



RPW IS

CALLING TO ARMS!

A promotional poster for a wrestling event. The background is a stylized American flag. In the center, two characters are shown: a muscular man with a beard and glasses, shirtless and wearing black trunks, holding a gold championship belt; and a man with long hair and glasses, wearing a blue t-shirt with a graphic and white pants. The text "RPW PRESENTS" is in a small font above the large, bold, white text "CALL TO ARMS". At the bottom left, it says "JONES v SCYTHE" and "RPW HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE MATCH". At the bottom right, it says "LIVE ON PPV", "8PM EST/SPM PT", and "Sunday June 17th".

+++++++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.

"KAGE BUNSHIN NO JUTSU - GO SCYTHER!"

11 days later!

Mrs. Cobain show us your kittens.

Mr. Nice Guy is not a very Nice Guy!

El Omega was El Screwed.

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

MURPHY: Welcome everyone who has ordered RPW CALL TO ARMS this fine Sunday Evening, I'm Harold Murphy and with me as always, Ben Washington.

WASHINGTON: Thanks Murph, and boy what a show do we have tonight.

MURPHY: All titles will be defended tonight, John Brandenburg, MNG and Ian Jones all will try to retain their respective title belts

WASHINGTON: Brandenburg faces Jafaar al-Sultan and a Mystery opponent in a triple threat, MNG defends against Gustavo Gusmao, Malcolm Valenzuela and Landon Jackson in a ladder match.

MURPHY: And our main event, Ian Jones defends the RPW heavyweight championship against Aron Scythe.

WASHINGTON: Yeah, but we have more than three great title fights, we also have three hot opening bouts, do you want to tell our faithful about them Murph?

MURPHY: Most certainly, Douglas Gallagher answered Ronnie Reynolds challenge and they will go one on one, also in a singles match we will have british bruiser Leonard Knox welcoming Alex Monroe to RPW ppv.

WASHINGTON: And for our opening bout, Sirius Danger and Kirk Cobain will try to put an end to their heated rivalry in a tables match.

MURPHY: And take a look at the history between these men.

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

DUCKY: **The following match is a 6 man tag team match, introducing first....**

DUCKY: **The team of El Omega 23, Kirk Cobain and Aron Scythe.**

DUCKY: **And their opponents, Landon Jackson, Sirius Danger and Ronnie Reynolds!**

Highlights of the 6 man tag match show, great moves by all involved, ending up with Reynolds and Danger giving a double Suplex to Aron Scythe.

Scythe is struggling to regain his standing position but Danger turns his attention to him and sets him up for the package Piledriver, Danger Zone Delivery connects on the middle on the ring and Danger goes for the pin.

1...

2...

Cobain breaks it.

MURPHY: **Kirk Cobain saves the match for his team.**

Cobain picks Danger and throws him shoulder first into the heel corner's ring post, Cobain then throws Danger out of the ring and suicide dives onto him

The camera goes to black.

DUCKY: **The following match is Battle Royal!**

Cobain and Danger focusing each other during the match, trading attacks while the match progresses.

, Wolfe and Brandenburg lock up while Cobain whips Danger into the ropes and follows him closely, Cobain uses a crossbody bock against the ropes and they tumble over the top rope and to the outside, they collide with the thin mats on the outside and Danger is on an state of disbelief as Ducky announces the eliminations, Danger is not happy at all about it and he lashes out at Cobain, viciously attacking him on the outside. He picks him up and whips him into the steel steps. The camera pans on Sirius Danger who delivers the Danger Zone Delivery to Kirk Cobain on the outside, the crowd boos heavily!

We switch into highlights of the Danger vs. Knox match, right up to where Danger springboards all the way into the crowd where Kirk Cobain is at the front row, Danger beats up Cobain on the crowd.

Now Cobain and Danger are wrestling on in the ring, they are in a match, Danger gets tossed to the outside, Cobain chases him but Danger has retrieved a Red Fire Extinguisher from under the ring and douses Cobain with it, Danger then puts Cobain through the announce table,

We switch to an image of the following week with Danger up on the top rope and Cobain laying over the announce table with a chair on top of him, Danger launches himself to Cobain, but Kirk catches him mid air with a chair shot, Cobain uses the Double Arm DDT to put Danger through the table.

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

DUCKY: **the following match is a TABLES MATCH in the RPW NO LIMITS DIVISION, Introducing first...**

[The Sound of an Alarm shoots over in the sound system.](#) Out comes Sirius Danger in his black singlet, a yellow Danger sign on his front, yellow wristbands and knee pads, long black wrestling boots complete the outfit. Strangely enough, Sirius Danger is carrying an acoustic guitar with him.

DUCKY: **and his opponent, from everywhere and nowhere, weighing in at 222 pounds, he's the manifestation of randomization, Sirius Danger!!**

The Camera turns into the crowd, where a guy lifts up a sign that reads: "SRS DANGER IS SRS BUSINESS"

MURPHY: **Danger bringing a Guitar, probably to get inside Cobain's head.**

Sirius goes down the ramp ignoring the fans and raising his guitar in the air, he leaves the guitar near the time keeper before sliding to the ring.

[Half Past You](#) marks the entrance for Kirk Cobain.

DUCKY: **And his opponent, from Seattle Washington, weighing 200 pounds, the Generation-X Factor, Kirk... COOOBAAAAAIIINNNN!**

Kirk Cobain steps out onto the ramp a little timidly, taking his hands from his jeans pockets to greet the crowd, before jamming them back into the ripped denim and stomping towards the ring.

The Bell Rings to signal the start of our first match and both men proceed with caution, slowly circling each other, biding their times and looking for the right moment, slowly they get near and seem to agree on a collar and elbow tie up.

Cobain forces Danger into the corner, he's securing position but Danger sneaks his head to trap Cobain arms, looks like an arm triangle set up but Danger uses it to turn things around and back Cobain into the corner instead.

WASHINGTON: I'm expecting this to be a back and forth battle, what do you think Murph?

MURPHY: I Agree.

Sirius Danger starts to turn on the offense with rabid knees to the midsection of his opponent, once, twice and three times the knee of Danger slams into Kirk Cobain's abdominal area, Danger keeps himself unpredictable by switching his attack, now it's a left jab that finds his mark three times, Cobain doesn't have time to adjust his defenses when Danger is how lighting his chest up with three hard chops to the chest, Cobain tries to exit the corner and Danger allows him so, but just a couple of feet, Danger presses Cobain against the ropes and sends him running with an Irish Whip, Danger bides his time and waits for Cobain to return, when he does, Danger pounces in and meets him in the middle of the ring with raging cross chop that nearly turns Cobain inside out, the grunge lover collapses in the mat.

WASHINGTON: All Danger in the early going though, Cobain needs to find his groove and quick

The crowd boos Danger, and he pays attention to them a little too much, this gives Cobain a chance to get back to his knees and punch Danger in the stomach. The Grunge Aficionado gets up and uses forearms to the back to back Danger into the ropes, Danger is sent head first into the top turnbuckle, Cobain strikes with a forearm but Danger explodes out with three hard forearms of his own that send Cobain tumbling into the next corner.

MURPHY: Cobain almost getting back on the match but Danger still in control

Danger rushes into the corner and jumps with a flying forearm, Danger lands on the apron and Cobain bounces a few steps to the middle of the ring, he turns around to receive a springboard frankensteiner.

WASHINGTON: Whoa, what a move!

A flurry of stomps is unleashed over Cobain and RPW's resident Momma's boy has to roll to the ropes for cover, Danger is relentless on his attacks and starts dropping hard knees into the lower back of a prone Cobain, most likely targeting the kidneys. Cobain has no choice but to roll out of the ring.

MURPHY: **Cobain forced out of the ring, hopefully he is able to regroup.**

He gets no time to do so, Danger immediately bounces off the ropes and comes through with a huge suicide dive through the ropes, it sends the crowd reeling and Cobain crashing, Danger raises both arms in the air to many boos, Cobain crawls and grabs a hold of Danger's leg, using it to climb back to his feet, Danger gives Cobain a pitiful look and slaps him over the head, Cobain takes this none too kindly and delivers a hard forearm to the chest that surprises Danger, before Danger is able to react appropriately Cobain lays it on him with plenty of punches that send Sirius retreating along the barricade.

WASHINGTON: **The Arrogance of Danger has caught up with him, Cobain is finally getting into this match.**

Kirk Cobain lands a few good strikes, but Danger is not gonna lay down for them, Danger starts fighting back and both men go back and forth brawling across the barricade, the crowd is eating it up, especially those fans at ringside that are almost inside the action, Danger breaks the monotony of the brawl with a hard kick to the gut, Cobain is caught entirely distraught which allows Danger to take advantage of the situation, one Irish whip later, Cobain goes crashing hard against the steel steps.

MURPHY: **Don't mess with Sirius Danger Ben, that man is vicious.**

With Cobain struggling to recover from the crash, Danger starts looking under the ring, he quickly finds what he's looking for, a wooden table. Danger starts to set it up, hopefully to end this match before he takes too much damage from the brutal nature of the stipulations.

But as Danger sets up the table, Cobain finds time to recover, and just as Danger flips over the table and secures its footing, Cobain comes from behind with a forearm to the back, Danger walks away several feet and Cobain cuts to the chase, both men start brawling again and they go all the way into the announcers table with Cobain in control.

WASHINGTON: **Oh no here they come!**

MURPHY: **for the last two episodes of WNR these two men have destroyed our announce table, that's how this match came to be.**

WASHINGTON: **This is just the opening match, I really hope we don't lose the table this early on.**

Danger has his back against the announcers table and he covers up from Cobain's strikes, seemingly in control of the action, Cobain wants to raise the stakes, he grabs Danger's head and goes for the smash over the table, Danger pulls his arms out and blocks it, a swift elbow to Kirk's gut is enough to take Mrs. Cobain's momma's boy off his game long enough for Danger to send him head first into the table. The Crowd boos and this time Danger is unfazed, he makes Cobain headbang into the table a couple of times and the drags him back inside of the ring.

MURPHY: **This match is hot; if the action keeps up through the night we are in for a treat.**

Danger starts setting the pace of this match with a Snap Suplex, he picks Cobain up and sends him head first into a corner before laying him down with chop after chop, Cobain is all the way down into a seated position but that's not where Danger wants him, Danger wants him standing and he forces him back up, albeit not without a struggle, Danger goes for an Irish whip to the opposite corner but it is reversed mid way and hard, Danger goes back first into the corner hard and falls flat on his face, Cobain sees an opportunity to turn the tide and jumps on it, an elbow drop to the back of Danger soon follows.

WASHINGTON: **and now it is Cobain who gets the upper hand, can you say back and forth?**

Cobain rolls out of the ring and lifts the ring skirt, he's probably looking for a table, and there are more than a few under it, he starts pulling the table out when out of nowhere Danger comes flying with a high angle crossbody, it catches Cobain right on and both men go crashing on the outside mats while the still non set-up table lays next to the ring.

MURPHY: **High risk paying off for Danger.**

Both men are starting to feel the effects of this match already, but they make it to their feet without much delay, they find themselves face to face and once again they start trading fists, one by one, all over the ring side area. The crowd boos the attack by Danger and Cheers whenever Cobain connects, the crowd starts to stack on cheers as Cobain blocks an attack and manages to land three successive right hands, he follows up with a clothesline and Danger goes down. Cobain rolls his opponent back into the ring and follows him.

MURPHY: **Cobain taking the action back into the ring, I wonder what he has in mind.**

Rejoicing on his new found control of this matchup Cobain picks his opponent up to his knees and starts with methodical punches to the head, he takes his times to place the punches perfectly, slowly but surely draining Danger of his energies, still with plenty of gas left on the tank Danger sneaks in a double leg and unleashes a flurry of right hands from open guard, Cobain catches a punch and uses his legs to sweep up Danger and reverse positions, he lands on a full mount and starts raining down knuckles to the delight of the live crowd, Danger does his best to cover up but he surely catching a handful of punches.

WASHINGTON: **This is vicious,**

Kirk Cobain halts his attack and stands up heading to a corner to catch his breath, he goes into stalk mode as Danger tries to clear his cobwebs, Danger finally gets up and turns right to Cobain who meets him with a well placed kick to the stomach, the crowd pops HUGE as Cobain starts to set up his Double Arm DDT but Danger forces Cobain hard into a corner to avoid the attack, Danger takes advantage of the position and starts delivering hard shoulder thrusts into the midsection of his opponent.

MURPHY: Cobain must be getting drained by this, I think this match might just boil down to who has the better Cardio.

With every successive thrust to the midsection, Danger gets an inch more of control over this match, after five hard hitting attacks, Danger switches the strategy to vicious chops to the chest, Cobain is getting winded and Danger takes notice and drags his grunge loving opponent to the center of the ring where a simple kick to the gut becomes a set up for the Danger Zone Delivery.

WASHINGTON: The Package Piledriver!! This might be the beginning of the end for Cobain.

But Cobain is still very much on this match and he reverses with an arm wringer as Danger tried to hook him, Cobain deftly switches the move into a short lived hammerlock, Sirius Danger has used hard elbows to set himself free, Danger sends Cobain to the ropes via Irish whip.

On the rebound, Cobain uses a baseball slide to go under the Legs of Danger, Danger turns around to face Cobain once again but it is now him who's sent into the ropes for a run, Cobain patiently waits for the rebound and gets a huge vertical leap for a dropkick, both of his feet hit nothing but air as Danger has hooked his arms into the ropes to prevent the bounce.

MURPHY: Great presence of mind by Danger there.

WASHINGTON: Most definitely.

And Danger goes flying again, this time he springboards off the second rope and turns mid air for a high elevation splash, Cobain rolls out of the way in the very last second. Danger dives into an empty pool but he quickly tries to stand up and regain control of the action, this is not to be as Cobain is already onto him, catching him in a sleeper hold as he rises, Cobain jumps into Danger with body scissors from the rear, he has latched to him like a backpack.

MURPHY: Cobain and his famous Backpack Sleeper, if Danger goes nighty nighty then Cobain will have no problem putting him thru a table.

More than aware of this, Sirius Danger starts furiously backpedalling into a corner, his intent is clearly to drive Cobain back first into the corner, but this is not Cobain's first rodeo, he maneuvers well to avoid the impact and land on the apron instead, he uses a modified neckbreaker into the top rope to make Danger pay for his reckless attempt, Danger falls to the mat and he regroups into a sitting position with his back into the corner.

WASHINGTON: Both men countering well off each other, this opener has truly gone back and forth.

Cobain enters the ring and sets his sights on the sitting Danger, he rushes in and lands a huge knee smash to his face, Air guitar Solo follows and the crowd goes wild, Kirk Cobain rolls out of the ring and

WASHINGTON: **Top rope elbow Drop, Cobain loves that move!**

Kirk Cobain has all the momentum on his side and he knows it's time to finish this, he rolls out of the ring looking for another table which he quickly finds, he slides it into the ring where he sets it up.

MURPHY: **All he has to do now is put Danger through the table and collect his paycheck.**

WASHINGTON: **Easier said than done.**

Cobain goes to pick up Danger, presumably to drive him through the table, but the chaotic one fights back, Danger scores with two punches and then goes for a clothesline, Cobain ducks, Danger turns around and gets kicked in the gut, Cobain sends Danger crashing with an Irish whip into the corner, the follow up is a charging attack but Danger moves out of the way at the last instant, Danger hooks on a rear waistlock and rolls backwards, he keeps a tight hold of it and both men roll through all the way to their feet where Danger uses the momentum to deliver a huge Deadlift German Suplex, BOOM! CHAOS THEORY! THE CROWD BOOS WILDLY.

MURPHY: **Cobain is down and there's a table on the ring, this could be disastrous for him.**

Danger drags Kirk Cobain into the wooden table and deposits his body over it, instead of trying to put him through the table, Danger delivers a swift headbutt to the head of Cobain, this is quickly followed by a second headbutt, and a third, a flurry of brutal headbutts assaults Cobain leaving him bloodied over the table.

MURPHY: **What a sick individual...he must have taken that move from Abernathy.**

WASHINGTON: **The match is taking place in the No Limits Division, you can't blame him for going all out.**

As boos rain upon the chaotic madman, he gives a creepy stare to the beaten up Cobain. A stream of red starts flowing from Danger's forehead it nicely matches the blood over Cobain's. Danger smiles and starts heading out of the ring, the crowd is still booing him but that won't stop him, Danger goes near the timekeeper's table and grabs his acoustic guitar.

MURPHY: **Someone stop this madness.**

Armed with the guitar, Danger rolls back into the ring and starts walking near the table which carries the body of Kirk Cobain. Sirius Danger looks increasingly satisfied by his work, and he now embraces the role of an executioner, he slowly starts lifting up his guitar, as if it was the blade that would end the life of Mrs. Cobain's mamma's boy.

WASHINGTON: **What is Danger thinking about here?**

The boos reach it's loudest, at least tonight. Danger throws his arms down sending the guitar in a powerful arc, Kirk Cobain barely rolls out of the way just before the impact and the power of the guitar smash causes the table to be broken in half and collapse. The crowd is relieved, a small cheer burst out.

MURPHY: **Danger just used that guitar like an Axe!**

WASHINGTON: **Despite being Cobain who usually sports lumberjack shirts, it is Danger who chops wood.**

Sirius Danger is not happy about this recent development; he drops the guitar and starts charging his opponent who's using the ropes to hold himself up. Cobain catches the sight of Danger rushing in and drops to the mat, lowering the top rope. This savvy maneuver sends Danger crashing to the outside, nearly going to one of the tables that had been set-up earlier. Another wave of cheers hits the ring, helping appease the tense environment.

MURPHY: **Whoa, he almost went through that Table!**

Cobain takes his time to regain his full capacity, he refocuses and starts heading out of the ring to chase after Danger. As he is going through the ropes, he notices Danger looking for something under the ring, Cobain stops and goes back inside of the ring, he starts looking inside his lumberjack shirt and starts looking for something, he comes out with a small set of protective Goggles and an equally small anti-gas breather.

WASHINGTON: **Ok, someone explain that to me.**

Now armed with these new gadgets, Cobain leans on the ropes and yells at Danger who emerges out of the ring with a fire extinguisher in hand, Danger unleashes the contents of this fire extinguisher over Kirk, but Mrs. Cobain's momma's boy is unfazed by the stream

MURPHY: **Is that explaining enough?**

Kirk Cobain holds on to the top rope and uses it to power his slide under the bottom rope, he puts a pair of boots to the face of a very surprised Sirius Danger. And the Kingpin of Random goes tumbling backwards, tripping over the table previously set-up outside and falling over it.

WASHINGTON: **Danger in a rough spot.**

Realizing the terrible position he's found himself into, Sirius Danger tries to jump out of the table as soon as possible, when he does, he's met with a fierce swing of the steel fire extinguisher, Kirk Cobain has sent the red steel right into Danger's skull, "The Manifestation of Randomization" is sent right back into the table, where he ends up laying senseless.

MURPHY: **Danger wanted No Limits, well, he got it....in the shape and color of a red steel extinguisher.**

WASHINGTON: **He pretty much did, and he is finished; he's wide open for Cobain to finish him.**

But Cobain seems to have other plans, now he starts looking under the ring and withdraws a Kendo Stick, throwing it inside of the ring, he keeps his search under the ring and starts pulling out a large metal structure, it's a steel ladder, that's for our No Limits Ladder match later tonight.

MURPHY: **Whoa, whoa, whoa! What is he doing?**

WASHINGTON: **Just like that video of when he was little, Cobain loved jumping off Ladders, he's now getting a chance to do what he loves on PPV.**

The crowd screams with excitement as Cobain gets the ladder and sets up next to table that carries the weight of Danger's senseless body. Cobain quickly rises to the top and once again starts playing air guitar to the delight of the crowd.

MURPHY: **He's taking way too long!**

WASHINGTON: **You might be right, Danger might be baiting him.**

MURPHY: **If Danger rolls out of the way, Cobain will go through the table and lose this match.**

Kirk Cobain sends one last look the way of a knocked out Sirius Danger before jumping up into the airs:

Cobain starts flying through the air.

He positions himself mid air for an elbow drop.

He approaches the table!

Sirius Danger opens his eyes.....

Just in time for...

...

MURPHY: **Whoa!**

The cheerful crowd turns into a chorus of boos but Sirius Danger is still too beaten up to put up a fight, Cobain picks himself up and launches a vicious attack over the prone Danger, quickly mounting him and unleashes a flurry of fists all over his head, Danger has no other choice but to cover up and hope for the best, the crowd is raging and out for blood.

