



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 fooooorward now* ♪

Leonard Knox is seen walking with Brandy Swinson, Taiga is shown hiding behind a corridor with a stalking look in his eyes, Amy Evans and Shirley Watson pass him by and Taiga follows them and starts sweet talking them.

♪ *(Onnn our way dooown)* ♪

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

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

A cameraman approaches Enigma but the mysterious one appears to be meditating and he doesn't react. Dominic Golden is seen backstage yelling instructions at Landon Jackson, Emerson Favreau 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 Union Jacks shake hands with our EVP of talent relations, Richard Goldstein.

♪ *We speeeek in diff-reeent voiceees!* ♪
Jafaar al-Sultan rings the opening bell on Wall Street, then stares into the camera with a smirk.

♪ *When fighting with the ones we've loved!* ♪
Aron Scythe and his wife are seen in a park, holding hands. Their daughter runs endless laps around them. The Craft Twins crash the scene, Jimmy Craft is meditating while Billy Craft is playing on his handheld console.

♪ *We speeeek in diff-reeent voiceees!* ♪
.A Plane is seen landing, we get a shot of Diego San Martin, El Omega 23, The Amazonian Invasion and Malcolm Valenzuela all getting into the airport.

♪ *Why can't we say what we're thinking oooof?* ♪
Douglas Gallagher is on his knees raising both fists to the air, he stands up and raises the RPW Heavyweight championship up high.

+++++++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 IS THE CHAMP!!

WE WANT ADAMES!

GENU IN VULTUS!

ART OF SCYTHE C.R.A.F.T

HOW NICE!

BRAND!

IAN JONES GO HOME

+++++++RING: DOUGLAS GALLAGHER CELEBRATION ++++++

A wide view of the rings shows that our squared circle has been set up for a party, Queen's One Vision starts and the crowd stands up in anticipation of the newly crowned RPW Heavyweight Champion.

MURPHY: Welcome everyone to the 20th edition of Wednesday Night Revival, and oh boy this it's a special one.

WASHINGTON: For the first time in WNR history a man not named Ian Jones is starting the show as the RPW Heavyweight Champion.

The guitar enters and a beautiful display of pyro shoots up from the ramp, to mark the entrance of Douglas Gallagher, who's wearing some casual clothing, he has sport shorts on and his own red T-shirt with a liver bird inside a wrestling ring, his newly earned Heavyweight championship belt is strapped firmly across his waist.

HEY!

Gallagher is all smiles and positive energy as he goes down the ramp slapping hands with the front row fans, he's getting a pretty big reaction here in long island and he's taking his time going all around the ring making sure he's able to get all off our fans.

MURPHY: Douglas Gallagher became the new champion by defeating Ian Jones in a critically acclaimed match. The Liverpool Sensation left everything and more in the ring as he battled the leader of the British Empire and not even interference by Halfus Lykarn and a set of brass knucks was able to stop this man on a mission.

Douglas Gallagher gets into the ring and retrieves the title from his waist, he carries it to a corner and starts climbing up, once up top he raises the title to the air to many cheers. A very happy Douglas Gallagher gets down from the corner and heads to the next corner, the Liverpoolian repeats the process in all four corners getting pretty good reactions every time.

MURPHY: After escaping very tough predicaments and surviving some very near falls Douglas Gallagher managed to mount a comeback and hit the Crimson Tornado to end Ian Jones's 6 month reign over RPW.

WASHINGTON: But while he's the new champion, there are some that dispute one of the near falls, claiming that Douglas Gallagher was in fact down for a three count and the match should've been stopped there.

MURPHY: While a valid concern, it doesn't matter now, Mr. Nice Guy was our special guest referee for the monumental match-up and he deemed that pinning attempt as unsuccessful, much to the chagrin of his British Empire associate Ian Jones.

WASHINGTON: You gotta give it to MNG, he really did call the match down the middle and thus he will be awarded with an Ironman Title bout in the main event for this historic number 20 episode of WNR.

The champion is now in the center of the ring with a microphone in hand, he prepares to address the Long Island crowd, he's not wasting any time as he goes straight to his point.

GALLAGHER: This still feels a bit surreal to me... you know, I always knew that this is where I wanted to be. Ever since I was a little kid, this was the dream. But this wasn't only a dream, this was my future and I 'ave dedicated my life into it. Now after more than 15 years involved in this business, after all the sweat, tears and blood...I 'ave finally done it. All my efforts 'ave been rewarded and I stand here on this ring the Heavyweight Champion of the most important International Wrestling Promotion...

The crowd shows Gallagher their appreciation, but they let him continue when they see the champ take his microphone back up.

GALLAGHER: It asen't been an easy road, eet 'ad quite the ups and downs and myself...well let me tell you that I 'ave been through many highs and lows. Throughout my career I 'ave earned numerous championships in many different places: a Junior Heavyweight title in a Japanese Promotion in my early days, some regional titles in Europe and even a National championship in my native England.

But with all due respect to my past opponents and promoters...none of those accomplishments stack up to this...

Douglas Gallagher raises his title high the air to many cheers from the crowd.

GALLAGHER: Right now Douglas Gallagher is living the dream, but none of this would 'ave been possible wit'out the support of my family. They always encouraged to follow my dreams, and luckily I always had good health to carry on with what I wanted to do.

GALLAGHER: But I am well aware that there are some that are not so lucky, whether is because they lack the necessary support or because they don't have the natural conditions to succeed at what they love. This is why I've gotten RPW to partner up with the Happy Dreams Foundation, a non-profit organization that helps people live their dream, even if it is just for a day.

Without further delays, let me introduce to you. Anthony Vasquez.

Saasin's voices starts to play, an overly excited little kid comes out dressed as a wrestler doing a grand entrance, little Anthony receives the cheers of the sympathetic crowd, the crowd laughs as little

Anthony is having problems climbing up the steel steps but they cheer as Douglas Gallagher gives him a hand.

MURPHY: Hey, isn't this the kid that Douglas Gallagher talked to in the airport in the Dirt Sheet 3 weeks ago?

WASHINGTON: I think he is Murph.

Gallagher crouches to address his little friend face to face.

GALLAGHER: Look Anthony, I did it, I'm now the RPW Heavyweight Champion.

ANTHONY: SWEEEEEEEEEEEEET!! You beat the tar out of Ian Jones man, it was awesome!

The Liverpool Sensation allows himself to laugh a bit before continuing.

GALLAGHER: Ee was a tough opponent, but Ee wasn't going to stop me. Not when I was that close from finally achieving my lifetime goal. I just had to press forward, for myself, for my family and for my fans.

Gallagher gets somewhat of a cheap pop with the mention of the fans right there.

GALLAGHER: What's important now Anthony is that we can get a picture together with the RPW heavyweight championship. How would you like that?

Little Anthony Vasquez is clapping and jumping up and down, he then flexes and poses alongside a very happy Douglas Gallagher.

GALLAGHER: Do you want to hold up the title?

ANTHONY: Yes! Yes!

Gallagher hands the little kid the big gold belt, and its considerable weight causes the kid to fall causing the incontrollable laughter of the crowd. Anthony is left sitting in the mat looking sad and embarrassed but Gallagher encourages him to get up and try again.

MURPHY: Come on kid, don't give up, you can do it.

This time he manages to lift the title and he gets a lot of claps and cheers from the crowd, Douglas Gallagher effortlessly lifts little Anthony all the way up and leaves him sitting on his broad shoulders. A now elevated Anthony Vasquez lifts the title high in the air as One Vision starts playing again and confetti drops from the roof of the arena to a huge pop.

WASHINGTON: Stay with us through this commercial break, there a lot more on tonight's edition of WNR, including a can't miss main event where RPW No Limits Champion Mr. Nice Guy challenges for the RPW Ironman Championship held by John "The Brand" Brandenburg.

+++++COMMERCIAL-BREAK+++++
+++++BACKSTAGE: SUIT UP GUYS!!+++++

A Limo is shown arriving at the parking lot, from it comes Blonde Bombshell Amy Evans the Image Analyst for Ronnie Reynolds. Evans is wearing a striking emerald dress and carrying a sylish black purse, she starts making his way through the backstage area in heels high enough to have you wonder how could one even walk on them.

Ac/Dc's Back in Black starts sounding out of Amy's purse, she retrieves her cellphone and seemingly discards the call before she keeps walking backstage, she turns a corner and runs into some members of the staff who say hi to her, she simply walks past them without even giving them a second look.

It's now "Turn off the lights" that starts going out of Amy's cellphone, now in her hand. Amy stops her walk and giggles a bit before rejecting the call and continue her stroll into a lockerroom, it reads 1% in the outside, she knocks at the door...twice.

The door opens and Amy makes her way into it, the camera tries to follow in but Amy shuts the dor on his face...from inside the lockerroom we can clearly hear her voice.

EVANS: Come on guys, get into these clothes I got for you. If we are to make this work you guys need to look the part.

+++++BACKSTAGE: OUR RISE STARTS HERE+++++

Kirk Cobain is seen entering his lockerroom, inside of it there's a huge TV screen that turns on the instant that Kirk sets foot on the room.

The screen shows Sirius Danger, wearing his custom suit Jacket over his traditional black singlet he's looking straight at Cobain and he talks through the TV.

DANGER: Oh Kirk, you might say you don't want this RPW No Limits Title but you know too well that you do, you want it bad, you need it bad. Why? Because you want to prove to your mother that you are a tough guy, hell, you want to prove to everyone on the world that you are the toughest sumbi*** in RPW.

A nervous Kirk Cobain moves to the side and much to his surprise, the eyes of Sirius Danger seem to be following him around.

DANGER: Not only do you want to become the new RPW No Limits Championship, but it's also your destiny as the biggest agent of destruction that RPW has ever seen. Together, you and I, and many other dormant bringers of chaos will bring RPW to its knees, and it all starts tonight...when you become the number one contender for the No Limits Championship.

Kirk Cobain is really mad at the situation and he starts yelling at the TV screen.

COBAIN: The only thing I'm going to destroy is you when I see you
Danger, have the guts to come face me like a man.

DANGER: You are going to destroy Knox.

COBAIN: You!

DANGER: Knox!

COBAIN: YOU!

DANGER: KNOX!!!

COBAIN: YOU! YOU! YOU!

DANGER: ALL! You are going to destroy all.

COBAIN: ARRRRGHHHH!!!! I HATE YOU!!!!

Kirk Cobain cannot take it anymore and he rushes the screen and breaks it with a huge kick, Cobain continues to kick the already broken screen and starts kicking, and shoving everything on sight.

+++++++BACKSTAGE: HAPPY DREAMS FOUNDATION+++++++

MURPHY: And before our next match, ladies and gentlemen, I want to inform you of a very special tag team that is going on tonight. Revival Pro Wrestling has teamed up with the Happy Dreams Foundation, and all through tonight, young children from all walks of life, facing all kinds of challenges in front of them will get to meet and spend time with some of their favorite RPW stars. Here's a clip from earlier tonight.

The camera cuts to a back room where a family is waiting with a boy, about age 10 or so, in a wheelchair. They seem to be talking and do not realize they are on camera. As they are chatting, the door behind them opens, and suddenly the RPW Heavyweight Champion Douglas Gallagher walks in. The parents motion to the champion, and the kid turns around- and is completely star struck. The young boy hugs the champion, and they begin engaging in small talk as the camera fades away.

