



RPW IS CAUSING A

BRITISH UPRISING!

+++++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.

DOUGLAS GALLAGHER.

Mr. Nice Guy > ALL

WE HATE IAN JONES TOO.

THE PHENOMENON OF THE ENIGMA.

THE LIVERPOOL SENSATION.

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

Many superstars are already inside of the ring as it seems that we are going to start up this night of action with our open invitational battle royal, you can see Gary Graplin, Ryan Mercy, Billy and Jimmy Craft, the Union Jacks, The Amazonian Invasion and Malcolm Valenzuela of the L.A.W.C. along with Taiga and Favreau of the 1% are all already inside of the ring but they are all eclipsed by the massive presence of Hyperion Rushmore.

MURPHY: Welcome everyone who has ordered RPW British Uprising live from London on 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, starting out with this opening match an open invitational Battle Royale.

Helicopter's showdown the Wrestler plays and Landon Jackson comes out to couple of boos, it's the return of Landon Jackson who had been out with an ankle injury. The member of the one percent makes his way down the ramp walking seemingly just fine. The camera turns to the Amazonian Invasion looking very Angry in the ring.

MURPHY: The rivalry between the 1% and the Latin American Wrecking Crew is well documented, but even more importantly is the beef between Landon Jackson and The Amazonian Invasion.

WASHINGTON: Remember that Jackson crushed Espirito do Animal's ankle with a steel chair, though Karma would have Jackson himself injure his ankle after a bad fall outside of the ring.

MURPHY: And you gotta wonder, In a battle royal the objective of the match is to throw your opponents out of the ring, will Jackson's ankle hold?

The sound of an alarm going off hit as it's time for Sirius Danger's entrance, "The Manifestation of Randomization" comes out to plenty of boos, the bald Danger is wearing his usual black singlet with yellow danger signs.

WASHINGTON: And here comes Danger, Sirius Danger hasn't been very active in the ring as of late, he seems more concerned with his strange relationship with Kirk Cobain.

MURPHY: Danger is a very special individual, and speaking about special individuals, rumors say that "The Atheist" will make his debut here tonight.

WASHINGTON: At Call to Arms we saw the debut of the Enigma, let's see if this so called Atheist can make a similar impact.

Dissections's "[Black Dragon](#)" starts playing over the PA system. The opening lyrics are blasted, and when the main beat drops a huge pyro explosion in the area.

Hakai Dragon walks through the curtain, wearing a black shinobi shozoko. He stands at the top of the ramp, puts his hands together in front of him, and bows. Surprisingly Hakai Dragon gets met with a huge barrage of boos.

MURPHY: **Wow, this English crowd doesn't like Hakai Dragon at all.**

WASHINGTON: **Why should they have anything else for him, he hasn't been exactly behaving well lately.**

Tubthumping by Chumbawamba plays next and Leonard Knox comes out all pumped out to a huge ovation. Leonard Knox is back on his home country and they are loving him here on London, Knox makes his way down the ramp and inside the ring Taiga climbs on the ropes and points at him.

MURPHY: **Another rivalry contained here in this Battle Royal, Taiga and Leonard Knox have been going at it for weeks, it all started when Taiga showed an interest for Knox's GF, our lovely backstage interviewer Brandy Swinson.**

"Estasi Del Anima" by David Sardy cues up over the speaker system as the lights go dim. A red hued spotlight flashes down near the entrance way. Anne steps wearing a custom made ring robe before taking a subtle bow to the crowd. A few red-hued laser lights shine across the arena but nobody comes out just yet.

WASHINGTON: **Could this be the Debut of the Atheist?**

The rowdy London crowd goes quiet when a black haired woman emerges at the top of the ramp, she's wearing a basic black singlet featuring a large scarlet letter "A" over her chest, gray elbow pads, and scarlet boots. Her face shows her to be on her late thirties as the camera centers on her brown eyes, and the black hair shows some hints of gray as it falls over shoulder length.

MURPHY: **What's going on, who is she? is she the Atheist?**

WASHINGTON: **I think she is the Atheist, she has an A on her ring gear.**

She stares forward with a determined, almost sadistic glare rolling her gloved knuckles as she makes his way down the ramp to a silent capacity crowd.

MURPHY: **Is this for real? She looks like she's 150 lbs soaking wet, what is she**

going to do against those behemoths in the ring?

WASHINGTON: I don't know Murphy, she does seem familiar though.

The Mystery woman is about to enter the ring when suddenly we hear a voice going out of the speaker.

DDL: Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold it right there folks!

The crowd immediately starts to boo Diamond Dave Lee who has already managed to irk the RPW faithful. He has no music but he has a microphone in hand.

DDL: This is what the hype was about? Really? Come on, you could do much more than that, you could've featured DDL a bit better...where is my special entrance with me being lowered off the roof in a diamond shaped pod? And why doesn't this Battle Royal has special rules?

Diamond Dave Lee starts slowly walking down the ramp to boos.

DDL: Here for my debut we should've had multiple rings, barbwire ropes, explosives, reverse battle royal rules. But this is the problem with the RPW office, it doesn't listen to outside ideas.

Suddenly Mastodon's Black Tongue hits to a HUGE wave of cheers, England's own Damien Wolfe is sprinting down the ramp for the first time after what seems like an eternity. Wolfe's rush down knocks Dave Lee prone as Wolfe immediately slides into the ring and he's like a homing missile doing after Gary Graplin.

DING! DING! DING!

Wolfe gets a powerful double leg on Graplin and starts driving down fists to his face. The rest of the wrestlers get on their wrestling stances and start working to gain advantages. The Camera focuses in Wolfe who's roughing up Graplin, the returning member of the Empire slides out of the ring down the bottom rope and drags Graplin out along with him.

WASHINGTON Wolfe is pissed about having to fly economic thanks to Gary Graplin and rightfully so, those economic seats are terrible.

MURPHY: Come on, that wasn't Gary's fault.

Gary Graplin is sent hard into the steel steps and the crowd has started a huge **“WOLFE, WOLFE, WOLFE”** chant. The Beast appears to have been unleashed on Gary Graplin, Wolfe picks up Graplin and throws him over the barricade and into the crowd. Wolfe follows Graplin into the crowd in what is not a brawl but a beatdown.

MURPHY: **I think this is the first time I see the crowd cheer Damien Wolfe.**

WASHINGTON: **Well, Wolfe is awesome I've been telling you from day 1, he gets hated on for his anti-american tirade, but we are not in American anymore Murphy, this is RPW British Uprising live from London.**

Back in the ring everyone has ganged up on Hyperion Rushmore, they all recognize the threat of RPW's biggest competitor and they want to get rid of it asap. Everyone but one competitor, the mysterious girl known only as the Atheist rushes to the ropes and hits a huge running knee to Diamond Dave Lee who had made his way into the apron.

WASHINGTON: **DDL wasn't Eliminated, he still hasn't officially entered the match.**

Hyperion Rushmore is still against the ropes with most of the competitors trying to get him out. Hyperion grabs a hold of Billy Craft's throat with a choke hold and uses his massive strength to send the Californian outside of the ring.

DUCKY: **Billy Craft has been Eliminated.**

Suddenly Hakai Dragon seems to deviate of the common plan of getting Hyperion out and he appears from behind and eliminate both of the Union Jacks which causes another wave of boos.

DUCKY: **The Union Jacks have been eliminated.**

MURPHY: **Hakai not doing himself any favors with this London crowd.**

Hakai Dragon starts fighting off the multiple people trying to eliminate Rushmore, almost as if he's trying to help him, he knocks down both of Gustavo Gusmao and Espirito Animal with strikes. He manages to land a takedown on Jimmy Craft. Hyperion Rushmore manages to push off Taiga and Favreau, but in the end it is Leonard Knox who doesn't need any help to send the giant out with a huge burst of strength that sends the crowd into an insane frenzy.

DUCKY: **Hyperion Rushmore has been eliminated.**

WASHINGTON: **Big Elimination by Knox, literally.**

A furious Hakai Dragon rushes over and tries to get Knox, but the English brawler drops to the mat and lowers the rope causing Hakai to fall to the outside and on top of Hyperion Rushmore. Knox has gotten two HUGE eliminations and the London crowd is enjoying this a lot. Knox gets back to his feet and raises his fist up in the air for even more cheers, he notices something in the corner of his eyes though and rushes into the ropes, giving DDL a huge clothesline that keeps him from officially entering the match up.

MURPHY: **DDL still hasn't gotten inside the ring on this match up and that could end up being key.**

WASHINGTON: **Sadly I'm getting word that Wolfe and Graplin have been disqualified for spending excessive time out of the ring and making no attempts to re-enter this contest.**

Back in the ring the 1% is squaring off with the Latin American Wrecking Crew, Taiga is tangled up with Gusmao, Favreau struggles with Valenzuela and Landon Jackson and Espirito do Animal are trading strikes. The Atheist is exchanging holds with Sirius Danger and Jimmy Craft lies on the ground favoring the back of his head and neck, a replay shows Taiga hitting him with a muscle buster.

WASHINGTON: **Why did they have to show that again? I was happy having missed it.**

MURPHY: **You sure hate Taiga Ben.**

Sirius Danger avoids a huge left handed Lariat by the Atheist and jumps into her with a reverse lungblower, two knees to the chest of the mystery woman and Danger holds on to a double collar hold to bring her down hard chest first into Danger's knees.

MURPHY: **Danger scores big with the Heartstabber, but can he eliminate the Atheist and frustrate her debut?**

Even if that was the plan, Danger is force to change his course of action as he sees himself confronted with Ryan Mercy, Danger hits a hard three strike combination that finishes with a huge turning side kick to the gut that leaves Mercy doubled over and gasping for air. Danger connects with the Danger Zone Delivery, a huge package piledriver. Mercy is down and out and Danger has no problems

throwing him over the top rope and to the outside.

DUCKY: **Ryan Mercy has been eliminated.**

WASHINGTON: **Danger taking care of business there, well done. Even if the guy creeps me out I have to give credit where credit is due.**

Sirius Danger looks to make it two for one as he closes in to the "Atheist" and throws her over the top rope. Luckily for the debuting female wrestler, she lands on her feet right on the apron. Danger doesn't notice this development though and he goes straight for Leonard Knox, who's happy to engage on a brawl with him. Favreau is shown pummeling Valenzuela, he gets him up all the way in a fireman's carry and looks to put the finishing touch on the already beaten down Mexican, Favreau swings Valenzuela but "The Escape Artist" works his magic and sneaks out the back into the apron. He somehow manages to tangle with Favreau and send him over the top rope and to the outside.

DUCKY: **Emerson Favreau has been eliminated.**

MURPHY: **Surprising turn of events there.**

Meanwhile, Landon Jackson has gotten control of Espirito as he has just caught a crossbody block from the Brazilian. He expertly throws Espirito into Valenzuela, knocking the two Latin Americans out of this match. The Lone representative of the L.A.W.C. manages to throw Taiga with a huge overhead belly to belly suplex, The Great Gorilla now rushes Jackson who tries to catch him with a hard clothesline, try is the keyword here as Gusmao manages to duck under the blow and secure a release German that sends the returning Landon Jackson over the top.

DUCKY: **Landon Jackson has been Eliminated.**

The camera quickly turns to Dave Lee rolling on the outside, a double screen shows him once again being denied entry to this match by the Atheist. This time via dropkick. Taiga sneaks behind a celebrating Gusmao and dumps him out of the ring, Gusmao is left on the outside mats looking to the ring in disbelief.

WASHINGTON: **Cardinal mistake on this type of matches, only celebrate after you have been declared the winner.**

DUCKY: **Gustavo Gusmao has been Eliminated.**

MURPHY: **And the field has thinned for sure, we are up to Taiga, Danger, Knox, Jimmy Craft, The Atheist and DDL who has yet to officially enter the ring.**

Taiga sets his sights on the recovering Jimmy Craft, he is looking for a second Muscle buster on him. Taiga manages to get Jimmy up, but the young Californian manages to sneak out of the move and land behind Taiga, the Lone 1% representative on this match turns around and is hit with a huge maneuver.

TENKAI KICK TO THE JAW OF TAIGA!

WASHINGTON: YES! YES! YES!

The crowd cheers as Taiga tumbles into the ropes and goes over them and out of the ring...

Taiga falls right into the arms of Emerson Favreau, who rolls him back into the ring under the bottom rope.

WASHINGTON: For Fuck's sake that's so cheap.

