the legal man for the British team now, an unsuspecting Billy Craft yells at the referee to count and he gets blindsided by a huge forearm to the face.

MURPHY: **Great teamwork by the Jacks here, they might bend the rules a lot but you can't deny their effectiveness.**

The blue jacketed Craft twin is down but not for long as Barrington attacks with a rear facelock, the Union Jack switches grips around as he picks up Billy with a facelock and a claw, he starts dragging him around the ring to many boos. Barrington fires a right knee lift and connects, he goes for the left knee lift and connects aswell, Barrington is not done and he caps his attack with a jumping double knee lift to the face of Billy Craft who's dropped to the mat in pain, and he's very close to the heel corner.

MURPHY: **Barrington with the cover.**

...1

...2

...Jimmy Craft breaks it.

WASHINGTON: **Jimmy Craft saves the match for his team, this continues.**

Jimmy had to run all the way across the ring to make the save and he now runs back to his corner as the referee scolds him, back onto the action George Barrington puts his knee across Billy's chest and throat area, he also holds on to one of the ropes for leverage and the referee misses the choke as he's busy with Jimmy.

MURPHY: **Jimmy has inadvertently done a disservice to his brother here.**

The referee finally gets back into the action and warns Barrington who just tags in his Union Jack Partner, Edward Jameson gets into the ring and starts putting the boots to Billy's chest as the Union Jacks remain in complete control of this match.

The Bandanna Bandit uses an Irish whip to great effect, Billy Craft goes against one of the neutral corners hard. Jameson the Union Jack follows his offense up with a cornered clothesline, he's fired up. Jameson is getting some minor to moderate heat by taunting to the crowd after his maneuver, he now goes for an Irish whip into the opposite and also neutral corner, Billy Craft goes back first into it.

WASHINGTON: **Edward Jameson and his bandanna are in complete control of this match up right now, Billy Craft has been in the ring from the start of the match and the wear and tear is already showing.**

Edward Jameson rushes in for another clothesline but he gets caught in the way in by an elbow lift, Jameson staggers back while Billy draws energies from the crowd's response to his elbow and hops into the second turnbuckle, Billy Craft launches himself in the air and connects with a precise missile dropkick to the head, Jimmy Craft and Aron Scythe both start clapping for him and urging the crowd to join along as they look to get the tag.

MURPHY: **Billy is going to make it! Billy Craft is gonna finally tag out!**

Billy jumps into the face corner and finally reaches his twin brother for the tag just as Jameson was

about to stop him. Jimmy Craft jumps into the ring with a slingshot clothesline that nearly takes Jameson's bandanna off his head.

WASHINGTON: **Here comes Jimmy!!**

Jimmy Craft is as always wearing red but this time he's specially on fire, he notices George Barrington jumping into the ring and knocks him down with a vicious chop to the chest, he turns his attention back on Jameson now and whips him into the ropes, Jimmy receives the Bandanna Bandit with back body drop and sends him flying through the air.

MURPHY: **Jimmy Craft taking it to the Jacks.**

George Barrington again tries to get the jump on Jimmy Craft but the young Californian catches him with an inverted atomic drop and a wheel kick to the face, the referee orders Barrington out of the ring but he gets distracted of that task when Jimmy Craft catches the incoming Edward Jameson with an Hurricanrana for a pin attempt.

...1

...2

...Barrington breaks it.

WASHINGTON: **The Jacks aren't going down that easy.**

The referee again orders Barrington out of the ring but Billy Craft has had enough and he jumps into the ring to take care of business himself, he catches Barrington with a right to the head and backs him up into the heel corner with plenty of punches, Excellence decides to also get involved and he enters the ring. Excellence grabs a very busy Billy Craft by the head and shoulder and uses this grip to send him crashing back and neck first into the mat.

MURPHY: **Excellence getting involved for the first time on this match!**

Aron Scythe comes crashing into the scene and he immediately removes Excellence from the equation with a vicious clothesline over the top rope. Scythe kicks Barrington in the gut and gives him a swinging neckbreaker to get the crowd pumped, he then notices Ex recovering on the outside and dives into him with a slingshot plancha.

WASHINGTON:

All hell is breaking loose here.

Jimmy Craft is just taking it to Edward Jameson on the face corner with an onslaught of martial art strikes, Billy Craft has regained control in the face corner and he's delivering machine-gun speed chops to Barrington over the heel corner. The Art of War C.R.A.F.T is in complete control of the Union Jacks now. Using what can only be described as a twin telepathic link, both Crafts look over their shoulder and nod at each other.

MURPHY:

It's time for the Crafts to show their teamwork now.

Each of the Craft's delivers a Irish whip to the member of the Union Jacks they are battling with, this sends the Britons in a collision course against each other, both Jacks hit the breaks in the middle of the ring right before colliding to each other...

Both of the Jacks waste a little time apologizing to each other or something, George Barrington finds himself in trouble when Billy Craft kicks him in the gut and gives him an arm wrench rolling wristlock while he's still bent over on the midsection. Billy puts one of his legs on the back of his opponents neck and drops to the mat sending his opponent face first with the legged bulldog more known as the fame-asser.

WASHINGTON:

I've heard Billy Craft say that he calls that move "Lothar's Edge".

Likewise, Jameson turns around to find nothing good, in fact what he finds is quite the opposite of good for him, Jameson is welcomed by a wrestling boot to the face in form of Jimmy Craft's most powerful move.

THE TENKAI KICK!!

MURPHY:

The 10K kick, Jimmy Craft is said to have practiced that stepping side superkick over ten thousand times.

The camera quickly turns to the outside where Excellence reverses and Irish whip and sends Aron Scythe crashing into the steel steps.

the boos that Art of War C.R.A.F.T had garnered quickly turn into boos for Excellence, back into the ring Jimmy Craft drags Jameson to the center of the ring and goes for a pin attempt.

...1

...2

...Excellence breaks it.

MURPHY:

Awww come on, Jimmy had it with the Tenkai kick.