WASHINGTON: **Danger might have just made matters worse for himself.**

MURPHY: **But that might have been just what he wanted.**

Cobain now takes a hold of the Kendo stick and uses it to put a brutal beating to Danger, you can tell on his face that he's been possessed by some sort of Berserking Rage, Cobain is so exaggeratedly violent swinging his kendo stick that the crowd starts to slowly degrade into a silent state. But even as the crowd has abandoned the cheers for Cobain, the anger inside him keeps a tight grip on his actions as the Grunge Music Lover continues to swing the Kendo Stick repeatedly striking the bruised and battered Danger.

MURPHY: **That might be a bit too much, this is actually uncomfortable to watch.**

Kirk Cobain grabs the smashed remains of Sirius Danger and drags him into a corner, where he hangs him up in the tree of woe position. Danger opposes no resistance and ends up hanging upside down from the corner; Kirk Cobain now goes to pick up the remains of the acoustic guitar Sirius Danger brought with him.

WASHINGTON: **What does he have in mind.**

We don't have to wait to find out as Cobain pulls no theatrics before rushing the corner and diving down with a guitar shot to the head of Danger, the crowd is absolutely silent as Cobain exits the ring and makes his way up the ramp.

WASHINGTON: **Devastating attack, I'm almost feeling sorry for Danger here.**

MURPHY: **Yeah, some could argue that he had it coming but I wouldn't wish that to anyone.**

We catch a glimpse of medical personel rushing down the ramp as the camera cuts backstage.
+++++CAMERA CUTS BACKSTAGE+++++

Matt Josham is backstage, ready to once again interview Alex Monroe.

JOSHAM: **I'm here with Pro Wrestling's Most Overrated Free-**

Monroe grabs the mic away from Josham before he has a chance to ramble on.

MONROE: Listen here, all that seems to be going on since my arrival here in RPW is a lot of talk. Talk about am I good, am I all bark and no bite. The time for talk is done. Now it's time for me to do what I came here to do in the first place, WRESTLE. I'm going out there with one of the best RPW has to offer, and when I get back here, I won't be called Pro Wrestling's Hottest Free Agent... YOU will be calling me RPW's Biggest Rising Star.

Monroe shoves the mic in to Josham's chest and stomps off, ready for war.

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO THE CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE+++++

We are treated to a rare sighting of RPW's Chairman of the board; he's on his office along with WNR Executive Producer Maxwell Black and a couple of other Executives. They seem to be going over some contract when the door knocks.

CHAIRMAN: Come in!

The door slowly opens and in comes "The Alpha Brain" Diego San Martin

SAN MARTIN: Boss, could we have a word.

CHAIRMAN: Sure, what do you need?

SAN MARTIN: I'm here to address my issues with Commissioner Dobbs, we've let a lot of things slide but last week he simply robbed us of a well deserved Ironman Title Opportunity, you saw El Omega win that opportunity fair and square, you even loved the match. You know we deserve better.

CHAIRMAN: I understand where you are coming from, and let me be honest; I am to blame a bit here. The post of commissioner as I assigned it to Jack Dobbs, it is simply too wide and it carries too many responsibilities, I'm sure Jack is giving it his 150% but there are so many things to do as Commissioner.

Diego is about to interject, but he gets cut off by the Chairman.

CHAIRMAN: But don't worry, I'm here tonight with my colleagues to take care of this very issue.

The chairman looks tentative as he takes a pause.

CHAIRMAN: In fact, I would like you to join us. Your input would be much appreciated.

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

There are the sounds of [I Am Onslaught](#) by Emmure.

Alex Monroe strides into the centre of the stage, his head bent low and hooded, before flipping back the hood and roaring out at the crowd. They return the favour.

MURPHY: **A generous response for RPW's newest signing: Alex "The Lethal Injection" Monroe.**

WASHINGTON: **He's a scary, scary man. He fought Brock Lemon last week and they tell me that kid's just about remembering his wife's name.**

MURPHY: **It was an impressive victory, that's for sure. But Monroe faces a tougher challenge tonight in Len 'Ard Knox. And they tell me that he's --- well, they tell me we're going backstage.**

A security guard knocks at a dressing room door. Leonard Knox yanks it open and strides into the corridor and towards the arena. Sweeping strings are martial are playing in the background as he walks: surrounding by policemen and snorting and snarling.

Leonard stops, and so does the music. He pushes open a door marked "Gents" and barges in. The policemen stand around, looking uncomfortable, as there's the sound of Leonard whistling; an extended number one and then a flush. Leonard strides out again and he, the policemen and the music continue.

MURPHY: **Leonard Knox is, er - ready for action here.**

WASHINGTON: **Ready? I think he might be *dehydrated*, Harold.**

There are the sounds of [Chumbawumba's Tubthumping](#).

Leonard Knox strides into the arena with his arms raised. He clammers into the ring with his eyes fixed on Monroe.

MURPHY: **He likes a joke does Len 'Ard Knox but when it comes to wrestling he's *all serious*.**

DUCKY: **The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Firstly, weighing in at two hundred pounds and fighting out of Portland, Oregon: Alex "The Lethal Injection" Monrooooooeeee!**

DUCKY: **And his opponent, from Bradford, England, weighing 270 pounds: Len 'Ard Knox!**

The bell rings.

The two wrestlers circle each other. They lock up and Knox throws Monroe towards the corner.

WASHINGTON: **Brute strength right there.**

Knox runs towards Monroe but he gets his elbow up and catches the Bradfordian flush upon the jaw.

MURPHY: **That's what Monroe is going to have to do: utilize his pace and agility to get the bigger man down.**

Monroe fights out of the corner with boots to the midsection but Knox fires back with punches, both men trade a boot for a first for a while until eventually Knox overpowers his foe and launches a full on assault on the corner, a couple of hard strikes to the body seem to hurt Monroe.

Knox drags him out of the corner and pushes him into the ropes, from where he sets up an Irish Whip, patiently waits and tries a clothesline that misses, Monroe goes for another bounce but this time he holds on to the ropes, Knox's big boot hits nothing but air as Monroe's arms are firmly hooked on the ropes. Monroe now rushes Knox but gets caught in the way in with a clothesline.

WASHINGTON: **The punishment was simply unavoidable.**

Sidewalk slam by Knox for a quick two, Monroe gets up and gets Irish whipped once again, this time hard into a corner hard, he crashes back first and bounces back into a body slam by Knox. Knox picks up Monroe but gets elbows to the gut, Monroe starts to get himself back in this match up and he really wants to take it to Knox. Knee to the head misses and Knox takes over with strikes, goes for an Irish whip but Monroe hits the breaks setting up an arm wrench in the processes, Knox tries to close the distance with a short clothesline but Monroe ducks under and fires back with a kick to the gut and swinging neck breaker.

MURPHY: **Strong showing early on by Monroe, despite what Matt Josham is saying, Monroe is more than just hype.**

WASHINGTON: **He most certainly is, but is he good enough to topple Knox?**

MURPHY: **That remains to be seen.**

Both men get up and Monroe rushes in, Knox counters with a tilt-a-whirl nothing as Monroe slips out the back and pushes Knox into a corner, Knox goes chest first into the buckles and Monroe hits a nice German Suplex pin.

1!

2!!

KICKOUT!!!

WASHINGTON: **He almost proved it right there.**

Monroe goes to the second rope on the nearest corner, he measures Knox and waits patiently for his shot, Knox turns into the Corner and Monroe jumps in to him looking for a tornado DDT, Knox catches him mid air and puts him in a bear hug.

MURPHY: **Monroe is in trouble.**

And Knox drives him hard against the corner, Monroe takes his hands to his back but Knox just doesn't stop and keeps up his attacks, Monroe eats a few strikes but he finds strength on him to fight back, he chops his way out all the way to opposite corner, blow after blow, a continuous attack that will surely leave marks on Knox's chest.

WASHINGTON: **I'd like to see Monroe in a chopping contest with El Omega 23.**

MURPHY: **That would be brutal.**

Monroe kicks it to overdrive and starts unleashing a flurry of chops against the corner, Alex Monroe with the Kobashi chops and the crowd is getting a bit behind him. Monroe is feeling it and he gets some space.

WASHINGTON: **Monroe is getting in his zone, and when he's there, he's ultra dangerous, Knox has to do something and quick.**

Knox is catching his breath in the corner when Monroe starts charging him, Jumping knee to the head misses and Monroe hits the top buckle instead, Monroe crashes in the mat but that's just a momentary setback as he kips up right back to his feet, that is momentary too as a Big Boot by Knox knocks him back down.

MURPHY: **And something he did, now he needs to wrap it up quickly before Monroe can get his offense going again.**

Monroe tries to get back to his feet as fast as he can, that is not fast enough, Knox sends him to the mat yet again, this time with a back suplex. Now Knox won't wait for Monroe to try and get up, he picks him instead and throws him to the ropes with an Irish whip.

WASHINGTON: **Pretty good match thus far.**

Leonard Knox hits a spinebuster on the dazed Monroe.

MURPHY: **Brutal move.**

WASHINGTON: **It's like having all of the air sucked outta you.**

Knox is climbing up towards the turnbuckle.

WASHINGTON: **Where's *he* going?**

MURPHY: **He's not --- no --- don't tell me he's...**

Knox salutes to the crowd and dives chest-first towards Monroe.

MURPHY: **Oh my God!**

Monroe desperately tries to roll out of the way. While this lessens the force impact, he still catches a lot of it.

MURPHY: **What a splash!**

WASHINGTON: **Splash? That was more like a goddamn *explosion*.**

Leonard is holding his chest.

WASHINGTON: **I think Monroe got a knee or elbow up or something. It looks like Knox is hurt as well.**

Knox is on his hands and knees, Monroe gets up and uses him as a platform to get more height as he comes down with a knee drop to the back of Knox's head.

MURPHY: **High Impact offense by Monroe!**

WASHINGTON: **It's a nice move, he used it last week too.**

Alex yells "**I'm done with you Knox!**" and then crouches down in the corner.

MURPHY: **Could he be setting up for the Genu In Vultus?**

Knox makes his way to his feet. He stumbles as he turns around. Alex charges at him and leaps in the air for his finishing maneuver.

Instead he gets powerbombed hard to the mat, Knox uses his brute strength to lift Monroe right back up to his shoulders and from there he connects with his Signature elevated powerbomb.

WASHINGTON: **How the tide has turned, Monroe is in deep trouble.**

Leonard Knox goes to bounce of the ropes, he returns and drops all of his body weight on top of Monroe with his patented splash.

MURPHY: **The bull's-eye! Can Monroe survive?**

1!

2!!

3!!!

The bell rings!!

WASHINGTON: **Leonard Knox picks up an impressive victory!**

DUCKY: **The winner of this match by the way of Pinfall, Leonard Knox!!**

[Chumbawumba's Tubthumping.](#)

MURPHY: **Knox takes a very good victory back to Bradford, and Alex Monroe might have just underestimated what it takes to defeat the RPW's elite.**

WASHINGTON: **Yes, but you cannot deny that he put up one hell of a fight, he almost beat Leonard Knox, and Knox is a very tough task for anyone, especially someone who's only having his second RPW match.**

MURPHY: **I agree, Alex Monroe definitely has a future here in RPW but Tonight it is all about Leonard Knox.**

Leonard Knox has his arm raised in victory by the referee, he looks happy. Monroe on the other hand looks definitely disappointed, still he gets up to his feet and walks over his opponent to congratulate him on his victory, both men shake hands and Knox raises Monroe's arm in the air, then pats him on the back and whispers something to his ear, probably a compliment on his wrestling ability. The crowd cheers the proceedings.

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

Ronnie Reynolds is shown in a room with all the members of his large staff, he has his ring gear on and he's addressing his employees.

REYNOLDS: I've been informed that Tonight I'll only be allowed three people to accompany me to the ring.

EVANS: But that's not fair!

GERRITT: **** Dobbs, really.

REYNOLDS: I know, I know.

WATERBOY: So who are you going to bring?

RING ANNOUNCER: I don't think I'd be of much help out there....

TOWEL GIRL: I wouldn't mind having a chance to see Douglas Gallagher live.

The towel girl is blushing and most of the members of the staff turn their heads at her.

REYNOLDS: You are fired!

TOWEL GIRL: What? Why?

REYNOLDS: Because I say so...Amy, Jackson, Dr. Light, you three will accompany me to the ring tonight, the rest of you go help the rest of the 1% or something.

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO THE EMPIRE LOCKER ROOM+++++

MNG and Ian Jones are in the locker room, Jones is sitting while MNG seems to be warming up.

MNG: Relax Jones, you are going to do great, you are the champ.

JONES: I'm not worried...but thanks, you are going to great too, you are also a champ.

MNG: Yeah, I'm gonna beat those guys silly, then I'll climb up the ladder and grab my title, just like you are going to walk through Aron Scythe, despite of what the so called "Experts" are saying.

JONES: I've heard the reports, I've heard those apparently "in the know" say that Jones has lost it, Jones is 40 now his time is up. Bollocks. I've been training for this match in the grubby dungeons of South London. Why haven't you heard from me? Because you don't deserve to. Ill do what I want. I'm bigger, faster, stronger and mentally unbreakable. Aron, I know your weaknesses, I know the damage I can cause you and your family. At Call to Arms this belt stays where it belongs, around my glorious waist. I would rather die than bring shame on this championship or my beloved nation. You're just a minor threat to my dominance of this industry.

MNG: Whoa, whoa, I'm no threat.

JONES: Oops, sorry, got carried away, that was meant for Scythe.

MNG: I figured...just Relax, and after tonight we will celebrate that we are both champions.

JONES: Yeah, we will.

MNG: You know what mate? I wish Wolfe was here too, if he wasn't suspended we would've represented Sir Charles, and then all three of us would've been champions by the end of the night.

JONES: He eventually will get reinstated...and since we still be champions, we can wait for him to get his own belt.

MNG: Yeah you are right.

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

WASHINGTON: The Empire seems ready for their matches, but there's a lot of PPV to go through still, up next Gallagher vs. Reynolds.

MURPHY: And that's a very interesting matchup that came to be last week on Revival.

WASHINGTON: Yeah, take a closer look to this short rivalry.

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

VOICE: Liverpool, England....

A video of the city of Liverpool shows on the screen, highlighting its most important landmarks.

VOICE: The birthplace and residence of Douglas Gallagher...

Shots of a Young Gallagher playing in soccer in the streets while wearing an old Liverpool FC T-Shirt take over the screen.

VOICE: **But now RPW is the new home of one of Wrestling's biggest international superstars.**

A highlight reel of Douglas Gallagher's exploits in RPW invade the screen, it includes his critically acclaimed wars with Jafaar al-Sultan and El Omega 23, him hitting his big moves, him playing up to the crowd.

VOICE: **And he couldn't be more happy about it.**

Douglas Gallagher is seen heavily bandaged over the chest, he's in the middle of the ring and carrying a microphone.

GALLAGHER: **Matches like the one I had with Omega are why I love being a part of this business, hearing the roar of the crowd, putting a good fight, that's what I love to do. And that's exactly what I've done in my career thus far....**

The camera cuts.

GALLAGHER: **I'm out here tonight to publically thank RPW for letting me expose my craft in front of the American Audiences.**

VOICE: **But there are some who might be bitter about it.**

[Back in Black](#) cuts off Douglas Gallagher before he can finish, out comes Ronnie Reynolds with a microphone of his own,

REYNOLDS: **if I have to hear the high praise you get every time you are mentioned I'm gonna be permanently sick.**

It is I who should be getting all the praise, all of the critical acclaim, but no, I'm constantly overlooked in spite of my credentials, who match anyone's on this roster.

VOICE: **Ronnie Reynolds claims to be the true international superstar, but can he prove it?**

I'm laying down the challenge, Ronnie Reynolds vs. Douglas Gallagher. And if what you were saying about being here to put on a show, you will accept.

Reynolds extends his hand to Gallagher, who has relaxed a bit. Both men shake hands in the middle of the ring to signify their agreement to a match at Call to Arms, the crowd cheers!

The music switches Dramatically and the video goes into slow motion, Ronnie Reynolds pulls Gallagher from the arm and kicks him in the gut, the crowd boos relentlessly as we switch to a normal video speed with Reynolds wailing away at an already injured Gallagher.

VOICE: **Tonight, they settle their differences in the ring.**

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

[Queen's One Vision hits the speakers](#) and anticipation starts to build up, the music plays but nobody emerges from the curtains just yet, the guitar enters and a beautiful display of pyro shoots up from the ramp, it is now when a Douglas Gallagher on his white hooded robe appears pointing to the sky with two of his fingers, Gallagher looks down to the floor while doing so.

HEY!

Gallagher takes off his hood and raises his head, his multiple light brown braids flail over and land toward his back, Douglas is all smiles as he starts making his way down the ramp to the rhythm of the music, the energy of the entrance has turned mild boos into a loud mixed reaction. A red cross runs all the way though the back of The Liverpool Sensation's robe, showing a strong simile to the English flag.

DUCKY: **Introducing first, from Liverpool, England....Weighing in at 245 lbs, Seventeen and a half stones, he is "The Liverpool Sensation" Douglas Gallagher.**

The Proud Scouser makes his way into the ring and disrobes, immediately you can notice that he's wearing wraps all over his chest, his body still recovering from his war against El Omega23, he hands the robe to the referee, Gallagher is wearing red trunks and white wrestling boots with red details, his red kneepads bear the Liverpool logo, his outfit is completed by tight white and red arm bands just below the shoulder that highlight his chiseled arms, Gallagher is all fun and dances as he plays it up to the crowd, as his music starts to die down Gallagher flexes his muscles, he's built like a god and he's proud of it.

MURPHY: **Douglas Gallagher has stated that he loves to put on a show for the fans, win or lose.**

WASHINGTON: **but I bet that after Reynolds' sneaky attack last week on WNR, he must be thinking about payback.**

AC/DC's [Back in Black](#) plays, after a few seconds the horn of a car plays along with the music, a white Limo comes out to the top of the stage and out of it comes Reynolds and his crew, they are greeted with many boos.

ANNOUNCER: **From Savannah, Georgia. Being accompanied to the ring by Super Agent Jackson Gerritt, "Image Analyst" Amy Evans and his sports psychologist, he weighed in yesterday at 217 lbs, ladies and gentleman please give it up for "Ravishing" Ronnie Reynolds!!**

Reynolds' personal ring announcer gets back to the limo and the car goes back to wherever it came from, Reynolds, Evans, Gerritt and Dr. Light walk down the ramp to many boos.

WASHINGTON: **Reynolds living the good life of a 1%'er.**

The bell rings and both men start circling each other, they are looking to find an advantageous angle over each other, in the end they settle for a collar and elbow tie-up in the middle of the ring. Gallagher possesses the obvious strength advantage, but instead of using it to shove his opponent around, Gallagher simply breaks the lock up and walks to an edge of the ring with his extended arm pointing right at Reynolds' Image Analyst, Amy Evans.

MURPHY: **Gallagher has to be a little Psych about having this entire people ringside for the match.**

WASHINGTON: **He's really going to need eyes on the back of his head for this one.**

Evans backs away a few feet which appears to satisfy the Liverpool Sensation, Gallagher turns his attention back to the match but catches a kick right on the midsection, Reynolds doesn't waste more time and sets things in motion with an Irish whip.

WASHINGTON: **Reynolds is already benefiting from the presence of his staff.**

Gallagher is on the run but he composes himself as he bounces off the ropes, he returns with a clear goal in sight and he easily achieves it, a huge shoulder block sends Reynolds flying into the mat, Gallagher flexes his biceps and the crowd roars.

MURPHY: **Gallagher is giving Reynolds ample time to recover, but Gallagher has always been a showman first.**

Reynolds props himself back to his feet and goes for another lock up, he's quickly caught on a side headlock and becomes closely acquainted with Gallagher's arm bands as the Brit tightens the grip on the headlock. Reynolds needs to use the entire weight of his body to move the freakishly built Gallagher, but after a struggle he manages to lean into him all the way into the ropes, Reynolds uses the bounce off the ropes to his favor and finally frees himself from the headlock by pushing Gallagher off of him.

WASHINGTON: **It took him a while to get out of the simple headlock.**

MURPHY: **Simple, yet effective....Gallagher is on the run, Reynolds drops down and Gallagher has to jump over, Reynolds is quickly back to his feet, he goes for the hip toss. NO! Blocked by Gallagher, Arm Drag by the Brit, Reynolds is down.**

He might be down, but most certainly not out. There is one thing Reynolds definitely and that's annoyed, you can tell just by looking at his face as he gets back up, he walks over to Gallagher and pushes him hard, the crowd reacts and so does Gallagher who pushes back even harder. The cheers

from the crowd are quickly extinguished by yet another kick to the gut of Gallagher, Reynolds shows his mean streak with a flurry of punches that take Gallagher by complete surprise. The Big Brit is forced to back up and crowd is none too happy about it.