DDL finally gets into the ring and he goes after the very tired Jimmy Craft, he has no problems sending Jimmy over the top rope and out of this match. Diamond Dave Lee's debut is cut short by the other person making an RPW debut. The Atheist lands a huge modified STO on Dave Lee against the rope, the force of the move is enough to send Lee outside and to end his night. The camera focuses on the Atheist, who sports an Ice Cold stare.

WASHINGTON: That's it Murphy, I know who the Atheist is, I've finally remembered it.

MURPHY: Care to Enlighten us?

WASHINGTON: Sure, she is...whoa, look at Knox!

Leonard Knox has finally gotten the upper hand on Sirius Danger, Knox is now seen holding Danger in a military press as the Londoner crowd is going crazy. Knox throws Danger out and he gets yet another elimination and another wave of cheers.

DUCKY: Sirius Danger has been eliminated.

WASHINGTON: **We are down to three now, Taiga, Leonard Knox and “The Atheist” Anne Brandois.**

MURPHY: **Anna Brandois? Who is she? And where do you know her from?**

WASHINGTON: **She trained Aron Scythe Murph!**

The boos fall in high numbers as Sirius Danger refuses to go out cleanly and he reaches back into the ring and grabs Knox’s by the ankle. This is enough to distract Knox and to allow Taiga to take full advantage, Taiga closes in from behind and secures the Elimination. The boos reach a fever pitch as Ducky Smith announces the elimination of Knox.

DUCKY: **Leonard Knox has been Eliminated.**

The boos just keep on coming but the show must go on and we are down to our two last competitors, “The Atheist” Anne Brandois and the man simply known as Taiga. Taiga makes a move on Anne, but it’s not of the wrestling kind. It looks like Taiga has noticed Anne the Atheist for the first time and he’s having a shot with his favorite weapon, seduction.

WASHINGTON: **How disgusting, Taiga will hit on anything that moves.**

Taiga’s lips shows us that he’s on sweet talking mode though the mics aren’t able to pick up what he’s saying, he has his left arm in front of him and his palm is facing up as if he was inviting Anne to place her hand on top of it. Anne grabs the arm and pulls Taiga in close, though her intentions come in the form of a huge left handed lariat. Taiga is able to avert trouble by sliding down the legs of Anne, hands still locked. Taiga finds himself behind “The Atheist” in a pumphandle position.

MURPHY: **This is not good, look at that pelvic thrust.**

WASHINGTON: **I hate Taiga.**

The pumphandle hold leads directly to a pumphandle fall away slam that sends Anne Brandois flying over the top rope and to the outside, the bell rings as Taiga falls to his knees and raises both arms in the air.

WASHINGTON: **Aw come on!!!**

DUCKY: "The Atheist" has been Eliminated, therefore your winner to this match, TAIGA!!!

Taiga's music hits and he celebrates. Taiga exits the ring and starts hitting on the girls at ringside, the camera switches and focuses on a furious Anne Brandois whose cold stare is fear inducing.

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

Backstage we see Diego San Martin and El Omega 23 staring at a screen, they were watching the battle royal. Matt Josham is here for an interview and like you have probably guess by now, he's rocking one of his trademark plaid suits.

JOSHAM: Rough start to his night Don Diego as all three of your clients were eliminated relatively early by members of the 1%. Do you think this is an indication of what's to come next when El Omega 23 tangles with 1% leader Jafaar al-Sultan?

SAN MARTIN: Look Matt, my Crew has had the 1%'s number since we've started fighting each other. Tonight's battle royal was nothing but a mere setback. Tonight I guarantee that we are gonna shut up Jafaar once and for all.

JOSHAM: Strong Words, -

Josham gets cut off by San Martin.

SAN MARTIN: Now leave us alone, we have to prepare.

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

WASHINGTON: The battle royal was a high paced and very entertaining affair, but this one coming up is quite personal.

MURPHY: There's no doubt about that. For weeks Brett Bannion has been preaching an anti-Alex Monroe gospel, saying that he doesn't belong here in RPW, and after all the hard work Alex Monroe has been through to get here, he takes it quite personally.

WASHINGTON: Well it's about time for all this talk to stop, and it's finally time for these two to get it on!

MURPHY: Indeed, but before we go to the ring, let's go backstage with Matt Josham and Brett Bannion.

+++++++BACKSTAGE WITH MATT JOSHAM: BRETT BANNION+++++++

We cut backstage where Brett Bannion is standing backstage with interviewer Matt Josham in the interview area.

JOSHAM: Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to a very special edition of “Backstage with Matt Josham!” I’m your host, the greatest interviewer in the world and RPW’s premier journalist, the ultra-talented and good looking superstar reporter himself, Matt Josham. And tonight I’m here with the man who’s going to finally show to everybody that he’s the future and that Alex Monroe is the biggest phony in RPW history, “The Chief” himself, Brett Bannion. Brett, how does it feel to finally get the respect you deserve here in RPW?

BANNION: It feels great to finally shut up-

JOSHAM: That’s great, buddy. But let’s focus on the real accomplishment here, and that is that I was right all along about this crap nugget of a performer. Don’t you think people should listen to me more now that they realize I’m right?

BANNION: Well I suppose so, but you see the match hasn’t-

JOSHAM: That’s just wonderful. But let’s look at the big picture here. Not only is Brett Bannion on the hot track to becoming RPW’s next big star, but Matt Josham is now on the fast track to not only being the greatest interviewer in RPW, not only the greatest interviewer in the world, but the greatest interviewer of all time... ever! What does it feel like to be in the presence of the all-time great?

BANNION: I... just...

JOSHAM: You heard it here folks! Matt Josham is the greatest interviewer of all time, and you heard it straight out of the mouth of RPW’s biggest commodity. We’re going places, kids! Maybe I could even branch out to the commentary desk and lend Benjamin Washington the credibility that Harold Murphy sorely lacks! Who knows! Back to you, guys.

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

The camera fades back to ringside with a visibly miffed Harold Murphy.

MURPHY: If that punk thinks he’s going to take my spot, he’s got another thing coming.

WASHINGTON: **Calm down, Murph, he's harmless, let's get to the action!**

The bell rings three times as Ducky begins his introduction.

DUCKY: **The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Making his way to the ring first from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds... Brett "The Chief" Bannion!**

"Mandatory Suicide" by Slayer plays over the PA as the crowd begins to boo. Brett Bannion makes his way out to the stage looking as confident as ever.

MURPHY: **And here's a man who's been trying to turn his career around after a not so stellar first few months here in RPW. But he sure did impress some people last week after defeating "The Escape Artist" Malcolm Valenzuela!**

WASHINGTON: **Yeah, but he did so with a handful of tights. I understand a win's a win, but I think the result would have been drastically different if Bannion didn't take the shortcuts he did. But none the less, he's going to have to go one on one with Alex Monroe, and I don't think Alex will afford him the same shortcuts that he took two weeks ago.**

Bannion rolls in the ring and taunts the crowd, looking ever so confident. The crowd boos as he leans back in his corner, awaiting his opponent.

DUCKY: **And his opponent!**

"I Am Onslaught" by Emmure begins to play as the crowd starts to cheer.

DUCKY: **From Portland Oregon, weighing in at two hundred pounds... "The Lethal Injection" Alex Monroe!**

Alex Monroe makes his way out to the stage, standing firm, head down, hood over his head. Fog surrounds him that becomes blue due to lighting. He raises his head while removing the hood and let's out a war cry. "Let's finish this!!"

MURPHY: **Let's finish this, indeed.**

WASHINGTON: **Alex Monroe looks as intense as ever, and after last week when Brett Bannion spit on Alex Monroe, I can understand why.**

MURPHY: **Yes. Alex has made no bones about it, he thrives off of respect, and when he encounters a lack of basic mutual respect, when he encounters down right**

disrespect, nothing angers him more!

WASHINGTON: **And we know how disrespect affects Alex's performance. Remember back a couple months ago when the Flying Slappsman slapped Alex in the face, Alex left the Slappsman with a concussion!**

MURPHY: **Bannion had better be very, very careful here.**

Monroe hops on the apron and lets out a war cry on the apron before stepping in the ring. Monroe goes to his corner and starts warming up. His music dies down and the ref brings the two to the center of the ring. Both men jaw jack each other. The ref calls for the bell. As it rings, Bannion lets a good slap land on Alex Monroe's face.

MURPHY: **Uh oh...**

WASHINGTON: **That wasn't very smart on the part of Bannion.**

Monroe's face is now visibly red as he quickly charges Bannion with a flurry of knees to the gut and elbows to the face. Monroe drives Bannion in to the corner and continues the volley as the ref tells Alex to back up. Alex doesn't listen to the ref and continues waylaying in to Bannion. The ref counts 1... 2... 3... 4... before inserting himself in front of Alex and pushing him back. Alex yells at the ref, but the ref just says he's doing his job. Bannion steps out of the corner with a right hand to the face of Alex, and the two start trading blows. Alex gets the upper hand and starts unleashing a volley of elbows before Bannion hits the mat and rolls out of the ring to regroup. Alex sees the opening and whips off the ropes before launching himself between the middle and top ropes with a suicide dive!

MURPHY: **What a maneuver, Monroe easily controlling the first part of this match.**

WASHINGTON: **Bannion's going to have to really dig down deep if he even wants to think about winning this match.**

Monroe lets out another war cry to the delight of the crowd as he picks up Bannion and goes to whip him in to the barricade, however Bannion is able to reverse the whip and send Alex crashing in the barricade. Bannion charges toward Monroe and sends him over the barricade with a clothesline as the ref reaches 4.

4...

5...

Bannion rolls in the ring.

MURPHY: Looks like Bannion is going to take a count out victory if he can.

WASHINGTON: Do you really blame him?

6...

Alex hops over the guard rail and slides back in to the ring and Bannion is quick to stomp on Alex. Bannion continues to stomp as Alex tries to fight to his feet. Bannion locks up for a DDT, but Alex pushes Bannion back into the corner and hits some shoulder thrusts before hitting a flurry of Kobashi Chops on the chest of Bannion. Bannion stumbles out of the corner and Monroe follows up with a bulldog on Bannion.

MURPHY: Monroe is really just out skilling Bannion here tonight.

WASHINGTON: Bannion hasn't been able to mount any steady offense thus far, Monroe's had an answer for pretty much anything Bannion throws at him.

Alex climbs up to the top rope and flies off for the double foot stomp to the skull, but Bannion is able to roll out of the way. Alex lands feet together and executes a forward roll as to not do any damage to his legs. He makes his way to his feet just as Bannion does who attempts to hit a boot to the face of Monroe. Monroe slides under Bannion and reaches his feet before reaching around the neck of Bannion and dropping down with an inverted DDT. Monroe keeps the head locked and stands up, bringing Bannion back to his feet as well. Alex lifts Bannion up for a reverse suplex, but Bannion is able to somehow land on his feet behind Monroe and hit a German suplex into an O'Connor Roll for the pinning predicament.

1...

2...

Kickout!

MURPHY: Monroe looking impressive there picking up a man fifty

pound heavier than he, but Bannion was able to find a counter.

WASHINGTON: **I'll give Bannion some credit, he's looking pretty good right now, but he's still not able to get anything huge on Monroe.**

Monroe reaches his feet and is suddenly hit out of nowhere with a big boot from Bannion!

MURPHY: **Looks like you spoke too soon there, Ben.**

WASHINGTON: **That's true but I don't know how he did it.**

BANNION calls for the end as he lifts Monroe up on the top. Before he can set Monroe up for the DDT off the top, Monroe fights back with some elbows to the face. Monroe hops down from the turnbuckle and fires off more elbows before putting Bannion down and firing off some Kawada kicks. Bannion stumbles around and gets caught with the Tiger Suplex in the corner.

MURPHY: **Holy crap! That move is killer!**

WASHINGTON: **Bannion may just be out!**

Monroe marches to the opposing corner and yells out "It's over! I'm. Done. With. You!" Bannion stumbles to his feet as Monroe lowers his knee pad.

MURPHY: **He just took his knee pad off!**

WASHINGTON: **This is not good for Bannion!**

BANNION turns around. Monroe charges. Monroe leaps in the air...

GENU IN VULTUS CONNECTS!

MURPHY: **Bannion's knocked out!**

Monroe covers.

1...

2...

3!!!

"I Am Onslaught" plays again.

DUCKY: Here is your winner... "The Lethal Injection" Alex Monroe!

WASHINGTON: That Genu in Vultus was sick, Murph!

MURPHY: Tell me about it. Bannion could very easily have a concussion after that shot to the head. There's no doubt that Alex Monroe had a decisive victory here tonight over one of his biggest detractors.

