

RPW HOME VIDEO PRESENTS:

BACK WITH A VENGEANCE!!!

Taped in Denver, CO.

October 27th 2012.

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[The lights dim as the striking chords of 'Black Tongue' fill the arena with sound. Dressed in black Damien Wolfe is greeted with a wave of distain as he emerges through the curtain, dragging the Iron Man championship belt on the floor behind him as he walks to the ring.]

MURPHY: Damien Wolfe, also known as Halfus Lykarn, making his first RPW appearance under his real name in ten months, and he's got the stolen Iron Man title with him.

[The video cuts to a shot of the ending of the Brand vs Lykarn match, Halfus Lykarn had Brandenburg in a deep submission hold but Brand managed to bridge it into a pin. Brandenburg was too beaten up though and couldn't get up after his victory. Lykarn took his mask off and was revealed to be Damien Wolfe, who left with the Ironman Title belt.]

WASHINGTON: Some would argue that that's the real Iron Man of RPW right there, Murph.

MURPHY: That title belongs to The Brand, end of story.

[Wolfe eventually reaches the ring, he climbs the ring steps slowly, the belt hitting against each previous step as he climbs to the top. Once in the ring Wolfe is passed a microphone through the ropes, he pulls the visibly damaged belt over his shoulder as he raises the microphone to his mouth.]

WOLFE: They say be careful what you wish for, well John, you got what you wished for, you got what you deserved, you got the Beast with a vengeance.

Do you know what it's like to be forced to spend time in a mental health clinic against your will? Do you know what it's like to go through months of forced therapy because of two men? I know you and Jack Dobbs were behind it all, I know you petitioned the board to try and keep me out of RPW, well that came back and bit you, didn't it John?

You thought you had the Iron Man division sewn up, that all changed at A Call To Arms. Halfus Lykarn beat you... I beat you. I took what you held dear and made it my own, I was the true Iron Man of RPW.

[The crowd reacted with boos, clearly unimpressed with Damien Wolfe's claims.]

WOLFE: And what a champion I was, I took on all comers. Hell, I beat Hakai Dragon so bad that the board felt they had to suspend me and strip me of the belt in order to give you a clear path back to the title.

Well you can't keep a good dog down, I came back and at British Uprising I unleashed the Beast on you, Brandenburg. I beat you like you've never been beaten before, I left you lying on your back while I stood tall with *my* belt. You might have technically won the battle John, but I won the war.

MURPHY: Can you believe the arrogance of this man?

WOLFE: You'd been on the run from me for a long time John, but you can't outrun your destiny. Sooner or later it'll catch up with you, it caught up with you and then some at British Uprising. How did it feel to look into my eyes after all this time? To finally confront the monster you'd created? I gotta tell you it felt pretty sweet from my point of view, to see the look in your eyes when you finally realised the truth, that I, Damien Wolfe, am better than you.

[The crowd rallies against Wolfe as a "Brandenburg, Brandenburg" chant picks up.]

WOLFE: When I saw the advertised card for tonight's show I felt physically sick, John Brandenburg defending the Iron Man title against a mystery opponent? How can John Brandenburg defend something that isn't his? I left him beaten and helpless, I took this belt from him and there was nothing he could do about it, I am the champion, I am the Iron Man of RPW!

MURPHY: Give me a break, he lost the damn match!

WOLFE: For the RPW board and you people to still hold him up as your champion is a total disgrace, but it has made something perfectly clear to me, this belt... this belt means nothing anymore, it's just a prop to give to "Mr Popular", while the true iron men of RPW get pushed aside and ignored, it's time someone laid this belt to rest.

MURPHY: What does he mean by that?

[Wolfe climbs out of the ring and lays the Iron Man title across the ring steps. He lifts up the ring apron and looks underneath.]

WASHINGTON: What's he looking for?

[The crowd gasps as they see what Wolfe has in his hands, a heavy duty sledgehammer.]

MURPHY: No, he can't!

[Wolfe stands over the belt, sledgehammer poised.]

WOLFE: If I can't have this belt then no one can! The Iron Man title is DEAD!!!

[With that he brings the sledgehammer down on the belt with pinpoint accuracy. The main plate shatters in half as the crowd gasps.]

MURPHY: Damien Wolfe has destroyed the Iron Man championship!
That no good son of a bitch!

[Wolfe lifts the broken title up over his head for all to see, then throws it down before disappearing through the crowd.]

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Jimmy Craft is shown entering a locker room, his brother Billy has been expecting him]

BILLY: Where have you been? What are we doing tonight? Tell me we have a tag team match!!

JIMMY: No tag team match.

BILLY: Aw come on! What are we here for? Is it another photoshoot? Please tell me that they are making a video game?

JIMMY: A video game? What? no...I went to see Mr. Strickland, and I got us into a big match.

BILLY: I thought you said no match...

JIMMY: I never said no match, I said no tag team match. It is not a tag team match, It's the No Limits 4-way match.

[Billy Craft seems very enthusiastic about this announcement.]

BILLY: Whoa that's awesome, we are so winning that!! It's basically 2 vs. 1 vs. 1.

[But Jimmy isn't that excited]

JIMMY: Well, not quite....

BILLY: How come? Are you saying that you are too proud to team with me in a free for scenario?

JIMMY: It's not that...we only got 1 spot in the match.

BILLY: Only one spot? and who's taking it?

JIMMY: I don't know? Want to flip a coin for it?

BILLY: A coin? ok...sure.

[Jimmy Craft takes a coin from it's pocket and hands it to his brother]

JIMMY: **Ok, I'll call it in the air. Just throw it.**

[Billy obliges and flips the coin very high]

JIMMY: **HEADS!!**

[Billy catches the coin in mid air]

BILLY: **Let's see what lady luck has to say.**

[Billy uncovers the coin and gets a peek]

BILLY: **Aw crap, it's heads.**

[A very angry Billy Craft throws the coin against the wall, Jimmy is laughing at loud.]

JIMMY: **Sorry bro, can't win em all.**

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Brett Bannion waits in the ring, performing some calisthenics in an attempt to warm himself up and get ready for what he has to face. The crowd is positively buzzing with anticipation now; a fair number of them brought signs, ranging from "WE WANT ADAMES!"; to one with a bloodstained crosshairs and "NO ONE IS SAFE" written under it; to one simply saying "RPW = SHANE'S YARD." Matt Josham stands in the middle of the ring, clearing his throat and delivering the following line:

JOSHAM: **AND HIS OPPONENT....**

And with that, the lights begin flashing about and the crowd starts cheering as the opening chords to Breaking Benjamin's "I Will Not Bow" blare out of the P.A. system, and, accompanied by Jack Dobbs, is none other than the newest addition to RPW's roster, cracking his neck back and forth and sauntering towards the ring with a purpose.

JOSHAM: FROM BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, WEIGHING IN AT 241 POUNDS,
HE IS THE NEWEST SIGNEE TO REVIVAL PRO WRESTLING....

“THE LOOSE CANNON,” SHAAAAAAAAANE ADAAAAAAMES!

Shane stares a hole through Brett Bannion as he makes his way up the steps and climbs up to the second turnbuckle, before looking out into the crowd and listening to a fair portion of them chanting **“LET’S GO SHANE! LET’S GO SHANE!”** A smirk played around his face as he outstretches his arms and gestures for the crowd to pick up the volume of their chants, to which they gladly comply. After a few moments of basking in his now-inflated ego (as if it needed any more inflating), Shane jumped into the ring, removing his black leather vest and loosening himself up, not taking his eyes off his opponent. After handing his vest to Dobbs, and once both men take their respective corners. The ref signals for the bell, and the match is on.

MURPHY: Shane Adames is ready for his first official match as a
contracted RPW superstar. Brett Bannion is going to have his hands full.

WASHINGTON: He looked very impressive, beating Team German Top Speed
in a 2 on 1 handicap match.

The two men circle around the ring, as if daring the other to make the first move. Shane’s deep black eyes are practically boring into Bannion’s own pair, waiting to see what action he’d take. Bannion decides to take the plunge and lock up with Shane, who quickly turns it around on young Brett by overpowering the plucky grappler, making Bannion sink down to one knee before picking him back up and tossing him down with a snapmare. As Bannion gets back up, rubbing the back of his neck, Shane takes that opportunity to knee him in the stomach, at which point he hooks Bannion’s arm and Irish whips him with full force, sending Bannion shoulder-first into the steel post. Like a shark smelling blood in the water, Shane makes his way to Bannion, grabbing him by his now aching arm, and planting him back down into an arm drag, from which he smoothly transitioned into a kneeling armbar.

MURPHY: Adames dominating early.

Wrenching especially hard on the shoulder as well as applying pressure to the elbow area for good measure, Shane was looking to exploit this weakness he created in Bannion for all it was worth. After a minute or two of working the arm bar, Shane finally releases the hold and gets to his feet, and began stomping on the shoulder and arm of Brett Bannion. Five or six hard stomps later, Shane picks Bannion back up by his injured arm and twists it some more, before landing a hard elbow on it, making Brett sink down to his knee in pain. However, Shane isn't quite done. No, he picks Bannion back up and once again Irish whips him, this time making him bounce off the ropes. Once Bannion comes back to Shane, the Loose Cannon maneuvers himself behind him, grabs his arm, turns him around and hits a scintillating hammerlock DDT. It's at this point that Shane applies the coup de grace; quickly hooking his legs to Bannion's torso, Shane grabs Bannion's arm and hooks in a sick-looking Kimura lock—or as he called it, the Sidewinder.

WASHINGTON.

That looks like trouble.

It's at this moment that Bannion is screaming in pain, thrashing about trying to either get to the ropes or somehow free himself from the vicious hold being applied to him by Shane, but the more Shane cinches the Sidewinder in, the more Bannion's struggling appears to be in vain. Once Shane wrenches the arm back even further, Bannion has no choice but to tap out, if only to save his career from ending right there. The ref signals for the bell, "I Will Not Bow" begins playing again, and Shane mercifully releases the hold, tossing Bannion aside and getting up on one knee to survey his latest victim.

JOSHAM:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER, BY SUBMISSION.....

"THE LOOSE CANNON," SHAAAAAAAAAANE

ADAAAAAAAAAMES!

At this point, Dobbs gets in the ring and Shane stands up on both feet, and the manager raises the Loose Cannon's arm high. Shane's smirk is back on his face as he goes to stand on the second turnbuckle, playing to the cheering crowd by outstretching his arms and shouting something for them, and the RPW locker room, to hear.

ADAMES:

THIS IS MY HOUSE NOW! IT'S MY YARD!

Shane drags his thumb across his throat to emphasize his point. Jack Dobbs has a microphone and he makes his way into the center of the ring, the crowd cheers for the former RPW commissioner.

DOBBS: **Charles Strickland has for the past month saying how RPW is coming back with a vengeance, stronger than ever...**

I say he's full of crap.

[The crowd is behind Dobbs here, not a lot of love for our General manager.]

DOBBS: **Ever since little Charlie here took control of RPW things have been going downhill and fast. Not only did RPW lose his TV contract but huge names like Diego San Martin & El Omega 23, Leonard Knox & Brandy Swinson and even Ducky Smith are gone.**

[Jack Dobbs looks angry as he extends one arm and points towards the stage]

DOBBS: **It is all your fault Strickland, you deprived the great fans in Denver of seeing many talented performers. You denied them the full WNR experience...yet, you still charged them the full price of admission.**

[The Denver fans are strongly behind Dobbs, the camera turns to Shane Adames who doesn't look very happy waiting there, he looks like he wants to go to the back.]

