

RPW.com PRESENTS:

RPW Mayhem

Taped in Charlotte, NC.

December 22st, 2012.

+++++
Emmure's "I Am Onslaught" roars over the PA as Alex Monroe makes his way out to the ramp. He's dressed in a tight fitting "Miss May I" t-shirt with black jeans and all black converse sneakers. He wears a leather wrist band around his left arm. He doesn't take the time to do any posing on the stage, indeed he is all business this evening.

MURPHY: Boy, what a way to start things off here on Mayhem. We are treated to Alex Monroe, who doesn't look in a joyous mood this evening.

WASHINGTON: He has every right to be a little sour after what transpired at our recent event, Deadly Alliances.

MURPHY: You're telling me! He picked up a win against his tag team partner and protege Enigma, who had been reluctant to listen to him from the beginning. This match was to serve as a lesson to Enigma, but things didn't play out as he wanted when Sirius Danger attacked Alex Monroe from behind and then tried to lure Enigma to the dark side.

WASHINGTON: Nobody's seen or heard from Enigma since Deadly Alliances, but from what we can gather, it looks like the mystery man may be trying to figure out his own riddle. Should he side with Monroe, or should he join Danger and the chaos? Something tells me we won't be waiting too long to find out.

[Monroe rolls in the ring and grabs the mic from Josham before beginning to speak.]

MONROE: You know, I've had a lot on my mind since Deadly Alliances. I went in to the tag team with Enigma optimistic. I expected some resistance, as that's pretty par for the course. Things were going just fine when I pinned Enigma in the middle of this ring, but what I didn't expect was Sirius Danger's sneak attack afterward, nor did I expect his sudden interest in my protege. But I suppose the element of surprise has been Danger's MO all along.

Unfortunately for Danger, he chose the wrong guy to sneak attack.

So here's the deal. Sirius Danger, you got involved in my business, and now you're going to have to

pay. So if you want my protege so bad, why don't you prove that you're the better mentor for him? Face me at RPW's next PPV, Season's Beatings. Chaos vs. Order. Randomization vs. Precision. Don't just talk about how awesome your methodology is, prove it. I'll even sweeten the deal for you. Let us each put on an exhibition of our styles tonight. Whomever impresses more gets to choose the stipulation for the match. I eagerly await your decision.

[Alex drops the mic as "I Am Onslaught" plays again.]

MURPHY: What a HUGE challenge laid down by Monroe! And we're getting word from the offices of GM Sir Charles Strickland that the match for Season's Beatings is official, and on top of that, Sirius Danger will be facing DDL tonight, and Alex Monroe will be taking on Kirk Cobain. Whomever wins their match gets to choose the stipulation! If they both win, the fastest time will get to choose the stip! If they both lose, the slower time gets to choose the stip

+++++

[We cut into a shot taped earlier during the evening. Backstage at RPW Mayhem the three members of the British Empire, Ian Jones, Damien Wolfe and Mr. Nice Guy can be seen stood in front of an RPW backdrop, Matt Josham is with them, microphone in hand.]

JOSHAM: So I'm here with half of Sir Charles Strickland's representatives, The Bri...!

[Before Josham can finish his sentence and customary insult Damien Wolfe grabs the microphone out of his hand and shoves him away.]

WOLFE: Get out of here little man!

[Josham shakes his head and backs away as Wolfe looks down the lens.]

WOLFE: Hi Jack, remember me? I'm the guy you had suspended from RPW, I'm the guy you had committed to a mental health clinic. Funny how things turn out isn't it? You tried to end my career, isn't it weird how your future is now in mine and The Empire's hands?

[Wolfe can't stop the sly grin creeping across his face as he think of a Dobbs-less RPW.]

WOLFE: And how fitting your golden boy, John Brandenburg, will be

there to take the fall. The both of you have been like two peas in a pod since day one, Jack, you allowed the use of an illegal hold, The Signature Brand, because you knew that was the only way your golden boy would have a chance against me. When that didn't work what happened? You simply suspended me, giving your boy a clear path to the Iron Man title, RPW's first corporate champion, hand picked because his face fits with the image you want to promote.

[Wolfe takes a deep breath, his gaze somehow becoming even more intense.]

WOLFE: You cast me out into the wilderness, you tried to make me just give up and walk away, but no, something changed. You unlocked something deep within me, you unlocked The Beast! I came back stronger than ever, I took that Iron Man title from your boy and... I killed it. At Seasons Beatings, I hope you're sat at ringside Jack, I want you to see with your own eyes what you created, The Beast will be unleashed and your RPW career will be over.

