

[The feed starts with a black screen]

VOICE: January 11th, 2012. A small spark sets the wrestling business on fire, a new company debuts with its collective mind set on causing a revolution. Some of the best wrestling talent on the world has found a new place to call home.

[The RPW logo flashes in the screen]

VOICE: Matches are fought.

[A highlight reel of the first show takes over the screen, ending with Dragon making the title winning victory]

VOICE: A champion is crowned.

[a shot of Dragon raising the belt high takes over the screen]

VOICE: but most importantly a flame has been ignited, Professional Wrestling looks to be headed into a new era of success but a shadow lurked in the background.

[More highlights this time of the second and third show is what the viewers are treated to, the highlight ends with Abernathy flashing his end of the world sign on the crowd.]

VOICE: And on February 8th that shadow decided to engulf all of RPW.

[Abernathy is shown making his way to the ring, his brutal beating of Jimmy Flame is re-played, a shot of a bloody Flame fades to black]

VOICE: He was a Monster that came to extinguish this newly ignited flame, to end this new world.

[Highlights of Abernathy's and Commissioner Dobbs remind us of what has lead to this situation]

VOICE: The stipulation was clear. If Abernathy removed himself from RPW until this very day, this conflict would be decided with one swift blow, one match, winner takes all. We would have a hero to represent us, to fight for the fate of the company, a man that if victorious would banish the monster forever, but if defeated would bear forever on his shoulders the guilt of bringing RPW to its downfall, plenty of candidates rose to the occasion and made good cases on why should they be selected.

[Still shots of Hakai Dragon, John Brandenburg and El Omega 23 appear on the screen, one after another]

VOICE: But in the end, an unlikely candidate proved to be the chosen one.

[Highlights of the Elimination Blitz Challenge lead to a shot of Aron Scythe pinning John Brandenburg and raising his arm in victory]

VOICE: Now Aron Scythe comes to Sacramento for the biggest match of his life, and he comes with one mission only, to save.....Revival.....Pro.....Wrestling!!

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THE END OF THE WORLD

HAS BEGUN!!!



+++++CAMERA CUTS INTO A WIDE SHOT OF THE ARENA+++++

The scene opens inside the arena where the fans are eager to this live RPW event! The crowd cheers wildly as fireworks erupt around the stage area and put up their signs for the camera to see as it pans around the building to catch the throng of RPW fans in attendance.

SCYTHE WILL BEHEAD ABERNATHY!

THE REVIVAL LIVES ON!

SAVE US SCYTHE!

LONG LIVE RPW!

F*CK THE BRITISH EMPIRE!

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE+++++

MURPHY: WELCOME EVERYONE TO RPW END OF THE WORLD!!! Tonight's the night we've all been waiting for and it promises to be a game changing event for all of RPW, we have three titles on the line tonight plus Abernathy facing Aron Scythe in RPW's most important match to date, Scythe won the right to be RPW's representative by pinning John "The Brand" Brandenburg. Brandenburg will now be contending for RPW's newest title, the no limits championship and we have some words from "Brand" on his involvement tonight.

+++++++CAMERA CUTS TO A VIDEO PACKAGE+++++++

RPW cameras catch John Brandenburg at the Black Knight Gym. He is alone in the ring, a solitary steel chair in hand.

Brandenburg: Aron Scythe, you fought one hell of a match, and you beat me fair and square in the center of that ring. To think that one of the best technical wrestlers in RPW could be beat by a simple roll-up; it just goes to show you that preparation, technique, and a little thing called the element of surprise goes a long way. At End of the World, you'll get a chance at the monster Abernathy and potentially a shot at the RPW Heavyweight Championship, and on that, I wish you the best of luck. If you capture the belt from that scoundrel Ian Jones, I'd hope to get a chance to face you one-on-one again for the title.

"The Brand" turns around and eyes the steel chair in the ring. He begins walking to it.

Brandenburg: But now, now I get a chance at a new piece of championship gold, the RPW No Limits Championship, which will test the hardcore nature of all of its contestants. And trust me, I've been training. You see this thing?

Brandenburg picks up the chair, folds it up, and takes a swing.

Brandenburg: For a guy like me, light as a feather. But deadly, deadly like anything else we'll see used in the steel cage match at the End of the World. You see..

Brandenburg takes two swift swings, bouncing the chair off of the ropes.

Brandenburg: ... this type of match isn't necessarily my thing. However, it is a path to victory in Revival Pro Wrestling, and as a result, I've made a few tweaks to my gameplan in order to best utilize one of these badboys. It turns out you can apply all sorts of interesting submission holds under the grip of a steel chair.

Brandenburg signals over off-screen, and a student from the Black Knights Gym comes into the ring.

Brandenburg: For example, throw a punch, kid.

The student throws a punch and Brandenburg dodges, grabbing the steel chair in one hand and the student's arm in the other. A leg sweep brings the guy to the ground, and Brandenburg quickly traps his caught arm underneath his legs and into the steel chair's grip. He wrenches back on the chair and gets a quick tapout.

Brandenburg: I came up with ten more of those today. But there is one more thing that I find just as important about this chair. This is just the way I prepare, and this is the reason why I will be the next RPW No Limits Champion. But the one thing I enjoy the most about using this chair is what it means to me...and the back of my head.

Brandenburg turns and once again shows the scar on the back of his head from the vicious chairshot by Damien Wolfe.

Brandenburg: Don't think I haven't forgotten about you, Wolfe. You've messed with my business all too often, and believe me when I say I'm more than excited to get a chance to use this weapon as revenge. Any chairshot or move with this steel device that I deliver, consider it a message to you. I'm the number #1 Brand of Revival Pro Wrestling, and I don't take a beating from anyone without giving one back in full return. For my opponents in the steel cage at End of the World, let it be known that I'm ready to use any weapon and any means to...

Brandenburg swings three more times and tosses the chair out of the ring.

Brandenburg: ...TEACH EVERYONE to tap and become the new RPW No Limits Champion!

+++++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE RING+++++++

[The music of The British Empire (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E4jACsdca9Y>) hits. The sold out crowd boo loudly as Ian Jones, Damien Wolfe and Mr. Nice Guy walk out through the curtain. The three men move down the ramp with Jones in the

middle with his Heavyweight title draped over his shoulder. MNG and Wolfe are holding a Union Jack flag each, both waving them above their heads back and forth proudly. The Brits are wearing their trademark navy blue military jackets.]

MURPHY: **I wonder what these guys are out here for, I wasn't informed of this.**

[As the Brits saunter down the aisle, it seems a fan in the front row tapped Damien Wolfe on the arm. He glares out to the fans in touching distance enquiring who did it. He clearly didn't like that. Wolfe is gesticulating and shouting at the crowd.]

WOLFE: **Who touched me! C'mon show yourself tough guy!**

MNG: **Calm down mate, he is not worth it.**

[Mr. Nice Guy had to pull Wolfe away before things got out of hand. Damien carries on and grabs a microphone as Ian Jones is already stood in the ring. His compatriots join him.]

WOLFE: **Ladies and Gen.....What I mean to say is peasants and parasites, please be upstanding for the national anthem.**

[The Sacramento fans express their disapproval as 'God Save the Queen' plays.. The Brits are not bothered and place their right hands across their chests.]

MURPHY: **How many times will we all have to sit through this?**

[The microphone is in the possession of Mr. Nice Guy.]

MNG: **This night will be a glorious one for The British Empire. Mark my words. When people think of the first ever Revival Pro Wrestling PPV all they will remember is the complete and utter dominance of The British Empire.**

[He smirks and hands the mic to Wolfe.]

WOLFE: **The fact this event is held in the crap shoot that is Sacramento is an absolute farce.**

[The camera pans over the crowd and it is clearly evident the fans are angry. The noise is deafening. Damien Wolfe cups his ear pretending he can't hear.]

WOLFE: **Fans back home are smarter (he stares at the fan with whom he had an altercation earlier on) and louder!**

MURPHY: **I'm not sure about that Damien. The decibel level in this place is through the roof, amazing! I've got headphones on and still the volume is something else! These RPW fans really dislike this trio!**

[Jones takes the microphone from Wolfe.]

JONES: **Fans back home would show us the love and respect we deserve. Just take a good look at what is stood before you. The greatest wrestlers to ever step foot into a ring. Wrestling royalty! On my right you have the brightest young star and hottest commodity this business has to offer.**

[MNG mouths the words New Ironman Champion while holding up his index finger to signal number one.]

JONES: **And on my left you have the best technical wrestler on the planet.**

[Wolfe nods in agreement.]

JONES: I could count on these men to pump my blood for me and they would fight with me to the very End of the World. Tonight Sacramento will be the first city to be taken over by The Empire in our pursuit of World domination!

[Ian Jones drops the microphone so that a thud reverberates around the arena.]

MURPHY: There is no denying that all three members of The British Empire are talented wrestlers but the lack of respect and class they show is despicable! I along with these fans hope tonight the Empire lose all three matches they are involved in.

[<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E4jACsdca9Y> begins to play and the three men all raise their right arms in the air with the little finger pointing upwards. They exit the ring and security form a barricade between the fans down the aisle and the Brits. Wolfe and Nice Guy to the back soaking in the jeers from this partisan crowd]

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE+++++

Ian Jones heads to the announce table and sits, putting on a head set

JONES: Good Evening Loser.

MURPHY: Ian Jones, what are you doing in the announce table?

JONES: I'm here to call the Ironman Championship Match, you are too biased towards Hakai Dragon so I'm here to set matters straight.

MURPHY: Good lord....

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO THE RING+++++

DUCKY: The Following contest is scheduled is a gauntlet match and its for the RPW Ironman Championship, Introducing first, the champion, weighing 221 lbs..... from Sendai, Japan...

Oasis – Janne de Arc

[The arena goes dark except for a blue light hitting the entrance.]

DUCKY: HAKAAAAAAAAAIIII DRAAAAAGOOOOOOON!

[Hakai comes out from behind the entrance curtain and isn't moving at 100%. His face is looking down as he comes out, covered in a mask where only his eyes can be seen, and he's also wearing an all-white shinobi shozoko. Slowly his head rises and he makes his way to the ring, the light following him. One the back of his shozoko is the red Japanese sun in honor of his homeland.]

DUCKY: AND HIS FIRST OPPONENT...

["Tubthumping" by Chumbawumba](#) plays as Leonard Knox strides to the ring. He looks pumped up and prepared for this, his second title opportunity.

DUCKY: from Bradford, England and weighed in this morning at 270 pounds - Len "Ard" KNOX!

MURPHY: Leonard Knox? That's an interesting choice for a first opponent.

JONES: Leonard Knox put a beating on Hakai Dragon the first time the two fought, he's a tough guy but most importantly he's British. And we kinda screwed him over of his well earned title opportunity when we showed up to teach Dragon a lesson, the least I could do was to give him another shot.

MURPHY: Makes sense, also he saved Damien Wolfe of further punishment on this week's WNR when he took out Ronnie Reynolds, he could've laid down a beating on your boy Wolfe especially since you did screw him out of his title shot.

JONES: Leonard Knox knows better than to cross the British Empire, he fought back when we interfered on his match and I can respect that, looks like now we are more on the same page, but let's not talk too much, the action is about to start.

Knox strikes first with hard punches to the head which send the champion tumbling to a corner, Knox keeps unleashing methodically in the corner. Knox whips him to the opposite corner where Dragon crashes, the British brawler now charges in with a running elbow but misses as Dragon rolls out of the way. Knox tries to regain his stance but before he can do so he's the victim of a swift jaw breaker, Dragon follows up with a clothesline but is unable to send Knox to the mat, Knox is staggered though and this gives Dragon an opening, he bounces off the ropes for momentum and comes back with a stronger clothesline! He's still unable to knock down the 270 lbs Knox.

JONES: Look at that, Dragon can't even take him down.

Dragon whips Knox to the ropes but gets reversed, Dragon is on the run and he returns to duck one of Knox's clotheslines, hits the ropes again and this time he has a dropkick for Knox who staggers backwards into the ropes and all the way outside of the ring where he lands on his feet, Knox starts to walk around the ring while Dragon stands tall in the center of the ring, asking him to come back. Knox rolls back into the ring and the match is restarted from 0.

MURPHY: And here we go again.

Both men circle each other and Dragon shoots in for a takedown, he is able to push Knox all the way into a corner and settles for a single leg, Knox is fighting to stay on his feet and starts unleashing ferocious forearm strikes to the back of the champion who loses his grip on the leg, Knox pummels away and out of the corner effectively reversing positions, European uppercut and knee strikes net him an advantage of Dragon, who receives punishment against the corner.

JONES:

Knox showing British superiority here.

Knox halts his attack for a second and it's enough time for Dragon to try and walk out of the corner, Knox is having none of it and aggressively sends him back to the corner where he delivers another European uppercut, whip to the opposite corner is successful, Dragon tumbles back to the middle of the ring and a body slam by Knox sends him to the mat. Knox picks him up, pulls him by the arm right into a clothesline, Dragon hits the mat hard again and Leonard Knox goes for a cover.

1...

2.....Kickout!