WASHINGTON: I don't think there's doubt in anybody's mind that Alex Monroe deserves to be right here in RPW among the best the world has to offer.

Monroe celebrates his win as we go backstage.

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

Kirk Cobain is seen stretching backstage when Sirius Danger waltzes into the scene with two body guards flanking him. Kirk Cobain frowns at the sight of Danger, who wastes no time speaking.

DANGER: Look Kirk, tonight you get the biggest fight of your life. An Opportunity at RPW Gold, a match that you have all the tools for winning but a match you won't win.

COBAIN: What? Are you going to stop me?

DANGER: No Kirk, you are going to stop yourself. You try way too hard to be "good". You refuse to give in to your true nature as an agent of destruction. Tonight Kirk, you will disappoint everyone yet again. From your wisconsinsomethingsomething Internet fan to your lovely mother.

COBAIN: Don't you dare talk about my mom again!

DANGER: And when you find yourself with nothing, you will finally come to me, you will beg me to show you the light. To help you unleash your full potential, I'm a patient individual, I will wait for that moment. Good luck in your match anyway.

Danger and the bodyguards leave as Cobain is left fuming.

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

WASHINGTON: Those bodyguards looked strangely familiar.

MURPHY: I was thinking the exact same thing...wait...aren't those the guys who attacked Enigma on our go home episode of WNR.

WASHINGTON: The Fake Technicians?

MURPHY: Yes, those two.

WASHINGTON: You might be right, does that mean that Danger was behind the attack on Enigma and not Ronnie Reynolds as we originally thought?

MURPHY: We can't know for sure, I wouldn't put it past Danger. And he did come to an agreement with Taiga a few weeks back, maybe he's also working with other members of the 1%.

WASHINGTON: Speaking about Enigma, he is fine. He was checked up on the local hospital and no signs of a concussion were found, Enigma is cleared to compete here tonight though we are not sure if he's 100%.

MURPHY: If fact our next match here will be Enigma versus Ronnie Reynolds.

WASHINGTON: Since Enigma debuted here in RPW, he's had a beef with Reynolds. And, the thing is, we have no clue why.

MURPHY: Enigma began interrupting Reynolds' matches, promos, and airing cryptic videos before his wrestling debut here. And then, when he physically arrived, the two have been going at it. Reynolds recently hired a private investigator to find some dirt on his opponent here tonight, including his secret identity.

Reynolds says something, but his mic seems to have suddenly turned off. He taps on the faulty piece of equipment, but it makes no sound. Reynolds seems to be very angry, and he throws the microphone outside the ring. Suddenly, a pyro comet launches towards the entrance zone, and as it blasts, all the lights in the arena go off.. The arena is pitch dark, but filled with the cheers of the crowd. The sound of a siren fills the arena, as it gets lit by a blue haze.

MURPHY: Looks like the Enigma has arrived!

The top of the entrance ramp is covered with fog, with sparks flying upwards. 4 fire breathers come out, dressed fully in black, with black masks on. They walk around the entrance zone, and each of them takes one corner at the top of the entrance ramp. They stand there for a few seconds, when the arena lights go out again. The arena is drowned in the cheers of the crowd, and Enigma's voice fills the sound systems..

"Its time for the phenomenon of the Enigma !!"

Linkin Park - 'Wretches & Kings' hits.. and the 4 fire breathers blow the fire towards the entrance ramp, forming a fireball that resembled a rising phoenix. The spark waterfall starts around the entrance curtain, and Enigma walks out through it, as the crowd is at fever pitch for the in-ring return of the mystery man. He's wearing black jeans, and a black hoodie, with the words 'PHENOMENON OF THE ENIGMA' on the back. The left side of his face is painted with silver glow paint, with the outline of a dragon in black.

He looks around the crowd, and gets down on one knee.. He pumps his fist, punches the ground and jumps up, and pyro blasts around him. He takes the hood off, and walks down the ramp, hi5ing the fans on the sides.

He jumps onto the apron and stares down at Ronnie Reynolds, who returns the stare. He gets into the ring and runs the ropes a couple of times. He climbs up on the corner, and does his signature crossed-guns pose, and the crowd cheers him on. He gets on the opposite corner and takes his hoodie off and tosses it to the crowd. He's wearing a silver sleeveless shirt, with his left arm painted with a fluorescent dragon and his usual right arm tattoo sleeve. He walks around the ring and loosens up, and sits on a corner turnbuckle waiting for his opponent to get in.

Jackson Gerritt, standing by the announcer's table, asks for a microphone, and Benjamin Washington gives him a headset. Gerritt doesn't put it on, but he speaks into the mouthpiece before giving it back to Washington and walking over to advise his client.

GERRITT: When Mr. Reynolds wins this match, we're going to reveal for

the whole world to see who this 'Enigma' really is. And, trust me- everyone is gonna like this one!

The match gets underway and since these two have been at each other throats for months, it is expected that this becomes a heated bout. The two competitor do not dissappoint as Enigma steps in with a roundhouse to the head, Enigma's leg swings and misses as Reynolds expertly leans back to avoid the blow, the 1%'er retaliates with a hard low kick to the thigh of Enigma that finds it's mark.

WASHINGTON: **What a leg kick, look at Enigma limping away from that.**

Ronnie Reynolds seems to have found a weakness on Enigma's game and he looks ready to exploit it as he charges forward with another low kick. This time Enigma is able to take a step bak, avoid the move, and immediately turn and connect with a nice turning sidekick to the midsection of Ronnie Reynolds, who is left doubled over. Enigma immediately lands a huge soccer kick to the chest that sends Reynolds tumbling backwards and stopped only by the corner turnbuckles.

MURPHY: **Taking away Enigma's speed is a good tactic, but Reynolds cannot be that obvious about it.**

Enigma charges the corner and jumps at Reynolds, Enigma lands on Reynolds' hips, probably looking for a monkey flip, but it is Reynolds who manages to shove his opponent out of the corner and Enigma is left rolling backwards trying to regain his vertical base. Reynolds comes blitzing out of the corner with a thunderous flurry of strikes. Right hand, left hand, right hand all dodged or parried by Enigma who's showing off his incredible reflexes.

WASHINGTON: **Watch out Reynolds with the clothesline, WOW!!**

Reynolds fired a stiff clothesline but Enigma bridged back pulling off an incredible Matrix escape move, Enigma ends up in a full handstand and as Reynolds turns around, Enigma shifts all of his weight to one arm and clocks the 1%'er in the face with a huge handstand roundhouse kick.

MURPHY: **You gotta be kidding me.**

Enigma reincorporates and hits the ropes for momentum as Reynolds is left on one knee, the Mysterious one dives in with a Shining wizard, it misses though, Reynolds managed to drop flat to his back just in time to avoid the strike, both men continue working at a breakneck pace as Enigma goes to hit the ropes again and Reynolds jumps back into his feet, both men again meet in the middle of the ring and it's now Reynolds with the advantage hitting a huge japanese arm drag.

With Enigma rolling in the mat trying to work his way back up, Ronnie Reynolds starts building up speed and runs into the ropes, he rebounds with mean intentions and a running big boot that hits nothing but air as Enigma baseball slides under his legs. Reynolds hits the breaks and tries to regains

his balance but a front dropkick to the butt sends the Ravishing One into the ropes.

WASHINGTON: **Reynolds holds on to the ropes, he's trying to catch his breath.**

MURPHY: **He can't take his eyes of Enigma though.**

Enigma rushes in towards Reynolds but gets caught with a back body drop, Enigma manages to grasp the top rope as he's sent flying outside of the ring, he holds on to it and manages to land on the apron without Reynolds realizing it. Reynolds throws his arms to the side and poses for the crowd which replies with boos, Reynolds then turns around and meets a huge boot to the face in form of a roundhouse kick.

WASHINGTON: **What a kick, and look! Enigma is going to fly!**

MURPHY: **Enigma springboards and wow...**

Ronnie Reynolds snaps off his grogginess just in time to leap up and catch Enigma mid air with a dropkick. The crowd boos Reynolds as Enigma holds on to his stomach with both hands. His face-paint mask is not thick enough to hide the pain on his face as he rolls back into his knees, trying to regain a normal breathing pattern.

WASHINGTON: **Look at that devious smile on Reynolds face, he's gonna take full advantage.**

MURPHY: **Ouch! What a roundhouse kick to the chest.**

"Ravishing" coils back and prepares for another kick much to the dismay of a booing London crowd that has taken quite a liking to this Enigmatic fellow. Ronnie once again swings and connects with a huge roundhouse kick to the chest of a kneeling Enigma.

WASHINGTON: **Two hard kicks to the chest of Enigma, and this third one could prove to be the end for the little guy if we are to believe Reynolds' gesticulations.**

Ronnie Reynolds finally fires a third kick, this time higher, aimed to the head. Enigma ducks under it and counters with a spinning leg sweep that looks more like a breakdancing move, the momentum of his pirouette takes Enigma up to his feet as the crowd cheers for him. A surprised Reynolds got completely tripped by the move and finds himself with his back against the mat where he becomes the victim of a swift standing Shooting Star Press, the ref goes to count a pin.

...1

...2

...KICKOUT!!!

While the match didn't end, the move did get a rise of this English crowd. Enigma quickly kicks Reynolds before he can scramble to his feet, Enigma attacks aggressively and finally picks his opponent up in a front face lock. Enigma transitions quickly and goes for an Irish whip against the corner, the move gets reversed though and it is The Enigma who's sent back first against the buckles.

MURPHY: **Reynolds might have been caught by surprise earlier but he's still has a lot on the tank.**

With his opponent on the buckles, Reynolds goes to take full advantage of the predicament with a charge, instead he gets a double knee lift to the face for his trouble. Not being one to quit easily, Ronnie Reynolds rushes again, this time falling victim to a drop toe hold. "Ravishing" Ronnie Reynolds goes face first into the bottom buckle.

WASHINGTON: **The Ravishing one was left munching on the protector pad, Reynolds having a hard time dealing with Enigma's speed.**

Reynolds is set up in a precarious position, and Enigma is not one to let a precious opportunity like this slide. Enigma starts rushing and runs full speed against the same corner that Ronnie Reynolds is now sitting against. Enigma jumps high as he holds himself on the two top ropes that emerge out of the corner turnbuckle, almost in a full handstand position. Enigma lets himself fall and uses the momentum to deliver a huge front dropkick to the chest off Reynolds.

MURPHY: **Whoa, what a kick to the chest. Enigma is on fire.**

Enigma doesn't waste a motion and immediately rolls backwards and up to his feet. Feeling in complete control of the match, Enigma even finds the spare seconds to move to the middle of the

ring and throw his signature hand gesture. Meanwhile an overwhelmed Ronnie Reynolds is trying to recover in the corner as he struggles to come up with a gameplan to solve this enigma. Reynolds finally gets to his feet but he gets no room to operate, instead he gets an irish whip which he somehow manages to reverse. Ronnie Reynolds musters the strength to fight through and rushes behind Enigma who's running against a corner.

WASHINGTON: **Don't count Reynolds out just yet**

MURPHY: **But watch out for Enigma, he jumps in the turnbuckles, jumps back, twists himself, rolling senton!**

Once again Ronnie Reynolds finds himself on the mat, this time due to Enigma's corkscrew rolling senton. The frustration on Ronnie is sky high as the Ravishing one has been practically unable to mount any meaningful offense. Despite all of his flaws Reynolds is not one to quit when things get hard, but still, he has to dig deep into his heart to find the will to continue. Ronnie Reynolds finally gets up, coincidentally its just in time to meet Enigma again, the mysterious superstar had ran into the ropes for momentum and now he launches himself to land his signature corkscrew elbow.

MURPHY: **Enigma has had enough of Reynolds, Ronnie has been messing with Enigma for too long and it's time for a little payback.**

The crowd is clearly in favor of the mysterious high flyer, and things are getting loud here on London. Enigma picks up his opponent and holds him in half a headlock while using his free arm to throw a hand sign, the crowd reacts strongly and even more so after Enigma delivers a huge corkscrew neckbreaker. The enigmatic lightweight immediately springs to his feet and finds a corner very close nearby, without thinking it twice Enigma hops into the corner and delivers a beautifully executed split legged corkscrew moonsault. The move connects right on its mark and since Reynolds' shoulders are down we have a pinning predicament.

...1

...2

...3???

NO! KICKOUT AT THE LAST SECOND!