+++++++RING: BRETT BANNION VS MALCOLM VALENZUELA+++++++

"I Am Onslaught" by Emmure plays as Alex Monroe makes his way out to the stage in dark blue jeans, custom blue and black chucks and a "Miss May I" t-shirt, hair styled in the faux hawk as always. He lets out a war cry as he makes his way down to ringside.

MURPHY: We heard on the Dirt Sheet this past week that we would be joined on commentary for this match by none other than Alex Monroe, who's had a lot of tension building between him and Brett Bannion over the last couple of weeks.

WASHINGTON: Tense is putting it rather loosely, Harold. Bannion and his new buddy Matt Josham have been outspoken about how they don't believe that Monroe belongs in RPW. But I think after the matches he's had against the likes of John Brandenburg and Hakai Dragon, it's pretty safe to say he does belong.

Monroe takes his seat next to the duo and puts on the headset as his music fades in to "Machine Gun Blues" by Social Distortion.

DUCKY: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Making his way to the ring first, from Mexico City, Mexico, weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds... "The Escape Artist" Malcolm Valenzuela!

Valenzuela makes his way down to the ring, pumping his fist and slapping five with some fans.

MURPHY: How are you tonight, Mr. Monroe.

MONROE: I'm doing quite alright, I'm ready to call this hot RPW action! And I've got to say, I'd love to step in the ring one day with Mr. Valenzuela here. I'd love to lock on some submissions on this guy and see if he really lives up to his namesake. I think he and I are pretty much in the same class of up and comer.

WASHINGTON: I definitely see both of your names thrown around when it comes to being the future of this business.

Valenzuela rolls in the ring and runs the ropes as his theme is replaced by "Mandatory Suicide" by Slayer. Brett Bannion makes his way down to the ring.

DUCKY: And his opponent, from Seattle, Washington weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds... he is Brett "The Chief" Bannion!

MURPHY: And here's a man who you've been feuding with as of late.

MONROE: Yes, I'm quite interested in seeing how he fairs against Mr. Valenzuela tonight.

WASHINGTON: Indeed, but maybe you'd like to shed some insight about your thoughts on Bannion.

MONROE: Nope.

Bannion rolls in the ring and blindsides Valenzuela as he is warming up in the corner. Bannion starts to stomp away at Valenzuela.

MURPHY:
get an advantage.

Well it looks like Bannion isn't above pulling a sneak attack to

WASHINGTON:

I'm really interested to see your opinion about this, Alex.

MONROE:

Well it obvious that Bannion feels he needs to get in the advantage to win, so it really shows you something about Bannion's confidence.

Bannion continues the assault, but it doesn't go on for very long as Malcolm builds some counter offense. Bannion senses this and whips Valenzuela off of the ropes. Valenzuela leapfrogs over Bannion and Bannion bends over for a back body drop but gets a kicked to the face followed by a falling reverse neckbreaker. Valenzuela covers.

1...

2...

Kickout!

MONROE:

Bannion showing some gumption here.

Valenzuela doesn't let up on Bannion by laying in some right hands to his opponent. The ref breaks up the flurry which allows Bannion to return to his feet. Valenzuela pushes the ref aside and continues the onslaught of fists, forcing Bannion to back into the corner. Again the referee pulls Valenzuela off of Bannion who quickly takes advantage with a thumb to the eye.

MURPHY:

Well would you look at that one.

MONROE:

I can't say I'm really surprised, but if he thinks I'd ever let him get a move like that in on me, he's sadly mistaken.

WASHINGTON:

This is all assuming he accepts your challenge for British Uprising, of course.

MONROE:

Of course, but after everything Brett has said about me over the past couple of weeks, he really has no choice. Either way he's going to be made a fool of, whether he does it himself by tucking in his tail and declining or whether he accepts and I do it for him courtesy of my knee hitting his face. If he's so good, if he's so much better than me, then a match with me should be a walk in the park from him.

Bannion follows up on the thumb to the eye by catching a stumbling Valenzuela with a hard clothesline that sends him to the mat. Bannion whips off the ropes and struts his stuff to rile the crowd before landing a leg drop across the throat of Valenzuela. Bannion cockily covers.

1...

2...

Kickout!

WASHINGTON: Bannion had better not think for a second that he's going to put his opponent away with a lackadaisical cover like that.

MONROE: I'm finding a lot of holes in Bannion's game tonight. He has a lot of fixing up to do if he expect to be a major player here in RPW. He's being too lazy in there.

Bannion quickly sits Valenzuela up for a rear chin lock, and Valenzuela knows exactly what to do, living up to his namesake and easily getting out of the hold. As he does this, he brings Bannion to his feet with a reverse waist lock and hits a solid German Suplex on him. Valenzuela fires up as Bannion reaches his feet and his immediately taken back down by a clothesline. Bannion up again and falls victim to another clothesline. Bannion's back up and this time a dropkick.

MURPHY: Valenzuela is mounting a great comeback here, let's see if he can follow through.

WASHINGTON: Of course Valenzuela is coming off of a losing effort last week for the Ironman Title against John Brandenburg and I'm sure he's hoping to avenge that loss, and he looks like he could do it.

MONROE: Yes, but Valenzuela needs to keep an eye on Bannion or else he'll get caught.

Valenzuela lifts Bannion back to his feet and calls for a suplex, but Bannion drops down with a jawbreaker. Valenzuela stumbles into the ropes, turning his back on Bannion. Bannion seizes the opportunity and rolls up Valenzuela. As the ref slides in position for the count, Bannion sneaks his hand in to Valenzuela's tights for added leverage.

1...

2...

3!!!

MONROE: Come on he had the tights! Are you kidding me!? Talk about a lack of respect!

An audible thud can be heard as Alex stands up and drops his headset to the table. Bannion raises his arm in victory and soaks in the boos as “Mandatory Suicide” plays. Bannion calls for the mic as the music dies down.

BANNION: So I know you’re all waiting to hear whether or not I’m going to accept The World’s Most Overrated Free Agent here’s challenge. And normally, I’d not bother my skills with such an untalented hack, but I think the kid brought up a good point. I’m going to absolutely decimate you at British Uprising and show these higher ups that they’re pushing the wrong talent! You’re on!

The crowd cheers for the acceptance.

BANNION: And don’t go crying to General Manager Strickland too when I send your ass packing from RPW because I humiliated you so bad! Oh, and before I go, let me leave you with a little present to remember the guy who ended your joke of a career by.

Bannion lets out a load of lung butter from inside the ring that lands square on the chest of Monroe’s t-shirt. Monroe charges in the ring as Bannion quickly slides out and heads to the back.

MURPHY: Oh my god! Bannion just spit on Alex Monroe! What a loser!

WASHINGTON: A total lack of respect for a man that bases his whole career around respect! Nothing makes that man madder than disrespect!

Alex’s face turns visibly red with anger and frustration as WNR goes to commercial break.

+++++COMMERCIAL-BREAK+++++
+++++ANNOUNCERS TABLE WITH MURPHY AND WASHINGTON+++++

MURPHY: Welcome back to WNR, if you are just joining us Brett Bannion just defeated Malcolm Valenzuela, he also accepted Alex Monroe’s challenge for a singles match at British Uprising.

WASHINGTON: Well, Bannion has been talking a big game lately, ever since Matt Josham put it in his head that Alex Monroe needs to go. At British Uprising, we’ll finally get to see if Bannion is more than just hot air, and if listening to Josham was a good idea.

MURPHY: On a softer note, we have another clip of the Happy Dreams Foundation children meeting some of their heroes.

+++++BACKSTAGE: HAPPY DREAMS FOUNDATION+++++

The camera cuts to a montage of various meetings between children and RPW wrestlers. The Craft Brothers can be seen with a young boy who has his arm in a cast play fighting. The boy kicks Jimmy Craft in the shin and he falls down like a ton of bricks. The boy jumps on top of him, and Billy Craft acts as referee, counting and raising the little kid’s arm upon ‘victory’. A group of about five or six toddlers are sitting in a semicircle around a table, where Aron Scythe is having a conversation with two of Tomo

Ami's puppets- Tomo, of course, is behind the table controlling them. Two little boys grab onto John Brandenburg's arms as he flexes his biceps and lifts them into the air. They giggle delightedly and one swings like a monkey as The Brand laughs.

The camera cuts to a different room, where a family is waiting with a little girl who is bald and is probably suffering from cancer. The door behind them opens up, and Gary Grapplin appears, with a big bag thrown over his shoulders like Santa Claus. The little girl sees him and runs over to hug him. Grapplin, choked up that a little girl would request to see him as a wish of hers, runs over to her, gets down on his knees, and hugs her back. After the embrace, Grapplin pulls out a huge stuffed animal pony from his bag, gives it to the little girl, and starts pulling out other toys from the bag as the camera fades away.

+++++1% LOCKERROOM: ALMOST CLUELESS +++++

The next scene is set at the lockerroom of the 1% and Ronnie Reynolds and Jackson Gerritt seem to be talking, although their conversation isn't being picked up by the mics. The door opens to reveal Shirley Watson on her stereotypical private investigator clothes.

WATSON: Hey guys, how are you doing?

GERRITT: Finally...

REYNOLDS: It was about time, what do you have for me?

Shirley Watson retrieves something from one of her numerous pockets, she walks up to Ronnie and gives him an empty key ring.

REYNOLDS: What is this?

WATSON: Oh, that's from last weekend, Amy and I went for girls night out and I got that from a club we went, apparently the owner was a wrestling fan so we got VIP treatment, it was cool.

REYNOLDS: Geez, aren't you supposed to be WORKING for me? What do you have on Enigma...

WATSON: He's pretty kept to himself, I'm having a hard time getting any scoops, and he's a bit psycho so I'm not gonna risk myself getting close. But don't worry boss, we have a plan, and we will have results tonight.

REYNOLDS: We?

WATSON: Amy and I?

GERRITT: Huh? Are you BFF's now?

REYNOLDS: **Ok, that's all good but do you have anything for me right now?**

WATSON: **Well, I have been investigating...I can tell you who's the man behind the Halfus Lykarn mask...**

Ronnie Reynolds shows a face of severe disappointment as he walks away.

REYNOLDS: **Oh dear lord...**

Jackson Gerritt smiles and closes in to Shirley Watson.

GERRITT: **So tell me more about your weekend.**

+++++++ BACKSTAGE: I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE THIS ++++++

The Camera is now showing a bald man, we get a view of him from behind, he appears to be wearing nothing but a suit Jacket. He's near a corner and appears to be talking to someone off-camera, the man in a Suit sounds like none other than Sirius Danger.

DANGER: **So, I know you want her...and there's a small window of opportunity, but you need to act in the precise moment I send you a signal...**

DANGER: **I know you don't take orders from me, but believe me when I tell you that this will benefit all parties involved...**

DANGER: **Does that mean that you are in? Awesome!!!**

Danger turns around, his suit jacket is open and he's wearing his usual singlet under it, he stops in front of the camera.

DANGER: **What are you looking at?**

+++++++ BACKSTAGE: THE PHENOMENOM ++++++

Video pans backstage, and Enigma stretching and preparing for his match. A man comes up from behind and pats him on the back. The video pans backwards to show who it is - its Douglas Gallagher, with the heavyweight title..

Both men shake hands.

ENIGMA : **Hey bro, looking good with the title. Great job.**

GALLAGHER : **Thanks mate. Are you getting set for your match ?**

ENIGMA : Yeah.. Feels good to be in some singles action again. And I love the challenge. Its mystery against strength.