Billy Craft tries to make Excellence pay for it but he's caught with a huge power double leg takedown and a hard elbow to the face that sends the Blue Craft rolling away in pain. Excellence now turns his attention on Jimmy Craft and gets him on a thai clinch, Excellence fires away with hard knees to the chest and face area, this receives many boos from the irate crowd.

WASHINGTON:

Excellence imposing his unique brand of domination here.

Excellence now switches his grip to a fisherman's and the crowd reinforces it's booing, everyone knows what's coming next and they are not liking it. Excellence hoists Jimmy up with a Fisherman Suplex Lift, he pulls down hard on the leg and uses his other arm to push Jimmy off the chest sending him into a brutal sit-out powerbomb.

MARK OF EXCELLENCE CONNECTS!

"BOO"

MURPHY:

The Mark of Excellence!! What a brutal move

Billy Craft now rushes in but he stopped with a kick to the gut, Ex establishes the fisherman hold and he picks him all the way up to the delayed Fisherman suplex lift. Excellence switches tactics a little and pushes off Billy's back and neck, bringing him down to the mat into a sit-out powerbomb.

MARK OF EXCELLENCE II?

"BOOO"

WASHINGTON:

WASHINGTON: Just like last week Excellence has hit both of the Crafts with the Mark of Excellence, he seemed to have use a nice variation of his move on Billy this time around though.

MURPHY:

MURPHY: Both looked deadly, but the referee needs to get a hold of this match, who are the legal men now?

WASHINGTON:

I think it's Jimmy Craft and Edward Jameson.

Excellence is still standing tall in the middle of the ring bathing on the boos of the crowd, the referee finally snaps from his trance and starts ordering Excellence out of the ring, Excellence just smiles and goes to his corner.

George Barrington and Billy Craft have rolled out of the ring by now and we are left with a nearly dead Jimmy Craft and a recovering Edward Jameson, Jameson notices that Craft is laying senseless and he goes for the pin.

...1

...2

...3?

NO! Jimmy Kicks out in a very near fall.

MURPHY:

I can't believe this, I thought he had him.

"The Bandanna Bandit" Edward Jameson tries slowly gets up to his feet and picks up his opponent. an irish whip soon follows and Jimmy goes hard into a corner, Jameson rushes in and leaps high in the air but The Red Craft moves out of the way and Jameson tastes the corner.

WASHINGTON:

Jimmy Craft needs to get to his corner now, this is critical for his team's success on this match!

Jimmy Craft is too tired to capitalize and he starts tumbling into his corner, Jameson won't let him tag and catches him by the leg, Craft turns around with an enzuigiri but Jameson ducks under it, The Bandanna Bandit lifts the leg of Jimmy and sends his knee hard into the mat, Jameson gets a better grip on the leg and locks in a single legged boston crab.

MURPHY:

He might have it!!

Jameson is having a hard time controlling Jimmy's legs and Jimmy manages to turn himself over, Craft is on his back and he uses his legs to push Jameson off, the Union Jack bounces off the ropes just it time to meet a recovering Jimmy Craft and send him back down with a clothesline, the crowd boos as Jameson raises his arms to the air.

WASHINGTON: **Jameson shouldn't be wasting time, he needs to put Jimmy away now!**

Jameson puts himself on stalk mode behind Jimmy Craft, the crowd is still booing as the Californian Craft is struggling to regain his vertical base. As soon as Jimmy has reached his feet, Jameson hooks him up in a back suplex lift.

MURPHY: **Could he be going for that Crash Thunder Driver?**

The collective hope of this crowd is ignited as Jimmy Craft is able to backflip out of the move and into his feet, he immediately turns to his corners and dives into a tag, his hand makes contact with Aron's hand and the referee calls the tag in while the crowd goes crazy.

WASHINGTON: **Aron Scythe is the legal man for the first time in this match.**

Scythe comes in and he immediately starts putting the work in, two well placed punches send Jameson to the mat, he immediately gets back up but Scythe is still attacking him. George Barrington has jumped into the ring to interfere but he gets cut off by Billy Craft who also forced his entry to ring.

MURPHY: **The referee is losing control of this match fast.**

Edward Jameson tries to sneak in a hard right hand but scythe ducks under it and fires back with a huge left roundhouse kick to the face, Jameson drops to the mat.

WASHINGTON: **Jameson is down.**

Billy Craft and George Barrington and trading punches, Craft notices that Aron Scythe is free and he pushes Barrington into him, Scythe is happy to receive him with a huge right roundhouse kick to the head, Barrington just tumbles over back in to Billy Craft who recieves him with his patented fameasser.

THE LOTHAR'S EDGE SENDS BARRINGTON TO THE MAT.

MURPHY: **Barrington is down.**

Excellence is now in the ring and he immediately clotheslines Billy Craft to the mat, Excellence now turns his attention full, onto Aron Scythe but there's one thing he isn't expecting.

TENKAI KICK TO THE FACE OF EXCELLENCE!!

Excellence takes falls limp just into the direction of Aron Scythe, who catches him with double underhooks.

WASHINGTON: **Excellence is down and in danger of recieving a Dragon Driver.**

Jimmy Craft picks up Jameson and puts him on double underhooks, Billy Craft gets the double underhooks on George Barrington, the crowd is going in-sane as all three men look at each other.

MURPHY: **Could this be??**

TRIPLE DRAGON DRIVER!!!

It connects!! Scythe and the Crafts pick up their opponents and throw them outside of the ring, they tell the referee to count them out and the referee obliges, the crowd counts along.

..1...2...3...4

...5...6...7

...8

...9

...10

The referee waves the match off and the bell rings to a huge pop, but even before Ducky can make the official announcement, Aron demands for his microphone, Scythe waits a few seconds for the frenetic crowd to die down but they are still going nuts, Scythe smiles and waits some more before getting a chance to speak, the crowd finally quiets down as Scythe looks down upon Excellence with disgust, this face has now turned into one of fury, a stark contrast with a couple of seconds ago.