WASHINGTON: **Looks like Adames doesn't care much about the fans, or the guys who have left RPW.**

DOBBS: **You did nothing when your pal Richard Goldstein tried to deny the insanely talented Shane Adames a RPW contract...That's absurd. Charlie...you are ruining RPW, and I won't rest until I'm able to fix it.**

[Dobbs gets another wave of cheers, he stops his speech to share a swift, knowing, conspiratorial look with Adames]

DOBBS: **Even if that, old friend, means getting rid of you.**

[Dobbs drops the mic to a loud pop and both he and Adames exit the ring and head backstage.]

MURPHY: Dobbs is really serious about this, he seems to want to recover control of RPW and he's going hard after Strickland.

WASHINGTON: And with that Shane Adames guy by his side, I don't think many will want to get on his way.

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[The scene switches to the backstage area where we see Espirito do Animal running around with a coin in his hand, he's doing monkey sounds and Gustavo Gusmao is chasing him.]

GUSMAO: é meu! Minha! Minha Moeda!

[Espirito is considerably faster than Gusmao, the camera crew is having a hard following them around. The lighter half of the Amazonian Invasion turns a corner, going off camera, when suddenly we hear a loud crash]

MURPHY: What just happened?

[The camera catches up the corner and we see Espirito do Animal in the ground with two waiters, the scene is rounded by a bunch of food on the floor alongside pieces of broken plates and two metallic trays. Gustavo Gusmao seems very surprised about the current developments.]

WAITER #1: Mr. Jones is not going to be happy about this.

WAITER #2: This was off the menu, we even had to pick up some ingredients for him.

[Out of nowhere Sirius Danger appears into the scene, he crouches to the ground and picks up a coin, presumably the same one that Espirito was holding. Danger has a mailbag with him and instead of his usual black singlet he's wearing an outfit that makes him look like a mailman]

DANGER: **A two headed coin? How peculiar....**

[Danger looks ahead and sees the mess on the floor, Gusmao is helping Espirito and the waiters up to their feet.]

DANGER: **How terrible, that would've never happened if I was in charge of delivery.**

[With those words we go into our next segment]

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[The Camera cuts backstage and the camera is showing us the parking lot, apparently we are waiting for someone to arrive.]

???: Not only am I the sexiest man alive but I am also the baddest man alive.

WASHINGTON: **Please don't tell me that's who I think it is...**

MURPHY: **Okay, I won't.**

???: **What is this? Is this amateur hour? Turn that damn camera around, jive turkey. It's not everyday that people are graced with my beauty.**

WASHINGTON: **Please do not turn that camera around.**

[The cameraman slowly begins turning the camera around until Taiga jerks the camera around to get the cameraman to focus on him]

WASHINGTON: **Just look at that shit eating grin.**

[Taiga can be seen in his trademark black and white, tiger-striped, cashmere silk robe and grinning from ear to ear]

TAIGA: **As I was stating, not only am I the sexiest man alive**

[Taiga pulls out a special double issue of People's magazine with him on the cover and in big bold letters "Taiga - Sexiest Man Alive!"]

WASHINGTON: I'm going on a break now.

MURPHY: What is with you and Taiga?

TAIGA: I am also the baddest man alive. Oh yeah and among many other things...

[Taiga loosens the belt on his cashmere silk robe to reveal a belt in the form of a Tiger's head, opening its jaws with the words "RPW Ironman Championship"]

TAIGA: Yes, the brand spankin' new number one contender of the Ironman Championship, a championship that neither Brandenburg nor Wolfe are worthy to have 'Cause we all know, they do not have the girth nor do they make any motion in the ocean. And since it looks like we will be needing a new belt after all I guess we can start calling Taiga the Champ. See, prior to the Battle Royale I went to an outtasight soothsayer. She told me, "Taiga, you will make a believer out of someone tomorrow en route to winning the Battle Royale and later the Ironman Championship." Shortly after, we went out back to show her why I am already an ironman but as the soothsayer foretold, I certainly did make a believer out of someone. We all found out why Anne Brandeis came into RPW, she didn't want the fame, the money or to win championships, it's obvious that she just wanted the T. Did y'all see how The Atheist cherished the seconds she was in that pumphandle position? Did y'all catch when the camera focused on her to reveal her eyes that were full with love and happiness because of the time we spent together in the ring? I certainly made a believer out of her. Even though I do not think the ring is where a foxy lady should be unless you're my valet (you interested Ms. Believer?) I had to get the job done one way or another. Although, I can take all the credit of winning the Battle Royale all by myself, I gotta give some credit to the 1% for setting me up for nothing but success. Mhmm, mhmm, mhmm, it's good to be Taiga.

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JOSHAM: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, already in the ring being by his tag team partner Espirito do Animal, he hails from the Amazon Jungle in Brazil, weighing in at 200 pounds, "The Great Gorilla" Gustavo Gusmao.

Gusmao is by the ring, waiting for his opponent.

WASHINGTON: Gusmao here is in a world of trouble, word says Ian Jones was

majorly pissed when he found out that The Amazonian Invasion ruined his special dinner.

Guns of Brixton by The Clash now burst over the speakers as the former RPW Heavyweight Champion walks out.

JOSHAM: And his opponent, representing the Empire...Ian Jones!!!

Jones looks angry yet focused, he marches all the way down into the ramp and the bell rings.

MURPHY: That's the face of a despicable human being.

the bell rings and the action is immediately underway as Gusmao pounces forward and runs straight into one of Ian Jones' big boots. Jones drops to the mat with a stranglehold that gets him the attention of the referee, Jones breaks the hold at 3 and drops a hard hammerfist for good measure. The crowd isn't sparing any energy when it comes to booing Ian Jones.

WASHINGTON: Jones is vicious, ruthless, Gusmao is in for a world of trouble.

Jones picks up Gusmao and gives him a knife uppercut to the throat, Gusmao goes staggering into the ropes where he holds on trying to recover. Ian Jones affords him no such opportunity and immediately charges him with a forearm to the face which Gusmao crumbles to the mat under.

MURPHY: Ian Jones wasting no time, this kind of aggressive offense is what got Jones to be the RPW Heavyweight champion for over 6 months.

Ian Jones knows he has Gusmao on the ropes and he drags him up into a corner and helps him to his feet. Jones attacks with slow, hard and methodical strikes on the corner Gusmao and leaves him dizzy on the corner. Jones taunts Gusmao and the crowd, raising a huge negative reaction from the mile high city.

WASHINGTON: Well, Ian Jones taking plenty of time now. I think he enjoys being the most hated man in RPW.

After he's done soaking the hate in, Ian Jones charges the corner with a huge big boot. Gustavo

Gusmao manages to push himself off to a side and Ian Jones end up with his boot slightly tangled on the top rope. The Great Gorilla sees the opening and knows that it is now or never, he gathers up his energies and turns towards Jones.

MURPHY: **Ian Jones gave Gusmao too much time to recover, that wasn't a wise move.**

Gusmao immediately fires away with a release German Suplex and finally the crowd in Denver gets to cheer in this match. Ian Jones seems surprised and even a bit disoriented as he stands up, he doesn't remain upright for long though as Gusmao scores with a jumping clothesline.

WASHINGTON: **Look at the crowd react, they'd likely cheer anyone that was kicking Jones' ass right now.**

Momentum keeps rolling high as Gusmao pulls Jones back up and immediately sends him to the ropes with an Irish whip, the Amazonian Invasion member receives his foe with a back body drop that doesn't get much elevation or impact, but is still enough to elicit another wave of cheers from the crowd. Jones is able to quickly bounce up to his feet, he turns around to meet Gusmao and immediately finds himself locked in a front waistlock.

MURPHY: **What an overhead belly to belly suplex! How strong is the 5'8" Gustavo Gusmao?**

WASHINGTON: **He's truly a suplexing machine.**

The crowd is on its collective feet, Gustavo Gusmao is in stalk mode as he stands behind Jones, waiting for the british big man to climb back to his feet. Jones starts his rise but midway through it he's caught into a rear naked choke, it's deep and this crowd is loving the expression of anguish on Jones' face.

MURPHY: **Can Gustavo Gusmao choke out Ian Jones? It would be huge for his career.**

But it's not going to happen tonight, Jones quickly manages to use his superior size to out muscle Gusmao out of the hold, Jones manages to throw Gusmao over his shoulders, sending the brazilian

onto the mat back first.

WASHINGTON:

Keep on, trying Gusm- WHOA!!!

The momentum from the slam sent Gusmao forward into a sitting position, from there Ian Jones wasted no time unleashing a brutal knee to the side of the Great Gorilla's head. Jones stands tall over a limp Gusmao who's now facedown on the mat, the boos come quickly and are reinforced when Jones wipes his feet on Gusmao's back.

Jones has had enough of this and he picks up the gritty Brazilian and delivers a quick classic powerbomb, yet again Gusmao has been sent to the mat with a thud.

The impact seems to have awakened Gusmao a bit, but all the reaction he's showing is focused on arching his back in pain and trying to hold it together, Ian Jones finds almost no resistance when he goes and picks him up for his finishing move.

All the booing in the world wouldn't stop Jones from hitting his vertebreaker on Gusmao, he immediately drops for the pin and the result is completely obvious to everyone in the arena.

...1!

...2!

...3!

[The camera pans to Matt Josham standing in the middle of the ring, as the Denver crowd reacts to his presence. A cacophony of noise echoes around the arena as he tries to introduce the man in the ring: Ian Jones.]

JOSHAM:

I'm joined here now by Ian Jones, fresh after a very clinical

performance against Gustavo Gusmao. Ian I have...

JONES: **SHUT UP!**

[The crowd makes even more noise.]

JONES: That wasn't addressed to you, that was addressed to the crowd right here. You can tell they don't as much oxygen as the rest of us...

[A "Jones sucks!" chant breaks out.]

JONES: I'm pissed, Matthew. I really am. I'm pissed off that the toughest damn guy around here is being made to wrestle people like Gustavo "Goose-maw". I'm better than this and I know I am. I was cheated at the British Uprising plain and simple. That was unfavourable and I deserved a one-on-one title shot.

JOSHAM: I have to agree there, Ian. And in your home nation too - how disrespectful!

JONES: *Pauses. Stares into the crowd before looking back at Josham." Yes. Yes you see it don't you. I've said from day 1 here that they wanted to shackle me, they wanted to shackle us, the Brits. They were scared. And you know what they should be. We are still the strongest and most destructive force in professional wrestling and that farce at the British Uprising does nothing to change that. Gallagher, Douglas Gallagher. They cheered that... that faux hero. That faux patriot.

[Josham nods in agreement.]

JONES: But it's not him. I know I can beat him one-on-one. The real roadblock was... *deep breath* Aron Scythe.

[The Denver crowd reacts to the name with a generous cheer and applause.]

JONES: Aron, I've never liked you because you've constantly been a thorn in my side. The rusty anchor holding me back. I thought I defeated you mentally and physically but like a disorientated fly you keep coming back and I'm sick of it. I've been soft with you, but it's

time for me to finish you once and for all.

JOSHAM: **Are you issuing a formal challenge towards Aron Scythe?**
That's a very bold move, Ian.

JONES: **No.**

[The crowd reacts to this news negatively with boos. A small cluster of people begin making chicken noises to mock Jones.]

JONES: **There's nothing formal about this. Scythe, I want to hurt you, I want you break you and I don't care when or how. I don't care if it's at your home, in a hotel or in this damn ring I will get my hands on you and I will finish you.**

[The camera zooms in on Jones' face. It is red with rage the veins are pulsing out of the side of his forehead.]