WASHINGTON: **So close!!!**

Enigma just can't believe that Reynolds has kicked out yet again, the crowd can't believe it either but this match continues and Reynolds rolls into a belly down position from where he struggles to get back up to his knees. Enigma had distracted himself between the crowd and the referee, but he now gets back into the action and floats down to stop Reynolds' rise with a front face lock. Enigma uses the hold to drag Reynolds back to his feet in a controlled manner, from there he chains it into a vertical suplex.

MURPHY: **Reynolds goes up and over, he lands on his feet!**

WASHINGTON: **He's looking for that full nelson!!! This could be big.**

Reynolds fights hard to lock in that full nelson that would set up for Ronnie's favorite move, a move that has earned him most of his victories both inside and outside of RPW. But Reynolds is unable to lock that full nelson completely as Enigma drops to the mat and throws his legs up, wrapping them around Reynolds waist trying to bring him down with a victory roll variation.

MURPHY: **Enigma going for a sneaky rolls up of sorts, Reynolds doesn't go down though and is defending it well.**

WASHINGTON: **Reynolds gets a rear waistlock and picks up Enigma all the way up into the wheelbarrow position!!**

Pulling a man like that is no easy task, even if Enigma doesn't pack much weight it is one hell of an effort for someone as tired and beaten down as Reynolds is now, Reynolds continues to pull Enigma up until their bodies are almost parallel with one another, he uses his left hand to unwrap Enigma's

left leg and pushes him forward so he can deliver a huge atomic drop. The Ravishing one follows it up with a huge leg kick to the back of the knees that acts as a leg sweep, Enigma goes down and the crowd boos as Reynolds tends to his hair.

MURPHY: **This is Reynolds big break on thsi match and he's more worried about keeping his hair straight.**

WASHINGTON: **Just like his tag team partner Taiga, he should rather straighten up his priorities.**

It's not long after the sweeping kick that Reynolds starts putting some boots to ribs. The stomps repeatedly connect with Enigma and the referee warns Reynolds, the 1%er's reply is simply to drop an elbow to the chest of Enigma. Reynolds is in perfect position to attempt a lateral press pin but instead he takes mount position and starts to unleash right hands to the painted face of Enigma, the referee has no choice but to intervene and count:

...1!

...2!!

...3!!!

...4!!!!

...

MURPHY: **Reynolds stopping just in time, he really wants to beat Enigma cleanly tonight.**

Reynolds stops his barrage and secures a knuckle lock, he uses it to make sure that Enigma's shoulders are flattened up, Reynolds puts all of his weight on Enigma for this pinning predicament.

...1!

...2!

...Enigma bridges up.

Ronnie Reynolds seems rather surprised that Reynolds was able to bridge, still he doesn't lose his focus, he knows that he needs to break the bridge so he pulls his legs up in the air, the greco roman knuckle lock is still in place and Reynolds is almost doing a full handstand on top of a bridging Enigma, Reynolds starts bring his legs down with hard power to break the bridge, but Enigma gets ahead of the game and drops the bridge once again falling flat on his back, Enigma throws his legs up and places them on Reynolds' quads, this blocks any incoming attack and forces Reynolds to land on his feet, with the knuckle lock still in place this drives Enigma off the mat and all the way up into perfect position to execute a monkey flip, instead Enigma jumps up and delivers a huge frankensteiner.

WASHINGTON: **This kid is unbelievable, what a treat to watch him perform.**

The crowd is going wild and for good reason, Reynolds is really disoriented and doesn't seem to know what's going on as he holds his head and tries to regain his footing, Enigma is behind him just waiting for the right moment. The crowd is expectant as they see something big coming, finally Reynolds gets up on his feet and Enigma hooks him up for a back suplex but as the mysterious superstar is lifting his opponent up, he takes a few steps into the corner and sits him up in top turnbuckle instead.

MURPHY: **Enigma looking for something mean here, he's setting up the tree of woe.**

With Reynolds hanging upside down from the corner, Enigma goes to set himself in the opposite corner. He starts running against his opponent at full speed and jumps forward in a huge cannon ball senton that finds its mark. Enigma immediately props up to receive the adoration of the crowd.

WASHINGTON: **Reynolds needs to escape this predicament soon, otherwise he's doomed.**

Reynolds is fighting to get his feet out of the ropes that are trapping him, but it's not an easy task. Enigma gives him a hand as he releases him from his prison and makes sure he's once again sitting on the top turnbuckle, facing the outside of the ring. Enigma shoots in a high kick to the back of the seated Reynolds and once again pulls him back, this time hooking him in an inverted facelock while he's still hangs from the top rope.

MURPHY: **Look at Enigma keeping the facelock with one arm and throwing his hand gesture with the other.**

Enigma swings around and drops to a sitting position to deliver a huge neckbreaker to Ronnie Reynolds. The crowd goes crazy for this elevated reverse of fate variation and Enigma looks to end this once and for all as he drags the fallen Reynolds and lines him up with the corner.

WASHINGTON: **I think I know what's next and it is no good for Reynolds.**

MURPHY: **I think the crowd knows it too, look at them, everyone is on their feet, they don't want to miss this.**

Already having made his way to the top rope, Enigma has his back to the ring. He throws his signature crossed guns hand gesture one last time before yelling.

"GET READY"

Enigma then leaps in the air and starts rotating beautifully, Enigma rotates and rotates and rotates and lands with a huge double rotation moonsault worthy of all the flashes it got from the cameras of this London audience, the referee counts and the crowd counts along.

"ONE"

"TWO"

"THREE"

MURPHY: Enigma has done it again.

WASHINGTON: I am speechless.

MURPHY: Reynolds fails to make this 2-0 for the 1%, remember that Taiga won the opening match of the night, our opening invitational battle royal.

WASHINGTON: It will be Jafaar al-Sultan's task to keep the 1% over .500 when he goes one on one against El Omega 23.

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

Brandy Swinson is backstage with RPW Heavyweight Champion Douglas Gallagher, you can hear the fierce cheers of the English crowd. Gallagher is sporting the jersey of England's National Football Team, he's also carrying a million dollar smile.

SWINSON: I am backstage with the RPW Heavyweight Champion Douglas Gallagher. How does it feel to be defending this title in your home country?

GALLAGHER: Words can not describe this Brandy, this is exactly why I came into this business, I'm living my dream right now.

Leonard Knox bursts into the scene, he looks a bit distraught.

KNOX: Sorry to cut you off mate, g'luck on your title defense and all but Me and Brandy need to talk.

Gallagher's expression turns into one of worry as Knox is not being his usual animated self, he really looks to be down on himself.

GALLAGHER: No problem Len, Do what you 'ave to do Mate.

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

MURPHY: I wonder what happened to Knox, I'm a bit worried.

WASHINGTON: Me too, but we have to point out that Gallagher was nothing but a class act.

MURPHY: Well, Knox and Gallagher get along pretty well, they are both from Northern England and they have tagged together in occasion.

WASHINGTON: Well, we will try to look for an update on Leonard Knox's status but for now we need to continue with this show, we have reached our first title bout of the evening as MNG defends his title against Kirk Cobain, lets go to Ducky for the introductions.

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

DUCKY: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is a singles match with a 30 minute time limit in the No Limits Division and it is for the RPW No Limits Championship.

[The capacity crowd cheer wildly!]

[Cowardice - Defeater](#)

[The arena lights cut out and Kirk Cobain's Revivaltron image starts to display before dissolving into static.]

MURPHY: Well the crowd doesn't know what to make of this, and neither do I. We've got spotlights out searching the crowd for Kirk Cobain who makes a habit of coming through the RPW faithful before every championship opportunity.

[The crowd response is split, but for every Kirk Cobain cheer, there's more than one boo. Almost thirty seconds pass before a spotlight fixes at the top of the ramp as a wild-looking Kirk Cobain staggers out.]

WASHINGTON: Is Cobain even fit for this match? He's looking like a textbook basket case here, tugging at his hair, patting his face...Murph; I don't like what I'm seeing here. This isn't the same Kirk Cobain who fought Sirius Danger back at our last Pay-per-view.

DUCKY: Introducing first, all the way from Seattle, Washington. He stands six feet tall. He weighs 200 pounds. He is one of RPW's Original Draft. He is the Generation X-Factor. KIRK....COOOOBBBBAAAAAIIIIINNNN!!!

[Staggering down to the ring, Kirk leaps onto the apron then vaults over the top rope, staring all around with wild eyes. Despite seeming to ignore the referee, Cobain makes his way to a corner to wait for the bell.]

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

[Mr. Nice Guy comes out of the entrance curtain bouncing to his music looking a picture of confidence. He jumps twice at the top of the ramp and starts his walk to the ring which is met by a mixed reaction by the fans but there are a lot more cheers than boos for the young Brit. He is holding the Union Jack flag aloft and waving it so that it flutters gently. The eyes of the hometown boy are wondering every which way, trying to take in this special moment.]

DUCKY: **From London, England, he stands six feet tall, weighing in at 224 pounds 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.]

WASHINGTON: **The fans here seem to be split between these two but the fact Mr. Nice Guy is a hometown boy probably just edges the support in his favour.**

MURPHY: **I agree Ben. At our last PPV which was Call to Arms, MNG defended his title against three competitors in a four-way ladder match, but this bout tonight is against a completely different animal in Kirk Cobain. These guys certainly have some beef.**

[MNG hands the flag to a lucky fan down the aisle. 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.]

MURPHY: **We have grown accustomed to Mr. Nice Guy leaping over the tope rope when he makes his way to the ring but tonight that jump was higher than ever before. Almost as if he was trying to outdo Kirk Cobain.**

WASHINGTON: **Its adrenaline Murph, defending the title at home has to get the heart racing and the blood pumping.**

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.

so MNG tries again but Cobain blocks once more and instead it is Kirk who hoists the young Brit up into a Suplex but he drops him so that MNG lands crotch first on the barricade and he yells in pain. Cobain then delivers a clothesline which sends Mr. Nice Guy flying over the barricade and nearly into the laps of people sitting in the front row. Cobain goes over the barricade too and starts pummeling the No Limits champion.

WASHINGTON: **They're taking it right into the crowd!**

MURPHY: **Again folks, no disqualifications and no count outs.**

Mr. Nice Guy attempts to clear his head by moving away from Kirk, this means travelling deeper into the throng. The Seattleite is in hot pursuit of the Londoner. A couple of different camera angles are used in an attempt to follow the action. A wide shot of the stands shows a mass of humanity and two guys brawling right in the middle.

MURPHY: **The cameras are struggling to keep up with this.**

Referee, Carlos Perez is close to the action as security ensures fervent fans are safe and don't get too near. MNG lifts Cobain up and slams him down on the concrete.

MURPHY: **Oh my gosh.**

Now it is Mr. Nice Guy who drags the grunge lover back through a host of bodies. He rams Kirk head first into the barricade and then throws him back over before climbing back.

WASHINGTON: **They are back after taking a detour through the RPW faithful.**

MNG lines up an Irish whip but it is reversed at the last second and the champion goes crashing hard into the steel steps.

WASHINGTON: **Now that one has to hurt.**

MURPHY: **It just shows the desire both of these young men have to win this match.**

Mr. Nice Guy struggles to his feet but he is unaware that Kirk Cobain is stood up on the apron ready to launch an attack. He turns around but it is too late to react.

WASHINGTON: **Double axe handle from Cobain.**

MURPHY: **I don't know who is going to win this match but the toll that has already been taken on both bodies is too much for any one individual to come out a winner. Somebody will come out of this**

having lost but I can tell you that nobody is going to feel a winner because of the damage sustained.

WASHINGTON: **They are paying a high price to be the RPW No Limits Champion.**

Kirk Cobain rolls MNG into the ring and then clambers in after. He picks him up and sends the Londoner into the ropes with an Irish whip, he returns and manages to duck underneath the clothesline.

MURPHY: **What a Neckbreaker by MNG.**

WASHINGTON: **But wasn't that clever from Kirk Cobain, he rolled out of the ring so that it wouldn't end in a pinning predicament.**

Mr. Nice Guy is recovering slowly inside the ring; meanwhile Kirk Cobain has lifted part of the ring apron up.

WASHINGTON: **I wonder what he is looking for down there.**

The Briton sees an opening as Kirk is not looking. He bounces off the ropes and hits a suicide dive to the outside, but he is met by a swinging steel chair as Kirk found the weapon just in time. MNG crumples to the floor holding his head.

MURPHY: **Oh my, what a sickening thud!**

WASHINGTON: **That is going to scramble the brain. Well we now know what Cobain was after.**

Kirk crawls to the timekeeper and picks up the bell but he soon drops it as he likes the look of the announce table better.