WASHINGTON: Reynolds getting his feet on the ground and his head on the game.

All the way to the ropes they go and Gallagher is forced to one knee, Reynolds continues his assault with repeated forearms to the back of Gallagher, the camera switches to a shot of Reynolds' staff clapping for his boss. Back in the ring Gallagher is being dragged by the head, the referee warns Reynolds not to grab the hair, but that doesn't stop The Ravishing One from sending his opponent face first into the top turnbuckle.

MURPHY: Taking control of this match-up is Reynolds, Ben.

The Scouser bounces back from the corner and Reynolds is onto him, "Ravishing" pushes his opponent into the ropes and pulls him out with an Irish whip, Gallagher goes to bounce off the ropes on the opposite side of the ring, on the rebound he's greeted by a stiff clothesline but Gallagher manages to duck under it and go for another bounce, Reynolds turns around but this time he's caught by surprise and a running European uppercut by Gallagher is more than enough to have "Ravishing" pay another visit to the mat.

WASHINGTON: How many times does Reynolds have to use an Irish whip before he realizes that it's not working tonight.

Gallagher picks up Reynolds, but Jackson Gerritt has climbed into the apron and is complaining to the referee about something, Gallagher points at him and orders him to get back down. Gerritt raises both hands, declaring himself innocent, and jumps down. Gallagher gets back to the task at hand and sends a right hand to Reynolds' face, this distraction Reynolds blocks it.

MURPHY: Reynolds' staff paying dividends.

Reynolds quickly fires back with hard Knife Edge chops to the injured chest of Gallagher, he mixes it up with punches and forearms strikes and you can tell that The Liverpool Sensation is feeling it. Reynolds has found a big target on Gallagher's bruised and bandaged Pecs and he shoots a hard front push kick that sends the big Brit into the corner to many boos, Reynolds rushes in with a hard clothesline but Gallagher manages to move out of the way in the last second, the crowd gets a small pop out of it but when Reynolds turns around and Gallagher lifts him for a delayed vertical, the cheers rise tenfold.

WASHINGTON: The strength of Gallagher never ceases to amaze me, very impressive.

The Crowd starts counting the seconds Gallagher keeps his opponent up, blood flowing to his brain, the count reaches ten before the Suplex is completed. Gallagher rises to one knee, flexes one of his huge biceps, kisses it and then winks at Reynolds' image analyst Amy Evans.

MURPHY: I love watching Douglas Gallagher perform out here, he's a born entertainer.

Reynolds gets picked up from the mat by Gallagher who uses a left jab to great effect, an Irish whip sends "Ravishing" into the ropes and Gallagher is thinking back body drop, as Gallagher lowers down, Reynolds hits the breaks and goes to his knees, from there he delivers a thunderous slap to the face of "The Liverpool Sensation", Gallagher is sent spinning 180 degrees and Reynolds goes to corner, from where he stalks the outraged Brit.

WASHINGTON: **That slap might have changed the complexion of this match.**

Gallagher gets up to his feet but he is disoriented enough that Reynolds can rush in and land a perfectly placed Dropkick to the chest that sends Gallagher staggering back all the way into a corner. Reynolds knows that this is his big opening and he unleashes the chops, looking to tap into the previously injured chest of Gallagher.

MURPHY: **There it is, Reynolds taking advantage of Gallagher's bruised chest.**

An Irish whip sends Gallagher to the opposite corner, the Brit goes hard into the buckles back first and staggers forward into a jumping back elbow to the chest. Reynolds drops down to a cover but only gets a quick 2. Reynolds helps Gallagher to his feet and starts working knees to the chest, trying to tap into Gallagher's previous injuries. The crowd boos this dastardly tactic but that doesn't stop Reynolds who ends up landing about a dozen knees before setting up for a vertical suplex.

WASHINGTON: **Reynolds in control, beating Gallagher would be a huge feather on his cap.**

Ronnie Reynolds goes for the vertical suplex, but much to his dismay, he's unable to complete instead, it is Gallagher who overpowers him and ends up going for the suplex himself. The crowd pops for a second, but it's cut off as Reynolds goes up and over and lands on his feet. Reynolds starts setting up for the full nelson, and the crowd is back with the boos.

MURPHY: **"Ravishing" Ronnie Reynolds trying to set up his full nelson driver, NO! Gallagher throws him over the shoulder!**

The crowd is happy that Reynolds wasn't able to connect with his finisher. Reynolds quickly rolls back to his feet and once again charges Gallagher, this time he gets Back Body Dropped. Reynolds staggers up but gets sent into a corner in the Irish whip express. Reynolds bounces back first on the buckles and walks forward into a picture perfect scoop power slam. The crowd goes wild and counts along as Gallagher has a cover.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

But no, the crowd got too eager to count the three as Reynolds barely kicks out and the referee acknowledges a two count.

WASHINGTON: **Very Near Fall.**

This doesn't deter Gallagher though as he springs right back into action, dragging Reynolds back into a standing position and sending him running into the ropes with an Irish Whip, Reynolds rebounds and gets caught on his way back with a huge military press. The crowd stands in awe at this display of power, and the Brit loves the adoration of the crowd.

MURPHY: **Gallagher has strength for days.**

Gallagher sends Reynolds flying in the air and "The Ravishing One" falls face first into the mat as Gallagher heads towards the nearest corner, the crowd is on their feet as "The Liverpool Sensation" climbs to the second rope, everyone knows what is coming next.

WASHINGTON: **The liver bird is going to fly.**

And it does, Douglas Gallagher jumps high on the air and connects with a hard falling fist. The crowd is loving it and Gallagher is pumped up, running across the ring and playing it up to the crowd. Gallagher gets on stalk mode, sizing up Reynolds to finish him once and for all with the Crimson Tornado. Reynolds starts to get up and.

"BAM"

A steel chair goes crashing into the skull of Douglas Gallagher, the bell rings. But the 7 foot tall man that just attacked Gallagher is apparently not done, up in the apron we can see Norville "The Axe" Titan, shouting instructions at his giant.

MURPHY: **Norville Titan? Where did he come from? We hadn't heard about him in ages.**

WASHINGTON: **Maybe it was him who Jackson Gerritt was talking with during the Dirt Sheet.**

MURPHY: **That makes sense.**

Inside of the ring the assault continues, Reynolds is recovering and joining the attack, the boos are wild and the Giant has Gallagher by the throat, Big Chokeslam into the steel chair and suddenly...

The sound of a blaring siren fills the arena and the lights in the arena start pulsing. Everyone in the arena looks disoriented because of the sudden change. Then the sound of static fills the arena and after a few seconds, pyro blasts around the entrance and the lights in the arena go out.

WASHINGTON: **What? It was a hard chokeslam, but not hard enough for the lights of the arena to go out like that.**

The big screen lights up and in the middle a Digital clock appears, it is marking 11:00 and it suddenly starts counting down at fast speed. It reaches 00:00 and it disappears, the screen is taken over by an image of a large '3' and an eerie music resounds across the arena. The 3 on the screen flips a couple of times and then swipes across the screen to form one phrase:

“DID YOU SOLVE THE ENIGMA?”

Pyro blasts around the big screen, and the lights in the arena come back on. The crowd pops huge when they see the ring..

MURPHY : **“Oh my God !! Look on the top rope !!”**

A man in a hooded jacket is on the top rope. He hits a missile dropkick on the unsuspecting Giant and then hits a clothesline on Ronnie Reynolds to send him out of the ring. The mystery man takes off his jacket and tosses it to the crowd. He is wearing a green vest and black jeans. His right arm is fully tattooed and his left arm is covered by a dragon painted in fluorescent paint. The left side of his face is painted with green and black glow paint. He screams to the crowd to pump them up. Norville Titan attacks from behind and hits a couple of chops on his back. The man turns around and gets hit by a chop to the front. He counters with a couple of punches and pushes Titan onto the ropes. He bounces off the ropes and gets hit by a perfect superkick, and rolls out of the ring.

WASHINGTON : **Nailed Titan with that Superkick !! He’s just.. oh, WATCH OUT !!**

Jackson Gerritt is behind the enigmatic man, waiting with a steel chair. The man turns around, and Jackson charges at him. The man ducks under the chair right in time, and when Jackson turns, puts him down with a handstand roundhouse kick.

MURPHY : **Did you see that !! What a move !!**

The man picks Jackson up and lets him hang from the ropes by his feet. He gets him in a facelock and again, screams to the crowd to keep them pumped up. He hits the 'Source Code' – a lifting DDT from the top rope – right onto the steel chair, the crowd cheers hard. Just as the “Э” man gets up and turns around, he gets hit by a clothesline from Titan’s Giant. Reynolds jumps back into his feet and

MURPHY : **Reynolds and his crew regaining control of the situation here. They definitely do not like it if someone interrupts them while they are in the ring, and now they have the man who has been doing it for quite some weeks now...**

WASHINGTON : **But look at Douglas Gallagher!**

Gallagher has recovered enough for him to jump back onto the fray, he charges the Giant and spears him right through the ropes and outside of the ring. Meanwhile, Reynolds gets his victim in a full nelson hold.

MURPHY : **I think it’s a Full Nelson Driver coming up..**

He goes for the Full Nelson Driver, but the man manages to counter and get out of the move. He goes behind Reynolds and shoves him away forcing him to collide with his Sports Psychologist who was up on the apron shouting instructions. As Reynolds staggers backwards, the man locks him into a full nelson hold. He hits a couple of knee strikes on his back, and then hits a Full Nelson Backbreaker.

WASHINGTON: **What a move, Reynolds is gonna feel that for a few days.**

With Reynolds down on the mat, the mystery man climbs up to the top rope and then flashes his signature pose to get the crowd pumped – he makes a gun with both his hands and crosses his arms into an ‘X’.. The crowd is hot for this.. He hits his finisher, ‘The Enigma’s Mystery’ – a twisting corkscrew moonsault, with his knees hitting the opponent. His knees hit hard on his downed opponent.

MURPHY : **Unbelievable Debut, just wrecking through Reynolds and his crew, and the crowd loved him.**

The man is still in the ring, running his hand through his short, spiky hair, and rubbing his head. He goes across the ring and gets a microphone while Reynolds just rolls out of the ring.

“The mystery has been unraveled!! The ENIGMA IS HERE IN THE RPW!!”

Huge pop again from the crowd, as the mystery man of the RPW has finally come into the ring and made a huge impact. Enigma gets on the corner and does his signature pose again.

WASHINGTON: **This crowd is hot for Enigma.. They definitely love the mystery man..**

The camera shifts to a shot of Ronnie Reynolds halfway through the ramp, with Amy Evans by his side. Reynolds is giving Enigma a hateful stare, Enigma just points his hand guns at him and shoots him dead.

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

WASHINGTON: That was most certainly interesting, Enigma has finally made his first appearance and he impressed, toppling both Ronnie Reynolds and that Giant at the service of Norville Titan.

MURPHY: It's a good thing he finally appeared; to be honest I was getting tired of the cryptic videos.

WASHINGTON: that's only because you weren't smart enough to figure them out Murph.

MURPHY: Hahaha, shut up Ben.

WASHINGTON: It was just a joke, anyway. The return of Norville Titan was pretty unexpected.

MURPHY: But interesting nonetheless, I wonder what's his angle here.

WASHINGTON: And speaking about angles, what do you think happened to Kirk Cobain out there, that post match beating of Sirius Danger was pretty out of character for him.

MURPHY: I don't know, Sirius Danger might have gotten inside his head after all.

WASHINGTON: Mrs. Cobain is not gonna be too happy about it.

MURPHY: I bet she's not.

WASHINGTON: At least he won, and he even used a ladder like on that video on the dirt sheet.

MURPHY: That's true, he's joined by Leonard Knox and Douglas Gallagher in the win column tonight, and now that you mention ladders, it is almost time for our No Limits Title Match.

WASHINGTON: A four way Ladder Match, Mr. Nice Guy puts his title on the line against Malcolm Valenzuela, Gustavo Gusmao and Landon Jackson. That's gonna be carnage.

MURPHY: Yeah pretty much, and considering the rivalries between these men, Carnage might even be selling it short.

WASHINGTON: Don't forget that Jackson injured the ankle of Espírito Do Animal, Gusmao's tag team partner. Plus, the empire has pushed around Malcolm Valenzuela one too many times and he's out for blood.

MURPHY: It's interesting to note that Jackson has victories over both Valenzuela and Gusmao.

WASHINGTON: And don't forget that Valenzuela picked up a huge win against MNG last week on Revival.

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

!!! DING DING DING !!!

DUCKY: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is a four way ladder match for the RPW No Limits Championship.

[The capacity crowd cheer wildly!]

DUCKY: The only way to win is to climb the ladder and retrieve the title suspended above the ring.

[Machine Gun Blues – Social Distortion](#)

DUCKY: Introducing the participants, first, from Mexico City, Mexico and weighing in at 250 lbs....MALCOLM "THE ESCAPE ARTIST" VA-LEN-ZUEEEEEELLAAAAA!!!

[The crowd goes nuts as Malcolm Valenzuela steps out into the arena and smiles as he surveys his surroundings. Valenzuela is all energy, bounding back and forth past the ladders which are set up on the ramp slapping as many hands as he can.]

MURPHY: The crowd are certainly getting behind Valenzuela.

WASHINGTON: Yeh but they are also going bananas in anticipation of this match.

MURPHY: Very true Ben. A ladder match is a first for RPW let alone a four way ladder match. I applaud Commissioner Dobbs for making this match in the exciting No Limits Division.

WASHINGTON: RPW is always pushing the boundaries and moving into new territory.

[Valenzuela leaps into the ring from a turnbuckle.]

[The Wrestler – Helicopter Showdown](#)

[The music starts playing and goes for a while...as loud boos from the crowd are heard.]

DUCKY: From Cumberland, MD. Weighing in at 270 lbs, representing the 1%!...LANDON....JAAAAACKSSSOOOOON!!!

[Landon Jackson analyses the first ladder positioned on the ramp. The beat drops out from the song and he sprints to the ring!]

MURPHY: Landon Jackson would love to win the title tonight. He is a dangerous competitor, even more so after joining the 1%.

WASHINGTON: In my eyes Murph, it is only a matter of time before he gets his hands on a title.

[Landon Jackson heads straight for Valenzuela, a bit of smack is spoken between the two combatants but the referee does a good job in ushering Jackson away into the opposite corner.]

[The Amazon Rainforest](#)

[Gusmao walks out meaning business. He is psyching himself up by hitting the side of his head with fists. He receives a positive reaction from the sold out crowd.]

DUCKY: From the Brazilian Amazon, weighing in at 200 lbs, he is one half of the Amazonian Invasion! The Great Gorilla...GUSTAVOOOOOOO....GUUUUSSMAOOOOO!!!

WASHINGTON: The Great Gorilla is extremely tough and could be the dominant force in this match.

MURPHY: Gustavo Gusmao has many throws. Each one more painful than the last.

[Gusmao climbs the steel steps and gets into the ring; he stretches and checks the tension on the ropes before finding his own corner next to Valenzuela.]

[Never Gonna Get It - Sean Biggs feat. Topic & Akon](#)

[Mr. Nice Guy comes out of the entrance curtain bouncing to his music. He jumps twice at the top of the ramp and starts his walk to the ring which is met by boos from the fans.]

DUCKY: From London, England, weighing in at 224 lbs and representing The British Empire! The reigning, defending RPW No Limits Champion....MIIIIISTEEEEER NICE GUUUUUUY!!!

[He pats the title which is strapped around his waist and turns around walking backward for a few steps while gesturing to the MNG on the back of his singlet. He turns around and makes the bullhorn sign. Mr. Nice Guy walks underneath many of the ladders.]

WASHINGTON: I thought walking under a ladder was bad luck and Mr. Nice Guy just did it a couple of times, he was my tip to win this match but after seeing that I might have to change my mind.

MURPHY: I didn't have you down as a superstitious type Ben. Well it wouldn't surprise me if MNG didn't even believe in luck such is the confidence of this young man.

[Upon reaching the ring apron he raises both arms with index fingers pointing to the heavens. He turns left and walks up the steel steps before jumping over the top rope in a tremendous show of athleticism. He turns and looks to the crowd on all four sides of the ring, drinking in the attention.]

All four men are stood in their respective corners poised for battle. Mr. Nice Guy unstraps the title from around his waist and takes a good look at it before planting a kiss on the gold. He then hands the No

Limits Championship to the referee who raises the title above his head and turns to show the crowd what is up for grabs.

MURPHY: For all intents and purposes Mr. Nice Guy has lost that title already, he has to surrender it to the referee. It will be hung from a cable and the first one to climb up the ladder and grab the belt will own it.

Gusmao, Jackson and Valenzuela all have their eyes on the prize as the No Limits title is raised slowly.

WASHINGTON: So in many ways all four of these men are starting from scratch. Everyone is a challenger.

An aerial shot looking down on the ring shows just how high the belt actually is.

WASHINGTON: Wow! That must be 15 feet in the air, maybe even 20.

!!! DING DING DING !!!

Gustavo Gusmao charges Landon Jackson and the two of them exchange blows. As MNG heads to the outside to collect a ladder but he is cut off by Valenzuela who pulls the Brit back in and peppers him with hard shots to the head and body. Mr. Nice Guy does his best to cover up but the onslaught from Valenzuela is nonstop leading the two into a corner. Three hard shoulder thrusts are dished out to the gut of the champion. He sinks to the mat as Valenzuela spots Landon Jackson and Gustavo Gusmao going at it.

WASHINGTON: I thought this would be a tactical affair but it has been a hard hitting start to this match.

MURPHY: Indeed. I think it will have to be this way because you need to have all of your opponents in a compromised position before you can climb the ladder and obtain the title.

Both of the South Americans begin pummelling Jackson. MNG is back to his feet in the corner clearing his head. But no sooner than he gets up he has to quickly exit the ring as the 270lbs frame of Jackson is hurtling towards him due to an Irish whip from Gusmao and Valenzuela. This is followed up by Gusmao running full pelt with a clothesline.

WASHINGTON: That damn near took his head off!

Malcolm Valenzuela signals to the crowd that he is about to go for an aerial move. He makes it to the top turnbuckle and gets his balance as Gusmao cheers him on along with the crowd. Just as he is about to lift off a ladder is thrown by MNG in his direction. It bounces off his back. This sends the Mexican flying to the outside where his chest meets the barricade. The crowd gasps.

MURPHY: That ladder was flung with reckless abandon!

WASHINGTON: The Escape Artist will feel that in the morning.

MNG grabs another ladder and slides it into the ring. He follows after it but Gusmao has grabbed hold of the ladder first. MNG seizes the opposite end but even he realises he is not going to win a tug of war with The Great Gorilla. The champion drops his end to the mat and in a blink of an eye runs up the steep angle of the ladder to deliver a dropkick to the face of Gusmao, who stumbles back to the ropes and to the outside, as MNG gets a hard fall right on the ladder for his troubles.

MURPHY: **Great agility from Mr. Nice Guy taking out Gusmao. Not a soft landing though.**

Landon Jackson begins to stir.

WASHINGTON: **That is for sure. But look, here comes the 1% member Landon Jackson.**

He drops two big elbows to the champion who is still laid out on the ladder before heading to the outside. He brings in another ladder and places it diagonally on the top rope just in front of the post. He picks up a limp MNG and slams him on the ladder he just placed. The top rope bounces up and down.

MURPHY: **Remember folks, Jackson was the one who called out the champion. He clearly feels he has the beating of him despite the loss he sustained this past week against MNG on Wednesday Night Revival, through nefarious means might I add.**

Jackson crouches down under the ladder and with sheer strength lifts it up with MNG still laying on it. He walks over slowly to the middle of the ring and just drops the ladder making sure he flips it on the way down. This concludes with MNG falling heavily on the ladder already on the canvas and then another one hitting him on the back as he lands.

WASHINGTON: **What a show of strength from Jackson. He really does look a changed man since affiliating himself with the 1%.**

MURPHY: **Unbelievable. You can see the hunger he has to win that title hanging high above us.**

Landon Jackson breaks up the sandwich formed through the two ladders and Mr. Nice Guy by picking up the ladder that covered the motionless body of MNG. He positions it underneath the dangling belt and starts climbing.

MURPHY: **We have our first attempt at climbing the ladder and it could be the last.**

Jackson gets half way up before he is cut off by Gusmao with a series of clubbing blows to the lower back. He joins Jackson on the same side of the ladder. Gusmao is a rung below Jackson and he sets him up in a fireman's carry but Jackson manages to kick Gusmao off the ladder. Jackson then jumps off and hits a double axe handle and then goes straight for his crossface finisher.