GALLAGHER : Excellence is a very skilled competitor and nobody can deny that. But you are a very talented performer yourself, I remember tagging with you during your debut match, you 'ave got the tools to make this a fight.

ENIGMA : I beat Rushmore on my first singles match. Hell, this is just another obstacle they're throwing at me. I'm gonna take this one down too. And whatever comes next, I'll take it down. And finally, it'll be me against Reynolds again.

GALLAGHER : That's what I wanted to talk you about, You and Reynolds...You see kid, when you came into RPW, you brought a certain Mystique with you. But as the weeks 'ave gone by, you've been less and less Enigmatic and more and more of a disgruntled rebellious lad.

ENIGMA : Are you trying to piss me off Douglas?

GALLAGHER: Not at all, I fear that Reynolds is getting inside your 'ead mate, and Ee's making you lose track of what yer true nature is. You are not a big guy Nigmus, and you are not going to beat your opponents if you engage in simple fist-fights, you need to play to your strengths and fly around the ring, shrouded in mystery.

ENIGMA: What? are you saying I'm weak? are you saying that I can't fight? because **** that, I can ****ing fight.

GALLAGHER: Chill out mate, dun let 'em distract you. You know you are better than that, drop that tough lad act and focus on what really makes you great, go back to what made you the most awaited debut in RPW history.

Let all your opponents get lost on the phenomenon of the Enigma.

ENIGMA: (fist pumps) Time for the phenomenon of the Enigma !

Enigma grabs a can of paint and spray paints a large E on the wall, and starts running...

GALLAGHER: And watch for that foul mouth of yours, we've got a lot of youngsters on the building tonight...

+++++COMMERCIAL-BREAK+++++
+++++RING: EMERSON FAVREAU VS EL OMEGA 23+++++

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

El Omega 23 walks through curtains and heads down the entrance ramp, followed by his manager, Diego San Martin. El Omega is wearing his normal wrestling attire- black shorts, black boots, and a black basketball jersey with his name on the front, and a red luchador mask with the usual feline theme for today. The South American powerhouse gingerly walks down the aisle, up the steps onto the ring apron, and between the ropes into the ring. He climbs onto one of the turnbuckles and points into the crowd, and the Long Islanders riot in approval.

El-O-Meg-A

Clap-clap-clap-clap-clap

El-O-Meg-A

Clap-clap-clap-clap-clap

FAVREAU: **What they say is true- you Long Island guidos are actually as stupid as you look.**

The crowd goes from cheering to booing as Emerson Favreau exits from behind the curtain and stands at the top of the entrance ramp. He does not come out to any entrance music, but instead is holding an open mic in his hands.

FAVREAU: **Put as much effort picking up and reading a book as you people do 'GTL'ing, and maybe Long Island wouldn't be crap hole it is. Look at a map- Long Island is the feces being defecated by the rest of the state into the toilet that is the Atlantic Ocean. Except for the Hamptons; that's a nice place, but you people here tonight wouldn't know anything about the Hamptons. That would mean you all had class, but from what I see here right now, this audience clearly does not.**

Another man, dressed like a butler, exits from behind the curtain and hurries in front of Emerson. The butler is holding a wicker basket. As Favreau begins walking down the ramp towards the ring, the butler reaches into the basket and throws red rose pedals on the ground for the nobleman and newly minted member of the One Percent to walk on. As Favreau walks down to the ring, he continues talking.

FAVREAU: **Some of the most famous and influential people from Long Island include: Billy Joel, a drunk. Lindsey Lohan, a drunk. See a pattern here? Hell, one of this industry's best at what he does was born here, and he doesn't even acknowledge it, saying that he's from Winipeg, instead.**

Favreau reaches the ring steps, and walks up each. He reaches the ring apron and wipes his feet as if he was walking into someone's house with dirty shoes before ducking in-between the ropes and entering the ring.

As the bell ring Favreau immediately charges in a shoots for a single, the 1%'er proves to be a very agile man as he switches over to a rear waistlock with ease. El Omega 23 quickly breaks Emerson's grip and goes behind securing a rear waistlock of his own, Favreau goes two arms on one against Omega's right arm and after a small way struggle, Emerson Favreau is able to unclasp the hands of El Omega.

WASHINGTON: Remember that Emerson Favreau has a very decorated amateur background, it's going to be interesting to see how he stacks to Omega's raw power.

While Omega still has half a rear waistlock, Favreau uses his left arm to grip Omega's right wrist, Favreau also digs his right arm under Omega's right arm pit. Favreau drops to a knee and sends El Omega 23 to the mat with an over the shoulder arm drag that resembles a ippon seoi nage judo throw

MURPHY: El Omega falls down, but lets see how long Favreau is able to keep him down.

Favreau tries to hold his advantage with a wristlock but El Omega quickly stands up and tries to get away, El Omega uses his power to pull the action into the ropes and Favreau refuses to give up on his wristlock. The referee starts counting for Favreau to release the hold as Omega has a grip on the top rope but the South American is not going to wait for a 5 count, he pulls of an impressive rope assisted frontflip to get out of the wristlock

MURPHY: Omega fires back with a spinning wristlock of his own, he turns it into a hammerlock.

Before Omega can get comfortably in control of that hammerlock, Emerson Favreau ducks under the arm and reverses the hold into a hammerlock of his own, Omega starts the motions for a reversal but before he can pull off anything, Favreau switches his grip into a side headlock and takes the action to the mat with a headlock takedown.

WASHINGTON: Favreau scores another takedown, impressive.

Omega won't stand down and he immediately rolls back to his knees and starts getting up, Favreau is putting a lot of power on his headlock and the strain on his arms is evident, Omega still manages to raise to his feet and push his opponent into the ropes, Favreau bounces off the ropes and El Omega pushes him off, the headlock is broken and Favreau is sent running to the opposite ropes where he rebounds again, both wrestlers meet in the middle of the ring when Favreau attempts a shoulder block, Emerson expected to take the South American down, but El Omega is merely sent about a foot backwards.

WASHINGTON:

Look at El Omega, he's motioning for Favreau to bring it.

Favreau scores a kick to the gut and another headlock takedown, this time Emerson Favreau makes sure to flatten Omega's shoulders against the mat as he wrenches the headlock.

...1

...2, Omega rolls Favreau up.

...1

....2, Favreau kicks out and rolls backwards and up to his feet.

El Omega 23 is a little slower at rising up to his feet and he pays dearly for it as Favreau doubles him over with a huge boot to the midsection, the 1% member uses an irish whip on Omega but it is not successful, instead Omega lands a reversal and Favreau goes to hit the ropes. Trying to make something off it, Favreau returns with a shoulder block but fails to take Omega to the mat.

MURPHY: Looks like Favreau is going to try again, he runs into the ropes.

But as Favreau returns, El Omega 23 jumps forward with his patented bicycle kick.

THE BOOT OF THE SOUTH!!

Favreau barely manages to duck under the beheading kick, El Omega turns around but gets caught in an overhead belly to belly suplex, the masked 240 plus pounder is sent flying in the air in a pretty impressive sight, but Favreau is not stopping, he presses the action and picks up El Omega quickly delivering a huge Fisherman swinging neckbreaker, El Omega 23 rolls on the mat holding his neck and Favreau strikes a pose to draw some heat from the crowd.

WASHINGTON: Favreau is starting to get very comfortable here in the RPW ring, perhaps a little too much.

Emerson Favreau wants to take full advantage of his dominating spree, he goes for the fireman's carry lift which gets quite the reaction, but Omega slides down the back and starts to hook on a crossface chickenwing.

MURPHY: Whoa, Omega is right back on this match and this Crossface Chickenwing is deadly.

Emerson Favreau puts a lot of effort into it and manages to successfully fight out of the hold. Omega pushes on with a knee to the gut and an irish whip, Favreau reverses the irish whip but as he does Omega holds on to one of Emerson's arms and slides under his legs, setting him up in a pumphandle

position, a few moments later El Omega connects with a huge pumphandle gutbuster and follows it up with a short lariat.

WASHINGTON: El Omega hits his signature Gutbuster/Lariat combination and Favreau needs to do something quick.

El Omega 23 secures a front chancery and uses it to pull Favreau to his feet, El Omega looks around the ring and positions himself so he can deliver his reverse suplex into the ropes. A move that leaves his opponent hanging gut first on the rope and completely vulnerable for Omega's deadly jumping knee strike. Favreau blocks the suplex lift attempt though and he explodes up with a vertical suplex of his own that sends Omega 23 over the ropes and to the outside, 23 hangs on to the ropes at the last moment and manages to land on the apron.

MURPHY: El Omega 23 saves himself from a nasty fall.

WASHINGTON: But watch out for Favreau who rushes in!!!

El Omega 23 shows feline reflexes and catches the incoming Emerson Favreau with a huge elbow to the face that drops him near the corner. Omega 23 looks at the prone Favreau who's perfectly lined up with the corner. Omega then looks at the corner and nods to himself before he starts climbing it to many cheers.

MURPHY: Dear god, El Omega 23 is going to fly again!

WASHINGTON: He nearly decapitated himself trying to pull off a Shooting Star Press on his last match, maybe he's trying to show that he can do it better this time around.

Omega reaches the highest point of the corner and the crowd is going wild, he looks down at his opponent and hesitates, he cannot bring himself to fly just yet, the seconds continue to pass and Favreau already starts to show signs of recovery. Omega has no choice but to climb back down, he spent a very long time on the corner and it shows, when he goes to pick up Favreau, the 1% starts fighting back landing some nice punches a kick to the gut and another fisherman swinging neckbreaker.

MURPHY: That didn't go too well for El Omega, he's having some altitude problems.

Favreau stalks el Omega and taunts him, much to the dismay of the crowd. The South American slowly rises to his feet and when he does, Favreau charges in with a clothesline , El Omega ducks under and hooks the arms of Favreau in a double chicken wing, the 1% shakes his head from side to side in terror as he knows what he has gotten himself into. El Omega lands a huge Tiger Suplex to many cheers from the Long Island crowd and rolls through for a second go, once again he lands a huge Tiger suplex.

WASHINGTON: **Numero dos connects!!**

Omega rolls through and gets back up for what should be a definitive third Tiger suplex, this time El Omega switches the grip into a crossface chickenwing and perfectly syncs the submission move in, Favreau's arms flail arounds as the new aquisition of the 1% gasps for air and the crowd is spending all of theirs in cheers.

MURPHY: **The crossface chickenwing is locked in, Favreau is in mad trouble.**

El Omega wants to settle this once and for all and he once again sweeps Favreau off his feet, this time with a millenium suplex.

WASHINGTON: **Whoa! That Crossface Chickenwing dropped back in a huge belly to back suplex Variation, how impressive!**

The South American Wrecking Machine keeps the crossface chickenwing locked in as he rolls Favreau to his belly, El Omega now rolls forward into a bridge and Emerson Favreau is in a really tight predicament.

MURPHY: **Bridging crossface chickenwing, this is the move he used at End of the World to tap out Landon Jackson**

With no way out of the move and incredible pressure being put to him, Emerson Favreau has no choice but to tap out. He repeatedly slaps the mat and the referee waves the match off.

The Bell Rings and “End of all Hope” by Nightwish is heard across the arena as El Omega 23 stands up with his fist raised in the air and Diego San Martin climbs the ring steps and gets into the ring microphone in hand.

DUCKY: The Winner of this bout by the way of Submission, El OMEGA 23!!!!