MURPHY: **I don't like the look on his face. He has bad intentions.**

Kirk heads over to MNG but he is met with a hard dose of steel as the champion rams the chair into the gut of the challenger which exposes his back.

WASHINGTON: **Another hard shot from Mr. Nice Guy. These guys have gone at it from the very first bell.**

Mr. Nice Guy drags Cobain over to the table, still clutching his head. They both climb up on top. Murphy and Washington move aside. The raucous crowd are at fever pitch.

WASHINGTON: This can only end badly.

MURPHY: No, don't do it.

MNG positions himself for his front flip piledriver finishing move on the table.

WASHINGTON: Mr. Nice Guy is going to put Kirk through our announce table with the Badman Destroyer. This will be the end of the night for Cobain.

He sets up for it but out of nowhere Kirk Cobain delivers a huge back body drop which sends MNG down to the floor below. He writhes around in agony with an arm across his back as Cobain falls to his knee.

MURPHY: An unbelievable counter from Kirk Cobain!

WASHINGTON: That was a long fall down to the concrete. His back will be aching for a while after that.

Cobain grabs MNG and hits his head against the ring apron before rolling him into the ring. Kirk gets in and starts stomping the back of the Londoner. He then changes to forearms aimed at the lower back.

MURPHY: Kirk working away at the back of MNG.

WASHINGTON: It's a wise move from Cobain. He has hurt the champion so now he intends to capitalise.

Kirk completes a snap Suplex and goes for the cover.

1!

2!

KICKOUT!

The grunge lover exits the ring and throws in the steel steps. He re-enters and holds the steps above his head to smash the champion but MNG thinks fast.

MURPHY: **Nice drop toe hold.**

WASHINGTON: **Ouch, Cobain went face first into those steps.**

Mr. Nice Guy sets Kirk up and hits a Russian leg sweep and then goes for a pin.

1!

2!

KICKOUT!

MNG clears the ring by dropping the steps outside.

WASHINGTON: **We knew this match would be physical but this has gone way beyond what I had expected.**

The young Brit drags Cobain up by his hair and kicks him in the ribs he goes for another but Kirk caught the leg of MNG who looks worried. He is backing up and then he lands an Enzuigiri which drops the grunge lover to the canvas.

MURPHY: **Mr. Nice Guy should have gone for the pin but instead he has gone outside to bring a chair in.**

He exits once again and after searching under the ring brings in a kendo stick. During the time MNG spent away from the ring, Kirk was able to shake the cobwebs away.

MURPHY: **Cobain was able to duck from that kendo stick swing and instead he hit a backbreaker on his opponent.**

Kirk whips MNG into the corner and follows it up with a huge clothesline. He then moves straight into a bulldog. Cobain heads out to the apron and begins slowly climbing up to the top turnbuckle.

WASHINGTON: **Kirk Cobain has plans for something high risk.**

Before he can balance himself Kirk lands painfully on the top turnbuckle after MNG pushed the ropes. He begins climbing up and positions Cobain carefully up high.

MURPHY: **A Superplex of the top. What a move!**

Both guys are down on the mat motionless as the ref checks on them. Their stomachs are rising rapidly as they gasp for air. Some time passes before they try to make their way up on their feet. They both collide in the middle of the ring.

WASHINGTON: **Double Clothesline.**

Kirk Cobain manages to drape an arm over the chest of Mr. Nice Guy to initiate a pin.

1!

2!

KICKOUT!

WASHINGTON:

That was a close call.

Both men are back up but groggy and on unsteady legs. MNG hits a picture perfect dropkick which sends Cobain to the outside. He gets back up on the apron quickly and delivers a couple of shoulder thrusts to MNG who tried to follow him out. Cobain then flips over the top rope into a sunset flip. Mr. Nice Guy is fighting to keep his balance and not fall backwards where a pinning predicament from Kirk is waiting for him. He reaches out for the ropes to stay upright but can't.

1!

2!

KICKOUT!

Kirk charges MNG but he manages to go behind and hit a German Suplex on the Emerald City native with a bridge.

1!

2!

KICKOUT!

WASHINGTON:
their dictionary.

Both of these young men just don't have the word quit in

The Londoner whips the grunge lover into the ropes but it is reversed and it leads to Cobain hitting a

spinebuster on the champion.

MURPHY: **Cobain raining fists down on MNG now with piston like hands.**

Kirk Cobain is now in full on stalk mode.

MURPHY: **Double arm DDT connects.**

WASHINGTON: **This could be all Murph, all he needs to do is pin him and Kirk Cobain is the new champion.**

But Kirk doesn't choose to pin MNG, he picks up the kendo stick instead and begins attacking the champion who does his best to cover up.

MURPHY: **He just unleashed a series of vicious strikes to Mr. Nice Guy.**

Cobain discards of the kendo stick and moves onto the steel chair. Kirk gets a prone MNG and traps his head against the folding steel chair; he goes up to the second rope to deliver a move that would crush the throat of Mr. Nice Guy.

MURPHY: **Oh my, what on Earth is he thinking.**

WASHINGTON: **I have no clue but that will do severe damage.**

Referee, Carlos Perez does his best to talk Cobain out of it but it seems his mind is made up. He intends to jump. Boos are heard from the crowd as Cobain looks out to the stands.

MURPHY: **DON'T DO IT KIRK, DON'T DO IT!!!**

...

...

...HE JUMPS!

But luckily Kirk Cobain had second thoughts and a late change of heart which sees him landing on the canvas and not on the chair.

WASHINGTON: **For a second there I thought he was going ahead with that devastating jump and so did this audience.**

Cobain removes the chair carefully from the neck of MNG and looks at it with disgust before throwing it to the canvas with aggression. He settles for his submission finisher, the Figure Four leg lock.

MURPHY: **The Figure Four will almost certainly finish it.**

Suddenly, in the process of applying his finisher, Kirk Cobain is rolled up by Mr. Nice Guy. The ref gets down for the count.

1!

2!

3!

MURPHY: He has done it! Mr. Nice Guy has done it! MNG has won the match!

WASHINGTON: Kirk Cobain put up one hell of a fight but MNG is victorious in a gruelling contest.

The camera pans around ringside revealing the extent of the chaos and carnage.

WASHINGTON: He retained his title just like he said he would. What a match between these two youngsters. What a match!

The referee hands Mr. Nice Guy the No Limits title and raises his hand to cheers from the London crowd 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!!!

Drenched in sweat, he heads up to the top turnbuckle and raises the title high above his head.

MURPHY: The title reign continues for MNG. What a moment for this young man, who is born and bred in London.

WASHINGTON: A wonderful wrestling return to his hometown. This guy had a tough childhood being made homeless in this city so you can see just how much this means to him. The self-proclaimed brightest young star and hottest commodity in this business went a long way to prove what he says is in fact true.

MURPHY: But you can't take anything away from Kirk Cobain who gave it his all. Both guys showed they have no limits. These great fans are showing their appreciation to both of these combatants, these warriors. They didn't give each other an inch, no quarter asked or given. They went at it, hammer and tongs.

WASHINGTON: Well what a great night we have had so far and there is more to come.

MURPHY: We would like to thank all of our fans joining us around the world on PPV and you're right Ben we still have much to look forward to.

++++++BACKSTAGE: L.A.W.C's LOCKERROOM++++++

Espirito do animal, Gustavo Gusmao, Malcolm Valenzuela, Diego San Martin and El Omega 23 are backstage in a huddle, Diego San Martin appears to be instructing everyone both in spanish and portuguese. Finally all men put their hands to the center and raise it to the air as they yell.

“Latinoamerica”

El Omega and Diego San Martin start marching out of the locker room while The Amazonian Invasion and Malcolm are left behind. The Camera centers on “The Escape Artist” Malcolm Valenzuela.

VALENZUELA: **Did we really need instructions on how to stay in the lockerroom and watch the match?**

The camera turns around to the Brazilians, Gusmao is making gorilla sounds and pounding his fists against his chest, while Espirito do Animal is hanging upside down from a steel bar with his arms spread wide to the sides and his legs holding all of his weight.

VALENZUELA: **Ok, maybe we did.**

++++PRISON CELL MATCH: EL OMEGA 23 VS JAFAR AL-SULTAN++++

DUCKY: **The following prison cell cage match is set for one fall, a thirty-minute time limit, and will determine the new Number One Contender for the Revival Pro Wrestling Heavyweight Championship!**

The lights in the arena fade and the audience gets pumped up as the words ‘RESISTANCE IS FUTILE’ appears on the Revivaltron and Nightwish’s [“End of all Hope”](#) starts playing.

DUCKY: **From somewhere in South America, weighing in at 110 kilograms, El Omega 23!**

The South American walks through curtains and heads down the entrance ramp, followed by his manager, Diego San Martin. El Omega is wearing his normal wrestling attire- black shorts, black boots, and a black basketball jersey with his name on the front. His gray luchador mask makes it difficult to see what emotions are running through his head, but by his actions, he seems pumped up. Halfway down the ramp, Omega lifts his arms in the air, and lifts his finger, signaling that he is ‘number one’. Diego San Martin, following his client, is chattering roughly the same sentiments, but in Portuguese. He walks up the steps to the ring apron and steps between the ropes. He jogs in place, loosening up, and then walks to one of the turnbuckles opposite the entrance ramp as he waits for his opponent.

DUCKY: **And his opponent...**

A.F.I.’s [“Head like a Hole”](#) starts playing as gold and white sprinkler pyros begin spraying from in front of the curtain. Jafaar al-Sultan, decked out in his white and gold robe, emerges from behind the

pyros. He poses in front of them for a few seconds, opening his arms wide, before strutting down the entrance ramp.

DUCKY: **From Riyadh Saudi Arabia, weighing in at 210 pounds, Jafaar al-Sultan!**

Dominic Golden, his manager, follows behind the leader of the One Percent. When al-Sultan reaches the ring, he opens his arms once more and Golden dutifully removes his robe. The billionaire gingerly runs up the ring steps and stands on the ring apron. He tests ring ropes by pulling them once or twice before jumping over them into the ring.

On separate sides of the ring, al-Sultan and Omega 23 stare at each other as the crowd goes silent. Slowly, the prison cell cage descends from the ceiling and traps the two competitors and the referee inside. Outside the ring, Dom Golden and Diego San Martin watch silently as the cage traps their two clients inside.

MURPHY: **As the prison cell closes, and officials make sure that it's in place, let's review the rivalry between al-Sultan and El Omega 23.**

WASHINGTON: **There really isn't much to review. al-Sultan is good. Omega is good. You have two top dogs like them, they come to blows. The fact that Dominic Golden and Diego San Martin have been using those two to advance their own back office careers, it makes the rivalry between these two wrestlers even stronger.**

MURPHY: **They've match up against each other a few times, both in singles competition and on tag teams, and the two always seem to be pretty even.**

WASHINGTON: **So true. Twenty-three obviously has the size and strength advantage. al-Sultan has the speed and agility advantage. They're so evenly matched, but in different ways. It's not like two elephants colliding, or two little Mexican luchadores. Their respective strengths offset their respective weaknesses, if that makes sense.**

DUCKY: **This match is for status as 'Number One Contender' for the RPW Heavyweight Championship title. Introducing first, El Omega 23!**

As a large portion of the audience cheers, El Omega 23 walks towards the center of the ring, acknowledges the fans, and then walks back into the corner he was standing in.

DUCKY: **And, Jafaar al-Sultan!**

The billionaire is greeted by a mixture of cheers and boos. He steps towards the center of the ring,

and with a smug look on his face, lifts both hands into the air signaling that he is number one. He then steps back into the corner he was standing in.

MURPHY: **The officials are ready, and the bell is about to ring to get this contest under way. Here we go!**

The referee signals for the bell to ring, and the distinct toll rings. Jafaar and El Omega 23 slowly close the distance between each other as they walk to the center of the ring, neither man making a move nor taking his eye off of the other. The tension is broken when al-Sultan makes a feign, which draws a grapple attempt from El Omega 23. As the South American powerhouse lunges forward, al-Sultan moves to the side and trips up his opponent, throwing Omega to the mat.

MURPHY: **al-Sultan with a feign, and a trip of his opponent. Didn't really do much damage to 23, but al-Sultan jumps on his back, now. A few jabs to the kidneys, and lower back. He jumps off before El Omega can retaliate, and the South American gets back to his feet now.**

Jafaar bounces off the ropes and runs towards his opponent, who sees him coming and goes for a clothesline attempt. The wily al-Sultan dives and slides underneath the clothesline, quickly gets back up, bounces off the ropes and jumps up, landing a dropkick on El Omega's lower back, which causes him to stagger forward. He braces himself on the ropes and the metal prison cell surrounding the ring.

