

"Revenge is an act of passion; vengeance of justice. Injuries are revenged; crimes are avenged."

---Samuel Johnson

"Revenge... is like a rolling stone, which, when a man hath forced up a hill, will return upon him with a greater violence, and break those bones whose sinews gave it motion."

--Jeremy Taylor

{Darkness...it is how everything starts, especially in this case when the screen comes up and there is nothing but total blackness...a complete and total absence of light when suddenly there is a voice speaking from somewhere}

Voice: Everything starts with just a simple spark.

There are some sparks and all of a sudden the darkness becomes a little bit blinding as a small flame appears and we see that it's being held by none other than the "Ronin" himself, Chris Dumont, who holds the lit match up in front of his face for a few seconds. "You know, Waylon, when they shoved me into that cell after your Master, Billy Heaven Senior, got me arrested...it gave me time to think and to be quite honest where it comes to trying to rip your manager apart, I actually feel justified now."

"Not one single regret and do you know why?"

Chris slowly turns his head to the left, taking in the camera with his dark eyes.

"He honestly thinks that he's done nothing wrong and people like him usually don't until it becomes too late. And Billy Senior...it's fast coming up on being too late for you to put anything more up in front of me in order to stop what you know is coming and that is you gasping for anything resembling a breath as my fingers slowly start to constrict more and more around your lying throat until finally you let out that last gasp..."

Chris then stops and closes his eyes as he places the lit match against something in the darkness and that in turn lights a single candle, black against the darkness of the room, before he shakes out the match and kills the small flame.

"But before I can even get to that point, I have to once again step into the ring against you...you're the one who started this whole thing between the Phantom Troupe and the Fall of Man, Waylon. You went after Aisling and if it had been just for her title at the time, then you and I wouldn't have had any issue... but you held the hold for longer than was acceptable in our industry at which point you had gone into business for yourself by going out of your way to hurting your fellow wrestlers." Chris said before leaning forward, his eyes glittering with barely held back concept and rage which is also reflected in his tone when he speaks, "And no matter however the ***fuck*** that you try and justify yourself there, Waylon, there is simply no fucking excuse for going into business for yourself, I don't care if you're some kind of sick, sadistic fuck

like some of the other guys that I could name in this industry but the difference between **THEM** and **YOU** is that they understand that we all fucking work in the same industry, you stupid ***SON OF A BITCH!!***"

"I get wanting to try and get heat, but when you go out to purposefully hurt your fellow wrestlers, forcing them to undergo surgery and destroying their ability to provide for themselves and or their families speaks volumes to what kind of man that you are, And Waylon Creek...you're just a fucking nobody who doesn't have any fucking right to be in **MY** wrestling ring and this week on Breakdown, I don't have to beat you... because "*beating you*" would mean that you were actually a professional wrestler. A fellow member of a sport that I've grown up loving because it's provided my family a means of income throughout my life." Chris says before he slowly shakes his head in disgust. "No, you're just some nobody who snuck into this wrestling company and is bound to create another fucking Mass Transit incident. You are some delusional fan that's been coddled and allowed to play "*wrestler*" for long enough, jokes fucking over, time for you to go fucking home, kid."

Chris reaches up with his left hand and indicates the lack of humor or anything else on his face.

"This is serious, no fucking joking around here... Waylon Creek has no place here in Supreme Championship Wrestling, not a single fucking place at all nor should he have any right to be carrying either half of the world tag team championships. If the current head of this company was anything like a real wrestling promotion owner then he would have Heaven Senior's little fucking circle jerk of a cult cashed out of this industry for being a bunch of no talent sycophantic losers with no real talent and a sickening desire to attack women on a daily bases." Chris said, his face still emotionless but his eyes were still full of unrestrained fury. "I mean each and every time that he is on television, he just has to gloat about how his people are just allowed to attack Polly and the girls without any kind of reservation by security, almost like they are allowed to!!"

Chris stops and runs his hands through his short hair for a moment before he shakes his head violently, eyes snapping up at the camera as he jabs a finger in its direction.

"You know, I honestly thought that you had the intelligence to get the hint when I destroyed your son in the ring, Senior. I mean you talk about how feeble minded me and David are compared to you and yet, you're still not getting the message that I tried using your own flesh and blood to explain to you and yet, for all of your bragged about high intelligence you still didn't get the most simplest of messages;"

"Pride goeth before the Fall"

"And Senior, you and your little circle jerk are going to fall quite hard because even though your people keep squirming around and getting the wins, does it mean that it's constantly going to keep happening? I mean your boy Evans has done the most fucking stupid thing that anyone could do to a Slayton in this industry and that is given him a reason to seek revenge because Slayton's really don't like it when you go after their family...tends to trigger the one thing that

gives them the ultimate pleasure and that's fucking ***REVENGE***, Senior. And Dante enjoys being a sadistic vengeful bastard more than anything...just like his father and I would know, I've been in promotions where Dante was just given free reign because all promoters know that it's better to stay out of a Slayton's way when they are seeking out that pint of flesh owed to them rather than just be stupid and try to stop them."