SCYTHE: I saw what you and the Union Jacks did to Douglas Gallagher in Philadelphia and frankly... it made me kind of sick. So you were upset you weren't in the Ironman tournament. Well yeah. I can understand that. But jumping a guy that had **earned** a shot at the belt? Robbing fans of a main event? Unacceptable.

I know what you were thinking. You thought you could make a name for yourself by pinning the number one contender. Well Excellence... not tonight. Not now. Not ever. I've fought for too long, and too hard to get here. You aren't a saint. You aren't a revolution... you're just a guy who got some wins under his belt and started to believe his own hype. So the Craft Bros and I were more than happy to give you a lesson in modesty.

Aron pauses for a moment looking down at his fallen opponent before frantically pacing the ring.

SCYTHE: Now as you may all know I just came back from a suspension. A few weeks ago weeks ago my family and I were subject to a malicious hoax. I acted rashly and frankly I'd like to apologize to the fans, the Craft Brothers, and even my opponents.

But...

There's one person I'm not going to apologize to and that's our esteemed General Manager Charles Strickland. You see I really did feel bad about running into him. But then I realized something. Ian Jones is a lot of things but... he isn't a video editor. I know he doesn't have a video editing team working for him. But, you do Charlie. Which makes me suspect that either you had a hand in making that little bomb scare video or you knew about it and didn't stop him from airing it. So until I see evidence otherwise, what happened partially your own damned fault Charles.

Now if you didn't like me saying that well you can fine me, you can suspend me again, heck you can even try to fire me. I honestly don't care at this point because I'm guaranteed one title shot at British Uprising and frankly... that's all I need.

Aron pauses for a moment before sitting down in the ring in a cross-legged fashion. A steely eyed glare into the camera as he pauses for a moment before speaking.

SCYTHER: This brings us to Ian Jones. I find it ironic that Ian had the gall to call me classless on some internet radio show when for weeks I've tried to treat him and the title with dignity and respect. I've been open and honest about how I think a champion should carry himself. I've tried to warn you about what kind of company you really keep. I've tried to reach out the olive branch time after time.

But... no more.

After that bomb scare and that little hoax video where you pretended to beat up my father-in-law I can no longer look you straight in the eye. You make me sick. I'm disgusted to be in the same building with you. You're a pompous egomaniac who's little more than a common thug trying to pretend he's something he's not.

At British Uprising... "Scythe vs. Jones II" this isn't going to be like our last match. I'm not coming to wrestle you, I'm coming to fight you. You talk about how it's your destiny, your dream to go out and compete in front of your hometown? Well I'm going to make it a nightmare. A nightmare that you brought upon yourself.

Because I'm not coming to the UK to get my hands on the belt. I'm coming after you.

And here's the thing. Even if you manage to walk away from our match, title in hand... there are people far less patient with your nonsense than me. Your life is about to get a lot harder because you see just before this whole nonsense with Commissioner Strickland started I convinced Jack Dobbs to offer a contract to an old friend. One of the toughest most sadistic people to ever lace up a set of grappling boots. You'll know who I'm talking about.

"The Atheist" is coming to RPW.

Aron Scythe drops the mic and Art of War C.R.A.F.T come to raise his hands in the air, all three men stand tall to huge cheers to end this segment.

+++++OFFICE OF TALENTS RELATIONS: BETTER THAN+++++

We find ourselves in the office of Executive Vice President of Talent Relations, Richard Goldstein, who is in a visibly foul mood today. Why, you may ask? Because the RPW board of directors approved a meeting with someone who Mr. Goldstein had absolutely no intention of talking to. But unfortunately for him it was his job, as told to him by the Chairman. It was with bitter resignation that he answered the sudden knocking on his door.

GOLDSTEIN: Come in, damn it.

And now we see what has ruffled Goldstein's feathers so; in walks none other than Shane Adames, with the most smug, self-satisfied smirk you could ever see on someone's face. This doesn't improve Goldstein's mood.

GOLDSTEIN: *curtly* Sit.

ADAMES: **takes his seat, still smirking** What, not even a "Thank you for taking the time to come here and talk to my washed-up ass, Mr. Adames"?

GOLDSTEIN: Rrrrrgh.... the board of directors thought that it might be in the best interest of RPW if we would consider your proposal. Now even though I think you're a jumped-up, arrogant waste of everyone's time, I have a job to do, which is why I'm bothering to speak with you.

ADAMES: **sardonically** Really, what *ever* could I have done to have you cast such aspersions on my character, Goldstein?

GOLDSTEIN: That's Executive Vice President of Talent Relations Mr. Goldstein to you, Adames.

ADAMES: **smiling wider** Really? Because I could swear I was talking to the has-been who's had it out for me for the past decade or so. And why? Because I went on to become one of the biggest names in this industry while you? Here you sit in a pencil-pushing corporate job, with your wrestling career almost completely in obscurity.

Richard Goldstein violently gets up off his chair and slams his hand on his desk, pointing a finger at Shane Adames.

GOLDSTEIN: You listen here, you arrogant little prick. I have more talent in my little finger right now than you've ever had in your miserable li--

Shane Adames also gets up, he's no longer smirking and the tension in the room is sky high.

ADAMES: No. No you don't. Because if you did, you'd be noted for something that WASN'T being in a tag team with a guy that could carry you somehow. You know who I am? I'm Shane Adames. I've been World Heavyweight Champion twice in my career. *Everyone* knows who I am, especially the RPW fans. Why the hell do you think the board of directors are happy for me to want to sign to RPW? Why do you think the fans of this federation want me signed? Because they know. They know that right now, I'm still good enough to give every RPW wrestler the fight of their lives, they know that I'd put one hell of a show and they want to watch it.

Completely in control of the situation, Shane Adames starts walking around the table and he gets very close to our EVP of Talent Relations.