SAN MARTIN: Thanks Ducky, we appreciate your hard work.

Ducky Smith exits the ring giving the South American duo center-stage.

SAN MARTIN: My Client has once again proved his dominance with a crushing victory over Emerson Favreau of the 1%, Favreau joins the list of people defeated by El Omega and now stands alongside his 1% buddies Landon Jackson and Ronnie Reynolds.

But do you know who else has El Omega 23 defeated? Current RPW Heavyweight Champion Douglas Gallagher. A couple of months ago El Omega 23 imposed his dominance over the newly crowned champion in one of RPW’s most brutal matches to date, and since the future of the RPW Heavyweight Championship match at British Uprising is still unclear.

I’m nominating El Omega 23 to become the number 1 contender should Aron Scythe decide to face Ian Jones at British Uprising. And my arguments for this are that El Omega 23 has never been pinned or submitted during his RPW career and that he holds a victory over the current champion.

The South Americans get a mild pop as they exit the ring and make their way backstage.

MURPHY: The name of El Omega 23 thrown into the hat for number one contendership, and we gotta admit, he makes a compelling case.

WASHINGTON: He does, but all we can do now is wait and see what Aron Scythe and our RPW Commissioner decide, while we wait...check out the latest Anger Management session with Damien Wolfe.

+++++ BACKSTAGE: ANGER MANAGEMENT 6+++++

<The scene opens inside Iron Joe's gymnasium, people can be seen lifting free weights, on running machines and working over punch bags. In the centre of the gym is a ring, inside is a man wearing protective headgear, he's working with a trainer, ducking and diving, avoiding takedowns. Outside of the ring in his training gear stands Damien Wolfe, besides him with a clipboard is Doctor Morgan.>

WOLFE: So why are we here doc?

MORGAN: You see that guy in the ring? That's Jumping Jamie Jameson, an independent wrestler. I sent some feelers out and he jumped at the chance to spar with Damien Wolfe.

WOLFE: Jumping Jamie Jameson jumped at the chance of getting in the ring with me? What is he? A kangaroo?

MORGAN: He's new to the business Damien, I'm sure you didn't have the best gimmick in the beginning.

<Wolfe shoots the doctor an angry glance.>

WOLFE: Have you been watching my old tapes?

MORGAN: I might have been, now what was that gimmick? Oh yes, wasn't it something like Damo the Despi... <Wolfe abruptly cuts him off.>

WOLFE: Don't you dare!

MORGAN: Your anger is rising, good, let it fill you up... Damo.

<Wolfe swears and smashes his hands on the ring mat, a startled Jumping Jamie immediately turns around, a look of dread is apparent on his face.>

WOLFE: For Gods sake! I don't want to hear that name!

<Doctor Morgan continues, laughing as he does.>

MORGAN: What's the matter? Anyway, how despicable could you have been in pink tights?

<Wolfe grabs Doctor Morgan by his shirt and gets in his face.>

WOLFE: I'm warning you, one more word!

MORGAN: Good, I think you're worked up enough now, let's do this. The meditation techniques we've been working on, do them now.

<Wolfe takes a step back and puts the palms of his hands together. He closes his eyes and starts to breathe deeply.>

MORGAN: That's it, breathe in your anger, suck it down, lock it away, put the Beast in it's cage.

<Wolfe's breathing slows down and he opens his eyes.>

MORGAN: How do you feel?

WOLFE: I feel... relaxed.

MORGAN: Good good, the Beast has been locked away, peace has been restored to your mind.

<Wolfe glances at Jumping Jamie, who is jumping no more.>

WOLFE: How is this supposed to help me in the ring?

MORGAN: We've locked your anger away, but it's still there inside you waiting to come bursting out. Imagine it like a combo meter in a video game.

WOLFE: Do I look like I play video games?

MORGAN: Bear with me Damien, imagine it like a combo meter. When the Beast is out all that rage you feel comes spilling out of you in a constant unfocused stream, but when you're using the meditation techniques you are in effect taking your rage and filling up that meter, ready for when you need it. All you need is a key to unlock it.

WOLFE: What's the key?

<Doctor Morgan smiles.>

MORGAN: First, time to get in the ring.

<Wolfe puts his right hand on the middle rope and pulls himself up on the apron. Jumping Jamie backs into his trainers corner as Wolfe steps through the ropes. Wolfe looks at Doctor Morgan as if waiting for a cue which doesn't come, the doctor simply motions Damien to move towards his opponent. Jameson cautiously moves out of the corner and approaches Wolfe, the two men circle each other before locking up in the centre of the ring. Almost immediately Jamie transitions behind Wolfe and sweeps his legs from under him, sending Wolfe crashing face first to the mat. Jumping Jamie jumps around the ring, hardly believing his eyes as Damien pounds the canvas with his fist and turns to shout at Doctor Morgan.>

WOLFE: What's the key?!

<The doctor simply shakes his head and motions for Wolfe to continue. Damien gets to his feet and invites Jumping Jamie to lock up again, immediately Wolfe transitions to a side headlock but before he can move on to his next move Jamie counters, powering Wolfe's arms back over his head and sweeps his legs from under him again. Jumping Jamie bounds around the ring leaping for joy as his trainer cheers him on, Wolfe slowly sits up before crawling towards his corner where Doctor Morgan is waiting.>

WOLFE: What's going on doctor?

MORGAN: I needed to know that my techniques had worked, this proves it. That kid is a rookie, there's no way he should be able to put you down twice in a row, but yet there it happened. The meditation works Damien, we can cage the Beast, now let's see what happens when we let it out.

WOLFE: Finally.

<Wolfe uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet.>

MORGAN: Now Damien, there's no external trigger here, no catchphrase or switch that sets you off, it's all up to you. Close your eyes for me, visualize the Beast, tell me what you see?

WOLFE: It's in a cage, it's hungry, it wants to get out and feed. There's a key in the lock.

MORGAN: Good, now unlock the cage Damien, let the Beast out, let it take over.

<Wolfe, still with his eyes closed, begins to breathe deeper and deeper, his muscles start to tense up, adrenaline starts pumping through his body and his veins start popping out. His lips peel back revealing gritted teeth, and finally his piercing eyes open and lock on Jumping Jamie.

Everyone in the gym has stopped their workouts to watch what's going down as the rookie makes the timeout sign with his hands. The Beast pays no heed, he begins stalking Jameson around the ring, Jamie's trainer tries to shout advice but all he succeeds in doing is distracting his pupil, the Beast pounces and unloads on Jamie with two vicious right hands that send him down hard to the canvas. Wolfe drags Jamie up by his hair, pulling off his protective headgear as he does, he locks in a front face lock as if to suplex the rookie, but instead reaches across and grabs Jamie's right hand with his own and yanks violently, twisting his opponent with a sick looking swinging neckbreaker.

Jumping Jamie's trainer jumps up on the ring apron trying to stop the sparring session but he's met by a charging Damien Wolfe, who delivers a pinpoint elbow to the trainer's temple, knocking him off the apron to the floor. The Beast looks at Jameson, who is rolling around on the mat clutching his neck, and then looks at the turnbuckle. Wolfe drags Jamie by his hair to the corner before standing him up. Wolfe with his back to the turnbuckle pads pulls himself up so he is stood on the middle ropes with Jamie stood in front of him, he then proceeds to lift Jamie up and maneuver him into the inverted piledriver position. The Beast looks at Doctor Morgan before jumping off the second rope and delivering a devastating Super-Tombstone Piledriver.

The rookie's legs kick out and twitch in an unnatural manner as the Beast surveys the damage. Wolfe closes his eyes and breathes deeply before climbing out of the ring and walking over to Doctor Morgan.>

WOLFE: Damn, you're good.

MORGAN: I take it you're happy with the results then, I know I am. How did it feel?

WOLFE: It felt like... raw power, all that anger that was locked away, it just erupted out of me and Jumping Jamie took the full force of it.

MORGAN: This proves to me that you can control your rage, focussing it into your professional life, leaving Joe Public safe, allowing you to peacefully exist in society, whilst giving you all the power you could ever need in that ring. You've been a great patient Damien, I'm proud of you, now it's time for me to sign you off and for you to get back to work.

WOLFE: **No, it's time to unleash the Beast.**

<Doctor Morgan offers his hand to Damien Wolfe, who gladly accepts the handshake. The two men walk out of the gym as the crowd of onlookers rush to the ring to check on the condition of Jumping Jamie.>

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

WASHINGTON: **That's some great news Murph, looks like Damien Wolfe is ready to return, and he appears to be just in time for British Uprising.**

MURPHY: **Hopefully this time around he keeps his aggression inside of the ring.**

WASHINGTON: **Speaking about aggression, one of the competitors we have up next has a very aggressive streak himself.**

MURPHY: **You are likely talking about Kirk Cobain, he has been at odds with Sirius Danger for a while now and looks like Danger is bringing the worst in Cobain.**

WASHINGTON: **Yes, I am talking about Cobain, he will go one one with Leonard Knox in a No Limits number one contendership match, these two faced each other not long ago but their match ended abruptly when Kirk Cobain sent Knox crashing outside of the ring and into Brandy Swinson who's now Knox's GF.**

+++++RING: KIRK COBAIN VS LEONARD KNOX +++++

DUCKY: **The following match is scheduled for one fall and is a number one contender match for the No Limits Championship.**

There are the sounds of [*Chumbawumba's Tubthumping*](#).

DUCKY: **First, from Bradford, England, weighing 270 pounds, Len "Ard" Knox!**

Leonard Knox enters looking pensive; pulling at his wristbands. The crowd gives him a warm reception and he can't help offering a salute in return.

MURPHY: **Here's Leonard Knox, who's seemed a bit jaded of late.**

WASHINGTON: **If there's one thing that can motivate Leonard Knox it's some good, old-fashioned violence!**

MURPHY: **That's true...**

Knox climbs into the ring.

MURPHY: **He's claimed he's going to be a calm, measured professional but I suspect that stronger feelings lie beneath the surface.**

There are the sounds of [Love Battery's Half Past You](#).

DUCKY: And from Seattle, Washington, weighing 210 pounds, Kirk
Cooo-bain!

Kirk Cobain enters with his hair tied back. His fists are bunched, and he's muttering to himself.

MURPHY: Kirk Cobain has been somewhat, er - unstable lately...

WASHINGTON: He's living for one thing, Murph: to inflict pain on Sirius
Danger.

Both men are ready for a fight and the bell rings to give them one, Cobain charges in and immediately lands a power double leg takedown, Cobain is firing rapid fire right hands but Knox is able to sweep and reverse, both men continue jockeying for position in the mat and end up rolling to the outside of the ring, both men exchange hard punches outside until Knox is able to get the advantage with three punches in a row.

MURPHY: Knox getting control of this melee.

Knox sends Cobain back first into the barricade and lands a hard chop, he now whips Cobain back into the ring and follows him in, Cobain tries to regroup but Knox throws him into a corner instead.

MURPHY: This could get ugly...

WASHINGTON: Could? If this gets uglier it's going to make me long to see a
picture of my ex-wife.

The two men are head to head, like bulls in combat.

MURPHY: What's going to happen...

The men jerk their heads back at the same time, then swing them forwards. Their skulls meet with an ugly crack and they're both sent veering dazedly into the corners.

WASHINGTON: Oof!

Knox goes down onto one knee while Cobain holds himself upright against the ropes.

MURPHY: Hope no one was thinking of going back to college.

