

An eerie sound starts this one off as we see sitting in a basement of an old factory, a man who left Vito Valentino out to dry, he had no excuses besides this was his plan all along.

“Let me teach you all a lesson in rebellion.”

Scenes pop up of the tag match at Zenith #4 the two champs looked dominant against Black Sheep Baez and Gabriel Tuck. Until just towards the end of the match Napalm steps off the apron, and does not come back up as both Baez and Tuck beat Vito down and see Vito tap out to Tuck.

“You see Vito, this was nothing personal. This was a lesson that I learned the hard way, you think that everyone is your friend until they throw you into this kind of match, just two weeks before we all fend for ourselves. This was a test to see if you were as much of a monster as you claim to be.”

“You failed.”

“If you were that monster everyone knows you shouldn’t have a problem taking on both of them, I guess the longest tenured champion in SHOOT needs a reality check. No one is perfect in this world, myself included, but what pisses me off the most is that you think you’re better than everyone, you’re not. That Premier title is also at stake Vito, just like my Empire State title. I’m looking at every single person as a target, another victim of this steamroller that was put in motion.”

“You think any of you have a chance in this match? These types of matches I thrive on, cause you don’t need to be fighting off every person in that ring, the only thing that matters is that you’re the last one standing, and I intend to be that person left standing to be me.”

“Everyone thinks this run in a fluke, lets get that thought out of your fucking heads right now for over twenty years I have been in this sport, I have trusted and respected people fully.”

“Only to be stabbed in the back, over, and over, and over again. I always flew solo, cause everyone is out for themselves. Last time I trusted someone at least a little bit, they ran off after we lost the tag belts, to only win the Heavyweight title, then lost it a week later.”

“They know who they are, and I will speak nothing more about it. I don't want to get fined for going on another bender about that whole situation. I made peace with that and will say nothing more on the subject.”

“But, you Vito needed a lesson taught to you. Not because you haven't had plenty of challengers, but you need a challenge that will give you a run for your money. One that can toss you around the ring just as much as you can. I will fit that bill just nicely, call me an asshole or a traitor for hanging you out to dry. But, the one thing I want you to remember is who tapped you out.”

Napalm pulls out a barbed-wire bat and leans on it while sitting in the chair.

“So Tuck, it seems we cannot get out of each other's way. After you lost the Empire State belt to me. Someone seems to have a bit of a grudge against me, which is fine by me, you tapped out the Premier champ, big fucking deal just think about this and let it piss you off even more.”

“You made Vito tap, which means you are worthy of a title shot, the problem is I pinned your ass. So what does that make me?”

“That would be the man to beat, I have had a target on me since day fucking one, I ran through so many then pin your ass only for you to get all fucking pissy about it.”

“Grow the fuck up, I havent been in this sport for over twenty years to hear people whine and complain that everything need to be handed to you. Fuck that, you earn it like everyone else.”

“Every single person in this match has something to prove, however you Gabe have your sights set too narrowly, you can go in with both barrels, you got one target, but you missed the other. Even some of the best know when to save their strength.”

“I remember last time I was so hated in SHOOT, no one could stand me. What happened? I got better, I will not stop. I got too much experience under my belt to stop just because of one loss. I get back up and I destroy everyone in my path, you are one of them, and I think you need to re-learn that lesson I gave you when I took that Empire State title cleanly.”

“Think you're some hot shit when you couldn't defend your belt against someone almost twice your age, some of these young people have the guts to go up against the veterans, but at the end of the day it's not being stronger than your opponent it's being

smarter than them. So whoever wants to boo me because of what I did to Vito, they can go right ahead, love me or hate me cause at Daybreak I will get the job done.”

“Good luck with that I will show you the lesson of respecting your elders and you are welcome to try and stop me when in these matches there is no DQ. You will get to see that side of me that people remember the violent son of a bitch that doesn't mind one bit if you're wearing a crimson mask when I am finished.”

Napalm grabs the Empire State title and shows it to the camera

“You see this, this is the reason that right now I am one of the top three singles wrestlers in SHOOT, this is all the proof anyone needs to see that I am here on a tear and this match at Daybreak is just another day for me. I will show everyone in this match that I will show no mercy to anyone in that match. I don't give a shit about your intentions, there is only one rule in this match and that's survive and see if your man or woman is good enough to be the first double champ in the Zenith era.”

“No alliances, no bullshit, just seven people aiming at one goal, and I haven't even talked about any of the others yet.”

Napalm sets the Empire State title on the chair as he gets up swinging that barbed-wire bat around.

“Lets talk about you Baez, I think you know well I gave you an introduction to what you get when you step into the ring with me, be quick and agile all you want Baez, but im pretty sure you got dropped on your head once when you let that guard down. I made it clear that I am not one to be taken lightly, I cut no corners. You come at me with all you got and maybe you will have a chance, but I also threw you around like a ragdoll as well.”

“Think this whole situation you got yourself in with Izzy is gonna iron itself out before Daybreak? I highly doubt it, there are way too many wildcards in this match, and you can keep saying ONGOD all you want. It's not gonna save any of us when this destruction begins, you survive it and trust me making more enemies through all that is not gonna be a good sign.”

“You came back to try and take the Premier title from Vito thinking you were smart enough to get that belt from him. That blew up spectacularly now you're stuck in this seven man tussle when you know that you got at least two people wanting to beat you immediately and let me be honest, you can be tough as nails all you want. But right now

you're still on the outside looking in just like the Mets, all that money and yet they can't even get into October, The Reds saw to that mess, and like the Mets you will choke just like they did. ”

“Makes me laugh a little, so you can hate me for that but at least Boston is in the postseason.”