[Wolfe passes the microphone on to Ian Jones.]

JONES: Dobbs your actions have been despicable and your attitude towards the right honourable Charles Strickland has been disgraceful. But that's not the issue here. The issue is the total destruction of Dobbs' "team" [The three members of the Empire smirk] and everything they stand for. The oppression of the Empire comes to an end at Season's Beatings. But that's not all I have planned, Aron...

[Jones rubs his chin and inhales deeply, adding poignancy to his upcoming words.]

JONES: Aron your cowardly interference at Deadly Alliances did nothing to help your cause. It speaks volumes about your self-confidence if you have to attack me during a match and cost me a victory. You're selfish, Aron and that will stop you from functioning as part of a team. You've risked your family's livelihood in the past for glory; there is no limit to what you will sacrifice for glory. Come Season's Beatings we won't have to beat your team, Aron, you'll beat yourselves. You don't have the unity of our team, bonded by nationalism and the desire to oust Dobbs and his cronies and make this company successful.

[Jones becomes visibly angrier as his eyebrows furrow revealing sharp crow's feet.]

JONES: When Dobbs is gone and the system that tried to destroy the Empire is overhauled then you'll understand the meaning of sacrifice, Aron. I was speaking

hypothetically when I said imagine if you couldn't provide for that family of yours...

[Jones laughs maniacally.]

JONES: Well maybe after we beat you at Season's Beating that could just be a reality.

[Jones passes the microphone to MNG who nods sternly in agreement with Jones' and Wolfe's words.]

MNG: For too long have we sat back and done nothing while you, Jack Dobbs have foolishly plotted our downfall.

[The young Brit adjusts the No Limits Championship that rests over his left shoulder.]

MNG: Collectively we are so hyped for this match you can't even imagine. We have all the motivation we need and it is the image of you leaving RPW for good that is driving us on. This company will be better once you are gone. Networks will be rushing to get RPW once Sir Strickland has complete control.

[Mr. Nice Guy starts smacking on his chewing gum much more.]

MNG: Dobbs, you and you alone have constantly tried to tear The British Empire apart since day one. Always trying to create friction between us in a bid to stop our domination of this industry. Well Dobbs, what you fail to realise through your stupidity is that the bond we have is unbreakable. This company was built on British blood and British sweat. We have been in RPW since its inception yet after everything we have achieved as individuals and as a unit we are not even respected or given the correct recognition we deserve. The Empire will charge in at Season's Beatings and conquer all in its wake. There is absolutely no resistance to this inevitable outcome. Dobbs, you and your "team" if you can call them that are all in this for themselves, they all have their own agendas where as we are a cohesive and efficient machine prepared for battle. Season's Beatings will be your doom, mark my words.

[MNG has a smirk across his face.]

MNG: Jack Dobbs, it's time for your kingdom to fall and time for the Empire to rise. After Season's Beatings, Revival Pro Wrestling will never be the same again.

[Mr. Nice Guy stares down the camera lens.]

MNG: We are taking over.

[MNG drops the microphone which creates a thud as the three men walk out of shot.]

+++++

We cut back to the ring and DDL is already in the ring when the sound of an alarm blasts on the PA, the crowd boos the entrance of Sirius Danger.

JOSHAM: And his opponent, Sirius Danger!!

Danger continues his stroll down the ring to the sound of boos, he slides into the ring and stares at DDL.

MURPHY: DDL looking for his first RPW Victory tonight but can he topple Anarchist Sirius Danger.

There's no feeling out process here, as soon as the bell sounds the action gets underway. Sirius Danger charges forward and forces a tie up, he and DDL jockey for position and Sirius Danger gets a side headlock advantage. Danger tries to ground the action and goes to one knee, slowing DDL and limiting his options.

WASHINGTON: Danger getting control early, but he's supposed to beat the clock. I guess he would be more aggressive.

"Diamond" wraps his arms around Danger's waist, he doesn't have much leverage but he manages to spin and turn, causing Danger's shoulders to be pressed against the mat.

...1!

...Kickout!

MURPHY: **DDL looked to surprise early, but Danger was onto him.**

Both men are quickly back to their feet but Danger is able to attack first with a kick to the midsection and a snapmare. Sirius Danger then delivers a nasty kick to the back of Diamond Dave Lee. DDL rolls in the mat in pain but Sirius presses his advantages with stomps, DDL continues rolling all the way until he's out of the ring.