JONES: **It's over.**

[Jones throws the mic on the floor and walks out of the ring as his music hits. The crowd is fairly silent, ponderous almost as they contemplate what this means.]

JOSHAM: **There you have it ladies and gentleman, it looks like Ian Jones wants a piece of Scythe. Just how will he react?**

“Pegasus Fantasy” cues up over the speaker system accompanied by some white pyro as Aron Scythe steps from behind the curtain interrupting Ian Jones as he storms from the ring blocking his way.

MURPHY: **I guess we won't have to wait to find out.**

He's wearing a faded NPWA denim jacket, a gray Sailor Moon shirt, and a pair of jeans. The “Psycho Nerd” is sporting a new, shorter hair cut, a serious look in his green eyes.]

security tries to keep them apart.]

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The Camera turns to the office of Richard Goldstein, the EVP of Talent Relations for RPW. He's trying to calm down a very winded up Excellence.]

GOLDSTEIN: Calm down Ex, will you?

EXCELLENCE: Calm down? You want me to calm down? First...you overlook me for that PPV match against Adames and now I'm not good enough to even be on a card for a live show happening in Denver of all places? Oh no Mr. Goldstein...I'm not calming down, I need to make a statement...I'm better than people give me credit for, I could've beat Adames.

GOLDSTEIN: Ok, my bad...

[Excellence doesn't seem happy about what seems like a very half hearted apology.]

GOLDSTEIN: But what if told you that I could make sure you do get a match tonight? There are still openings in that No Limits 4 way match and I could use my considerable pull to get you in there.

EXCELLENCE: Sounds good....for now.

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[A black limo can be seen pulling up to the parking garage. The windows are tinted to the point that the occupants inside cannot be seen.]

MURPHY: Looks like Jafaar al-Sultan is arriving. We haven't seen him since his match at British Uprising, when he was taken by paramedics from the event.

[The driver- a non descript man in his 50s- pulls down his window and starts talking to the security guard on duty at the gate, handing him some kind of paper. The guard looks it over and presses a button in his booth, and the metal garage door starts going up. The limo driver rolls his window up

and drives down the ramp into the arena basement.]

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The camera pans backstage, and Enigma is on his standard warm-up routine of jogging, jumping and shadow boxing. Alicia Goldstein comes up behind him.

ALICIA: So Enigma, you had a great victory against Ronnie Reynolds at British Uprising. How do you feel going into tonight's match, where you team up with 'The Lethal Injection' Alex Monroe to take on the latest tag team to join the RPW roster, Team German Top Speed ?

ENIGMA : Felt great to get the win on my PPV debut. Managed to shut Reynolds up for a while. But I don't see why I need to be thrown into a tag match on the very next show. What are they trying to say ? That I haven't proved myself as a singles competitor yet ? That I need someone to look after me during a match ? Do they think I can't manage myself ? I know what it feels like to live alone. That's how I've been all my life. I left home to be a wrestler when I was really young, and hell, I went through so much on the road. Everywhere I walked in to train, I was bullied by everyone, 'coz they thought I couldn't stand up against them. But I proved them wrong. I've always done that. Even when I walked into this company, my first opponent in a singles match was Hyperion Rushmore. But I wasn't intimidated. I stood up against him, and I beat him. I faced Reynolds on PPV, and beat him. That's what I've done all my life. I stood up against every goddamn obstacle that came in my path – and I overcame it. And I did it alone. I did it alone before, and I can do it alone even now.

ALICIA : What do you think about Alex Monroe ? He is a veteran in the business, and he can probably help you out in a big way to hone your skills.

ENIGMA : Like I said, Brandy, I don't need anyone. I do respect Alex Monroe's work. He's been around for quite a long time, travelling around the world, working in different promotions. But I don't need a mentor now. You know why they call me the Enigma ? Its 'coz I prefer fighting my battles alone. I stay alone, and that's why I remain a mystery to everyone. I don't need someone to..

[The camera pans across and Alex Monroe is standing facing Enigma.]

ENIGMA : Ok, before you say anything. I have nothing against you, or anyone in particular. Its just that I don't really prefer working with someone else. I guess its just paranoia. But I want you to know that I respect all the work you've done throughout your career. You

have made a name for yourself in the business. But I don't really need someone as my partner.

MONROE : Look kid, I get you have this whole "me against the world" complex, but the fact of the matter is that the GM says that I have to be your mentor. That means you listen to me.

[Enigma gives a look at Monroe as if to say "Excuse me?"]

ALICIA: So it seems like you're just as reluctant to tag with Enigma?

MONROE: I've been by myself my entire life. I grew up homeless in Portland, Oregon. I know how Mister Mystery over here feels. But when it came down to brass tax, I stopped whining about it and I honed my skills to make something out of the nothing life dealt me. And yeah, I'd like to be fighting for singles championships right now as well, but the fact of the matter is that we're going to have to be a tag team, and if we do well enough with this, our singles careers will benefit too.

ALICIA: So you're optimistic about this opportunity.

MONROE: As much as it pains me to say it, and as much as I hate Linkin Park, I see a lot of my younger self in Enigma. But as long as he realizes that he's still got a lot to learn in this business, and as long as he listens to me, we can build a lot of cohesion and become a team that could be tag team champions one day.

ENIGMA: Hey, I'm right here, you can talk to me straight to my face.

MONROE: Here's the deal, bud. Whether you want to or not, we're stuck together. And unless we can work together and get some wins, we'll be stuck doing this. You follow me?

ENIGMA : Well, I guess we can work together just this one time.

MONROE: That's what I thought. And one other thing. don't use that corkscrew rolling senton you do in our match tonight. It's too sloppy, and it makes you lose awareness of your surroundings, in a tag team scenario you're likely to get caught and pay dearly for it. Now let's go slaughter some Germans.

[Alex walks off camera as a notoriously pissed off Enigma casually follows.]

ALICIA: **There you have it, folks. Back to ringside!**

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JOSHAM: **The following match is a tag team contest scheduled for one fall, introducing first.**

[Sido - Goldjunge](#) blasts over the speakers and two guys come out from the curtain to a shower of boos, one is wearing a mechanic jumpsuit and he sports a blond short mohawk, his partner looks like an F1 Pilot on race-day, helmet included. Both men seem similar in body build, they look to be about 6'1

JOSHAM: **From Berlin, Germany. At a combined weight of 430 pounds, Team Höchstgeschwindigkeit!**

Both seem very animated as they make their way to the ring, the helmet is off revealing a military haircut on blond hair, both men share a high ten in the ring and they start waiting for their opposition.

WASHINGTON: **Team German Top Speed didn't make much of an impression in their debut at British Uprising. They have blamed it on RPW Ring Jitters and they promise to show their worth here tonight.**

MURPHY: **They better Ben, they have a very tough task ahead on Enigma and Alex Monroe.**

JOSHAM: **And introducing their opponents, first, from Portland Oregon, weighing in at 200 pounds... "The Lethal Injection" Alex Monroe!**

"I Am Onslaught" by Emmure hits over the PA. The crowd begins to cheer as a man in a large black jacket with the words "World Traveled" in arched around a globe in blue on the back stands on the

stage with his hood covering his down-gazed head as smoke billows up behind him.

Suddenly, his head snaps up, his hood falls behind him and he lifts his hands around his mouth and yells out **"Let's kick some heads!!!"** The crowd responds with approval as Alex makes his way down the ramp. Alex reaches the ring and jumps up on to the apron before slashing both sides of his mouth in a chelsea grin fashion and pointing to the camera. Alex vaults over the top rope and walks to his corner before beginning to warm up.

The sound of a siren fills the arena, and after a few seconds, the lights go out. The crowd is totally hot for Enigma, as the arena drowns in cheers. Enigma's voice fills the sound system.

"Its time for the Phenomenon of the Enigma !"

Enigma makes his way out into the spotlight, wearing his trademark black 'Phenomenon of the Enigma' hoodie. He gets on his knee and looks around at the hot Denver crowd. He pumps his fist, punches the ground and gets up, taking the hood off his head. The lights come back on, and Enigma comes walking down the ramp, hi5-ing the fans.

JOSHAM : Ladies and gentlemen, making his way into the ring now,
ENIGMA !!

MURPHY : The kid looks totally pumped. And the crowd just loves him.

WASHINGTON : Well, he should be pumped. He's coming off a huge win over Ronnie Reynolds at British Uprising. It obviously feels great to get a win in your first match on pay per view.

MURPHY : Lets see if he can keep the hot streak going tonight in this tag team match.

Enigma walks around the ring, hi5-ing and fist-pumping the fans around. He slides into the ring under the bottom rope, climbs the corner turnbuckle and strikes his signature crossed-guns pose, and the crowd responds with a huge roar for the mystery man. He gets off the turnbuckle and faces Alex Monroe. The two of them stare for a couple of seconds, then Monroe nods to Enigma. They shake hands and Monroe gets out to the apron. Enigma is going to start this match with Luka Muller from Team German Top Speed.

MURPHY : **So its Enigma starting off this match for the unlikely team.**

WASHINGTON : **Enigma and Monroe did show some respect to each other before the match began, so it looks like they will try to work together as a team.**

Enigma loosens up and walks around the ring. The bell rings and we're underway. The two men circle each other. Muller tries to go for the initial lock up, but he retreats before they make contact. Enigma gestures him to go for the lock up. They go for it again and this time they get the lock up. Muller tries to transition into a headlock, but Enigma slips out from behind, and lands a hard kick to the back of Muller's knees. Muller is down on his knees. Enigma charges at him from behind, jumps over his head in a somersault, grabs Muller's head on his way down and lands a neck cutter.

MURPHY : **Enigma with the initial advantage with this early offense.**

Enigma lifts his opponent up by his hair and lands an uppercut. He starts a flurry of forearms, and pushes him all the way to the corner. Enigma grabs Muller's legs and pulls him down to a sitting position. He walks to the middle of the ring, charges at his downed opponent and hits a baseball slide dropkick. On the apron, Monroe is clapping and cheering his partner on. Enigma decides to continue his offense and gets Muller back on his feet. He Irish whips him on to the ropes, and as he comes back, Enigma jumps up and lands a calf kick. He does a handstand next to the downed Muller, twists and lands a leg drop. He goes for the pin, but it only gets one.

WASHINGTON : **Great start here from Enigma, setting the pace early. Lets see how he takes it from here.**

Enigma gets back on his feet and starts circling Muller as he gets back to his feet. Monroe is on the apron calling for the tag. Enigma looks around at the crowd, who return a loud "YES !" Enigma walks to his corner, stares at Monroe for a couple of seconds, and makes the tag. Monroe bursts into the ring just as Muller gets back to his feet. He takes the German back down with a hard clothesline.

WASHINGTON : **Monroe making a quick impact after entering the match.**

MURPHY : **It does look as if Enigma and Monroe are co-operating. Guess the team isn't as dysfunctional as I thought.**

Monroe goes to pick up Muller but gets met by two fingers to the eyes, the Mohawked Mechanic takes the opening and jumps to his corner to make a tag for his partner, Ludwig Kahn.

Kahn charges right into a dropkick in the face, the crowd Denver crowd pops for the move. Alex Monroe tags Enigma in and tells him something the camera isn't able to pick up.

