

RPW HOME VIDEO PRESENTS:

Deadly Alliances

Taped in Miami, FLA.

November 21st, 2012.

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The show opens with a black screen, though the audience's cheering can be heard. When the screen transitions from black to the RPW broadcast, Sir Charles Strickland is standing in the middle of the ring. He has his arms crossed, but is holding a microphone in one hand.

MURPHY: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Revival Pro Wrestling. As you can see, we're going to be starting off with a bang tonight, and jump right into the action. Our general manager, Sir Charles Strickland...

STRICKLAND: Ahem. Before we begin our scheduled show tonight, I feel it prudent to clear up a few matters. I am not perfect. I would like to hope that I try my best, but trying my best does always guarantee the best results. Case in point, what Revival Pro Wrestling has gone through the last few weeks. Our television contract on the CagesideSeats Network? Gone. Quite a few of our talents' contracts? Expired.

The audience begins booing. In a few pockets, a "We want Dobbs" chant starts.

STRICKLAND: Back where I come from, we have a saying: 'Rally around the Queen'. The queen is in charge, and when things are not going well for our glorious nation, have faith that her majesty will fix things, and do your part to help. These last few weeks- months, really- I feel that certain people here in RPW have been doing the exact opposite. Instead of rallying around me, it seems as if certain people have been...sabotaging me, to advance their own goals. Ladies and gentlemen, I think you all know who I mean.

The rest of the audience pops a bit, and the "We want Dobbs" chants get louder as more and more people in the audience chime in.

STRICKLAND: Yes, that's right. Jack Dobbs. 'We want Jack Dobbs'? I want Jack Dobbs, too...to cooperate with me! To stop meddling behind my back! To stop trying to tear down my company!

Sir Strickland starts pacing around in the ring.

STRICKLAND: I tried doing this the civilized way. I've recommended to the RPW Board that he be fired. They would not hear it. I've recommended to the RPW Board that he be demoted. They would not hear it. Now, I'm forced to take matters into my own hands. Sigh...Jack Dobbs, if you're a real man, come out here. I'm calling you out.

The audience pops as a confrontation seems inevitable.

MURPHY: Well, it seems we have a real situation on our hands. I didn't get a chance before, but let me welcome everyone to Revival Pro Wrestling: Deadly Alliances.

"I Will Not Bow" by Breaking Benjamin Hits, the crowd recognizes the theme and they are all pumped up.

DOBBS: You've got some nerve, Strickland, you know that?

Jack Dobbs appears at the top of the entrance ramp, microphone in hand, and starts walking down to the ring, he's followed closely behind by Shane Adames.

DOBBS: I'm meddling behind your back? I'm sabotaging you? I'm trying to get ahead at your expense? I'm trying to tear down 'your' company? Let me remind you: I founded this company, and it's built on my blood, sweat, and tears. Don't ever accuse me of trying to tear down Revival Pro Wrestling!

The audience cheers as they hear the emotion and sincerity in Dobbs' voice. He reaches the ring and climbs up the stairs and between the ropes.

DOBBS: So, I'm here. What do you want?

STRICKLAND: I have a proposition for you, Dobbs. Something that will settle our differences, once and for all.

DOBBS: Go on.

STRICKLAND: A wrestling match, for control of RPW. The loser is terminated, and cannot be employed by this company ever again, and the winner is this federation's commissioner.

DOBBS: A wrestling match? Come on. We're both over 40, and I'm slightly overweight. I don't think anyone wants to see that.

STRICKLAND: Not between us you Silly kid. The match would be between representatives we choose...No, scratch that. Between a tag team we choose...No, scratch that. Between a six-man tag team we choose!

The audience pops hard hearing that announcement.

DOBBS: Interesting...Interesting...what do you say Miami? should I accept this?

The Cheers rain down.

DOBBS: I'll do it!

The audience pops again.

DOBBS: But, only on the condition that the match takes place at our next pay-per-view, Season's Beatings!

STRICKLAND: Afraid you won't be able to put together a team?

As Sir Strickland says this, the camera pans to the audience. The British Empire- Ian Jones, Damien Wolfe, and Mr. Nice Guy- are slowly walking down the staircase, closer and closer to the ring. The camera pans to near Murphy and Washington's announcer's booth, where Excellence is stepping over the barricade. Shane Adames and Jack Dobbs realize what is happening and Adames is whispering on Dobbs' ear, Jack Dobbs slowly rolls underneath the ropes and outside of the ring as Shane Adames makes a beeline towards Excellence and the two start trading blows. Dobbs starts backing up, keeping his focus on Strickland in the ring, and the mounting threat appearing before his eyes. The Union Jacks hop over the barricade on either side of the entrance aisle, close to where Dobbs is standing, and begin to menace him.

MURPHY: Uh oh, this is not looking good for Mr. Dobbs!

As it looks like the Union Jacks might lay hands on Dobbs, John Brandenburg comes running down the ramp, holding a chair. The crowd goes berserk. The Union Jacks think twice about messing with the Brand, and back off, allowing Dobbs to retreat to safety behind the Ironman Champion. The camera shows Sir Strickland back in the ring, incensed. He starts yelling at the Union Jacks, and at Ian Jones and the rest of the British Empire, who have entered the ring.

DOBBS: **You'll find I still have a few friends here, Mr. General Manager. You better start moving your things now, because when I win, it's all going in the trash!**

The crowd is cheering as the camera feed fades to an advertisement for the RPW Shop.

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When it returns back to the arena, the ring is empty, and the Craft Brothers are in the ring, trying to pump the crowd up to support them in their scheduled match. The results are mixed. Music starts playing over the PA system, announcing Hakai Dragon has arrived.

WASHINGTON: **We have some tag team action coming up. The Art of WAR C.R.A.F.T. will be taking on Hakai Dragon and Hyperion Rushmore.**

MURPHY: **An odd combination, for sure.**

JOSHAM: **Introducing next, from Sendai, Japan: Hakai Dragon. He is accompanied by his partner, the giant of RPW, Hyperion Rushmore!**

The Japanese sensation is sitting cross legged just in front of the Revivaltron, with Hyperion Rushmore standing behind him. Some pyros go off to either side of the pair, causing Dragon to jump up and land in a karate stance, and Rushmore to pump his fist in the air. The duo walk down to the ring, with Hyperion Rushmore entering into it and Hakai Dragon going to the outside corner. On the other side, Billy Craft is in the ring, while his brother waits outside.

The bell rings, and the two fighters lock up. Hyperion Rushmore easily out muscles his opponent, throwing him back towards the corner he came from.

MURPHY: **Billy Craft with no easy task here. Rushmore has at least a foot and a hundred pounds on him, easily.**

WASHINGTON: **Yeah, the Craft Brothers are going to have to out think Rushmore. They certainly aren't going to be able to out muscle him.**

As if they heard the announcers, the two brothers have an impromptu conference over in their corner, going over strategy. Billy turns around when the two are finished and slowly moves over to grapple Rushmore, but the big man kicks him in the stomach, grabs him when he is doubled over, and Irish whips him into the ropes.

MURPHY: **Rushmore in control early. Billy Craft off the ropes,**

but he ducks under Rushmore's attack. Off the ropes again, and he lands a kick square to the big man's midsection. Didn't have much of an effect, and he's running the ropes again. And once again, he lands a kick square to Rushmore's midsection. He's doubled over a little more now.

WASHINGTON: And here comes his brother! Looks like they have some strategy going on here.

Jimmy Craft jumps over the ropes into the ring, and he and his brother lift the much larger wrestler up for a double DDT. Hakai Dragon tries to enter the ring, but the referee holds him back. The Craft brothers don't press the advantage as Jimmy hops back outside.

MURPHY: Billy Craft picking Rushmore back up and puts him in a side headlock. The referee, now, going over to check if Rushmore can still compete...Oh, RPW's giant lifts Craft straight up and lands an atomic drop!

Billy Craft falls towards his corner, and his brother extends his arm, trying to will his brother to make the tag. Billy reaches up, trying to tag his brother in, but he is too far away. As he starts crawling closer, Hyperion Rushmore grabs his leg and pulls him away. The giant picks Billy up and casually tosses him into the opposite corner. He lands two quick strikes on Craft, and then lifts up his leg and puts it on his opponent's chest, pushing him further into the corner. The referee slides over and calls for Rushmore to break off the hold, which he does, but not before tagging in Hakai Dragon.

WASHINGTON: Hakai Dragon in now, and he's going to town here with roundhouse kicks into Billy Craft's midsection.

As Billy falls forward, Hakai Dragon delivers one final kick, a spinning heel kick that causes the Craft brother to fall forward, onto his knees, and then onto his stomach. On the other side of the ring, Jimmy Craft is rooting his brother on, willing him to get up and make the tag. Hakai Dragon sees this, goes running over, and nails him with a running elbow that knocks him off the ring apron and onto the outside.

MURPHY: Dragon showing some of his mean streak there. Jimmy Craft was doing nothing wrong.

WASHINGTON: Yeah, Dragon and Rushmore are well in control. And with Billy down in their corner, I don't think there was any threat of the fresh Jimmy being tagged in.

Billy Craft isn't as down as Benjamin Washington, or anybody, thought, as he gets back up.

Before Hakai Dragon turns around, Jimmy lunges over and lands an elbow on the Japanese wrestler from behind. Dragon falls forward himself, tumbling through the ropes onto the outside. Billy, holding his side, turns around and is greeted by a big boot from Hyperion Rushmore, who climbed back into the ring during the chaos. Outside the ring, Jimmy Craft and Hakai Dragon have both recovered from their spills, and are trading blows with one another.

MURPHY: **This isn't going to end well for Billy Craft! Hyperion Rushmore has him, and he's going up for a ride! Chokeslam!**

Rushmore isn't done with Billy, either. Right after chokeslamming him down, he pulls the semi-unconscious Craft back up. He lifts him straight up over his head, and chucks his body at the brawling Jimmy and Hakai on the outside. The Miami audience, which really wasn't cheering for one side over the other, erupts with excitement.

WASHINGTON: **Down they all go! What a move!**

MURPHY: **Absolutely. Rushmore took out his partner, too, but- what the!?**

As Murphy was in the middle of his sentence, the Union Jacks appear out of nowhere, armed with chairs. Hyperion Rushmore has his back to the tag team, and he pays as a result.

MURPHY: **What are the Union Jacks doing here? And why are they attacking Rushmore!?**

One set of chair shots to the back brings the giant to his knees. Another set of chair shots to the back bring the giant to the ground. And then the British tag team begins hammering away. The referee catches the assault after the first set of chair shots, and signals for the bell.

JOSHAM: **Your winners, by disqualification, the team of Hakai Dragon and Hyperion Rushmore.**

WASHINGTON: **It was all to cost the Craft Brothers the match, I bet. The Union Jacks don't have any beef with Hakai Dragon or Hyperion Rushmore.**

MURPHY: **Well, they're about to. Or, at least with Rushmore, anyway.**

Just as quickly as they appeared, the Union Jacks slip out of the ring and go running up the entrance ramp, disappearing behind the curtain.

MURPHY: Well, while we get all of this sorted out, let's check backstage. RPW intern, Alicia Goldstein is standing by with former General Manager Jack Dobbs, and a special guest.

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The camera transitions to Alicia, who is standing next to Jack Dobbs.

ALICIA: Alicia Goldstein here, and I'm standing with former RPW commissioner Jack Dobbs. Mr. Dobbs, the gauntlet is down, and you and General Manager Strickland are going to be battling for control of this company. John Brandenburg saved you before, and we've confirmed that he will be in your corner for that match.

ALICIA: Having John Brandenburg in my corner will be an incredible boon. I don't think there is anyone else in this wrestling federation who has demonstrated themselves to be as tough, powerful, and intense as The Brand. But, as you can see, he's not the only one who will be in my corner for the match.

The camera slowly pans back, and reveals that Aron Scythe is standing next to Jack Dobbs. Scythe gets a big cheer from the crowd when he is revealed.

DOBBS: Aron Scythe will also be in my corner.

ALICIA: Aron, let me you: why team up with Jack Dobbs here?

SCYTHE: It's real easy, lemme tell you. Ian Jones has General Manager Strickland's back. I don't like him. So, I have Mr. Dobbs' back here.

ALICIA: And, what do you think of your odds?