WASHINGTON: **DDL trying to regroup, maybe even buy some time here.**

But he doesn't get any break, as soon as he stands, Danger comes flying off with a slingshot plancha that connects right on his target. A pumped up Sirius Danger follows up by picking DDL up and whipping him into the steel steps.

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

The clock is ticking for Danger, and he knows this. The manifestation of randomization picks his opponent up and forcefully rolls him inside of the ring. He follows this up with a pin attempt.

...1

...2!

...Kickout!

WASHINGTON:
to drag the action back to the feet.

DDL kicks out and this match continues, Danger looks

MURPHY: Danger strikes with a few forearms, and now a body slam and a leg drop, will this be enough for the pin?

...1

...2, kickout!

WASHINGTON: you are severely underestimating DDL if you think he's going to be put away like that in just 3 minutes.

Sirius Danger once again picks up DDL, this time he changes his plan of attack and whips DDL against the ropes. DDL returns to the center of the ring and receives a hard knee to the mid section that sends him flying.

MURPHY: Well, DDL might be resilient but he needs to start mounting some offense if he wants to win this match.

Danger drops for the pin one more time.

...1!

2, kickout!

Danger takes a mount position and fires some punches at Diamond Dave Lee, before the referee can interrupt this, he drags DDL to his feet one more time and lands a hard european uppercut followed by a knife edge chop, an open palm chop and a northern lights suplex.

...1!

...2!

...Kickout!

MURPHY: Very nice bridge by Danger.

WASHINGTON: Has DDL gotten any offense in? He's being dominated by Danger here.

DDL turns his back to Danger and tries to crawl his way up to his feet, he's immediately put into a rear waistlock for his trouble. This doesn't dishearten DDL who still struggles to work himself back up, waistlock included. After a long struggle, DDL finds his footing and now works to get free of the lock.

MURPHY: Tremendous Resilience and an iron will, DDL is never an easy opponent to defeat.

Lee strikes with elbows, he connects once, twice and even three times. Sirius Danger knows he can't take much more of those elbows and he pushes DDL hard into a corner. "Diamond" crashes hard into the corner and before he can notice, he's yanked back in a roll up...instead of going for the pin, Sirius Danger rolls through and plants DDL with a huge bridging german suplex.

WASHINGTON: The Chaos Theory! This could set the time at around 5 minutes.

...1!

..2!

...

Kickout!

MURPHY: **DDL survives, and I bet Monroe is relieved. I don't think anyone can beat Kirk Cobain in under 5 minutes.**

The Chaos Theory might have failed to secure him a victory, but Danger has many other tools for this job. He picks up "Diamond" and stands in front of him, he places one of his palms on each of DDL's shoulders.

WASHINGTON: **He's going to go for the heartstabber.**

But DDL gets off the precarious situation with a good ole thumb to the eye. Sirius Danger is temporarily blinded and DDL just knows that regardless of his fatigue level, he needs to take advantage NOW! With that in mind, he charges forward and lands a hard knee to the mid section. DDL gets double underhooks on the doubled over Sirius Danger, the crowd pops as DDL lifts Danger up to his shoulder blade for the Diamond Drop. Sirius Danger knows better though and he manages to slide down the back.

MURPHY: **Danger evades the Diamond Drop for now, but DDL has his back.**

WASHINGTON: **And he lands an atomic drop, DDL is still on the offense with a club to the back...followed up by a russian leg sweep.**

Diamond Dave Lee goes for the pin, hoping to get his first RPW victory.

..1!

...Kickout!

MURPHY: **Good attempt, DDL getting back into this match.**

Sirius Danger kicks out early and with authority, Diamond Dave Lee knows that this is not the time for him to falter, and he secures a front face lock on the grounded Danger. Sirius rises to his feet, but DDL holds on to the lock and pushes in with hard knees. "Diamond" manages to sneak in a high impact DDT that gets the crowd going.

WASHINGTON: **DDL needs to get his momentum rolling and the set-up something big.**

DDL is aware of this and he forces Danger to his feet, Diamond uses an irish whip to send his foe to the ropes. Danger returns and is able to duck just in time to avoid a deadly clothesline and put himself in prime position to execute a side slam.

MURPHY: **WHAT IN THE WORLD??**

Danger leaps in the air and executes a perfect standing moonsault side slam, completely stunning the crowd.