ADAMES: And that's the exact reason you can't stand me, Goldstein. Because I did more with my career than you could accomplish in your wildest dreams. While I enjoy recognition the world over and I've even been mentioned on the "GOAT" discussion, you're just known as a pencil-pushing suit in RPW with a former career that no one gives a flying **** about. And I'll tell you something else. All these kids that you signed? You know, and everyone else knows, that if they were put in the ring with me, I'd personally send them back to wrestling camp in shame. **a lightbulb seems to go off in Shane's head** In fact.... that gives me an idea.

GOLDSTEIN: Oh, I'm *dying* to hear this.

ADAMES: How about this? I understand that RPW is the hottest thing going on right now and you have the best wrestling talent on the world, I also know that you don't think I'm good enough to be signed to RPW... Then I propose a chance to prove that I not only belong here, I could *be in its upper-echelon*. How about at British Invasion, we set up a challenge? It'll be me, against any of your new signees.. If I win, you sign me to a long-term, iron-clad contract to this company, no questions asked, no smart-ass comments, none of your crap. If I lose, I walk out and you'll never have to hear about Shane Adames and RPW in the same sentence again.

Goldstein takes a few seconds to ponder the situation.

GOLDSTEIN ...Much as I loathe to admit it, that would be interesting, if only to be able to see you eat your words and walk out of here with your head hung low in shame after I humiliate you in a worldwide stage. Alright, Adames. *smiles wickedly* You've got a deal, the match is set for British Invasion.

ADAMES: Good. I'm glad we had this talk.

Shane Adames begins to walk out of the office, but turns his head back towards Goldstein

ADAMES: And by the way... whether I win or lose, and I'll win anyway, but just so you know? No matter what happens, Shane Adames will *still*, now and forever, be better than Richard Goldstein. RPW is my yard now. Deal with it.

Shane walks out, leaving Goldstein to stew on that last comment.

*****GM's OFFICE: HALFUS AND STRICKLAND *****

We cut into the office of Sir Charles Strickland, the interim General Manager of WNR. He is furious at Halfus Lykarn who's sitting at the otherside of this desk.

STRICKLAND: Title vs Mask...and you agreed ? Are you mental? Do you not understand all the risks we've taken by bringing you in for this run? I should have you institutionalized...

Lykarn responds in a deep raspy voice.

LYKARN: But you alr..

STRICKLAND: Not a word my sadly imbalanced friend, we need a plan...we just can't afford that everyone gets to know who's the man behind the mask...not yet...

Maybe, MNG will beat Brandenburg next week and save everything, that would be a very positive development don't you agree?

Halfus Lykarn stands up and raises his tone.

LYKARN: Are you implying that I cannot defeat John Brandenburg?

That's not what i mean, you se-

Lykarn interrupts rudely and gets on Sir Charles face.

LYKARN:

LYKARN: That's exactly what it sounded like to me, calm down old man, the only plan we need is me getting Brandenburg to tap out once again.

The wrestler that hides behind a monstrous silver mask storms out off the office leaving us with a very scared Sir Charles Strickland.

+++++RING: GALLAGHER VS JONES+++++

DUCKY:

DUCKY: Please welcome your special guest referee for this match, Mr. Nice Guy.

MNG's Music hits and here he comes, MNG receives a strong reaction composed of mostly boos but also some partisan cheers. MNG is wearing the referee outfit tonight and he looks oddly calm as he strolls down the ramp.

The crowd cheers wildly as a graphic with the RPW Heavyweight Championship flashes in the RevivalTron.

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

HEY!

Gallagher takes off his hood and raises his head, his multiple light brown braids flail over and land toward his back, Douglas is all smiles as he starts making his way down the ramp to the rhythm of the music, the energy of the entrance has the crowd really pumped up. A red cross runs all the way though the back of The Liverpool Sensation's robe, showing a strong simile to the English flag.

The Proud Scouser makes his way into the ring and disrobes he hands the robe to the referee, Gallagher is wearing red trunks and white wrestling boots with red details, his red kneepads bear the Liverpool logo, his outfit is completed by tight white and red arm bands just below the shoulder that highlight his chiseled arms, Gallagher is all fun and dances as he plays it up to the crowd, as his music starts to die down Gallagher flexes his muscles, he shakes hands with all the authority figures as he waits for the champion to make his entrance.

MURPHY: Two of the three men involved in this main event are now in the ring.

WASHINGTON: Now all that's left is the champion.

[The British Empire's theme music](#) hits and the crowd immediately starts booing, the hate is strong from the crowd and Ian Jones hasn't even emerged through the curtains yet. It is now when the Champion emerges from the curtains with his usual ring gear. He's carrying the RPW HW Championship on his waist and his sole appearance amplifies the boos from the crowd by a huge factor.

WASHINGTON: Ian Jones has been the RPW HW Championship since it's inception, he was crowned the champion in the February 15, edition of of WNR.

MURPHY: That means Ian Jones has been the HW Champion for over 6 months, that's quite remarkable.

Ian Jones slowly climbs the steel steps, his gaze is fixated on the challenger's face as he makes his way into the ring, both men engage into a cold stare down from afar as Ducky Smith starts with the ring announcing duties.

DUCKY: The following match is scheduled for one fall with no time limit and it's for the RPW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

The crowd cheers at the mention of the Title.

DUCKY: Introducing first, to my left, the challenger, from Liverpool, England. Weighing in at 235 lbs, he is The Liverpool Sensation, DOUGLAS GALLAGHER!!!

Gallagher raises his fists into the air and gets a ridiculously strong pop.

DUCKY: And to my right is his opponent, from London in the United Kingdom and weighing in at 260 lbs , he 's the current, reigning DEFENDING, RPW Heavyweight Champion, IAAAAAN JONES!!!

Jones is booed out of the building as he retrieves the title from his waist and lifts it high in the air, Jones kisses the belt and hands it to Mr. Nice Guy, who raises the coveted prize in the air, both Champion and Challenger step in closer and get on each other faces, the crowd starts to grow in anticipation and the tension in the building is sky high.

MURPHY: It's go time, who will be the Heavyweight Champion after its all said and done, will it be Gallagher or will it still be Ian Jones?