WASHINGTON: **Looks like al-Sultan has a strategy. So far, he's been targeting his opponent's legs and lower back area, so he might be trying to limit El Omega's mobility and soften him up for the Camel Clutch.**

Diego San Martin, trapped outside, walks over to where El Omega is standing and calls him over. Keeping one eye on his opponent, the big South American kneels down and takes some whispered words from his manager, separated from one another between the prison cell.

MURPHY: **Well, neither San Martin nor Golden- or anyone else, for that matter- can physically interfere with the match, but they still can communicate with their clients.**

With their conference over, El Omega 23 stands back up and slowly moves towards al-Sultan, his arms up to grapple. Jafaar obliges and the two lock up. The South American wins the lock-up and grabs his opponent, throwing him into the ropes. When al-Sultan returns, El Omega meets him with a knee, which stops his momentum and doubles him over. Before he can get his wind back, the Saudi billionaire is thrown into a corner. El Omega follows closely behind and hits al-Sultan with a knee to the back when he hits the turnbuckle. El Omega grabs his head and starts banging it into the top turnbuckle. The crowd counts along.

1!

2!

3!

4!

5!

After the fifth shot, El Omega turns al-Sultan around, and Irish whips him into the opposite corner. He charges right behind, looking to deliver a mighty splash. When al-Sultan reaches the turnbuckle, he avoids the splash by grabbing the top rope and throwing himself up into the air and landing on his feet, slingshotting behind El Omega, who crashes into the turnbuckle himself. Before he can turn around, al-Sultan jumps up and delivers a knee to his opponent, once again in the lower lumbar area, and then drops down with a schoolboy pin.

1!

2!

Kickout!

MURPHY: al-Sultan tried to pull a fast one there, but El Omega 23 still has plenty of fight left in him.

Getting back up, al-Sultan grabs El Omega 23 by the mask and leads him over to the corner they were just in, and slams his head against the turnbuckle. He then Irish whips Omega into the opposite corner, but the South American finds his strength, puts down the anchor, and throws his billionaire opponent into the corner the two have been spending some time in. al-Sultan's shoulder hits the post, and his body bounces upside down, and then he falls on his back in the corner.

WASHINGTON: Jafaar on the floor, and Omega running over now with an Omegabomb! And it lands!

El Omega 23 ran over to the turnbuckle, jumped up, and pushed off the turnbuckle to land a splash on his opponent. Rolling back up to his feet, he stalks al-Sultan as the billionaire slowly gets back to his feet. When al-Sultan is up, the South American powerhouse grabs him and lifts him up with a fireman's carry.

MURPHY: **El Omega 23 setting up the Omega Cutter! If al-Sultan can't himself out of this situation, we might have an upset here, folks!**

al-Sultan realizes his dire situation and begins delivering elbow after elbow to El Omega 23's head, trying to escape from the South American's grasp. He slips out of the hold and lands on his feet behind Omega. Realizing this, the big man shoots a quick elbow at his opponent, but al-Sultan dodges back, grabs Omega's arm, and twists it behind his back. The South American moves to free his arm, but al-Sultan stays behind the big man to keep the arm lock in place.

MURPHY: **Ben, let me ask you something. As al-Sultan has the arm lock locked in, there, who has the advantage in this kind of match? So closed in, and no access to the outside?**

WASHINGTON: **Well, I really think it's a crapshoot. I think El Omega 23 might have the advantage, because the enclosed space prevents al-Sultan from breaking out some of his aerial moves. We've seen him to jumps and flips to opponents from the turnbuckle, or from the ring apron, to opponents who were outside the ring. In this match, he really can't do that. Stuck in a relatively small, confined space with Omega, he needs to wear the big man down, and hope he doesn't get hit too much. And, more or less, that's what he's been doing tonight so far.**

El Omega 23 muscles his way through the pain to push al-Sultan into the corner, all while the arm hold is still in place. Smashed into the turnbuckles with some force, RPW's resident billionaire is forced to let go of his opponent's arm. Now free, the South American powerhouse turns around and rams his shoulders into al-Sultan's abdomen, thrusting him against the turnbuckles. After five, the referee forces him to move back and give Jafaar some room.

WASHINGTON: **See, Omega is keeping al-Sultan grounded. If he can keep that up, he has a major advantage.**

El Omega 23 retreats a few steps towards the middle of the ring and goes running at his opponent, to deliver a body splash. At the last possible second, al-Sultan grabs the robes and pulls himself up, balling himself in the process. El Omega 23's splash goes awry, and he instead runs right into al-Sultan's knees. Momentarily stunned, the leader of the 1% sees his window of opportunity and pounces on it. He pulls himself up so that he is standing on the middle rope and jumps towards his opponent. He grabs El Omega's head in a facelock midair, spins when he is on El Omega, and drops

down to the ground to deliver a leaping tornado DDT.

MURPHY: **A beauty of a leaping DDT there.**

WASHINGTON: **See, that's what I was just saying. al-Sultan was able to get airborne, and Omega paid as a result.**

Jafaar hops back onto his feet, and seeing Omega on the ground, moves in for an attack. He stands over his prone opponent and crosses his legs, sticking his own leg between the two to keep them crossed and in place. Bending backwards over El Omega 23, Jafaar al-Sultan grabs the South American's head and applies a sleeper hold.

MURPHY: **al-Sultan with a Muta lock.**

WASHINGTON: **That's just not a Muta lock. al-Sultan also has Omega in a sleeper hold.**

MURPHY: **That'll make it even harder for El Omega 23 to get out of the submission hold. Not only will he have to fight through the sleeper hold, but then he'll also have to free himself from the Muta lock.**

The referee slides over and gets close into the South American's masked face, to ensure he remains able to compete and, if not, to signal for the bell. El Omega grunts and moans as al-Sultan applies pressure to his legs and neck, and to stave off the dazing effects of the sleeper hold. He clenches one hand in a fist and raises it up in the air, to show the official that he is still conscious and cognizant of his surroundings, and he starts waving the other to try to grab his opponent. He is able to grab al-Sultan's arms and slowly begins prying them off of his neck, restoring the blood flow to his head. Realizing this, Jafaar rethinks his strategy and lets go of the sleeper, and stands back up, his leg still interlocked with El Omega's. With his free leg, the leader of the One Percent stomps down a few times on his opponent's calf before walking off.

MURPHY: **al-Sultan doing more targeting of his opponent's legs. Still working off that same game plan.**

WASHINGTON: **Unless you have to change it, there's no point in calling an audible. So far, it's been working for him, so expect Jafaar to continue picking apart his larger foe.**

The Saudi billionaire paces around the ring for a few moments, walking off any residual aches and pains bother him, as El Omega 23 lies near the center of the ring holding the leg that al-Sultan stomped on. Good and ready, he walks over to the prone South American and grabs him by the mask, pulling him back up to his feet.

MURPHY: **al-Sultan grabs El Omega and twists his arm, gaining the advantage with a wristlock. With his free arm, he clubs Omega's captured arm. An elbow, now, to the same area, the tricep, the bicep, of that arm. And another hard elbow, there.**

As he is attacking El Omega 23's arm, he is slowly inching towards the turnbuckle, bringing his larger opponent with him. al-Sultan spins his body to reapply the wristlock, but when he completes the 360 turn, the South American brawler shoots his free arm out and grabs Jafaar by the throat. He shoves al-Sultan into the corner, buying himself some time, freeing some space between the two men, and escaping from the wristlock. He lunges forward with his big boot in the air, aiming at al-Sultan's head, but the Saudi businessman rolls to the side, underneath the boot and behind El Omega. When the big man turns around, he is met by al-Sultan's fist, which momentarily dazes him. Jafaar uses the moment to his advantage, grabbing Diego San Martin's client by the back of his mask and leading him over to the corner on the opposite side of the ring. Jafaar attempts to slam Omega's head into the turnbuckle, but the big man puts the breaks on by sticking his foot out on the middle turnbuckle. He then does what al-Sultan intended, and throws the oil magnate into the turnbuckle.

WASHINGTON: **Smooth move by Omega right there.**

As al-Sultan stumbles away, holding the top rope for support, the big man follows him. El Omega 23 grabs the Saudi billionaire and throws him across the ring into the ropes, charging in to clothesline him on the return. There is no return, however, as Jafaar grabs the ropes and jerks himself to a halt. El Omega shrugs slightly, and continues his clothesline charge at a now standing still al-Sultan, not very impressed that the billionaire stopped himself. The more dexterous leader of the One Percent ducks under the clothesline and finds himself standing behind the larger leader of the Latin American Wrecking Crew. El Omega turns around as al-Sultan throws himself at the big man. The South American brawler responds by ducking down and tossing al-Sultan up into the air behind him with a back body drop. Jafaar, hurling through the air, slams his back against the Prison Cell Cage, and then falls down, where he hits the ropes and flops off of them onto the mat canvas.

MURPHY: **al-Sultan up and over! Did you see that elevation? He must've been ten feet up in the air. Right into the steel Prison Cell Cage, and right back down to the ring!**

El Omega 23 wastes no time and doesn't want his opponent to recover at all, even though al-Sultan is laying on the ground on his back, arched in pain. He walks over to Jafaar and scoops him up, applying a bear hug to further aggravate the back of his opponent that he just flipped into the steel cage surrounding the ring. al-Sultan flails around in El Omega 23's tightening grip. The referee gets close, waiting to see if the billionaire will tap, but he simply gets waved away. The point is made moot when al-Sultan lines up a jab to Omega's nose that causes the big man to stumble a few steps and release the bear hug.

As Omega grips his face, al-Sultan staggers in a small circle around the ring, holding his lower back. A look of anger crosses his visage as he kicks his opponent in the gut, doubling him over slightly, and applying a front facelock. He tries to lift the big man up for a suplex, but the South American sticks a crooked leg out and blocks the maneuver. El Omega 23 suddenly falls to the ground, hooking one of his opponent's leg with his own and hooking the other with his arm.

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

1!

2!

Kickout!

The audience goes into a frenzy when Jafaar kicks out of the sudden pin. Both men sit up at roughly the same time, and get to their feet roughly the same time. They face each other and prepare to start the dance anew.

WASHINGTON: **Murphy, look. Look at Omega's mask.**

The camera focuses on the covered face of the big South American brawler. There is a reddish/brownish splotch on the front of his gray mask, roughly over his nose and mouth.

MURPHY: **Looks like blood.**

WASHINGTON: **Either his nose or lip. Must've been from when Jafaar jabbed him right in the face to escape the bear hug.**

The two men lock up near the middle of the ring, and although al-Sultan applies a standing side headlock, El Omega uses his strength to lift up his opponent, reversing the standing side headlock into an atomic drop. As al-Sultan staggers forward after having his tailbone slammed against Omega's knee, the South American presses his advantage by running up and shoving al-Sultan into the ropes in front of him. When the billionaire bounces backwards, Omega quickly grabs onto his opponent's waist, lifts him up, and falls backwards, using al-Sultan's own backwards momentum to add a little extra oomph to the German suplex. He bridges the maneuver into a pin.

1!

2!

Kickout!

MURPHY: **Omega again trying to put al-Sultan away, and again, he is unable to get the three count.**

Looks like Omega 23 is going to have to bring out the big guns to put Sultan away, the oil magnate crawls up to his feet but he's quickly ambushed and put in a pumphandle position. Omega takes full advantage of it and lands a nasty gutbuster followed by a short lariat.

WASHINGTON: **if this is where el Omega starts building up his momentum, it's going to be bad for Jafaar.**

MURPHY: **El Omega has many tools to finish his opponents, The Omega Cutter, the Bridging crossface chickenwing, the rolling Tiger Suplexes, the boot of the south and he can even do a shooting star press.**

WASHINGTON: **Last time he tried to do an SSP he almost killed himself, he also ended up in Sultan's camel clutch and only escaped a loss because the time limit expired.**

In the ring the action is still going as El Omega picked up his opponent and secured a double chicken ing, he's setting up for the tiger suplex. El Omega launches his opponent backwards but the very agile Sultan manages to backflip into a nice landing. El Omega tries to charge in with a short clothesline but Sultan manages to duck under it and runs towards the ropes, Sultan comes back and finds himself in the wrong end of an inverted atomic drop.