WASHINGTON: **The Danger X-Press!**

...1!

...2!

...3!

MURPHY: This is over...

The referee signals for three and the bell rings.

JOSHAM: With an official time of seven minutes and twenty three seconds, the winner of this match by the way of pinfall: Sirius Danger.

WASHINGTON: How impressive was that move Murph?

MURPHY: Very, especially for a man his size...Sirius Danger could pretty well be 240 pounds.

WASHINGTON: And he earns a victory and sets the time to beat at 7:23, and knowing that Kirk Cobain is going to be standing across Alex Monroe, Danger must be pretty damn confident that he will get to choose the match type.

MURPHY: Stranger things have happened, but I must agree...It's looking like Sirius Danger will get to choose the kind of match in which he will face Alex Monroe at Season's Beatings.

+++++

This Sunday....

December 30th...

The rubber match...

This time for the biggest prize of them all...

RPW Seasons Beatings 2012: Douglas Gallagher vs Jafaar al-Sultan 3

+++++

Backstage we have Espirito do Animal on top of a ladder, he's holding on to a hand of bananas and Gustavo Gusmao seems furious as he yells at him from down below in his brazilian accented broken English.

GUSMAO: SHARE BANANA!!!

Espirito takes one banana off the hand, but shakes his head from side to side. He opens it up and starts eating.

GUSMAO: YOU LITTLE MONKEY!! BANANA MINE !!

The Great Gorilla seems flustered as the banana slowly disappears under Espirito's mask. Espirito then throws the banana peel at the floor, angering Gusmao him even more.

GUSMAO: COME DOWN, UNCLIMB LADDER, GIVE ME BANANA!

Suddenly Luka Muller and Ludwig Kahn of Team German Top Speed stroll into the scene, addressing Gusmao with their thick German accents.

KAHN: What's the problem? The Dumb Ape can't reach his crappy food?

GUSMAO: DUMB APE NOT! STRONG GREAT GORILLA!!!

Gustavo Gusmao bangs both his fists against his chest as he angrily stares down the germans.

MULLER: Whatever, don't waste time on these losers.

Muller and Kahn start walking off scene when Muller trips on the banana peel and goes crashing down causing The Amazonian Invasion to burst in laughter.

GUSMAO: Hahaha, Me not dumb, greaser super dumb.

Ludwig Kahn isn't happy at all with the current developments and he lashes out at Gusmao.

KAHN: So you want your bananas? You will get your bananas you dumb idiot.

The German racecar pilot goes over to the ladder and pushes it off, causing the laughing Espirito do

Animal to crash harshly into the floor. Boos can be heard in the background as Kahn and Muller walk off, the scene ends with a worried Gusmao checking on his fallen partner.

+++++

The scene turns to the announcers table, Benjamin Washington and Harold Murphy are addressing the camera.

MURPHY: **Conflict is most certainly brewing between German Top Speed and The Amazonian Invasion. I really hope Espirito do Animal wasn't severely injured from that fall.**

WASHINGTON: **I hope so too, remember that Espirito do Animal has already lost time due to Injuries, he's not far removed from an ankle injury that he sustained at the hands of Landon Jackson.**

MURPHY: **And how vicious is Landon Jackson huh? He has been putting people away with piledrivers left and right. Take a look at what Landon Jackson has been doing lately.**

+++++

[Scenes from Back with a Vengeance are shown, Landon Jackson is facing Douglas Gallagher and we get highlights from the competitive match. The last Scene is Landon Jackson bashing Gallagher over the head with the RPW Championship and following up with a deadly piledriver.

Up next we have Deadly Alliances highlights from Jackson's No Limits match against Malcolm Valenzuela, Jackson brutalizes Valenzuela and ends up delivering a series of Piledrivers all leading to a huge piledriver over a steel chair. That last move gets him a KO Victory.

There's still more Highlights from Deadly Alliances, Jafaar al-Sultan and Landon Jackson put a hellacious beating on Douglas Gallagher and Diamond Dave Lee. This time it's DDL who suffers the consequences from being in the wrong place at the wrong time, Landon Jackson lays him out with his piledriver.]

+++++

We cut back into the ring where a wrestler likely from a local promotion is standing in, his ring gear is pretty traditional and he looks to be 6 feet tall, he has long dark hair and lacks a tan.

MATT JOSHAM: **The following contest is scheduled for 1 fall...**

Introducing first, already in the ring, from Manhattan, New York. Weighing in at 200 pounds Jack Liberty!