SCYTHE: Do you think Goku thought of the odds when he had to go up against Freiza alone on Planet Namek? You think Luke Skywalker cared about the odds when he was in the Death Star trench? I don't care about our odds. Me, Adames and Brand, and anyone else who joins up with us: we're going to be the winners.

ALICIA: Confident words there. Back to you guys in the front.

The camera transitions back to Murphy and Washington sitting at the announcer's booth.

MURPHY: Well, our Season's Beatings pay-per-view already has

a huge main event! So far, we know it looks like this: Team Strickland, consisting of Ian Jones, Mr. Nice Guy, Damien Wolfe, Excellence, and the Union Jacks, versus Team Dobbs, which consists right now of Shane Adames, John Brandenburg and Aron Scythe.

As he is talking, a graphic goes up that shows all of the wrestlers he is mentioning. The men in Strickland's side are all filled in, while only Adames, Brandenburg and Scythe can be seen on Dobbs' side. The rest of the men in his corner are black outlines. Washington chimes in and the screen transitions back to the announcing team.

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WASHINGTON: Things are already shaping up to be huge. And we're just getting started tonight here, folks! Who knows what else can happen!

MURPHY: I know of at least one thing that will happen tonight Ben, and that's our next match.

WASHINGTON: That's right Murph, up next we have Gary Grapplin taking on Brett "The Chief" Bannion.

MURPHY: Grapplin is already in the ring, waiting for Bannion. Lets go to Matt Josham for the official introductions.

JOSHAM: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, introducing first...Already in the ring, Gary Grapplin!!!

Bannion's music now hits to a mild negative reaction, Bannion is all serious as he marches down the ramp.

JOSHAM: And his opponent, one of RPW's greatest talents, hailing from and weighing in at pounds, please give it up for Brett "The Chief" Bannion!

WASHINGTON: I miss Ducky Smith.

MURPHY: I do too, but I don't blame him for wanting to take some time off after what happened to him at British Uprising. I can't believe that Ian Jones wasn't suspended for that.

WASHINGTON: I heard he was fined.

MURPHY: Slap in the wrist, I think this shows serious favoritism from GM Strickland.

WASHINGTON:

SIR Charles Strickland.

MURPHY:

I just hope that no crazy brit goes after us, imagine if Damien Wolfe snapped again and tried to assault us. RPW Is fast becoming a hazardous working environment.

Bannion has already entered the ring and he's on his wrestling stance, so is Gary Grapplin and the bell rings to signal the start of the match.

WASHINGTON:

Calm down Harold, lets focus on this match.

MURPHY:

Ok, ok...Brett Bannion has lost two matches in a row, he'll be looking to break that cold streak against Grapplin.

WASHINGTON:

Shouldn't be that hard, Grapplin has yet to taste victory inside RPW. Both men lock up and struggle for position.

Bannion looks to have control over the collar and elbow and he lands a hard knee to the midsection before transitioning into a side headlock.

MURPHY:

The Chief is scoring early, he's hoping to have a better season than his Kansas City counterparts.

WASHINGTON:

Come on now, Bannion might have struggled...but he's in no way 1 and 9.

Brett Bannion holds Grapplin in the headlock with only one arm, he expertly uses the other to deliver a hard fist to the top of Grapplin's head. Bannion then switches things up and sends Grapplin down with a release headlock takedown.

MURPHY:

And looks like Bannion has a great chance of breaking his losing streak tonight. On the other hand, I don't think that the Chiefs have much of a shot against Manning's Broncos this sunday.

WASHINGTON:

Also you have to consider that Bannion's last two losses were against Alex Monroe and Shane Adames. That's tough competition!

Grapplin is now back to his feet and he charges forward and drops for an ankle pick, he manages to grab a hold of one of Bannion's legs but despite this, he cannot complete the

takedown.

MURPHY: Bannion might be a bit too big and a bit too strong for Gary Grapplin.

WASHINGTON: Yep, look at Bannion wrapping his arms around Bannion's waistline. Whoa! What a gut-wrench suplex.

The crowd shows a bit of a reaction for the power move, Gary Grapplin shows even more of a reaction in form of a pain face. Grapplin struggles to get back to his feet but he falls right into Bannion's clothesline.

MURPHY: He almost turned Grapplin inside out, what a devastating clothesline.

Bannion grabs Grapplin by the head and ragdolls him back to his feet, he hooks the head and lifts him up for a vertical suplex position but instead of sending him to the mat with a suplex, Bannion lets him fall forward into the ropes.

WASHINGTON: Grapplin's midsection went straight into the top rope
Murph, that's gotta hurt.

A loose smile can be seen across Bannion's face, he still controls Grapplin's head and he drags him back to point that only the feet of Grapplin are hanging from the top rope.

MURPHY: I think i know what's going on, this is trademark Bannion.

WASHINGTON: What a DDT Murph, they can count him to a thousand!

...1!

...2!

...3!

JOSHAM: And the winner of this match as expected, on of RPW's most underrated stars, the great...Brett "The Chief" Bannion.

MURPHY: Disgusting how Josham attempts to hype up his buddy Bannion, I can't wait till Ducky Smith is back.

Bannion gets his hand raised by the referee and the boos while still mild, have risen one or two levels.

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Douglas Gallagher is seen backstage with Alicia Goldstein, she has a microphone and it's interview time.

ALICIA: Here's Alicia Goldstein backstage with RPW Champion Douglas Gallagher. Doug, what do you think about the recent developments between Jack Dobbs and Sir Charles Strickland.

GALLAGHER: There's only one thing in my mind Alicia, and dat's beating al-Sultan to a blood pult. Eee thinks ees money makes em better than everyone else, ee 'as zero respect for me and everyone else on RPW. At Season's beatings, I plan on giving the 1% a lesson in respect.

ALICIA: So no comments on Dobbs vs Strickland?

GALLAGHER: Sir Charles knows my focus is somewhere else, I'm not surprised that he didn't ask me to captain his team. Both Sir Charles and Dobbs are men of honor, at Season's Beatings I'm sure that the best man will win.

ALICIA: There you have it folks, thanks for your time Doug.

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The sound of a siren fills the arena, and after a few seconds, the lights go out. Enigma's voice

fills the sound system.

“Its time for the Phenomenon of the Enigma !”

Pyro rockets shoot up from the top of the ramp, and the spark waterfall starts around the entrance curtain. Linkin Park – ‘Wretches & Kings’ hits, and Enigma makes his way out through the sparks and into the spotlight, wearing his trademark black ‘Phenomenon of the Enigma’ sweatshirt. He gets on his knee and looks around at the hot 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 slowly walks down to the ring, hi5-ing and fist-bumping the fans.

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

Enigma slides into the ring, climbs a corner turnbuckle and strikes his signature crossed-guns pose. He gets back down, walks around the ring and gestures for a microphone.

WASHINGTON : Looks like the mystery man has something to say.

MURPHY : He definitely will, Ben. He teamed up with The Lethal Injection, Alex Monroe, but ended up losing to the newcomers Team German Top Speed.

WASHINGTON : And it did end up as a showcase of miscommunication. Lets see what the man has to say about it.

[He’s about to start talking, but he takes his mic away and looks at the crowd. They start chanting for the mystery man. Enigma walks around the ring for a few seconds, taking in the cheers, and then he points at the video screen.]

[montage of clips from the previous show’s tag match between Team German Top Speed and the team of Alex Monroe and 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.]

[The image switches up to another scene from back with a Vengeance, this time 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.

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.

...1!

...2!

...

Muller with the save!]

[Enigma runs his hands through his hair as he walks around the ring with his eyes on the screen.]

ENIGMA : I never wanted to be dumped into a team with anyone. Not before, not now, not ever. And this is just an example why. Alex Monroe wants to boss me around and tell me what to do instead of letting me go my way. He thinks he can tell me what moves I “shouldn’t” use. And when he has an opening to get me into the match and give the team an advantage, he decides to just let it slip, because he’s too much of an egoholic to let anyone other than him be in the spotlight during the match.

ENIGMA: You know what, Monroe ? When anyone underestimates me, I prove them wrong. I beat the goddamn odds every single time and I do all it takes to come out on top. I give my all every single time I step into the ring. I don’t need anyone to “guide” me on my path to glory. I pave my path to glory. And that’s what I’ve done since I walked into this company. I beat Hyperion Rushmore. I beat Ronnie Reynolds at British Uprising.

ENIGMA: Where ever I go, I prove what I am capable of. I prove my worth. And if you can't accept that fact, I guess I'll have to prove to you, first-hand, just how much talent I have. And I will do it now.

ENIGMA: Alex Monroe, get out here for a match. Right here. Right now.

[Enigma drops the mic and paces around the ring with his eyes set on the top of the ramp. Onslaught – Emmure hits to a sizable pop, Enigma has his game face on as he climbs and sits on the corner turnbuckles, with his eyes fixed on his opponent in this impromptu match.]

WASHINGTON: I don't think there is anything personal going on here, Murph. Enigma and Monroe, they're both two very independent guys, and obviously working as part of a team isn't one of their strengths. Neither likes losing, both probably blame the other for went wrong during their tag team match, and both probably want to blow off some steam.

[The RPW Theme plays and out comes RPW Commissioner Rufus Biggs with a referee trailing behind them.]

BIGGS: Seems like you two lads want a match, well...you've got it.

[The referee starts going down the ramp, but Enigma has had enough of waiting...he gets the jump on Alex Monroe and knocks him down with a jumping forearm, the bell rings to signal the start of this match and the referee rushes down the ramp and slides into the ring]

WASHINGTON: A highly emotional Enigma couldn't wait to get this match started, even resorting a cheap shot.

MURPHY: Very unusual on him.

Enigma picks his opponent/partner and immediately whips him to the ropes, Monroe manages to sneak in a reversal. Enigma is the one sent running to the ropes, but instead of bouncing he springs off the middle rope into a backflip.

Enigma's back is exposed to Monroe , who immediately goes for a back suplex. Enigma manages to backflip again, but Monroe saw it coming and timed a perfect back kick to the midsection of his partner/opponent.

Alex snapmares Enigma and landing a stiff kick to his back. Alex then proceeds to run off into the ropes and lands a running knee to the face of Enigma. Enigma lands on his back as Alex smirks and then hits a standing shooting star press before covering.

1...

2...

Kickout!

MURPHY: That last move looked like a page out of Enigma's book!

WASHINGTON: I think he was showing Enigma that he's not the only agile one here in RPW!

Monroe doesn't let the kickout phase him as he goes right back to work picking up Enigma and whipping him into the corner before following it up with a Yakuza Kick. Enigma wants to fall, but Alex props him up before hitting a super stiff knife hand chop to the chest of Enigma. Enigma reels, but Alex frees up the chest again before hitting another one.

MURPHY: Good lord, you can hear those chops all the way through the arena!

WASHINGTON: I think Enigma's chest is going to be raw by the end of this match. I think Alex really wants to teach Enigma a lesson here!

Alex frees up the chest again before hitting a round of rapid fire chops that sound like a machine gun. In the wake of this, Alex quickly cravats the head of Enigma and brings him down for a round knees to face and a quick DDT into another cover.

...1

...2

...Kickout!

Alex doesn't give Enigma any moment's reprieve as he quickly transitions i to a triangle choke!

MURPHY: **Good lord, Monroe is not letting Enigma breathe in this one.**

WASHINGTON: **I think he's trying to show Enigma his mastery of knowing what to do and when to do it. Everything he's done thus far has had a flow to it.**

Enigma looks as if he may black out as he reaches his legs toward the ropes. He reaches closer... closer... his face is turning purple at this point... He's got it! Alex holds on to the hold as the ref counts. Alex quickly releases the hold at 4, acknowledging to the ref that he indeed knows the rules.

The Mysterious one tries to get back into this match by turning into Monroe with a forearm to his face, Monroe is caught of guard and Enigma pushes forward with a couple of blows. Enigma goes to the ropes and returns with his corkscrew elbow but Monroe saw it coming from a mile and had no problem dodging it.

WASHINGTON: **Monroe seems quite acquainted with Enigma's moveset. He has done his homework here.**

Enigma quickly gets picked up and Irish whipped into the corner. He climbs up the turnbuckle and goes high risk with a corkscrew moonsault, but Monroe again manages to dodge it and Enigma once again goes crashing back first into the canvas.