MURPHY: **Ouch.**

It is now Omega who runs into the ropes for momentum, he comes back at top speed and jumps into Sultan.

BOOT OF THE SOUTH CONNECTS!

1!

2!

3?

NO! It's a kickout.

Omega thought he had him, the crowd thought he had him, but Sultan was thinking of a title opportunity and he found in himself the strength and will to kickout.

WASHINGTON: **Amazing, and this match continues.**

El Omega knows that he has a fine moment to wrap up this match and this rivalry once and for all, he makes the cutthroat sign and starts stalking his opponent.

MURPHY: **This has to be the Omega cutter.**

Murphy is right, as soon as al-Sultan recovers his vertical base, he gets put on a torture rack. Omega handles Sultan's weight like it was nothing and his show of strength gathers the crowd into cheers as the strong south american stretches his hated opponent across his shoulders.

WASHINGTON: **El Omega 23 doesn't really waste much time on this position, usually transitioning into a cutter almost immediately, but it really looks like he wants to torture Sultan.**

You can see the pain on Sultan's face, it looks like it's coming from the bottom of his soul, Omega even marches down to the middle of the ring while stretching out his opponent. Once positioned, Omega pushes the back of Jafaar and leaves him in vertical position.

MURPHY: **Omega is going to become the number 1 contender for the**

heavyweight crown.

But before Omega can plant him down with a cutter, Sultan manages to sneak around the back and hook on a sleeper hold, a backpack sleeper hold. The crowd boos wildly as a very surprised Omega 23 gasps for air and flails his arms around helplessly.

WASHINGTON: **Unbelievable, how did Sultan pull off that?**

MURPHY: **I dislike that guy a lot, but he's one hell of a competitor.**

El Omega struggles with the hold and starts to fade down, you can see how his tall frame starts to slowly descend as his knees starts to buckle down.

WASHINGTON: **El Omega is about to be in big trouble, if he falls down to the mat his not only going have to deal with that sleeper, but he will fall right in place for Sultan's deadly Camel Clutch, which he has already tapped out to.**

MURPHY: **He did tap out to the camel clutch, but after the time limit on their previous match had expired.**

El Omega knows this very well, and he gathers the remainder of his energies to throw Sultan down over his shoulder, Sultan rolls to his feet and El Omega rushes him with a clothesline. The Agile Sultan ducks under it and fires with a kick to the midsection that is caught by the South American Wrecking Machine, Sultan replies with a precise enzuigiri that sends El Omega tumbling to the ropes. Sultan takes a deep breath before charging in, he jumps Omega but his deep breath was enough time for el Omega to turn around and receive the Oil Magnate with a back body drop, forcing Sultan back first into the steel bars of the Prison Cell.

MURPHY: **Who, that's a hard impact, and that could be a game changer.**

Sultan is left hanging gut first in the top rope, which is the perfect set-up for one of Omega's favorite moves, luckily for Sultan, the cage doesn't allow Omega the space to freely run on the apron to deliver his jumping knee strike. The South American looks for a plan B as his go-to move in this position is thwarted.

WASHINGTON: **Look at DSM going crazy on the outside. Don Diego surely wants Omega not to lose any more time thinking. I think I heard Millenium Suplex.**

23 closes in and pulls Sultan from the ropes, he does hook on a crossface chickenwing which is the setup for the millenium suplex, but before he can chain the moves together, Sultan swings one of his legs back on a vicious low blow.

MURPHY: **Come on, what a dirty move.**

The ref is powerless to do anything as there's no rules inside a prison cell. Omega is doubled over and Sultan gets some seconds to recompose himself. Finally he settles in and goes back into the offensive by jumping into the second rope and springboarding back, our best guess is that he was going for a double axe handle but he's cut off by a hard Omega 23 punch to the jaw, Jafaar manages to stay on his feet but another punch comes is way.

WASHINGTON: **Omega with a powerful punch. And another! And another! al-Sultan staggering back now, he looks out of it. Looking at the Revivaltron, there are only two minutes left in this match, Murph! Can you believe this!**

MURPHY: **These two have been through a grueling match, no doubt, and Omega's momentum in these final minutes might be all he needs. And boy, that low blow must have been a grazing blow, or maybe Omega has some balls of steel.**

The South American powerhouse continues his assault on his opponent. When the pair reaches the ropes, El Omega grabs the Saudi businessman and Irish whips him into the turnbuckle on the other side of the ring. al-Sultan hits the turnbuckle head on, and as he starts to stagger backwards from the impact, he is hit from behind.

MURPHY: **El Omega 23 with a huge South American Splash- From behind!**

El Omega keeps al-Sultan trapped in-between his body and the turnbuckle, grabs his head, and smashes it into the top turnbuckle as he did earlier in the match.

1!

2!

3!

4!

5!

When the referee comes over to break up the assault, 23 uses his brute strength to lift his stunned opponent up onto the top turnbuckle. Standing on the middle rope, he grabs al-Sultan's head.

WASHINGTON: **Uh oh! This doesn't look good for al-Sultan!**

El Omega 23, standing on the middle rope with his opponent on the top rope, is looking to start smashing Jafaar's head around- not on the turnbuckle this time, but on the steel bars of the cage surrounding the ring itself! He pulls al-Sultan's head back, but as he sends it into the cage, the billionaire shoots his hands out to brace his body. His muscles struggle to keep himself braced as El Omega struggles to finish what he started and smash al-Sultan's head.

MURPHY: **A battle of wills, here. I think that Omega definitely has the advantage- he's stronger than al-Sultan, and quite frankly, he has momentum on his side.**

WASHINGTON: **Yeah, but look- there's only a minute left on the Revivaltron!**

The two men struggle, but the South American's strength overpowers his more dexterous opponent. The crowd goes crazy when Omega smashes al-Sultan into the steel cage a bunch of times. Somewhere between bash two and bash four, a cut opens up on Jafaar's forehead, and his face becomes colored. Feeling al-Sultan go limp, the Latin American Wrecking Crew's big brawler hoists the smaller man up onto his shoulders into a torture rack. The crowd suddenly starts counting down from ten, as the Revivaltron is showing that there are literally only seconds left in the match.

WASHINGTON: **He's going for it! The Omega Cutter! THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM NOW!!**

He shifts his weight and...

MURPHY: **The Omega Cutter connects!**

al-Sultan falls back down to the mat, cuttered, as El Omega 23 falls back down as well, the one doing the cuttering.

He scrambles over to his prone opponent, and hooks his leg as the referee comes sliding over to count.

1!

2!

3?

3! 3! 3!

MURPHY: **He did it! He did it!**

Nightwish's "[End of all Hope](#)" starts playing as the bell rings, and El Omega 23 lifts an arm in victory as he becomes the Number One Contender. The camera pans over to Diego San Martin, who is jumping around in elation. It then pans over to Dominic Golden, who is engaging in a very animated conversation with Ducky Smith, the ring keeper, and one other RPW official sitting at ringside. When the camera flashes back to El Omega 23, he is standing on top of one of the turnbuckles, pumping both fists in the air in celebration.

MURPHY: **In a great match, one where all of the stops were pulled, El Omega 23 comes out victorious against Jafaar al-Sultan. Obviously, this is huge for Omega, but, how big of a blow is this for al-Sultan and the One Percent?**

WASHINGTON: **Not now, Murph. Hold on. It looks like there's a problem.**

As El Omega 23's music cuts off, the camera pans back to Dominic Golden and the group of RPW officials he was arguing with. Diego San Martin runs over, and gets involved in the argument.

WASHINGTON: **I caught a word of what they're talking about, and Golden is alleging that the match's time limit ended before Omega got the three count.**

MURPHY: **Well, it was a photo finish, but does he have a leg to stand on? Crew, can you play a replay of those last couple of seconds, with the timer showing?**

The camera shows a somewhat confused looking 23 standing in the ring watching the argument before it cuts to a replay. With the RPW timer on the bottom corner, the ending sequence is replayed. The referee is very close to finishing the three count as the timer runs down to zero- it was only a nanosecond, but the timer did indeed end before the referee got his hand down to the mat.

MURPHY: **Wow, it looks like Golden has a point. But, if the time limit ended, what are we going to do here?**

Sir Charles Strickland appears through the curtain and starts walking down the ramp towards the action, mouthing something into a walkie-talkie on his lips. He arrives at the impromptu powwow taking place outside the ring

WASHINGTON: **Well, Mr. Strickland will figure something out. In the meantime, let's look at those last two, three seconds or so from different angles. Maybe that will help.**

The camera shows the ending sequence from two or three different angles, and they all seem to show that the timer ended right before the three count. When the scene returns live, it zooms in on Mr. Strickland, who is holding a microphone.

STRICKLAND: **Ladies and gentlemen, I reviewed the tapes, and the match results are negated. The referee did not complete the three count before the thirty-minute time limit ended.**

There are a lot of boos in the audience. There are some cheers, but not too many. More than anything is a wave of agitation and confusion. Dom Golden can be seen clapping his hands, while Diego San Martin starts shouting furiously, and cursing in Spanish.

WASHINGTON: **What happens now?**

STRICKLAND: **We cannot leave the status as 'Number One Contender' vacant. As a result, I am restarting this match! First pinfall wins. Bell keeper, ring the bell.**

The crowd goes nuts when Sir Strickland reveals that the previous results have been wiped clean, and that the match is starting over. The bell rings, and the match begins anew.

MURPHY: **Absolutely incredible!**

WASHINGTON: Sure is. I can't see under his mask, but I bet El Omega 23 is furious.

MURPHY: You know what? I think he's letting his emotions get the best of him. He should of gone for the pin right there, but he's picking al-Sultan up.

WASHINGTON: al-Sultan had some time to rest after the Omega Cutter. I don't think that an immediate pin there would have put him away.

El Omega 23 lifts Jafaar al-Sultan to his feet and pulls him to the corner. Sans the head bashing, the South American plays out the false ending sequence from before. He lifts his opponent up, and stands up on the middle rope himself.

WASHINGTON: Looks like he's going for another Omega Cutter. If this one connects, al-Sultan is going to be toast.

As Omega lifts al-Sultan into the fireman's carry, it seems the leader of the One Percent has been playing possum. He reverses the transfer, falling off the top rope and pulling El Omega 23 with him. As the two fall, al-Sultan is the one doing the cutter delivering and Omega being the one on the receiving end.

MURPHY: al-Sultan reversed it into the Asp Strike. And he goes for the pin!

1!

2!

2.99!

WASHINGTON: HE KICKED OUT OF IT!

MURPHY: I have no idea how he did it, but he did. El Omega 23 kicked out of the Asp Strike. al-Sultan doesn't believe it, either!

al-Sultan, who has blood on his face from earlier, starts to weakly argue with the referee. The crowd drowns out whatever audio the microphones might have been able to pick up. al-Sultan gets back up to his feet, slowly, and shaking his head, he walks over to the turnbuckle and climbs up to the top rope.

MURPHY: What's he doing here? Looks like al-Sultan is going for a high risk maneuver.

WASHINGTON: Well, it is what he excels at, and now is the opportune time- 23 is down, and is going to take at least a few more moments to recover.

MURPHY: What's al-Sultan doing?

The billionaire didn't stop when he reached the top rope. Instead, as if he was a kindergartener at recess, he starts scaling up the side of the prison cell cage surrounding the ring. Up and up he goes, until he is hanging on the roof of the cage like monkey bars, a good twenty five feet in the air or so.

MURPHY: Has al-Sultan gone insane?

WASHINGTON: I don't know, but I don't like the look of all of this.

Back down in the ring, El Omega 23 has gotten to his feet. Not seeing the referee yelling at al-Sultan at first, the big South American starts looking around for his opponent. Though his luchador mask hides it, he is obviously confused, as al-Sultan is nowhere to be seen in the ring despite there being no exits. He sees the referee looking up and shouting and waving his hands, so he, too, looks up.

Jafaar al-Sultan drops twenty feet or so and hits El Omega with a seated senton.

MURPHY (simultaneously): Jesus!

WASHINGTON (simultaneously): Holy \$##**!

Both men seem to be out, knocked completely out cold. The referee isn't too sure what to do, looking down at each man, not sure whether to call for medical personnel to start counting out both men. The audience starts chanting

Ho-ly-Shit!

Ho-ly-Shit!

That-was-awesome <clap> <clap> <clap> <clap> <clap>

That-was-awesome <clap> <clap> <clap> <clap> <clap>

There is suddenly activity on the mat, as Jafaar al-Sultan feebly extends his arm out and places it over his prone opponent. The referee slides down for the count.

1!