Jack Liberty raises his fist in the air for little to no reaction, the crowd gets going quickly though as Landon Jackson's music glares over the speakers and the boos start rising.

MATT JOSHAM: **And his opponent, representing the 1% and weighing in at 270 pounds Landon Jackson!**

Jackson doesn't mind the boos as he strolls down the ramp, Jack Liberty seems a bit intimidated here for his RPW debut.

WASHINGTON: **Liberty seems a bit Shaken.**

MURPHY: **And who could blame him, Jackson has been on a tear.**

Jackson reaches the ring and quickly the bell signals for the start of the match. Jack Liberty immediately charges forward, shooting in for a double leg.

MURPHY: **Liberty is aggressive early on, but Landon Jackson has no problem sprawling out of that shot.**

Landon Jackson spins around and secures a waistlock from the back, he uses it to pull Jack Liberty up into the air and plant him front first into the mat with a belly to back takedown.

WASHINGTON: **Landon Jackson taking full advantage of his 70 lbs weight advantage.**

MURPHY: **And Jack Liberty is not being afforded any chance here, Landon Jackson picks him up and whips him to the ropes.**

A big boot is lifted all the way up to Liberty's face, the move connects and Liberty goes down again. The crowd starts booing loudly, as the notice Landon Jackson setting up for his deadly piledriver.

WASHINGTON: **This is bad, very bad for Jack Liberty.**

Jackson has no trouble handling Liberty's 200 pounds and he brutally spikes his head against the canvas with a piledriver, he hooks the leg although he really doesn't need to.

MURPHY:

That wasn't a fun debut for Jack Liberty.

...1!

...2!

...3!

MATT JOSHAM:

The winner of this match by the way of pinfall, Landon Jackson.

Landon Jackson gets his hand raised by the referee amidst many boos. The boos are mitigated as Diamond Dave Lee's music plays and DDL himself appears at the top of the stage.

WASHINGTON:

What is DDL Doing here?

MURPHY:

I don't know, but he has a mic and I guess we are about to find out.

Landon Jackson seems pretty surprised in the ring, DDL starts talking.

DDL:

Oh Landon... you didn't think I was going to just forget about you, did ya?

Jackson heads over to Matt Josham, looks like he wants to get a mic of his own. Despite this, DDL continues his speech.

DDL:

My neck is still pretty sore after your little stunt at Deadly Alliances. After my match with Douglas Gallagher you came out with Sultan and took advantage of the fact that I just had a grueling match with the RPW Heavyweight Champion...you beat me down and gave me a piledriver...

Why did you do that Landon? I couldn't help but wonder that...

After some thinking I came to the conclusion that I was just in the wrong place at the wrong time...

It didn't have anything to do with me, anybody who had been in that ring alongside Douglas Gallagher would've suffered the same consequence.

I was just an afterthought, a faceless body that had to be disposed...

But I refuse to be another number in your body count Landon, I am Diamond Dave Lee and I will not stand for your abuse.

The crowd starts a round of applause but they are quickly cut off by Landon Jackson.

JACKSON: Diamond Dave Lee you say? That's funny...maybe if you had actually won a match maybe I'd know who the hell you are...

Landon Jackson takes a small pause, the crowd reacts to the burn....

DDL: Ah you funny man...See, wins might have eluded me in RPW thus far. Odds really haven't been in my side lately...I've been in a 10+ multi man battle royal, that's like less than 10%, in a No Limits Fatal Fourway...25%, I've fought RPW Champion Douglas Gallagher...that's no easy task. And I just lost to Sirius Danger in a match I fought with a sore neck, something I got from your piledriver...

But you see, those are just excuses...and DDL does not roll that way. You just can't count on odds being in your favor, but even when I'm the biggest of underdogs...I'll fight the good fight, and even if it takes me forever...I'll come out for one more match and do my best to emerge victorious.

I am Diamond Dave Lee and I won't be discouraged by a few loses, and I'll be damned if I let myself be intimidated by a thug like you...

You and Me Landon, One on One, Season's Beatings, No Limits....what do you say big boy?

The crowd pops for the challenge.

JACKSON: You are going to regret this kid, you are on...

Landon Jackson looks very angry as he drops the mic to the mat. DDL looks happy with himself as we cut into a video package.