Knox powers through his pain and charges into the corner, Cobain manages to move away from it at the very last moment and Knox goes head first into the buckles, Cobain helps a dizzy Knox down with a hard russian leg sweep.

Kirk Cobain ascends to the top rope.

MURPHY: **He's going to fly...**

Cobain jumps but Knox has climbed back to his feet and catches him. He suplexes his opponent over the ring ropes and into an unsuspecting cameraman.

WASHINGTON: **Looks like our cameraman broke his fall.**

MURPHY: **I hope so, because that could have broken both their necks!**

Looking a bit hurt and favoring his back, Kirk Cobain manages to somehow roll himself back in the ring.

WASHINGTON: **Cobain looks dizzy, but he's back on his feet.**

From the far side of the ring, Knox spots his opponent coming to an unstable vertical base. Cobain puts a hand on the top rope to keep himself from collapsing as Knox forces his heavyweight frame into the ropes on his side of the ring before launching himself at the Seattle native.

MURPHY: **Leonard Knox thundering towards Cobain... Kirk had better do something quickly or... my God! Leonard Knox nearly took his head off with that clothesline!**

Knox smashes a forearm into Kirk Cobain's chest, clattering all the way from Bradford England to Seattle Washington with enough force to send him flying over the top rope and into the barriers that keep the crowd back from the action.

WASHINGTON: **Not a traditional way to take the win, but it'll do. I think we're ten seconds away from settling the Number 1 contender for the the No Limits Championship at our upcoming Pay-Per-View.**

MURPHY: **The referee starts the count...**

Inside the ring, Leonard Knox leans on the ropes and stares at the twitching, crumpled body of his opponent.

...1!

...2!

Sirius Danger is seen rushing down the ramp with a microphone on his hand and a Kendo Stick on the other.

...3!

DANGER: Is that it, Kirk? Is that really all you have to offer?

...4!

...5!

DANGER: This is why you'll need me Kirk, I know you have it in you...come back and destroy everything.

Cobain begins to stir, looking groggy as he rolls onto his knees

...6!

...7!

DANGER: This is why Daddy left, Kirk! This is why he left you and your mother, Kirk! It is all because you always fail to live up to your full potential.

Inside the ring Knox shakes his head as Cobain crawls for the apron.

...8!

DANGER: Give in Kirk, stop being weak, start being what you truly are inside.

MURPHY: I can't believe what I'm hearing, and I can't believe what I'm seeing either!

WASHINGTON: For those of you who missed it, I think Leonard Knox just made a big mistake by dragging Kirk Cobain back into the ring. You can call it sportsmanship, Harold...

MURPHY: And I do!

WASHINGTON: ...but sportsmanship doesn't win matches.

Sirius Danger is shown on his cellphone, he dials a number...

DANGER: Go, go, go, it is show time.

The Revival titantron goes pitch black. Suddenly, Taiga's voice can be heard from the speakers singing the opening line from his entrance theme.

TAIGA: *♪Turn off the lights and light a candle♪*

Illumination from several candles reveals three females, all in lingerie, standing in a horizontal line. The female on the left is wearing an Optimus Prime mask, the middle a Batman mask, and the last one a Captain America mask. Each one of them takes off their respective masks after Taiga utters their name.

TAIGA: **Do you any of the four fox mommas? Candi? Randi? Mandy? No? Oh yeah I did say four...**

Another set of candle are then lit revealing Taiga wearing nothing but a tiger-stripe boxer sitting in a throne and a woman in lingerie sitting on his lap wearing a Venetian tiger-print mask. The woman is gently applying baby oil to Taiga as a huge grin takes over his face.

TAIGA: **How about, Brandi?**

Taiga removes her mask and lo and behold, A girl who can be seen to be cracking a slight smile, the factions on her face are those of, wait...could this be really happening, is that Brandy Swinson? The camera cuts back to Taiga.

TAIGA: **I dub thee "The Greatest Interviewer in the World." I love it when Taiga gets what he wants.**

WASHINGTON: **You gotta be kidding me, how did he always do it?**

Back in the ring the crowd is booing Taiga and Knox looks shocked as he stares the now Blank revival tron, Sirius Danger grabs the Kendo stick he brought with him and rolls it under the ropes and to Kirk Cobain, who now stands up with a renewed fire on his eyes. Kirk Cobain grabs the Kendo Stick and raises it high in the air, Leonard Knox turns around and gets cracked very hard on the head, he crumbles down...

Cobain goes for the pin.

...1

...2

...3

The referee signals for three and the bell rings.

DUCKY: And your winner and now the number one contender for the No Limits Title, Kirk Cobain!!

WASHINGTON: Looks like Sirius Danger has managed to get through Cobain a bit here today, but that also helped Cobain win this match.

MURPHY: I don't know if I like this, Cobain might have won this match but following Sirius Danger is a very dark path.

WASHINGTON: You are right, but that doesn't change the fact that we now have MNG vs Kirk Cobain booked for British Uprising on September 23.

+++++ BACKSTAGE:THE NUMBERS FAVOR MNG +++++

<Brandy Swinson is stood backstage in the interview area, holding a microphone with a large RPW logo behind her.>

SWINSON: With me now, the reigning No Limits Champion, Mr. Nice Guy.

<The young Brit comes into the camera shot with his title draped over his shoulder and his mouth is smacking away at a piece of gum. He is wearing a black sweatshirt adorned with a big yellow star in the middle and the words 'Brightest Young' around it.>

NICE GUY: First off Brandy, I won't be taking any questions on Ian Jones, Douglas Gallagher or refereeing.

<You can tell that Brandy had a list of questions on these topics ready to kick the interview off but ever the professional she moves on having dealt with the curveball well.>

SWINSON: Your reward for calling the Heavyweight Title match fairly in your role as referee is a bout against John Brandenburg for the Ironman Championship tonight. Many believe "The Brand" is one of the elite competitors on the roster and he is indeed a fighting Champion having to defend the title on every show and tonight on the historic 20th episode of Wednesday Night Revival it will be no different.

NICE GUY: Do you want to talk about history Brandy Swinson? Well let's talk a little history, ok. Who was it that I pinned to win my No Limits Championship to become the youngest RPW Champion in history?

<The knowledgeable journalist answers immediately.>

SWINSON: John Brandenburg....

<MNG cuts her off.>

NICE GUY: That's right. It was a four man hardcore advantage match and here is something you may not know Brandy, it was the 10th episode of WNR so tonight on the 20th episode right here in Long Island, New York, I intend to beat "The Brand" once again. It is written, it just has to be fate, right Swinson? Now for all of you mathematical geniuses out there, one and one makes two.

<The Londoner holds both index fingers up to the camera to display the basic sum.>

NICE GUY: Two belts, Brandy. See tonight I have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Your belts on the line John and mine stays right here.

<The youngest RPW Champion ever looks down fondly at the No Limits title placed over his shoulder and pats it.>

MR. NICE GUY: Tonight on this historical edition of Wednesday Night Revival the brightest young star and hottest commodity in this business will make history by becoming the first man to hold two RPW titles at the same time. So tonight all over the world, the last thing the people will hear is Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Nice Guy, the No Limits Champion and New Ironman Champion has left the building. Now how is that for history?

<MNG smirks and then walks off casually.>

SWINSON: Well a very confident Mr. Nice Guy, the reigning No Limits Champion. Your main event tonight folks is Champion vs Champion.

+++++ANNOUNCE TABLE WITH MURPHY AND WASHINGTON+++++

WASHINGTON: Wait a second, how did Brandy Swinson get dressed and ready to interview MNG that quick, that doesn't make any sense.

MURPHY: Was that girl with Taiga really Brandy? the Camera wasn't on her long enough to really tell.

WASHINGTON: You are right, I wouldn't put it past that scumbag Taiga to use a look-a-like just to mess with Knox and Swinson.

MURPHY: Before we move on to our next match, here's on more clip from the Happy Dreams Foundation. On behalf of everyone from RPW, we want to thank them for everything they do. If you want to make a donation, you can log on to www.happydreamsfoundation.org and give there.

+++++BACKSTAGE: HAPPY DREAMS FOUNDATION+++++

The camera cuts to the back, where Enigma is waiting in an empty room- the same room that wrestlers had been meeting with children all night. Enigma is wearing his facial paint mask, but is otherwise in

civilian clothes, jeans and a black RPW hoodie. He looks down at the watch on his arm, and it appears like he has been waiting. The door behind him opens, and a Happy Dreams Foundation employees walk in.

ENIGMA: Oh, good. I got the message at the last minute, and I thought I might of missed it. I came here straight, and didn't even put my bags away. I didn't, did I?

HDF EMPLOYEE: No, no, you're good.

The employee looks down at a bunch of papers he has.

HDF EMPLOYEE: Alright, Enigma, you're going to be meeting with young boy, age 9, Eddy Aarons. He was in a car accident, and is paralyzed from the waist down. Um, everything else is on this paper here, so go over this, and we'll bring him in in a couple of minutes.

Enigma takes the paper as the employee leave the waiting room.

ENIGMA: Favorite color: black. I think I'm gonna like this kid.

A few moments pass, and there is a knocking on the door behind him. Enigma walks over to the door and opens it. Two men, RPW technicians are in the hall on the other side of the door.

ENIGMA: You're not escorting Eddy, are you?

The two men look at each other, and one shakes his head.

TECHNICIAN 1: Nope. We're here to fix the AC unit in this room. It's been on the fritz all day.

ENIGMA: Alright, well, be my guest. Just so you know, I'm going to be having a kid here in a little bit as part of the HDF thing that's been going on all day.

TECHNICIAN 1: That won't be a problem. We won't be here that long, don't worry.

Enigma turns around and starts walking over to a stool set up near the entrance. As he does so, the technician reaches into his tool bag, pulls out a wrench, and whacks the unsuspecting wrestler in the back of the head with it, causing Enigma to stagger forward, falling to his knees. The second "technician" rushes into the room, tackles Enigma to the floor, straddles him, and starts pummeling him. Enigma does his best to raise his hands to protect the back of his head, but he can't stop the onslaught, and is soon knocked out.

TECHNICIAN 2: He's out! He's out!

TECHNICIAN 1: Quick, see if he has anything in his pocket. I'll go through his gym bag over there.

One of the technicians starts rummaging through Enigma's pockets, while the other one opens his gym bag and pours the contents onto the floor, looking through them.

TECHNICIAN 2: **Bingo! I got his keys!**

The "technician" stands up, and tosses the keys to his partner.

TECHNICIAN 1: **Come on, let's get out of here.**

The two men run out of the room, closing the door behind them. The camera pans back to Murphy and Washington at ringside.

MURPHY: **That's just disgusting.**

WASHINGTON: **It really is. Not only is Enigma attacked for no reason, but some kid out there is not going to have the wish that he asked for granted.**

MURPHY: **Oh, no, I bet there's a reason for the attack. The camera caught their faces, so I hope security is able to catch up with those impostors.**

WASHINGTON: **Hell, if security doesn't, I just might. I'd give those thugs a good whipping.**

MURPHY: **Hopefully, Ben, it doesn't come to that. We have a match coming up now, though. I'd rather have you here at ringside calling it. Let security do their job; that's why they get paid.**

+++++ VIDEO PACKAGE: COMING SOON+++++

[We cut to a black screen as ["Houston Skyline" by Philip Glass](#) cues up Rather elegant looking white text starts to appear on screen.]