Leonard doesn't want to lose his momentum and quickly picks up Dragon who fights back with a kick to the knee, Dragon goes into the ropes. Knox tries to catch him on the rebound with a back elbow, Dragon ducks and goes to the opposite ropes bounding back just to be lifted by Knox, Knox fails with the slam as Dragon slips out of danger and lands safely behind the big Brit. Dragon with a rear waistlock and he pushes Knox all the way into the ropes, goes for the roll up! Knox holds on the ropes and Dragon rolls back alone to the center of the ring, in one swift movement he gets back to his feet and keeps his backwards momentum to bounce off the ropes once again, Knox charges in with a clothesline and misses, Dragon bounces back one last time before he's stopped in the middle of the ring with a big boot.

JONES:

Knox dominating, Dragon doesn't stand a chance here Murph.

Holding his face in pain, Dragon crawls into a corner, he sits on the mat resting his back on the corner trying to regain energies but Knox charges him with a running knee, he misses and hits the turnbuckles, Dragon explodes with a school boy!

1...

2.....Kickout!

Dragon knows he needs to get himself back on the match, he attempts to keep the bigger man grounded with a side headlock but Knox just powers to his feet and goes for a back suplex, Dragon rolls and lands on his feet, Dragon with a kick to the back of the knee followed up with an enzugiri! Knox is dizzy and can't quite find his footing, Dragon goes for a DDT but he goes to the mat alone as Knox manages to push him off at the last second, Hakai Dragon rolls backwards and immediately charges Knox, peppering him with forearms and backing him into the corner, Dragon with the irish whip, reversed, Dragon bounces off the ropes, he jumps with a crossbody block in the middle of the ring and Knox catches him mid air.

JONES: Not so fast champ!

Elbows to the side of Knox's head set Dragon free and he now goes for a kick to the midsection, it's caught, Knox spins him around by the leg and cracks him on the gut with a hard knee, two forearms to the back of the doubled over Dragon follow, he straightens the champ up and hits a hard chop, Knox grabs Dragon by the back to the head with one arm and goes for the European Uppercut, Dragon spins out of the way, Backslide pin!

1...

2...

3! 3! 3! The bell rings.

DUCKY: Leonard Knox has been eliminated.

MURPHY: That's a three count and Leonard Knox has been eliminated, Hakai Dragon's still the RPW Ironman Champion.

JONES: Not for long.....

[Never Gonna Get it](#) plays and Mr. Nice Guy rushes down the ring to plenty of boos!

The member of the British Empire yells at the referee to get the match started and he obliges, the bell rings and we have more action, Nice guy goes straight to the headlock and gets a takedown, Dragon fires back with head scissors and controls Nice Guy who looks to spin out of it, he does a headstand and jumps out of the predicament, immediately going back to the headlock, this time Dragon's shoulders are against the mat and the ref slides down for a one count before Dragon powers out, Dragon gets to his knees, then to his feet, all this time still on the headlock, he finally frees himself by pushing Nice Guy into the ropes, Dragon looks to receive his British foe with a hip toss but Nice Guy blocks it and gets a backslide pin on the champion for another quick one. The Champion jumps right back up but Nice Guy has a deep arm drag and he works the arm bar for about ten seconds, he switches to a wristlock and flips forward to the mat, slamming Dragon's arm hard, Nice Guy goes back to the arm bar.

MURPHY: **Nice Guy controlling the champion early on.**

Dragon methodically starts spinning out and gets back to his feet, he pushes Nice Guy to the ropes and the referee gets the hold broken, the break is not clean though as Dragon immediately starts firing with forearms to the face, the animosity between this two is evident, a follow up irish whip is reversed and Dragon hits the ropes, MNG with the back elbow sends the champ to the ground, he comes straight up but now becomes the victim of a European Uppercut that makes him do a 180 spin. Nice guy follows up with a Bulldog and connects.

JONES: **Dragon has nothing for my boy.**

The Champion scrambles to a corner and MNG presses the action, irish whip by MNG is reversed and the English wrestler is sent to the opposite corner, he jumps on the second turnbuckle for a bounce and runs back towards Dragon taking him down with a running school boy for yet another 1 count. Dragon tries to pick himself up but ends up in the wrong end of another deep arm drag, MNG controls him with an arm bar but after a while Dragon manages to get out and locks a front chancery putting all of his way to keep MNG grounded, The Nice Guy gets back to his feet anyway and uses shoulder thrusts to the midsection to free himself, Dragon pummels his way back into control with forearms to the back and goes for the whip into the corner, it's reversed and the champion goes back first into the corner and bounces back, MNG hits the ropes for some speed but gets caught on his way back with a leg lariat.

MURPHY: **That's something he had for MNG.**

Dragon picks up Mr. Nice Guy but gets hit with another shoulder thrust, is anyone keeping count? MNG follows his offense with a couple of forearms, a kick to the gut and a swinging neckbreaker MNG goes to stalk mode and fires a German Suplex when Dragon gets up, a backflip allows Dragon to land on his feet and he takes advantage of a surprised MNG with a dropkick that sends the brit into the ropes, Nice Guy comes back hard with a forearm to the face that sends the Champion to the ropes, he bounces back with a knee to the mid section and grabs Nice Guy behind the head with the left hand while unleashing a flurry of rights on his face, MNG does the same and those two are recklessly trading blows.

JONES: **Dragon is gonna fall first, mark my words.**

Jones is immediately proven wrong by a judo throw that puts Nice Guy on his back; a follow up cross arm breaker is broken as Nice Guy has a hold of the ropes. The referee forces both men to separate and both are back to where they started, collar and elbow tie up, arm wringer by MNG, single leg takedown by Dragon who just swarms Nice Guy with punches on the ground, the Brit manages to push the champion off him and get back to his feet, the lock up again and Nice Guy gets a side headlock the champ sends him to the ropes, the brit hits a shoulder block and the champ goes down, Nice Guy goes to the ropes, jumps over Dragon, rebounds, Hakai leapfrogs over him, Nice Guy hits the breaks and turns around but Hakai is already running for the ropes, now's Nice Guy who leapfrogs and Hakai hits the break and goes for an irish whip to the corner, it gets reversed and Dragon uses the corner as a stairway and comes with a moonsault, Nice Guy runs forward and out of the way, Dragon lands on his feet and MNG springboards off the corner with a crossbody.

MURPHY: **That was a lightning fast exchange.**

The bounce on the crossbody sent MNG away from Dragon, making him unable to follow up with a pin, he rushes forward but Dragon sweeps the leg and gets up, rolling senton by the champion misses and he rolls forward and into the ropes, MNG gets up and catches the champion with an inverted atomic drop, he grabs the champ by the neck and the pants and throws him

outside of the ring through the ropes, he bounces off the opposite side ropes and comes back full speed with a suicide dive over the top rope, he connects and the crowd is going wild for the high paced action.

JONES: We are few minutes away from crowning a new champion.

Nice Guy knows he cannot win the match on the outside and drags the champ back into the ring, Dragon sits up but gets dropkicked on the back, he tries to get back once again but he's mat bound as a Russian leg sweep by MNG makes sure he stays there. Cover for the challenger.

1...

2.....Kickout!

Nice Guy wants the title and he wants it now, he signals for the championship across his waist, getting him some boos. Dragon is still the champion and he gets up looking for a fight, he finds a kick to the abdomen and a DDT that leaves him looking at the bright lights on the ceiling. Nice Guy makes his way to the top and climbs up hoping this move will net him his first taste of RPW gold, MNG launches himself to victory with a very impressive 450 splash, picture perfect! A full front flip and the some more into a splash that connects!! With Dragon's knees!! The Crowd cheers, as Nice Guy jumps backwards holding his ribs, he walks up to Dragon who explodes with a reverse STO, MNG goes face first on the mat and gets trapped in a Koji Clutch!!!

BOTH MEN ON THE CENTER OF THE RING!

THE MOVE IS LOCKED IN TIGHTLY, THE CROWD IS WILD.

MNG'S FACE IS ALL RED, DRAGON PUTS MORE PRESSURE.

NICE GUY SWINGS HIS LEGS AROUND LOOKING FOR THE ROPES!

HE REACHES!!!

AND PUTS HIS FEET ON THE ROPE!

MURPHY: **Close call for MNG, he almost saw his title aspirations fade right in front of him.**

Hakai Dragon looks tired, this two matches have surely taken a toll on his body and he knows he can't go full speed much longer, this needs to end ASAP and there's one way to make sure of that, The Tsunami! Dragon picks up MNG and goes for the vertical suplex but it's reversed into a small package.

1...

2...

Kickout!!!

JONES: **So close!!**

Both men spring right back into his feet and Dragon pushes forward with a Super Kick, doesn't connect, MNG with a front kick that gets caught by Dragon, Enzugiri by MNG connects and Dragon loses balance and takes a few steps on rubber legs, MNG with a dropkick floors him, Nice Guy jumps into the second turnbuckle and executes an awesome looking moonsault that lands right on target, no cover is made, instead MNG picks Dragon up and sets him up for presumably the Bad Man Destroyer, a deadly front flip Piledriver, he goes for it and lands it the crowd is amazed at the maneuver that might just take the title away from Hakai Dragon, the cover is made.

1...

2...

2.99...

Kickout!!!

JONES:

That was three! That was three! What an injustice!!!

The crowd is relieved but Mr. Nice Guy just cannot believe what has just happened, he starts arguing with the referee over the decision claiming it was in fact a three count. The referee has two fingers on the air and he shows them to MNG, who has three fingers up himself and signals for a belt on his waist. MNG notices Dragon crawling and he realizes he has taken his eye off the prize for a second, no more distractions for MNG. He sets up for another Bad Man Destroyer, double leg takedown by Hakai, Jacknife hold rolling over into a bridge and all, MNG is in trouble.

1...

2...

Kickout!!!

Nice Guy needs to keep control of this match up, he's doing too well to let it slip away on a move like that, he springs right back to his feet and Dragon is having trouble standing up, MNG helps him to his feet and slaps him hard on the face which earns him a loud negative reaction from the Sacramento Crowd. Nice Guy goes to the ropes and jumps on them for a springboard moonsault, connects on the champion and sends him crashing back first to the mat. Dragon uses the momentum to roll backwards and somehow right into a camel clutch, no! It's a dragon sleeper.

JONES: **How did that happen!!!**

MURPHY: **The Champion proving why he's the undefeated ironman champion!!**

The move is locked in the middle of the ring, and MNG stretches his hand forward, the ropes are far away but Hakai looks spent and his grip is not as tight as he and his legion of fans would like, he suddenly switches his grip to a half nelson and rolls MNG over, leg on leg grip plus a half nelson pin, the ref counts!!

1...

2...

2.99...

3!!! The bell rings!!

DUCKY: Mr. Nice Guy has been eliminated.

JONES: And now he says it's three, it was about the same as the pin after that Bad Man Destroyer, what inconsistency!! I cannot believe what I'm seeing across my eyes, this is all Dobbs fault, he told the referee to look after Dragon I'm sure, I'm out of here, how disgusting...

MURPHY: Let's not start any conspiracy the- Hey where are you going, there's still one more participant on the gauntlet.

Nelly – "Must Be the Money" plays on the speakers.

DUCKY: Hailing from Riyadh, Saudi Arabia and weighing in at 190 pound, he's accompanied to the ring by Dominic Golden, JAFAAAAR AL-SULLLLTAAAAAAAANNNNNN!

Jafaar comes out from the entrance wearing flowing right robes with gold trimming! The crowd reacts with boos to the oil magnate from Saudi Arabia and the former RPW Color commentator, they cross paths with a furious Ian Jones who doesn't even look at them. Jafaar slides into the ring and the bell rings as Dragon tries to catch his breath, Jafaar won't allow that and immediately rushes him with a spear that connects, Dragon favors his mid section but Jafaar is set to become a champion and he has a prime opportunity tonight, he picks up Dragon with a fireman's carry and walks him all the way into a corner, setting him up on the top rope.

MURPHY: I don't like the looks of this.

The Oil Magnate climbs to the top rope himself and he has a huge smile on his face, He turns around while jumping back into the ring. Midair, he grabs Dragon's head and brings it to the mat with a cutter. The ASP Strike has connected and that's Sultan's finish move, Dragon kicked out of MNG's finisher, can he do the same with Sultan's? We are about to find out as a cover is made.

1...

2...

3!!! The bell rings!! Booooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!

DUCKY: And the winner of this match, still undefeated and NEWWWWWWWW RPW IRONMAN CHAMPION!! JAFAR AL-SULTAN.

The referee awards Jafaar the championship belt while Dominic Golden climbs into the ring, both man celebrate showered in boos as Hakai regains his senses and realizes what has just happened.

MURPHY: And Jafaar comes to pick up the pieces, he remains Undefeated while ending Hakai Dragon's streak, Jafaar made quick work of Dragon but the damage had already been done by Leonard Knox and Mr. Nice Guy. Don't forget that Hakai is still scheduled to compete against Ian Jones for the RPW heavyweight title.

Golden has gotten a hold of a microphone and has a very short message to relay.

GOLDEN: Dobbs, you are going down! Hahahahaha!!

MURPHY: What a way to start this show ladies and gentleman, I'm informed that Brandy Swinson is backstage with Jimmy Flame, let's see how Jimmy is doing, we haven't seen him since his match with Abernathy.