Jones fires the first blow and the bell rings to signal the start of the match, Gallagher doesn't back down and he goes right back at Jones, both men are going hard with their right hands, they trade punches, more punches, they stand in the middle of the ring going one for one. The crowd is building up with each punch and everyone goes crazy when Gallagher blocks one of Jones' punches.

MURPHY: **Gallagher with a chance to build an early advantage.**

Gallagher gets three in a row and then quickly grabs Jones by the head, the camera follows the two heavyweights as Gallagher takes the action to a corner and smashes the head of Jones against a turnbuckle. Ian Jones quickly escapes to another corner but Douglas Gallagher is hot on the chase, Jones cuts him off with a boot to the gut. Jones now sends Gallagher head into the top buckle to some boos.

WASHINGTON: **With these two involved, I'm expecting a lot of action and a hard hitting brawl.**

MURPHY: **Remember Gallagher's epic match with El Omega 23 a few months back? Hopefully we can get something even better now.**

Punch to the face, Knee to the gut, another hard knee to the mid section, Jones pulls Gallagher a couple of steps away from the corner and gives him a hard punch that sends him right back into it but Gallagher uses the impact and bounces right off the corner with a huge charging forearm smash that surprises the Champion and sends him right to the mat, the crowd rises.

WASHINGTON: **Gallagher wants this so bad Murph, but can he overcome the champion?**

MURPHY: **I think he has the potential two, but will MNG be a factor on this match up?**

Jones tries to scramble back to his feet and he uses the lower and middle rope to help himself, the Champion finds himself backed against the corner and Gallagher wastes no time taking advantage of the situation with a non-stop barrage of forearms to the face that would normally call for a 5 count, MNG is letting them fight though, it is a relaxed rules match-up after all.

WASHINGTON: **Gallagher with quick forearms to the face, Jones is taking a beating here.**

Gallagher starts turning his forearms into fists to the face and they continue to come at lightning fast speed, Jones starts to succumb to the impact and he starts sliding down the corner, Gallagher stops his flurry for a split second and loads up on a big right hand that sends the champion to the mat, Ian Jones finds himself sitting on the mat with his back against the corner while Gallagher turns his back on him and raises an arm into the air as he builds some distance, the crowd is eating Gallagher up here.

MURPHY: **Incredible flurry by Gallagher, he needs to take advantage to the situation.**

Jones tries to shake the cobwebs but he doesn't have much time for it as Gallagher is charging him like a bull. Noticing that he has to do something, the current RPW HW Champion rolls himself out of the ring

and this forces Douglas Gallagher to hit the breaks. The crowd rains boos on the champion, they want to see a fight.

WASHINGTON: The crowd doesn't like this but it's the smart move for the champion, he needs to regroup.

The Liverpool Sensation takes the center of the ring and he taunts Jones to come at him, Jones looks tentative at the bottom of the ramp but when MNG leans on the ropes and tells him to come into the ring, a fire is lit under Jones and the champion slides into the ring and goes right at Gallagher with right hands, Gallagher fights back and once again they start going one for one on the fists to the head.

WASHINGTON: Listen to this crowd, they are red hot!!

Every punch by Jones is met with a “boo”, and every punch by Gallagher is recieved with a warm “Yay”

Jones manages to gain the upper hand with three in a row and he backs Gallagher to the ropes, he takes him out of the with and irish whip but the roles are reversed and Gallagher manages to send the champion for a run, Jones returns to the middle of the ring and is met with a thesz press and a flurry of mounted punches that send the crowd into another frenzy.

But the Champion knows how to stay out of trouble and he sweeps Gallagher off his base and takes the top position for himself, this new predicament doesn't last long as Gallagher uses the same momentum to continue the roll, both men roll on the mat struggling for position and they go all the way under the ropes and out of the ring.

MURPHY: Insane match thus far Ben.

WASHINGTON: This is no match Murph, this is a fight!

Both men stand up and Ian Jones goes right on the offense, he charges and locks in a front waistlock and he uses it to drive Gallagher all the way into the barricade. The crowd is booing but Jones is very happy as he presses against his challenger and gives him a hard first to the face.

Jones raises his fist high in the air and places it hard on Gallagher's face as the crowd continues to boos, Ian Jones finds himself in control of this match up now and he delivers a third hard right.

MURPHY: Ian Jones has finally manages to get the upperhand.

With Gallagher temporarily staggered by the hard punches, Jones looks over his shoulder to find the steel steps, he starts setting up an Irish whip with mean intentions. The crowd is booing hard as they catch up with the Champion's plan.

WASHINGTON: The Champion is trying to send his challenger against the steel steps!

The plan goes in motion, Jones pulls Gallagher from the arm and directs him to the steel structure. The crowd rises up as Gallagher manages to reverse the motions and send the champion crashing instead,

the sound of Jones bones' and flesh colliding with the steel of the steps just fires up the crowd some more.

MURPHY: **It backfired! Gallagher is back in control.**

A mean spirited Douglas Gallagher starts putting the boots all over Jones, he's ruthless on his offense. Mr. Nice Guy suddenly becomes a factor on this match up as he yells to Gallagher from the top of the ring. **"Come on guys, it's enough...get back on the ring"**

Gallagher picks up Jones and starts dragging him by the head, Jones gets up to his feet and his challenger starts walking him towards the ring but instead of going in, Gallagher sends Jones head first into the ring post.

WASHINGTON: **Well, Gallagher didn't get back in the ring, let's see what MNG is going to do about it.**

It isn't that hard actually, Mr. Nice Guy starts counting them out, Gallagher stares at MNG and drags Jones in before MNG can count to three. Once in the ring, Gallagher picks up Jones and gives him a hard European uppercut that backs the champion against a corner, Gallagher starts setting up Jones in the top of a corner, sitting him all the way up top and facing the inside of the ring. Gallagher puts a huge right hand to Jones and starts climbing himself.