"Which brings me full circle right back to you, Waylon. No doubt you're going to cut some promo that deals with some of your cryptic fucking past or someshit like that while you hold up your half of a championship that you have absolutely have no right whatsoever to be holding, and trying to explain to me and the rest of the world why you belong as champion and how much of an uphill fight that I'll have in trying to beat you this week when the Troupe has failed so many times before... So in essence all that you're going to do is repeat the same lame ass boring shit that you always do and hope that it intimidates me into failing or some shit like that when the reality of it all is that I am coming to Breakdown to hurt you, pure and simple."

"And by *"Hurt You"*, I don't mean in some clever way that I'm coming to the Moody Center in Austin Texas to fucking ***HURT*** you, Waylon. Not in the manner of *"Hey I beat you, now me and David get another shot at the world tag titles again!"*no, I'm not talking like that."

Chris slowly shakes his head.

"No, what I mean by that I won't be surprised if this match is thrown out in the first couple of minutes because I will be too busy trying to cave that damned face of yours in with everything and anything that's under that ring in Austin, Waylon. What I mean is that by the time that our match is over, I fully expect that the both of us will be bloodied to no end and I will be right back in a jail cell for attempted murder on some kid who shouldn't even be in a fucking wrestling ring to begin with!!" Chris said in a barely repressed growl, "I am coming to choke you the fuck out with a kendo stick and then we're going to see how much of the damned thing I can shove down your throat before they stop me because to everyone in the rest of the Fall of Man, if you give me half a fucking chance, then you're little friend is going to find out just how much we can fit of a kendo stick down his damned throat!!"

"Now a lot of you are probably asking yourselves where does all of this anger come from, from where does this wellspring of ill intent come from and the answer to that is honest and simple in that it comes from being pushed one step too far and you have Billy Heaven Senior to thank for that, but this isn't something for Senior to be patting himself on the back over...no, he's going to because in his own warped little mind-this is a great thing because it proves how great he is over a member of the Dumont family, now doesn't? It proves how supposedly *"feeble minded"* I truly am, right?"

"Well Mister Heaven, allow me to remind you that I am a ***DUMONT*** and we make it a business of picking fights that sane people otherwise wouldn't pick and going that extra distance to get the job done, no matter the cost." Chris says, a hint of pride creeping into his voice as he speaks now, even though the rage still sits there in his eyes. "My father has earned his

reputation as being that one guy that you really want at your back in a fight of any kind because he's more than willing to go that extra mile to either get the job done or to take out the other mother fucker to the point where he was going around and saying that ACDC wrote the song "*Dirty Deeds done dirt cheap*" about him because of the lengths that he went to throughout his entire career to win every single one of his championships and it's that same dedication to this industry and what I can do in that ring that makes me a real wrestler rather than some little safe freak like you, Billy Heaven Senior....oh, and for the record your fucking ***SON*** has more of a fucking sack than you do because at least he would march his sorry ass down to the ring and took his beating like a goddamned ***MAN***..."

Chris then motions towards the camera.

"Unlike you, Senior...hiding behind fucking trumped up charges and the police. You're not a man, Senior...you're just a cowardly little bitch and you know it and you can't hide it anymore, bitch."

Chris then stops for a moment and runs his hands through his hair, the rage never leaving his eyes as he tries to force himself to calm-even if a little bit before he speaks again.

"I want to apologize to some of you for all of this...rage...but sometimes a man can only be pushed so far before the only thing left to bring resolution to a long standing conflict, something that is the only sure aspect of one man's life in its most honest and true purity is just that and that being one's own rage." Chris started to explain before he leaned forward into the camera's view, allowing us to see the levels of his rage dancing in his gray eyes. "Now while I haven't lost myself to my rage quite yet, I am allowing it to color my words with the utmost honesty and freedom... I'm not holding anything back right now so you all know that I'm speaking with more honesty than you could ever do, Waylon, and I just wanted you to know with all honesty that what's about to happen is all upon your head." Chris said with a full and totally dark intent.

"So don't come to Austin looking for a wrestling match, because you aren't a wrestler, Waylon... come for your public execution and that's all, boy."

{Chris then turns and faces the candle}

"Because the time on your career ends just like a candle in the wind..."

"Be ready for all kinds of damage...Huh? Metal damage, brain damage...Are you listening, Waylon? I am the Nightrider. I'm a fuel injected suicide machine... I am the Rocker, I am the Roller, I am the Out-of-Controller!!! I'm the Nightrider, baby...now get ready for a fucking war at the speed of fright!!!"

{The flickering flame on the candle then suddenly goes out, sending the entire area back into the darkness as the promo comes to an end}