MURPHY: **Monroe seems to be one step ahead at all times Dom, how impressive is he?**

Monroe gets in a mount position and unleashes a flurry of punches to Enigma's face. He picks

him up by his hair and lifts him up for a powerbomb. But Enigma isn't ready to go down easy and he starts punching him, trying to counter the move. He manages to jump off his shoulders, over his head. Monroe turns and swings his arm for a short clothesline, but Enigma ducks under it, gets behind him and hits a neckbreaker slam. He flashes his crossed-guns pose to the crowd, comes off the ropes and hits a beautiful-looking running shooting star press. Goes for the cover...

...1 !

...KICK OUT!

WASHINGTON: Enigma firing back with a standing shooting star press of his own, not too long after eating one from Monroe.

MURPHY : What a move there by Enigma ! He's really made a mark for himself in the RPW. And moments like this stand testament to how he managed to do so.

Enigma knows that it's going to take a lot more than that to put Alex Monroe away, so he picks him up and starts unleashing right hands. Not to be outdone, Monroe fires back with strikes of his own.

WASHINGTON: The action is heating up fast.

The two of them in the centre of the ring, exchanging punches. Enigma manages to get the advantage after a kick to the gut. Its all offense now.. A punch. Another punch. A huge chop. Hard kick to the side of his body. Another kick to the side. Another kick to the gut. Finishing it with a huge uppercut that sends Monroe staggering back.

WASHINGTON : He is a little guy, but he sure packs some power.

Enigma whips him onto the ropes, and he himself runs to the opposite ropes. As they get back to the centre, Enigma jumps up and twists – and connects with a hard calf kick, that puts Monroe down. Enigma does a handstand next to his downed opponent. Twist – and lands a

corkscrew leg drop. Enigma hooks the leg..

...1!

...2, KICKOUT!

Enigma cannot believe this. He argues with the ref for a little while. Meanwhile, Monroe rolls out of the ring but Enigma has his eye on him. The mystery man runs to the ropes again, and goes over the top rope - gracefully gliding over and connecting with a rolling senton. Enigma looks totally pumped, and the crowd is too..

MURPHY : **Wow ! What a move there by Enigma ! Such grace shown in the move by the mystery man.**

Trying to keep his momentum rolling, Enigma rolls Monroe back into the ring and jumps onto the apron. Enigma launches himself forward with a slingshot rolling senton, but his back meets Monroe's raised knees.

WASHINGTON: **Ouch!! Enigma can't catch a break...Monroe has him well scouted.**

Enigma is favoring his back here, but he's still right up to his feet, also to his feet is Alex Monroe who springs up with a dropkick to the jaw of the young Enigma. The action goes to the ground for a split second. Enigma staggers right back to his feet but he has to cover up and block Monroe's punches.

MURPHY: **Monroe is mounting quite an offense, but look at the little guy.**

WASHINGTON: **Enigma is fighting back with everything he's got.**

Enigma and Monroe exchanging strikes in the middle of the ring. Back-and-forth punches from the two competitors. Monroe shows intent to up the ante, and he Irish whips Enigma

into the corner. Enigma goes back first into turnbuckles, and Monroe charges at him for a body avalanche. He Irish whips him onto the opposite corner, but Enigma manages to grab the ropes, swing over it and land on the apron.

MURPHY : **Great display of agility here from the mystery man.**

Monroe walks to the ropes to grab Enigma, but he eats a stun gun that sends him staggering back to the middle of the ring. Enigma slides back into the ring, and as his opponent turns back to face him, hits a hard DDT and goes for the cover.

...1 !

...2 !

...KICK OUT !

WASHINGTON : **Monroe having a hard time here trying to keep Enigma down. Maybe he has ran out of counters?**

Enigma walks around the ring, looking around for avenues to attack. As Monroe gets back on his feet, Enigma comes off the ropes and charges at him, but he gets tossed over with an absolutely huge back body drop.

MURPHY : **Oh My God ! Did you see that ? Enigma got tossed so high in the air !**

WASHINGTON : **His weight being a disadvantage here. That was some really hard impact. Monroe once again proves that knows what Enigma brings to the table and he knows how to answer it.**

Enigma rolls out of the ring to regroup. Monroe follows him, but Enigma manages to get a

dropkick to his knees. He goes back into the ring and gets ready at the ropes. As his opponent on the outside gets back up, he goes a slingshot crossbody. But he gets caught mid-air !! Monroe has a evil look in his eyes as he sees the prospects coming out of this mistake that Enigma made. He lifts him high and tosses him onto the steel steps. Enigma crashes back first into the cold steel, and writhes around in pain. Monroe gets back in the ring, and the referee starts the count.

1 !

2 !

WASHINGTON: **Monroe is teaching Enigma how he can end up paying for taking so much risks.**

3 !

4 !

MURPHY: **And boy, he isn't holding back at all.**

Enigma starts stirring, and he tries to get back on his feet.

5 !

6 !

He manages to get on his knees. He's pushing hard and get back up.

7 !

8 !

With great difficulty, he's up on one knee. He's holding onto the barricade trying to get on his feet.

9 !

Enigma with a sudden burst of energy, and he manages to slide back into the ring. Only to be met with a kick to the head.

WASHINGTON:

Monroe with the cover, can this be enough?

...1!

...2!

....NO! Kickout!

The crowd seems to be invested in this matchup as they are reacting big time for these nearfalls. A focused Alex Monroe is determined on taking this match home and he drags the action back to the standing position from where he delivers a bridging german suplex with perfect technique.

...1

...2, kickout!

Alex Monroe smells blood and he's out for the finish, he pretty much signals as much when he picks up his opponent, readying himself to deliver a devastating brainbuster. Enigma still has some fight left on him and manages to wiggle free, and to go up and over. Monroe seems a bit surprised and just as he turns, HANDSTAND ROUNDHOUSE KICK !!

WASHINGTON:

Did you see that kick...Monroe might be out!!

...Enigma rolls over and goes for the cover..

...1!

...2!

...

???

NOOOO !!! KICK OUT AT THE LAST MOMENT !!!

Enigma sits up, absolutely stunned. He cannot believe that he managed to kick out. He gets up and walks around the ring. Looks like its time to finish this. He climbs up on the top rope to go for his finisher – The Phenomenon, a double rotation moonsault. He reaches the top and just as he gets fully on his feet, Monroe charges from behind and crotches him.

WASHINGTON :

Enigma in a dangerous position. Monroe can take real advantage of this.

Monroe is dizzy as it's pretty much clear that pushing Enigma off was a desperation move.

Enigma is a bit hurt but despite this, he's going to try to make the better of this situation.

MURPHY: **Enigma was left sitting in the top corner, but he's turning to face the ring**

WASHINGTON: **He's now sitting facing towards the ring. What does he have in mind, is he going to fly?**

Whatever Enigma was thinking, Monroe puts an end to it with a right hand. Monroe climbs to the second rope and secures a headlock. Looks like Monroe is thinking superplex...both men make it their way to a standing position on the top rope as the crowd looks on in amazement. They know that something big is going to happen, they don't know exactly why...but its going to be big.

MURPHY: **If Monroe lands that superplex, it could be all over.**

but NO !! Enigma lands a couple of punches to his gut and gets out of the lock he was in. He gets Monroe in a facelock and...

CORKSCREW NECKBREAKER OFF THE TOP ROPE !!!!

WASHINGTON : **OH MY GOD !! What a move by Enigma !!**

MURPHY : **This must be it !!**

Enigma slowly rolls over to the downed Monroe and hooks the leg. The crowd counts along...

...1 !

...2 !

THE CROWD SHOUTS 3 !!!

THE REF ??

...3 ??

???

???

NOOOO !!!!

WASHINGTON:

Monroe MANAGED TO KICK OUT OF THAT !!!

MURPHY:

**This is incredible, how tough? how resilient is this
Alex Monroe? He flat out refuses to lose here.**

Enigma simply cannot believe this !! He's lying down with his hands on his face.

WASHINGTON :

**What a match we have here, ladies and gentlemen.
The mystery man, Enigma and Monroe have given it their all. They've got so close to winning,
but we still do not have a winner...**

Enigma snaps out of his trance and he goes for the pinfall again.

...1 !

...2 !

...Kickout!!!

and Again.

....1!

...2, kickout!!

MURPHY:
wise.

Enigma going for the cover again, I don't think that's

...1!

....Kickout!

Enigma is relentless, he feels like he deserved the victory with that move. And he seems a bit

hung up on it as he once again hooks the leg.

KICKOUT!!

Enigma stands up and jumps around the ring, he seems to be throwing a fit.

MURPHY : Whether Enigma likes it or not, This match continues..
and sweet Lord, what a match it has been..

Enigma gets on his feet and slowly walks around the ring, as Monroe gets back on his feet. A very angry Enigma uses all of his might to send Monroe back first into a corner. The Mysterious one backs off all the way to the opposite corner to get a running start, he charges in and goes face first into Monroe's lifted boot.

WASHINGTON: A very ill advised move choice by Enigma.

The Impact causes Enigma to turn his back on Monroe, the mystery kid is holding his face with both hands. Meanwhile, Monroe breathes heavy but he manages to push out of the corner and grab on to Enigma with a double chicken wing...

MURPHY: What is Monroe going to do here...oh boy, tell me he isn't...

The crowd reacts big time!!

WASHINGTON: Oh my god what a move! Monroe uses a release Tiger Suplex to send Enigma to the turnbuckles,.

Enigma was sent flying like a ragdoll and now he lays motionless in the ring for a couple of seconds. Enigma shows that he's still conscious by stirring, Monroe takes a few seconds of his time to catch his breath.

MURPHY: These two competitors have given us their alls, the match's pace seems to be winding down as there's not much left in the tank for either of them.

Enigma is belly down on the mat, facing the turnbuckles. He uses the ropes to try and get up, Monroe is behind him...stalking.

WASHINGTON: Enigma working hard to get back to his feet, but something tells me that he's not going to remain standing for long.

The Mysterious One struggles, but finally makes it back to his feet. He turns back into the ring and immediately meets Monroe, he tries to jump his “mentor” with a clothesline but Monroe easily ducks under it hooks him up.

EXPLODER SUPLEX!!!!

MURPHY: Tremendous Suplex, this could be it Ben....Monroe with the cover.

...1!

...2!

....

???

NO! Enigma kicks out!!

MURPHY: Can you hear this crowd? Although there's no clear favorite, they are going crazy.

WASHINGTON: This match is absolutely insane.

Both men are down on the mat, breathing heavy. Monroe is still a couple of steps ahead though and he secures a rear waistlock on the mat. He uses it to bring the action back to the feet and to push Enigma near a corner.

MURPHY: Monroe seems to have something in mind, he lifts Enigma and atomics drop him into the corner.

WASHINGTON: I don't know if that drop was that atomic, but he did sit Enigma in the corner, facing out from the ring.

Monroe hits a hard clubbing back to Enigma before climbing up to the second turnbuckle, considering the way that he hooks up the Enigma, he's thinking avalanche belly to back suplex.

MURPHY: Dear lord, Monroe is going to end it right there. There's no way that Enigma kicks out of that suplex...

WASHINGTON: The last time that Monroe tried something like this, it almost costed him the match. Tension is skyhigh here.

Enigma is not going to go down that easily and he starts fighting back, he doesn't have much left on the tank, but he has enough to throw some weak elbows. He lands one, two, three and Monroe goes flying to the mat.

MURPHY: Whoa! Enigma countered...and look, he's standing up in the corner.

WASHINGTON: I don't know Murph, that was weird..those elbows were way too weak and Monroe went flying way too hard.

MURPHY: Who cares Ben, look at Enigma up in the corner...could he be going for -

Yes! Enigma jumps in the air and starts gyrating at fast speed, one full back flip and the some more.

DOUBLE ROTATION MOONSAULT!!

HITS NOTHING BUT CANVAS!

WASHINGTON: Told you so! Monroe probably jumped down himself to bait Enigma, he had zero trouble rolling out of the way...

If Washington is right, Monroe's tactic worked perfectly and he knows he has his best opening of the match. He wills himself to overcome his pain and exhaustion and positions himself next to a very dizzy and beaten down Enigma.

MURPHY: You might be onto something Ben. Enigma struggles to get back to his feet, and Monroe is just waiting for it...might have been his plan all along.

Enigma finally makes it to his feet, and that's Monroe's cue to start running towards the ropes, he returns at full speed towards Enigma who has no time to react as Monroe leaps towards him.

BUSAIKU KNEE KICKA!

WASHINGTON: That has to be it, right?

MURPHY: Nothing would surprise me at this point, Monroe with the cover.