MURPHY: **Could we be looking at a superplex attempt?**

That seems to be the case as Douglas Gallagher is in the second turnbuckle and hooks in a front face hold, he starts trying to pull the Champion over for the superplex but Jones is holding on to the ropes for dear life. Gallagher finds himself unable to compete the suplex and gives up the hold, he goes for a hard body shot but Jones retaliates with hard forearms to the face which leave Gallagher groogy on the corner, Jones takes advantage of the oppening and kicks Gallagher off the corner to plenty of boos. Jones sits at the top of the corner and tries to catch his breath.

WASHINGTON: **This match is going to be a WAR Murph, don't you close your eyes for a moment.**

Douglas Gallagher gets back on his feet but his stay up is short lived as Jones leaps from the corner and connects with a huge double axe handle to the head of the challenger, Ian Jones runs into the ropes and returns with a huge leg drop, he goes for the pin.

...1

...2, Kickout!

The crowd cheers for Gallagher kicking out and this match continues, Jones uses both arms to grab Gallagher by the head, he picks him up as he ponders what move to use next, that split second is all that Gallagher needed to get back on this match, he sweeps Jones arms away from him and lands a huge Euro uppercut to the head of the champion. Gallagher wants to give the cheering crowd another reason to pop and he charges in for a short clothesline, Jones ducks and lands a stiff jab to the head of Gallagher before locking in a bear hug.

MURPHY: **I don't see how a bear hug is going to do much to the massive Douglas Gallagher.**

Jones realizes as much and quickly shifts the move into a belly to belly suplex, it connects and Jones springs right back up to his feet, the crowd boos the champion wildly and even more with each stomp that Jones places on Gallagher, Jones once again hits the ropes and drops a leg on the challenger's throat.

WASHINGTON: **Jones with the cover.**

...1

...2, Kickout!

Once again Jones' mighty leg drop is not enough to ensure the title remains in his custody. Ian picks up his challenger once again looking to weaken him some more, but this time the champion stands behind the challenger as he punishes him with hard forearms to the kidneys. Jones now dives down for a knee clip and manages to send the proud liverpudlian to his knees, the de-facto leader of the Empire follows up his attack with a huge boot to the back of the head of Douglas Gallagher who falls belly down to the mat.

MURPHY: **This is what the champion needs to do, he needs to rough up Gallagher and keep him from gaining momentum.**

As Gallagher lays belly down, Jones puts a hard knee to his challenger's spine, he keeps the knee in place as he pulls both of Gallagher's arms backwards in a torturous submission move, Gallagher grimaces in pain as he tries to power out of the move, he's not having any luck with that though.

Gallagher starts gaining some ground on this fight as he gets up to his knees, Jones is forced to modify his hold, while he's still pulling back on the arms, he now puts his boot on Gallagher's back instead. Jones starts getting himself comfortable on his new grip and then unleashes a brutal curb stomp on Gallagher that garners many boos from this clearly pro Gallagher crowd.

WASHINGTON:
goes for the cover.

What a brutal move and Jones thinks he's done enough, he

...1

...2

... Kickout!

Ian Jones has gained complete control of this match up, he tries to build up on this advantage as he picks up his opponent and gives him some hard chops to the chest, Jones whips Gallagher into the ropes and recives him with a brutal spinebuster, he goes for the cover.

...1

...2

... Kickout!

MURPHY: This match continues!! Stay with us during this commercial break as this RPW heavyweight championship match rolls on live.

+++++COMMERCIAL BREAK+++++

WASHINGTON: Welcome back to WNR Live where RPW Heavyweight Champion Ian Jones is defending his Heavyweight Title against Douglas Gallagher.

MURPHY: And look at what has developed during the commercial break.

We go two a split screen, the current action has Jones delivering hard knife edge chops to Gallagher, who's backed into a corner, the new screen shows that Halfus Lykarn made his way into the ringside area during the commercial break.

WASHINGTON: So now Douglas Gallagher has Halfus Lykarn to worry about too.

MURPHY: What is Lykarn doing here, does he even have a managerial license?

WASHINGTON: I don't know, what I do know is that it is MNG's call to keep him around or eject him from ringside.

Ian Jones grabs a hold of his challenger and sets him up in the tree of woe position, Gallagher is left to hang upside down from the corner as Ian Jones rolls out of the ring and shove the bell keeper out of the way. Ian Jones retrieves the chair and rolls back into the ring with it, he teases attacking Gallagher with it but MNG gets in the way.

"Come on Jones, keep it clean, you can beat this guy"

MURPHY: MNG making the right call but can we be sure that he will remain unbiased throughout the match?

Jones obliges and hands the chair to MNG who takes the chair out of the ring, while the ref's back is turned, Halfus Lykarn slides a small foreign object into the ring, the crowd boos as Jones grabs it and conceals its.

WASHINGTON: I think those where Brass Knucks Murph...

MURPHY: You might be right...

Halfus Lykarn immediately jumps into the apron and starts yelling abuse in a deep voice, this draws the attention of MNG who immediately goes over and starts telling Halfus not to get involved, by now Douglas Gallagher has managed to free himself from the tree of woe, but as the Liverpoolian regains his vertical base, Ian Jones uses MNG's distraction to level the challenger with a hard Brass Knucks shot, the crowd boos wildly.

MURPHY: Oh come on! Not this way!!!

The boos suddenly turn to cheers as John Brandenburg comes rushing down the ramp and pulls Halfus Lykarn off the apron.

Jones gets rid of the evidence and then goes to get MNG's attention, he's demanding a count as Lykarn and Brandenburg are brawling all over the ringside area. Jones gets down for the cover and MNG counts.

...1!

...2!

...3??

NO!!! Gallagher kicks out in a very near fall.

WASHINGTON:

Whoa, Gallagher kicks out, this match continues!

MURPHY:

such a fashion.

I'm glad, i would've hated to see such a great match end in

John Brandenburg manages to clothesline Halfus Lykarn over a barricade and the two keep on brawling through the crowd, back in the ring Ian Jones is furious as he complains to MNG that his previous count was too slow.

WASHINGTON:

I think Jones was expecting MNG to hand him the victory easily, he wasn't counting with MNG's honor.