MURPHY: **Looks like Monroe was giving instructions to Enigma.**

Alex Monroe picks Kahn up and starts setting for a vertical suplex, one hand on the neck and the other to the pants, meanwhile Enigma climbs up to the top rope. Monroe looks back to Enigma and yells at him: **"WHAT ARE YOU DOING??"**

Kahn takes advantage of the distraction and pushes Monroe off him, he then rushes the corner and leaps up to deliver a huge frankensteiner to Enigma.

WASHINGTON: **Whoa, miscommunication there between Monroe and Enigma might cost them dearly.**

MURPHY: **I think Monroe wanted Enigma to help him out for a tandem suplex, instead Enigma decided to fly. I think I better take back what I said about them cooperating.**

Enigma tries to power through the pain inflicted by that crash landing and spring right back into his feet, it's just in time to receive a spinning heel kick to the face. Enigma is all kinds of dizzy as Kahn drags him into the German's corner, the tag is made and Luka Muller is back into the ring.

Kahn hooks Enigma in a full nelson, allowing Muller to land his punches at will on Enigma's face, Muller leaps up with a jumping calf kick and Kahn uses the momentum to send Enigma for a ride.

WASHINGTON: **Release Dragon Suplex!**

Kahn exits the ring and leaves Muller with a sizeable advantage, Muller drops down for a pin.

...1!

...2!

...Kickout!

Muller jumps straight back to his feet, not wanting to give any sort of breathing room to Enigma, he picks up the mysterious one and plants him with a quick body slam before taking foot into the ropes. Luka Muller bounces off the ropes and leaps high in the air to deliver a huge elbow drop to the heart of Enigma.

MURPHY: Look at the elevation.

WASHINGTON: But no water in the pool!

At the very last second, Enigma was able to roll out of the way and up to his feet, Muller pulls himself in an effort to remain in the attacking side, but it is Enigma who surprises with a DDT. Muller goes face first into the canvas and bounces to a side where he ends up staring at the lights.

MURPHY: Look at this crowd, they are going crazy now that Enigma is back in control of this match.

Enigma walks over to the fallen Muller and stands to his side, Enigma has his back towards his prone opponent as he leaps up in the air, the enigmatic character turns and twists to hit a standing corkscrew rolling senton, he rolls all the way up back to his feet and is left staring at Alex Monroe.

MURPHY: Enigma with a huge smile on his face as he stares down the man that is supposed to be his mentor.

WASHINGTON: Enigma is defying Monroe here, using the very move that the

veteran advised him not to use.

Monroe looks slightly disappointed, but his expression immediately turns into a game face as soon as Enigma tags him into the match.

MURPHY: **How professional is Alex Monroe? He's probably pissed at Enigma, but he now seems 100% focused on this match.**

Alex Monroe tries to push the pace and immediately jumps in the offense, he goes to pick up Muller and secures a front facelock, Monroe goes to lift up Muller up for what could be a deadly brainbuster. Muller manages to sneak out the back, saving himself for now. Muller is behind Monroe and he pushes him toward the German corner, Monroe manages to turn around but still lands back first in the corner and Luka Muller rushes in with a flying forearm.

WASHINGTON: **Nice Height on that jump!**

Still aware of his situation, Alex Monroe manages to move out of the way at the very last moment, Muller crashes in the corner but Ludwig Kahn gets the blind tag. Monroe turns around with his attention on Muller, but it's Kahn who surprises him with a slingshot headscissors takedown. Kahn immediately gives a tag back to Muller, but stays inside of the ring.

MURPHY: **Team German Top Speed is starting to show his tag team expertise.**

Meanwhile, the very agile Alex Monroe has rolled over and used the momentum from the headscissors to get right back on his feet, charging at the ropes. Monroe returns at top speed, rushing against Kahn, but all of his efforts are turned against him when he's the victim of a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.

WASHINGTON: **That's gotta hurt.**

Kahn keeps a backbreaker hold on place and Muller doesn't waste one second coming off the top turnbuckle with an elbow drop to the chest. The crowd is booing while Kahn goes back to his corner,

but not before laying some stomps over the downed Monroe.

MURPHY: The Germans are looking much better than they did back at British Uprising. They work very well together, and that might be a huge factor when they go against the make-shift team of Enigma and Monroe.

Muller picks Monroe up in a one handed front facelock and uses his free hand to clobber at Monroe's back, Muller drags Alex Monroe into the heel corner and once again the tag is made, and Ludwig Kahn gets into the ring.

WASHINGTON: Quick tags, good double teams, The German Top Speed is overwhelming Alex Monroe.

Kahn joins in with the front face lock and Team German Top Speed sets up a double suplex that finds it mark in picture perfect fashion, the boos resound across the arena and you can tell Monroe was hurt by the move. The referee orders Muller out of the ring, and Kahn roughs up the fan favourite Alex Monroe with stomps and then elbows.

MURPHY: Monroe needs to get to his corner, Enigma looks fired up and ready to come in.

The German race pilot taunts the already booing crowd while simultaneously waiting for Monroe to get back up, this action only intensifies the hate. Alex Monroe starts working his way up, albeit slowly.

Monroe manages to regain his vertical base for a brief moment before he's tripped back to the mat with a sliding leg sweep courtesy of Ludwig Kahn, the German Race pilot follows his actions with a swift standing moonsault press.

...1

...2!

....Kickout.

Ludwig Kahn is firmly in control, the camera turns to Enigma who's yelling with his arm extended, hoping that he will get to tag into this match.

WASHINGTON: **Enigma is just aching to get into the ring right now.**

Kahn attacks with knees to the midsection of a standing up Monroe, the race car pilot grabs Monroe by an arm and pulls him into a hard irish whip against a neutral corner, Monroe shows some wear and tear as he crashes back first into the buckles and stays there, looking to the sky trying to catch his breath.

MURPHY: **This is not good for Monroe, he needs to find a second wind or something, he's being dominated by Team German Top Speed.**

The camera now focuses on the face of Ludwig Kahn, he has positioned himself in the opposite corner and starts running hard, he shows off some gymnastics as he pulls off a round off, back handspring, leaping elbow to the face of Monroe. The crowd is initially excited by the athletic move, but everything suddenly collapses into boos, specially after Kahn poses to the the crowd with a smug half smile on his face.

WASHINGTON: **Ludwig Kahn becoming a bit too confident here, Alex Monroe is not someone you want to give space to work.**

Kahn appears to realize this as he jumps back into the offense with a leaping forearm to the face of Monroe, who's still pressed against the corner. Kahn attacks with a huge knife edge chop to the face and Monroe finally reacts and starts walking off the corner. Kahn now presses Monroe against the ropes and pulls him out with an irish whip into the opposite set of ropes.

Ludwig Kahn walks over the center of the ring to receive Monroe when...

...

BUSAIKU KNEE KICKAH!!!

WASHINGTON:

What a hit!!

The crowd goes absolutely bonkers as both men fall down to the mat, the camera turns to shots of impressed fans in the audience and we double screen into a slow-mo replay of the move. The main camera shows both Enigma and Luka Muller dying to get into the ring, jumping up and down and clapping for their partner to get into the corner.

MURPHY:

Looks at Monroe, he looks completely drained as he tries to crawl.

But Monroe does not crawl towards Enigma in the corner, instead he tries to get his arm over the out cold Kahn for the cover, the referee obliges.

WASHINGTON:

Monroe took too long for this cover, but Kahn still looks out...

...1!

...2!

...

Muller with the save!

WASHINGTON: Close call here in Denver, Alex Monroe once again showcasing the effectiveness of the Busaiku Knee Kick.

The crowd boos loudly as they thought Monroe had this won, the referee now orders Muller back into his corner.

MURPHY: Monroe has an opening, he needs to get his team back on this match.

WASHINGTON: A tag to Enigma here might be just what the doctor ordered.

Monroe gets up first, a couple of seconds before Kahn. He attacks with a few forearms before sending his opponent back first to the corner of the face favorites. The Irish whip made Kahn hit the

turnbuckles hard and he even bounces forward, tumbling his way into Monroe, who receives him with a huge back body drop, Monroe then jumps forward and finally makes contact with his partner.

MURPHY: **There you go, the tag is made and this crowd is hot.**

Enigma gets to tag in, Kahn looks dizzy as he gets back into his feet. Enigma goes for a sling shot over the top rope to get into the ring and he charges at Kahn. He ducks under his clothesline and comes off the ropes quite fast, Enigma leaps into Kahn's chest and bounces off it with a backflip.

WASHINGTON: **standing tiger wall flip on Kahn!**

Kahn looks stunned at what Enigma did, and swings for a clothesline again, but Enigma ducks and hits a jumping neckbreaker slam. Kahn gets back to his feet but is met by a dropkick from Enigma. Kahn manages to roll over to the corner, but that was just where Enigma wanted him, as he charged at him and hit a cannonball senton.

MURPHY : **A flurry of athletic offense from Enigma. He looks to be in complete control of the situation here.**

Enigma shoves Kahn to the middle of the ring, and climbs to the top rope. When Kahn is back on his feet, Enigma goes for a seated senton of the top, but he is caught mid air. Kahn sets him up on his shoulders. He flips him over to an electric chair position, and walks around the ring, flaunting his move. Enigma takes advantage and lands punches to his head. He bends backwards and hits a huge reverse frankensteiner !! Kahn rolls out of the ring.

WASHINGTON : **Oh my God !! How awesome was that move from Enigma. Spiked Kahn's skull to the canvas.**

MURPHY : **What is Enigma doing ? This definitely doesn't look good for the Germans.**

Muller goes over to Kahn outside the ring, and as they regroup, Enigma charges and jumps up to stand on the ropes. And he comes off with a HUGE somersault plancha that takes both the Germans down.

MURPHY : **Oh my God !! What a huge plancha !! That happened just in**

front of our announce table, and let me tell you ladies and gentlemen, that was HUGE !!

The crowd is boiling hot here for Enigma, who has acquired all the momentum in the world. He quickly rolls Kahn back into the ring and jumps into the apron, holding the top rope with both hands. Enigma is ready to launch, and he vaults himself over the ropes with a slingshot rolling senton.

WASHINGTON: Enigma in the air, but Kahn rolls out of the way.

Enigma manages to turn the missed senton into an elevated combat roll, he then rushes towards the set of ropes opposite to the ones that Kahn is crawling to. A few seconds later Kahn is on his knees trying to use the ropes to get back when Enigma just uses his back as a trampoline, Enigma grabs on to the top rope and he rises up in the air, almost as if he was doing a handstand on the ropes.

MURPHY: What elevation! How Impressive is this Kid?

The Mysterious Superstar comes back down with a huge double knee strike to the back of Kahn that drives him throat first into the middle rope. Enigma positions himself in the apron, as Kahn bounces back into the middle of the ring. You can hear the crowd loud and clear, they are cheering big time for Enigma as the high flyer measures his opponent from the apron.

WASHINGTON: Watch out!!

As Enigma was looking to jump back into the fray at the right moment, Luka Muller runs over the apron trying to surprise him and knock him over. Muller's plan is foiled by Enigma's reflexes though as the Mysterious one puts two boots to the Mechanic's face.

Enigma now turns his attention back to Kahn and he springs onto the top rope and bounces off of it with a front flip motion, he wraps his legs around Ludwig Kahn's head but his dragonrana attempt is countered into a brutal desperation powerbomb that leads into a chorus of boos.

MURPHY: Luka Muller might have failed to get Enigma, but the small distraction might have been enough for Ludwig Kahn to get back on this match.

Kahn looks very dizzy and weakened as he crawls over to get a hold of Enigma's leg, he starts dragging Enigma by the leg into the corner where Luka Muller should be waiting for a tag. He extends his arm

back to get the tag but doesn't get anything, Kahn turns his head to see Luka Muller down in the ground.