"In a word, man must create his own essence: it is in throwing himself into the world, suffering there, struggling there, that he gradually defines himself." - Jean-Paul Sartre

"Battle not with monsters, lest ye become a monster, and if you gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes also into you." - Friedrich Nietzsche

"Man is a Religious Animal. He is the only Religious Animal. He is the only animal that has the True Religion--several of them. He is the only animal that loves his neighbor as himself and cuts his throat if his theology isn't straight. He has made a graveyard of the globe in trying his honest best to smooth his brother's path to happiness and heaven....The higher animals have no religion. And we are told that they are going to be left out in the Hereafter. I wonder why? It seems questionable taste." - Mark Twain.

"It is not enough to succeed. Others must fail." - Gore Vidal

"I shall simply say that those who offer false consolation are false friends." - Christopher Hitchens

"I will not give less than 100% of my effort. To give less than a whole effort would be disingenuous. Fight clean, fight with honor, but never... ever take it easy on an opponent. Friend or foe, victory or defeat I will clash to complete physical exertion. Step out there knowing that our future lies only in our own hands for in the ring no god can save you." - ????

[We suddenly cut to text written out in bright red letters.]

THE ATHEIST IS COMING TO RPW

+++++ RING: EXCELLENCE VS ENIGMA +++++

MURPHY: The Atheist is coming to RPW huh? I wonder who is he, and when will he arrive.

WASHINGTON: Those are good questions, but a better question is: how will Enigma will face on his match against Excellence tonight? After that brutal beating he got at the hands of those criminals he's going to be in no condition to face an elite wrestler like Excellence.

JUMP DA FUCK UP!! blasts over the speakers and Excellence emerges through the curtains to a solid amount of boos, people in L.I don't really like excellence.

DUCKY: The following match is scheduled for one fall, introducing first from London, UK. EXCELLENCE!!!!

Excellence rushes into the ring, he's on his toes jumping from side to side pumped with energy as he awaits for his rival.

DUCKY: And his opponent...

Linkin Park's Wretches and Kings blasts over the speakers to many cheers, but Enigma's traditional entrance with the waterfall is notoriously missing, and so is the man who usually comes out to this song.

MURPHY: I don't think Enigma is coming out tonight Ben.

WASHINGTON: You might just be right, and this stinks of Ronnie Reynolds.

MURPHY: Do you think those guys were hired by Ronnie Reynolds and the 1% to go after Enigma?

WASHINGTON: Maybe, remember at the start of the show we heard Amy Evans instructing a couple of guys to get on their costumes? Maybe it was them, I don't know...we don't have proof of anything.

MURPHY: Ronnie Reynolds really benefits from this though, not only is he preventing Enigma for having a warm up match here, but Enigma is probably not even going to be 100% for his bout against Reynolds at British Uprising.

WASHINGTON: Hey, look at the Tron.

MURPHY: Welcome back to WNR, during our commercial break Excellence had to be escorted out of the ring after he would refuse to leave it until he got a new opponent.

WASHINGTON: Excellence was booked to go one on one with Enigma, but Enigma had to be rushed to a local hospital after being brutally attacked by two unknown guys.

MURPHY: Excellence wasn't too happy about being deprived of a match but well...the show must go on.

MURPHY: Ladies and gentlemen, next up is a match that was organized on the spur of the moment. I am being told that it developed on...Twitter, of all places. "Jumping" Jimmy Flame and Sketchy Dan have been sniping at each other all day over their respective choices in music, and a match was hastily scheduled.

DUCKY: Introducing first, from Hollywood, California, weighing in at 175 pounds, "Jumping" Jimmy Flame!

[Guns n' Roses' "November Rain"](#) starts playing over the PA system, and "Jumping" Jimmy Flame exits from behind the curtain. He is wearing white tights with red, white, and blue tassels streaming down from his bicep, and a red bandanna holding his stringy brown hair in place. He runs down the aisle to the ring pumping his fists in the air, making the metal horns. He slides into the ring, gets up on one of the turnbuckles and does air guitar.

WASHINGTON: It's been a while since we've seen Flame on RPW television, and he sure is pumped for the opportunity to compete.

MURPHY: Uh, I don't think they're going to be competing, Ben.

WASHINGTON: Yeah? Why's that?

MURPHY: Look, over there. That's Dom Golden and Jafaar al-Sultan over there, climbing over the barriers. They must've come in through the crowd.

The camera pans over to where Golden and al-Sultan are. Both just finished climbing over the metal security barrier gate, and walk over to enter into the ring. Judging on al-Sultan's appearance- a black suit- he isn't there for wrestling. Dom Golden walks over to the ring steps and walks into the ring that way, while al-Sultan makes a quick detour at the announcer's table to pick up a microphone and then casually rolls into the ring.

al-SULTAN: Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy. I had this conversation with your opponent a few minutes ago, and I'll have it with you right now. We can either do this the easy way, or the hard way. This is the easy way: You leave the ring right now, and Mr. Golden over there will give you \$1,000 in cash.

The camera pans over to Dom Golden, who is holding out the aforementioned money, in \$100 dollar bills, like a fan in his hand.

al-SULTAN: Or, we can do this the hard way, and I beat your ass and you leave not with the green, but with black and blues. Your choice.

Flame stands there for a few moments considering his options. The crowd is shouting mixed reactions at him, some booing al-Sultan's preposition, some cheering for Flame to attack him, and everything in between. The '80s rock star wrestler comes to a decision and walks over to Jafaar's business partner, taking the \$1,000 dollars as he walks in-between the ropes and leaves the ring.

al-SULTAN: Ah, good man. See, everyone benefited and it all worked out. Now that I'm here and have everyone's attention...How are you, Long Island!?

A large portion of the crowd boos, but al-Sultan gets some smarky cheers, by account of them being smarks from New York and him being a heel.

al-SULTAN: It'd good to be back "home". Sure, I'm from Saudi Arabia, but New York is my adopted home. The financial capital of the world. Long Island is our backyard. It's where we make the 45-minute LIRR ride to and from every morning and every night to drink away our stress, deal with our god annoying wives and kids, and rinse and repeat. It's where I would have brought RPW's next pay-per-view event had I won the Ironman Championship Fatal Fourway at our last pay-per-view. But, enough with the pleasantries. I'm a businessman, and I'm here on business.

He adjusts his red tie as he continues.

al-SULTAN: I wasn't on RPW last week because I had some business issues to take care of. I was here the week before, and what did I accomplish? Or the week before that? Ladies and gentlemen, I, Jafaar al-Sultan, the leader of the One Percent, have been languishing on the midcard. What does that mean, for those of you who don't know? I've been floating in the ether, riding the tides, stuck between here and there not doing much. But, now that I took care of those aforementioned business issues, I will tolerate it no more. So, I come with a business preposition. It's quite simple, really: At British Invasion, I should be challenging Douglas Gallagher for the RPW Heavyweight Championship!

MURPHY: The nerve of this guy. Like he said, he hasn't been doing much these last couple of weeks, so why should he get a shot at the promotion's most prestigious honor?

WASHINGTON: Shh, Murph. Let's see what he has to say, how he rationalizes it.

As Dominic Golden nods, the Saudi oil tycoon walks over to one of the turnbuckles and leans on it, 'getting comfortable'.

al-SULTAN: As things stand right now, Aron Scythe should theoretically be facing Douglas Gallagher. But, you know what? He's stated time and time and time again that his problems are with Ian Jones. Now that Ian Jones suddenly isn't the champion, suddenly he doesn't have problems with Ian Jones? I've seen the promotional posters. 'Jones vs. Scythe'. I've seen the promotional media packages. 'Jones vs. Scythe'. Frankly, I see no reason why anything should be changed- 'Jones vs. Scythe' should continues as scheduled. That leaves the challenger to the Heavyweight Championship open.

Some around here say that El Omega 23 should be the Number One contender. Some around here say that John Brandenburg should be the Number One contender. I've even heard some saying that Mr. Nice Guy should be the Number One contender. Strickland, Biggs, Gallagher, whoever makes the

decision: There's only one man who should be the Number One Contender, and he's in the ring right now.

SAN MARTIN: Hey there, amigo, hold on a second!

Diego San Martin appears at the top of the ramp, with his client El Omega 23 to his side, with his arms crossed, a microphone in hand.

SAN MARTIN: You said something about you being the most qualified candidate to take Scythe's place? You need to get your eyes checked, pal, because the man who should be the Number One Contender isn't in the ring- he's standing over here to my right. El Omega 23! There isn't a man on this roster he hasn't, or can't beat!

al-SULTAN: Oh? I think you need to get your 'ojos' checked, 'amigo', because you're looking right at him.

SAN MARTIN: Oh, please, al-Sultan. El Omega 23 has done everything that you've done, but better. There simply isn't any logical explanation as to why my client should not be main evening this next pay-per-view.

The Revivaltron blinks on, and the visage of Aron Scythe suddenly appears.

SCYTHE: Uh, dudes? Stop messing with my business, I'll make my official announcement later tonight. Will it be Scythe vs Gallagher or will it be Scythe vs Jones? Stay tuned.

As the three men start bickering, Harold Murphy interjects.

MURPHY: Before this gets out of control, we're heading to commercial break. We'll be right back, ladies and gentlemen, and hopefully order will be restored.

+++++COMMERCIAL BREAK+++++
+++++RING: THE BLAME GAME +++++

MURPHY: Well, ladies and gentlemen, we're back. San Martin, El Omega 23, Dom Golden and Jafaar al-Sultan all left the ring without coming to blows.

WASHINGTON: On top of that, we have Aron Scythe's announcement later on, and even more, GM Strickland is going to be issuing a statement later tonight regarding the status of the Number One Contender. A lot is going on.

MURPHY: Oh, of course. What's so interesting is that I don't thi-

< The British Empire's [music](#) strikes and Ian Jones strolls out on to the stage to a chorus of boos from the vociferous Long Island crowd. Jones casts a forlorn figure without his customary Heavyweight belt. He ambles towards the ring microphone in hand as the front row crowd attempt to get right in his face, mocking him. >

MURPHY: And here we have the *former* RPW Heavyweight Champion, Ian Jones. I wonder what he has to say after losing his title on last week's Wednesday Night Revival.

WASHINGTON: Well there were rumours he would speak up before today but he's remained silent thus far. I'm sure he has plenty to get off his chest, Murph.

< Jones pauses in the middle of ring as the crowd booms GA-LLA-GHER >

JONES: Long Island, New York. Say hello to your Heavyweight Champion!

< The crowd boos with murmurs of confusion. >

JONES: That's right. I did not lose that Championship it was unlawfully stripped away from me by the powers that be. I am not superhuman. I was mentally preparing myself for Aron Scythe before being unfairly subjected to a mandatory defence of my title against a classless opponent in Douglas Gallagher. It was a farce and a shambles. Not to mention manipulating my long-time friend Mr. Nice Guy during aforementioned title match.

MURPHY: How did I know this would happen?

JONES: And you know what they did. They wouldn't even book me in singles matches. That's right. The RPW Heavyweight Champion was not given the courtesy of touching up his in-ring skills in a singles capacity. That ladies, gentlemen and rodents of New York is discrimination in its purest form.

< The crowd hisses at Jones' insult. >

JONES: Now, now calm down. You the customer should join me in this outrage. After all the promotion is being misrepresented by an unworthy champion. Gallagher you are a joke. You did not deserve that victory and you know it. You are a manipulating, conniving creature who used Mr. Nice Guy for your own personal benefit. Believe me when I say this, son, the British Empire doesn't take too kindly to miscreants like yourself.