...1!

...2!

• • • •

???

3! It's all over.

WASHINGTON: **He did it!!**

The referee waves the match off, the bell rings, the crowd goes wild as Monroe rises in victory. He has finally done it, after a grueling match he was finally able to put out Enigma.

JOSHAM: **The winner of this match by the way of pinfall, Alex Monroe!!!**

Monroe has his hand raised by the referee in the middle of the ring, but the cheers quickly drain down when a steel chair comes crashing on his back.

WASHINGTON: **What the hell is going on here? It's Sirius Danger!**

MURPHY: **The Manifestation of Randomization has just sent Monroe to the canvas. What is the self proclaimed "World's most Dangerous Delivery Man" doing here?**

Danger drops the chair and he picks up a Dizzy Alex Monroe. Without wasting much time, Danger delivers his signature Inverted Lungblower that he calls The Heartstabber. Danger follows his offense with a series of mounted punches and then dumps Monroe out of the ring.

WASHINGTON: **Sirius Danger has a lot of explaining to do, and looks like he's looking for a microphone.**

[Sirius Danger gets the microphone from Matt Josham, but he doesn't adress the crowd, instead he seems fixated on a beaten down Enigma, who's struggling to regain his vertical base]

DANGER: **Son....I am dissappoint.**

[The disappointment is evident on Sirius' face as he shakes his head from side to side. There is something about a beaten down Enigma that seems to be seriously bothering him.]

DANGER: I can't believe my eyes, here right before me lays the Enigma, RPW's brightest young prospect...defeated by simpleton Alex Monroe. How did this ever happen?

[Enigma seems to have his attention put on Sirius Danger, slowly but surely...he starts rising to his feet]

DANGER: You are better than this son, you are better than Monroe...And I know you are aware of this.

You have the potential to be one of the greatest of all time....but instead, you can barely make it to your feet so I can talk you face to face...

Why?

[Enigma looks like he's going to reply but Danger cuts him off]

DANGER: I'll tell you why kid, you are being held back by management. They are afraid of you kid, they don't want a young kid like you beaten all of their prized wrestlers...the thought of having the phenomenon of the Enigma unleashed upon this company and showing their stars up, scares the crap out of all of the suits backstage.

[The crowd is silent as they don't know how to react, similarly stunned is Enigma who seems genuinely surprised by Danger's speech.]

DANGER: They told you that they are scared that your newfound star will lead you astray and make you waste your potential, that's a big lie kid.

They don't care about you that way, the only reason they gave you a mentor is so they can control you...Monroe is but a puppet of RPW Management.

They want to hold you back, they want you to be a small deal for a few years so they can resign you on the cheap after their current stars retire...

[some boos start to rise now from the crowd]

DANGER: and in the back of your head you know this, everything that I've told you...they are the same ideas that have been roaming around your mind, you wonder if this is what they are doing to you, and the mere thought of it makes you sick.

[Enigma seems a bit disgusted, you can tell it on his face.]

DANGER: This is why Alex Monroe can defeat you, because your mind is not in what you do in the ring, it is somewhere else...

Son, you need to get your head together....you don't need a mentor, you don't need anyone to tell you what to do in that ring...

ENIGMA: Damn right!

DANGER: The Enigma is at its best when he lets everything flow freely, without constraint. When you let chaos take over and unleash your instincts and your talent inside of this ring, the phenomenon of the Enigma simply cannot be stopped.

[You can see a smile on Enigma's face.]

DANGER: You don't need a mentor kid, you just need allies...

Sirius Danger has your back.

[Danger leaves the ring and returns the microphone to Matt Josham, the camera focuses on a pensive Enigma left by himself inside of the ring]

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The camera transitions to the back, to Jack Dobbs. He is walking down a hallway with Billy and Jimmy Craft to either side of him. The two brothers look banged up from their match earlier in the night, but seem fine otherwise.

DOBBS: I thank you boys for signing on to my cause.

BILLY: No problem, Mr. Dobbs! You gave us a chance when

no one else would. Of course we'll fight for your honor.

JIMMY: **And his job, doofus.**

BILLY: **Of course. And your job!**

DOBBS: **I appreciate that, boys. We have a steep hill to climb, you do know that.**

JIMMY: **Of course. Mr. Strickland has a bunch of former and current champions in his corner. But, I know we can pull it off. I have a good feeling!**

BILLY: **Jimmy has a good feeling! Mr. Dobbs, things always go our way when Jimmy has a good feeling! You see, there was this one time...**

DOBBS: **Of course, boys. I have to duck into the bathroom, so why don't you tell me all about it later.**

BILLY: **Sure thing, Mr. Dobbs.**

Jack Dobbs ducks into the bathroom, and the Craft Brothers continue walking. Walking in the opposite direction is the Amazonian Invasion, Espiritu do Animal and Gustavo Gusmao. The two teams pass each other without incident, and the camera begins following the Brazilian tag team. They walk down the very same hallway, and stop at a catering table. Standing around the table already are Luka Mueller and Ludwig Kahn, Team Höchstgeschwindigkeit. They both have paper plates in their hands, and are eating. Espiritu do Animal reaches out, takes a sausage off of Luka Mueller's plate, and pops it in his mouth. Mueller reacts with anger.

MUELLER: **Was ist das!?**

KAHN: **Schwein!**

Luka Mueller pushes Espiritu do Animal, who falls on the ground as a result.

GUSMAO: **What your problem? Vilão!**

Before anyone has the chance to respond, Espiritu do Animal tackles Luke Mueller and begins pummeling him. Ludwig Kahn and Gustavo Gusmao jump into the pile and the four begin brawling. RPW staff who were nearby, including Kirk Cobain, jump into the fray to separate the two groups. As they are pulled apart, the camera flashes back to ringside.

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[AFI's "Head Like A Hole"](#) starts playing over the arena's audio systems and the One Percent's Revivaltron video begins playing. Jafaar al-Sultan, still in crutches, slowly walks down the entrance ramp. He looks in better shape than he did last time he was seen on TV- his black eye is gone and he is no longer wearing bandages around his head. His leg still has a cast on it. He reaches the ring steps and hobbles up them with Dom Golden's assistance.

WASHINGTON: Looks like al-Sultan still is in no shape to compete.

MURPHY: Which begs the question- what is he doing here tonight?

Dom Golden calls for a microphone and a ringside official gives him one. He hands his client the mic.

al-Sultan: As you can see, ladies and gentlemen, I am still in no condition to compete. I have been informed by my personal physicians that my leg needs more time to heal, and as a result, I am not cleared to wrestle. Because of the recent talent drain here at RPW, General Manager Strickland has been unreasonable. He claimed that I was making up this problem, and that my leg is fine. Unlike you people, I have honor and dignity. I would never stoop to a low like that.

The Miami crowd boos as the Saudi businessman insults them.

al-Sultan: 'Jafaar', he said. 'If you can't compete, I am going to fine you for being in breach of your contract'. That was unacceptable. Where I come from, money is money, even if it was a loss of \$100- a kings random for peasants such as yourselves, but nothing for me- I would not stand for it. Luckily for me, a few weeks ago, I took out an insurance policy. Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce to you my insurance policy...

The lights of the arena dim and the over the PA system, [an eerie Japanese flute, followed by a melody on a Japanese koto](#). The koto beat is suddenly accentuated by a heavy guitar riff and pyros go off in a blast around the Revivaltron. A tall, Japanese man exits from behind the curtain wearing a black yukuta, a loose robe. He has black, shoulder length hair tied into a ponytail and a black goatee. Looking down at the ground, he walks towards the ring.

MURPHY: Who is this man?

WASHINGTON: al-Sultan's insurance policy? Judging by the size of him, I'm going to assume he is the insurance policy.

MURPHY:
it?

No, it doesn't look like he has any papers on him, does

The man reaches the edge of the ring, loosens the belt holding his robe closed, and extends his arms out, so that the robe falls down to the ground. He has on black, knee-length trunks with a white kanji symbol- 'No Mercy' on the back waistband. He climbs up on the ring apron, and then climbs between the ropes into the ring.

al-Sultan: Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce to you my insurance policy. The Ronin. Until I am well, he will be competing for me, on my behalf. And, to show how serious I am, and how seriously I believe in the ability of my associate here, I challenge any RPW talent to come out and defeat him in a match. If you win, well...I quit. That's right. If you beat the Ronin here, you'll have ousted the hated Jafaar al-Sultan from RPW. The catch, of course, is that if we win, you have to quit RPW. Any takers?

After a few moments, [Guns n' Roses' "November Rain"](#) begins playing. "Jumping" Jimmy Flame appears at the top of the ramp.

WASHINGTON: It's Jimmy Flame, he was the man originally scheduled to face Sultan here tonight.

The Hollywood native is wearing black leather pants, a leather vest, a red bandana, and tassels on everything- his pants, his boots, his vest. He hustles down the ramp to the ring, high fiving fans as he goes. He rolls into the ring, hops on the turnbuckle to pose for the audience, and then hops down to confront al-Sultan and his new associate. He grabs the microphone out of the billionaire's hands.

FLAME: al-Sultan, you've got yourself a deal! I tried, but I wasn't able to be the man to beat Abernathy and send him packing. You, or your pal here, I can handle. Your days in RPW are numbered.

WASHINGTON: Is Flame serious? His career is on the line here.

MURPHY: Honestly, this is the last thing RPW needs. Aidan O'Neil, "Simple" John Sullivan, Leanna Morningside and the Flying Slappsman were given their pink slips recently for financial reasons, and Diego San Martin and El Omega 23 quit the company. There's been enough of a talent drain that we don't need Jimmy Flame, or dare I

say it, even al-Sultan leaving as well!

WASHINGTON:

And yet, somehow, Gary Grapplin is still here...

al-Sultan:
out...

Are you sure, Flame? This is your last chance to back

FLAME:

Mr. Bellkeeper, ring that bell!

The bell rings as Jafaar al-Sultan ducks between the ropes and exits the ring. Jimmy Flame charges at his much bigger opponent, but the tactic backfires. The Ronin grabs Flame and chucks him into the turnbuckle, and quickly follows with an elbow right into the rocker's face.

WASHINGTON:

This isn't looking good for Flame, so far.

MURPHY:

Ronin grabs Flame, and an Irish whip into the ropes. Looks like Flame has some life, he ducks under the clothesline. Off the rope, he jumps into the air with a crossbody...

WASHINGTON:

And Ronin catches him in midair!

Holding Jimmy Flame, Ronin executes a swinging side slam. He gets back up and moves over to the turnbuckle corner, where he stalks Flame, who is groggy and starts to get up. When the rocker gets back to his feet, Ronin charges at him, delivering a bicycle kick to the face. Flame drops like a ton of bricks.

MURPHY:
pin.

An absolutely brutal kick, and Flame is down. And the

...1!

...2!

...3!

WASHINGTON:

Flame had no chance.

MURPHY:

As we go to commercial break, we're going to get this

sorted out. Matt Josham is heading over to General Manager Strickland as we speak, and he's going to confirm whether or not this match is binding.

The camera fades to a commercial for RPW: The Video Game.

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When it returns, Alicia Goldstein is in the back, in General Manager Strickland's office. Sir Strickland is sitting behind his desk filling out paperwork, but stops and looks up at her.

ALICIA: **Mr. Strickland, Jimmy Flame did just put his contract on the line. Does he, or Jafaar al-Sultan, have the power to do what they just did?**

STRICKLAND: **As far as I am concerned, Alicia, Mr. Flame knew what he was getting into. If he went into a match claiming that he would win, or he would have his contract terminated...Well, I consider his loss him handing in his resignation papers. Now, if you don't mind, I have a few things to sort out.**

GOLDSTEIN: **Wow...Well, Murph, Ben, here you have it. Back to you guys.**

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The camera cuts back to the ring, where the rest of the 1% have come out. Jafaar al-Sultan is in the middle of cutting a promo taunting the rest of the lockerroom for not responding to his challenge, including the heavyweight champion.

al-Sultan: **Has anyone else noticed that someone is missing? Where's Douglas Gallagher? The champion is just sitting back there, and didn't even lift a finger to help Jimmy Flame. What kind of role model is that?**

[David Sardy's "Estasi Del Anima"](#) starts playing. It is cut off quickly by a female voice.

FEMALE VOICE: **You're a disgrace, you know that al-Sultan?**

Anne Brandeis appears at the top of the entrance ramp, microphone in hand.