WASHINGTON: **He is going for the move he calls The Finale.**

He wrenches back as Gusmao is tapping.

MURPHY: That move will certainly weaken Gusmao but there are no pin falls or submissions in this matchup.

In comes Malcolm Valenzuela, who is still in pain. Jackson releases the hold on Gusmao. Straight away he gets the arm of the Mexican and aims for The Finale.

MURPHY: Landon Jackson is attempting that dangerous crossface once more. But the Escape Artist manages to wriggle free and hits a big back body drop.

WASHINGTON: Nice Counter!

Valenzuela moves Jackson to a corner and proceeds with a series of knife edge chops which redden the chest of Jackson. He closes the ladder which was set up and uses it as a weapon.

MURPHY: He is using the ladder as a ramrod.

WASHINGTON: That's a steel ladder straight into the gut, bad news for Jackson. That's not in the rules is it?

MURPHY: It's pretty simple Ben. The rules are there are none.

The durable Mexican continues the assault as Jackson crumples to the mat and falls out of the ring but out of nowhere Mr. Nice Guy comes from behind.

MURPHY: What a German Suplex from Mr. Nice Guy!

The ladder Valenzuela was holding goes flying in the process.

WASHINGTON: Lucky that ladder caught the top rope or that was heading straight for us.

MNG doesn't notice Gusmao is back to his feet. He snatches the ladder from him and now the Brazilian brings the pain.

Washington: Gusmao delivers an excellent Brainbuster to the Champion.

He leans a ladder up in the corner.

MURPHY: Hard Irish whip, spine first went the No Limits Champion into that steel ladder.

MNG writhes around in agony on the canvas. Meanwhile Landon Jackson puts a ladder on the ring apron and places the other end on the barricade. He searches underneath the ring and pulls out another ladder. He enters the ring clutching it like a weapon. Gusmao runs towards Jackson and is met with a hard shot of steel.

WASHINGTON: He ate more ladder than is healthy there.

MURPHY: These ladders are not going to be worth anything after these guys are through with them.

Jackson begins to spin while holding the ladder which catches both Valenzuela and MNG. The thuds are sickening and both competitors fall to the canvas.

WASHINGTON: That ladder spin or helicopter, whatever you want to call it was really effective just then.

After turning quickly even Jackson has to take a knee due to dizziness. He shakes off the cobwebs and sets up the ladder, but not quite centrally. He begins to climb slowly.

WASHINGTON: Everyone is down. This is it Murph. We got a new champion!

Landon Jackson makes it to the top. He reaches...

Reaches...

Reeeeaches...

All of a sudden Gusmao climbs up the ladder in double quick time and delivers a solid punch to the ribs of Jackson.

MURPHY: So close there.

The two of them throw wild punches back and forth. Valenzuela sets up a ladder right beside them. He is undetected by Gusmao and Jackson who are busy throwing bombs, until he climbs and gets a hand to the title. Jackson head butts him. Now Mr. Nice Guy begins his ascent. He too gets fingertips on his title but Valenzuela stops him.

MURPHY: All four men are in a precarious position.

The four of them trade blows high up above the ring. Both ladders are teetering. Fans in the arena are cheering loudly and camera flashes are constant. MNG and Valenzuela both lose their balance but kick off the other ladder to stay in with a chance. Gusmao and Jackson feel the ladder wobbling. But before they can do anything about it both of them are heading for a long fall. Jackson lands crotch first on the top rope and Gusmao hits the canvas awkwardly. MNG and Valenzuela battle it out.

WASHINGTON: Both men are fighting on the ladder.

MURPHY: They are in dangerous, dangerous territory in this menacing match. This is the proverbial no man's land, where injuries are almost guaranteed.

Both guys reach for the gold but the ladder is not stable and MNG finds himself falling as does Valenzuela.

MURPHY: Valenzuela landed on that top rope. The oesophagus could well be damaged.

Valenzuela bounces off and drops to the mat.

WASHINGTON: Plus MNG is hanging on that rope from his waist.

Both ladders are leaning on the ropes on opposite sides of the ring.

MURPHY: Oh my God! These guys will literally go to no limits to win the No Limits Championship. It looks as if they have been involved in a vehicle pileup. This match may terminate their careers but it will definitely shorten them.

WASHINGTON: All of these young men would love nothing better than winning the title. Everyone will certainly remember this ladder match for quite some time.

As all four participants are sprawled out across the arena we are shown a replay of the ladders reeling from the aerial view above the belt. This particular view shows just how far the fall was and just how bad the landings were. After some time Gusmao moves the ladder and gets Jackson up and Irish whips him into the ropes.

WASHINGTON: Knee downstairs to the breadbasket.

But Jackson gives Gusmao the same treatment. They both fight over the ladder as Valenzuela makes his way to his feet. MNG jumps onto the horizontal ladder Jackson and Gusmao are fighting over and springs off to hit a hurricanrana on Valenzuela.

WASHINGTON: What a move from the champion!

MNG sends a kick in the direction of Jackson but it is caught which means he dropped his end of the ladder. But MNG hits an Enzuigiri sending Jackson tumbling to the mat. Gusmao runs towards the champion, ladder in hand.

MURPHY: A drop toe hold from Mr. Nice Guy.

WASHINGTON: Gusmao went face first into the ladder.

The youngest Champion in RPW history sets up Gusmao and connects with a Russian leg sweep. He places a ladder in a corner and stomps Valenzuela. However Jackson attacks from behind and hits a backbreaker. He drags MNG in line with the ladder and grabs his legs and uses him almost like a catapult straight into the ladder. There is a pause after the impact but MNG then falls hard on his back. Jackson switches his attention to Valenzuela who is coming to his senses. He lifts him up walks over to the ropes and powerbombs Valenzuela with ferocity to the outside on the ladder that Jackson placed on the apron and barricade earlier on in the match.

MURPHY: Oh my! That ladder just snapped on the impact.

WASHINGTON: That ladder snapped but his back may have snapped too. He looks hurt, Murph.

MURPHY: Get the EMTs our here!

The referee signals to the back that emergency medical attention is needed. A couple of guys rush down the ramp from the back and kneel by Valenzuela who is laid out in a heap with two parts of a single ladder around him. The EMTs begin their work. The action continues in the ring where Landon Jackson positions the ladder under the belt. He begins to climb but doesn't get far as Mr. Nice Guy follows him up and delivers a Neckbreaker off the ladder. Both men are laid out on the canvas.

WASHINGTON: I just can't call this one anymore.

Gusmao is now on his feet; he pauses to look out on his South American counterpart with sympathy but carries on with the bout by picking MNG up and hitting a belly to belly Suplex into the ladder placed in the corner.

MURPHY: Tremendous Suplex from the Great Gorilla on MNG. Not only did his spine connect with that ladder but he landed right on his head.

WASHINGTON: That one has to hurt. I think the winner will be the guy who can dish out the most punishment but also absorb the most punishment.

MURPHY: I half agree with you Ben, but just take a look at the shattered bodies in front of us. These guys are physically and mentally drained. It is about sustaining your energy levels and staying clear of injury. This unfortunately wasn't the case for The Escape Artist.

The EMTs have Malcolm on a stretcher and wheel him carefully back to the locker room as a Valenzuela chant breaks out.

MURPHY: **It goes without saying but we wish Malcolm Valenzuela all the best.**

Finally Landon Jackson makes his way to his feet and once again he dukes it out with Gustavo Gusmao. The 1% member manages to complete a spinebuster. But Jackson is exhausted and is on his back beside Gusmao. MNG slowly makes it to his feet but he is holding his lower back with a pained expression on his face. Mr. Nice Guy pulls Jackson up by his hair.

MURPHY: **The young Brit kicks Jackson in the gut and connects with a DDT.**

WASHINGTON: **This is it, all Mr. Nice Guy has to do is climb the ladder and he retains his title.**

MNG does climb a ladder but it's not the one underneath the dangling No Limits Championship. He sets up the ladder in the corner and climbs that instead.

WASHINGTON: **What on Earth is he thinking?**

MNG sits on the top of the ladder and composes himself. He launches himself off the ladder and onto Gusmao.

WASHINGTON: **No way! He is so high up.**

MURPHY: **Mr. Nice Guy with a shooting star press on Gusmao! From the top of that ladder!**

WASHINGTON: **These competitors will never be the same again! They have taken risk after risk.**

It is quite a while before any movement happens, but the roar from the crowd is deafening. Landon Jackson tries pulling himself up by using the ropes. MNG also gets up gradually. Jackson heads to the outside to bring yet another ladder into the match. He slides half of the ladder in the ring between the bottom and second rope. Mr. Nice Guy jumps on the ladder inside the ring which jars the other end up at speed and connects with the jaw of Landon Jackson, popping him off his feet. Now Mr. Nice Guy has his sights set on the gold hanging above.

MURPHY: **This could be the perfect opportunity to climb the ladder and win this match.**

The British Empire member is groggy but he heads for the ladder and starts to climb.

WASHINGTON: **Climbing up that ladder would be the equivalent of climbing up Mount Everest, the state they are all in.**

MNG moves up rung by rung...

Another Rung...

One more rung...

He reaches...

Reaches...

MURPHY: Last minute save from Gustavo Gusmao.

WASHINGTON: So close for MNG there but if Gusmao can knock the reigning champion off the ladder then we will have a new one.

MURPHY: Oh no! Gusmao has hooked the head of MNG and is readying himself for a huge Suplex off the top.

Landon Jackson is still dazed. He enters the ring on unsteady legs, moving towards the ladder. He goes in between the thick legs of Gusmao and gets in a position to powerbomb the Brazilian. The devastating move from Jackson triggers an incredible chain of events because Gusmao kept hold of the Brit so the Superplex causes MNG to hit the canvas with a loud thud just after a similar thud was audible from the powerbomb Gusmao received. All three men are laid out in a line, completely still. Their chests are rising up through their desperate need for oxygen also the odd limb twitches here and there. The impact was out of this world.

MURPHY: I can't believe my eyes! In all my years in this business I have never, ever seen anything quite like that!

WASHINGTON: These warriors have gone to hell and back and it is all for the No Limits Championship!

It is difficult to hear the commentators; they are literally yelling such is the noise created from this sell-out crowd. These fans are at fever pitch. There is still no sign of movement in the ring. Once again a replay from above the ring shows the sheer force of the impact.

WASHINGTON: The smart money is that these guys will never be the same again!

After some time Gusmao struggles to his feet, he stumbles a few times but crawls to the ladder. The fans are on their feet as he moves up the ladder at a snail's pace...

One rung...

Second rung...

Another rung...

And another...

Halfway up...

A few more rungs...

He reaches...

Reeeeaches...

He has it...

Gusmao has the belt...

The ladder is removed from underneath the feet of Gustavo Gusmao by Landon Jackson. The Great Gorilla is literally hanging on to the belt. It begins swinging from side to side as Gusmao tries his best to hang on to the cable while he attempts to unbuckle the belt.

WASHINGTON: Gorillas are good at swinging or is that monkeys? Either way he grabs the title and falls off or he slips off without it. Both scenarios will end in a destructive fall for Gusmao!

Things are made worse when Landon Jackson hurls the ladder he was holding, up at a dangling Gusmao. The steel catches him in the ribs and Gustavo Gusmao takes a nasty fall, hard and fast to the canvas he goes.

MURPHY: Gusmao crashes and burns! The door is wide open for Landon Jackson now!

Jackson sets the ladder up and climbs it.

WASHINGTON: Jackson climbing, he is going to make it here! We will have a new champion...

Jackson reaches...

Reaches...

He gets his hand on the gold and begins taking the title off the cable. Suddenly, Mr. Nice Guy gets up and although he is tired he runs to the ropes and bounces off them to deliver a dropkick to the side of the steel ladder. It shudders and Jackson goes over as the ladder tips and he ends up on the outside with a painful landing. MNG retrieves the ladder after it falls and he places it directly underneath the suspended title. He climbs up and gets to the top.

WASHINGTON: He is there! MNG is there! The ladder is teetering! Oh my God!

Mr. Nice Guy finally removes the title from the cable and kisses the gold.

MURPHY: He has done it! Mr. Nice Guy has done it! MNG has won the match! Against all the odds Mr. Nice Guy is victorious!

He is sat on the top of the ladder and raises the belt high above his head, drenched in sweat as his music hits.

[Never Gonna Get It - Sean Biggs feat. Topic & Akon](#)

DUCKY: Here is your winner and still RPW No Limits Champion, MIIIIISTEEEEER NICE
GUUUUUUY!!!

MURPHY: What a match! What a match!

WASHINGTON: I am speechless, completely lost for words! That was a rollercoaster ride from start to finish!

The camera pans around the arena and reveals the extent of the chaos and carnage at ringside.

MURPHY: There just aren't the superlatives needed to describe that match! The fans in attendance and all of you watching at home around the world were treated to an absolute modern day classic!

WASHINGTON: We still have much more to look forward to.

MURPHY: Call to Arms has been action packed so far and I am sure it will continue that way.

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

El Omega 23 takes center stage on this segment as he's wearing his usual ring gear, the custom basketball Jersey numbered 23, the fight shorts and the feline themed mask.

He's jumping rope, then he starts shadowboxing, the camera slowly turns to reveal "The Alpha Brain" Diego San Martin with a HUGE smile on his face.

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

Matt Josham is seen backstage with Brett "The Chief" Bannion, Matt is in his usual interviewer fashion while Bannion is, strangely enough, wearing a suit.

JOSHAM: This is Matt Josham backstage with Brett "The Chief" Bannion, who as you might see, is not dressed to wrestle tonight, that because he probably wasn't deemed good enough to wrestle on PPV, how does it feel to be slighted like that Chief?

Bannion just gives a look of hatred to Josham but answers anyway.

BANNION: Look Matt, everyone here knows that I haven't done exactly great at RPW, it is no secret. But...That's mainly because I haven't taken it that seriously, I mean I still run my bar, when RPW started I thought it was just going to be a small time fed and I can't believe how wrong I was.

JOSHAM: Yes, you were very wrong. A fool some might say, a complete idiot would be the words of others.

BANNION: Yeah, yeah, yeah, the point is that it is time for me to take this seriously, I left the bar running duties to Last Call Erica and I've dedicated myself fully to RPW. This has gone big time, and so will I.

JOSHAM: There's no doubt that RPW has gone big, we have a lot of international superstars here, and we even have me, Matt Josham, premier interviewer...

BANNION: Anyway, I'm seeing Call to Arms and I see a lot of guys I know I can beat, with enough focus, I could even become a champion, do you like the sound of that Matt? Brett Bannion, RPW Champion?

JOSHAM: I don't know about that, but I know one guy you could probably beat...

BANNION: And who would that be?

JOSHAM: The Lethal Infection, Alex Monroe. Leonard Knox just embarrassed him and sent his hype train crashing. I reckon you could take him.

BANNION: I don't know which match you watched Matt, but Knox barely beat Monroe.

JOSHAM: So what, are you afraid of the Lethal Infection?

BANNION: Not really Matt, If I comes to be, I'll be glad to beat the Lethal INJECTION.

JOSHAM: Good...you are a barman right? Why don't you go get me a drink?

Brett Bannion gives Josham a hateful glare as the segment comes to a close.

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

MURPHY: Can Matt Josham be more of an A-Hole?

WASHINGTON: He's no Mr. Nice Guy, but someone has to ask the hard questions.

MURPHY: He goes above and beyond "Hard Questions", and what's his deal with Alex Monroe, did "The Lethal Injection" run over his dog or something.

WASHINGTON: I don't know Murph, but one thing I do know is that I can't wait for our next match. It could pretty much determine the future of RPW.

MURPHY: Yes, sir. The current Ironman Champion, John Brandenburg, is going to be putting the gold on the line against former Ironman Champion Jafaar al-Sultan and a mystery opponent of Sir Charles Strickland's choosing. That isn't all, though.

WASHINGTON: Nope. Whoever wins this match, in addition to the championship belt, they get to decide where RPW holds our next pay-per-view event. Strickland is still sore that this event is not being held in England, and has said that if his competitor wins, the next pay-per-view will happen there. Jafaar al-Sultan has said that if he wins, the next pay-per-view will happen in the granddaddy of all arenas, Madison Square Garden. John Brandenburg has not committed to anywhere publicly yet, but because he is Commissioner Dobbs' representative in this match, it will likely be somewhere the Commissioner feels is safe.

MURPHY: Both Strickland and Golden have been hugely critical of Dobbs work as Commissioner, and both want the position for themselves, with Strickland even looking for the support of Diego San Martin in his bid for the position.

WASHINGTON: Off Course San Martin refused his support to Strickland, and denied him of his request to have El Omega 23 represent him tonight.

MURPHY: I wonder who's gonna Represent Strickland then...

WASHINGTON: Did you see El Omega 23 warming up earlier? Maybe he will represent Strickland after all, Maybe Don Diego reconsidered Strickland's offer, or maybe Sir Charles made a offer they simply couldn't refuse.

MURPHY: Mercifully we won't have to wait much longer to find out, because that match is next.

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

A video package begins airing. A clip from May 9th is shown

<Sultan has had enough, he goes back to the previous corner while Brand is out of it on the corner opposite to him, he raises his hands in the air and gets booed out of the building, Sultan motions for a belt on his waist then rushes and lands a thunderous knee strike to the head of Brandenburg, the crowd boos just get louder and louder.>

MURPHY: Brandenburg may be out Ben!

<But Sultan wants to make sure of it, he picks him up and lifts him up all the way into a corner, Brandenburg looks helpless sitting in the top rope facing the ring blood just dropping out of his forehead, the boos just won't cease as the Oil Magnate climbs to the top rope and everyone knows what's coming next. >

WASHINGTON: ASP STRIKE!!!

MURPHY: NO!

<Someway, somehow Brandenburg has managed to push Sultan off the corner, the champion lands on his feet and turns to face Brandenburg again but he runs into a problem, Brandenburg hooks a front facelock and jumps into the apron driving Sultan throat first into the corner, he hooks on the body scissors and we have a modified Signature Brand in place.>

WASHINGTON: WHOA!!!

MURPHY: That's the move Brandenburg used to defeat Aron Scythe and earn this title match!!

<Sultan's arm flail around as he desperately tries to escape the predicament, he's not finding anyways too, he's trapped between a Brand and a Hard Place.>

WASHINGTON: THAT WAS A BATTLE ROYAL, HE'S ON THE ROPES NOW, THIS MOVE IS ILLEGAL, REFEREE DO SOMETHING!

MURPHY: HE HAS NO ROPE BREAKS LEFT!

<The referee walks into the scene and Signals to the time keeper to ring the bell.>

WASHINGTON: **WHAT? HE DIDN'T TAP, IT WAS AN ILLEGAL MOVE AND THIS HAS TO BE A DQ.**

<The hold is broken by the referee and Sultan falls limp to the ground, the sound of his body crashing on the mat echoes all over the silent arena, the Phoenix fans are speechless.>

MURPHY: **Sultan was out, that's why the ref stopped the match.**

<Ducky brings the belt to the referee who whispers on his ear.>

WASHINGTON: **Yes, stopped it to DQ Brandenburg.**

MURPHY: **I think it's a technical submission.**

<The Camera centers on Ducky who has his microphone ready, everyone is silent and wanting to know what the resolution to this match is, in a way you know that this is the calm before the storm as no matter what the outcome is, you know that the crowd is gonna explode. Ducky himself knows this and his relishes his moment, knowing that he has the sold out Phoenix crowd on the palm of his hand with his dramatic pause.>

DUCKY: **The winner of this match and.....**

NEW!!!!

RPW IRONMAN CHAMPION!!!

JOHN “THE BRAND” BRANDENBURG!!!

<Cheers fill the arena quickly, the referee raises Brandenburg’s arm in the air and awards him the title belt. Blood is still flowing freely from his forehead but under the proverbial crimson mask we can see a smile, a sense of accomplishment.>

The scene shifts to Jafaar al-Sultan’s May 16th promo on the Dirt Sheet

<al-Sultan gives the cameraman a mighty shove, causing him to fall to the ground. The camera feed bounces up and down, but the man holds on to the camera. From the ground, he focuses it up on Jafaar, who delivers a mighty kick that cracks the camera’s glass lens, spiderwebbing the video it captures. As he is talking, the Saudi billionaire bends and picks up the cameraman by his collar, pressing him up against the white brick arena wall. Because of a combination of dim lighting in the hall and the broken camera lens, Jafaar’s visage seems twisted and demonic in his anger.>

al-SULTAN: Dobbs screwed me over, and I’m going to return the favor a million times worse...John Brandenburg is going to pay! Dobbs is going to pay!

The word ‘pay’ is extended and fades away as the scene shifts to Commissioner Dobbs’ announcement on the May 23rd edition of WNR.