< The GA-LLA-GHER chants are momentarily re-ignited. >

JONES: Do not chant his name.

< GA-LLA-GHER! GA-LLA-GHER! >

JONES: You listen to me you steaming bunch of fools! He is NOT your Champion. I am! Me! Ian Jones. I will not stand for this, I am not to blame for this. This is NOT my fault.

MURPHY: Sounds like Ian Jones is losing it here.

< Jones jumps out the ring and walks up right up to the crowd pointing at various members of the live audience. >

JONES: **You're to blame; you're to blame; oh you're definitely to blame; you're to blame...**

< Jones walks up the announcer's desk and looks Harold Murphy square in the eyes. >

JONES: **And you Murphy you're the worst of them all. Every week you'd come here and run your gob about how the Empire was cracking and speculating conflict between myself and MNG. I'm sick of you.**

< Jones slaps his cup of coffee over causing it to spill over his notes. >

JONES: **And the more I think about this damn business with Scythe the more it makes my British blood boil. I should be the one defending my country's honour at British Uprising. It's my show, it's my match and it's my damn belt. Scythe, whatever happens you are not worthy of that challenging for that belt. Coupled with Gallagher being an inept champion the whole notion is a *beep* disaster!**

WASHINGTON: **You OK there, Murph? Jones has really lost his cool.**

JONES: **You know who else gets on my nerve? The C.R.A.F.T. twins and their incessant need to butt their noses in all of Scythe's business because he couldn't defend himself. Come on - one of you, both of you let me actually compete on these damn shows!**

< Jones slams the microphone down and starts running the ropes, seemingly preparing for a match. >

a few seconds later, Dragonforce's Prepare for War hits and both Billy and Jimmy Craft emerge through the curtains to a sizeable pop, both men play a game of rock, paper, scissors from which Billy Craft emerges victorious, the twins high five and Jimmy pats his brother in the back as Billy starts making his way down the ramp.

MURPHY: **Looks like Billy Craft is going to take on Ian Jones challenge and provide him with a singles match.**

Billy Craft is very energetic and jumps into the apron, he goes between the second and third rope to enter the ring but as he does Jones comes rushing in with a huge elbow to the back, the crowd boos as the bell rings and Jones muscled Billy into the ring and starts laying the boots to his back.

WASHINGTON: **Ian Jones is not wasting a second, he wants to make a statement here.**

Jones quickly picks up Billy and boots him in the midsection before whipping him hard against the buckles, Billy hits them back first and tumbles a few feet forward where he's picked up and sent violently to the mat with a huge spinebuster, Jones immediately drops a leg to Billy's throat and goes for the cover.

...1

...2, Kickout!

MURPHY: **There's still fight in Billy Craft.**

The Blue-wearing craft gets put in a tough predicament in form of a lifting bearhug. You can see the pain in Jimmy's eyes as the camera closes in to his face.

WASHINGTON: **Ian Jones taking complete advantage of his power superiority, he outweighs Craft by at least 60 pounds.**

The 6'2, 260 lbs londoner has no problem man-handling the young californian kid, Billy Craft and his 185 pounds have no answer for Jones bear hug and the move is only broken when Ian Jones decides to use his signature spinebuster for a second time.

MURPHY: **Things are looking grim for Billy Craft here.**

indeed they are, Ian Jones stalks his opponent, Billy Craft then gets up but wishes he had not as Jones sets him up for his trademark verteabreaker.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO"

THE PUNISHER CONNECTS!!

WASHINGTON: **That's all she wrote Murph.**

MURPHY: **Good night Billy Craft.**

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The referee signals for three and waves the match off, the bell rings and Guns of Brixton plays to many boos, Ian Jones is not finished though as he pushes the referee off from checking on Billy Craft and picks him up in a military press. Jones gets even more boos as he walks towards the ropes and flings Billy craft

onto his brother, the two crafts collapse into the floor while Ian Jones gets out of the ring and starts heading up the ramp and into the backstage area.

MURPHY: Ian Jones making a huge statement here.

WASHINGTON: Yes, I wonder what's next in store for the man who has been leading the British Empire. It's weird not having Ian Jones at the Heavyweight champion Murph.

MURPHY: I'm actually relieved by it, those 6 months were a very long time and a dark reign of terror.

WASHINGTON: Stop being so overdramatic and lets go backstage to see what's happening in anticipation of our biggest PPV yet, British Uprising on Sunday September 23.

+++++GM'S OFFICE: MY GREAT IDEAS+++++

Diamond Dave Lee is seen entering the office of Sir Charles Strickland, our interim GM of WNR. Strickland nods and Lee takes a seat.

LEE: Sir Charles, I come with a big batch of ideas to make British Uprising the best PPV in the history of wrestling.

STRICKLAND: I'm listening...

The camera fades out after Diamond Dave Lee starts talking about his vision and his ideas for matches and stuff.

+++++BACKSTAGE: THE FALLOUT+++++

<Mr. Nice Guy is seen preparing for his Ironman title match against John Brandenburg. The No Limits Champion is wrapping his wrists as the sound of the door swinging open brings MNG to his feet abruptly. He gulps and is clearly nervous. The camera zooms out slowly to reveal the former Heavyweight Champion, Ian Jones standing in front of him.>

NICE GUY: Ian, I err, wasn't erm, expecting you.

<MNG takes a deep breath.>

NICE GUY: I am sorry. I know you must be angry about what happened against Gallagher but for once I chose to put myself first to get a shot at the Ironman title. I have dreams as well...

<Jones interrupts MNG.>

JONES: You don't need to apologise to me. I understand why you called the match fairly and heck that is one of the things I like about you, your ambition. Don't you worry about me, just focus on that Brandenburg and win the title. All the best mate.

<Ian looks into the eyes of Mr. Nice Guy and places a hand on his shoulder.>

JONES: **For the Empire.**

<Jones walks off leaving a somewhat relieved Mr. Nice Guy to carry on with his pre-match routine as the camera fades out.>

+++++OFFICE OF TALENT RELATIONS: I DEMAND INFORMATION+++++

Jack Dobbs is seen talking with our EVP of Talent Relations, Mr. Richard Goldstein.

DOBBS: **Come on Goldstein, enough is enough. Tell me who will you choose to face Shane Adames at British Uprising.**

GOLDSTEIN: **I'm sorry Jack, you will have to find out with the rest of the world on the next edition of the Dirt Sheet. Now go, I have important paperwork to finish for the debut of a new acquisition.**

Dobbs gives Goldstein a mean look as he stands up and gets out of the office.

+++++RING: JOHN BRANDENBURG VS MR. NICE GUY+++++

DUCKY: **Ladies and Gentleman, prepare for the main event of this evening.**

DUCKY: **The following contest is scheduled for one fall...and its for the RPW IRONMAN CHAMPIONSHIP, introducing first, the challenger.**

Never gonna get it blasts over the speakers to a loud mixed reaction, it looks like there are slightly more boos than there are cheers, and you can tell that it's mostly the women and kids who are booing. Mr. Nice Guy comes out looking serious, he's not putting a show here and he seems rather focused at the task at hand, becoming the first RPW double champion. MNG is on his ring gear and carries the RPW No Limits strap over his shoulder.

DUCKY: **From London, England. Representing the Empire and weighing in at 220 lbs. He's the current RPW Ironman Champion, Mr. Nice Guy.**

Nice Guy enters the ring and checks the tension on the top rope, he starts doing a very light warm up as the introductions continue.

DUCKY: **And introducing his opponent,**

The arena darkens and "Blackened" by Metallica hits, sending the Long Island into a frenzy. A lone spotlight shows and a figure walks through the curtains and into the spotlight, and it is John "The Brand" Brandenburg with the RPW Ironman Championship strapped to his waist. As the intro to the song comes

to a close, Brand lifts a fist into the air, and as the guitar riff hits after the intro, Brand throws his fist out in front of him and screams. The crowd cheers wildly in response.

DUCKY: from Inglewood, CA, weighing in at 200 lbs, he is the reigning, DEFENDING RPW Ironman Champion! JOHN "THE BRAAAAAAND" BRAAAAAAAAANDENBURG!!

Brand walks down the ramp, stopping to slap high-fives to the outstretched hands from the crowd. As he approaches the ring, he starts a sprint and slides under the ropes and into the ring, then quickly gets up and goes to the nearest turnbuckle, unbuckles the Ironman Championship, and lifts it high in the air, yelling out "IRONMAN CHAMPION!" much to the glee of the fans.

MURPHY: Remember that only Brandenburg's Ironman title is on the line here tonight, MNG will continue to be the RPW No Limits champion regardless of the result here tonight.

WASHINGTON: He will also defend that No Limits Title at British Uprising against Kirk Cobain.

MURPHY If MNG wins here tonight he might have to pull double duty at British Uprising.

Brand now goes to the opposite turnbuckle and does the same, again met by cheers. As the music stops and the lights go up, Brand does some shadow boxing as he walks to the middle of the ring and eyes Mr. Nice Guy. He reluctantly extends a hand to his challenger.

WASHINGTON: And remember that should Brandenburg retain his title here, he would go on to British Uprising to face former champion Halfus Lykarn in a Title vs Mask match.

MURPHY: There are no certainties here, even our planned British Uprising Main Event between Jones and Scythe got disrupted when Gallagher won the title off Ian Jones.

The referee gets the belts from both men, he hands the No Limits title to the time keeper and then raises the Ironman Championship high in the air, he now gives the title to the time keeper and signals for the match to start, the bell rings and the crowd is ready for their main event of the night.

Ironman Champion John Brandenburg defends his title against No Limits Champion Mr. Nice Guy. MNG looks to be the first RPW star to hold two RPW titles at the same time as both circle each other with their gazes locked.

WASHINGTON: The action is underway, and this should be fireworks.

Both men are deep into their wrestling stances, teasing up different types of lock ups and tie ups, the anticipation is building up. Finally both men start inching forward and it looks like they are going to engage in a greco roman knuckle lock.

At the last moment, MNG dives in and gets an ankle pick instead, he's quickly reversed though and Brandenburg uses a double wristlock that turns into a hammerlock, MNG is on his knees with one arm behind his back, but this is not going to stop the young No Limits champion, he works his way up to his feet and elbows out of the hold, MNG spins into what becomes a collar and elbow tie up.

WASHINGTON: **MNG has great technical skills, but he's not afraid to rough his opponents up instead.**

MURPHY: **He's also not afraid to fly.**

MNG uses his momentum to drive the champion into a corner and then quickly fires a hard knife edge chop, Brand ducks under it and takes MNG by surprise, sending him flying out of the corner via arm drag.

Both men are quickly back into their feet and circling each other, giving us the start of what is sure to become a pretty exciting match up. Both men lock up again with Brandenburg quickly taking control with a spinning wristlock, Brandenburg transitions from his arm wrench into a standing hammerlock and starts stacking up the pressure to the challenger, Brandenburg smartly hides his head so MNG can't use elbows on him again.

WASHINGTON: **Brandenburg won't fall for the same trick twice.**

Brandenburg attempts to switch his grip to a full nelson, in the brief moment that MNG is released for the transition, the British challenger manages to sneak in with a go behind and a full nelson attempt off his own. Brandenburg immediately fires a reversal of his own and effortlessly twists MNG's arm behind his back, landing right back into the hammerlock.

