



EXILES

SEBASTIAN EVERETT-BRYCE
ISAIAH KING

Not a Choice. A Sentence.

Name: The Exiles

Formation: 01.06.2025

Members: Sebastian Everett-Bryce & Isaiah King

Leaders: None, the shame.

Manager:

Type: Tag-Team

Alignment: Face

Theme Music:

 [Sweatpants Freestyle \(Kendrick Lamar x Childish Gam...](#)

Entrance:

“Martin had a dream...”

The beat drops like a hammer as the crowd goes wild. The stans in the stands bop up and down to the iconic Sweatpants beat while rapping along to Kendrick’s Backseat Freestyle verse. The mashup highlights both how similar and dysfunctional this pairing is.

White-hot strobes flash, timed perfectly to every thump of the bass. There’s no warm up, *The Exiles* are approaching and everyone knows it.

“All my life, I want money and power

Respect my mind or die from lead shower”

The screen glitches to life, a black background with a grey logo and some words:

“The Exiles

Not a choice, a sentence.”

Two spotlights snap on from opposite ends of the stage, on the left: Sebastian Everett-Bryce, dressed in a long black coat. His chin tilts upwards slightly, a wry smile pasted on it - hiding his disdain for this situation. He adjusts the arms on his coat mid-stride, as he makes his way down to the ring. The shining tag-belt glimmers from his waist.

On the right: Isaiah King, no cape or theatrics, simply a weathethered grey leather jacket over some wrestling tights and boxing boots. He glances at the name on the screen and shows visible disgust, he carries the tag belt by the strap.

“Gadamn I feel amazin”

They converge halfway down the way but don't acknowledge each other, not a glance or a nod.

BG: These two are making a mockery of the tag division! They ain't no team, this looks more like a ceasefire!

JC: They ain't no unit - they're just to apex predators lining up their next meal.

The crowd's noise is deafening - divided and rowdy. Some bounce to the beat, others boo like they're watching two egos that deserve to eat each other alive.

As the two get to the ring, Isaiah slides through the bottom ropes while SEB makes his way to the stairs for a more graceful entry. They both make their way to the centre of the ring, faces cracking at the discomfort before shifting to accommodate the other.

Isaiah lifts the belt up into the air while Sebastian spreads his coat to draw attention to the other half as their theme slowly comes to a quiet.

SEBASTIAN EVERETT-BRYCE

The Team was formed by the foolish, randomised selection of Pip Collins, GM of Warfare and all-round mastermind of wrestling production.

Forced into a match to punish Dolly Waters and strip her off her tag-titles, the two former Universal Champions find themselves holding gold they never wanted, but gold they would both hate to lose.

This is the tale of two rivals, to men who have fought thrice before in bitter battles.

A tale of pride clashing, honour reclaiming and glory unmatched.

Meet The Exiles.

Oh yeah, that's a name they didn't want either - Pip just started calling them that after he saw the draft title of their one and only promo together thus far.

ISAIAH KING

The following finisher names are never acknowledged by SEB or Isaiah, and are either what the commentators make up, or what the XWF universe has labelled them. Isaiah and SEB both abhor these names.



Stolen Glory

Isaiah King readies up by his tag-corner, lining up his opponent as they groggily rise to their feet. Just as he charges forward, Sebastian tags himself in by slapping the back of his partner. Isaiah spins around and slams a vicious spinning elbow into the side of his opponent's head.

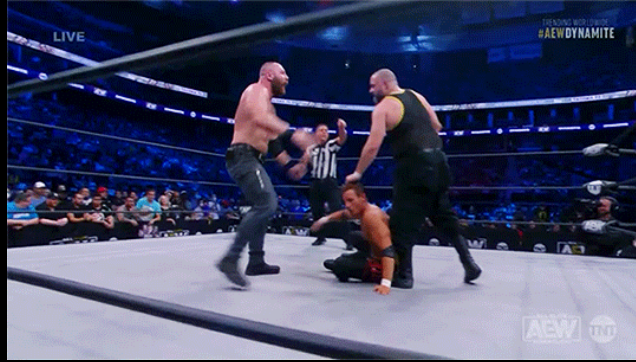
The opponent staggers on his feet, the lights out in his head - but before Isaiah can roll him up for a pin, has his head kicked in horrendously by Sebastian who's slipped into the ring. Sebastian drops for a pin as Isaiah stands there furious at his stolen moment, yet still ready to stop the other opponent from breaking up the pin.



Bedtime Surprise

Isaiah King, unknown to Sebastian, tag's himself into the match just as Sebastian finds a way to lock in the Nightfall on his opponent. As the opponent fades, the referee signals for Sebastian to get out of the ring, pointing at Isaiah and gesturing that a tag was made.

Isaiah hops over the ropes, bounces off them and catches the bewildered Sebastian and their opponent in a guillotine choke, driving them both down, but only striking the opponent's head into the mat. Sebastian bounces back, lands on the ropes and stares in shock as Isaiah rolls the opponent up for a pin.



Civil War

This refers to any situation where a conflict or misunderstanding between Isaiah and SEB leads to one of them intentionally/accidentally hitting a striking finisher on their partner - which leads to the struck partner falling limp on a downed opponent for a pin.

This could happen if both SEB and Isaiah are lining up finishers, but SEB strikes the empire kick first, and is accidentally hit by a spinning elbow from Isaiah.

Or is Isaiah hits his spinning elbow first before being kicked in the head by the empire kick and landing on his unconscious opponent.

Intentionally - it could look like Sebastian getting the empire kick in, and then realising he's not the legal party, and so hits a powerbomb Isaiah, onto the opponent before storming off angrily back to his corner - think Wyatt Sicks Lumis Powerbomb.



THE EXILES