DOBBS: ...Last week Sir Charles Strickland issued a challenge to me for CALL TO ARMS, he said to choose any RPW wrestler to face a representative of his own, if his representative wins he would get to choose the location of the next PPV, if mine won he promised to stop questioning my job as the commissioner. And that’s one of the main concerns of RPW, everyone needs to stop second guessing my every move and let me do my job, and that’s exactly why I’m gonna take him on with his challenge and that’s why I NEED to win it. And to win it, I need to be represented by the best RPW has to offer.

Charlie... I present you my representative, John “THE BRAND” Brandenburg!

The RPW Chairman of the board is in the middle, he looks to be almost 6 feet tall, with an average physique, color seems to have long left his hair and his face suggests him being somewhere on his fifties, he's flanked by two guys, to his left a tall blond guy with an still athletic build, he looks to be on his mid 40's.

WASHINGTON: **That Blond guy looks Familiar.**

To his right a shorter Bald Black guy with glasses, Both of them were in his office earlier, the Chairman has a microphone in hand.

CHAIRMAN: **RPW fans here on Phoenix and all over the world...I have an important announcement to make.**

The crowd lets a go a few cheers, not too strong ones but cheers nonetheless, they are clearly intrigued by what the boss has to say.

CHAIRMAN: **But before I make my announcement I want to apologize to everyone for the chaotic mess RPW has been the past few months, we've tried to put our best product but things have constantly been getting out of hand and that is mostly my fault. I am a business man, and I have to be honest with you, I don't understand that much about wrestling, sure, I might like it, but that doesn't qualify me to run this show any better than you guys in the audience. So like a good business man, I hired someone who actually knew how to run a wrestling show, you might know him, his name is Jack Dobbs.**

The crowd cheers at the mention of the beloved commissioner.

CHAIRMAN: **But the big mistake was making Dobbs take care of everything, I overburdened him with way too many tasks and thus he was unable to make a very good job. This is why I, along with the support of the board of directors, have decided to switch the power structure of RPW a bit, let me tell you how things will be run from now on.**

MURPHY: **This is a very important announcement, but why is it happening now?**

CHAIRMAN: **To my left, the New RPW vice-president of talent relations, Mr. Richard Goldstein!! He will be in charge of hiring and firing talent, will control the contracts of all of our RPW performers and will make sure his department scouts all the best prospects and brings them to the big stage. Mr. Goldstein is a former wrestler and he knows talent when he sees it, I have no doubt that he will do a great job.**

WASHINGTON: **That's why he looked familiar, he's Richard Goldstein, former tag team partner of Dominic Golden.**

CHAIRMAN: **To my right we have Rufus Biggs, he's a former referee, ring announcer and Manager, his duty will be to deal with the Athletic Commissions and make sure everyone's is licensed to wrestle, and they their medicals are in order. He will be in charge of suspensions and other fines.**

MURPHY: It is good to know who's actually in charge of what, I remember Biggs as a referee now that I think about it; let's hope he does a good job.

WASHINGTON: Do you think Biggs' first order of business will be to reinstate Damien Wolfe? That could explain the announcement taking place right now.

CHAIRMAN: Completing this new holy trinity that will help RPW reach new limits we will have the post of General Manager of WNR, a man who will be in charge of match-making and ensuring that our fortnightly WNR shows go exactly as planned.

This is the position that would naturally fall upon the shoulders of Jack Dobbs..

The crowd lets go a big cheer.

CHAIRMAN: But to be honest, the last couple of months have really made me doubt his ability to run things...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO"

CHAIRMAN: That's why tonight the Manager of whoever wins tonight's fatal four way match for the Ironman championship will not only choose where our next PPV takes place but he will also be named Interim General Manager of WNR.

MURPHY: Wait, did he just say fatal four way? It's only a triple threat.

CHAIRMAN: So without further delay, let me present you our four candidates.

WASHINGTON: You are right, he said four...

["End of All Hope"](#) bursts all over the speakers.

MURPHY: Oh boy, he really meant four.

Out from the curtain comes Diego San Martin along with El Omega 23 who looks as ready for battle as always, a very strong mixed reaction fills the arena, mostly cheers, but San Martin is not without his detractors.

CHAIRMAN: **FIRST UP, DIEGO SAN MARTIN!**

WASHINGTON: And that probably makes it official, tonight we are going to have a fatal four way for the Ironman championship, Diego San Martin got everything he asked for and more.

San Martin enters the ring and shakes hands with the RPW executives and talks to them while Omega goes to make a corner his, the crowd has died down by this point.

MURPHY: This explains why El Omega was warming up, but who's gonna represent Strickland then?

CHAIRMAN:

Second in the list, Mr. Dominic Golden!!

The Camera zooms in the new VP of talent relations who is smiling and clapping as [Nelly – “Must Be the Money”](#) plays on the speakers.

What looks to be a man servant walks down the ramp as the crowd boos, a few more seconds pass but Jafaar doesn't simply come out from the entrance wearing his usual flowing white robes with gold trimming! He takes extravagance to a whole new level by riding in a white stallion with a very fancy Saddle, he carries Dominic Golden in the back with him and they ride down the ramp to a very negative reaction, everyone hates the 1%, the camera turns to the crowd and we see a fan holding up a sign. 1% class and 99% Bullshit!

Golden and Jafaar both dismount and the manservant takes the horse backstage, they enter the ring and shake hands with the executives in the ring, Golden and Goldstein share an embrace, the 1%'ers give San Martin a cold stare.

Slowly the boos start to die down, this cues the Chairman for the next intro.

CHAIRMAN: **Our third prospective General Manager and Former RPW Commissioner....**

THE CROWD CHEERS!

CHAIRMAN: **JACK DOBBS.**

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 Dobbs and THE BRAND!**

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

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.

Fog rises as they passes down the aisle...They throw their fist toward the ring and let out a mighty yell to which the crowd responds in kind!

WASHINGTON: **Nice touch with Dobbs mimicking Brandenburg on this entrance.**

[The Fragrance of Dark Coffee](#) plays over the sound system instantly changing the mood of the arena, Sir Charles Strickland comes out to the stage mic in hand, once again flanked by two beautiful girls in fancy dresses.

Strickland and his female companions walk down the ramp to heavy boos from the crowd, they enter the ring and Strickland shakes hand with the RPW executives and surprisingly, Dominic Golden. Strickland has a microphone and he wants to use it, but as he's about to start to talk the crowd's boos get louder and louder, interrupting him.

Strickland whispers something to the Chairman who addresses the crowd.

CHAIRMAN: **Please let Mr.Strickland introduce his representative so we can get this match started.**

The Crowd Calms down a bit

STRICKLAND: Thank you Mr. Chairman, now as you all know I wanted to have Damien Wolfe to represent me

The crowd boos heavily at the mention of Damien Wolfe.

STRICKLAND: But let me remind everyone that Mr. Wolfe is still indefinitely suspended and thus, won't be able to participate in tonight's match. Now, this left me on a dire predicament, as Mr. Dobbs over here quickly booked all my British Superstars in different matches, leaving me without a strong choice...

Strickland gives Dobbs a look of disdain before continuing.

STRICKLAND: So I had to travel back to my Native England looking for something good enough to topple Brandenburg and Mr. Sultan. That was no easy task, Britain might be the home to the best wrestlers on the world but they are mostly signed to RPW, I couldn't find anyone for such a high profile match up. At one point I even went desperate and tried to have El Omega 23 represent me, you all know how that turned out.

Strickland's mean eye now goes to Diego San Martin.

STRICKLAND: I wanted Damien Wolfe, I needed Damien Wolfe, and then it hit me. Tommy Riley...I went to visit Tommy Riley at the hospital, he wasn't in much condition to talk but he was able to point me into other of his pupils, another of the men he trained alongside Damien Wolfe.

So without further delay, let me introduce you the man who will use his devastating Reverse STO to capture the RPW Ironman Champion and make ME the General Manager of WNR, GIVE A BIG ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR HALFUS LYKARN.

[Mastodon's Black Tongue](#) fills the arena through the PA system, the crowd responds with heavy boos to the theme of Damien Wolfe. Out from the ramp comes a masked man, about 6 foot tall. He wears long black tights with silver boots and knee pads; his mask is also silver and looks like a fanged monster straight out of a Lovecraftian horror.

MURPHY: So, here we have Halfus Lykarn, former training partner of Damien Wolfe, he's also using Wolfe's entrance music.

WASHINGTON: Smart move there by Strickland with the music, making Lykarn garner a huge reaction from the crowd thanks to Wolfe's theme. Have you heard of this guy before Murphy?

MURPHY: I haven't, we will have to wait and see how good of a wrestler he is and if his Reverse STO is that deadly.

WASHINGTON: Yeah, weird of Strickland to give away Lykarn's biggest move, he had the element of surprise before. But don't doubt this man's wrestling quality, if he survived training with Riley and Wolfe, then he's probably as good as you can get.

With Lykarn now in the ring, everyone but the wrestlers clear the ring and Ducky takes over for the official introductions.

DUCKY: The following match is our Co-main event of the evening and it is for the RPW IRONMAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

The crowd cheers!!

DUCKY: **Introducing First, the challengers....**

From South America weighing in at 242 pounds, 110 kilos. El Omega 23!!!

The crowd mostly cheers for Omega but he gets some boos too.

DUCKY: **From, Saudi Arabia, weighing in at 190lbs, Jafaar al-Sultan!!!**

Heavy boos are the response that the former Ironman champion gets, he seems to enjoy them.

DUCKY: **From, England, weighing in at 223 pounds, Halfus Lykarn!!**

Moderate boos for Lykarn, you can attribute them to him being a total unknown to everyone.

DUCKY: **And From Inglewood, California....**

The crowd goes into a cheering frenzy.

DUCKY: **Weighing in at 200 lbs, he's the reigning, defending, RPW Ironman Champion!! John "THE BRAND" BRANDENBURG!!!**

Brandenburg raises the title on the air for insane cheers and then gives it to the referee, who also raises it in the air to make the title match official.

The bell rings and all 4 men are near their respective corners, not sure on how to open this, everyone looks tentative, but after a couple of seconds Jafaar al-Sultan pounces onto El Omega 23 and Halfus makes a straight line for Brandenburg, Jafaar backs Omega into a corner with punches but the big man reverses positions with ease, on the other side of the ring Halfus just viciously kicks and punches the Champion Brandenburg.

MURPHY: **El Omega 23 is the biggest man on this match, this has to be advantageous.**

WASHINGTON: **It also makes him a target.**

Brandenburg manages to reverse positions too and initiates his assault on the debuting Halfus Lykarn. El Omega 23 sends Jafaar to the mat with hard strikes and now stomps away at him but Dominic Golden pulls Jafaar out of the ring and out of trouble. Brandenburg clotheslines the masked Halfus out of the ring and this leaves only two men in the ring, Omega and "Brand" turn into each other and the crowd reacts big.

MURPHY: **Omega wasn't even originally scheduled on this match, now he gets to go at it with the champ.**

Both fan favorites share a cold stare down as they circle each other, just they are about to engage Halfus and Jafaar come from behind and blindside them, both Jafaar and Halfus force their foes into corner and try to keep them there with strikes.

WASHINGTON: **You need eyes on the back of your head on these types of matchups.**

Brandenburg is forced to drop to the mat and roll out of the ring, Halfus slides out on hot pursuit. Meanwhile Jafaar sets Omega against the ropes and lands a huge dropkick that sends the big masked South American to the outside of the ring.

MURPHY: **Watch out for the high flying Sultan!**

Sultan slingshots himself out into a high elevation crossbody but Omega catches him on mid air and drops him with a backbreaker, Omega pulls the oil Magnate to his feet and gives him huge clubbing forearms to the back before whipping him hard into the barricade. The camera swiftly switches to Halfus charging at Brandenburg but getting sent face first into the steel steps via Drop Toe Hold.

WASHINGTON: **The champion looking good early on.**

Both El Omega and Brandenburg slide back inside, they don't waste time with another staredown as they seem to have learned their lesson, the crowd still pops big as both men start brawling it out in the middle of the ring, not a smart move for the champion who quickly gets out powered by the big Masked South American. Brand manages to stop the onslaught with a well placed kick to the gut that stuns Omega, The champ goes to the ropes for momentum but he returns into a huge Inverted atomic drop from 23.

MURPHY: **Huge Inverted Atomic Drop, now he goes to the ropes himself for his patented running big boot.**

But as El Omega is about to hit the ropes, Halfus Lykarn lowers them, Omega's speed causes him to trip over the ropes and crash bad on the outside where he's peppered by stomps courtesy of Halfus, who quickly picks him up and throws him into the barricade, back inside of the ring Jafaar is stomping away at "Brand". Halfus slides into the ring joins in with the stomps and the crowd boos, both men pick the champ up and look at each other, they nod and deliver a devastating Double suplex, they continue the double team beat down until out of nowhere Jafaar slingshots himself out of the ring again, this time he lands flush over a recovering Omega.

WASHINGTON:

The first time didn't work, now all is Golden for Jafaar al-Sultan.

Dominic Golden is shown clapping on the outside for his protégé, back in the ring Halfus takes control with a pendulum back breaker on Brand but then slides out to join the beat down of Omega, Diego San Martin yells at the referee to do something as both Sultan and Lykarn stomp away at his man, both villains send the big masked dude crashing to the announce table. San Martin checks on his man on the outside while the heels go back into the ring.

MURPHY:

Smart strategy by Sultan and Halfus Lykarn, teaming up to take out the big man, this can only improve their odds on this important match-up.

Halfus Lykarn goes to pick up Brandenburg and he holds him with his arms behind his back, this leaves him as an open target for Jafaar who takes his time and taunts the champion, the crowd boos Jafaar and he opens his arms and rotates around the ring while Halfus gets restless, Jafaar finally unleashes a stiff jab but Brandenburg evades it and Jafaar's fist crashes on Lykarn's mask, Brandenburg takes advantage of a stunned Halfus to free himself from his grasp and elbow him into the ropes, the crowd starts to rise and Brandenburg with it, he lands a picture perfect dropkick to Jafaar's face, Halfus comes charging in but Brandenburg is ready and gives him a flapjack.

WASHINGTON:

Jafaar gave Brandenburg too much time to recover, you can't do that with "BRAND".

...Brandenburg with a lateral press on Halfus.

...1!

Jafaar Breaks it!

Jafaar takes advantage of the situation and hits Brand in the head a couple of times, he picks him up and delivers a Fisherman Suplex pin but Halfus kicks him hard in the head to break it up, our camera goes to the ring side area where Strickland and Golden argue about breaking the supposed alliance they had, the camera turns back into the ring to a kneeling Jafaar who looks surprised at this latest turn of events, Halfus doesn't seem to care as he dropkicks him right on the face and rains fists over the downed Sultan.

WASHINGTON:

I don't know who this guy is but he's vicious.

Halfus dominates the inside of the ring laying a big beatdown on Sultan, the referee warns him and Lykarn listens to him, he picks Sultan up and whips him into the ropes, Halfus goes for a big roundhouse kick on the rebound but Jafaar is able to duck under it, he rebounds off the ropes on the other end and jumps back with a spinning heel kick that sends Halfus to the mat, he starts taunting Halfus as the Brit tries to reincorporate.

MURPHY:

We are back to where we started, every man for himself.

While Sultan is busy taunting and stalking Halfus, John Brandenburg has recovered and sneaks behind Sultan, an Inverted Facelock Backbreaker is beautifully chained into a neckbreaker, Brandenburg poses on one knee as he probably looks to finish Jafaar with the signature brand but Halfus Lykarn has different plans and uses an enzuigiri on the champion.

WASHINGTON: **Just when Brand thought he had control of this match up...**

MURPHY: **Yes, you can't take your eyes of any man in this type of match-up.**

Halfus starts running into the ropes, but he doesn't bounce off them, instead he executes a baseball slide into el Omega 23, who was just trying to get back into the ring. Halfus Lykarn goes back onto a recovering Brandenburg and plans holds him down with a chinlock, Lykarn puts a lot of pressure on the champion who struggles to try and get up. The camera shifts to the outside where Jafaar al-Sultan is talking with Dominic Golden.

WASHINGTON: **Smart man this Jafaar al-Sultan, getting a rest and talking strategy with his manager while the rest of the competitors wear each other down.**

The camera goes back to the ring where Brandenburg won't be held down much longer, he fights back with elbows and irish whips Halfus into the corner, Brandenburg charges in right into a boot to the face. As Brandenburg staggers backwards, Halfus jumps into the corner, setting himself up on the top rope, Brandenburg again rushes forward and this time lands a huge left hand to the face of Halfus.

MURPHY: **Bad, bad position for the newcomer Lykarn.**

The crowd is loving BRAND's offense as he lays big hands on Halfus Lykarn who sits helplessly in the corner, Brandenburg starts to climb the corner too and the crowd rises even higher as their Champion looks to set up a superplex. While Brandenburg sets up a superplex, Jafaar al-Sultan sees a big opportunity, he sneaks back into the ring and to the same corner where the action is happening, he gets under Brands legs and looks to be working for a powerbomb on Brandenburg.

WASHINGTON: **Wow, this is Dangerous, if Jafaar is able to complete his powerbomb while Brand is still hooking on to Lykarn, the resulting superplex is gonna be vicious.**

MURPHY: **Yeah, I wouldn't want to be Lykarn in that situation, nor Brand either.**

But both men are "saved" when El Omega 23 appears on the apron and bulrushes both of them to the outside, the crash to the outside from the top rope is bad, but not nearly as bad as the collapse of that tower of doom would've been. Omega finally enters back to the ring and into this match up, he starts laying him up with chops, prompting the "WOO"s from the crowd, El Omega with a hard knee to the gut of Sultan and a Gut Wrench Suplex, Sultan quickly gets up, although with an arm on his back, El Omega 23 receives him with a gut buster and a short lariat that sends him to the mat, the crowd starts to cheer El Omega 23, and Diego San Martin riles them up by banging the apron on the outside, El Omega 23 gets on stalk mode, probably looking for his finishing maneuver, The Omega Cutter.

WASHINGTON: **El Omega could do it right here, his Argentine Back Breaker Rack into a three quarter facelock bulldog.**

MURPHY: **Could've just said Torture Rack into a Cutter.**

But before Omega can set up his finisher move, Dominic Golden jumps to the apron to plenty of boos from the crowd, this clearly distracts el Omega, who like a bull who just saw a red cape flash upon his eyes, rushes Golden. The former Color Commentator quickly jumps off the apron and out of trouble, El Omega holds on to the ropes while giving Golden a deadly stare, after wasting precious seconds El Omega 23 finally turns around but he walks into a Superkick by Sultan who drops for the pin to a chorus of hate from the Phoenix crowd.

WASHINGTON: **This could be it!!**

...1!

...2!!

...KICKOUT!!!

MURPHY: **That was close!**

Jafaar is clearly frustrated that he didn't get the victory, but he's not gonna let his foe recover, Jafaar tries to ground the big man with a side headlock, Jafaar adds pressure to the hold as the crowd starts to rally behind El Omega 23 once again. El Omega 23 slowly makes it to his knees, and the finally back to his feet, Jafaar is not willing to give up on his side headlock and that proves to be his undoing on this particular situation, El Omega 23 take the oil magnate down hard with a back suplex, Jafaar jumps back to his feet but a short clothesline keeps him down, the crowd rises more and more! El Omega 23 continues his offense with an inverted atomic drop that stuns Jafaar al-Sultan.

WASHINGTON: **Incoming Big Boot.**

And just as Washington predicted, El Omega 23 rushes to the ropes for momentum, he returns with a huge charging big boot to the face of Sultan, the Oil Magnate is sent backflipping from the impact and he falls flat on his face in impressive fashion, that move sends the crowd into a frenzy.

MURPHY:

The Boot of The South connects, this could be over!

...1!

...2!!

3???

....

NO!!!

MURPHY:

So Close.

Jafaar al-Sultan just barely kicks out, we get a replay of the Boot of the south with shots of the faces of both Golden and San Martin reacting to the move, the obvious contrast is obvious. El Omega 23 motions for the crowd for a big pop and he's ready to finish this, he waits for Sultan to get up and immediately hoists him up to his argentine backbreaker rack, he holds him high there and the crowd loves the abuse that Sultan is sustaining. John Brandenburg appears on top of a corner and he jumps on top of Sultan, delivering a double stomp to his stomach while he's still being held up in the torture rack. Omega remains firm and he delivers a big boot to Brandenburg who rolls out of the ring, still, this is enough distraction for Sultan to slip out the back door and bring the big man down with a school boy.

...1!

...2, Kickout!!

Omega looks for temporary solace in the ropes, but Sultan is not letting him have any and immediately charges him, Omega moves out of the way and lowers the ropes, causing the former champion Sultan to go flying to the outside, crashing over Golden and garnering a huge pop.