+++++

[We fade in to see a pile of cards sitting on a table. A pair of gloved hands shuffle through them as the camera pans up to see that those hands indeed belong to “The Atheist” Anne Brandeis. She is wearing a grey pinstripe suit, a charcoal grey shirt, and a grey tie. An icy cold look in her eyes as she stares at the camera. A few noticeable stitches in her forehead.]

BRANDEIS: In the future if anyone chooses to come after me with a weapon, I suggest they bring a gun because nothing short of a bullet is going to put me down. I once finished a match with a ruptured sternum... it's going to take more than this to stop me.

At “Seasons Beatings” these stitches will be gone, but the scars won't, nor the memory of the incorrigible wretch responsible for them. But I can't let my ire cause me to lose the sight of the big picture. Taiga is but one player on a larger stage. Like many

[Anne gives a somewhat stern looking scowl as she quietly shifts the cards in her hands slowly starting to stack them, carefully balancing a 10 of clubs between a jack of hearts and a 2 of clubs. Three more cards are placed in an identical stack next to them.]

BRANDEIS: After all we still have people like The British Empire. A band of arrogant reprobates too myopic to understand the world they sought to conquer and too daft to realize the sun is setting on their reign. A fitting name perhaps..

For all of his talk about wanting to mentally and physically destroy Aron Scythe you can see the toll Ian Jones relentless obsession taken on him. I have a feeling that “Nerdboy” along Brand, Adams, the Crafts may be closing this chapter of RPW sooner than expected. Though I'm frankly a little annoyed that Jack Dobbs didn't think of inviting me on his team.

[Anne shifts her fingers for a bit carefully stacking two more cards on top of the pyramid carefully standing them between the two other stacks.]

BRANDEIS: Another aptly named faction is “The One Percent.” Mentored by Dominic Golden these are disdainful, self-centered men who think rules and common decency do not apply because of their opulence. While my grudge is primarily with Taiga, I can not afford to ignore the other members of this clique. Particularly if Al-Sultan wins the world title. It's a possibility that I find... disconcerting.

[We see a patient look on Anne's face as she very neatly stacks two more cards on top of her pyramid before reaching for one more card off the top of her deck. Showing a Joker card to the camera before delicately balancing it at the very top.]

BRANDEIS: The newest and perhaps most unpredictable clique seems to be this one that Sirius Danger is forming. He's already brought Kirk Corbain into his fold and now Enigma. Sirius likes to talk about himself being an agent of chaos but what I see in him is a cunning liar. He only wants the kind of chaos he can direct and he wants to hold the cards...

[Anne pauses for a moment giving a subtle smirk for the moment at the house of cards standing in front of her.]

BRANDEIS: A little blunt as far as visual metaphors but that's RPW in a nutshell one balkanized house of cards. And you know what they say about a house divided...

[Anne gives a flick of a finger her eyes closing as the cards crumble to the bottom of the table.]

BRANDEIS: The world is going to start falling apart for a lot of people soon... but not all at once. At "Seasons Beatings" the fall will start with Taiga.

+++++

[Sir Charles Strickland is in the middle of the ring and he has a microphone, he is waiting for the crowd boos to die down before he can talk.]

STRICKLAND: This Sunday will mark a new era for Revival Pro Wrestling, at the Season's Beatings event I will finally get to untie my hands. 2012 will go away for good, and it will take Jack Dobbs with it.

Without Jack Dobbs I will finally be able to turn this company into the biggest thing in the world, and all that's between us and a truly empowered and reborn RPW are 6 Eliminations...

6 Eliminations that are sure to come, because when you have a team like mine...victory isn't only possible, it's guaranteed.

I have The Union Jacks, one of the premier tag teams of RPW. They bring teamwork to the table and that will prove to be key in a 6 on 6 match-up. And you just can't talk about Teamwork without talking about the British Empire...the greatest faction in RPW History...

Our team will dominate Team Dobbs in an absolute display of British Excellence...

You see, my team cannot lose...because my team is made of Champions...I have former Ironman and No Limits Champion Demian Wolfe...he's the only man to have held two different RPW titles, I have former RPW Heavyweight champion Ian Jones...

And to top it off I have my Team Captain...the only current Champion involved in this match up...the reigning No Limits Champion...Mr. Nice Guy.

Jack Dobbs, you better say good bye to all of the RPW Faithful...your demise is imminent, the end is at hand..

[Suddenly the big screen flashes up, Jack Dobbs is shown backstage alongside 5 of the 6 members of his team...Shane Adames, John Brandenburg, Aron Scythe and The Craft Twins are all in the shot.]