+++++CAMERA CUTS BACKSTAGE+++++

SWINSON: We are backstage with "Jumping" Jimmy Flame, Jimmy this is your first appearance since being brutally assaulted by Abernathy almost one month ago, how are you feeling?

FLAME: I'm still not 100% Brandy, what Abernathy did to me was brutal there's no other way to describe it, it's been terribly hard for me to get back here not only because of the physical consequences of that beatdown but the psychological effect that it had on me. I'm here though; I've never been one to shy away from adversity.

SWINSON: Tonight Aron Scythe goes one on one with Abernathy in a no interference match, what are your thoughts on the match-up and what's your prediction?

FLAME: Well, Abernathy is a beast and Scythe is a tough competitor, this pro-

"Jumping" Jimmy Flame is abruptly cut off as he's blindsided by an attacker, the camera tries to get a better shot and it's Abernathy who hits him relentlessly with forearm to the back, he picks him up and holds him straight with double overhooks before delivering a sick headbutt to his face, he repeats the headbutt two more times before switching to double underhooks and setting up the package Piledriver, he connects with it and a bloody Jimmy Flame is left laying on the floor while a terrified Brandy Swinson is stunned on the scene, Abernathy violently snatches the microphone out of her hand and faces the camera.

ABERNATHY: You shouldn't have returned Jimmy, it doesn't matter what you think about my match, it doesn't matter what anyone thinks about it, the only thing that matters is that I'm gonna beat Aron Scythe, I will beat him up so bad he will never wrestle again, and after I'm done with him I'm gonna step on his chest, the referee will count to three and I will take control of RPW, the world is about to end, get ready for the inevitable.

+++++CAMERA CUTS INTO THE RING+++++

Ducky is in the middle of the ring ready to announce our second match of the night.

DUCKY: This match is set for one fall and a 45 minute time limit. Introducing first....

Helicopter Showdown – "The Wrestler"

The crowd is on their feet booing loudly!

DUCKY: Weighing 276 lbs., from Cumberland, MD.... LONDON.... JAAAAACKSSOOOOOON!!!

The beat drops and out sprints Jackson. He rushes the ring and slides into the center of the ring promptly flipping off the crowd as the crowd's boos reach a deafening chorus.

MURPHY: Landon Jackson is full of energy tonight and he's gonna need it if he wants to defeat Landon Jackson.

The lights slowly start dimming as the arena fades into silence and eventually darkness, time starts to pass in darkness and the audience starts to react in anticipation, mostly cheers can be heard.

MURPHY: This is it, after tonight there will be no more Landon Jackson vs. Diego San Martin rivalry, tonight it ends once and for all!

Finally a white letters flash brightly in the big screen, the voice of a woman can be heard reading them aloud.

RESISTANCE IS FUTILE

Nightwish – "The End of all Hope"

Both Diego and his associate walk through the curtain, as the lights slowly start to rise while they go down the ramp, with more illumination we can see that Diego is carrying his trademark black folding chair high in the air and he's wearing his usual

black suit, Omega looks pumped with his custom basketball jersey numbered 23, fight shorts and feline lucha mask on and ready for battle.

DUCKY: **And his opponent, accompanied to the ring by "The Alpha Brain" Diego San Martin, from somewhere in South America, weighing in at 110 kilograms. He is EL OMEGA VAIN-TEE-TRES!!!**

A collar an elbow tie-up marks the beginning of this match that promises intensity, both men struggle for early dominance but it's an early stalemate that takes stage, Omega briefly goes to one knee but immediately rises back up and finally improves position with a top wristlock which he puts pressure on. Diego San Martin claps on the outside and Omega transitions to an armbar, driving Jackson to one knee. El Omega 23 spins around and gets a front chancery, effectively holding down Landon Jackson. Jackson struggles with the move and attempts to get his vertical base back, he manages to stand up but as he does he eats a hard knee that sends him staggering into a corner. El Omega charges with a clothesline but misses his mark as Jackson swiftly moves out of the way.

MURPHY: **Jackson stepping out of trouble, let's see if he can take control of the match up.**

Jackson kicks Omega in the midsection and starts firing off repeated forearm strikes to the South American's face, Omega covers up with both arms and Jackson decides to switch his attack to body blows, El Omega absorbs some of them but he manages to get a hold of Jackson in a Thai Plum and uses it to reverse positions, sending Jackson hard into a corner where he delivers a hard knife edge chop. Woouoooooo! A second knife-edge follows, and a third one, Omega unleashes with more and more chops, each coming in faster than the previous, he caps of his attack with a open handed slap to the chest. Jackson decides he's had enough, with his chest already starting to show off the red and his face grimacing in pain, he starts walking away from the corner and into the adjacent one.

MURPHY: **Omega hitting hard early on, remember than due to the stipulations of this match if Omega wins, Jackson has agreed to step away from Don Diego's business.**

Not ready to let his opponent off the hook, Omega chases Jackson, gets a hold of his head and drives it against the top turnbuckle of this new corner where he hooks Jackson's arms into ropes before restarting his chopping attack. Jackson is once again forced to retreat into the next corner, which would be number three. Omega once again goes for the head push into the corner but Jackson puts his foot in the second turnbuckle to prevent it, an elbow to the midsection of Omega staggers the Masked Menace enough for Jackson to send his head into the top turnbuckle and now it's payback time with Jackson unleashing forearms, chops and stomps to the cornered South American.

MURPHY: **Jackson's finally getting into the match, and don't forget that should he be victorious tonight, Diego San Martin would be forced to manage him and lead him to a championship belt.**

Firmly in control of the action, Jackson goes for an Irish whip to the opposite corner, instead of releasing it he hammers on Omega's elbow sending him to the mat in perfect position for a crossface, Jackson calls it The Finale and it's his favorite hold to end matches, Omega is well aware of this and rolls forward and out of the predicament before any damage is done. Jackson wants to remain in control of this contest and rushes forward to put more pressure on Omega, he gets caught in a front waistlock coming in which is immediately transitioned into an overhead belly to belly suplex, Jackson crashes to the mat and arches himself favoring his back.

MURPHY: **Jackson rushed in recklessly and paid for it, what a move.**

Jackson goes to his knees and stands up, Omega is right behind him and hooks a chicken wing on one arm and goes for the second arm, his usual setup for a Tiger suplex, Jackson knows this and bails out for the ropes before he can be thrown on his head, Jackson bounces off the ropes for momentum and fires back with a clothesline, Omega ducks under it and hooks the arm looking for that Tiger again, Jackson reverses to a hammerlock, keeping himself out of danger. Omega frees himself with elbows and hits the ropes, he runs back in and attacks with a flying reverse elbow! Jackson sidesteps slightly and catches him mid air with a huge German Suplex right into a pinning predicament.

MURPHY: **Holy mother of god, this might be it for Omega's RPW career.**

1...

2...

Kickout!!

MURPHY:

Omega is safe for now, DSM must be relieved.

The Camera swiftly switches to a shot of Diego San Martin, standing up at ringside with a slight expression of worry still on his face. We are back to the ring where Jackson is fiercely stomping a downed Omega, rallying a negative reaction from the crowd in the process, Jackson drops an elbow and hooks the leg, only getting one. El Omega 23 sits up and looks to rise to his feet, he does but gets caught in a full nelson in the process. The South American struggles to get out of the hold but Jackson is putting a lot of pressure on it, suddenly Omega is driven to the mat with a full nelson slam, another pin attempt by Jackson.

1...

2...

Kickout!!

MURPHY:
control.

El Omega 23 needs to find a way to turn the tide of this match, Jackson is vicious when he's in

Landon Jackson is relentless with his attack, another flurry of stomps to the downed luchador precedes a pick up and an Irish whip into the corner. Jackson rushes into the corner and connects a huge spear to the midsection of Omega. Jackson now fires with three forearms to the face and then starts using his feet to choke Omega, he grabs the ropes for leverage and the ref counts ...1...2...3...4...Jackson breaks the hold and turns his attention to the referee, scaring him a few feet away. Jackson resumes his assault with a hard punch to the face and repeated shoulder thrusts to the abdomen, Jackson drags Omega to the center of the ring by the mask, he kicks him on the gut setting up for a fisherman suplex that connects, into a pin!

1...

2...

Kickout!!

MURPHY:
to this match.

This has been all Jackson for a while now and he looks like he wants to put an exclamation point

Signaling for the end only gets Jackson boos from the crowd, but he doesn't seem to be bothered by it, Jackson sets Omega up trapping the masked man's head between his legs, he goes to lift him up, presumably for his Razor's Edge maneuver that he calls "The Breakdown", Omega refuses to go up, both men struggle until Omega powers out and lifts Jackson all the way into a standing fireman's carry, he quickly drops him into a gut buster and plants him down to the mat with a hard lariat.

MURPHY:

What a reversal! Omega goes for the pin!

1...

2...

Kickout!!

The crowd begins to rally behind El Omega 23, who drags Jackson to his feet, Jackson fires back with a body punch, Omega retaliates with one to the head, Jackson has one of his own to the head, they go back and forth until Omega gains the advantage, he hits one, two, three on a row, a discus clothesline follows, Jackson runs under it and into the ropes, he bounces back and gets caught in a inverted atomic drop, now it's Omega who hits the ropes and returns at full speed with a nearly decapitating big boot, the crowd cheers and Omega goes for the pin.

1...

2...

Kickout!!

MURPHY: Jackson kicks out and this match continue, there's a lot on the line here and nobody wants to give an inch of space to the other.

Omega gets his opponent up and whips him into a corner, running jumping splash follows up and connects, Jackson tumbles forward to the center of the ring but Omega is not letting him ran, he sets up for a pumphandle, he lifts him and drops him on a gutbuster, Lariat follows!!! The Finale!! What a reversal by Landon Jackson, he knew what was coming and countered accordingly, El Omega finds himself caught on Jackson's finishing hold, a crossface.

MURPHY: Omega went to the well once too often with that maneuver and could end up losing his RPW spot because of it.

The South American Masked Man is sure to have an expression of pain under his mask as he extends arm forward reaching for a rope that simply isn't there. He tries to crawl forward and closer to the rope but carrying Landon's weight on top of you is no easy task. Diego San Martin is on his feet and next to the ropes Omega is reaching for, he can be heard yelling in Spanish, probably cheering on his client to get the rope.

JACKSON ARCHES, PUTTING EXTRA PRESSURE ON THE HOLD.

OMEGA POWERS FORWARD, HE GAINS A COUPLE OF INCHES.

HE REACHES FOR THE ROPES; HE'S CLOSE BUT NOT YET THERE.

IS OMEGA GONNA TAP???

NOT YET, HE STILL HAS SOME GAS IN THE TANK.

HE PUSHES FORWARD.

REACHES.....

REACHES....

AND GETS THE ROPES!!!!!!

MURPHY:
after a 4 count.

He makes it to the ropes! The ref orders Jackson to break the hold and he does so

The crowd is ecstatic and so is Diego San Martin, who's celebrating like he had just won a world title, Jackson is on disbelief. He drags Omega back to the center of the ring and goes for The Finale again, this time Omega is more than ready and rolls forward, immediately transitioning into a front facelock, Omega spins and takes Jackson's back, immediately going for the double chickenwing and following up with a release Tiger Suplex, Omega usually keeps the chickenwing locked in and goes for three rolling tigers but this time he's favoring his arm, The Finale has taken a toll on his shoulder. This gives space to Jackson to stand up and charge back into the action but Omega still has one good arm and uses it to plant his opponent with a sidewalk slam. More cheers follow.

MURPHY:
much more damage.

Omega needs to do something big now, his arm is probably not gonna be able to take

El Omega 23 how hooks Jackson by both legs and starts spinning him around, big swing! Jackson goes around and around and around and so on, the crowd plays along with it as El Omega keeps spinning Jackson around the ring. Finally he releases the hold and Jackson crashes hard to the mat, Omega is sent tumbling backwards by the momentum accumulated and he falls all the way through the ropes and to the outside, a clearly Dizzy Omega tries to regain his balance on the outside but he can't seem to get his head straight. Diego San Martin is yelling at Omega in Spanish, urging him to get up he crawls up to the barricade and tries to get back to his feet, he finally does on a 7 count and rolls back into the ring.

MURPHY:
than good.

Omega is finally back to the ring and that big swing might have done him more harm

Just as he's standing up, Omega finds himself in the receiving end of a clothesline that sends him over the top rope and into the apron, he immediately retaliates with a shoulder thrust between the ropes that doubles Jackson over, Omega goes for the vertical suplex to the outside but Jackson refuses to go up and ends up on the apron instead, both men are on the apron and exchanging hard chops, crowd cheering for Omega's hits and booing for Landon's, they go back and forth nearly 6 times and the chain of chops is only broken when Jackson goes for a clothesline, Omega ducks under it and goes for what looks like a northern lights suplex but instead of arching back and dumping Jackson on his back on the apron, Omega twists to the side and dumps him gut first into the top ropes, Jackson is left hanging over the ropes with his head to the outside.

MURPHY:

Oh no!! I know what comes next, this is not good for Landon Jackson!

And it certainly isn't, Omega takes a few steps back before running forward with his patented jumping knee to the side of the head of the hanging Jackson, Jackson falls forward, crashes his head on the mat and the momentum sends him rolling forward to the outside where he crashes back first like a sack of potatoes, El Omega 23 stands tall on the apron while Jackson looks limp on the outside.