MURPHY: **Golden standing a bit too close to the action for my taste.**

El Omega 23 gets back on his feet and walks towards the center of the ring but Halfus comes flying in with a missile dropkick, Brandenburg enters the ring again and Halfus goes straight for him and backs him up against the ropes with punches, Halfus goes for an Irish whip but it gets reversed and he's sent running, Brand takes the center of the ring and lowers his head for a back body drop, Halfus hits the breaks and goes for a swinging neckbreaker but Brand swings 360 and back to his feet where he gives Halfus hard shin kicks, Sultan rushes in Brand from behind but the champ moves out of the way in time and Sultan and Wolfe clash heads, Brandenburg sends them both down with simultaneous clotheslines.

WASHINGTON: **Brandenburg taking control of the situation, but wait here's Omega with a clothesline.**

MURPHY: **But Brandenburg ducks under it, BLACK KNIGHT'S BRAND, BLACK KNIGHT'S BRAND!!**

The crowd explodes in cheers as the backstabber connects and El Omega is launched forward, Brandenburg wants to follow it up but Jafaar al-Sultan gives him a knee clip from behind and starts setting up for the Camel Clutch, quickly turning the cheers into boos.

MURPHY: **Sultan highly opportunistic.**

WASHINGTON: **And so is Halfus Lykarn.**

The Silver masked Lykarn manages to dropkick both Brand and Sultan, while El Omega 23 appears to have rolled out of the ring, Lykarn picks up Brandenburg and delivers a snap suplex, Sultan tries to get one up on Lykarn with a rush but he ends up in the receiving end of a tilt-a-whirl Backbreaker. Lykarn Dominates.

MURPHY: Lykarn showing that he can hang with the best, he's definitely deserving of being on RPW.

WASHINGTON: That's for sure, he was thrown into the deep end and has looked great thus far, win or lose, I'd bet that man is getting a contract.

While the announcers talked, Halfus Lykarn had been working hard to set up Sultan on top of a corner, Sultan is now sitting on top facing to the outside of the ring as Halfus uses hard forearms to weaken him up, Halfus now starts climbing up as well.

MURPHY: Lykarn setting up the Avalanche German! That's one of Wolfe's signature moves.

WASHINGTON: Trained by the same man, bound to share some offense.

The waistlock is fully locked in and it's only a matter of seconds before Lykarn executes the deadly Avalanche German, Brandenburg decides to give him an early launch as he rushes the corner and executes a swift but sound German Suplex on Lykarn, the momentum of the move takes Sultan with them and the oil magnate takes the worst part with a reinforced Avalanche German.

MURPHY: Holy.....

Murph doesn't have to complete it, the crowd does it for him.

" HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! "

WASHINGTON: Sultan is finished.

Brandenburg quickly crawls around and pins Halfus Lykarn.

...1!

...2

... Kickout!!

Brandenburg now starts crawling towards Sultan and throws his arm over him.

...1!

...2

...

El Omega breaks it.

WASHINGTON:

El Omega was ready to save this match up!

MURPHY:

And I'm kinda glad he did, this match is turning up to be great.

El Omega has a swift body slam for Brandenburg and then turns his attention towards Sultan, who's still laid out near the ropes, Omega picks him up and attacks with the gut buster, lariat combo. Brandenburg comes charging from behind with Black Knight's Brand for a big pop but Omega holds on to the ropes and Brandenburg is sent rolling backwards into the center of the ring. Omega now charges in with The Boot of the South to another rise from the crowd but Brandenburg ducks under it and once again jumps on Omega's back with the Black Knight, El Omega bends his back forward and reaches with his arms behind his head and grabs on to the neck of Brandenburg, who's onto him like a backpack, El Omega frees himself with a sort of snapmare.

WASHINGTON:

Whoa, great awareness from Omega there.

MURPHY:

Yeah, his quick reaction along with his size and strength allowed him to neutralize the Black Knight's Brand like nobody before.

Brand charges in for another go at Omega but he runs right into an inside cradle.

...1!

...Kickout!

Both men are quickly up the their feet but Brand has had enough of Omega, at least for a while, and he kicks him to the gut, stunning him long enough for the champ to throw the big man challenger out of the ring. Brandenburg turns around to notice Sultan just getting up, still reeling from that hard avalanche German and the follow up Gutbuster Lariat. To all that punishment, he now adds a swinging neck breaker from John Brandenburg. The crowd pops, and the some more when Brandenburg calls for the Signature Brand, he stalks Sultan as Golden furiously tries to warn his protégé, Brand stalks some more and out of nowhere **BAM!**

Halfus Lykarn jumps in and connects flush with a Jumping Reverse STO.

MURPHY:

JUMPING REVERSE STO!!

WASHINGTON:

That's his best move according to Strickland.

The crowd goes silent for a few seconds but they start to boo as soon as Lykarn goes for the pin.

...1!

...2

...

NO!!! The crowd pops huge for the knockout!

WASHINGTON:

SO CLOSE! BUT BRANDENBURG WON'T STAY DOWN!

Halfus stands up but is immediately ambushed by Sultan, who kicks him in the gut. Brand rolls out of the ring as Sultan synchs in a flying cross arm breaker. Halfus is on a dire predicament but he doesn't want to tap, he starts spinning around trying to find his way out, he finally does and gets up controlling both the legs of Sultan.

Sultan finds himself on the receiving end of a sharpshooter.

MURPHY:
moves!

Sharpshooter! That's another of Damien Wolfe's specialty

Sultan is in serious pain....

He reaches...

Gains a few inches...

He reaches again...

WASHINGTON:

Watch out!

El Omega has gotten back into the ring and tries for The Boot of the South, Halfus ducks under it but is forced to release the hold on Sultan in the process.

Omega turns around and gets a Jumping Reverse STO from Halfus Lykarn!!

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO”

MURPHY: Lykarn strikes again; could this net him a victory?

But El Omega bounced hard after the move and Lykarn has to crawl all the way up to him for a pin attempt.

1!

2!

...

Omega’s foot is on the rope, the referee stops the count.

Halfus is livid about this particular, he stares down the referee, Strickland is yelling at the referee as well as the referee backs up into a corner, Lykarn raises his fist in the air but in the end he turns around and goes to see the task at hand.

WASHINGTON: For a second I thought he was going to hit the ref, I expected him to have an anger issue just like Damien Wolfe.

Halfus stomps and kicks the downed Omega, he looks to have something on mind, Halfus runs into the ropes for momentum but as he returns, he’s hoisted up to a standing fireman’s carry position, the crowd cheers but gets instantly cut off by Halfus sliding into a sunset flip pin.

1!

But Halfus gives up on the pin attempt...

And goes for a sharpshooter instead, he locks it in!

Many boos fall into the ring as El Omega struggles to reach the ropes, the camera focuses on the managers, Diego San Martin is yelling in Spanish, probably words of encouragement. Strickland is hitting the apron repeating the same word over and over: **"TAP"**. Jack Dobbs is on the outside trying to rally Brandenburg and Golden yells at Sultan to get up and break the move up.

El Omega is about to reach the ropes but Halfus pulls him back to the middle of the ring....

Omega is way too far, he starts his crawl...

He crawls more...

And more!

And the crowd explodes all out of a sudden.

Halfus Lykarn goes face first into the mat hard, Signature Brand locked in tight.

WASHINGTON:

SIGNATURE BRAND!! IT'S OVER!!

But Jafaar al-Sultan disagrees and jumps in to break the hold, Brandenburg had him scouted though and he willingly releases the hold, and rolls back into his feet, Sultan turns around to go after Brandenburg but gets stopped on his tracks by a kick to the gut and...

A SIGNATURE BRAND!

The crowd once again pops big for the move, but everyone else is lucky that the action is taking place near the ropes and he able to immediately hold the ropes to break the hold, Brandenburg knows he has to release the hold but it's hard to do when you are so close to victory, he releases at four and stands up.

HUGE BOOT OF THE SOUTH CONNECTS RIGHT ON THE FACE OF BRAND.

WASHINGTON:

Out of nowhere running big boot!

El Omega 23 roars to a mild pop but before he can do anything Halfus puts him down with a school boy.

MURPHY:

Halfus trying to steal one here!

1!

2!

KICKOUT!!!!

Both men explode up, Halfus tries to build up momentum with a clothesline but El Omega 23 ducks under and hooks a double chickenwing hold, Halfus is sent flying to the mat with a Tiger Suplex, El Omega holds on to it and rolls back for a second ride, BAM! It connects, Omega is still in control of the arms of Halfus and he picks him back to his feet for a third time, Omega takes a deep breath before launching Halfus to the mat with a third Tiger Suplex, this time he bridges into a pin.

1!

2!

SULTAN DOUBLE STOMPS EL OMEGA 23!

WASHINGTON: Sultan from the top rope with that Stomp, that's gonna leave so bruised ribs.

Sultan picks up El Omega, but Omega doesn't not allow the oil magnate to take control and he fights back quickly, both men trade punches, taking one to give another, El Omega finally blocks one to a sizeable pop and hits three in a row, a kick to the gut of Sultan leads into Omega's patented reverse suplex into the ropes. Brandenburg comes in and meets the same fate, a boot to the gut, and a reverse suplex into the ropes.

MURPHY: Both Sultan and Brand are hanging from the ropes, they are ready to receive Omega's knee strike.

El Omega bounces to the ropes and goes for his jumping knee to the side of the head, Sultan slides off to the apron and Omega only connects Brand, El Omega knows that he needs to take care of Jafaar, but as he turns around Sultan leaps in the air and connects with a frankensteiner that sends Omega to the outside, Jafaar somehow manages to hold on to the ropes and remain on the apron which further ignites the boos from the crowd.

WASHINGTON: El Omega with a rough landing! Diego San Martin goes to check on him.

Brandenburg is slowly crawling towards a corner and using the turnbuckles as sort of ladder to pull himself up to his feet, before he does though Sultan appears in the scene with a huge hip strike that enrages the Phoenix attendants. Sultan quickly picks up a worn down Brandenburg and sets him up all

the way into the top rope, without losing a second he climbs up to the second rope and holds Brandenburg in a three-quarter facelock.

MURPHY: **Oh no...**

Jafaar al-Sultan jumps down and connects with the ASP Strike.

WASHINGTON: **There's no way Brandenburg kicks out of that, I am afraid.**

But as Jafaar jumps to his feet and starts dragging Brandenburg away from the ropes, El Omega 23 appears from behind and hoists him up in an Argentinean backbreaker rack, also known as a torture rack. Jafaar tries to fight his way out though and Omega loses a bit of his balance, tumbling towards a rope, Jafaar gets close enough to the rope and grabs a hold of it, trying to use it to get himself out of the predicament, but El Omega 23 helps him out...of the ring.

El Omega 23 hits the Omega Cutter, Sultan goes throat first into the top rope.

MURPHY: **Whoa, did you see how Sultan bounced off that rope and crashed to the outside.**

WASHINGTON: **Yeah, it was quite the sight.**

El Omega breathes hard as that last struggle really took the wind out of him, he turns back to the ring as he has a title to capture...

Instead, he's captured by a huge Jumping Reverse STO from Halfus Lykarn.

MURPHY: **Oh my god, another STO, my nerves are gonna kill me.**

The crowd boos are intense as Lykarn holds on to the ropes and uses his legs to push El Omega under the bottom rope and out of the ring, Lykarn now can devote his full attention to the champion, John Brandenburg, who's on his knees trying to recover from the devastating ASP Strike.

WASHINGTON: **Brandenburg is at Lykarn's mercy, this is bad for the champ.**

As Halfus closes in the distance to Brand, clearly with mean intentions, the crowd gets louder and louder, Halfus could give a rat's ass about the crowd, he hooks in Brandenburg in an inverted facelock and lifts him up.

The Champion sees himself put down by a huge inverted DDT, but that's not all, Halfus Lykarn also puts body scissors on him and he's holding on to the inverted facelock in what looks like a dragon sleeper of sorts.

Both warriors are side by side climbing the ropes to get back onto the apron and back into the ring, both aware that if they fight each other, they'll never make it on time to break the hold, back in the ring the referee goes for Brandenburg's hand for a third time.

WASHINGTON: **This is it!**

The referee lifts Brandenburg's arm high in the air...

He slowly releases it...

As the arm is released, time stops in the Phoenix arena...

The crowd goes silent for the moment that will define this match...

...

...The arm falls limp into the ground!!

El Omega 23 and Sultan fall on top of Lykarn and Brand breaking up the hold ...

But is just a nanosecond too late... the ref gives the order, the bell is rang, and the crowd is furious with boos.

MURPHY: Can this be true?

WASHINGTON: John Brandenburg has been submitted...

A split screen with the faces of all 4 managers paints the picture of the situation, Disbelief, disappointment, anger and extreme happiness are what Dobbs, San Martin, Golden, and Strickland tells us with their expression.

DUCKY: And the winner of this match via Technical Submission...and NEW RPW IRONMAN CHAMPION!! HALFUS LYKARN!!!!

The timekeeper hands the belt to the ref, but Strickland jumps into the ring and claims it for himself, he will have the honor to present it to his representative.

MURPHY: Lykarn is the new champion, but is he even under contract?

WASHINGTON: They are telling me from backstage that he was properly cleared to compete by the athletic commission that regulated the match, Lykarn has a contract with Strickland which allows him to compete, but he's as of yet not an exclusive RPW performer.

In a corner of the ring, El Omega 23 and Jafaar al-Sultan seem to have a disagreement that's starting to get physical, both men shove each other but Omega gets the best of it and clotheslines Jafaar out of the ring, he follows him outside but gets ambushed by Dominic Golden, who really needs to vent his anger, clearly he choose the wrong target in the big south American. Diego San Martin rushes the scene and tackles Golden, Sultan uses this time to regroup and start unleashing hard attacks on El Omega. A squad of refs and agents rush down to halt this melee.

MURPHY: All hell breaking loose on the outside.

WASHINGTON: But look at Strickland, he doesn't care, he's the new General Manager, and that's all he needs.

The screen shifts into a replay of the sequence leading to the finish, showing all the big moves that preceded that fateful submission, Omega's hard knee to Brandenburg, Sultan's frankensteiner to the outside on Omega, Sultan's ASP Strike on Brandenburg is shown three times in different angles and slow-mo. They also show the Omega Cutter over the rope that Sultan took, and they show it again on a reverse angle, the reverse Jumping STO on Omega comes next and finally Halfus Lykarn putting Brandenburg down with the inverted DDT into a Dragon Sleeper variation with body scissors that eventually sent him night night.

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

MURPHY: What a match Ben, that one will be one for the storybooks.

WASHINGTON: Indeed, it's also interesting to note that Halfus Lykarn managed to do what his training partner Damien Wolfe failed to do in many occasions, and that's to beat John Brandenburg.

MURPHY: And he makes the most successful RPW debut to date, capturing the RPW IRONMAN TITLE.

WASHINGTON: And now all of our champions are Englishmen, and the new Interim General Manager of WNR....also English.

MURPHY: Also, Leonard Knox and Douglas Gallagher both won their matches tonight, And our next PPV, London...fitting?

WASHINGTON: I think so, but all history has not been written tonight...Ian Jones still needs to put his RPW Heavyweight title on the line against Aron Scythe.

MURPHY: Will all three championships remain on the waists of Brits? Can the English go 5-0? Or will Aron Scythe strike one for America and Team Dobbs?

+++++CAMERA CUTS TO SCYTHE'S LOCKER+++++

[The camera fades in to see Aron Scythe sitting in a meditation position on the locker room floor his eyes closed a somewhat serene look on his face as he takes a few breathes. He is wearing a faded Twin Cities Wrestling jacket, a Mobile Suit Gundam T-shirt, and a pair of white tights with a blue flame design on them. He sits for a moment before Tomoe walks in placing an arm on his back.]

TOMOE: Just stay calm Aron... You can do this. You know what you have to do.

ARON: Relax, honey. I got Ian Jones right where I want him. He's afraid, he's desperate, and he isn't going to have anywhere to run.

TOMOE: I hope you're right.

ARON: Hey you haven't done one of your puppet shows in awhile. What happened to Choko?

TOMOE: He got promoted to road agent...

ARON: Ah...

[Aron pauses for a moment looks away then looks back at Tomoe with a "wait a moment" look. A knock at the door can be heard as Aron gets to his feet. He opens the door as the camera pans back to as we see Billy and Jimmy Craft wearing red and blue glittered ring jackets.]

TOMOE: Hey it's the Craft of War Guys!

BILLY: Actually that's art of WARC.R.A.F.T?

TOMOE: How did you do that?

BILLY: Do What?

TOMOE: Say an acronym out loud...

BILLY: Huh?

TOMOE: What does that stand for anyway?

BILLY: Well actually...

JIMMY (Interrupting): Look Aron.... We just wanted to thank you get us over the hump and get our first win in Revival Pro Wrestling a few weeks ago. It really helped us and we got a big match later tonight.

BILLY: Yeah, we're also glad you stood up to Ian Jones and we're confident you beat him tonight.

ARON: You know that's touching. You know you guys are just about the same age I was when I made my start in TPW. You know what happened?

JIMMY: Was that the one where you did that springboard stardust press?

ARON: No... I tried to cut a "Scary" promo and the crowd laughed. Then a guy named Eric "Doc" Strange grabbed me by the back of the neck, slung me face first into the mat and broke my nose on television.

[Aron and the two younger men share an awkward pause for a moment.]

ARON: Look what I'm trying to say is just because you got a bit win or been given an opportunity doesn't mean you'll coast to success. But just because you've had some losses doesn't mean you should get down. You've got a long road ahead of you and you got to take it one day at a time and keep pushing yourself. You'll get there. Heck it took me 16 years to get here. Hopefully it'll take you less time than it took me. You both have the potential.

JIMMY: Thanks but... what are you so calm right now?

ARON: I said it before. I'm the one with nothing to lose and everything to gain. I came back to wrestling not because I wanted a belt, but because my daughter never got to see me work a main event. In that sense I already won.

Which doesn't mean I'm not going to give Ian Jones the beating of his life.

JIMMY: Wow...

BILLY: Look we got to get ready for our match but we just wanted to show you something.

[Aron pauses for a moment as Billy and Jimmy craft undo their ring-jackets revealing matching white T-shirts with Aron Scythe's name and the words "Est. 1996" written on them.]

ARON: Uh, thanks...

[Tomoe peaks in as looking directly at camera staring at the viewer at home.]

TOMOE: Wow... It's new shirt. The one *you* can buy at the RPW website, right now!

ARON: I'm flattered. I'll tell you what. If I win the belt tonight I'll wear one of your shirts to the ring on the next Wednesday Night Revival.

BILLY: But-but... we don't have shirts.

ARON: You will. I have a few connections. Oh and if you guys are in Hells Kitchen look up the Brandeis school. Tell 'em Aron sent you.

[Aron pauses for a moment and exchanges a quick handshake with both Craft brothers before we fade to black.]

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

Ducky is already in the ring with an unknown wrestler and one we've already seen once.

DUCKY: The following contest is a tag team bout scheduled for one fall, introducing first, at a combined weight of 398 pounds, The Team of Brock Lemon and Chris Grapes.

Both men try to play it up to the crowd but get virtually no reaction; this appears to piss off Chris Grapes a little bit.

DUCKY: And their opponents...

Dragonforce's Prepare for War blasts in the PA, faint to moderate cheers can be heard, but the crowd is clearly winded after a long and dramatic Ironman Title Match.

Out from the curtains emerge the CRAFT brothers, Jimmy Craft in red and Billy Craft in blue, both wearing their a variation of their usual attire, colored Gi pants, an Aron Scythe T-Shirt and their colored sleeveless Jackets.

DUCKY: **From Los Angeles, California. At a combined weight of 390 pounds, they are the Art of WAR Cee! Are! A! Eff! Tee!**

The Craft Twins come out looking pumped to be a part of Call to Arms, their energy just oozing out of them; they make their way to their corner.

MURPHY: **Brock Lemon gets a second chance in RPW, this time in tag team action.**

DING! DING! DING!

Lemon starts out against Billy Craft and both men quickly tie up in the middle of the ring, Billy gets a side headlock on Lemon and quickly switches it to a hammerlock with a spin, Lemon walks towards the ropes and gives a hard elbow to Billy, breaking the hold and sending the Craft Twin into the corner where Chris Grapes grabs Billy's arms. This brings in the boos of the few fan actually caring about this match up.