DOBBS: Charlie old friend, I always knew you were a bit delusional...but now I see that you are downright senile...

Dismissing the great wrestlers that I have gathered for my team is not only an exercise in arrogance, but it also proves that you are an old fool. Have you forgotten who you are dealing with?

I have a secret entrant on my team, he gives me the element of surprise...

Art of War C.R.A.F.T has defeated the Union Jacks in various occasions, Shane Adames has proven that he can beat two men by himself, Aron Scythe has already saved RPW once...and he's ready to do it again..

And my team is full of guys that your management has screwed over...they all want your head...

You say that your Team Captain Mr. Nice Guy is the only current Champion on the match, but everyone on the world knows that if your management had something against him, my team Captain John Brandenburg would still be the Ironman Champion...

[Team Dobbs look at each other a bit confused, looks like they didn't know who was Team Captain...or didn't expect Brand to be it.]

DOBBS: Start celebrating now if you want Strickland, but that will only make you look stupid when my team sweeps yours...

You might have the Empire but my team will bring in a Rebellion that will finally bring RPW to the people...

Enjoy your Golden throne while it lasts Charlie...because this Sunday at season beatings...the RPW Revolution will put your reign of terror to an end.

+++++

[We cut into a video package...]

“The Following contest is scheduled for one fall and it’s for the RPW Ironman Championship.”

“The challenger, Douglas Gallagher!!”

“The Champion, Jafaar al-Sultan”

[Highlights of the match show on the screen, they lead to Douglas Gallagher hitting his second rope falling fist on Sultan. Sultan stands up and Gallagher goes for his 360 lariat but Sultan ducks under it and puts Gallagher in a backslide for a three count]

“And Still RPW Ironman Champion, Jafaar al-Sultan”

[The Camera fades to a shot of Ducky Smith]

“The following match is scheduled for one fall with a 30-minute time limit, the winner will earn the right to challenge Ian Jones for the RPW Heavyweight Championship.”

[Highlights from the second match, both men hitting their signature spots and they lead to both wrestlers trading punches on top of the turnbuckle. Gallagher gets advantage with a knee to the gut and delivers a huge release powerbomb, The Liverpoolian flies down to connect his falling fist and earn a three count]

“Your winner and NEW NUMBER ONE CONTENDER... The Liverpool Sensation, Douglas Gallagher”

[Shots of Douglas Gallagher and al-Sultan alternate as we get a voice-over speaking]

“This Sunday, two men look to break their tie as they fight over the biggest prize in RPW, December 30th, RPW Seasons Beatings, Douglas Gallagher vs Jafaar al-Sultan 3 with the RPW Heavyweight Championship on the line. Order it NOW!”

+++++

WASHINGTON: Season’s Beatings is going to be a can’t miss event Murph.

MURPHY: You don’t have to sell it to me Ben, Gallagher vs Sultan 3? Team Dobbs vs Team Strickland? This event sells itself.

WASHINGTON: How about Landon Jackson vs DDL, or Taiga vs Anne Brandeis?

MURPHY: The card is stacked top to bottom, also...Sirius Danger will face off with Alex Monroe. And our next match will help decide the stipulation for that match.

“Half Past You” by Love Battery hits as Kirk Cobain makes his way to the ring, kendo stick slung over his flannel-clad shoulder.

MURPHY: Here we go with the main event that pits Kirk Cobain and Alex Monroe, two of RPW's hottest rising stars, against each other.

WASHINGTON: These two guys could easily be big players here in RPW and I would be surprised if they didn't. But the real story is the task Monroe has before him.

MURPHY: Sirius Danger's time of 7:33 is attainable, but Kirk Cobain will not make it easy for Alex at all.

Kirk enters the ring and saunters over to his corner as his theme is replaced by “I Am Onslaught” by Emmure. Alex Monroe makes his way on to the stage surrounded by fog that - because of the lights around - is blue in tint. He emerges from the fog and points one finger to the sky before removing his hood and yelling “**LETS GO HEAD HUNTING!!!**” He storms down to the ring and vaults over the ropes, landing forcefully in front of Kirk Cobain before staring him down intensely. Kirk Cobain meets that stare with a half interested gaze.

WASHINGTON: Man, this match is seriously going to be good!

The bell rings without any further ado and the two circle each other. They lock up and Monroe quickly steps around with a waistlock. He lifts Cobain off the mat and quickly goes for an armbar submission.