MURPHY:

can continue after that move.

And that's the end of the match right here folks, there's absolutely no way Jackson

But El Omega doesn't wanna give Jackson a fighting chance or room to recover, he immediately jumps down and drags the limp Jackson back to the ring, he pushes him away from the ropes and goes for the pinfall that will once and for all end their rivalry.

1...

2...

3?

NEAR FALL!!! The Ref signals for two.

MURPHY:

No way....

Everyone is in complete disbelief, Harold Murphy, Diego San Martin, the crowd and probably the people watching at home are thinking the same thing, what do you have to do to keep Jackson down. El Omega wants to answer that question two and he prepares to deliver the one move that has never failed him, Omega puts Jackson on a torture rack and the crowd cheers him for it, this is the moment where Omega pushes his opponents legs off and drops him on the mat with a cutter but Jackson has other plans and repeated elbows to the head of Omega set him free for the torture rack, he rallies all his remaining energies and slides out from Omega's shoulders landing safely standing behind his opponent, he gets a hold of one of Omega's arms and tries to drive him to the ground for The Finale, Jackson's crossface submission.

MURPHY:

The Finale! That's the same arm he had targeted previously, I don't think Omega can endure being put on that hold again.

Luckily for Omega, San Martin and all of their fans, they don't have to find out as El Omega pulls of a textbook technical reversal taking a hammerlock and the back of Landon Jackson in the process. Omega switches his grip to a double chicken wing and lands a Tiger Suplex!!!

MURPHY:

Tiger Suplex by El Omega Twenty Three, excuse me, Veintitres, does he have two more in store for Jackson?

And he has at least one more, Omega rolls back to his feet with the Chicken wing still hooked in and takes Jackson for another ride. Omega looks to repeat the procedure but Jackson knows what's coming and fights to prevent the Tiger Suplex, Omega is forced to switch his plan and he releases one arm, going for a crossface chickenwing instead, he clasps both of his arms together and we have a submission locked on Landon Jackson who flails his arms around slowly, nearly out of it. Jackson still has some of his wits about him and he tries to walk towards the nearest ropes, Omega notices this and pulls Jackson to the mat, Omega keeps the hold tightly in place and rolls forward into a perfect bridge, the submission is still locked in and it has even more pressure on it.

MURPHY:

Bridging Chickenwing Crossface, I'd never seen that from El Omega before, will this be enough to finally put Jackson away?

JACKSON HAS HIS FREE ARM HIGH IN THE AIR.

HE LOOKS TO BE FADING AS HIS ARM STARTS TO DROP.

THE CROWD IN ON THEIR FEET, CHEERING!

JACKSON FIGHTS TO KEEP HIS ARM UP.

HE'S IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING, THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO.

IS JACKSON GONNA TAP???

YES!!! LANDON JACKSON HAS TAPPED OUT! THE BELL RINGS!

MURPHY: Landon Jackson taps out; El Omega 23 has done it!

The crowd cheers as Diego San Martin slides into the ring and raises Omega's right arm in victory as Ducky makes the official announcement, "The Alpha Brain" has finally got rid of the thorn on his side that Jackson has been this past month. A clearly disappointed Landon Jackson is now shown making his way up the ramp, surprisingly he doesn't get much boos on the way out.

MURPHY: Looks like Jackson has at least won the respect from the crowd, he wasn't able to secure the victory on this high stakes match up but he put a gutsy performance and he's gonna be a handful for anyone on the RPW roster.

Diego San Martin and Omega 23, El Omega is shown walking up the ramp by himself before the camera switches shots.
+++++CAMERA CUTS TO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE+++++

MURPHY: What a night has been thus far Ladies and Gentleman, and we still have a lot to come luckily for me I won't have to call this on my own as my voice is already starting to wear down from all the excitement, joining me for commentary, none other than "The Alpha Brain" Diego San Martin.

San Martin is shown getting on the table and putting on a headset.

SAN MARTIN: Good Night Harold, what a match huh?

MURPHY: It certainly was, a couple of close spots too, were you worried at any moment?

SAN MARTIN: Not really, but at the same time I was pretty much worried all the time. I was confident on my client's superiority but Jackson is no slouch and anything can happen on any given night.

MURPHY: That's for sure, what I do want to see happen this night is Aron Scythe standing victorious over Abernathy in our main event.

SAN MARTIN: Everyone wants that Murph, Aron Scythe is a very good competitors, he has all the tools and tonight he just needs to put them together, he has already proven that he can rise to the occasion and pull through on big time matches, Dobbs might've made the right decision putting the spot for grabs in the Elimination Blitz as we've found a representative that won't settle for anything but victory.

MURPHY: While you make a valid point, a lot of people don't believe in that, they think Scythe's victory was a fluke and we will be more suited to have "The Brand" facing Abernathy. The Signature Brand, the most dangerous hold on RPW today was in many people's mind the answer to Abernathy's threat.

SAN MARTIN: I guess the only way of finding out is to wait for our main event, there's a lot of Dangerous Holds on RPW though Murphy, that Bridging Chicken Wing Crossface was pretty sick if I might say so, also Aron Scythe is said to be very proficient with the Chikara Special.

MURPHY: Yeah, those are pretty good moves too, let's head backstage as I'm informed we have something important happening.

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO BACKSTAGE AREA+++++

The Camera shifts backstage to the British's Empire locker-room, someone's knocking at the door. Ian Jones opens it and it's none other than Sir Charles Strickland in a black suit, a blue tie with a Cambridge University pin and rocking white hair and a striking moustache.

STRICKLAND: Ian, Champ is good to see you. First things first, I won't be taking much of your time lads because I know you have big title matches ahead of you. I know you agree with me that Commissioner Dobbs is running this company to the ground and I'm not gonna sit home while he does so. I'm confident that we will flying back to England with two titles, and let me promise you, after I'm done with Dobbs, you will be able to defend those titles in England, in front of the best fans in the world.

Strickland reaches for a golden pocket watch and looks at it.

STRICKLAND: Look at the time, I am needed elsewhere.

Strickland gently closes the door as we cut into our next segment.

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO VIDEO PACKAGE+++++

[Flashback to Damien Wolfe's chair shot to John Brandenburg, Wolfe tapping out to the Signature Brand, then Kirk Cobain's chair shot to Wolfe.]

VOICE: "Inside the cage there are no friends"

[Flashback to Commissioner Dobbs in the middle of the ring]

DOBBS: "the Signature Brand is a perfectly legal submission hold"

[Wolfe crushing Cobain's throat with a steel chair, Wolfe interfering in the Ian Jones vs. Brandenburg Heavyweight title match.]

VOICE: "Inside the cage there are no rules"

[Flashback to Wolfe pinning Ronnie Reynolds in the Elimination Blitz after a top rope German avalanche suplex and Cobain's return from injury and chair attack on Wolfe]

DOBBS: "I created this division to contain the violence that is spilling and tainting RPW"

VOICE: "Inside the cage there are no boundaries"

[Flashback to Ronnie Reynolds pinning Leonard Knox after a springboard dropkick onto a trash can, Wolfe's barbed wire baseball bat assault, Reynolds tornado facebuster on Wolfe from the top rope through a table, Cobain training with a Kendo stick, "Damien Wolfe, this Sunday the only world that will end, will be yours."]

VOICE: "Inside the cage there are no limits"

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO THE RING+++++

The crowd cheers in appreciation as we are treated to a wide shot of a steel cage being lowered from the ceiling.

DUCKY: The following contest is a "weapons on top of a steel cage" match, the first man to score a pinfall, submission or to escape the cage and touch the floor with both feet will be declared the winner and crowned as first RPW NO LIMITS CHAMPION, Introducing first:

[The camera switches to the big screen where we see Damien Wolfe sat facing the camera, a Union Jack flag is draped behind him in the room.]

WOLFE: You know, when I first came to RPW, I felt like I was fully formed. I'd been all over the world, learning under the best teachers anyone could possibly hope for, as far as I was concerned I was the absolute pinnacle of technical wrestling. You know I had every intention of going it alone here, I was sure my wrestling ability would speak for itself and that I would get me the recognition and respect I deserved...

[Wolfe shifts in his chair.]

WOLFE: But certain events and certain people changed that and shaped the man you see before you today. My first night in the company, tag match with Mr. Nice Guy against John Brandenburg and Malcolm Valenzuela, one notch in the loss column due to an illegal choke. Coming out of that match I'm thinking to myself "don't worry, this wont stand, they'll overturn that decision", but of course they never did.

Singles match, Kirk Cobain, I beat him and leave him laying, "I'm back on track" I think to myself.

Singles match, tournament semi-final to crown the RPW Heavyweight champion, me and John Brandenburg. Once again, illegal choke leads to another notch in the loss column, my chance at becoming the first RPW Heavyweight champion gone. To add insult to injury Kirk Cobain comes out and cheap shots me with a steel chair round the back of my head! But then a glimmer of hope, Commissioner Dobbs says the executive committee are going to review the legality of the Signature Brand, there's still a chance that justice can be done. But of course.. no, Dobbs let me down, he showed me that cheats prosper here in RPW.

I turn to Mr. Nice Guy and Ian Jones, two fellow Brits who have been similarly wronged here in RPW. The British Empire is formed, together we can stop the injustices that have befallen all three of us, together we will be unstoppable.

Elimination Blitz, my chance to prove to everyone what I can do in the ring, I'm in complete control of John Brandenburg and Aron Scythe, when what does that little bitch Kirk Cobain do? Once again he cheap shots me with a steel chair! I get counted out, Scythe wins the match and gets himself a pay-per-view main event. Cobain, that chair shot was the last straw, it was then that I realised that it was time to change, to reinvent myself.

John Brandenburg, Commissioner Dobbs, Kirk Cobain, you've all played your part, you've all shown me what is necessary to succeed here, what it takes to get ahead. You made me, all three of you, you all planted the seeds and now it is time to reap what you have sown. You've created the beast, and now the beast is going to feed on the No Limits division. When tonight is over... blood will have been spilled and that belt will be mine. For the Empire.

The big screen fades into Damien Wolfe's entrance video as the striking chords of 'Black Tongue' by Mastodon can be heard along the boos that quickly fill the arena, the shot goes back to the top of the stage where Damien Wolfe emerges through the curtain and stands on the top of the stage, staring intently at the cage surrounding the ring. He is wearing a new black sleeveless t-shirt with the words "DAMIEN WOLFE: THE BEAST IS UNLEASHED", long black tights with thin red white and blue stripes up the side, with black knee pads and boots. In his right hand he is holding a baseball bat wrapped in barbed wire. The camera focuses on a sign in the crowd "WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD WOLFE?"

MURPHY: Here comes Damien Wolfe, a man who's come into RPW with a great sense of entitlement, tonight he gets his opportunity at championship gold.

Wolfe walks down the ramp ignoring the fans who try to reach out and grab him, his eyes not leaving the steel structure, his brain imagining the punishment to be inflicted on his opponents.

MURPHY: This man is intense, after what he did to his former trainer Tommy Riley you've gotta believe there are no lengths he won't go to to leave here tonight as the RPW No Limits champion.

Wolfe climbs the steps and walks through the cage door. Once in the ring he turns to face the hard camera, as the shot zooms in he can be seen mouthing the words "for the Empire".

DUCKY: Also a participant in the match.....

Metallica's blackened plays in the arena.

[The arena goes pitch black and a spotlight hits the ring entrance. The crowd starts getting frenzied as time passes during the intro to "Blackened"!]

MURPHY: **The crowd getting ready for THE BRAND!**

John Brandenburg saunters out of the curtain, and the crowd goes absolutely berserk!!!

DUCKY: **From Inglewood, California... weighing in at 200 lbs.... JOHN... "THE BRAND"... BRAN-DEN-BUUUUUUUUUUURG!!!**

Brandenburg shows up lean and muscular as always, his short, curly blonde hair rests on top his clean cut face and striking blue eyes. The camera zooms on the "champion" tattoo on his right wrist, and he has a good chance at becoming one tonight.

SAN MARTIN: **The Crowd is going wild for Brand and it's no surprise, we are in California after all.**

Fog rises as he passes down the aisle. He throws his fist toward the ring and lets out a mighty yell to which the crowd responds in kind! He marches straight to the ring with intensity despite the numerous hands reaching out towards him. Brand passes through the cage door and gives a cold stare to Damien Wolfe, Wolfe points to the top of the cage where a baseball bat wrapped in barbwire is strapped to a small pole in one of the corners.

DUCKY: **it's time to introduce our third contestant.**

AC/DC's Back in Black marks the entrance of Ronnie Reynolds.

DUCKY: **from Savannah, GA. Weighing in at 217 pounds, Ravishing Ronnie Reynolds.**

Reynolds walks down the ramp with his usual perfect hair-do, he's psyching himself up for the brutal match he's gonna be a part of, he makes his way into the cage through the door.

The music dies down for a second and there's only one wrestler left to enter the match up.

A referee is inside the cage with all four competitors and another referee is locking up the cage door. The bell rings and both Cobain and Brand immediately go after Wolfe, cornering him and stomping a mudhole on him. Reynolds poses for the crowd and then realizes that he has an opening and starts climbing to an escape. Both Cobain and Brandenburg are too busy beating on Wolfe to notice but Wolfe manages to see Ronnie Reynolds trying to pull a fast one on everyone, he yells to check for Reynolds!!