BRANDEIS: **Wrestling is a time-honored tradition. Wrestling is a great sport. The people who dedicate themselves to it should be treated with respect. Toying around with people like this, it isn't a game. This is their life. This is their livelihood.**

Taiga, in the ring, takes the microphone from al-Sultan.

TAIGA: Baby...I know a few games that involve 'toying around'. Maybe you'd want to play with me later tonight, after the show?

WASHINGTON: Disgusting.

BRANDEIS: Cut the crap. You don't think I can't teach a little punk like you a thing or two?

TAIGA: Oh, I'm hoping on it. Ol' Taiga here has seen a lot, but you, Anne Brandeis, I bet you can put me in a stretch or two that I've never seen. Bend me in a few ways to make me 'tap out' all over you.

WASHINGTON: I'm sick and tired of Taiga's and his lack of respect towards women, and people in general.

Brandeis seems to be a bit irked about the comments and she starts walking down the ramp. Anne gets on Taiga's face and they continue to spatter about, as Taiga and Anne Brandeis continue to go back and forth, Half Past You blasts over the speakers to a mixed reaction.

WASHINGTON: Even Kirk Cobain is sick of Taiga as he walks out for his scheduled match with Anne Brandeis.

MURPHY: I wouldn't like to have to face Kirk Cobain right now, he seems to be going through a rough patch and he's just destroying everything that gets put in front of him.

WASHINGTON: Sirius Danger has really been able to get on his head and mold him into an agent of chaos, and he seems to want to do the same to Enigma.

Kirk's entrance seems to have gotten Anne's attention, she turns around to see him make his way down the ramp but turning his back on Taiga proves to be a mistake as the 1%er takes advantage and plants her down with a huge German suplex that had a quite unusual pelvic thrust to it.

MURPHY: Well, I have to agree with you Ben. Taiga sure is disgusting.

Cobain goes straight into the ring and chases off Taiga with punches, this makes the crowd pop for Cobain like they haven't done in a while.

WASHINGTON:

Yeah, Kirk! Get him!!

Taiga has to scramble his way out of the ring and he looks certified pissed off as he walks up the ramp along with the rest of the 1%, Kirk Cobain mouths at him a little before turning his attention to Anne Brandeis. Ever the gentleman, Kirk Cobain helps Anne to his feet.

MURPHY:

I guess that there's still some of old Kirk Cobain left in him.

Anne Brandeis looks a bit reluctant to be helped up to her feet, and after her rise she gets on Kirk's face with an icy cold stare. Kirk seems completely surprised by Anne's reaction but he snaps out of it when Anne shoves him and the bell rings.

MURPHY:

Anne not being too friendly...

WASHINGTON:

Friendly? She's not a damsel in distress, she's a wrestler which Cobain is supposed to help.

MURPHY:

Well yeah, but the match has yet to start and Anne had been blindsided by Taiga.

WASHINGTON:

You know I hate Taiga as much as anyone else, but Anne has to fight gender stereotypes, she needs to be a bit rougher than your usual wrestler to get the respect she deserves.

In any case the match is underway and Anne gets on the offensive with a flurry of punches, Cobain covers up and retreats to the ropes. Anne has to shift his attack to the body and Cobain has to back off into a corner.

MURPHY:

Cobain is in total defense mode here.

Brandeis continues her relentless attack, she's doing all she can to penetrate Kirk's defenses. After a few seconds the referee intervenes, forcing Brandeis to back off.

Anne takes the center of the ring and taunts Cobain, who doesn't seem happy about his situation. Cobain raises his arm for a lock up and carefully walks to the middle of the ring. Anne delivers a high kick to Cobain's arm and lunges in with a cross to Cobain's face.

WASHINGTON:

Anne Brandeis means business, I like her style.

Cobain is forcefully staggered back, Anne tries to follow up with a flurry but Cobain drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring. The referee starts a countout as the camera pans into a frustrated Kirk Cobain.

MURPHY: **I think Cobain is not comfortable facing a woman here.**

WASHINGTON: **Anne Brandeis is not just a woman, she is a professional wrestler...just like Cobain.**

MURPHY: **Well, Cobain is also a professional wrestler...and a much bigger one at that.**

WASHINGTON: **I don't think Cobain would have any problems facing Enigma who might be even smaller than Anne.**

The countout continues as Cobain is still pacing outside and Anne yells for him to get back into the match.

MURPHY: **I know you are in the right here Ben, but I was just raised this way. I don't like the idea of men fighting women and I think that Cobain shares my opinion.**

WASHINGTON: **That's a shame, this could've been a great match.**

The count reaches 8 and Cobain wills himself back into the ring, the camera picks up Anne's latest yell: **"HIT ME"**. Cobain shakes his head from side to side, saying to Anne's proposal. Anne raises the ante by slapping the taste out of Cobain's mouth, you can see the anger surging on Cobain's face but he's still not attacking.

MURPHY: **I don't think this is such a good idea here, Cobain has a short fuse and he's extremely violent when he lets his anger get the best of him.**

WASHINGTON: **It's dangerous but it might be the only way for Anne to actually get a match, and I don't think she's afraid at all.**

Anne leaps into the air and hits a quality dropkick to Cobain's chest, the Generation X-Factor is sent out of the ring again. Cobain slams the border of the apron in frustration and then kicks the ring steps. The referee starts his countout again but this time it's broken up much sooner.

KENDO STICK TO THE BACK OF COBAIN!!!

The boos turn up loud.

WASHINGTON: **That damned Taiga!**

The bell is rung, this match is over. An exceedingly angry Kirk Cobain slowly turns around to see Taiga holding the weapon that just struck his back. Taiga seems overwhelmed by Cobain's anger, Cobain takes a few steps forward and Taiga doesn't react in time to do something smart, instead he drops the weapon and starts running away. Cobain grabs on to the Kendo stick and starts chasing Taiga around ringside.

MURPHY: **What a coward.**

After a few laps around the ring, Taiga slides into the ring but looks like Anne is waiting for him. Taiga ducks under Anne's clothesline, but Cobain was still on the chase.

KENDO STICK TO THE HEAD OF ANNE!!

WASHINGTON: **Cobain tried to get Taiga with the kendo stick and he struck Anne in the head instead!!**

Once again the crowd is booing, Taiga slides out of the ring and starts walking backwards making his way up the ramp while his gaze is locked on the fallen Anne Brandeis. Cobain's face is full of regret, he drops the weapon to the mat and checks on Anne. He sees her bleeding profusely from her forehead and throws up the dreaded X sign.

MURPHY: **This might be bad, look at all that blood.**

WASHINGTON: **This is all Taiga's fault, he knew that the kendo stick is Cobain's weapon of choice and he wouldn't hesitate in using it. He got him mad and lured him to Anne...**

MURPHY: **I know you hate Taiga, but he's way more straightforward...what you suggest is the kind of plan that Sirius Danger would employ.**

WASHINGTON: **Wait, didn't Sirius Danger give Taiga a package earlier**

tonight? That's it! He gave him the Kendo Stick and the instructions.

EMT's rush down the ramp and they need to do something about Anne's cut and quickly.

WASHINGTON: Ugh, Jesus...this is not a pretty scene...can we do something about it?

MURPHY: Well, we do have Malcolm Valenzuela standing by in the back.

the camera feed cuts to the back, where Malcolm Valenzuela is standing by with RPW intern, Alicia Goldstein.

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GOLDSTEIN: Malcolm, thanks for the few minutes before your match with Landon Jackson. First, can I ask, how has the loss of Diego San Martin affected you?

VALENZUELA: Well, I'll be honest. It stings. I've pretty much always been a singles wrestler, but it was nice having guys in my corner, willing to stick their necks out if things got hairy for me. Mr. San Martin also had a great mind, and was a good strategist. I'll miss that.

GOLDSTEIN: Are you worried about falling through the cracks now that the Latin American Wrecking Crew is no more?

VALENZUELA: No, because I'm about to go out there and show everyone why they can't count out Malcolm Valenzuela.

GOLDSTEIN: One more question before you go. Do you have any message for your fans?

VALENZUELA: Sure, of course. No matter how bad things might look for me, remember: You can't keep the escape artist down for long.

GOLDSTEIN: Well, there you have it, guys. Back to you.

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The television feed shifts back to Murphy and Washington at the announcers table.

MURPHY: Thank you, Miss Goldstein. Well, Landon Jackson is already in the ring as we get ready for this no-limits match. We're joined by Jafaar al-Sultan, unfortunately.

al-SULTAN: Unfortunately? Why unfortunately? Come on, Murphy. Have some respect.

ANNOUNCER: This next bout is a no-limits division match. Already in the ring, from Cumberland, Maryland, weighing in at 276 pounds...Landon Jackson!

The crowd boos Jackson as [Social Distortion's "Machine Gun Blues"](#) starts playing.

ANNOUNCER: And his opponent, from Mexico City, Mexico, weighing in at 250 pounds...Malcolm "The Escape Artist" Valenzuela!

The Mexican technical wrestler exits from behind the curtain and poses for a few moments in front of the Mexican flag displayed on the Revivaltron. He runs down the entrance ramp to the ring and slides in. As soon as he gets to his feet, Landon Jackson charges at him and takes him down with a double leg pick up

MURPHY: Jackson with a sneak attack, and there's the bell. He's all over Valenzuela, with lefts and rights. If this were a regular match, the referee would be all over him. But, this is a no-limits division match, so the normal rules don't apply here.

WASHINGTON: With a vicious guy like Jackson in the ring, I think the lack of rules is really going to be highlighted.

Jackson pulls back as Valenzuela gets back to his feet. When the Mexican native is back up, he and Jackson lock up in a grapple. True to his name, the Escape Artist wiggles out of it and grabs Jackson from behind in a waistlock

MURPHY: Valenzuela with the advantage now, looks like he's trying to go for a back-to-belly suplex, but he's having trouble picking up his larger opponent. That second of struggle is all Jackson needs, and he's muscling his way out of the hold, now. He's just prying his opponent's arms open, off of him.

Jackson frees himself and quickly reverses the situation, as he shuffles behind Valenzuela and sets him up for a suplex. He lifts his opponent, but seems to change his mind in midair, and simply slams him back down onto the mat.

al-SULTAN:

There you go, Landon. Look at that power.

Jackson did not let go of Valenzuela, and is holding him in a generic amateur-wrestling hold. Valenzuela is scampering on his knees, trying to escape the hold, but Jackson has it locked in. He gets to his feet and continues trying to escape, but is still unable. Finally, he slips one arm free, and that is all he needs.

MURPHY:

Valenzuela with an arm free now, and he elbows Landon Jackson square in the face. Down the big man goes.

WASHINGTON:

Strikes to the face are very effective. The nose is pretty easily broken, and is chock full of nerve endings.

With Jackson on his knees, Malcom Valenzuela presses his advantage, kicking his opponent while he's down. He lands a few kicks before switching to punches. After a pair of punches, he bends down, pulls Jackson back up, and Irish whips him into the ropes.

MURPHY:

Jackson off of the ropes, and Valenzuela connects with a clothesline. He bends over to pull Jackson back up, and, uh oh! Looks like Jackson was playing possum. He's got Valenzuela locked up...and a belly-to-belly suplex!

This time, Jackson has the advantage. Like his opponent only a few moments ago, he delivers a few kicks to his opponent before pulling him back to his feet, Irish whipping him into the ropes, and delivering a clothesline.

al-SULTAN:

Look at that ferocity. This man has the makings of a champion in him.

MURPHY:

Jackson pulls Valenzuela up now, and grapples him. Like an angry bull, he charges into the corner, smashing his opponent into the turnbuckle.

Landon screams at nothing in particular, and then lands a devastating knee kick in his opponent's midsection while pressing him against the turnbuckle. After a few, he switches to boxing-style punches. When he ceases his attack, Valenzuela falls forward, flat onto his face. Jackson gets to his knees, flips the Mexican over, and drapes himself over his opponent for the pin.

...1!

....2!

MURPHY: Valenzuela gets his shoulder up, and it's a two count. Landon Jackson looks angry.

Jackson stands back up and begins stomping a mud hole in Valenzuela. When he tires of it, he rolls out of the ring and begins pulling things from beneath it.

WASHINGTON: Uh oh! Landon Jackson going for some weapons here.

al-SULTAN: Atta boy, Landon. Send a message.

MURPHY: Looks like Jackson settled on a chair.