WASHINGTON: **Muller still down after he failed to ambush Enigma in the apron, this could be trouble for the Germans.**

Meanwhile, Enigma has managed to get up to one leg and he turns around with a hard enzuigiri aimed right at Kahn. The German Race Pilot somehow manages to duck under it and avoid the blow. Kahn immediately lifts Enigma's leg high in the air and smashes its knee into the mat.

MURPHY: **Kahn with a huge attack to Enigma's knee? will he finally be able to ground the young phenom?**

Kahn grapevines Enigma's leg going for an unconventional a type of leglock using only his legs to put pressure on Enigma, the crowd boos him loudly when he grabs the ropes for extra leverage. The referee catches him red handed but his 5 count is broken when the Germans make the tag instead.

WASHINGTON: **That was smart, holding Enigma down until Muller was ready to come back in.**

Muller immediately drops an elbow to the back of Enigma and quickly transitions into a half crab, Muller seems to be serious in attacking the leg of Enigma. The young and mysterious superstar is in real pain as he struggles to make it to the ropes.

MURPHY: **Team German Top Speed is showing its chops tonight.**

WASHINGTON: **Indeed, they are proving to be a nice addition to RPW.**

Enigma finally makes it to the ropes but he has to endure 4 more seconds of punishment as Muller is very late in releasing the hold. The boos won't slow down the attack to Enigma's leg as Muller lands a huge knee breaker followed by a quick leg drop to the leg and an achilles tendon hold. The Mohawked Mechanic knows that they are too close to the ropes, he also notices that they are close to his corner and he throws one arm back to make a tag to Ludwig Kahn.

WASHINGTON: **And the double team comes again.**

Both Kahn and Muller are coordinating an attack on Enigma they stand him up and each grab one leg. Luckily for Enigma, he's able to break of Kahn's grasp and deliver an enzuigiri to his head using the now free leg. The crowd rallies behind him as he hops on one leg to twist, turn and deliver a huge mule kick to a surprised Muller.

MURPHY: **The quickness of Enigma is shining!!!**

WASHINGTON: **He needs to tag!**

Enigma uses the momentum to roll forward into his feet and he continues to hop towards his corner as Team German Top Speed tries to regroup and stop him from making a tag, Enigma continues to hop...

MURPHY: **Will he make it?**

YES! Enigma finally makes the tag, much to the delight of these Denver fans! Alex Monroe is in like a house of fire! Monroe hits Muller with a hard lariat! And one for Kahn! Muller is getting back up but Monroe whips off the ropes and connects with a knee to the face of a kneeling Muller!

MURPHY: **What a sick knee to the face! That's almost like a Genu in Vultus!**

WASHINGTON: **I've seen Monroe pull that one out in Japan. Over there it's called the "Boma Ye," but he likes to call it the "Lights Out". The way the move works doesn't get as much impact as a Genu in Vultus, especially considering the mastery Alex holds over the maneuver, but it's still a deadly maneuver that can knock a guy out if it catches in the right spot.**

MURPHY: **I'll say!**

This leave Alex with enough time to focus on Kahn, who has just reached his feet. This feat proves to be short lived, however, and Monroe sends him back down with a sick roundhouse straight to the face!

MURPHY: **Monroe is a world traveled competitor, but Monroe's favorite style by far is Strong Style!**

WASHINGTON: Strong Style is an extremely effective style that can wear a guy out quickly and effectively. But Monroe can still change up styles when he needs to.

Alex goes to his corner to set up for the end supposedly, but we never get the chance to figure out as Enigma makes the blind tag.

WASHINGTON: **What are you doing kid!**

MURPHY: Not sure how wise it is for Enigma to cross his mentor, specially here.

Enigma slides down the apron while Alex looks on his somewhat disbelief. Enigma springboards off the top rope and spins around like crazy for the corkscrew senton, but Kahn rolls out of the way, letting Enigma crash and burn... hard. Alex shakes his head and gets back in the corner, grabbing the tag rope and simply watching on as Muller rolls back in the ring and they position Enigma and hit a legsweep roundhouse combo they call the "High Speed Crash!" Cover!

...1

...2

■ ■ ■

3!!!

The Bell Rings!

JOSHAM: **The winners of this match by the way of pinfall, Team German
Top Speed!**

[A disappointed Alex Monroe is seen walking up the ramp while Kahn and Muller look very excited in celebration]

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[We cut backstage to see “The Atheist” Anne Brandeis wearing a custom made black suit, a red burgundy colored shirt, and black tie. The veteran grappler standing at about 5’6” with a subtle tanned asian skin. Her long black hair having grayed slightly around the temples. Though she’s grown older gracefully, the ring veteran isn’t going to be mistaken for a swimsuit model anytime soon. A somewhat world-weary look in her eyes a slight smile on the biracial woman’s face as she is talking to someone just off camera.]

BRANDEIS: **So several months into his training I tell him it’s time for him to get some real ring gear and he shows up wearing these bright gold glitter spangled tights. Aron had somehow managed to find the most ludicrous ring gear I had ever seen and keep in mind I was in the same promotion as “Breakfast” Bobby Toast.**

[A high-pitched girlish giggle can be heard as the camera pans around to see the lovely Tomoe wearing a black cocktail dress. A goofy grin face as she walks behind the veteran grappler.]

AMI: **Tee-hee-he-ha-ha! Anne, Obaa-san you tell the best stories.**

[Anne pauses for a moment clearing her throat. A subtle look of indignation in her eyes over the fact that Tomoe had called her “grandma” but she holds her tongue for a moment quietly adjusting her ties.]

AMI: **So... how’s Red doing these days.**

BRANDEIS: **Mad as a hatter.**

AMI: **Some people never change.**

[Anne flashes a very subtle half-grin for a moment about to spin another yarn as she pauses for a moment. A very cold and icy stare suddenly appearing in her eyes Her voice suddenly taking an icy tone. Taiga wearing a cheeky grin, in his tiger-striped, cashmere silk robe enters the scene struts towards the two females' vicinity. He stops momentarily to remove his robe, revealing his chisled frame and his newly crafted RPW Ironman Championship replica belt before advancing toward Anne Brandeis and Ami. Taiga dances around "The Athiest" to move to Ami's immediate front.]

BRANDEIS: **Hello... Taiga...**

AMI: **Konbanwa...**

[Taiga ignores Brandeis and focuses all of his attention toward Tomoe]

TAIGA: **Konbanwa to you too. You probably wouldn't have thought Taiga would know Japanese. Good thing my sexual conquests stretches all over the seven seas.**

[Taiga places his index finger under Tomoe's chin to lift her face up toward his. Tomoe pauses for a moment, cringing a bit as she frowns a bit, moving her face away from his finger.]

AMI: **Mr. Taiga... I'm not sure if you actually know this but I happen to be happily married. Very... very happily married.**

BRANDEIS: **What my friend is trying to say is, congratulations on gaining the upper hand at the battle royal at British Uprising. Now please leave our present company.**

TAIGA: **You can't be happily married without a great sex life. Especially if the "great sex life" does not involve Taiga.**

[Tomoe pauses for a moment letting out a gasp, her nose turning up into the air. A clearly offended look on her face as Anne shakes her head in dull resignation.]

AMI: **If you must know I'm perfectly satisfied with my current sex life. In fact Aron and I are having lots and lots of sex.**

BRANDEIS: That was entirely too much information...

AMI: In fact married sex is the best kind. Perhaps you should try some with someone who is not as married as I am!

[Taiga, as if he's just realizing that Brandeis's presence, glances towards her direction]

BRANDIES: Not me...

TAIGA: Well how about the both of you? Three is better than two. And Aron can film or somethi-

[Tomoe turns her nose up into the air crossing her arms with an audible "Hmmmph" as she leaves the room. Anne pauses just quietly shaking her head in a look of indignation.]

BRANDEIS: Taiga I suspect your Casanova delusion is a cover for a deeply insecure personality. Now I recommend you pat yourself on the back over your battle royal victory and move on. I am trying very, very hard to contain my utter vitriol right now. Please do not make me reacquaint you with RPW's sexual harassment policy.

[Taiga in a playful mood, starts to pat himself on the back before a look of bewilderment covers his face thinking aloud "When did RPW have a sexual harassment policy?" Taiga shakes off the bewildered look and replies to Taiga]

TAIGA: Look, sexual harassment and Taiga just does not go together, we're like polar opposites. 'Sides, we both know you want my fine goods.

BRANDEIS: This goes against my better judgment but you've piqued my interested. Do you have a thing for women in uniform, specifically nurse outfits?

TAIGA: Oh my goodness. Would you put on such a get up for me, sweet thing?

[Taiga has a dreamy expression on his face as he begins to salivate on the very idea of Brandeis donning a nurse outfit]

BRANDEIS: Well then... I might be able to make your fantasy a reality.
Just one moment.

[Anne pauses for a moment flashing the camera a knowing grin as we suddenly cut to the next segment.]

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[We are now in the office of RPW GM Charles Strickland, joining him at this moment is Sirius Danger, who pretty much looks like a mailman. Danger is continuously flipping and catching a coin, we can only assume it is the two headed coin he found earlier tonight]

DANGER: Special delivery for Sir Charles!

[The bald Sirius Danger gives Sir Charles a rather big package, he has a huge grin on his face]

STRICKLAND: Thank you very much Sirius for retrieving this for me.

DANGER: No issues boss, this is what I do.

[Danger gets a letter from his mailbag, and he also gives it to Sir Charles]

STRICKLAND: I wasn't expecting a letter, who is this from?

DANGER: That's mine boss, it is a formal request, it has to do with the
No Limits 4-way match that will happen later on tonight.

STRICKLAND: I'm guessing you want a spot huh? Sure, there's still a few
openings.

[Sirius Danger flashes a big smile before turning around and going away, he gets of course one last sentence in]

DANGER: Thank you boss, have a nice day!

[A very curious Sir Charles now open ups the letter as we cut back into the ring]

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The camera cuts into the ring where Diamond Dave Lee is standing in the middle of the ring with a mic on hand and mild boos being thrown at him.

DDL: I Know that I've walked onto RPW like a boss, talking loud and acting like a big shot. To be honest, I thought I was going to walk through my competition here.

I came here expecting to sweep that battle royal and then capture the Ironman title, then I'd go on to capture the Heavyweight title....

But it looks like things have proved a bit more difficult than I had initially thought...

I've learned first hand that the guys here in RPW are tougher than a two dollar steak, and that climbing this mountain is going to be a tough, tough task.

Regardless I intend to prove that I am more than a good looking, brash, loud mouthed, fearless gladiator.

The success of Diamond Dave Lee in RPW will have no upper Limit, I will accomplish my goals...

I will prove my worth.

That's why I have demanded to be in the No Limits match tonight, and it will only go up from there.

DDL drops the mic, and as he does...the music for Excellence fills in the arena through the PA system.

WASHINGTON: Looks like DDL has finally landed from the space land he was on, and boy he's in for one hell of a ride here on RPW.

MURPHY: The No Limits division here is no Joke, especially when facing guys like Excellence.

Excellence looks like he means serious business and he slides into the ring, giving DDL a mean stare. He cracks his knuckles as he waits for this match to begin.

MURPHY: Excellence was very mad that he wasn't chosen as the opponent for Shane Adames at British Uprising, he said that he would have whooped his ass and sent him packing. He demanded to be in this match tonight.