SAN MARTIN: **The Bad Blood here is evident and might cost these three the title in the opening minute of this match.**

The beating on Wolfe stops as both Cobain and Brand reach the other side of the ring just in time to stop Reynolds and pull him back down into the ring, Reynolds gets whipped into the ropes and greeted back with a double shoulder block, Cobain goes after Wolfe and puts him on a full nelson leaving the brit wide open for the strikes of John Brandenburg. Jab, Cross, Bodykick all connect, Schoolboy pin by Reynolds on Brandenburg only gets one. It also distracts Cobain long enough for Wolfe to reverse the full nelson into a hammerlock, Wolfe has no intention on holding on to it though as he prefers to use it to lead Cobain face first into the steel.

MURPHY: **The steel cage is being a factor in this match from early on.**

Wolfe stomps away at Cobain while Brandenburg and Reynolds trade forearms to the face, Reynolds takes advantage with a poke to the eyes a kick to the eyes and a butterfly suplex, Wolfe is shown beating Cobain up in a corner for a second before the camera turns back on the Ravishing one as he climbs to a corner and tries to get on top of the cage again, he reaches the top but before he can spin out to make his exit his foot is grabbed by Brandenburg.

SAN MARTIN: **Reynolds has his eyes on the title; he's waiting for any opening to get out of the hell of the steel cage.**

Reynolds might be caught from the leg but he's still on the top of the cage and he gets a hold of the weapon in that corner, the weapon happens to be Reynolds' choice as he now has the can of hair mousse. Brand starts to climb the same corner but he gets a stream of mousse to the eyes and falls off the corner, Reynolds is now in prime position to win this match but wait, Wolfe comes rushing in, he jumps into the corner and climbs the cage just in time to catch an exiting Reynolds, he tries to use the mousse on Wolfe but the Englishman is prepared and slaps it out of his hand, the can falls off to the outside and is grabbed by one of the fans at ring side, both Wolfe and Reynolds are seated on top of the cage trading punches, Wolfe gets the advantage and gets Reynolds rocked, Reynolds almost falls to the outside of the cage but as much as Wolfe would like to see him crash, if he falls outside he wins the match so Wolfe is forced to keep him from falling, Wolfe starts setting up for something different and the crowd reacts big time, we all know what is coming and it's gonna be devastating.

MURPHY: **Please tell me this isn't happening....**

AVALANCHE GERMAN SUPLEX FROM THE TOP OF THE CAGE!!!! Reynolds is pretty much out, Wolfe starts crawling to make the pin but he's cut off by Brandenburg with an elbow drop across the back, Brand quickly picks him up for a Vertical Suplex but Wolfe lands behind him and pushes him into the cage where "Brand" crashes face-first. Kirk Cobain appears out of nowhere with a kendo stick and just goes to crack Wolfe hard over the head with it, Wolfe ducks and Cobain hits Brandenburg instead, Wolfe powers forward with a clothesline to a conflicted Cobain.

SAN MARTIN: **When did Cobain get the Stick? And why didn't he just escape the cage?**

MURPHY: **the desire to get back at Wolfe must've been too much, you were right, this bad blood might cost some of them the title.**

Wolfe cracks Brandenburg in the ribs with the Kendo stick and follows it up with a snap suplex, Cobain rushes in but gets cracked with the kendo stick on the top of the head, he starts tumbling back on rubber legs and finds solace on the ropes. Wolfe rushes Cobain but the Grunge Music lover back body drops him into the steel, the Kendo stick is on the loose and Cobain grabs a hold of it and walks towards Reynolds who's trying to get up, Reynolds pleads with him, he doesn't want to get hit with the Kendo stick, Cobain raises the Kendo stick on the air, the crowd roars. But this gives enough time for Wolfe to blindside him with a forearm to the back of the head, Cobain drops the Kendo Stick which is now grabbed by Reynolds. Wolfe goes for an Irish whip on Cobain but it gets reversed and Wolfe crashes with the steel. Brandenburg is climbing and he retrieves the steel chair, he gets cracked in the back by Reynolds' kendo stick and falls to the mat, the steel chair now lies inside the ring while Reynolds goes for the cover.

SAN MARTIN: **2 weapons now in the ring and this match is getting more dangerous by the second.**

1...

2...Kick out!

Reynolds tries to stand up, but Cobain grabs the other end of the Kendo stick, they struggle for it engaging in a tug-o-war, Cobain secures control of the stick and swings it at Reynolds who ducks under it and hits the rope, he returns with a baseball slide under Cobain legs and gets a hold of the steel chair, he uses the chair as a shield to block two of Cobain's Kendo Strikes, Wolfe jumps back into the fray with a dropkick to the back of Cobain, Kirk tumbles forward and right into a hard chairshot, Brandenburg rolls Reynolds up and Wolfe immediately breaks it.

MURPHY: **This is complete Mayhem!**

Wolfe mounts Brand and starts unleashing punches to his face while Reynolds takes a shot at climbing out again, Wolfe is forced to end his attack on Brandenburg momentarily to catch up to Reynolds, Wolfe pulls Reynolds down and The Ravishing One catches a groinful of top rope.

SAN MARTIN: **Ouch!!**

Brand is back on his feet and he runs towards Wolfe, back body drop in the middle of the ring gives Wolfe an opening to grab a steel chair. Brandenburg gets up, BOOM! Chairshot to the head of "Brand", the crowd boos wildly and Wolfe drops the chair and goes to pick-up Brandenburg, he signals for the title and hooks Brandenburg in an inverted facelock, they are over the steel chair and this looks dangerous?

MURPHY: **Is he gonna drop him with a inverted DDT on the steel chair?**

And looks like he's gonna do it, he connects with a Inverted DDT on the steel chair.....but only when Cobain sends him crashing with a clothesline. Cobain drags Brandenburg away from the chair and picks up Wolfe, he hooks both of his arms as they stand over the chair, Double Arm DDT on the chair!!! Cobain is in great position for a title winning pinfall but he has something else in mind, he drags the prone Damien Wolfe near the corner and sets the steel chair on his throat, Cobain climbs to the top rope.

SAN MARTIN: **Dios mio! I mean Oh my god. Cobain is out eye for an eye, throat for a throat.**

Cobain is about to launch himself when Reynolds climbs to the same corner and punches him on the face, both men trade blows while Wolfe desperately tries to get his head out of this dangerous predicament. He gets the chair off in time but he can't move away from a flying Reynolds who crashes on top of him.

MURPHY: **Cobain just threw Reynolds on top of Wolfe!!**

Brandenburg is now up to his feet for a few seconds before a missile Dropkick by Cobain sends him back down to the mat. Reynolds and Wolfe both also get up but Cobain has other plans for them and plants them both at the same time with a double DDT. Cobain standing alone on the ring and he looks to the ceiling, what is he doing? He's looking for the Barbwire bat; he finds it and starts climbing to retrieve it, the crowd roars in anticipation and explodes after he's gotten a hold of it.

SAN MARTIN: **This is bad news for Wolfe.**

Climbing back down to the ring is Cobain, he walks over to Wolfe and raises the bat in the air, the crowd approves. A wild chant erupts. " **F*ck him up! F*ck him up! F*ck him up! F*ck him up!** " Cobain swings hard ready to destroy Wolfe's skull but the brit saves face and rolls out of the way. Cobain goes to swing again but he's kicked low from behind causing him to drop his weapon, Reynolds puts him on a full nelson and drives him down with a Full Nelson Driver!!

MURPHY: **What impact!!**

Reynolds gets a hold of the barbwire bat and gets a taste of steel as Brandenburg connects hard with the chair, Wolfe gets some as well as he's nailed with a chairshot to the ribs, "Brand" drops the chair and connects with a DDT on Wolfe who goes head first into the steel chair, the Signature Brand is locked in one Wolfe once again, will he tap one more time?

CENTER OF THE RING! WOLFE IS BLEEDING.

THE MOVE IS LOCKED IN TIGHTLY, THE CROWD IS WILD.

WOLFE IS GOING OUT, WILL HE TAP?

KENDO STRIKE TO THE BACK OF WOLFE!!!

COBAIN BREAKS THE HOLD

SAN MARTIN: Cobain saves the title match!!

Brandenburg tries to get up quickly but he's met with a flurry of attacks from Cobain's Kendo Stick, to the leg, to the chest and to the head. Cobain is really showing off his expertise with the Kendo Stick and he continues to do so against Reynolds, two swift strikes to the ribs double him over, he runs to the ropes behind him and he gets back at Reynolds from his low blow earlier with a huge Kendo Stick assisted Low Blow, Cobain keeps the stick between Ronnie's legs and delivers a back suplex. Brandenburg is on his knees working hard to regain his vertical base, Cobain rushes over and helps him to his feet just to plant him down with a double arm DDT.

MURPHY: Cobain has cleaned the house!!

Cobain looks around definitely looking for something, Damien Wolfe is crawling towards a corner and Cobain has found what he was looking for, he picks up the Barbwire wrapped Bat and he's going after Wolfe, he rushes towards the corner and nails the British Empire Member hard on the forehead with the bat, he presses the bat against the forehead scraping the skin and flesh of Wolfe when suddenly the camera switches to the cage door. There we see Norville "The Axe" Titan who once hosted the Dirt Sheet and that said that his client was gonna start a new world of destruction tonight. Right beside him Stands a giant, his client who's kicking away at the cage's door.

SAN MARTIN: Norville Titan, I had forgot all about him.
MURPHY: Me too, he was keeping a low profile but he's here at end of the world as promised and look!!

Norville's client basically rips the cage door open in an act of sheer strength, the lock just gave away like that and now the Giant makes his way into the ring, Cobain tries to get the best of him with a baseball bat swing but he's sent to the mat with a big boot from hell, Reynolds is back up and he jumps on the back of Titan's muscle but he's ragdolled to the floor, he comes back up and gets a chokeslam for his trouble, Brandenburg goes back to his feet and gets a huge hand grabbing him by the throat, Cobain gets up to meet the same fate. Norville Titan is also inside the ring clapping as his man delivers a double chokeslam to both Cobain and Brandenburg, the bell rings!!

SAN MARTIN: What? There is no DQ on this match Harold, what's going on.

The camera shifts to outside the cage where a bloody and battered Demian Wolfe is laying outside of the cage on the floor raising his arms to the air while the Sacramento Crowd quickly realizes what's going on and the boos multiply.

DUCKY: Here's your winner and **FIRST RPW NO LIMITS CHAMPION, DAMIEN WOLFE!!!!**

The referee on the outside presents Wolfe with the belt and helps him to his feet, Wolfe raises the belt on the air and straps him on his waist while walking up the ramp.

MURPHY: Demian Wolfe taking advantage of the situation and escaping the cage to earn himself some gold.

SAN MARTIN: And that raises the belt count to two for The Empire, now it's time for Ian Jones to keep that number intact.

MURPHY: Speaking about it, I'm told we have Brandy Swinson over with the Hakai Dragon.

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO BACKSTAGE AREA+++++

Swinson is mic in hand, standing next a somewhat banged up Hakai Dragon.

SWINSON: Dragon, tonight you've tasted defeat inside an RPW ring for the first time when Jafaar al-Sultan pinned you to become the new Ironman Champion, but that was only after you'd left everything on the ring and previously defeated both Leonard Knox and Mr. Nice Guy. Do you regret accepting Jones' terms and getting into this gauntlet match?

Dragon looks right at Brandy and his face screams intensity.

DRAGON: I regret nothing Brandy, losing my undefeated streak? It doesn't matter.....Losing my RPW Ironman Championship? It doesn't matter. At least tonight there's only what thing that's important to me and that's finally getting my hands on Ian Jones. Ever since the first show when Jones speared me into the locker rooms before our match, I've been waiting at my hand on revenge, he beat me up and I'm gonna beat him up, he made sure I lost my title and I'm gonna make sure he loses his, tonight I will get my revenge and that's what's important to me, tonight....nothing else matters.

Hakai Dragon walks away from the scene, visibly angry and ready for battle.

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO RING+++++

DUCKY: Ladies and gentleman let's get ready for our co-main event of the evening (the crowd roars), it is scheduled for one fall and is for the RPW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP, introducing first, the challenger..

Kick out!

Jones wants to continue his assault, but Dragon catches him off guard with a quick ankle pick and explodes into a mount from where he rains down punches with mean intentions, Jones manages to sweep them and how he's the one on top throwing bombs from Dragon's open guard until Dragon uses his legs to clap on Jones ears, stunning him momentarily. Dragon rolls backwards and runs into the ropes returning with a lot of impulse and a front dropkick to the face of a kneeling Ian Jones. Jones is sent reeling and ends up in all fours; he tries to make his way to the ropes but Dragon is on him delivering powerful forearm strikes his back, and Dragon hooks Jones in a La Magistral Cradle.

SAN MARTIN:

La Casitaaaa!

1...

2...Kick out!

A flurry of stomps is laid on Jones next and it makes him roll into the ropes for safety, the referee warns Dragon but he won't stop, 1! 2! 3! 4! Hakai Dragon is raging like we've never seen him before. He picks up Jones and viciously strikes with more forearms to the back, leading him near a corner Dragon grabs Jones by the head and just bashes him against the corner, he then gets some space and charges in with a huge spear to the back of Jones.