WASHINGTON: This is not going to end pretty.

The One Percent member rolls back into the ring, chair in hand. Malcolm Valenzuela is just starting to get back to his feet, so Jackson puts an end to that with a chair shot to his back.

al-SULTAN: It's all over now. Just like we planned now.

Jackson opens the folding chair- it only has a slight dent in it- and sets it down on the mat. He pulls Malcolm Valenzuela up by his hair, bends him over, and lifts him by the waist.

MURPHY: Oh, no, I hope Jackson isn't going for a piledriver!

WASHINGTON: He's setting up for it!

Jackson falls backwards, driving his opponent's head into the mat.

MURPHY: A savage move by Landon Jackson, and there's no way Malcolm Valenzuela could of survived that.

Instead of draping himself over his seemingly unconscious opponent, Landon Jackson gets back up, and pulls Valenzuela up as well. He sets up for another piledriver.

MURPHY: No, no, what is this!? C'mon, Valenzuela is out cold.
Someone is going to get hurt here!

WASHINGTON: There's a reason the piledriver is banned in a lot of

other wrestling promotions. Hell, in Mexico, their parliament passed a law making the move illegal in the entire country.

MURPHY: **al-Sultan, you and Jackson planned this? Call it off before-**

Jackson falls backwards, driving his opponent's head into the mat.

MURPHY: **Oh, god, someone get the medics out here.**

The referee makes his presence known, and walks over to convince Landon Jackson to walk away. Jackson responds by shoving the referee, picking his opponent up, and setting up a third piledriver.

WASHINGTON: **For the love of- this isn't even hardcore wrestling anymore! This is just a slaughter.**

Holding Valenzuela, Jackson starts shaking his head and shuffles over a bit.

MURPHY: **Oh, no, don't tell me...**

He jumps up a bit, delivering his third piledriver in a row. The difference between this one and the third is that this piledriver is delivered over the folding chair that Jackson set up. Instead of having his head smashed onto the ring mat, Valenzuela's head smashes into the steel chair, which crumples under the weight of the two men.

MURPHY: **In my 20 years in announcing, I have never seen something so vile. As god as my witness, Malcolm Valenzuela is dead! There's no way he survived that!**

al-SULTAN: **The 'escape artist' didn't escape that one, did he?**

MURPHY: **Disgusting. That's a man's livelihood; that's a man's life. Just, get out of here, al-Sultan.**

The referee has seen enough and he waves the match off, he calls for the bell and whispers something to Matt Josham at ringside.

JOSHAM: **And your winner by the way of Knockout! Landon Jackson!!!**

Moments later, the ref signals for medical personnel to come to the ring. Thankfully, because it was a no-limits match, they were close on hand, and almost immediately appear with a stretcher. The EMTs climb into the ring, as does Jafaar al-Sultan. The leader of the 1% hobbles over to his partner, holding a microphone to his mouth.

JACKSON: You see that? You see what I did there? I sent a message. To you, Mr. Nice Guy. At our Season's Beatings, I want you in the ring. I want your title. If anyone has a problem with that, I'll gladly shut them down, too. Leonard Knox? Kirk Cobain? Sirius Danger? I'll take on all comers. I've been away from the game for a while now, but you know what? Game time is now, and the ball is in my court. I guarantee I won't be nice. I guarantee I won't be friendly. I will guarantee that rules will be broken and bones will be broken.

MURPHY: Ladies and gentlemen, we're going to cut to a commercial while the EMTs tend to Malcolm Valenzuela. It's just not respectful.

The video feed cuts to a commercial for DVDs of Revival Pro Wrestling's past pay-per-view matches, and a new DVD entitled "RPW's Greatest Matches: The Early Years".

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The show returns. Jack Dobbs is in Shane Adames' locker room. Adames is sitting on a leather couch, reading a magazine in his wrestling gear, while Dobbs is standing near him, leaning against the wall.

DOBBS: We have Brandenburg, Scythe, and the Craft Brothers.

ADAMES: And you have me, of course.

DOBBS: Well, of course. I know you won't sit this one out, with everything on the line like it is.

ADAMES: Strickland put me through enough, leaving me wiggling in the wind like that, not knowing whether or not I'd be allowed to wrestle here or not. I didn't know if I'd be called by RPW, so I didn't take any bookings anywhere else, and I quit my other jobs. I lost a few dollars because of all of that, but seeing Strickland's face when he gets shown the door will be priceless.

DOBBS: I know you're confident, but don't be too overconfident. Strickland has the British Empire, the Union Jacks, and Excellence on his side.

Jones is a former heavyweight champion, Wolfe is a former No Limits and Ironman Champion, Mr. Nice Guy is the reigning No-Limits Champion, Excellence is an impressive talent, and the Union Jacks are one of our premier tag teams here.

ADAMES: You think I don't know all that? And, you don't think that our guys can't take 'em?

DOBBS: You, John Brandenburg, Aron Scythe, and the Craft Brothers are a great team, don't get me wrong, but, well, we're still missing someone for our team.

ADAMES: Nobody else wanted to join up?

DOBBS: Not the men I wanted, no. Leonard Knox didn't want to get involved. Alex Monroe said he wanted to dedicate himself to making his presence known here in RPW since he's still relatively new, but I think he still resents me for "not giving him the respect he deserved" when he debuted. Kirk Cobain, surprisingly, said he didn't care who won and had no preference.

ADAMES: There's always...

DOBBS: No, I'm not asking Grapplin.

ADAMES: No, not Gary Grapplin. You know...

DOBBS: Oh! Shane, you're right! That's it!

ADAMES: Right. Well, I have a match I need to get to.

DOBBS: Of course, of course. I'll make the phone call right now. Good luck out there.

The camera returns to the ring.

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WASHINGTON: Well, looks like we might have a mystery entrant for Jack Dobbs' team at the Season's Beatings PPV. This is gonna be interesting, for sure.

MURPHY: It definitely will. And, up now is a little preview of that match. Shane Adames and John Brandenburg will be teaming up and taking on Ian Jones and Excellence.

JOSHAM: **This next match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first...**

The lights dim, and [Metallica's "Blackened"](#) starts playing. John Brandenburg steps out from behind the curtain into a spotlight. He roars and punches his fist into the air. Though always intense, The Brand usually interacts with the fans as he makes his way to the ring. Not tonight. He is focused on one thing: getting revenge on Damien Wolfe. Since Wolfe isn't wrestling, his partner Ian Jones or Excellence will have to do as replacements.

JOSHAM: **From Inglewood, California, weighing in at 200 lbs...John "The Brand" Brandenburg!**

The crowd is behind Brandenburg, who runs the ropes a few times as he waits for his partner.

JOSHAM: **And his partner...**

[Breaking Benjamin's "I Will Not Bow"](#) starts playing over the loudspeakers as the arena lights flash on and off

JOSHAM: **From Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 241 pounds..."The Loose Cannon" Shane Adames!**

Adames appears at the top of the ramp. He cracks his neck and shadow boxes for a few moments before walking down the aisle to the ring. He stops for a moment and grabs a sign from the crowd that says "ADAMES = RATINGS". The camera shot tightens up on him as he points to the sign. He gives it back and slides into the ring. He pats John Brandenburg on the back, and the two leave the ring to discuss strategy.

JOSHAM: **And their opponents...**

[The British Empire's Theme](#) starts playing, and Ian Jones appears beneath the Revivaltron. He looks like he's in no mood to play, and simply begins walking towards the ring. His partner, Excellence, exits from behind the curtain and follows.

JOSHAM: **And their opponents...from London England, weighing in at a combined 483 pounds, Ian Jones and Excellence.**

MURPHY: **So much going on here. Jones is probably focused on John Brandenburg because the Brand will be teaming up with Aron Scythe, who beat him down last time. And Excellence is focused on Shane Adames, who he wasn't given the opportunity to fight at British Uprising.**

The two Britons climb into the ring. Excellence stays in the ring, while Ian Jones goes to the outside. In response, Shane Adames climbs into the ring while John Brandenburg stays on the outside. Before Adames can finish climbing in the ring, Excellence rushes at him and begins hitting him with lefts and rights.

MURPHY: Excellence isn't waiting for the match to begin, and he goes after Adames hard. And there's the bell now, and we have an official match.

Adames is on the ground with Excellence standing over him raining down blows. The referee comes over and forces the men to break it up. Excellence shoves the ref away and starts kicking the defenseless Adames. The official asserts himself again, and threatens Excellence. After the referee begins counting, the British wrestler lets up. But only for a second.

MURPHY: Excellence pulls Adames up, and Irish whips him into the ropes. He follows close on his tail, and clotheslines Shane right over the top rope!

Adames flops to the outside. Excellence starts to go after him, but the referee stops him. Excellence doesn't like how the referee is interfering and shoves him again.

MURPHY: Excellence and the ref are exchanging some heated words now. Excellence is being warned, one more strike and he'll be disqualified. And- Oh! Ian Jones is taking advantage of the referee having his back turned! He grabbed Shane Adames and banged his head against the ring apron. Now he's standing on his throat, pushing off of the bottom rope as leverage!

John Brandenburg shouts at the referee, who turns around. By the time he does, Ian Jones is finished with his sneak assault. He simply shrugs his shoulders and acts like he has no idea what happened. The crowd boos heavily- they know.

WASHINGTON: I don't know how well Adames and Brandenburg are working together, but Ian Jones and Excellence obviously are.

Excellence walks over and grabs Adames by the head, pulling him back into the ring. He throws him into the turnbuckle, and runs after him as soon as he does so. Adames hits the turnbuckle with such force that he bounces back, and Excellence hits him with a running bulldog.

MURPHY: Excellence, quickly into the cover now, and he hooks the leg.

...1!

...2!

MURPHY: **And a kick out by Adames.**

Adames crawls forward and reaches the turnbuckle. He starts to use it to help pull himself up, but Excellence is there to attack him. A few forearm strikes to Adames' head bring him back to his knees. The British wrestler grabs Adames and throws him into the ropes. He bends, telegraphing the move, and this gives Adames the split second he needs. The Loose Cannon stops his momentum, holding on the ropes, and kicks his opponent in the head.

MURPHY: **A good counter by Adames, there. Excellence telegraphed himself. And he makes the tag to Brandenburg.**

John Brandenburg steps into the ring and immediately begins kicking his prone opponent. He grabs the woozy Excellence and pulls him up. The Brand looks at Ian Jones, points at him, and lifts Excellence up and back down with a delayed vertical suplex powerslam into a pin.

...1!

...2!

MURPHY: **Excellence just gets his shoulder up in time!**

The Brand picks his opponent up and Irish whips him into the ropes. As Excellence bounces back towards Brandenburg, Ian Jones taps his tag team partner on the back, tagging himself in. John Brandenburg does not seem to be aware of this, as he continues paying attention to Excellence, and not the legal man. A kick to the gut stops Excellence in his tracks and doubles him over. As he begins applying a standing abdominal stretch, Ian Jones plows into him, having doubled his momentum by bouncing off of the ropes, and levels him with a destructive clothesline.

WASHINGTON: **Murph, look over there. I think we have trouble brewing...**

MURPHY:

What do you mean?

The camera pans into the audience. A stadium usher is escorting Damien Wolfe down to the front row.

WASHINGTON:

It looks like he's holding a ticket. You just know this is going to cause problems here.

In a way, it's a good thing that Brandenburg is down and under a flurry of stomps by Ian Jones. This way he doesn't notice Damien Wolfe coming in, because that would be sure to send him into a rage.

Jones is just roughing up Brandenburg here and the referee has to scold him several times. Finally the referee imposes his will and drags him off Brandenburg and into a neutral corner, the referee yells at Jones that he will be dq'd if he doesn't back off, this garners a loud pop from the audience.

MURPHY:

That referee sure has a pair, especially after what Jones did to Ducky Smith...

This has giving a bit of a breathing room to Brand, but it's not enough for him to make it out on his feet. Brandenburg is in all fours when Jones rushes in with a hard soccer kick to the ribs.

WASHINGTON:

how vile is Ian Jones? Look at how he's dragging Brand into the corner.

Jones has his opponent trapped on the corner opposite to where Shane Adames cannot wait to get a tag. Excellence is nearby, just smirking at how Jones delivers more stomps to the fallen Brand.

MURPHY:

Adames is itching to get back into that ring.