MURPHY:

MNG has done a good job as a referee thus far, even if Jones and Lykarn played him to get that brass knucks shot in.

WASHINGTON:

You gotta consider the possiblity that all three were secretly cooperating and had this planed so they could give Jones and advantage AND have MNG earn his Ironman title shot.

Ian Jones realizes that he's not getting anything out of his complaining to MNG, he turns his attention to Gallagher and picks him up, Jones hits a huge knee on Gallagher's abdomen and starts setting him up for the Punisher!!

MURPHY:

match here.

Oh no, Jones is looking for the punisher, he could ends the

Jones gets the first part of the set up done as he spins Gallagher around, Jones has his head between Gallagher's legs but as he looks for the lift, Gallagher drops to his knees, Jones has to flip a little to avoid spiking his head into the mat, still he finds himself in the wrong end of a pinning predicament.

...1!

...2!

...Kickout!!

WASHINGTON: Listen to this crowd, everyone here on this arena wanted Jones to be caught on that move.

MURPHY: Yes, a very pro-Gallagher crowd, and the Liverpool Sensation almost stole the match with that sneaky counter.

Ian Jones lets his surprise get the better of him and this gives Gallagher a chance to regroup, now it is Gallagher who scores with a kick to the gut. The Liverpool Sensation gets a front chancery grip and he transitions into his signature delayed vertical suplex, the crowd even counst along with him.

"One, Two, Three, Four, Five!"

The blood is flowing right into Jones head, or at least it was before Gallagher decided to plan him back first into the mat. Gallagher rolls into the ropes and takes a deep breath as he uses the ropes to get back up. Gallagher is starting to get himself back in this match.

MURPHY: Douglas Gallagher hits a very nice Delayed Vertical on the Champion, but will he be able to build up on it?

At the very least he will attempt it, Gallagher picks up Jones and drops him with a body slam, he immediately follows with a falling fist and a cover

...1!

...Kickout!!

The quick kickout does not maim Gallagher's spirit, the strong willed Liverpoolian forces the champion into his feet again and starts punishing him with stiff forearms, jabs and European uppercuts.

WASHINGTON: **Those strikes gotta hurt, Gallagher is brawling it up!**

Gallagher backs Jones up into a corner and starts laying the boots to him, Gallagher is fired up and so is the crowd as they rise their cheers with each stomp placed on Jones' midsection, after ten or so smashes Gallagher shows no intention of stopping anytime soon, in response MNG starts counting "**1, 2, 3, 4, 5, let him out!**" MNG puts himself between the two men trying to separate them, but as he does Jones reaches over in a desperation move and rakes Gallagher's eyes, the challenger reels away clutching his face while the champion rolls out of the ring.

MURPHY: **cheap shot to the eyes, MNG missed this move and Gallagher has his vision temporarily impaired.**

Mr. Nice Guy turns to "The Liverpool Sensation" and it's a bit worried about the challenger having both hands covering his face, MNG approaches Gallagher and pats him on the shoulder to check he is ok but the clearly impaired Gallagher pushes MNG hard in a blind act of self defense, the special guest referee is caught off guard and he goes flying, although he manages to roll backwards and back to his feet.

WASHINGTON: **Oh no, don't let this end in a DQ.**

You can tell Gallagher hasn't regained his full vision yet just by looking him in the eyes, regardless of this he follows his instincts and charges out of the corner, he spins around a full 360.

MURPHY: **OH MY GOD, IT'S THE CRIMSON TORNADO!!!**

Gallagher completes the spin that precedes his trademark finishing maneuver, a discus lariat. MNG is about to be caught in the crossfires!!!

...

At the very last second Gallagher manages to stop his momentum and he barely crashes with MNG as he tries to stop himself, Douglas Gallagher extends both arms with their palms open and facing MNG and he tries to explain that he thought that it was Jones, Gallagher is wasting a lot of time apologizing and Jones finds himself in prime position to take advantage of the situation, the champion slides back into the ring and stalks Gallagher, the crowd tries to warn Gallagher of the happenings to no avail.

WASHINGTON:

Douglas Gallagher better watch out Murph!

The title challenger turns around and meets a hard boot to the midsection, Ian Jones is setting up his trademark finishing maneuver that he calls the punisher , a deadly vertebreaker.

MURPHY:

Oh no, the Punisher, Jones is going to retain.

Jones completes his set up and takes Gallagher for a ride.

THE PUNISHER CONNECTS.

WASHINGTON:

The Punisher, a move also known as a Kudome Valentine!

the boos on this arena have reached a fever pitch as Jones drops down for the cover, MNG drops down and makes the count.

...1!

...2!

...2.5!

...3! Kickout!!!

The arena silences completely as both Champion and Challenger look at the referee, even the camera focuses on Mr. Nice Guy as the result of this match lays solely on his hands. All eyes are on MNG as he slowly starts raising his fist into the air...

MURPHY:

I think Gallagher might have kicked out in time.

WASHINGTON:

I'm almost sure I saw a three count there.

Mr. Nice Guy finally renders his decision, his fist turns into fingers raised in the air...

...2 Fingers to be precise.

WASHINGTON:

I was wrong, this match continues!

The roof is nearly falling off this building as the crowd explodes in excitement, this match continues and Ian Jones is going insane, he gets right in the face of MNG and DEMANDS to be awarded the victory, a very calm and composed MNG reminds Jones that he's still on this match and that he can't afford to take his mind off the price.

Jones is yelling and he's very angry, but he realizes that MNG has a point, he immediately turns his attention to a recovering Gallagher and boots him on the gut, Jones starts to set up for the Punisher again.

MURPHY:
of.

Oh no, a second punisher is something nobody could kick out

Gallagher once again is ready for the ride, and the crowd rain boos over the Imperial Ian Jones.

Jones lifts Gallagher for the punisher...

Gallagher manages to roll backwards

The crowd once again has hope, but Gallagher wants more than just hope, he uses his momentum to reach the ropes and rebound off them, Gallagher spins around:

...180

...360

..THE CRIMSON TORNADO!!!