MURPHY:
show.

Spear to the back, that's how Jones assaulted Dragon backstage on our first show.

Not content with his spear, Dragon follows up with numerous shoulder thrusts to the back of Jones, belly to back suplex sends Ian to the mat and Dragon jumps into the top rope to a gigantic amount of cheers. Dragon is ready to set up that Phoenix splash and he's about to launch himself into the air when he notices Jones rolling to the outside of the ring, Dragon shifts gears and jumps to the outside with a nice crossbody that sends Ian Jones back first into the barricade while Dragon lands safely on the first row, Dragon hooks Jones arms in the barricade and stands behind him firing clubs to his chest with serious power. The crowd is going crazy for Dragon, especially those lucky front row fans right next to the action. Dragon jumps back into the ringside area and whips the Heavyweight champion into the steel steps, Jones crashes hard on them and the crowd loves it.

SAN MARTIN:

This hate Dragon is showing for Ian Jones is nothing I'd ever expect of him Harold.

The referee is forced to restart his Countout when Hakai rolls in and outside of the ring, he assaults the recovering champion with kicks to the ribs before helping him get up just so he's able to throw him shoulder first into the steel post, he grabs Ian's arm and slams it against the same post twice and then hooks some sort of submission hold on that same arm still across the post, Dragon finally decides to take the action back into the ring and the referee's count only reaches 8. Jones is rolled inside the ring and he hangs on to the ropes, trying to use them to get back on his feet, he just earns another kick to the ribs and he's sitting on the mat with his back against the corner, Dragon stomps a mudhole on Ian Jones before the referee backs him up.

MURPHY:
in vain.

Dragon needs to be careful; if he gets DQ'ed all of his efforts will have been

Jones uses the ropes and the corner to get back into his two feet but that doesn't save him from eating a running clothesline, Dragon goes for an Irish whip to the opposite corner and it's successful, Ian goes back first against the corner and is trampled against it by another running clothesline courtesy of the challenger, Hakai unleashes a series of short arm clotheslines on Jones and he looks like a man possessed while doing so, he struggles to set up Jones in the top rope but he somehow manages it.

SAN MARTIN:

Jones in a dangerous predicament.

Two hard right hands slap the taste out of Jones mouth but that's nothing compared to the impact he takes from the follow up superplex. The Crowd rises for the high risk maneuver! In contrast, both men are laying flat on the mat and the referee starts to count them.

MURPHY:

The wear and tear might've finally caught up to Dragon.

1...2...3....

Both men start to show signs of movement.

4...5...6...

Jones rolls into his belly, crawls towards the ropes.

SAN MARTIN:
the ropes.

Jones can't muster the strength to get back to his feet on his own, he looks for help on

7...8...Dragon is up!!!

Dragon Sleeper hooked on!!

The Crowd explodes in cheers!!

Jones is near the ropes but is he enough??

He reaches....

Reaches...

And gets the ropes

1! 2! 3! 4! Dragon reluctantly releases the hold.

Dragon is pumped up and signals for the Tsunami, this could be it, he goes to set Jones in place when he receives a blinding load of spit to the face, a clearly worn down Jones manages to use this window to throw Dragon through the ropes and to the outside, very near the commentary table.

SAN MARTIN: **How cheap, disgusting and dishonorable.**

The camera centers on a kneeling Hakai who looks to the floor and cleans his face up before raising his sight and locking a gaze on Jones that carries the fury of one thousand Dragons. Hakai rises to his feet and goes to the bell keeper, pushing him around and retrieving the championship belt. Dragon rolls back into the ring with the gold but the referee runs interference, quickly trying to take control of the situation, the referee warns Dragon of a possible DQ but the challenger is irate and it doesn't look like he's dropping that belt any time soon, Jones tries to force his hand with a surprise running big boot while Dragon is still arguing with the referee but the catlike reflexes of Dragon are displayed once again, quickly sidestepping his attacker. The referee on the other hand doesn't have quite the ability of Hakai Dragon and ends up taking a boot right on the Jaw, knocking him out.

MURPHY: **The referee is out! This spells trouble.**

This causes a split second distraction on Hakai, he goes to strike Jones with the belt but Jones is ready for it and ducks, Hakai turns around and becomes the proud owner of a couple of smashed testicles, what a kick to the jewels by Jones. Hakai is doubled over in pain while the crowd boos loudly, Jones reaches for his title and stalks Hakai and the crowd gets insane with boos Hakai once again turns into a cheap shot and eats some gold, almost literally. The noise in the arena gets almost unbearable as the ultimate hatred towards Ian Jones is now a collective sentiment.

SAN MARTIN: **This just isn't right Harold.**

Jones kicks the belt out of the ring and is about to go for the cover but notices that the referee is still down, he quickly changes tactics and picks up a limp Hakai Dragon setting him up for his finishing maneuver, the Punisher. Jones has Dragon ready to slam him down with his vertabreaker but instead he stretches Dragon from the position, it looks like a painful submission hold. Jones holds Dragon up for about ten seconds; he notices the referee regaining his senses and quickly connects with The Punisher.

The cover is made...

MURPHY:

This cannot be it, don't let it end like this.

1...

2...

3?

3!! The bell rings, Jones retains!

SAN MARTIN: This is bullshit, and don't tell me not to curse, we are on PPV now.

San Martin goes in a slur-filled tirade about the finish that isn't worth repeating, Jones raises his title in the air as he bathes in the boos the crowd is so willing to give him. The camera centers on Jones who climbs on all four corners raising his title before walking up the ramp.

MURPHY: Despite everything, Jones it's still the RPW Champion, but how important is that gonna be if Abernathy wins tonight.

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE+++++

SAN MARTIN: That's a good point, if Aron Scythe is unsuccessful tonight RPW might as well close operations.

MURPHY: And speaking about Scythe, let's take a look at this video that Aron uploaded on his youtube account earlier tonight.

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO VIDEO PACKAGE+++++

[The title "Tomoe Arigato" appears written in bright pink letters next to the same name written in Kanji as "Innocent Starter" By Mizuki Nana cues up. We fade in to see the lovely Tomoe Ami standing in a soundstage backstage, a somewhat conveniently placed wall obscuring her lower body. She can be seen wearing a white blouse and a absurdly tight pair of jeans. Her pink-haired white-furred puppet pall Choko slung over a shoulder.]

CHOKO: KOBANWA KODOMO!

AMI: Hello there RPW. Due to the "No Interference" clause in the main event, I won't be at Aron's side tonight.

CHOKO: BOOOOOOO!

AMI: But we are here for a very special Pre-"End of the World" edition of "Tomoe Arigato!"

CHOKO: YAAAAAAAY!

AMI: In mere minutes we'll be witnessing the start of "End of the World" the first ever Revival Pro Wrestling supercard. This could quite possibly be the most important IPPV I have ever been part of since "SLAMPAGE '98." Of course in those days it was streamed over a RealPlayer window the size of a postage stamp and most people were on dial-up modems, so it wasn't so much streaming video as much it was a slide-show.

CHOKO: But today you can watch the Super-Duper-Sensational card of 2012 on your computer, your ipad, your Roku™, your Andorid™ Phone, your alarm clock, or even a toaster! In eye-popping 480p picture quality for \$14.99! Just think of the value! How many times have you laid down your hard earned cast for one of those other wrestling promotion's PPVs only for a shuffleboard tournament to break out? Well I for one promise you tonight there will be a no-shuffleboard guarantee tonight!

AMI: Yes fans we have a tremendous show! In our main event we have the grudge match to end all grudge matches as Aron Scythe...

CHOKO: YAAAAAAAAYYYY!!!

AMI: Faces off against the mysterious and diabolical man only known as "Abu Dhabi."

CHOKO: B0000000000000!!!

AMI: With the fate of the company on the line in a “No Interference Match?”

CHOKO: How’s that different from a regular match?

AMI: Well interference isn’t allowed...

CHOKO: But it’s not allowed in normal matches.

AMI: Yes but uh... it’s *extra* not allowed tonight.

CHOKO: But what happens if someone interferes...

AMI: Well it’ll result in a disqualification.

CHOKO: So like a regular match...

AMI: Well uh... this time they’ll be *extra* disqualified!

CHOKO: Ooooooh. That makes sense?

AMI: Also Hakai Dragon will be defending his Ironman Title Belt in a “Three Man Gauntlet.” Before taking on Ian Jones for the World Heavyweight Title!

CHOKO: Think of the possibilities fans! We could see Hakai Dragon hold two titles! We could see a New Ironman Champion and a New Heavyweight champion crowned in the same night! Plus we’ll see the first ever “No Limits” champion crowned in a “Cage on Weapons Match!” How will they get little cages around all of the weapons? Or will all of the weapons be tucked in one mid-sized cage? You’ll have to watch to find out.

AMI: Finally that jerk Landon Jackson will face off with the spooky El Omega 23...

CHOKO: Which for those who don’t speak Spanish means “The Omega 23.”

AMI: With the managerial skills of RPW’s *second* best manager on the line! All this for \$14.99

CHOKO: That’s like the cost of seven cups of coffee! Think about it. You could waste your evening drinking seven cups of coffee or you could watch this shuffle-board free all-star wrestling extravaganza! What sounds like a better time to you?

AMI: And now here to make his voice heard is the man of the hour! They called him the “Psycho Nerd!” They called him “The Otakalypse!” I call him my husband! The man... the myth, the legend! ARON SCYTHER!

CHOKO: YAAAAAAAAAAY!!!

[We cut to a flash of static for a split second before we see Aron backstage in his locker room rubbing the back of his neck. He is already wearing his long smoke gray wrestling tights and a somewhat battered looking Sailor Moon T-shirt. The long bangs his messy brown hair drooping over his eyes.]

SCYTHER: I’ll admit it Abernathy... on Wednesday Night Revival you managed to get the drop on me and hurt me. Your goons also attacked Hakai Dragon, El Omega 23, and Diego San Martin... But you had the numbers game on your side. Tonight I’ve received word from commissioner Dobbs that this is going to be a strictly one-on-one affair.

In your brief time here you’ve managed to scare a lot of people of Abernathy but... I see right through you. Where people see a diabolical man who will resort to anything, I see a cowardly thug hiding behind cheap theatrics. As big as you are, as tough as you think you are you don’t frighten me.

It was eight years ago I walked away from this sport after on the biggest stage of my career I came up short. It's a long time but it's given me a lot of perspective. I didn't walk away because I choked... or because I was afraid. I walked away because there came to be a time in my career when I had to choose between this sport and being able to play ball with my daughter. Mr. Dobbs gave me an opportunity to perform in an honest promotion where no one would have to make that kind of choice...

I'm not going to let anyone take that opportunity away from me and hard working men and women who compete here. You will NOT turn this promotion into a god damned blood circus.

So far I've seen you get your way through weaseling, bullying, black-mailing, and most recently using gang tactics... but the one thing I haven't seen you do is Wrestle. Now I'll admit you throw a pretty nasty package piledriver but... going from bell to bell is a completely different game. Especially when you're facing off against a man who has faced off against the best that America, Japan, Canada, and Europe have had to offer... A man who has the Dragon Driver, The Superman Punch, and the Chikara Special all in his arsenal! I came back to become the best in the world and to do that I have to go through you.

Abernathy... I fought my way through 9 people on my own to get here. You needed a six-on-one advantage to sneak-attack Hakai Dragon. What I'm going to do tonight is going to be worse than beat you physically... I'm going to crack your resolve.

[Aron pauses for a moment his serious demeanor suddenly changing as he flashes a warm smile.]

SCYTHE: Oh and I'm going to have fun doing it!

[We cut back to Tomoe in the studio, her puppet friend Choko bouncing up and down it's big googly eyes shaking a bit.]

AMI: There you have it sports fans! The man who will be facing "Aberdeen" tonight in a main event for the ages! Tune in sports fans! Only \$14.99 and only on iPPV!

[Fade to black.]

+++++CAMERA CUTS BACK TO THE ANNOUNCE TABLE+++++

SAN MARTIN: it might be a bit late to order the PPV now don't you think Harold.

MURPHY: Surely, hopefully everyone has already ordered it.

SAN MARTIN: Speaking about this No Interference stipulation, I got a chance to read the contract for this match earlier tonight and there's a bit more to this match that it has been revealed.

MURPHY: How come Don Diego?

SAN MARTIN: Well, interference would cause an immediate DQ and forfeit of the match, as will low blows and the use of weapons, there will be no countouts and falls and submissions will be scored both inside and outside the ring, so this match will be essentially a Falls count anywhere match, also a third party referee has been hired to ensure fairness.

MURPHY: Whoa, that's big, does Aron Scythe know about this?

SAN MARTIN: I surely hope he does, let's head to our commissioner's office, I hear there's something going on there.

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO THE COMMISSIONERS OFFICE+++++

Commissioner Dobbs is standing up on his office, his door opens to reveal they twins Jimmy and Billy Craft, the local tag team from Los Angeles that was on WNR this Wednesday, they are on their matching style ring gear expect one wears blue and one red. Both speak at unison.

TWINS: So why did you want us here in Sacramento tonight?