Dragonforce's Prepare for War signals the entrance for Jimmy Craft, his brother Billy is nowhere to be found as Jimmy rushes down the ramp and slides into the ring to meet his opponents for tonight.

WASHINGTON: The Craft Bros were granted one slot in this match up, they both wanted it and settled with a coin flip. Jimmy won that fairly but looks like Billy didn't take it well, what a sore loser.

MURPHY: I don't know Ben, that Coin Flip was fishy....

WASHINGTON: Whatever, 3 men already in the ring and now we wait for the final competitor and I have a pretty good clue on who that will be.

MURPHY: Everyone watching this does, Sirius Danger was emphatic on wanting a spot on this match and he got his favor from Sir Charles..

Music blasts all over the arena, but surprisingly it's not the music for Sirius Danger, instead it is Kirk Cobain who emerges from the curtains and stands tall at the top of the ramp with a kendo stick on his hands and a dead stare on his eyes. The crowd is loud but the boos and cheers are definitely fighting to out-do each other.

WASHINGTON: Wow, that's a big surprise right there. Kirk Cobain is the last man for this match!

MURPHY: Looks like Sirius Danger didn't want that spot for himself, but rather for Kirk Cobain.

WASHINGTON: **Danger has been pushing for months to let Cobain embrace his dark side, and I'm fearing that he might succeed soon.**

The Bell rings as Cobain is still in the ramp, but Excellence has had enough of waiting, he immediately charges towards a surprised Jimmy Craft. Excellence manages to land a strong martial arts combination and the Craft bro is backed against the corner. Excellence pushes forward into the corner with knees but surprisingly, Diamond Dave Lee comes to Jimmy Craft's rescue. Dave Lee pulls Ex out of the corner and clotheslines him out of the ring.

MURPHY: **We have ourselves a fight, 4-way No Limits action...this is going to be crazy.**

Diamond Dave Lee gets a few cheers for his good deed, but he also gets a kendo stick to the skull courtesy of Kirk Cobain. Jimmy Craft pulls himself up to the second turnbuckle and launches himself at Kirk with a crossbody, he stopped dead mid air with a huge kendo stick swing.

MURPHY: **Cobain in control, but watch out!**

Excellence reaches from outside the ring and grabs on to Cobain's ankles, he pulls his base from under him and a surprised Kirk Cobain falls to the mat, losing his Kendo Stick in the processes. Excellence now drags Cobain out of the ring and lays him out with a rolling elbow.

WASHINGTON: **What a hit!**

Ex slides into the ring and immediately gets his hands on the kendo stick, he's not going to have an easy time securing the weapon though as DDL has grabbed the other end. Both men enter a tug-o-war for the Kendo Stick as the crowd is starting to heat up.

DDL gets pulled hard towards Ex, who receives him with a hard boot to the face. DDL falls on his ass and Excellence gets sole control of the Kendo Stick, he raises it up in the air and it looks like he's going to smash DDL hard, he wings it back for the kill and..

TENKAI TO THE FACE OF EX!

MURPHY:

Jimmy Craft with the save, what a superkick!

The crowd cheers as Jimmy Craft drops down for the pin and the referee is on point.

...1!

But DDL pulls Jimmy out of the cover. Jimmy stands up and gets on DDL's face, both share a staredown and push forward, you can tell they are talking to each other. DDL pushes Jimmy off of him, but before things can escalate they are rudely interrupted.

CHAIRSHOT TO DDL!

CHAIRSHOT TO JIMMY CRAFT!

WASHINGTON:

Dear lord, what a vicious pair of hits by Cobain.

Kirk Cobain has made his way back into the ring with a steel chair and after laying both DDL and Craft to the mat, he drops the chair flat on the mat and goes to pick up Excellence. Kirk Cobain starts to set up for a double arm DDT and should he be successful, he would drive Ex face first into the steel.

MURPHY:

This could be night-night!

The set-up was too slow, this allowed Excellence to use a back body drop and free himself from the dangerous move. Cobain tries to rush back to his feet but he gets stopped on his tracks with a huge boot to the mid section and an uppercut that throws him out of the ring. Excellence now stands tall in the middle of the ring as DDL and Jimmy Craft are struggling to incorporate.

DDL gets back up for a brief second, but he doesn't contest Ex's ring dominance. Excellence uses a

powerful double leg to send him to the mat and follows up with his signature arm trap elbows. he rains down elbows repeatedly and causing rage from the crowd.

WASHINGTON: **Excellence is Brutal.**

Excellence only stops attacking DDL when he notices Jimmy Craft finally making it back to his feet. Excellence gets up on his feet and finds himself in the path of the TenKai. Excellence manages to duck under the heavy superkick and answers with a hard rolling elbow.

MURPHY: **This Vicious Brit is dominating this No Limits match up.**

Turning his attention back onto DDL, Excellence picks his opponent up and delivers a strong knee to face of “Diamond” before hoisting him up with a fisherman’s grip, Excellence keeps the leg hooked tight and uses his other arm to push off DDL’s chest at the same time that he pulls him down from the leg, this drives DDL down to the mat hard, right into a sit-out powerbomb.

WASHINGTON: **The Mark of Excellence!!!**

...1!

...2!

Sliding dropkick by Jimmy Craft!

Jimmy Craft doesn’t lose a second and goes to the ropes for momentum, he jumps back into a recovering Excellence with a leaping forearm smash that sends both him and his opponent down to the mat.

MURPHY:

Craft is on fire.

The crowd is hot for this comeback from Jimmy Craft and they go bonkers when the youngster kips up and assumes a martial art stance. Jimmy Craft taunts Excellence as he looks to get back up, and we all know that he's about to receive another Tenkai to the face.

WASHINGTON:

This Denver crowd is going crazy for Jimmy Craft.

As Jimmy Craft gets ready to unleash Tenkai on Excellence, he spots DDL standing up and he decides to go after him instead. The Tenkai narrowly misses as DDL ducks under it and hooks on in a back suplex position. DDL lifts up Jimmy Craft and spins him mid air so he ends up back first on his shoulder blade, Jimmy's head hangs to the front of DDL while Jimmy's feet protrude to his back. In a sudden movement DDL drops to a seated position and Jimmy is the victim of a huge backbreaker over Dave's shoulder blade.

MURPHY:

That's the Diamond Drop!!

The impact is strong and you can tell, Jimmy Craft looks like he was just ran over by a truck. DDL springs right back to his feet and stops a rushing Ex with a boot to the stomach that double the brit over by the mid section allowing DDL to get double underhooks.

WASHINGTON:

Ex is in trouble here.

DDL lifts up Excellence all the way up into his shoulder blade, leaving him in a familiar position. DDL seems to be smiling as he drops to his knees to deliver a second Diamond Drop, this time to Excellence.

MURPHY:

Another Diamond Drop, DDL is in it to win it!

With both his foes down for the count, it's a matter of picking who to pin, DDL chooses Excellence and he hooks the leg when suddenly a cloud of smoke blows on his face, causing him to stumble up trying to clear his eyes.

WASHINGTON:

It's Kirk Cobain.

Cobain gets a hard hit on DDL using the fire extinguisher that just frustrated DDL's pin attempt and DDL goes down to the mat, the camera centers on Cobain whose face just screams viciousness.

MURPHY: **Cobain had been waiting to unleash that carnage this whole time.**

With all of his opponents down, Kirk could drop to the mat and pin any of them. But he's not done with them yet. He drops the Fire Extinguisher and picks up a bloodied up DDL, unceremoniously dumping him over the top rope.

WASHINGTON: **Nasty cut on DDL's forehead.**

Jimmy Craft has started to work his way back to his feet but all his efforts are for naught when Kirk gets a hold of the chair on the ring and blasts Craft over the head with it, Excellence isn't much luckier as he meets the same fate.

Kirk drops the chair to the mat and picks up Jimmy Craft instead, a few seconds later the young Californian is driven face first against the steel of the chair with a double arm DDT, Kirk hooks the leg and that's it.

...1

...2

...3!

The bell rings and Matt Josham is about to announce Kirk as the winner but before he can do so, Cobain just snatches the mic right out of his hands.

COBAIN: **The No Limits Title is mine!**

MNG's music now plays to what is suprisingly a big pop, MNG comes out with the No Limits Championship Belt strapped to his shoulder, he shakes his head from side to side in disapproval as a furious Kirk Cobain picks the chair once again and blasts a recovering DDL with it.

WASHINGTON: **I Think Cobain has officially lost his mind.**

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MURPHY: **Now we take you to the parking lot as we are being told that John "The Brand" Brandenburg is arriving at the arena!**

WASHINGTON: **I can't imagine Brand is too happy to hear about the news. Let's go to Alicia Goldstein backstage to get a reaction from the Brand!**

[Limo pulls up and Brand gets out of the car in a huff. Alicia Goldstein runs to catch up to a speeding Brand]

ALICIA: **Brand, Brand, what is your take on the actions of Damien Wolfe?**

BRANDENBURG: **Damien Wolfe? Damien Wolfe is a dishonorable human being for taking what is rightfully *mine* away from me! I'm out to get my title back from his hands and defend it tonight, no matter who Charles Strickland throws my way!**

[Alicia looks puzzled]

ALICIA: **Brand, have you not heard the news that Wolfe *destroyed* the Ironman Title with a sledgehammer earlier this evening?**

[Brand stops dead in his tracks and turns on a dime to face Alicia. His eyes are wide open, blankly staring at her]

BRANDENBURG: ***WHAT???***

[Brand sprints to the office of Charles Strickland, Alicia and cameras in tow. He turns and stops, his

body trembling]

BRANDENBURG: Listen! Get your dad, get Charles Strickland, get *somebody* to see me *RIGHT NOW*, because the only man I want to face tonight in that ring is that despicable Damien Wolfe!

[Alicia shakes as she holds the mic in front of Brand]

ALICIA: Wolfe left the arena, we haven't seen him since earlier this evening.

[Brand looks off to the side and shakes his head, then slams his fist into the wall next to him]

BRANDENBURG: Wolfe, if you're watching this, you're a coward for running away before I even get to the arena, and you're a disgrace for making a mockery of the championship! *THIS ISN'T OVER BETWEEN US!* Now go find someone I can talk to, because I need to tell them I'm not safe to compete with tonight.

[Brand storms off, leaving Alicia visibly shaken]

WASHINGTON: Not safe to compete? He needs to kick Taiga's ass for the Ironman Championship later on tonight.

+++++

[Sirius Danger is spotted backstage, he's humming a song while constantly flipping a coin, someone that has an acute sense of sight could tell you that it's always landing on head. Suddenly a hand swipes the coin from mid air.]

DANGER: Hey, give that back.

[The camera reveals that the hand belongs to none other than Aron Scythe.]

SCYTHE: Look Sirius, let me clear something with you... I don't like you.

DANGER: Good, me neither..you are not my type at all.

SCYTHE: But tonight I need to ask something of you, even if I end up regretting it later.

DANGER: Well Aron, as long as your are willing to owe me one...you've found your man. Now give me back my coin...please?

SCYTHE: Well Sirius, If im going to owe you something then the least you could do is let me keep this little two headed coin.

DANGER: Fair enough....

+++++

[Camera cuts to a playground across the street from the prison that Landon spent years incarcerated in.]