The defending Ironman Champion pushes the pace and lands a huge outside leg trip that sends MNG belly down to the mat with the hammerlock still locked tight in place, this is a predicament that Mr. Nice Guy doesn't like and he immediately works to get out. Brandenburg shifts his grips into a one handed hammerlock on one side and a half nelson on the other. This is still not enough to stop MNG and Brandenburg is forced to spin and put a front chancery on his energetic challenger.

MURPHY: **Brandenburg shifting his holds to keep MNG under control, that was no easy task and it speaks wonders of Brand and his mat skills.**

MNG is putting a lot of energy in defending this hold, the position is too close to a Signature Brand for comfort and he's going two arms on one as he tries to recover his vertical base, finally he breaks the hold and spins out with an arm wrench on Brandenburg and immediately follows with a wakigatame takedown, the champion quickly rolls forward and out of the position even before MNG can get a strong grip on a possible arm bar.

WASHINGTON: **These grappling exchanges are a delight and the very smart Long Island crowd is really appreciative of it.**

The crowd claps for the action as both men once again look to engage in the grappling game. a knuckle lock is teased but MNG settles for a single leg takedown instead, he's not able to complete it but he

manages to go the back instead where he secures a rear waistlock. The lock is too well applied and John Brandenburg is not able to break the connection between MNG's hands. Still looking for a way out, John Brandenburg sits out and spins, MNG spins along with him and keeps the hold in place.

MURPHY: **Great reversals and counter reversals here, MNG is proving to be a worthy rival to Brand in the grappling department.**

MNG now rolls onto his back and takes Brandenburg over with him, the British Challenger bridges up, putting "BRAND" in bridging belly to back waistlock pin.

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...2

...KICKOUT!!

MURPHY: **MNG almost stole this match right there.**

Both men scramble back to their feet and MNG gets aggressive with the strikes and lands a few forearms, the ironman title challenger goes for an irish whip but the move is reversed and the Nice Guy is sent into the ropes. The young British talent, rebounds off the ropes and jumps into the middle of the ring with a crossbody, Brandenburg rolls under it and fires back with a dropkick as MNG rises back to his feet. The No Limits Champion evades the move and goes to the ropes for momentum while Brandenburg crashes on the mat.

WASHINGTON: **The pace of this match is quickly accelerating.**

Brandenburg rolls on the mat and MNG has to jump over him, Brandenburg gets into his feet and leapfrogs over a rebounding Nice Guy, the Young Brit jumps into the second rope and springboards back with a backflip, landing right into an inverted facelock and swiftly turning it into a inverted facelock backbreaker which quickly turns into a neckbreaker.

MURPHY: **MNG chaining his high flying offense, and into a cover!!**

...1

...2

...KICKOUT!!

WASHINGTON:

Brand kicks out and the match continues!

MNG makes sure the action continues quickly as he picks up Brandenburg and whips him into a corner, Nice Guy rushes in and jumps the champion, who manages to move out of the way in time. MNG lands on the second turnbuckle and immediately has another go at Brandenburg, this time in form of a crossbody block, the move connects but Brandenburg rolls his challenger through for a pin attempt.

...1

...2, MNG kicks out!

MURPHY:

MNG refuses to go down to such a move.

Both men rush to their feet and jockey for position, MNG manages to find an advantage with a kneeling fireman's carry takedown. Brand sits up but MNG slaps in a rear chinlock which stops Brandenburg temporarily, the defending Ironman Champion needs to work hard to continue his rise back to his feet.

After a long struggle and a tough effort, Brandenburg manages to get back up to his feet, he reaches up with his arms and gets a hold of MNG's head, Brandenburg drops to his knees and lands a huge Jawbreaker that finally releases from MNG's chin lock.

Brandenburg takes advantage of the opening and goes hard against the ropes, he returns at top speed looking for the spear he calls the de-Brander.

SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

MNG masterfully reverses the motions and secures an inside cradle.

...1

...2

...3???

...NO! Brand kicks out!!

MURPHY:

What a near fall.

The crowd is on their feet and cheering at the top of their lungs, you can see MNG react to this near fall, he was so close of becoming the first double champ in RPW history. Nice Guy needs that he cannot let Brand retake control of this match and presses on with an inverted atomic drop, MNG runs past Brand and hits the ropes, he returns from behind with a huge bulldog.

WASHINGTON:

great match these two fierce competitors are putting.

Nice Guy picks up Brand and starts setting for a vertical suplex, he gets the lift but Brandenburg wiggles free and lands on his feet behind MNG, Brandenburg desperately pushes MNG into the ropes. The young brit bounces off the ropes and Brandenburg leans over to recieve him with a back body drop, MNG uses his legs to trap the head of Brandenburg and jumps over.

BAD MAN DESTROYER!!

Nice Guy is half way through his front flip piledriver when Brandenburg throws one of his legs back and puts the breaks to the move, he explodes with a burst of strenght and plants MNG with a very hard alabama slam.

MURPHY:

Whoa, what a reversal!

John Brandenburg now has the momentum and he crouches near a corner bouncing up and down and signaling for MNG to get up, the title challenger is favoring the back of his head as he tries to regain his vertical base, MNG finally gets back up with his back turned to Brandenburg, MNG turns to meet a rushing Brandenburg.

THE DE-Brander Connects!!!

WASHINGTON:

Brand lands the spear, this could be over right here.

But Brand doesn't go for the pin, instead he locks in a front chancery and uses it to lift MNG back to his feet, Brandenburg quickly secures the guillotine choke and looks ready to deliver the signature brand.

CHAIR SHOT TO THE BACK OF BRAND!!

The bell rings as the referee waves the match off, Brandenburg releases MNG who rolls under the ropes as he regains air, Excellence stands tall in the middle of the ring as he delivers another Chairshot to Brand, who now goes to his knees.

MURPHY:

Aw come on! What is Excellence doing here.

Excellence is being booed out of the building after he delivers two more hard chair shots that leave Brandenburg prone, Excellence drops the chair and goes to pick up Brandenburg, he gets him in a headlock with a fisherman hold, presumably setting up for the Mark of Excellence in the chair, Excellence doesn't lift Brandenburg though, instead he pushes him away and goes back to the chair as he sees RPW Heavyweight Champion Douglas Gallagher rushing down the ramp to a monster pop.

WASHINGTON:

Here comes Gallagher, he respects both Brandenburg and MNG and he is not taking this sneak attack kindly.

Excellence swings the chair to the head but Gallagher ducks under it, a fierce kick to the gut of Excellence causes him to drop the chair and Gallagher closes the distance and sends him running with an Irish whip, Gallagher picks Excellence in the rebound and lifts him all the way into a military press, deftly dropped with a slam. The crowd is going crazy for Gallagher, unfortunately for them, Ian Jones appears with a chair of his own and blasts it over the face of Gallagher, who barely manages to raise his hands to partially block the impact.

"Booo"

MURPHY:

Ian Jones taking his anger out on the man who defeated him for the RPW heavyweight championship.

Ian Jones drags Gallagher and places him with his head on the chair that Excellence was using earlier, he then picks his own chair back up and raises it up in the air, Jones is looking for a solo con-chair-to. The crowd is booing very hard.

DE-Brander to Ian Jones!!!

WASHINGTON:

What a spear but wait, watch out!!!

Brandenburg stands up but before he can celebrate he has to contend with Halfus Lykarn jumping at him for the Riley Render, Brandenburg somehow manages to reverse the move into a hard STO and Halfus Lykarn has to roll out of the ring to regroup, Brandenburg won't allow that breather and jumps in with a suicide plancha.

MURPHY:

Well, I guess it's official now, Brandenburg vs Lykarn, title vs mask at British Uprising September 23.

Back inside the ring Excellence is by the ropes trying to recover, a now recovered Douglas Gallagher sends him crashing outside with a Crimson Tornado. Ian Jones also recovers and grabs a chair, Douglas Gallagher turns to face him but suddenly...

"Pegasus Fantasy" by Make.Up cues up over the speaker system as Aron Scythe walks out wearing a Thundercats T-shirt and jeans. A wry smirk on his lips as he turns to the crowd waving to them for a moment deciding to milk their response. He slowly turns towards the ring seeing both Douglas Gallagher and Ian Jones standing there.

SCYTHE:

Hiya Toonsters...

Ever since the Douglas Gallagher won the RPW World title last week the world has been wondering what that means for the main event of British Uprising. For the first time in my career I find myself holding the cards. The question is do I fight Gallagher, a man I respect to go after my dream of ***finally*** winning a world title? Or do I fight the man who has spent the past three months doing nothing but bullying, insulting, and mocking my family?

Gallagher... I like you. I envy you for being the first man to momentarily shut Ian Jones mouth up. But I didn't come out of retirement simply so I could team up with the Craft brothers. I came to ***finally*** win the big one. Whether that belt is being defended in my home country, your home country, or on the surface of Mars if I don't take this opportunity I'm not doing my job.

But...

Ian Jones you spent week after week going after my family. You tried to scare my wife and child. You sent me running out of the arena with your little bomb hoax... and you even made mockery of the Ami name with an actor playing my father-in-law. For months I've wanted to leave you the way I left you at "Call to Arms" unconscious.

Then after I saw Douglas Gallagher pin you I thought about the perfect revenge. I thought how perfect would it be. In one fell swoop to deny you the right to compete on RPW's first ever show on British soil. Our first time in your home town. I could sign a match with Douglas Gallagher and make you irrelevant. Why? Because while Charles Strickland hates me I still have a few friends in the office. I found out the nature of your rematch clause. If someone were to beat Douglas Gallagher for the belt your title shot would be null and void. You'd have to work your way up the ladder just like everyone else.

Aron Scythe stops for a second and puts his microphone down, we can heard the cheers of the crowd rising.

SCYTHE: **What do you think Long Island? Should we leave Ian Jones in the dust? Leave him without a match at British Uprising?**

The answer is an undisputed yes, a huge "YES" chant breaks out in the crowd, the camera turns to Ian Jones who's boiling with fury.

SCYTHE: **See Ian, after everything you've put me through, I SHOULD take my title shot and leave you behind, but at the end of the day I'm just not that kind of guy. I'm the kind of guy that really wants to bash your head in and make you pay for all your shenanigans, but im also the kind of guy who's dying to test himself against Douglas Gallagher and prove that I still got it, prove that even after coming out of retirement I can be the best in the world.**

There's a huge smile on the face of Aron Scythe.

SCYTHE: **As you might have seen by now, this is one of the hardest decisions I've had to make, but I've already made up my mind...**

This small pause by Scythe really builds up the anticipation for his final decision.

SCYTHE: **At Call to Arms.... I'll be facing both Douglas Gallagher and Ian Jones in a three-way-match under elimination rules. That means none of that stolen pinfall nonsense and no title changes where the champion isn't pinned or submitted. Three men ill enter the ring with no time limit, one man leaves as championship. At the end of British Uprising, once or for all we'll know who the best wrestler in Revival Pro Wrestling is.**

I'll be doing everything I can to make sure it's me.

Aron throws his fist up into the air as "Pegasus Fantasy" cues up over the speaker-system, the camera turns to Ian Jones who raises the steel chair into the air to many boos and then Douglas Gallagher who raises his Heavyweight title to the air for a wave of cheers.

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The RPW Logo flashes in the screen to signal the end of the transmission.

MURPHY: We are out of time, but be sure to order British Uprising on PPV. Lykarn vs Brandenburg, Jones vs Scythe vs Gallagher and much more. September 23, don't miss it for the world.