DOBBS: I was impressed how you two came out during the closing segment on WNR to fight for RPW's honor, even though you aren't contractually obligated to the promotion, this Abernathy monster and their crew are Dangerous and you stepped right in the face of it.

RED TWIN: I just felt like the right thing to do.

BLUE TWIN: Probably would do it again.

DOBBS: Well after tonight, that won't be necessary. Though....your services will be required again as I've decided to book you on a tag teams match right now against Malcolm Valenzuela and Ryan Mercy. Also, I'm gonna grant both of you RPW contracts.

TWINS: YES!!!!

RED TWIN: We will not disappoint.

BLUE TWIN: THE ART OF WAR C.R.A.F.T is officially under contract!!

DOBBS: What's up with that C.R.A.F.T thing?

BLUE TWIN: It's an Acronym.

DOBBS: for what?

TWINS: For Twins.

Billy and Jimmy high five and walk out of the office leaving Commissioner Dobbs with a puzzled look on his face.

+++++CAMERA CUTS BACK TO THE RING+++++

Mercy and Valenzuela are already in the ring stretching and getting ready for this unadvertised match.

MURPHY: Well, looks like we gonna new signees..but what's up with their Acronym, I don't quite get it.

SAN MARTIN: I think I do, but I'm smart just like that.

MURPHY: What does it stand for?

SAN MARTIN: I don't wanna spoil the surprise, you can probably figure it out if you put some thought into it.

DUCKY: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall, introducing first, already in the ring the team of Ryan Mercy and Malcolm Valenzuela! And their opponents...

Dragonforce's Prepare for War burst and the Craft Twins come out pumped.

DUCKY: From Los Angeles California, weighing in at a combined weight of 400 pounds, they are the Art of War C.R.A.F.T. Jimmy and Billy CRAFT!!

The Craft's make his way into the ring and their music dies down, as they ready to settle who will start the match, the picture of a sand watch takes over the big screen and slowly the sand starts falling.

MURPHY: What in the world is this...

The sand falls completely into the bottom compartment and the lights go out in the arena, expectation rises.

[The Age of the Fall's theme](#) plays in RPW for the second time....

None other than Abernathy is the man that emerges from the curtains, black skin is already glistening with sweat and the multiple scars over his body all too visible. He carries a microphone and he takes it to his mouth.

ABERNATHY: Your time has ran out, the end of the world is here.

Abernathy drops the mic and starts walking down the ramp inspiring terror on everyone around him, all four men in the ring are ready for combat but not against each other as they were scheduled to complete, they've all rallied for a common goal, survival.

Abernathy enters the ring and Valenzuela immediately charges him, he's back body dropped to the outside of the ring, Mercy is floored by a punch and so is the Craft twin wearing red, the blue outfitted brother takes a headbutt to the forehead and also falls to the mat. Mercy rises again and eats a boot to the face, the Red Craft gets military pressed and thrown into a recovering Malcolm Valenzuela on the outside. His brother in blue tries to get some degree of revenge but he gets lifted in a double choke hold, Abernathy puts him down and secures overhooks using them to keep the twin in place while delivering sick headbutts and then the much feared Package Piledriver.

SAN MARTIN: Poor kid, what a way to start a RPW career.

Ryan Mercy gets a knee to the gut and becomes the second victim of the Package Piledriver, Abernathy kicks both of his victims out of the ring from where their respective partners pick them up and start a tactical retreat, Abernathy asks for a microphone and I don't think anyone is eager to deny him.

ABERNATHY: Apocalypse.....NOW! RPW's Final match is about to begin.

+++++CAMERA CUTS BACK BACKSTAGE+++++

Aron Scythe can be seen backstage with his wife contemplating what has just happened with a look of disgust, he kisses his wife and starts walking, the camera follows him as he walks through the arena, members of the crew and even some wrestlers like Leonard Knox and Hakai Dragon wish him luck, he is nearing the curtains when he's stopped by a heavily bandaged John Brandenburg.

SCYTHE: John, I thought you were in the hospital.

BRAND: I was, I just had to come back for this; this is the real deal Aron, this right here... this is RPW's defining moment.

SCYTHE: I know, I'll do my best.

Scythe winks an eye at him and starts walking past him; Brandenburg puts a hand on his shoulder stopping his stride.

BRAND: I'm not sure you quite understand the importance of this Aron, your best isn't gonna cut it, you need more than that, we need more than that. For the last month or so, I was pretty confident on what was going to happen tonight, I was going to come out tonight and take a brutal beating from this monster while delivering one of my own, I was gonna go through hell just like all the training on my gym has prepared me for, but in the end everything would've boiled to one simple moment, Abernathy slamming his hand on the mat repeatedly in surrender, with the Signature Brand...I was gonna teach him how to tap.

But then you came, and caught me by surprise with the most basic of moves, you put the performance of your life on that elimination blitz, and I'm fearing it might've been a one hit wonder. Now everything is at stake, this is not only about your work, or your legacy as a wrestler, this delves into the livelihood of dozens of members of the staff, members of the roster, that's a lot of weight to be carrying on your shoulders.

I've already seen you fall prey to the package Piledriver, and I'm afraid you aren't taking this seriously enough, I'm afraid that at the end of the night instead of me putting the Signature Brand on Abernathy, you will be starting at the lights for a three count after taking a Package Piledriver and then, all will be gone.....forever.

SCYTHE: Relax bro, I got this!

Aron Scythe exudes confidence as he simply walks past the curtains with the camera following him.

+++++THE SCREEN FLASHES TO WHITE+++++

BOOOOOOOOOOOM!

R.E.M.'s "It's The End of the World As We Know It (And I Feel Fine)" cues up accompanied by a plume of white Pyro. Aron Scythe walks out alone with a somewhat relaxed grin on his face and not a glint of fear in his eyes. He is wearing a pair of smoke gray tights with a blue flame design on them and a "Sailor Moon" T-shirt, a old silver jacket with the logo of a long gone federation over his shoulders.

DUCKY: **The following contest is-**

The camera abruptly switches from Scythe to the ring where Ducky is doubled over by the gut; Abernathy picks him up and delivers a Package Piledriver to the announcer as Aron rushes his way into the ring.

SAN MARTIN: **That just isn't right, Ducky did no wrong.**

Aron slides into the ring and immediately needs to dodge a heavy blow in form a clothesline, he succeeds on his defensive maneuver and retaliates with hard leg kicks, one, two, three kicks all connect, turning side kick to the gut is also effective and a dropkick forces Abernathy into the ropes, the big monster returns with a big boot but Scythe slides under it and gets up to attack with another hard kick to Abernathy's leg followed up by one to the ribs. The monster really wants to do some damage and bulrushes forward; with the grace of a matador Aron Scythe moves out of the way and lands yet another kick to the legs.

SAN MARTIN: **Oleeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!**

Abernathy swings wildly with an overhand right that misses by a mile, Aron Scythe manages to get a hard knife edge chop to the chest and a dropkick to the knee that drops the giant, Scythe takes swift advantage of the situation and plants him head first with a DDT, he goes for the cover.

KICKOUT! Scythe is sent flying.

Retreating to a corner to re-evaluate his plan of attack is Scythe, he doesn't get much in the way of time as Abernathy wants to get his hands on him badly, the sadistic monster rushes the corner but Scythe climbs to the second turnbuckle and leaps over him, Abernathy crashes chest first into the buckles, turns around and BAM! Superkick by Scythe. The end bringer falls backwards is only kept standing by his arms hooked firmly to the top rope and the corner against his back, Scythe hits the ropes for extra speed and comes with a blazing running dropkick to RPW's nemesis.

MURPHY: **Speed kills, and Scythe is proving this tonight, suddenly I have a good feeling about tonight.**

And indeed Scythe has been dominating the early going of this match, he has Abernathy backed against the corner still and decides to strike with a high roundhouse kick, Abernathy catches the kick with one arm and finally lands his first move of the match with a hard reverse elbow that sends our hero crashing to the mat.

SAN MARTIN: **You might've jinxed us all.**

Still keeping a hold of Scythe's leg, Abernathy ruthlessly stomps him, he pushes his leg hard causing the momentum to roll Scythe backwards into his knees, from there Abernathy just delivers a vicious soccer kick to his chest/face that stands him up out of the sheer impact, Scythe is not left standing for long though as Abernathy steamrolls him with a running double axe handle.

A choking hand grasps on Scythe throat prompting the referee to start a count, it is not needed though as Abernathy was only using it to bring the anime lover to his feet. Aron still has some fight on him and uses a stomp to the knee and a elbow to the arm to break Abernathy's grasp over him, finally free he hits the ropes and rebounds to receive a hard karate chop on the top of the head, Aron takes both of his arms to the head and takes a few dizzy steps backwards but a big boot forces him down.

MURPHY: **I don't know what to say here, this might be the last match I call for RPW.**

Scythe has his back to the mat and a hand over his face, he pulls the arm off and into the mat to try and pull himself up but before he can do Abernathy steps on his head, putting all of his weight on it as he just stepped over him. Scythe groans in pain and rolls belly down, he starts getting on his elbows and knees but when he finally makes it there he's viciously kicked on the ribs so hard that he does a 360 spin to the side ending up practically in the same position. A second kick does something similar, only this time he ends up flat, face down on the mat. Abernathy uses his foot to unceremoniously push Scythe out of the ring.

Abernathy helps himself outside of the ring and proceeds to whip Scythe into the barricade, he lays on him with stomps to the midsection and then lifts him up with a double chokehold, there's no quit in Aron Scythe though, at least not yet, he punches and kicks until he's freed from the position, he lands on his feet and simply tackles Abernathy driving him back first into the Apron. A hard slap to the face with the right hand, a knife edge chop with the left and a roundhouse kick to the chest with the right all come in quick succession, a spinning wheel kick caps the combination and Scythe rises hope for all of the attendees.

SAN MARTIN: **Beautiful string of strikes.**

MURPHY: **And Scythe has inserted him back into this match, it is time to save RPW.**

The realization that something other than punches, kicks and wrestling moves is gonna be needed to put down Abernathy is clear across the arena, the size disadvantage is just too much to ignore and Scythe might just be aware of this too, he goes for an Irish whip into the hard steel steps. A hard blow is delivered to the hopes of RPW when the move is reversed and it's Scythe's flesh meeting the unforgiving steel.

SAN MARTIN: **There you go again Murphy; you are like a bad luck charm.**

Abernathy is probably the one man who's universally hated in RPW and the fans are reflecting this with loud boos as the End Bringer picks up the pieces of Aron Scythe and slams his head against the announce table. Aron looks helpless with half of his body on the table but that doesn't stop Abernathy from smashing his head against it multiple times while laughing maniacally.

MURPHY: **This is not good at all.**

SAN MARTIN: **I think everyone realizes that.**

The laughing stops briefly while Abernathy decides to pick up the now bloody Aron Scythe and sets him in position for an Alabama Slam, we don't have to wait too much for it as Aron Scythe is sent crashing through the Announce table that collapses on impact.

SAN MARTIN: **Holy shit!!**

Abernathy walks through the rubble that used to be the announce table and steps on the chest of Scythe while raising his arms in victory, RPW could come crashing to an end just like that announce table. A ref makes the count.

1...

2...

KICKOUT!!!

The crowd explodes with cheers but looks like Scythe's brief movement while kicking out is the only movement he had left as he's still flat on the ground. The crowd chants for Aron but he's pretty much still down and out and when Abernathy lifts him up on a fireman's carry he opposes no resistance. The monster carries Aron over to ring post charging with Aron's head up forward like a battering ram but a glimpse of hope is seen all across the arena when somehow, somehow Scythe manages to scramble and slide out to Abernathy's back, pushing him head first into the post. Aron Scythe is unable to hold himself up and quickly falls on his butt as the camera focus on Abernathy holding his head as a hint of blood flows through them, Abernathy takes a look at his now red hands and a twisted smile forms on his face.

SAN MARTIN: *static*- ou all hear me? I think I got this working, what a sick and twisted individual this Abernathy is.

Abernathy turns around and doubles over to pick Scythe who's now on his knees, Scythe manages to crawl under the big man's legs trying to get through the ring skirt. Abernathy turns around and tries to hold him by the leg but it's too late, Scythe has found refuge below the ring. The camera focuses on our Nemesis as he looks unsure on what to do now, he starts yelling.

ABERNATHY: **Come out you little coward, get out of here and face your ill-destined fate.**

That tactic doesn't seem to be working and Abernathy goes for the next best thing, he gets below the ring himself, there's nothing to note on camera for a few seconds but suddenly we shift to a shot from the other side of the ring where Aron Scythe can be seen crawling out and finally getting to his feet, Abernathy follows closely behind and is greeted back to the light with hard stomps to his already cut forehead. The blood flow that had dwindled down rises back up and some of it drips to the floor, Scythe gets on top of Abernathy and starts unleashing a vicious attack that can be best described as ground and pound, Abernathy tries to cover up from the blows but suddenly sticks his arm out to choke Scythe, this doesn't turn out to be the best idea as Scythe immediately switches his attack to a cross arm breaker on the exposed arm.