JACKSON: Its funny how life makes us who we are. We are all results of our decisions, both good and bad. We've all done stuff. Stuff we aren't proud of. Stuff we hide. Stuff we don't tell anyone about. No me though, ill scream it from the rooftops. Im no saint. Ive hurt people. Ive broken the rules. Ive broken peoples bones. Ive broken peoples spirits. I don't fit inside the norm. No limits can hold me. Ive been away from the game for a while but now I think I need to make a huge splash. I hear that the No limits title isn't being repected. I hear that people think they can just have it and lay idly by waiting for someones feeble attempt to take it. I wont try to take it I will take it. I will destroy everyone in my path. I will hurt them. I will make them understand me. See those fences and bars over there? (points to the prison across the street.) Their rules and limits couldn't hold me, I guarantee that the RPW's wont either. Im coming. That's all you need to know. I wont be friendly. I wont be nice. I will hurt you all. Im not coming to save anyone. If you want a hero, go buy a damn comic book. Done.

[Landon gets up off the ground and runs over the camera man with a huge boot. The Camera crashes to the ground and the camera looks to be broken as we can see a fuzzy image of what most likely is Landon picking up a backpack full of stuff and a steel chair.]

[Landon walks away while singing a song softly.]

“1,2 Landon’s coming for you
3,4 look whats in store
5,6 I’ve got kendo sticks
7,8 your bones I’ll break
9,10 I’ll be champ again”

+++++

WASHINGTON: It's been awhile since we've heard something substantial from Landon Jackson, looks like he has the No Limits Championship on his sights.

MURPHY: Well both he and Kirk Cobain seem to want the same, a shot at that title...

WASHINGTON: Yep, but it would've done a lot for Jackson's case to actually win a No Limits match, just like Kirk Cobain just did.

[Suddenly AC/DC's Back in Black blasts over the speakers and out from the curtain, Ronnie Reynolds comes out alongside "Super Agent" Jackson Gerritt, Shirley "P.I." Watson and the lovely image analyst Amy Evans]

MURPHY: What's is Reynolds doing here, he's not scheduled to compete tonight.

[Reynolds has a mic in hand, and he's eager to use it.]

REYNOLDS: I know you are probably wondering to what do you owe the pleasure of seeing the Ravishing one out here tonight.

[The Denver crowd immediately boos Reynolds.]

REYNOLDS: Looks like they do not teach people how to be classy here in Denver....

[The boos only intensify]

MURPHY: Well she wasn't scheduled to compete tonight but it looks like "The Atheist" is ready to go tonight.

WASHINGTON: Yeah kind of convenient she would already be in her ring gear almost like she expected to be called out.

Anne climbs into the ring and starts to remove her robe to reveal a plain black singlet with a scarlet "A" insignia on the front. As she turns away to place her robe outside of the ring Ronnie Reynolds runs in striking her in the side with a running knee lift before smashing at her with a series of forearm shots across the back.

MURPHY: Just despicable... Ronnie Reynolds is attacking her before the bell.

WASHINGTON: Well she did attack his tag partner... allegedly.

Referee Shen Lee hastily pushes the two apart as he asks if Brandeis if she wants to continue. Anne nods giving a subtle smirk as the bell rings. The two circle briefly before Ronnie hits Anne in the chest with a knife-edge chop. Anne grimaces in pain before hitting a chop of her own.

SMACK!
WOOOOOOOO!!!
SMACK!
WOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

MURPHY: It looks like Anne got the better of that exchange and it looks she's ready to strike again and again!

CHOP!
WOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!
SMACK!
WOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!
CRACK!
WOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

WASHINGTON: **Brandois is just lighting up his chest and the fans loving it.**

MURPHY: **It's pronounced "Brandeis..." Ronnie Reynolds now backing away. This definitely isn't the fight that he was expecting the two lock up. IRISH WHIP by Raymond and Brandeis hits the corner hard! You could just hear her back slam into the turnbuckle.**

WASHINGTON: **Anne's tough as they come but there's a big difference between fighting another woman and a 217 pound man like Ronnie Reynolds.**

MURPHY: **Raymond now charging in for a dropkick!**

[In a fluid motion Brandeis rolls out of the way as Reynolds lands flat on the back. Brandeis grabs the rope before hitting a vicious flurry of stomps to the chest and face.]

WASHINGTON: **We've had women compete in RPW before, but Anne has a killer instinct that Magenta Moon and Leanna Morningside may have lacked.**

MURPHY: **I've seen a few men with this kind of mean streak.**

Once again the referee Shen Lee tries to regain control by telling Anne to back away. Ronnie Reynolds struggles a bit to get to his feet only for Anne to charge in with a boot to the face.

MURPHY: **Just brutal! Reynolds is bleeding from the nose and Anne's winding that arm up. She's signaling for the lariat! Or maybe that deadly running STO she calls the ZSG.**

WASHINGTON: **S.T.O... Z.S.G. Sounds like a song from "Hair."**

The crowd erupts with a series of boos as Ronnie Reynolds rolls out of the ring clutching his bleeding nose. Furiously grabbing one of the girls in his entourage as he starts to storm to the back. Anne quietly folds her arms in the ring a steely eyed gaze as the referee starts to count to 10.

1...

2...

3...

4...

5..
6...
7..
8..
9...
10...

WASHINGTON: It looks like she may have wounded his pride, Harold.

MURPHY: I agree. He was probably expecting to manhandle Anne and had no idea he'd get busted up in a brawl.

WASHINGTON: Well if you know Ronnie Reynolds like I do, things are probably just starting between her and the 1%.

+++++

Team German top speed is spotted backstage Celebrating their victory over Monroe and Enigma when suddenly El Espirito do Animal rushes in making feline noises as he runs across the room, actively searching for something and making a general mess out of anything.

KAHN: Hey, what are you doing!

MULLER: Get out of here you idiot.

The German accent is overwhelming in both Kahn and Muller, but we are distracted away from it as a limping and beaten up Gustavo Gusmao comes into the room...

GUSMAO: Moeda? Coin? Find?

MULLER: You stupid Monkey, get you furry friend over there out of our locker room.

Gusmao might be beaten up but his expression quickly turns to anger.

GUSMAO: No Monkey! Me Gorilla!

The Great Gorilla bangs his fists against his chest and starts yelling at Team German Top Speed in Portuguese, Both Kahn and Muller fire back with what seem to be harsh words in German, all of this while Espirito do Animal continues to screech in primal fashion.

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[Ian Jones is backstage on his locker room, he looks a little rough and you can spot what seems to be the start of a black eye, he seems pissed off. Suddenly, a familiar voice yells from the outside.]

DANGER: **Special Delivery for Mr. Jones!!!**

JONES: **Huh? Delivery...for me?**

[Jones opens the door up and Danger enters pushing what seems like a food cart. Over it, you can see a plate cover over what we can only him to be a dish...]

JONES: **Wow, do you know how late this meal is? And wait a second...why are you in charge of Catering...aren't you an RPW wrestler?**

DANGER: **These are tough times for RPW sir, the budget is low..**

JONES: **I know...look at that miserable TV they put on my room, next thing you know I won't even have my own room, it's disgusting...**

DANGER: **Also, I'm the best damn delivery man this world has ever seen...**

JONES: **Whatever, now scrap...**

[Danger simply leaves the room and Jones finally puts up a smile as he puts his hand over the plate cover, he pulls it out and his face turns into one of complete disgust although the camera doesn't reveal what was under the cover.]

JONES: **What the Bloody Hell is that?**

[Suddenly Aron Scythe barges into the room turned into a fury, he unleashes lefts and rights all over a stunned Ian Jones and sends him face first against the TV on the room. Scythe now mans the food cart and drives it right into Ian Jones. Scythe picks up Jones and slaps him in the face hard, this causes the Leader of the Empire to stagger around the room, knocking over a pole lamp in the process]

WASHINGTON: **Scythe has had enough of Ian Jones, This brit has made a demon out of the nerdy Scythe.**

[Scythe grabs the pole lamp and cracks it over Jones head, he now grabs Jones and drives him to one of the room's walls, the weight of Jones makes for a huge impact on the thin wall and Jones goes though it, we can hear the screams of girls in the other room]

MURPHY: **Did you just see that Dom?**

[Ian Jones is followed into the next room as Scythe goes through the hole, our dilligent camera man follows the action as Scythe gets on top of Jones and rains down punches, Amy Evans and Shirley Watson are just screaming their lungs out]

WASHINGTON: **Unbelievable!**

[Ronnie Reynolds barges into the scene and tries to restrain Scythe, but it's not until a wave of officials and agents come into the room that Scythe is completely stopped, a furious Aron Scythe is still trying to free himself and go after Jones]

MURPHY: **What an intense, must see moment did we just see here in RPW. Too bad this wasn't on live TV.**

+++++

WASHINGTON: **Murph, our main event is due next: the Revival Pro Wrestling Heavyweight Championship title is up for grabs. Jafaar al-Sultan, who won the Number One contender match against El Omega 23 at British Uprising will be taking on Douglas Gallagher.**

MURPHY: **The Denver crowd is hot for this. Listen to them!**

[The crowd is cheering wildly as the Revivaltron camera pans across different sections of the audience. It stops and pauses on a few different people: a little boy wearing a Douglas Gallagher t-shirt; a middle-aged man holding a sign that says “cSs is #1”; a middle-aged woman on her cell phone who waves when she realizes she is on the camera. The audience suddenly disappears as the Revivaltron image flashes to digital \$100 dollar bills falling from the top of the screen and the theme of the 1% starts playing over the arena loudspeakers.]

JOSHAM: This next match is for the Revival Pro Wrestling Heavyweight Championship! Introducing first, from Riyadh, Saudi Arabia...Jafaar al-Sultan!

[As Josham's introduction ends, Dom Golden exists from behind the curtain. As always, he is impeccably dressed. He is holding a microphone, and raises it to his mouth.]

GOLDEN: Cut the music, cut the music.

[A few moments later, al-Sultan's music is cut short. Golden proceeds.]

GOLDEN: Now, as a lot of you know, Mr. al-Sultan is scheduled to face Douglas Gallagher here tonight. For the RPW Heavyweight Championship!

[He pauses as the crowd roars in anticipation.]

GOLDEN: Well, he's not!

[The crowd suddenly switches to booing.]

MURPHY: Oh, come on! The people paid to see some wrestling here tonight!

WASHINGTON: All I know is, al-Sultan and Golden better have a damn good reason why he's not wrestling Gallagher here tonight, or there might be a riot. Hell, I'll lead it.

MURPHY: The man fought tooth and nail for this shot, and now he doesn't want it? I mean, come on...

GOLDEN: Now, I bet you all want to know why Mr. al-Sultan isn't going to be wrestling tonight? Well, I'll let him speak for himself.

[Dom Golden steps to the side of the entrance stage, and Jafaar al-Sultan steps out from behind the curtain, with big Landon Jackson behind him. Well, not exactly. Jafaar al-Sultan actually is wheeled out from behind the curtain, with big Landon Jackson pushing the wheelchair he is sitting in. There is a bit of a buzz in the crowd as they see al-Sultan's status. His leg is in a cast. He has a bandage around his head. Dom Golden gives him his microphone, and when Jafaar takes off his sunglasses to address the crowd, he has a black eye.]

al-SULTAN: As you can all see, I am in no shape to compete tonight. Or any other night for the next couple of weeks. I have a broken leg, a broken orbital bone, and a concussion. I should be cleared to compete by RPW's next pay-per-view in December, so me and Gallagher can resume our dance then. But, you people need something to tide yourselves over, don't you? How about...Mr. Landon Jackson, here. This mammoth of a man hasn't nearly gotten the credit he deserves. He's a force of nature, and he just needed guidance...guidance that the 1% is providing. I say we give Mr. Jackson a chance here, and show why he should be in the discussion with our Champion Gallagher, El Omega 23, Hyperion Rushmore, and RPW's other big men.