Brandenburg finally gets back to his feet, but only because Ian Jones dragged him up. Ian Jones holds nothing back as he places a devastating couple of right hands to the head followed by a sick headbutt to the chest of Brandenburg.

WASHINGTON:

Look at Brandenburg there, he's in serious pain as Jones makes the tag to Excellence.

Excellence enters the ring and he has some punishment of his own for Brandenburg, these two men have a small history together and it's showing as Excellence looks extra motivated

on his attack, a flurry of forearms make sure that Brand is trapped against the heel corner.

Brand finally gets out of the corner when Excellence pulls him out for an Irish whip, but the Brit slugger hits the breaks and pulls his foe back into the corner hard. Brand even bounces forward a bit and Excellence takes full advantage with a back body drop.

MURPHY. Excellence is on fire, and looks like he's signaling for the end here. We might have a Mark of Excellence coming our way.

The crowd is booing wildly for Excellence's taunts. He drags Brandenburg up and hooks a leg for his fisherman suplex set-up. Excellence pulls his foe up, but he might have been a little too spirited as Brandenburg uses the momentum to slide out the back. Excellence tries to recover with a turn around clothesline but Brandenburg ducks under it and leaps into the air at Excellence.

JUMPING REVERSE STO!!!

WASHINGTON: That was the Riley Render! The move that Demian Wolfe used as a finisher while he worked under the Halfus Lykarn mask.

The camera pans to a disgusted Demian Wolfe, standing up at the front row. Excellence is down on the mat, having a hard time getting up to his feet and Brandenburg is catching his breath as he seems to be in a sort of stalk mode.

MURPHY: Brandenburg might be looking to hook in the Signature Brand, or maybe he's going to look for his spear.

WASHINGTON: He has a powerful spear, how does he call it? The De-Brander or the Re-Brander?

MURPHY: Not quite sure, but what I do know is that he used that spear to defeat Excellence in a flag match a while ago.

A freshened up Brandenburg hits the ropes as he sees his foe slowly getting back into his feet, Brandenburg returns with a hellacious spear but Excellence was able to react quick enough for him to pull the referee in to absorb the blow, the boos rain down hard.

WASHINGTON: That was a smart although cheap move by Excellence, that spear wouldn't have been good for him.

This proves as a cue for Ian Jones to get back into the ring and blindside Brandenburg while he checked on the referee. Shane Adames also jumps into the ring and he starts trading blows with Excellence, leading that fight into a corner.

The boos only intensify as Demian Wolfe jumps into the ring and joins Ian Jones in his double team of John Brandenburg.

MURPHY: Come on, Team Strickland is 3 on 2 here...and this fine match up has been ruined.

There's not much that Brandenburg can do against both Jones and Wolfe, he valiantly tries to fight them off but he's pretty quickly reduced into covering up in the mat. The crowd boos come into a sudden halt when Pegasus Fantasy hits the speakers and Aron Scythe sprints down to the ring.

WASHINGTON: It's Aron Scythe, he's not going to let Jones get away with this.

Scythe comes sliding into the ring and he's on a rage, he immediately charges Jones and bullrushes him into a corner, Scythe is letting his knuckles fly as he just showers Jones with lefts and rights. Wolfe charges in trying to blindside him, but Scythe sidesteps him and Wolfe has to hit the breaks, he manages to stop just in time to avoid running into his friend. But he turns around to receive a high kick to the face he just couldn't be stopped.

MURPHY: What a kick, Wolfe is down and he rolls out of the ring to recover on the outside.

Ian Jones tries to walk out of the corner but he's stopped dead on his tracks by Scythe's springboard superman punch and just like his partner Wolfe, Jones goes down to the mat and rolls out of the ring.

WASHINGTON: Scythe is cleaning house here.

Scythe now goes to the middle of the ring where he helps Brandenburg up to his feet, he whispers something on his ear and points at Jones and Wolfe outside. Brandenburg nods and both him and Scythe hit the ropes for momentum before hitting stereo suicide dives on his respective rivals. The crowd is going nuts for this.

MURPHY: **Scythe and Brand showing the they can work as a team, that's going to be key at Season's Beatings.**

The camera pans back to the ring where Shane Adames has imposed himself over Excellence, Adames uses an arm wringer to drag the Brit to the middle of the ring, a short arm clothesline follows soon after and the crowd has a lot of cheers for Adames as he stands tall over Excellence.

WASHINGTON: **Adames is in prime position to end this match, but can he do it?**

MURPHY: **Wouldn't bet against him.**

The camera pans out to the crowd though, where Jones, Wolfe, Brand and Scythe have taken their brawl, the crowd is very loud especially around the area where the brawl is coming on, we cut but into the ring just in time to see Adames pick up Excellence and hook him up in a reverse front face lock, a few seconds later he pulls his foe all the way up into a delayed reverse suplex position.

MURPHY: **This is how he put away German Top Speed.**

Excellence is then dropped into a elevated stunner, the referee is still not fully recovered but he seems to be aware enough to count a pinfall. Adames, despite not being the legal man, goes for it.

...1

...2!

...

3!!!

The referee confirms the three and the bell is rung, this gives way for Matt Josham with the official announcement.

JOSHAM: **And the winners of this match by the way of Pinfall, Shane Adames and John Brandenburg.**

The camera shows the victorious Adames in the middle of the ring, but his music and big screen video are cut off suddenly. They are replaced by the image of MNG backstage, with the No Limits Title draped over his shoulder.

MNG: **You might have won this fight Shane, but this war is far from over. There's no chance that you will have your hand raised again at Season's Beatings. So you better kiss your boyfriend Dobbs goodbye while you still have a chance.**

At Season's Beatings you will have to face the full weight of the Empire, and be thankful that you didn't have to face the No Limits Title tonight, otherwise you would have ended flat on the mat to end that match, just like you are about to be.

MURPHY: **Shane you gotta watch out!!**

We cut back into the ring where The Union Jacks have snuck into the ring. Before Adames can react, they plan him down with their finishing maneuver. The double Crash Thunder Buster. The boos are swift to come and loud in intensity, but they don't last long as they are replaced by cheers as soon as Jimmy and Billy Craft sprint down the ramp.

WASHINGTON: **And the Jacks are running away, what a hit and run job**

they just did here.

MURPHY: **The Union Jacks making a statement.**

Jimmy and Billy try to help out Shane Adames to his feet as we cut into the next segment.

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[The next scene is backstage in the office of RPW Commissioner Rufus Biggs, he is supposed to give an update on the status of the Ironman Championship.]

BIGGS: **As you know, Back for a Vengeance was a very special night for the Ironman Championship. Not only was the title belt physically destroyed, but it also marked the first RPW show not to have an RPW Ironman Title match.**

The Ironman Title has mandatory title defenses on every show within its rules and in a normal situation I would be forced to strip John Brandenburg off his championship.

[Loud boos can be heard in the background]

BIGGS: Of course this is not a normal situation, so after much thought and discussion, Myself along with the board of directors have come to the conclusion that RPW has evolved past the Ironman title. The conditions in RPW are much different from when we started and though the Ironman Title will always be an important part of RPW history, that's all that it is now...History.

[The boos get louder and louder]

BIGGS: **From now on consider the RPW Ironman Championship retired, John Brandenburg will be officially recognized as the last Ironman champion.**

[We cut to the next segment with the boos still going strong]

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WASHINGTON: **Can you believe this? First Ducky Smith is gone, now the Ironman Championship is no more...**

MURPHY: **The Empire is step by step ruining RPW, Ian Jones forced Ducky Smith out of RPW, Demian Wolfe destroyed the Ironman Title, now they want to get rid of Jack Dobbs for good...**

WASHINGTON:

I don't know how to feel about all of this.

MURPHY:

Me neither, we better move on with our main event. Douglas Gallagher will be going one on one against "Diamond" Dave Lee, who will be making his singles debut tonight, in a non-title match. For those of you who don't remember who he is, here is an interview DDL did a few weeks back on The Dirt Sheet.

The video feed flashes to the interview DDL did with Wade Keller of Pro Wrestling Torch on the 23rd episode of The Dirt Sheet. It is edited, and features a few highlights of the interview.

DDL:

I do have a degree in broadcasting actually and I was doing that when I first got out of school. I had a couple nice offers, but I just didn't feel like it was the right place for me. Here in the RPW, I think I have found a home...Here, things are a lot more smooth. The guys are respectful of each other in the back, so there's hardly any drama to deal with. As far as being a Hall of Famer, I think every one who gets into this business wants to leave a lasting impression when they leave. I would sure like to end up in the Hall, but that's up to the fans and the higher ups. I know that's a rather unoriginal answer, but it's true. As for a title belt, I sure as hell hope so and I'll be busting my ass to try and make it happen.

DDL:

In other feds before I was using old gimmicks that worked in the smaller feds, but they won't really work here. The time off has allowed me to reinvent myself. I think a lot of people are in for a hell of a surprise.

DDL:

Think Steve Austin and Ric Flair. Since I have money, I can't exactly give off a total blue collar image, but I'm far from being a "pretty-boy" so I have to try and balance it out. So far, the fans seem to like it a lot, so I'm sticking to that.

The camera returns to the ring.

JOSHAM:

This match is scheduled for one fall. From Northern Michigan, "Diamond" Dave Lee!

The lights of the arena go off and the building goes dark, except for the Revivaltron, which starts flashing lights on a black background. A spotlight goes on and flashes on the Revivaltron, and DDL exits from the curtain. He is wearing a sparkling blue robe. He poses with his arms out for a moment before untying the robe and letting it fall to his feet. When it does, the lights go back on, and DDL's music- an electrifying rock beat- hits. He jogs down the entrance ramp, slapping high fives to people on both sides of the aisle, and slides into the ring.

WASHINGTON: He sure is animated.

MURPHY: Why shouldn't he be? Only his third match with RPW, and he's facing the heavyweight champion. A non-title bout, but still. It's an immense honor.

JOSHAM: And his opponent...

[Queen's "One Vision"](#) starts playing over the PA and the crowd starts cheering. The guitar chord hits simultaneously as pyros shoot up from around the Revivaltron. Douglas Gallagher appears from behind the curtain, wearing his trademark white robe with a red cross down the back.

HEY

The champion takes his hood off and points to the sky, holding his championship belt in one hand.

JOSHAM: From Liverpool, England, weighing in at 235 pounds, he is the reigning RPW Heavyweight Champion, the "Liverpool Sensation" Douglas Gallagher!

Tapping the faceplate, he makes his way down the entrance ramp to the ring. He climbs into the ring, and plays up to the crowd for a few moments before handing the referee the Revival Pro Wrestling Heavyweight Championship, and then taking off his robe and handing that, too, to the official. The referee hands the items over to a RPW employee outside the ring, and signals for the bell.

MURPHY: And there's the bell, and this contest is on it's way.

Gallagher and Lee begin circling the ring, looking to grapple each other, neither man wanting to be the first to make a move. Finally, the champion breaks the tension by extending his arm.

WASHINGTON: A handshake before the match? Not many places where you see that kind of sportsmanship anymore.

Lee is hesitant at first, not sure if it is some kind of trick. He slowly extends his arm and grasps Gallagher's in a friendly handshake. The two break apart and go back to circling the ring waiting for a second of weakness in their opponent.

MURPHY: Lee is giving Gallagher a healthy dose of respect, and

the champion, to his credit, is not taking this newcomer lightly.

WASHINGTON: **That's why he's the champ, Murph.**

The two close in to grapple each other once again, but Lee changes tactics midway and feigns a grapple but strikes Gallagher instead. The champion was fooled, and eats a pair of forearm strikes, giving Lee the advantage to start the match.

MURPHY: **Lee gets the first blows in the match, striking Douglas Gallagher with some forearms and backing him into the corner. Some knees to the midsection now. DDL pulls the champ out of the corner, now and throws him into the ropes. He connects with an elbow to the face that knocks Gallagher down to the mat.**

DDL gets a few kicks in to the downed champion before pulling him back up.

WASHINGTON: **Lee is very aggressive, here. And I don't think that Gallagher was expecting him to be, so let's see how long DDL can keep up this advantage he has.**

MURPHY: **Lee picking the champ up now, and delivers a suplex.**

DDL goes to pick Gallagher back up, but the champ counters with a punch to the gut that buys him a few seconds. He gets back to his legs and counters with a knee to the gut as his opponent tries to grapple him again. With DDL stunned, Gallagher backs into the ropes and attempts some kind of takedown, but Lee saw it coming.