WASHIGTON: **The crowd is a bit tired after our last match, hopefully they revive in time for our main event.**

Taking advantage of his held opponent, Lemon charges in, Billy moves out of the way in the nick of time though and Lemon crashes with Grapes, Billy gives an eager forearm to Lemon and uses an Irish whip to the opposite corner, Billy charges in all the way into the corner and jumps on Lemon's hips, he's tall in the air and he tags in his brother before falling backwards and sending Lemon flying over with a huge Monkey Flip.

MURPHY: **Nice move!**

Jimmy Craft enters the ring to replace his brother and he takes down Lemon with an arm drag, Lemon is fast to his feet but he falls victim to a second arm drag which prompts grapes to come into the ring to some boos.

WASHINGTON: **There was no tag, Referee sort this out!**

Grapes rushes in but he also gets arm dragged by Jimmy Craft, Billy Craft jumps into the ring to even out the odds and both Craft Brother land dropkicks on one of their opponents, Billy quickly exits the ring as the referee's command and Chris Grapes also rolls out of the ring.

MURPHY: **Art of Warcraft looking motivated tonight.**

Brock Lemon raises up to his feet but quickly drops down to the mat to avoid Jimmy Craft's "10,000's Kick." Brock Lemon also rolls out to the ring and he talks strategy with his partner Chris Grapes as the referee counts him out.

WASHINGTON: **Lemon just avoided a very nasty move; I hear he now calls it the 10K.**

The referee is already at 5 when Lemon finally slides to the ring near his corner, he immediately tags in Chris Grapes and Jimmy also tags his brother in. Both men start circling each other in the ring and tease a lock up but Chris Grapes uses a blatant eye rake to gain control of the match, this earns him a few boos. Grapes follows up with a kick to the gut and he starts to set up a vertical suplex, Billy Craft explodes out of it with a release northern lights Suplex and tags Jimmy back in.

MURPHY: **The Craft's are tagging in and out quickly.**

Both Crafts send Grapes into the ropes with a double irish whip, they also catch him on the rebound with a double hip toss, Billy exits the ring and Jimmy Craft sets his sights on the fallen Grapes. Jimmy Craft jumps on the mat on excitement and he manages to get some of the crowd cheering him for it, Grapes regains his vertical position but as he does he's nailed with Jimmy's stepping side Superkick right into the jaw.

WASHINGTON: **The 10k, it connects flush.**

This move gets the Craft's the most cheers they've gotten tonight, which isn't saying much, still Jimmy looks happy as he drops for a pin.

1!

WASHINGTON: I agree, that's the same Aron Scythe that the Craft's dedicated their match too, and the same Aron Scythe that tonight will challenge Ian Jones for the RPW heavyweight Championship.

MURPHY: And that match...is up next.

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

[Richie Branson hip-hop remix of "White Reflection" from the Gundam Wing soundtrack](#) cues up. We see a clip to a vintage clip of Aron Scythe from circa 1996 the young wrestler looking about 160 pounds soaking wet performing a springboard moonsault on an opponent and later having his arm raised after a match. We cut to a video clip of a younger Ian Jones wrestling in what appears to be a seedy looking club in Great Britain delivering some stiff looking shots before dropping his foe to the matt with a rather stiff looking spine buster.

We flash forward to modern day. We see Ian Jones trading pinfalls with John Brandenbugh before being handed the RPW World Heavyweight Championship. We cut to Aron making "Simple" John Sullivan tap out to the Chikara Special and hitting Mr. Nice Guy with the Dragon Driver.

The music dies down for a moment as we see the contract signing between the two, we cut to Jones beating up Gary Graplin on Wednesday Night Revival and we see Aron being attacked by by the British Empire.

ARON: I'm not afraid of you Ian Jones... but you had better be afraid of me and every other man you step into the ring with. You've made some bad decisions, and they're all going to come back to haunt you..

JONES: Do you see this championship belt? This means I'm better than anyone! I'm better than everyone...

ARON: This is about me giving you the ass-kicking you so richly deserve.

As the montage ends we cut to an image of the two men walking by one another backstage. Aron pauses for a moment slowly tilting his head up as Ian holds up his belt into the air pointing at it. Silently taunting Scythe. Aron raises his arms looking ready to fight as Ian returns the favor. The rivals glare into each other's eyes as Sir Charles Strickland and Tomoe Nagata Ami grab their respective wrestlers by the arms telling them to back down. It's not time to fight yet. But soon...

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

Back at ringside Harold Murphy and Benjamin Washington are shown, but the view is quickly switched to inside the ring where Ducky Smith, adorned in his black tuxedo, waits patiently for the competitors. There is a palpable tension in the air; anticipation mixed with fear. A dull murmur can be heard throughout the audience as attendees begin to speculate about the next match.

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

Backstage 'Psycho Nerd' Aron Scythe emerges from his locker room. A thunderous ovation can be heard rising up in the arena. Aron is wearing his blue Voltron T-shirt, his straight brown hair is wet and glistening; he appears ready for battle, his usual smirk replaced by a look of stone cold determination. As Aron begins to wind his way to the 'gorilla position, the crowd can be heard chanting "LETS GO ARON" *CLAP*CLAP*CLAPCLAPCLAP*", while stomping their feet and clapping their hands in unison.

Our view switches to inside the ring area where an empty entrance stage only builds the anticipation. Suddenly Make Up's Pegasus Fantasy screeches over the PA system. Again, the crowd roars in approval. They've been waiting all night for this moment to shower Scythe with adoration. After a brief moment Scythe pushes through the curtain, his paramour Tomoe following closely behind. A few steps lead the pair out onto the stage where the crowd perks up even more.

Scythe takes only a moment to soak up the applause, raising his arm briefly. He then marches towards the ring with purpose. Once at the ring, Scythe slides under the bottom rope while Tomoe takes the stairs. Once more Scythe raises his arm briefly, this time from the second turnbuckle. As his entrance music fades Scythe retreats to his corner, where he and Tomoe await his opponent.

Once more the view switches backstage. A closed, blue door with a gold plaque reading IAN JONES can be seen. As if on cue the crowd's jovial murmurs give way to dissident boos. As the door swings open, and Ian Jones can be seen for the first time, the crowds' boos reach a fever pitch. Jones, with his receding black hair is adorned in his red jacket emblazed with the British Empire logo. The heavy, gold RPW Heavyweight Championship is draped over his right shoulder. Sir Charles Strickland, in all his smarminess follows behind.

Our view switches back to the ring area. This time an empty stage represents only a withering damn holding back a river of hatred. 'Guns of Brixton' by The Clash, begins to play and the damn nearly breaks as a chorus of boos rain down throughout the arena. A confident Sir Charles Strickland pushes the curtain away so that Ian Jones can emerge unencumbered by the heavy blue cloth. The damn breaks fully and Ian Jones is washed over by screams for his head. A smirk reaches his lips, but only for a moment before he remembers why he's here.

After yelling something inaudible and slapping his hand on the belt, Jones points at Scythe who nods for Jones to 'bring it on'. Jones rolls his shoulders and lets out a big exhale before walking down the

entrance ramp and towards the ring. Jones and Strickland use the stairs to enter the ring, keeping an air of dignity and grace. Jones wastes no time retreating to his designated corner, Strickland remains on the outside apron. The camera pans the crowd once more as Jones' music fades. A defining chant of "LETS GO ARON" *CLAP*CLAP*CLAPCLAPCLAP*" rises up once more as Ducky Smith begins his introductions

DUCKY: **Ladies and Gentlemen, our Main Event of the evening is scheduled for one fall with a sixty-minute time limit.**

The camera pans around the arena some more, and then switches to a split screen view of both Scythe and Jones. Both men wear an intense glare and refuse to let their eyes stray from one another. Scythe sways heavily from side to side, arching his back and rolling his neck. Jones is stone cold, raising only his jaw as Ducky Smith continues. The view switches back to Ducky Smith.

DUCKY: **Introducing first, to my left, the challenger...**

The crowd erupts again.

DUCKY: **Standing six feet tall, and weighing in at 221 pounds...hailing from New Rochelle, New York...'Psycho Nerd' AROOOOOOOOON SCY
YYYYYYYYYTTTTTHHHE!!!**

Scythe removes his T-shirt and hands it to Tomoe who hops down from the ring apron. A faint "LETS GO ARON" *CLAP*CLAP*CLAPCLAPCLAP*" chant begins to rise up, but before it's crescendo boos emerge in anticipation of Ducky Smith's next introduction.

DUCKY: **And his opponent, to my right...Standing six foot three and weighing in at 260 pounds, hailing from London, England...**

More vociferous boos nearly drown out Ducky Smith. The negative reactions to his homeland only spur a smile to walk across Sir Charles Strickland's face.

DUCKY: **He is the Revival Pro Wrestling Heavyweight Champion...IAAAAN
JOOOOOOONNNNNEEEEESSSS.**

Jones hands the Heavyweight Title to Referee Carlos Perez, who promptly shows it to Scythe and then raises it for the audience to see. Jones, then, removes his jacket and places it in the care of Strickland. Strickland hops off the apron as the intense boos of the crowd give way to even more intense nervous murmurs.

Ducky Smith exits the ring. Referee Perez, RPW's most senior official, calls for the combatants to come to the center of the ring. After rehashing the agreed upon rules, no hair pulling, eye gouging, closed fists, or low blows, Perez asks the two to shake hands and return to their corner. Neither man motions to shake and neither man budes, refusing to be the first man to step away and turn his back on the other. The crowd is heating up with anticipation, when Jones makes the first move.

Jones steps forward and presses his forehead firmly against Scythes. The two begin exchanging barbs that the broadcasts' microphones only wish they could pick up. After a moment Referee Perez separates the two and forces them into their corners to await the bell. Jones pulls on the tope rope and squats

down. Scythe, refusing to alter his gaze shadow boxes and hops around a bit. After Referee Perez slaps his hand, the bell sounds and we are finally under way.

WASHINGTON: **Here we go Murph...**

MURPHY: **RPW Heavyweight title on the line!**

DING*DING

The two warriors dart out into the center of the ring, but just before locking up they both think better of it and instead pull up and begin to circle each other. The measuring up is only brief because just as suddenly they fall into a collar and elbow tie up. Scythe frees an arm first and fires in a stiff right punch. Jones answers right back, swinging wildly and connecting with a left of his own. Scythe responds with an open hand chop across the chest. Jones ups the ante when he issues a quick one-two punch. The blows are barely glancing, but they stagger Scythe enough for Jones to lean in with a knee to the gut. With the window open, Jones backs Scythe into the ropes and then launches him towards the other side.

Ian Jones leaps into the air, trying to plant a high knee into the side of Aron Scythe's skull. Instead Scythe reacts at the last moment and pushes Jones knee out of his return path. Using his moment Scythe swings around behind Jones and locks his hands around his waist. Jones struggles momentarily, but before he understands what's happening Scythe has hoisted him into the air, spiking his head neck and shoulders into the canvas with a bridging German Suplex. The crowd jumps to their feet, shocked by the potential ending of the match. As Scythe arcs his back, holding the bridge into a pin, Referee Perez drops to his knees and slaps the mat.

1!

2! Kickout!

MURPHY: **Great pace at the onset here, Scythe looking for a quick fall.**

WASHINGTON: **Jones took the first bump, be he seems none the worse for wear.**

Ian Jones muscles free and both men spring back to their feet. Jones, upset with himself, kicks the bottom rope and barks at Referee Perez. Scythe, sportsman that he is, calmly backs into the corner, watching Jones brief tantrum or, perhaps, allowing doubt time to creep into Jones consciousness. Jones regains his composure and reasserts himself into the match. On the outside Sir Charles Strickland paces back and forth, upset with the way this match started.

Jones and Scythe circle each other, but the Brit is quicker on the draw and is able to pull the 'Otakalypse' down under his arm with a side headlock. Jones wrenches in hard the standing maneuver. A second

wrench pulls Scythe down to one knee. Jones leans back for a third and fourth wrench as the crowd begins chanting for the 'Psycho Nerd'. Jones tempers the crowd's enthusiasm by, again, wrenching his arms across the neck and shoulders of his opponent.

WASHINGTON: **That's a solid headlock Murphy, Jones really has it locked on. That's no rest hold there.**

Sore, but undertered, Scythe gets back to a vertical base and then backs Jones into the corner. Referee Perez asks for a clean break, but it is Scythe who refuses, spiking three deliberate chops into the chest of Jones. Jones, enraged at the incredulousness of Scythe, fires back with a few stiff forearms to the side of the head. The momentary outburst allows Jones the opportunity to synch a side headlock back on Scythe. Not satisfied, Jones runs forward with Scythe in tow and spikes his head into the mat with a leaping bulldog. Jones settles Scythe and presses him down for a pin attempt.

1!

2!

KICKOUT!!!

The attempt was half hearted, but the intent was clear; these men are not here to put on a show, they are here to win. Scythe sits up after kicking out, but Jones is on him like a wild dog, locking in a modified sleeper hold, headlock from behind. Already on his backside, Jones yanks Scythe down to the mat further so that he is lying on his side while pressure is applied from above. Referee Perez is quick to lean in to check, but Scythe alertly uprights himself back into a seated position.

Jones further modifies the hold into a cross-face chicken wing sleeper hold, and pulls Scythe back down to his side. Tomoe screams encouragement from the outside and once again Scythe alertly gets back to a seated position. Even Referee Perez offers encouragement for Scythe as Jones locks the hold in tighter with each passing breath. Finally Scythe rocks from his backside to his knees and then up to his feet. Determined not to lose the advantage Jones backs Scythe into the ropes and then sends him across the ring. On the rebound Scythe adeptly ducks a back elbow and continues off the ropes again. Jones swings a wild clothesline at his returning opponent.

MURPHY: **NO! Scythe ducks under again!**

Scythe bounces off the rope a third time. This time Jones launches his knee as he did earlier, but Scythe catches him in mid air and shoves him back. Quickening the pace Scythe backs into the ropes for added momentum and heaves himself towards Jones. Jones just now looking up swings his boot upwards and catches his sole flush against Scythe's face. The stunning boot levels Scythe, but Jones appears to have hyper extended his knee with the attack.

MURPHY: **Jones seems hobbled; did he take a bad step?**

WASHINGTON: **Whatever it was it bears watching as this match progresses.**

Ian Jones steps through the pain and as he leans down to lift Aron Scythe back to his feet he unleashes a might roar, thrusting his free hand into the air. The crowd reacts accordingly; with vicious and unrelenting boos.

MURPHY: **Ian Jones is taking the time to incite the crowd, when he should be on the offensive here.**

Jones kicks the kink out of his knee once more and then lifts Scythe to a vertical base. Jones fires an elbow that hits its mark, but Scythe quickly follows up with a scintillating knife-edge chop across Jones' chest. The blow rocks Jones, who rights himself only to be greeted with another chop that can be heard in the 'cheap seats'. This time Jones backs into the ropes and boosts himself forward. Before Scythe can react Jones introduces the heel of his boot to Scythe's jaw. The bomb drops Scythe to his back like a ton of bricks. Jones flexes his chest and checks on his knee again as he circles his downed opponent.

MURPHY: **Jones stalking Scythe now.**

Jones measures the loopy Scythe and then falls on him with a perfect elbow drop across the throat. Jones hooks the leg for a pin attempt...

1!

2!

...but only garners a quick two.

Jones, seizing momentum, scoots towards the seated Scythe and once again locks in the modified cross-face chicken wing sleeper hold. Scythe fights hard to loosen Jones grip, using the crowds heat to roll to his side. Jones, however, pushes the roll through and almost back mounts Scythe. With Scythe's face

pressed against the mat Jones jumps to his feet quickly and stomps the bottom of his boot across the back of Scythe's head. As Scythe tries to rise to his feet he is met with a clubbing blow across the top his head that drops him back to 'all fours'. Jones mockingly waves for Scythe to get up, but drops a double axe handle across his back before he can.

WASHINGTON: **Jones looks to be in complete control now.**

With Scythe seemingly out on his stomach Jones drops down to his knees and delivers two more driving double axe handles across the upper back and shoulders of Scythe. Though he writhes in agony, Scythe's fighting spirit coaxes him back to his knees. A fourth clubbing blow gives Jones the moment he needs to stand back up. A fifth double axe handle meets its mark and drops Scythe to the mat on his back and near the corner. Using the rope as stabilization Jones drives two boots into the chest and shoulders of Scythe. Jones carries his brutal intensity through the middle rope to arena floor outside the ring, pulling Scythe out with him.

MURPHY: **It looks like Jones isn't content to just beat his opponent down in the ring, he's taking it outside now.**

Referee Perez pleads with Jones to keep the match in the ring, but instead the British bomber tosses Scythe back first into the protective barriers around ringside. The crowd deplores Jones who once again drives both his fists into the upper back of Scythe.

MURPHY: **This doesn't look good for the Otaku.**

Jones rolls Scythe back into the ring. The lapse in judgment gives Scythe the separation he needs to roll back to his feet. Scythe bounces off the ropes and just as Jones has reentered the ring he is met with a picture perfect clothesline that sends him back over the tope rope and crashing to the outside. Scythe wearily falls into a corner as Jones struggles to get to his feet.

Though only momentarily stunned Jones is slow to his feet. Scythe takes charge, cartwheeling over the top rope to the apron, and then launching himself at his opponent with a high angle body splash. The crowd erupts at the first sustained offense Scythe has been able to muster.

MURPHY: **What a move by Scythe!**

Both men are splayed out on the concrete floor as Referee Perez anxiously begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!!

Both men begin to stir.

THREE!!!

FOUR!!!!

Referee Perez hops off the apron to try and spark some life into the combatants. He hops back up and continues his count.

FIVE!!!!!

Scythe is the first to roll to his knees and first to get to his feet.

SIX!!!!!!

Scythe lifts Jones to his feet and then spikes his head off of the ring apron, following through by tossing him under the bottom rope just as Referee Perez holds up seven fingers. With the count broken Scythe climbs back into the ring and begins laying the boots to Jones.

Scythe stalks Jones and fires a stiff chop to his sternum just as he got to his feet. Prepared for another blow Jones tenses up, but Scythe expertly darts in and tugs at Jones bad knee until he falls to his back. Scythe spins over the bad leg, rocks backward and synchs in a side knee-lock. Sir Charles Strickland is sick to his stomach watching Jones alternate between clutching at his knee and falling backward in intense pain.

MURPHY: **Strickland is emphatically admonishing the referee.**

WASHINGTON: **I'm not sure what his problem is, that moves looks to be legal.**

Scythe tries to lock the hold on tighter, but in doing so allows Jones to roll backward and almost through the hold. Unfortunately for Jones Scythe stops the moment and uses his free leg to hook the back of Jones' free leg, pinning Jones shoulders down. Referee Perez drops to his knees...

1!

MURPHY: **One is all he gets.**

Jones jerks hard, breaking the pin attempt. In fact the jerk was hard enough that Scythe begins to lose his grip. Jones fires two elbows into Scythe's lower back, but Scythe counters by splintering Jones' knee with two elbows of his own. The continued agony that Jones is under allows Scythe to pull further into the knee-lock, roll back and hook in another pin attempt.

Jones jerks, this time before Referee Perez has even hit the mat once. Scythe is okay with that because he clips the hold on that much tighter. Every inch Jones moves allows Scythe to sink in deeper, bending Jones' knee between his thighs. Jones, in serious jeopardy, reaches out for the anything. Referee Perez is closest so Jones clutches his shirt and pulls him to the ground. Referee Perez wriggles free and reverts to a better position. Still, Jones will not give and Scythe will not relent.

MURPHY: **Strickland up on the apron now, he's really giving Scythe the business.**

Finally, with Jones fading, Scythe releases the hold only to dive on top, mounting the weakened champion. Grabbing the back of Jones' head Scythe levies two stiff punches to the top of the skull. Scythe shakes out his fist before diving in with two elbows to Jones' jaw. Scythe gets to his feet and backs off Jones, leaning back into the corner. Before Jones can get to a seated position Scythe charges toward him and drops a flying elbow across his forehead.

The move nearly decapitates Jones, who has sprung up to his backside. Jones is dazed and only gets stiff kicks between the shoulder blades for his troubles. Scythe allows Jones to struggle to his feet, but just so he can wreak havoc in the form of knife-edged chops across his chest. Scythe slowly pulls his opponent close and tries to lock in a side headlock, but Jones springs to life, locking his hands firmly around Scythe's waist. Jones musters all his strength and leans back, pulling Scythe up and over with a release belly-to-belly suplex. The crowd actually pops at Jones show of will and determination.

Both men are staggered and slow to roll to their backsides. Jones is first to clear the cobwebs and leans on Scythe for a pin attempt. Once more Referee Perez drops to the mat.

1!

2!