SAN MARTIN: **Submission grappling 101.**

Abernathy clasps both of his hands together to avoid the hold from hyper extending his elbow, his inhuman strength comes to play here as he manages not only to stop the move but also to lift Scythe on the air, Aron doesn't wanna be slammed no more and he breaks the hold, somehow landing in the apron. Abernathy rubs in his affected elbow and wipes some blood of his face but this gives Scythe an opening that he's gonna take a risk on, still on top of the apron Scythe knows he needs to strike now and he launches himself hitting Abernathy with a perfect diving frankensteiner, the crowd goes wild.

SAN MARTIN: **Tremendous move by Aron Scythe, pulling all the stops for this match up and with the implications on this one, it is what you have to do.**

Both men get back at their feet and alternate punches to the head with the crowd cheering each time Scythe connects and booing when Abernathy does, Scythe realizes that trading with Abernathy isn't the smart thing to do and once again goes for the knee with the inside leg kick, this creates an opening and Scythe gathers his energies to jump on top of the barricade and springboard back with a hard forearm to the face that backs Abernathy against the ring, Scythe keeps his momentum going strong with a kick to the abdomen and an Irish whip into the barricade, Abernathy goes back first into the barricade and the crowd is 400% into it. Scythe rushes in but eats a boot to the face, Abernathy composes himself and starts dragging Scythe into the ramp, they get in the ramp but Scythe fights back and gets a quick arm drag, it is a basic maneuver but the damage is amplified by the steel of the ramp and Abernathy arches his back in pain, Abernathy tries to get back up but Scythe is on him like glue and after softening the monster up now Aron is the one dragging his opponent up the ramp. Both men are up on top of the stage and Aron is in control unleashing punch after punch to the face, he kicks Abernathy in the gut doubling him over and gets double underhook.

SAN MARTIN: **Scythe looking to finish things here, but can he lift a man that big?**

We are about to find out, the strain is evident on Scythe's face but he manages to lift Abernathy a little, it's not enough to complete the maneuver though, he tries again with the same result, they say that third time is the charm but it is not the case this time as a back body drop from Abernathy sends the RPW representative flying and crashing back first on the steel of the stage. The camera centers on Aron's face and his expression of agony is so strong that you can feel his pain through the screen. Abernathy quickly grabs him by the head and throws him into the curtains that lead to the backstage area, quickly following him through, a camera man also follows them through and we get a shot of Abernathy throwing Scythe hard against a wall and following it up with a open hand uppercut to his throat.

SAN MARTIN: **What brutality, that thing was worse than watching Harold struggle to fix his headset.**

Abernathy drags Scythe some more and throws him over the catering table, Scythe slides all over it and crashes to the floor on the other side, he tries to get up and get some distance but Abernathy easily catches up with him and punches him on the face for what it seems like the millionth time. Scythe tumbles around and turns as corner, Abernathy is on the chase and bumps Scythe into a wall, a forearm to the lower back follows and that makes sure Scythe keeps walking through the backstage area.

With a hand behind his lower back that's making evident the pain he's going through, Aron Scythe keeps walking forward, but when Abernathy catches up to him it's not another strike that he receives, this time it's a hard belly to back suplex leading into Abernathy going for a pin attempt.

1...

2...

KICKOUT!!!

Abernathy grabs Scythe by the head and pulls him back into this feet, Abernathy's arms turn into wrecking clubs as he rains down arm strikes to the back of Scythe doubling him over right into a dangerous position, Scythe is now just on the right spot to receive a PACKAGE PILEDRIVER. Abernathy goes to hook Scythe's legs but as he does, Scythe turns the tide with a kneeling fireman's carry, but hope is short lived as Abernathy refuses to be thrown over and regains some sort of control over the situation, the Monster manages to lift up Scythe, the good news is that they are not in position for a package Piledriver, the bad news is that Abernathy's backbreaker on Scythe looks devastating. Abernathy lifts Scythe back up like he had just caught him mid air on a crossbody and rams him back first against a wall then presses him against the same wall causing his shoulders to be flat, the referee counts.

1...

2...Elbows to the face of Abernathy break the pin.

Not only is the pin attempt broken but the sharp elbows of Aron Scythe draw blood once again, reopening the gash on his forehead, with Aron's shoulders no longer pressed against the wall, Abernathy has no reason to keep holding on to Scythe who falls to the floor and tries to rally himself up, he makes it to his feet but is met with a ruthless bloody headbutt.

SAN MARTIN:

What a headbutt, I wonder how many brain cells died with that move.

Aron Scythe is rag dolled into a door, the name plate on it can be read "Commissioner Dobbs", but that doesn't matter much as Abernathy rushes with a big boot from hell that collapses the door, Abernathy gets into the commissioner's office and the camera follows closely behind, inside of the office we can see the majority of the RPW roster gathered, watching the match on a big TV screen. Familiar faces are all around the room as Commissioner Dobbs, Leonard Knox, Magenta Moon, Sketchy Dan, El Omega 23, Landon Jackson, Brett Bannion with Last Call Erica, Tomoe Ami, Hakai Dragon, Simple Sullivan, Gary Grapplin and John Brandenburg can all be spotted sitting in front of the TV. We see friends and enemies together, putting everything aside for a common goal, keeping RPW alive.

SAN MARTIN: **Amazing how these perilous situations can bring even the most hated rivals together.**

The slight hint of a smile can be seen on Scythe's face as he realizes everyone is together on support of the cause, but that is wiped clean of his face by the bottom of Abernathy's boot, Abernathy picks him up and violently throws him over some of the RPW wrestlers and into the TV, breaking it in the process. Abernathy again shows his twisted smile under his crimson mask, he puts Abernathy on a Camel Clutch and starts looking around at everyone on the room like a maniac.

SAN MARTIN: **Submission hold locked in! Abernathy wants to make Scythe tap in front of all of the people he's representing.**

John Brandenburg can be heard loud as he's going into full corner man mode, shouting instructions to Aron Scythe whose back is being bent in ways it shouldn't.

Scythe tries hard to get out but it's not an easy task

Blood drops down from Abernathy's face into Scythe's.

This is taking a huge strain on Scythe's back who might have to tap.

But it looks like his back is gonna break before his will.

SAN MARTIN: **Please don't tap!**

In the end, Brandenburg's instructions or the support of his co-workers is not enough to allow Scythe to break out of the maneuver and it's his own reflection on Tomoe's teary eyes the last thing that Scythe sees before closing his own eyes and t..t...

throwing Abernathy with a snapmare variation of sorts. A loud and resounding “YES” can be heard in the room, not long after it Scythe gets back to his feet where he can barely keep himself up, he looks to the ceiling and lets go a yell that would be much more fitting of an Anime character. He struggles to keep his own balance as he waits for Abernathy to rise, the wait is over and Scythe launches himself with a huge Superman punch that connects right on target, Abernathy’s legs give away on him and he collapses to the floor, Scythe’s own forward momentum keeps him tumbling forward to be only stopped by a wall, Scythe rests against the wall, right forearm pressed hard against it, head looking down and left arm hanging. Scythe looks up and rests his head on his right arm, he turns around to put his back against the wall and smiles at the RPW roster, he takes a deep breath and gives them two thumbs up.

SAN MARTIN: **It’s good to see that Aron Scythe is still himself; as long as he stays true to himself we have a chance.**

Scythe is getting a much needed rest as Abernathy is now the one struggling to regain his footing, Yakuza kick by Scythe thwarts any attempt of the big man to get up and follow up stomps make sure that he stays down. Scythe finds himself in control of the match up, something he hadn’t experienced in a while now. He finds a couple of spare seconds to go over to his wife and tightly embrace her, a short kiss follows and Scythe turns just in time to see Abernathy almost make it to his feet. Scythe decides to help the poor soul and pulls him up all the way to his feet and then into the concrete wall with an Irish whip. A noticeably worn down Aron Scythe throws Abernathy out of the room and waves everyone goodbye before following the action.

SAN MARTIN: **I wonder where this match is headed now.**

We are back on the hallway and Abernathy fires with a wild right overhand that Scythe easily ducks out of, Scythe hooks a rear waistlock on the End Bringer and pushes him forward into the camera, Abernathy goes head first into it and the shot is all red as his blood spills all over the camera, the camera man seems to have fallen or dropped the camera as the image we see flails aimlessly before going to black.

SAN MARTIN: **What in the world? Get another camera in there!!!**

The video feed is gone and we are left only with the audio of deep breathing, we can hear something that’s almost unmistakably a chop then the sound of someone crashing into something that breaks, steps are heard next as all we can see is a black screen.

SAN MARTIN: **Come on, the world needs to watch, this is the most important match on RPW history and we lose the camera? Is Scythe still on top? Did Abernathy regain control of the match? SHOW ME!! SHOW US!! Hey Harold, any luck fixing your headset? Nope? Guess I’m still calling this on my own but I need to see a match in order to call it.**

Finally we get video back and its of the top of the stage, the two competitors come bursting through the curtains and it’s Aron Scythe dragging the beast of a man known as Abernathy by the head, the crowd explodes in cheers. Scythe nails Abernathy with a kick to the gut and a DDT in the top of the stage, the ref has to count.

1...

2...

KICKOUT!!!

The action looks to start making his way back to the ring as Scythe drags Abernathy down the ramp, we are finally back inside the squared circle but the camera's shift to the stage, everyone who was on Dobbs' office starts making his way down the ramp, they are also joined by the RPW referees and some of the production crew, they all start circling the ring.

SAN MARTIN: **This is just amazing, what an honor to be able to call this match.**

Aron Scythe is controlling the pace of this match with punches, An Irish whip sends Abernathy into the ropes and a dropkick to the knee sends him crashing to the mat. Scythe bathes in the support of his coworkers and starts stalking Abernathy, he waits, waits, waits and unleashes a furious roundhouse kick to Abernathy's face who falls flat on his back. Scythe grabs one of Abernathy's arms, hooks a leg behind the monster's head.

SAN MARTIN: **He's going for the Chikara Special!!**

But the move is not completed as Abernathy powers out and uses the same arm Scythe had a hold off to push him into a school boy pinning combination, Scythe needs to kick out before three!

1...

2...

KICKOUT!!!

A worried crowd responds positively to the kick out, both gladiators rise to their feet but now it's Abernathy who strikes for with a knee to the gut, an Irish whip sends Scythe into the ropes from where he bounces back to the center of the ring, Abernathy is waiting for him and connects with what can only be called a falcon punch, it connects right to the stomach of Scythe and knocks all the air out of him, he's doubled over coughing and Abernathy gains double underhooks, grabs him by the legs and is finally able to connect with the PACKAGE PILEDRIVER in the center of the ring. Boos, boos and more boos rain down from the crowd as Abernathy makes the final cover of RPW history, the entire roster starts banging their arms on the apron.

SAN MARTIN: **Oh my god...**

1...

SAN MARTIN: **Oh my god...**

2...

SAN MARTIN: **Nonononono...**

3?

NO! RPW LIVES! KICKOUT! KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

SAN MARTIN: **YES! YES! YES!**

A huge reaction of relief is felt all across the arena, Abernathy is on disbelief and he stands turned into the living embodiment of fury, he extends his arms and points to Dobbs with his finger, he starts circling around the ring pointing at everyone who's at ringside, he finally turns his attention back to Scythe and points at him before making a cutthroat signal. He starts setting up a second package Piledriver but Aron throws his legs back, like he was sprawling out. Abernathy settles for hooking his arms below his abdomen and looking for a normal Piledriver.

SAN MARTIN: **Scythe cannot take much more punishment.**

Abernathy lifts him up but Scythe goes all the way up to Abernathy's shoulders on the powerbomb position, Scythe looks out of it but he flails his arms to Abernathy's head trying to stop the beast, suddenly he hooks the monster's head with one arm and throws the same-side leg out, the momentum sends Abernathy crashing down with a DDT in the very center of the ring.

SAN MARTIN: **What a reversal.**

Both men look exhausted in the mat, but after a few seconds we can see that Scythe still has his arms wrapped around Abernathy's neck, we switch to a reverse camera angle and from there is clear that Scythe is squeezing and hard, Scythe has a submission hold on Abernathy but it's not just any submission hold, it is the Signature Brand. The most dangerous and controversial hold in RPW History.

SAN MARTIN: **The Signature Brand? By Aron Scythe? OH MY GOD THIS IS HUGE.**

Abernathy slowly moves his arms around...

The roster starts banging the apron harder than ever

The crowd chants "Tap! Tap! Tap!"

Abernathy's arm move slower and slower!

Scythe squeezes harder and harder, he has full body scissors now.

Abernathy's arms have almost stopped to move.

The referee lifts the monster's arm up in the air, it falls to the mat.

1...

SAN MARTIN: **Can this be it?**

2...

SAN MARTIN: **Only one more!!**

3?

And it hits the mat! It's all over! The crowd erupts in the biggest pop ever, the bell rings; everyone at ringside rushes the ring.

SAN MARTIN: **He did it!! YES!!!**

We can hear the sound of San Martin's headset crashing as both him and Murphy also rush to the ring, Aron Scythe is lifted high in the shoulders of John Brandenburg, Tomoe Ami is also lifted in the air in the shoulders of Hakai Dragon. Even the fans are on a frenzy and they jump over the barricades filling up the ringside area, the crowd is on fire chanting: "RPW!! RPW!! RPW!!"

We get a final shot of Aron Scythe and his wife on riding on the shoulders of their coworkers and lifting their arms high in victory, RPW is saved, Abernathy is gone forever.

++++PPV ENDS++++