But Ian Jones ducks under it!

WASHINGTON:

Dear god I'm going to have a heart attack right here.

Despite nearly suffering a beheading, Ian Jones doesn't miss a step. Douglas Gallagher turns around to get some more offense going but the challenger finds himself in the wrong end of an spinebuster attempt. Jones lifts Gallagher high in the air so he can drive him to the mat.

Instead, Gallagher is able to counter into a thunderous DDT and the crowd is going wild.

MURPHY:

Both men down to the mat, what a grueling battle, who will walk out of here the RPW heavyweight champion?

Both men are down in the ground and MNG asks both if they want to continue, both do, but both are still laying down on the ground. Suddenly the crowd erupts in cheers, Douglas Gallagher has kip'd up, the Liverpool Sensation is now on his feet and although weary, he stalks down Ian Jones.

WASHINGTON:

Douglas Gallagher just won't quit, he wants this title too much, he needs his title too much.

Douglas Gallagher is breathing heavy as he motions for Ian Jones to get back on his feet, the RPW Heavyweight Champ is trying to regain his vertical base, a tough task considering this grueling battle, Ian Jones finally makes it to his feet and Gallagher scoops the Londoner champion right onto his shoulder, the crowd is going nuts.

MURPHY:

Oh my god, Douglas Gallagher looking for something big, he's on the run!!

RUNNING POWERSLAM!!

It Connects!!

Douglas Gallagher fights through his pain to stand right back up, he raises his right index finger into the air and starts heading for the nearest corner, the crowd is cheering loud as they anticipate one of Gallagher's signature moves.

MURPHY:

The liver bird is going to fly Ben, this is how he defeated Sultan and earned the title shot.

WASHINGTON:

Could he use the same move to become Champion??

Slowly but surely, Douglas Gallagher climbs to the second turnbuckle. He's measuring his distance as he prepares to take flight, he makes a fist out of his right hand and raises it to the air and shakes it around, Douglas Gallagher is looking to drop that fist on Jones' jaw.

Gallagher leaps into the air...

He floats down..

He connects!!! Flight of the Liver Bird finds its mark.

MURPHY: **New Champ! New Champ! New Champ!!**

Gallagher with the cover, the crowd counts along!!!

"One" as MNG's hand hits the mat.

"Two" as Jones shoulders' stay down for the seconds slap.

"Three"

But the crowd is not right, Jones has managed to kick out in time and MNG lets everyone know that. The crowd boos, but Jones has clearly kicked out.

WASHINGTON: **Whoa, this match continues, what are these two going to pull off next.**

The Camera zooms on the face of a surprised Douglas Gallagher, you can tell from his face that he thought he had it, the man from Liverpool takes a deep breath as he gets a hold of Jones' head and picks him up to his feet, in an inhumane display of strength, Douglas Gallagher gets Jones all the way up into a military press.

MURPHY: **This is insane, how is Gallagher pulling this off this late in the match.**

It is a titanic task, and Douglas Gallagher might very well have overestimated his capability, Ian Jones manages to slide down the back and land behind Douglas Gallagher. The Champion secures a sleeper hold and he tries to put Gallagher away with it.

WASHINGTON: **Sleeper hold!!**

The submission attempt is shortliver as Gallagher manages to free himself with a sort of snapmare variation, Ian Jones rushes himself back to his feet and charges at Gallagher. The Liverpoolian is able to avoid a strike and retaliate with a jaw breaker that staggers the champion.

While Jones tumbles around looking a bit lost, Douglas Gallagher goes to hit the ropes, he rebounds off them and carries a lot of momentum as he charges the champion, he spins.

THE CRIMSON TORNADO!!!

IT CONNECTS!!!

MURPHY: **No way, no way, no way, he did it!!**

The crowd is going insane, Gallagher has connects with his best move and taken the champion completely by surprise, the impact is so great that Jones has been sent flying and Gallagher has to crawl over to get a pin attempt, he makes it and MNG is forced into a pin count.

WASHINGTON: **He might have it!!!**

...1

MURPHY:

RPW title on the line here.

...2

...

MURPHY:

What's going on!!

...MNG's hand has stalled very high in the air.

...

...Gallagher looks up to see what has happened, he finds MNG shaking his head from side to side in disappointment as he finally decides to drive his palm to the mat for a third time.

3! 3! 3!

WASHINGTON:

Unbelievable...Gallagher has done it!!

MURPHY:

What a match, what a night!!

MNG closes his eyes as he raises three fingers in the air, it is all over.

MURPHY:

Ian Jones' long reign as the RPW Heavyweight champion has come to an abrupt end courtesy of Douglas Gallagher.

The bell rings, the crowd is going absolutely bonkers as Queen's One Vision starts to fill the arena, the camera centers in a kneeling Douglas Gallagher whose tears cannot be kept inside of his eyes, the big man is weeping as he raises both hands in the air.

WASHINGTON: Gallagher is clearly emotional here, but he needs to compose himself so Ducky can do the official announcement.

Gallagher wipes his face and rests his head on both hands as he's trying to dig in what has just transpired, meanwhile the bell keeper hands the RPW belt to Mr. Nice Guy.

**DUCKY: And your winner, and NEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW
RPW Heavyweight Champion. The Liverpool Sensation!! DOOOOOOOOOOOUGLAS GALLAGHER!!!**

MNG Doesn't seem to animated as he presents the championship belt to Douglas Gallagher, MNG immediately walks out of the ring and stars heading backstage without even looking back.

MURPHY: Douglas Gallagher is our new heavyweight champion...but what happens to our main event of British Uprising now?

WASHINGTON: Will Aron Scythe face Douglas Gallagher for the Heavyweight title, or will he still go after Ian Jones. Tune in to our next episode of WNR to find out!!

MURPHY: We are out of time, but what a night has this been, incredibly amazing!!

THE RPW Logo flashes in the bottom-leftmost corner of the screen as Douglas Gallagher raises the title in the air to close the transmission.