MURPHY: **TWO! Only two!**

WASHINGTON: **Scythe's kick out was without much force. The tank may be nearing empty.**

Jones pulls Scythe up to his backside, slaps the back of his neck, and once more locks in the modified chicken-wing sleeper hold. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Jones violently jerks Scythe back and forth. Referee Perez is in close, pleading with Scythe for a response. Scythe can barely shake his head no as he glances up at Referee Perez and then squints down hard in pain. Referee Perez leans in closer and sees Jones' hand slip under Scythes chin, a blatant choke.

MURPHY: **The referee pulling at Jones arm here...**

Satisfied that Jones is above the chin, Referee Perez backs off. After a brief moment he has to lean back in and tug at Jones arm again, but this time it was because Scythe had almost squirmed free and not because of Jones' nefarious machinations. Jones is using the hold as a chance to recharge his batteries, whipping sweat from his cheek with his shoulder.

After a moment of struggle Scythe inches towards the ropes and manages to drape his toe across the bottom one. Referee Perez calls for the break and Jones obliges, pulling Scythe up to his feet by his hair. Jones plays Scythe into the ropes and then tosses him to the other side. Backing into the ropes himself, the two combatants charge at one another. Jones leaps and, this time, finally connects with a jumping knee to the skull. Scythe flails back limply and Jones follows through with a cover. The noise level rises in anticipation.

1!

2!

But Scythe slides out from under his opponent, breaking the count. Both men are tired and sweaty just passed the 15-minute mark of the contest. As Jones staggers to his feet he pulls Scythe up with him. Pausing only for a moment to reiterate his control in the form of two punches to the side of the face. Jones recklessly begins firing more shots onto Scythe, but Scythe fights through the pain and stumbles onto his knees. Jones falls on Scythe with an elbow to the back of his head. Scythe falls back and rolls flat on his back. From his knees Jones adjusts his waistband and elbow pads and then uses the second rope to pull himself to his feet.

WASHINGTON: **The champ looks really go tonight. I can't see a way for Scythe to over on him.**

With a hand full of hair Jones lifts Scythe to a vertical base, taunts the crowd with a raised fist, and then pulls Scythe down in between his knees. Jones struggles to lock his hands around Scythe's waist. When he's finally successful he no longer has the energy to hoist Scythe into a power bomb. Scythe lifts up and dumps Jones with a back body drop. An exhausted Scythe falls forward onto his knees as Jones stirs to his. Jones clutches at his back and then again at his knee.

Both men get to their feet at nearly the same time, but it is Jones who connects first, dropping a fist down across the back Scythe's neck. Scythe thinks about returning fire, but Jones clubs him back down to the canvas. Looking down at his fallen opponent Jones readjusts his waistband and sneers at the crowd. Jones manically stomps on Scythe who can only sit up to avoid more of those boots. Instead Jones uses his shin to inflict pain on Scythe's back. Jones pulls Scythe up to his feet, who also needs the aid of the second rope, and yanks him into an abdominal stretch.

MURPHY: **Great technical display shown early on by Jones. He's really putting the screws to Scythe.**

Jones endures more boos from the crowd, but then locks his fingers behind Scythe's head for added leverage. As Jones pulls up to further stretch Scythe's ribcage, the 'Psycho Nerd' follows through and tries to hip toss himself out of the hold. With his strength waning Scythe can barely complete the move, instead falling on Jones while still keeping his arm hooked. Scythe tries to capitalize on his positioning by pressing in a back key lock. There is no force to his attempt, so he settles for a halfhearted cover.

1!

NO!! Kick out by Jones.

Still holding onto Jones arm Scythe spins his opponent over to his stomach and tries to lock on a side arm bar. Their slick bodies slide off each other and by the time Scythe can get the arm bar Jones' legs have cleared the ropes and Referee Perez forces the break. Scythe breaks clean and gets to his feet. He allows Jones to do the same, but only so that he can chop him across the chest. A second and third chop backs Jones into the corner where Scythe drives him down with a Headbutt. A second Headbutt knocks Jones through the middle rope to Sir Charles Strickland's feet on the outside.

WASHINGTON: **Strickland is trying to spark Ian Jones.**

MURPHY: **I this a two on one match...get him out of there Perez!**

Scythe is not interested in taking the fight outside; instead he creeps towards the center of the ring and allows Referee Perez to administer his count. **1! 2! 3! 4!**

With Sir Charles' help Jones gets to his feet and climbs onto the apron.

FIVE!!!!

As Jones enters the ring, breaking the count, Scythe stalks forward. Not allowing Jones an inch inside the ring Scythe football kicks Jones in the chest, knocking the bigger man fully upright. Another wicked chop sends Jones arms flailing upwards. Scythe backs Jones into the ropes then sends him springing off the far side ropes. Scythe bounces himself off the ropes and meets Jones in the center of the ring with a flying clothesline that livens the crowd. He quickly scrambles for the cover.

1!

MURPHY/CROWD (in unison): ONE!

2!

MURPHY/CROWD (in unison): TWO!!

CROWD: AWWWWWWWWWW!!!!

MURPHY: **TWO AND A HALF!!!**

Scythe lifts Jones to his feet and is clearly feeding off of the crowd's energy. He stiffens Jones' back with a knife-edged chop across the chest. A second chop seemingly infuriates Jones who quickly fires back with a chop of his own. Scythe tries to retaliate, but is overwhelmed by the bigger Jones and socked in the ear with a frozen elbow.

WASHINGTON: **That may be the first time where Jones has used his size and strength to his advantage in this match.**

MURPHY: **Yup...**

The elbow legitimately staggers Scythe. He stumbles backward, clutching at his ear, until he arrives at the corner and then slowly sinks down to his knees.

WASHINGTON: **Aron Scythe has done a great so far, standing toe-to-toe, with a bigger and stronger man, but at this stage of the match Jones has sufficiently worn Scythe down enough. If he can find the stamina he should be able to begin to dominate and close out this match.**

MURPHY: **And he seems to have stung Scythe with that last elbow. I don't know if he caught his ear or what, but Scythe is in serious trouble here.**

WASHINGTON: **He may have popped his eardrum.**

Referee Perez leans in on Scythe and makes sure he wants to continue, but Jones darts into the corner before he can get an answer. Jones falls into Scythe with another forearm/elbow, again glancing it off the side of his face. The crowd begins booing as Jones targets the ear with decent right hook. Scythe rolls out of the corner and onto his back. Jones gets to his feet and admires his handy-work. After adjusting his elbow pad Jones falls to his knees, spiking the tip of his elbow into that same side of Scythe's face. Scythe can only clutch at his ear while Tomoe looks on disheartened. Jones slaps his thighs and then rolls Scythe into a cover.

1!

2!

NO!

Scythe kicks out with much less gusto than before. The crowd applauds politely; perhaps they sense the end is near and can't seem to muster the verve to watch their hero lose.

Jones pulls Scythe to his feet and ducks in behind him. Locking his arms around Scythe's waist Jones begins dead lifting his opponent. In a moment of panic Scythe arches his back destabilizing Jones, who falls forward, still clutching Scythe in his arms. The two fall into the corner where Referee Perez tries to separate them, but Jones just continues to lean all of his weight into Scythe.

Jones releases his arms, allowing Scythe to spin back towards him. Before Scythe can react Jones drills his shoulder into Scythe's gut twice, doubling him over. Jones grabs an arm and flings Scythe across the ring until the impact from the far side turnbuckles halts his progress. Jones charges at Scythe across the ring and leaps in the air.

MURPHY: FLYING KNEE, AND THIS TIME HE CAUGHT HIM FLUSH!!!

The crowd can believe it is going to end like this. They begin giving Jones the 'business'. He answers by thrusting his fist into the air with a mighty roar, eliciting boos from all corners of the arena. Jones spins Scythe around and clutches him around the waist. In a display of strength Jones lifts all 200-plus pounds of Aron Scythe into the air. As they are floating backward Scythe pushes off the top turnbuckle, spinning in mid air, and crashes down on Jones' chest with a body splash.

MURPHY: GREAT COUNTER BY SCYTHE!!!

The momentum carried Scythe towards the middle of the ring and he is just too tired to follow up with a pin. Both men are lying on their backs as Referee Perez checks on them. Neither man has an audible response, though they are both stirring. Unsatisfied with their condition, Referee Perez begins administering his count.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

FOUR!!!!

Sir Charles Strickland begins imploring Jones to get up. He slaps the canvas hard three times and yells in Jones' general direction. Tomoe clutches her hand close to her mouth and tries to get a peak at Scythe's bruised and battered face.

FIVE!!!!!!

Scythe spins up to his backside.

SIX!!!!!!

Referee Perez checks in on Scythe, this time getting a satisfactory response; he breaks his count.

MURPHY: Both men slowly scrambling to their feet. They are both leaving it all on the line tonight!

Though Scythe is the first to his feet Jones beats him to the punch, delivering a series of double axe handles to Scythes exposed neck and shoulder.

WASHINGTON: He's still targeting that ear. Scythe's equilibrium has to be way, way off at this point.

Jones launches Scythe into the ropes and then nearly takes his head off with a stiff lariat. The blow spins Scythe in mid air until he collapses on his back in a heap. Jones slowly falls onto his knees to attempt a cover, but Scythe has rolled all the way towards the ropes, preventing a legal pin. Referee Perez has to slap Jones on the back and point to the ropes before the Brit understood what was going on.

MURPHY: Battle weary, delirious, concussed...neither man knows where he is right now. They seem to be fighting on sheer instinct.

Jones pushes off of Scythe and gets to his feet, angrily spewing at Referee Perez. As we pass the twenty-minute mark Jones lifts Scythe to his feet, allowing him to use the top rope for balance. Jones leans in and then shoves Scythe across the ring. In the center of the ring the two meet, Jones leveling Scythe with a lariat/neck breaker drop combo. Jones crawls over Scythe and hooks a leg.

1!

2!

Kickout!

This time Scythe kicks out with new life and a second wind. The crowd erupts at the fact that their man is still in this match. Exhausted Jones rolls to his back and slaps at the mat. Both men slowly arrive at their feet. Jones grabs Scythe into a side headlock, backs into the corner, and then darts out, once again spiking Scythe's head into the canvas with a bulldog.

MURPHY: **Surely this is it!**

Jones hurriedly scrambles for the cover.

1!

2!

NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Scythe somehow squirms his shoulder out and off the canvas! The crowd erupts again. Jones slaps the mat again. Referee Perez clutches the sides of his head with his hands. Jones gets to his feet and when Scythe gets to his he is scooped up and slammed down hard. Jones rolls Scythe onto his stomach and then climbs to the second turnbuckle.

MURPHY: **Oh no!**

Jones launches himself off of the turnbuckle and connects with a knee to the side of Scythe's head. The momentum of the move carries through until Scythe's head bounces between the canvas and Jones knee. The crowd shrieks in terror, Tomoe cries out for her beloved. Jones fights for a cover, but Scythe is

too close to the ropes again. Jones yanks at a leg and manages to pull Scythe far enough away for a legal pin.

1!

NO! The weight of Scythe's legs is too much and Jones has to let them go; they fall into the ropes, breaking the count. Jones slowly rolls Scythe onto this stomach and once again ascends the ropes. From the second turnbuckle Jones raises his fist in the air, the crowd responds with a chorus of boos. Undeterred Jones leaps off and plants another knee to Scythe's exposed skull. Sensing that isn't enough Jones once again climbs the ropes, this time not stopping until he is balancing on the top turnbuckle. He leaps off and for a third time sandwiches Scythes head between his knee and the canvas. The blow would have split a watermelon. Jones scrambles for the cover, and in his haste forces Scythe into the ropes. He's just too tired to give a damn.

Finally Jones gets to his feet and pulls Scythe right along with him. He launches Scythe off the ropes and splats him with a Thesz press in the center of the ring. The two struggle, but it is Jones that pins Scythes arms down.

1!

2!

Scythe panics and thrusts upward, forcing Jones off of him.

Just two!

WASHINGTON: Scythe on pure adrenalin...

Jones's smirk is caught by the cameras, as is Scythe's glazed look. Jones gets to his feet and falls with a knee across the back of Scythe's neck. Jones once again lifts Scythe to his feet and slides into backdrop position. Scythe struggles and appears to wrestle himself free, but Jones muscles up and dumps his opponent backward with a dangerous backdrop. The crowd is feverish with excitement; cheering so as not to lose it all together.

MURPHY: DANGEROUS BACKDROP!!!

After mulling around and being prodded by Referee Perez and Sir Charles Strickland, Jones slides on top of Scythe for the cover.

1!

2!

Almost!

The crowd erupts in ecstasy. Somehow, somehow Aron Scythe has found the intestinal fortitude to keep his title hopes alive. Tomoe begins yelling Aron's name, imploring him to get up. Jones obliges the young ladies request, picking Scythe up to his feet. He fires Scythe off the ropes and attempts another Thesz press, only this time Scythe catches him in mid air, falls backward towards the ropes, and strings Jones' throat across the top. Jones violently falls back into the ring and Scythe darts forward for a surprising pin attempt.

1!

2!

3!

YES!!! Scythe has done it!!!

MURPHY: NO WAIT!! The referee's hand slapped the mat for three, but he's motioning to Scythe that Jones got his shoulder up.

The crowd is incensed, but they ultimately agree with the call and settle into a feverish murmur as they debate the call amongst themselves. Scythe buries his head in the canvas; Jones stays on the attack. He drops a vicious elbow onto the back of Scythes head and then brings him up to his feet. Once more Jones fires Scythe off the ropes. This time he connects with a picture perfect drop kick, no small feat for a man his size. He lunges for the cover.

1!

2!

NO!

MURPHY: Scythe kicks out again!!!!

Both men get to their feet, but it is Jones who strikes with a stiff elbow to the temple. Still noticeably hobbled, Jones climbs to the outside and then to the top turnbuckle. He jumps of and connects with

another elbow, but the impact of landing explodes his knee and he collapses to the mat, unable to follow up directly. With Scythe nearly unconscious Jones takes his time getting to his feet. He charges at Scythe, who has made it to his feet in the corner, and leaps at him. Scythe ducks under and delivers an enzu-giri to the back of Jones' head. As Jones stumbles backward Scythe hooks him with a school-boy roll up for the pin.

1!

2!

Kickout!

Jones fights for his survival this time. Scythe cannot believe it. The crowd is unnerved, excited, elated, and popping huge for these combatants. As we push passed the thirty-minute mark both men struggle and stumble back to a vertical base. A standing lariat by Scythe knocks Jones back into the ropes. Scythe pulls Jones into the middle of the ring and pushes his head between his knees.

MURPHY: Double under hook...this could be it!

Scythe tries to convert the double under hook clutch into a Michinoku Driver II, a move he calls the "Dragon Driver", but this time it is Jones that powers through, dropping Scythe backwards with a back body drop. Scythe had held on and now finds Jones lying on top of him as Referee Perez falls to the mat.

1!

2!

Kickout by Scythe.

Both men fight to get to their feet. Jones leans in with a short arm clothesline and then tries to synch in a belly-to-belly suplex, but Scythe hooks his knee with his foot and falls flat on top of Jones. Jones' back slams off the mat and endures the secondary blow of Scythe's body falling on his chest. Scythe rolls up to his feet and climbs to the top turnbuckle. The crowd rises to their collective feet as Scythe launches himself off.

MURPHY: MOONSAULT!!!

WASHINGTON: NO!!!

MURPHY: Somehow Ian Jones rolls out of harm's way. Scythe's entire body just splattered across the canvas. He is left convulsing in a heap as Strickland tries desperately to coax Jones back to his feet.

Jones does finally stir and manages to drop two boots on Scythe before he can get to his feet. He lifts Scythe to his feet and then flings himself off of the ropes. Upon his return Scythe ducks under a clothesline and delivers another enzu-giri. This one almost knocks Jones out of the ring, instead he whiplashes off of the top rope and slams back first into the mat. The crowd urges Scythe back to his feet. He pulls Jones close and then yanks his head between his knees. A double under hook clutch leads to a Michinoku Driver II that lands perfectly. Jones head, neck, and shoulders crush into the canvas with the force of an automobile being dropped off of a ten-story building. Scythe falls onto Jones for the cover as the crowd chants along with Referee Perez.

ONE!

CROWD/MURPHY: ONE!

TWO!!

CROWD/MURPHY: TWO!!

CROWD/MURPHY: AWWWWW!!!!

The crowd oohs and awws and cheers and screams as Ian Jones somehow just managed to kick out of the “Dragon Driver”. Noticeable screeches can be heard from the female members of the audience. This time it is Scythe that is left slamming the mat with his hand and arguing with Referee Perez, one the outside, Sir Charles Strickland has grabbed a steel chair and he’s now sitting on it, right next to the ring.

Scythe yanks Jones back to his feet, but a savvy rake of the eyes buys Jones some time. As Scythe leans in to grab Jones he is met with a kick to the gut. Jones scoops Scythe up and in the blink of an eye he spikes Scythe’s head with an inverted piledriver.

MURPHY: PUNISHER! PUNISHER! PUNISHER! Jones connects, this one is all over!

1!

2!

3?

NO! AGAIN SYCTHE FINDS THE MUSTARD TO POWER OUT!!!

MURPHY: I thought the El Omega 23, Douglas Gallagher match left me speechless. They are gonna have to come up with another word for what this match has done.

Neither man can find their bearings. They both are nearly spent. Both men struggle to their feet, Jones needing the aid of the top rope, Scythe using the corner turnbuckles. Once at a vertical base the crowd begins cheering wildly for these two combatants. They meet in the center of the ring and begin exchanging blows, Jones gets the upper hand and back’s Scythe into a corner.

MURPHY: Right by Jones. Left scores for Scythe. Another right connects for Jones. He follows that up with a knee to the gut. A third right is blocked by Scythe who connects with a wild left. Again...again...Jones is staggered! Knee to the gut by Scythe. Double underhook!

Scythe lifts Jones up and starts charging to the middle of the ring carrying Jones on top of him.

MURPHY: YES! DRAGON DRIVER CONNECTS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING.

***CLASHHHHHH*DING*DING*DING*DING**

The clash we just heard was the impact of flesh against cold steel, Ian Jones as just gone down into a steel chair, the camera then turns who Strickland, who's standing next to the apron, his steel chair nowhere near him.

WASHINGTON: What's the call? What's going on?

MURPHY: I think Sir Charles just sent his chair sliding into the ring.

Referee Perez confers with Ducky Smith, who raises his microphone to his lips.

DUCKY: AS A RESULT OF A DISQUALIFICATION...

THE WINNER OF THIS MATCH...

AND STILL RPW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...IAN

JOOOOOOONESSSSS!!!

WASHINGTON: **Oh no, that's just not right.**

The boo birds come out once more as pockets of trash begin to get thrown into the ring. The crowd is incensed. Strickland can only smile and shrug slowly walks backwards up the ramp, facing the ring with a devious smile, the crowd is enraged, and so is Aron Scythe.

MURPHY: **Scythe has to just be absolutely sick to his stomach here. He had the victory and the title in his grasp. If not for that no good...**

WASHINGTON: **Watch it there Murph...We may not like the outcome, but the Referee's decision is final and binding.**

MURPHY: **I understand that Ben, but Aron Scythe had seemingly defied the odds. He went the whole match and took everything the champ had to offer. He overcame all of the backstage politics, all of the British Empire, and in the end it was that weasel that cost him the title.**

The 'Psycho Nerd' gives our new Interim GM a deathly stare from inside the ring.. Sensing danger Strickland hurries his march up and begins to beg off Scythe. Unfortunately for him Scythe will have none of that.

MURPHY: **Oh what's this now?**

The honk of a car can be heard on top of the stage, a back of a car appears as the car slowly moves on reverse. Strickland turns his back to the ring and starts rushing up top as Aron Scythe has slide out of the ring and is now on hot pursuit.

MURPHY: **Strickland better run fast.**

The car's door open and out comes a tall, bulky individual sporting Short black hair and trimmed facial hairs, he's wearing jeans and a jacket and he helps Strickland into the car. He hops into the car aswell and they quickly drive out of the Scene as Scythe helplessly slams his hands on the trunk of the car before it goes out of reach.

WASHINGTON: **I don't know who was that Guy, but he surely saved Sir Charles Strickland.**

Tomoe is shown walking up the ramp to join his husband, Scythe is looking towards the curtains, looking clearly frustrated and enraged, Tomoe tries to calm him down as the two bask in the applause of the delighted crowd. They graciously wave to the crowd before making their way to the back.

MURPHY: **That's all the time we have tonight. For Ben Washington and Ducky Smith, and all of the RPW guys and gals that made this show possible...I'm Harold Murphy...well see you at Wednesday Night Revival in two weeks!**

The lasting image of a nearly unconscious Ian Jones in the center of the ring is the last thing we see before the feed fades to black.

++++PPV ENDS++++
++++PPV ENDS++++