

“I knew who he was and exactly what I was getting into,” says Jordan Penn.

The camera pans to show Jordan standing over a hospital bed.

“But you screwed the pooch. You poked the bear,” says the voice from within.

“See, everyone likes to say that Charlie Nickles carried me. I only beat my brother and King because of the Nickleman.” Adds Jordan as he looks down at the frail frame in the bed.

“As if I hadn’t beaten Thunder Knuckles in my return match to win the Anarchy tag titles. Like I didn’t lead XXXVI to the Revolution title. Or win the UGWC Conquest championship.”

“But you are no longer the Director. You’re just the Great Value SEB. Nobody cares that you declared yourself king of a dead show in an era no one remembers. No one cares about your past, because you were a paper champion. You’re shit and everyone knows it,” snarled the Director from beneath.

Jordan shushes his other self. He takes out scissors and grabs a lock of golden hair from the woman’s head. Snip. He pulls away the strand of hair and observes it.

“How quickly they forget. When I met Charlie, he wasn’t the great death match king, the Universal champion. He was a shell. He was a glorified valet, trying to capitalize off the successes of “Psycho” Solomon, Oz, Jenny Myst, Matthias Syn, Holly Cambric and of course, her.”

He looks down to reveal the face of Jennie Nickles, Charlie’s sister and the serial killer once known as the Scarlet Verdict.

“It would be easy enough for me to just take this pillow and snuff out her life force or unplug the monitor. For someone so heartbroken over her condition, he let me waltz in here without a fuss. But no, murder is a coward’s game. I’ll leave that to the professionals like Dyson. I’ll just take a piece as a reminder of what I did.”

“I knew my true born brother was here and I’d catch him off guard by revealing myself, but despite his reputation, Charlie was the brother I chose. I knew better than to trust him further than I could throw him. I’d seen enough of his history to know that fully trusting Charlie Nickles is akin to signing your own death warrant.”

“I saw the once feared future legend soften. I saw him lose focus and his baby sister was the impetus. The Charlie who had a blood feud with Dolly Waters and dethroned the untouchable James Shark was dormant. He chose Jennie and his hatred for King in the

War Games Captain's match over Solomon. Now I have no love for the kid, but his judgment was clouded."

"Still, when I needed allies against Dyson, he had my back. But he was content to play puppet master and pull the strings, commandeer the shows and render Peter Principle a vegetable. All the while, I knew that if I needed the true power of the Nickleman, I had to pinch the pain point. As long as Jennie was in the picture, the old Charlie was as good as dead. So yes, I did this, but I did it for him. Let's not pretend that anyone is sad about me taking a murderer out of the picture. I saved the XWF."

"That's right." Says the Director. "Own that shit."

"Thirty-six was the teaser. He lost his usefulness when he decided he didn't need me anymore. But not only did I turn the former Universal champion into my personal watch dog, but I made him my bitch. He let me take charge and lead the Brotherhood. And he gave me this."

Jordan produces the old XWF Universal title big gold design brought in by his twin brother Sebastian Everett-Bryce. Charlie and Jordan [dug it out of the grave](#) of Robyn Gonzalez, Charlie's daughter. He places it over his shoulder.

"I was his champion and he was my lap dog. But when my own brother rejected me, Charlie had my back. I knew it wouldn't last forever, but boy did we have fun."

"Oz was just an extra body. Jenny and I could have done something if Charlie hadn't butt in. But the Corporation or B.o.B. was never much more than a ticking time bomb."

Jordan takes the lock of hair from Jennie and tapes it to the title belt.

"A piece of both my brothers goes with me now. It's fitting that Charlie and I face off in what is sure to be more of a brutal war than a wrestling clinic on the same night that my brother desperately tries to regain the Universal title."

"When Charlie attacked me, I began to hear the sympathetic cheers and applause from the audience. I thought about what it might be like to play the hero. I took Riley Reverend to the brink of tag gold in the Coalition. I fought my true born brother tooth and nail and lost. Hell, I'd even considered giving this title back to Sebastian when he was champion. But I didn't need the mask or ghosts of my past to remind me exactly who and what I am."

"I'm Jordan fucking Penn. Make no mistake, I am the villain, the devil himself. On Sunday, Charlie Nickles comes to the bed he and I made together and he has to lie in it. Sunday, the Nickleman dances with the devil in the pale Tahitian moonlight. It will be no bed of roses, at least not without thorns."

“I will make him lie next to Jennie in the hospital and then his legacy can be buried alongside the Latina Submission Machine. When I beat Charlie Nickles beyond recognition, I will make myself known. I’ll prove that without me, Charlie Nickles is but a shadow and the Devil is in the details. The brotherhood walked so the ART Foundation could run and the landscape changes at RDR. By beating Charlie, I cement myself at the top.”