MURPHY: What an announcement, Jafaar al-Sultan revealed that he is still injured, and will be for some time. He will not be squaring off against Douglas Gallagher for the RPW Championship tonight. Instead, we'll see Landon Jackson taking on the champion, in a non-title match. Jackson is in the ring right now, with Dom Golden in his corner.

WASHINGTON: And look at al-Sultan, he's going back to his lockerroom. I wonder if he'll have any kind of impact on this match.

[Suddenly, Queen's one Vision hits and the crowd here in Denver goes insane.]

MURPHY: We'll see what kind of impact Sultan will have on this match, but here comes the champion now!

[Gallagher seems angry that his match got switched at the last second and he's rushing down the ramp instead of doing his usual entrance, his music is cut short as he slides into the ring and Jackson

immediately receives him with stomps.]

WASHINGTON: We have ourselves a possible, hoss fight here..Jackson immediately taking advantage here.

Jackson's flurry of stomps prevent Douglas Gallagher from getting on his feet to fight, the referee yells at Landon to get Gallagher get back up, but he's not listening and he continues to unleash the stomps over the proud Liverpoolian.

Landon finally drags Gallagher to his feet and whips him to the ropes just to receive him with a HUGE boot to the face. Gallagher falls flat on the mat and Landon drops down to deliver hard mounted punches.

MURPHY: Landon Jackson dominating early on, he still hasn't given Gallagher a chance to get into this match.

Jackson once again picks up Gallagher and this time whips him into a corner, a running boot to the face hits right on target, an overly aggressive Jackson follows up with a flurry of forearms to the face. Landon Jackson pulls Gallagher out off the corner and goes for a whip into the opposite corner but he finds himself reversed.

WASHINGTON: The champion is back in this match, remember this is NOT a title match.

Gallagher runs over to the corner but Landon Jackson surprises him by rushing forward and catching him with a hard forearm to the face. The impact turns Gallagher 180 and Jackson strikes with hard clubbing blows to the champion's back. Jackson turns Gallagher around, kicks him in the gut and lands a snap suplex for a 1 count.

MURPHY: Jackson dominating, who would've thought it.

“The Liverpool Sensation” manages to get up but Jackson keeps up the pressure with punches in bunches that stagger our champion, Gallagher tries to rush in but he only gets a spinebuster for his troubles.

WASHINGTON: Douglas Gallagher seems to be put off by this match-up, he

was expecting a speedy guy in Sultan but got a bruiser in Landon Jackson.

Landon drops for another pin and the referee has to start a count.

...1!

...2, Kickout!

MURPHY: **It takes a little more than that to stop Douglas Gallagher.**

The former convict, who's now a hired gun for the 1%, picks up the Heavyweight champion back to his feet. He takes too long this time though and Gallagher is able to fight back with two short hooks to the midsection.

WASHINGTON: **Gallagher goes up top with a hard forearm, and immediately sends his foe to the ropes via Irish whip.**

Gallagher explodes into his offense with a huge scoop powerslam that reawakens the Denver crowd, the referee slides for the pin.

...1!

...2, Kickout!

MURPHY: Explosive move by that champ.

WASHINGTON: That's what's so dangerous about Gallagher, he can explode and punish you hard at any given time.

MURPHY: And he's also very resilient, giving him ample time to find his opening.

Douglas takes the action to the corner and again he pushes forward with the short hooks to the body, Landon Jackson won't be held down though as he fires back with a shove and two hard jabs. Jackson now whips Gallagher back first into the same corner he was just pressed against.

MURPHY: I think this is the best that Landon Jackson has looked in RPW thus far, what a scary man.

Jackson fires hard right hands to the chest of Gallagher, slowly and methodical, they resound loudly across the arena. The crowd lets Jackson know how much they hate him, but that doesn't stop the 1%'s Bruiser from continuing to unleash. After three hard hits, Jackson pulls Gallagher with an Irish whip. Instead of sending him to the opposite corner, Landon Jackson puts the breaks on and whips the champion back to the same corner.

WASHINGTON: I don't think we've ever seen someone manhandle Douglas Gallagher like that.

MURPHY: Landon Jackson has a point to prove here, he's tired of being overlooked.

Gallagher bounces off the corner and Landon Jackson lifts him up all the way into a bear hug, Jackson is in complete control here. Jackson holds on tightly to the hold and Gallagher grimaces in pain.

WASHINGTON: I wouldn't want to be in Gallagher's position right now.

MURPHY: There's no soul in this world that would.

Unwilling to succumb at the pressure, Douglas Gallagher knows that he needs to find an answer, he tries swinging his hands. Gallagher connects with some punches to the head but there's not much oomph behind them. Gallagher finally scores with a massive ear clap to break the hold.

MURPHY: **Here we go! Gallagher hits the ropes.**

WASHINGTON: **He ducks under Landon's clothesline.**

Gallagher returns a jumps at Landon Jackson, but his offense is cut short when Landon catches him in a flapjack and sends him throat first into the tense top rope. Jackson follows up with a back suplex and Gallagher didn't know what hit him .

MURPHY: **And just like that, Landon Jackson is back in control off this match.**

Landon quickly picks up Gallagher and fires a hard right hand, it lands on target and makes the champ stagger back. Jackson takes his time to properly aim and lands another hard right hand, once again Gallagher buckles a few steps back but this time he finds it in himself to fireback with a right of his own.

WASHINGTON: **The champ is showing his fire.**

Jackson goes back with yet another right hand which tags Gallagher in the chin, Gallagher answers with a stiff forearm to the face and both men are taking turns at landing hard blows.

MURPHY: **I don't think it's a good idea to trade blows with Gallagher, he hits like a truck and he's as resilient as they come.**

An eye rake by Jackson cuts off the exchange, the crowd boos the dirty tactic but Jackson pushes forward and hoists Gallagher up in the air in the forward slam position, instead he drops him into a huge rib breaker, the pinfall soon follows.

...1!

...2! Kickout.

Gallagher kicks out, but you can tell he's hurt. he's holding on to his ribs as he tries get back on his knees and start a slow way up to his feet. The champ gets a little help from the 1%'er as Landon Jackson lifts him up all the way up to a military press in a very very impressive display of strength.

WASHINGTON: **Landon Jackson lifting 250 pounds over his head like it was nothing, wow.**

But everything that goes up must come down, and Gallagher is planted to the mat with a press slam. Once again Landon Jackson looks for the victory...

...1!

...2!

...

Kickout!

WASHINGTON: **What a near fall, Gallagher survives.**

Landon Jackson starts yelling at the referee, he's arguing for a slow count, he says that were 3. The referee backs up a bit as he's clearly intimidated by Jackson. After a while Jackson realizes that he's not going to get that decision reversed and turns his attention back into the match. Gallagher is working his way back up and Jackson just won't allow that. The former convict secures a chin lock in hopes to keep the champ down.

MURPHY: **Going after the ref for so long may prove to be a costly mistake.**

The chin lock is not enough to hold down Gallagher, the champion gets back to his feet and starts landing repeated elbows to the mid-section of Jackson, much to the delight of the Denver crowd. After 4 hard blows to his midsection, Landon is forced to release the hold. Gallagher now presses forward with a headbutt, generating some space between the two gladiators. Gallagher leaps up in the air and lands a picture perfect dropkick that forces Landon back first against a corner.

WASHINGTON: **Gallagher with a nice combination, but can he capitalize on it?**

Gallagher presses forward into the corner, but he's not without his injuries. Gallagher has his left hand down by his ribs, clearly in pain from the damage sustained in this match thus far. Gallagher grabs Landon Jackson by the head and bashes it against the top corner turnbuckle. Not content with a single smash, Gallagher repeats the move again and again, and the crowd counts the blows.

"3! 4! 5! 6! 7! 8! 9! 10!"

MURPHY: **Gallagher just scrambled Jackson's brain!**

A very dizzy Jackson walks off to the side but Gallagher presses him against the ropes. the champ pulls his opponent out with an irish whip but the motions are reversed by Jackson who sends Gallagher to the opposite sets of ropes.

WASHINGTON: **A dizzy Jackson walks to the center of the ring to receive Gallagher but...**

CRIMSON TORNADO!!!

Douglas Gallagher spins to launch his deadly trademark finisher, a discus lariat. Jackson is barely able to duck under the move, Gallagher turns around to get back at Jackson but he's caught with a huge hurricanrana pin.

...1!

...2!

...Gallagher reverses into a sunset flip pin.

...1!

...2!

....Kickout!

WASHINGTON:

This match is picking up and fast!

Both men are already back to his feet but it is Gallagher who grabs the advantage with a short arm clothesline, Jackson is determined not to let Gallagher get the momentum and he springs to his feet quickly. Despite this, he's sent back down with another clothesline.

MURPHY:

Landon in big trouble, a fired up Gallagher is an extremely dangerous competitor.

Landon Jackson gets back to his feet and eats a huge kick to the midsection, Gallagher grabs on to Landon's now exposed neck and starts setting up his famous 10-count delayed vertical. Landon Jackson proves to be too aware of this as he uses the momentum from the lift to go up and over, landing behind Gallagher.

WASHINGTON:

This guy possesses uncanny agility for a man his size.

MURPHY:

Look out he's sending Gallagher to the mat with a wakigatame armbar!

WASHINGTON:

He might be setting up for the crossface!!

Landon tries hard to push Gallagher's shoulder into the mat, but the champion is resisting well, he manages to roll forward, out of trouble. Gallagher uses the ropes to get up but Landon Jackson won't give him rest and immediately charges at him. Gallagher senses him coming and he manages to drop down and open the ropes, Landon goes right between them, crashing badly to the outside.

MURPHY: **Those are some good reflexes right there.**

Suddenly, Jafaar al-Sultan's music hits, and the arena joins together in boos.

WASHINGTON: **Al-Sultan? What is he doing here?**

Al-Sultan shows a serious limp as he makes his way to the top of the stage, staring Gallagher with disgust. He manages to get the Champ's attention, who stands in the center of the ring and points at him menacingly.

MURPHY: **Come on! This was a great match between two power houses.**

Sultan taunts Gallagher from the stage and he has managed to get the Brit's head out of the match, Sultan now holds Gallagher's undivided attention. Too many seconds have passed since Sultan came out, and Landon Jackson reinserts himself into the picture delivering a deadly attack with the RPW title belt.

WASHINGTON: **Dear Lord!!**

The heavy gold belt is used as an effective weapon when Jackson bashes Gallagher over the head with it. The referee has no choice but to call for the bell.

BELL RINGS.

MURPHY:

JOSHAM: **And the winner of this match as a result of a disqualification....Douglas Gallagher.**

Denver doesn't care that Gallagher was proclaimed the winner, they are very angry about what just happened here and they are content to let everyone know, the boos are reaching an apex here in the mile high city.

MURPHY: **This is an outrage!!**

WASHINGTON:
remorse...wait, what is he doing?

Landon Jackson is vicious, and he's showing no

MURPHY:

Stop this madness, Gallagher is already down and out!

Landon Jackson has picked up Douglas Gallagher and properly set him up in the piledriver position, and if you thought the boos couldn't get any louder before you were mistaken. Jackson lands the piledriver and it's almost like a riot inside of the arena. Landon Jackson stands tall in the middle of the ring with his hand raised.

The show closes with this image of Landon Jackson drowned in boos, while Sultan applauds him from the top of the stage.