MURPHY: **Lee counters with a drop kick, and the champion is down again. Ben, I don't want to take anything away from DDL, but do you think that grueling match against Landon Jackson is taking it's toll on the champion tonight?**

WASHINGTON: **It's possible. That was some hoss fight between Jackson and Gallagher. And then, on top of that, the after match beat down that Jackson gave Gallagher. It's very possible that Gallagher isn't at the top of his game right now, physically or mentally.**

The champion rolls backwards, out of the ring, to collect his bearings. In the ring, DDL raises his arm to a mixed reaction- some in the crowd cheer the newcomer, while others are on Gallagher's side and boo the showboating.

MURPHY: **DDL heading to the outside now, too. The two lock up, now. Gallagher is the stronger man, and he overpowers Lee, bringing him to his knees.**

Maybe that was DDL's plan all along- he breaks the grapple and slides right between the champion's legs! Lee shoves the champion into the ring apron.

WASHINGTON: **Ouch. That caught Gallagher right in the stomach. That's hard wood and metal right there- enough to knock the wind out of you, and probably leave a bruise.**

DDL rolls Douglas Gallagher back into the ring, and then follows shortly thereafter. Instead of heading straight back in, he takes a detour, climbing up the turnbuckle.

MURPHY: **Looks like Lee wants to try a high impact move, but that's gonna back fire. The champ is up, and he delivers a jumping boot into DDL's midsection. The challenger falls off his perch, hits the ring apron, and then falls outside.**

WASHINGTON: **That's a game changer. Gallagher can either take a few moments to rest, or he can immediately go after Lee. Either way, he's got the advantage now.**

The champion elects to do both. He holds himself steady for a few seconds in the corner, and then rolls outside to deal with his opponent. He pulls Lee up, and throws him back into the ring. Gallagher puts DDL in a headlock, and with the hold locked in, pulls his opponent up to his feet. He lets go when DDL is up, and uses his entire body to Irish whip Lee into the turnbuckle, falling down in the process.

MURPHY: **A hellacious whip into the corner, there. The champion falls down from the effort and the momentum bounces DDL out of the corner and to the ground as well.**

Gallagher is back up first, and he approaches the corner. DDL reaches out while on the ground and grabs the champion's red kneepads, looking for anything to help support his weight to help get back up to his feet. The champion obliges and pulls DDL up. And then winds up and punches him in the head.

MURPHY: **A powerful blow by the champion, there. It knocked DDL back into the corner.**

Gallagher attempts to grapple Lee in the corner, but Lee counters with a chop that staggers the champion back

WOO!

He presses the advantage and punches the champion, causing him to stagger back further.

MURPHY: Another blow by DDL, and Gallagher is almost forced into the opposite turnbuckle. And another- no! The champ counters with a kick to the midsection that drops DDL to his knees.

Gallagher steps behind Lee and presses his knee between his shoulder. He then grabs his opponent's arms and begins pulling them backwards, hyper extending the shoulders and pressing the knee further into his back. The referee drops down to inspect the action, checking if Lee wants to submit.

MURPHY: Lee resisting the hold, refusing to submit. He's struggling, he can't break the hold, but he is able to get back to his feet.

Realizing Lee is close to breaking the hold, the champion changes tactics. He lets go of the hold and pulls DDL around, so he can knee him in the midsection. He then Irish whips him into the opposite corner. Gallagher goes charging, but Lee is able to stick his boot out and catch the champion in the face.

MURPHY: Good break for Lee, there. With Gallagher reeling, he hops up onto the middle rope...Oh! A big-time missile dropkick to the champion. Hook of the leg and a pin!

WASHINGTON: The champ is in trouble!

...1!

...2!

MURPHY: Gallagher just kicks out at two!

Both men roll up back to their feet, but Lee gets there first. Lee strikes Gallagher with a hard forearm shot. The champion returns the favor, and strikes Lee with a hard forearm shot. The two trade a few blows before Lee decides to grab Gallagher and throw him into the ropes.

MURPHY: The champion reverses, Lee into the ropes now...Oh, he delivers a shoulder block and knocks Gallagher off his feet. DDL is building momentum...Back into the ropes he goes, with the champion just getting up, and a running bulldog by Lee.

WASHINGTON: Gallagher is in a world of trouble, here, if he doesn't pick things up.

MURPHY: Gallagher has shown how resilient he can be. One wrong move and suddenly he can take advantage. Can he do it again tonight?

Lee hesitates a few moments. With Gallagher on his back, he decides to grab his legs, looking to lock in some kind of submission move. Gallagher realizes this, and torques his body, so that he spins slightly and throws Lee off of him.

MURPHY: Great counter there by Gallagher.

The two men get back to their feet around the same time, but the champion gets up fractions of a second earlier. He is able to pick DDL up in a fireman's carry as a result. Lee struggles, but Gallagher fights him.

MURPHY: Lee in trouble!

DDL is able to thrash out of Gallagher's hold. He slides down the champion's backside, rolls, and pulls Gallagher into a sunset flip pin.

MURPHY: We might have an upset here!

...1!

...2!

...3!?

MURPHY: Gallagher kicks out at the last possible second!

The crowd goes crazy. Some, who were rooting for DDL, think he won. Some, who were rooting for Gallagher, see he kicked out in time.

DDL starts jawing at the referee, thinking that he had the three count and that the ref didn't count fast enough. His momentary lapse in concentration is rewarded with a big boot from the champion to his face, knocking him down to the mat.

WASHINGTON:
DDL.

Wow, that's it. What a kick. Completely blindsided

Gallagher drops down and drapes himself over DDL for the pin.

...1!

...2!

Lee kicks out.

MURPHY:
"Diamond" Dave Lee away.

Only a two count. It's gonna take more than that to put

The champion shows some uncharacteristic frustration by slamming his fist on the mat, but otherwise gets up and returns to the business at hand. He pulls Lee up, locks in a rear waistlock, picks him up at an angle and slams him down with a Saito suplex. He thinks about trying to pin Lee again, but decides not to and lifts him back up.

MURPHY:
it, but Gallagher really has it locked in.

Gallagher applies a side headlock now. Lee is fighting

The referee comes over and starts asking DDL if he wants to give up. Lee refuses, and starts fighting back by elbowing his opponent in the midsection. Each blow progressively loosens the headlock. When it seems as if one more blow would free Lee, Gallagher releases the headlock, shifts his body so the elbow misses him, and transitions into a sleeper hold.

WASHINGTON: Gallagher is a big man, and is definitely a power wrestler, but he's also fairly good with the technical stuff.

DDL struggles, but the sleeper kicks into effect quickly. His body goes limp and the referee begins raising his arm to see if he can continue. The crowd counts along as the referee raises Lee's arm.

"1!"

“2!”

As the ref drops his arm for the final time, Lee comes alive. The crowd responds. He drops down to his knee and pulls Gallagher forward, throwing him over his own body. Gallagher lands on his back and Lee holds on to the champion's arm, putting him in a cross armbreaker

MURPHY: **What a reversal by DDL, and now the champ is on the wrong end of a submission hold.**

Gallagher tries muscling his way out of the hold, but DDL is sitting at a perfect angle, using his own body and Gallagher's own body as leverage. Realizing that, Gallagher changes tactics and begins pulling himself closer to the bottom rope.

MURPHY: **Is Gallagher going to tap, or can he reach the rope?**

WASHINGTON: **He'll make it; he's almost there. See? He got it.**

Gallagher does indeed reach the rope, so the referee forces DDL to break the hold. As is his prerogative, DDL waits until the 3 count before doing so.

Both men get to their feet, with Lee getting up a fraction of a second before the champion. He moves in to kick Gallagher, but the champion counters by grabbing and holding the attacking leg. Hopping on one leg, DDL counters the counter by jumping up and using his other leg to hit his opponent in the back of the head with an enzuigiri.

MURPHY: **A great counter by DDL. Gallagher is down now, and DDL takes a few steps back, and he's stalking the champ. Looks like he is going to try to end this here and now.**

Gallagher, near the corner, gets back up using the ropes to assist him. As he does, Lee starts charging at the champ and jumps up to hit him with some kind of running headscissors move. Gallagher has him scouted, catches DDL in midair and slams him down with a powerbomb.

MURPHY: **What a counter by the champion!**

WASHINGTON: **Did you see that impact!?**

The champion flexes his left bicep and raises his right fist into the air.

WASHINGTON: **I think we know what comes next.**

"The Liverpool Sensation" climbs to the top rope, measures out Lee, and leaps, driving his fist into DDL as he lands.

MURPHY: **The Flight of the Liverbird! And the pin!**

...1!

...2!

...3!

JOSHAM: **And your winner..."The Liverpool Sensation", Douglas Gallagher!**

Gallagher stands up and raises his arms in victory. One arm is a little sore from the armbreaker DDL had locked in earlier. Gallagher is handed his championship belt by the referee, who grasps his raised arm to signify he is the winner.

MURPHY: **A great match we just had.**

WASHINGTON: **Like I said at the beginning of this match, DDL was given a pretty big honor, getting to take on Gallagher. And, he certainly did not disappoint.**

MURPHY: **No, he didn't. He went one-on-one with the champion and showed everyone here tonight and everyone watching at home that "Diamond" Dave Lee is going to be an impact player here at Revival Pro Wrestling.**

[Slinging his championship belt over his shoulder, Douglas Gallagher extends his arms and helps DDL up to his feet. The two men stare hard at each other for a moment before DDL extends his arm and accepts the help. The two share a quick embrace and DDL raises Gallagher's arm up.]

MURPHY: **Not only do you have to admire DDL's effort in the ring, but you have to admire his sportsmanship.**

WASHINGTON: **Absolutely, you do.**

MURPHY: Well, ladies and gentlemen, that's all we have for tonight. On behalf of everyone here at RPW, I'm Harold Murphy.

WASHINGTON: And I'm Benjamin Washington.

MURPHY: Wait a second, what's going on.

[DDL is raising Douglas Gallagher's arm up in victory. When suddenly Jafaar al-Sultan comes down to the ring in crutches, Landon Jackson follows him closely and Dominic Golden is carrying a microphone.]

GOLDEN: Douglas Gallagher wins again, what a surprise....

[The crowd isn't happy to see the 1%, and they boo wildly...]

GOLDEN: Gallagher, you are a disgrace...you stand tall and proud because you defeated this punk Lee who has yet to win an RPW match. Just like you were happy and proud to beat my man Landon by disqualification.

And like you are completely fine with having to defend your title against a man who at Season's beatings won't even be close to 100%, and I guess that makes sense...because you remember what happened when you faced a 100% Jafaar al-Sultan in a title match.

Yeah that's right, you remember your RPW debut...Jafaar beat you 1,2,3 for the now defunct Ironman Title. Which, allow me to add, should have been awarded honorarily to Mr.Sutaln for being the greatest RPW Ironman Champion in history.

[The boos are hot and loud as the 1% is now right in front of the ring, Landon Jackson helps the limping Jafaar to get inside of the ring]

GOLDEN: So before you take advantage of Mr. Sultan's injuries...he has a couple of words for you that he wants to say man to man, if you can even be called a man.

Sultan cracks his crutch over the face of Gallagher.

WASHINGTON: The nerve of Sultan!! What is he doing...he's injured, he's going to get worse and the match will be off!!

[Gallagher goes down to nuclear heat, DDL tries to get the jump on Sultan but he's cut off and sent to the mat by Landon Jackson, who unleashes vicious ground and pound punches to "Diamond" Dave Lee. The crowd is booing his lungs out as Sultan uses his other crutch to beat down on the fallen Gallagher. His limp is suddenly gone as he stomps a mudhole on Gallagher's chest.]

MURPHY: I don't think he was ever injured to begin with...

[Landon Jackson picks up the beaten down DDL and sets him up for a piledriver, he lifts him up and brings him down on his head no problem...

Now the two members of the 1% turn his attention on Gallagher and pick him up, they lift him up and set him up on the top rope.]

WASHINGTON: This is unbelievable.

[Jafaar al-Sultan delivers the ASP Strike to Douglas Gallagher. The Impact is huge and Gallagher seems down and out.

The crowd is booing their lungs off as Dominic Golden takes possession of the RPW Heavyweight Championship, Golden hands off the belt to Sultan. Landon Jackson raises Sultan over his shoulders and the leader of the 1% is up in the air smirking as he raises the RPW Heavyweight Champion up in the air to close the show amidst a torrent of boos.]