MURPHY: Monroe looking to end this one quickly, but Cobain has such a high tolerance for pain, I doubt a submission will put him away this early on, if at all.

WASHINGTON: I think Monroe is about to find out just how tough Cobain really is.

Cobain rolls out of the armbar, and uses the arm to whip Monroe out of the ring. Cobain whips off the ropes and vaults out for a huge suicide dive, but Monroe moves out of the way! Monroe sees the opening and rolls in the ring. Cobain recoups incredibly fast, despite crashing against the guardrail, and Monroe soars out of the ring nailing a suicide dive of his own! He quickly rolls Cobain in the ring and covers!

...1, Kickout!

Monroe takes a chance to glance at the clock which says "5:46." Monroe quickly gets his stuff in gear and begins kneeing the head of Cobain on the ground. He quickly transitions into a guard position before working on a triangle choke. Cobain quickly wriggles free and stumbles to the corner, where Monroe charges for a Yakuza kick and misses terribly! Cobain capitalizes quickly with a quick Snap DDT and makes a cover.

...1

...2, Kickout!

Cobain makes his way back to his feet before executing a quick elbow drop. He picks up Monroe and places him in the tree of woe in the corner. Monroe puts up a struggle but quickly eats some Cobain boots to the face. Cobain runs to the opposing corner and then runs back before hitting a huge baseball slide in the corner!

WASHINGTON:

Monroe's in trouble here, he needs to focus up!

Cobain covers again.

...1

...2

Kickout!

Cobain seems to want to call for the end as he waits for Monroe to get to his feet. He hooks a double underhook on Monroe, but Monroe drives Cobain quickly in to the corner before getting out of the hold and hitting Cobain with a series of rapid fire elbows to the face. Monroe whips the dazed Cobain to the opposite corner and hits a running Yakuza Kick! Monroe quickly capitalizes and hits a huge brainbuster on Cobain!

...1

...2, kickout!!!

MURPHY: **Monroe almost had him, he needs to finish this!**

Monroe looks at the clock as it hits the one minute mark. Monroe kicks it in to high gear as he cinches in a waist lock and hits a German Suplex... followed by a Dragon Suplex, followed by a Tiger Suplex! He covers again!

...1

...2

...Kickout!

MURPHY: **Cobain just will not go down here!**

WASHINGTON: **Monroe knows what he has to do!**

Monroe signals for the end before crouching down in the corner. The crowd knows what's coming and grows louder... Something catches the eye of Monroe... it's Sirius Danger!

MURPHY: **What's Sirius Danger doing here, he has no business!**

WASHINGTON: **Looks to me like he wants to choose the stipulation for Season's Beatings!**

Monroe doesn't let it bother him and focuses on Cobain, who's taking a while to get up. Sirius Danger grabs Cobain's kendo stick and approaches Monroe's corner. Enigma comes barrelling down the entrance way.

MURPHY: **Enigma's here, what's he going to do!**

Enigma grabs the kendo stick from Danger, who turns around. Enigma goes to swing and hit Danger, but Danger ducks and hits Monroe in the side through the ropes! Monroe turns around and looks at Enigma with anger. Cobain is now up and quickly schoolboys Monroe

...1

...2

...

Kickout!

A second later the time expires. The siren resounds throughout the arena as Monroe stands up and looks at the clock, shocked and frustrated. His gaze quickly switches to Enigma, and leans on the ropes and starts berating him. Enigma tries to plead his case, but it falls on deaf ears.

WASHINGTON: Looks like Enigma came here to help Monroe, but it backfired.

Cobain looks very annoyed that Monroe has turned his back on him. Cobain turns Monroe around and doubles him over with a kick to the gut, seconds later he plants him face down to the mat with his trademark double arm DDT while Enigma yells from the outside.

Kirk Cobain hooks the leg, but the ref tells him the match is over. Enigma now jumps into the ring and tells Cobain that the match is over...a shoving contest ensues between Enigma and Cobain.

MURPHY: I don't think Cobain realizes that the match was over when the timer ran out! He wants to continue this thing!

WASHINGTON: And from the looks of it, he's going to continue it with Enigma.

Alex Monroe tries to separate Cobain and Enigma but on the heat of the moment he ends up taking punches from both, Monroe is knocked to the mat. Enigma and Cobain start brawling in the ring.

The camera now pans to the top of the ramp where Sirius Danger takes joy in the chaos he's created from a safe distance.

The show dies off with Cobain and Enigma going blow for blow in the ring.

+++++