Napalm gets into a batting stance and gives the bat a couple swings.

“Just hope I cant use this cause I would be swinging people out of the park with it.”

Napalm takes one more swing and bat flips as the bat goes flipping out of shot as we hear a pane of glass break, Napalm looks over and laughs, good lord he may have lost it again.

“I do hope you try and survive, cause it's only gonna make taking you out even sweeter, sometimes it's not being the strongest that wins those belts, maybe your a bit smarter than some in this match, but if you can't survive six other people belting away on you, may as well do as much damage as you can. This match is not gonna be pretty, but for me I plan to make the most of it so bring everything you got, cause i'm done playing nice with any of you. My goals are clear to claim both those titles, and I already claimed one, and if you can't get the job done Baez I promise you I WILL!”

“Cause it may only take one fuck up to end up looking at the lights, even I know that, in all my years I have seen those lights way too many times, I will be damned if I let that happen at Daybreak they will have to cart me out on a stretcher before I will let myself be pinned.”

Napalm thinks for a moment.

“Christ, there are still three more I need to talk about... I don't know how the hell some of these wrestlers do this. Then again like I have always said I love a good challenge.”

“Lets talk about someone not many have noticed recently Dinosaurio Pequeno, cause after all this stuff with tag team matches you are more an odd man out here, you may have shown some bright spots in this whole situation, but right now and no offense to your talents you seem like the one that does not fit this match. You have been in fights since this whole mess started, but now you're stuck in that ring with six others ready to tear each other's heads off. So answer me this then.”

“What do you bring to this whole equation?”

“Is it someone that is gonna shock everyone and plow through the field only to falter at the last hurdle? Or will you be the sacrificial dinosaur to appease the other people in this match, cause you do show plenty of talent, sadly you need to know that it's only going to take you so far. So I say fight for your worth in this match, show those fans out there you belong in this match. Just one small piece of advice, don't even think of tempting the fates by trying to get in my face because it will be a short fucking trip to see the lights.”

“No one will be shown mercy, even a dinosaur like yourself.”

Napalm paces the room a bit as he kicks the chair over and the loud clang is heard through the room echoing a couple of times. He walks closer to the camera.

“Now, let's talk about the wildcard in this whole mess. The seventh in this match is Scottie Barnes.”

Napalm paces around

“I will admit you posed a few good points on Spitter, and seems Real Deal wants another body in this match, no matter to me you have shown guts in those matches, but there is one small problem, or rather a big problem who really does not like to add more bodies to the fucking pile after all the shit I have been through, you may be on your own tear, but you picked the wrong match to get jumped into Barnes.”

“So, yeah you're on a run yourself. Does it sound like I care at the moment, the past month I have been rebuilding my name here in SHOOT, don't think I haven't noticed that you're doing the same thing. So I say to you, bring it! I know how quickly a good run can turn sour, so enjoy your little space in the spotlight, because I'm sure at least one person in this match will attempt to knock your lights out.”

“I will not show any mercy, I have worked too damned hard to get sideswiped by another person in this match. I will obliterate every one in my way, and you sir will be no exception, kendo sticks, chairs, even the fucking steel steps I don't give a fuck what kind of streak you are on I will stop that run fucking cold If I get a chance!”

“Everyone seems to forget about how violent I can get, so get in line Barnes, I'll deal with you in due time just as painfully as I will deal with everyone in this match.”

“That leaves you Izzy, the main reason why I left you for last. That is simple enough everyone thinks Barnes is going to be the wild card in this match, I beg to differ at least at this point in time. I had a chance to see your little brawl with Baez, it seems I didn’t drop him on that head of his hard enough as bad as the Mets did trying to keep a wild card spot.”

“Do you need to prove anything, no you belong in this match, It’s not just the Premier title you’re mixed in, now it’s both of the belts which means you’re in my sights as well, this fight is going to be pure unfiltered anarchy.”

“And I fucking live for this.”

“You are the one variable everyone will overlook, except for a few people. I know you want to get Baez back for what happened, you know what? go nuts, enjoy getting that payback then you try and fight your way out of the walls closing in on you when you take your eyes off the prize. Just remember everyone’s head is on a swivel for this, cause you think just one person wants to win those belts... everyone does and you think I’m gonna look past you. Fuck no, your all people I look to eliminate from this match. Just remember this Izzy, I don’t take shit from anyone. Everyone has their reason to take these belts. I have worked too fucking hard to let this kind of match stop me from claiming both.”

“Like I said when this match was announced, don’t blink, or you or any of the other people in this match will be looking up at the lights after I obliterate them, I wont be like the others thinking there targets are just the ones who pissed them off, everyone is my target. They want what Vito and I got, and I’m pretty sure the fans are already making predictions on who will be the last two standing.”

“And I’m sure that most of them I agree with, after Zenith, I’m sure Vito has some unfinished business with me. Just be content with the fact I did nothing, I could have just dropped you on your head and walked away that would have pissed the fans off. There is one thing I remember is never make too many enemies unless you’re willing to fight off the world.”

“And it’s always been me against the world. So I will see you all at Daybreak just remember when I started this streak. No one is safe from my wrath.”

Napalm picks up a hammer covered in red paint.

"I am a fucking threat, and at Daybreak consider this the start of my rebellion. Many will think I'm crazy, just remember this. I didn't start this mess in motion, but I sure as hell will finish it."

Napalm throws the hammer against the wall to his left, then turns the camera in that direction as we see this...



Fade