2!

3?

3!!!

MURPHY: **There it is!**

The bell rings, and A.F.I.'s "[Head like a Hole](#)" starts playing.

MURPHY: **In an incredibly risky- and stupid- move, Jafaar al-Sultan beats El Omega 23 and becomes the Number One Contender for the RPW Heavyweight Championship.**

WASHINGTON: **He pulled out all of the stops, and it paid off. But, at what**

cost?

Washington's words seem haunting as the camera shows both men lying in the ring, and medical personnel rushing down the entrance ramp with two stretchers. The prison cell begins lifting up back into the ceiling, and the medical officials climb into the ring to check on both men.

MURPHY: **Well, in the meantime, let's go backstage...**

*****BACKSTAGE SEGMENT*****

The camera switches backstage to show John Brandenburg warming up for his title defense, a lot of boos from the crowd though you can still hear some cheers. That all changes when RPW Heavyweight Champion, Douglas "The Liverpool Sensation" Gallagher, enters the room wearing the England Football Team Jersey and carrying the RPW Belt across his shoulder, cheers can be heard all over.

GALLAGHER: **Hey Mate, 'ow's England treating ya?**

BRANDENBURG: **I guess they have liked me more in other places.**

GALLAGHER: **Oh for sure, we are a rowdy crowd. And we are very proud of our own.**

BRANDENBURG: **So I've noticed.**

GALLAGHER: **But that's what brings me here, the Empire 'as been desecrating our good nation's name for too long, and this Lykarn is a coward that hides under a mask, we don't even know who ee is, maybe Lykarn is not even British, I wouldn't put it past Ian Jones to scheme something like that.**

BRANDENBURG: **That's why I'm going to expose him tonight.**

GALLAGHER: **And that's exactly why I'm 'ere to show ye my support. You are a deserving champion John, I sincerely 'ope you prevail. We 'ave both worked our arses off to become RPW Champion's and I'd like to keep it that way, good luck mate.**

BRANDENBURG: **Thank you, and good luck with your match too.**

*****IRONMAN CHAMPIONSHIP: JOHN BRANDENBURG © VS HALFUS LYKARN*****
<The images of John Brandenburg and Halfus Lykarn flash on the big screen as the crowd roars, it's time for BRANDENBURG vs LYKARN - TITLE vs MASK! The camera centres on Murphy and Washington at the announcers table.>

MURPHY: Well folks, this one's been brewing since Lykarn's debut at A Call To Arms, lets take a look back and see how we got here.

----START VIDEO----

<A video package starts showing highlights of the Fatal Four Way Iron Man match from A Call To Arms, Lykarn hooks an inverted facelock onto Brandenburg, hits him with an inverted DDT and maintains the hold!

MURPHY: That's a submission hold right there in the middle of the ring.

WASHINGTON: And it was like an inverted Signature Brand of sorts...

<We go to a shot of the referee raising Brand's arm high in the air "...1,2,3!!!">

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

Cut to the next episode of WNR

BRANDENBURG: I'm laying down the gauntlet Lykarn! I want you one-on-one, in the ring, for YOUR RPW Iron Man Championship. And I want it...in a SUBMISSION MATCH!!!

Two weeks later

STRICKLAND: I've agreed to give Brandenburg a rematch, since Halfus Lykarn already submitted John Brandenburg I've decided to make it a Falls count anywhere match.

<Blackened by Metallica hits the speakers as John Brandenburg makes his entrance, before he can make his way down the ramp he is attacked from behind by Lykarn!>

WASHINGTON: Jumping reverse STO at the top of the stage! How is Brandenburg going to compete in this match after this?

<Lykarn grabs Brandenburg by the head and smashes him face first against the steel steps, he then rolls him into the ring, Brandenburg regains his vertical base and earns another Riley Render for his

trouble. Lykarn drops for the pin and the boos reach a fever pitch... ...1! ...2!! ...3!!!

MURPHY: **This is a travesty!**

DUCKY: **The winner of this match and STILL RPW Ironman Champion, Halfus Lykarn.**

Two weeks later

<Halfus Lykarn starts picking up the banged up Hakai Dragon and plants Dragon down with a huge Inverted DDT, he traps the body in full scissors and keeps strong hold of a dragon sleeper variation. Hakai Dragon's options are running out and so is the oxygen on his brain, Hakai Dragon doesn't like it one bit but he's forced to tap out..>

MURPHY: **Lykarn does it again!!!**

DUCKY: **The winner via submission and STILL RPW Ironman Champion...**

<The bell just keeps on ringing as Halfus Lykarn still has his submission hold locked in and the ref is actually fighting to get him to release it, he refuses and just keeps wrenching as Hakai Dragon keeps tapping out...>

WASHINGTON: **Come on, the match is over, you already won, get this over with...**

Two weeks later

COMMISSIONER BIGGS: **What you just saw, was an unsportsmanlike act which won't be tolerated in RPW, especially coming from a man that has shown previous offenses like assaulting John Brandenburg before their match even began and shoving our RPW backstage announcer Matt Josham into a wall...that's why as the new RPW commissioner I've decided to take action and send a message to the RPW locker-room that this type of shenanigans simply won't be tolerated, that's why Halfus Lykarn has been effectively suspended for two shows and therefore he has been stripped of his RPW Ironman championship!**

<Cue highlights of the Iron Man tournament leading to the final,

Ronnie Reynolds is trying to get to his feet but he's barely holding his balance, Brandenburg kicks him in the gut and locks in a standing guillotine choke.>

MURPHY: **SIGNATURE BRAND! GUILLOTINE DDT!!!**

<He taps! Ronnie Reynolds has tapped out!!>

DUCKY: **And your winner of this match and NEEEEEEW RPW Ironman Champion, John "THE BRAND" Brandenburg!!!**

BRANDENBURG: **I told you Lykarn, I told you that I would get this championship, MY Ironman Championship back. But that is just a part of my goal. You defeated me, shamed me with a move too similar to my own. No matter how much backstabbing and sneak attacking you've done to me, that loss weighs heavy on me. And I want my rightful chance at redemption against you! To be the real Ironman Champion, I NEED to defeat you, and you deserve a rematch for the belt, that's why I'm issuing you a challenge once more, this time with two things on the line!**

<Brandenburg pats the RPW Ironman Championship.>

BRANDENBURG: **First, the RPW Ironman Championship.**

<Brandenburg then points to Lykarn directly!>

BRANDENBURG: **And also, YOUR MASK!!! If I win, you take that mask off and allow us to see who you really are. I want to look into the eyes of the man that defeated me, shamed me once, and look upon those eyes as I get my redemption! Lykarn, I need to look into your eyes to know who you really are, and I need to beat you for THIS title to be the true IRONMAN CHAMPION!**

MURPHY: **Wow, British Uprising, it looks like Brandenburg vs Lykarn, Title vs Mask.**

Cut to the interior of a dark room, a hand appears across the lens and a muffled sound is heard as the camera is turned around to face it's operator, but before we can see his face the camera is pulled close so only his piercing blue eyes are in shot.>

LYKARN: **You wanted to look into my eyes? Take a good look! These are**

the eyes that will destroy everything you hold dear, these are the eyes that will force you to see the fallacies by which you have been living your life, these are the eyes that will prove once and for all that I am the Iron Man of RPW! I've been waiting too long for this moment, it's time to make The Brand tap out or pass out.

<The camera is swatted away and the feed abruptly cuts out.>

----END VIDEO----

DUCKY: Ladies and gentlemen, this next bout is scheduled for one fall and is for the RPW Iron Man championship! Title versus mask!!!

<The crowd roars and rises to it's feet as the lights go out in the arena. A kick drum can be heard, before a long droning note - "**I... AM... IRON MAN**" - the unmistakable riff of [Black Sabbath "Iron Man"](#) kicks in and the boos from the crowd are loud and high pitched>

<Fighting through the wave of boos, a surge of cheers emerges as Lykarn walks out onto the stage, draped in a Union Jack flag, the cheers are unmistakably coming from the older males>

MURPHY: This crowd is as loud as it's ever been, they really either love or hate Lykarn here in his alleged home country!

WASHINGTON: And Lykarn obviously still considers himself the true Iron Man of RPW!

<Lykarn is wearing black tights and boots, his usual silver horror mask replaced with a silver and white British flag design.>

DUCKY: Introducing first, he is the challenger, from Birmingham, England, weighing 223 pounds, this is LYYYYYYKKKKAAAARRRRNNNNNN!!!!!!

<Lykarn walks down the entrance ramp as the crowd go wild, some fans cheer him and a lot of fans boo him, some try to reach out and grab him but Lykarn's focus does not deviate from the ring. Climbing through the ropes, he pays no attention to the crowd, he simply turns to face the entrance stage.>

MURPHY: Lykarn is all business tonight.

WASHINGTON: You've gotta believe there's only one thing on his mind, that's getting back the belt he believes he should still be carrying.

<As Lykarn's music fades out the camera focuses on a fan who is bearing a sign that says "**LYKARN: RPW'S BEST**", the camera quickly shifts to another sign that says "**THE UK HATES LYKARN AND THE EMPIRE**" The arena goes pitch black again but this time to the accompaniment of a violent wave of boos, the intro of Blackened by Metallica hits as The Brand saunters out through the curtain with the Iron Man title around his waist. He stands in a spotlight as white fireworks explode around him, while the crowd is not as hot as it usually is back in America, Brand gets a pretty good reception. Still you can hear some low pitched boos, probably from the older males. The champion stops in the middle of the ramp and looks around at the crowd.>

MURPHY: **The Brand has entered this arena and he's getting a better reception than I thought.**

WASHINGTON: **Endorsement by our HW Champion Douglas Gallagher, probably helped a lot.**

<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.>

DUCKY: **And his opponent, from Inglewood, California, weighing in at 200 pounds, he is the reigning RPW Iron Man champion!!! JOHN... "THE BRAND"... BRAN-DEN-BUUUUUUUUUUURG!!!**

<The Brand seems unfazed by the mixed reception from the British crowd, his focus squarely on the man waiting for him in the ring, Lykarn.

WASHINGTON: **Anywhere else in the world and John Brandenburg is the hero tonight, but here? Public enemy number one.**

<Brandenburg's entrance music can barely be heard as he walks to the ring, the arena is a cauldron of animosity towards the champion. The Brand steps through the ropes and turns to look at the crowd, who shower him with boos. Both men are now in the ring in opposite corners, staring each other down. Referee Earl Robinson approaches Lykarn first, patting him down and checking his boots. He then turns round and approaches John Brandenburg, repeating the same procedure. Slowly The Brand unbuckles the belt from around his waist, carefully folding the straps before kissing the plate and then giving it to the referee.>

WASHINGTON: **Kissing it for luck or kissing it goodbye?**

MURPHY: **I don't think The Brand believes in luck.**

<The official calls Lykarn and Brandenburg to the centre of the ring.>

ROBINSON: **This match is for the RPW Iron Man championship. Sixty minute time limit, one fall to a finish. I want a good clean fight, break when I tell you, do not start fighting until I give my signal. Now go back to your corners.**

<While Robinson holds the belt in the air for the fans to see, Lykarn and Brandenburg do not take their eyes off each other. Lykarn cracks his neck while Brandenburg rubs his hands together. With a wave of Earl Robinson's hand the bell rings and we are under way.>

!!! DING DING DING !!!

This has been building up for too long and it's finally time. The bell rings and Lykarn charges forward in a frenzy, Brandenburg isn't able to react in time and he gets bull rushed into a corner where an onslaught of strikes rains upon him. Brandenburg does his best to cover up and try to evade the numerous punches, knees and elbows. Lykarn ends up scoring big with a huge headbutt, the heads collide with a loud thud and the Silver Masked Horror takes a few steps back as the referee admonishes him.

MURPHY: **The match has just started and Lykarn already relying on cheap tricks.**

Lykarn suddenly charges back into the corner, this time Brandenburg is prepared and receives him with a well-timed elbow to the face. Brandenburg secures a front body lock and uses it to switch positions and back Lykarn against the corner, a hard knife edge chops resonates across the arena.

“Wooooooooooooooooooooo”

Brandenburg presses his weight against his long-time rival and whips him off the way of the opposite turnbuckle, Lykarn reverses the roles mid-move and sends Brandenburg for a run instead. Lykarn starts a sprint of his own behind Brandenburg as they make their way into a corner.

WASHINGTON: **Both men running into the corner, what will happen next?**

Brandenburg uses the corner turnbuckles as a stairway and backflips off of them with ease, Lykarn needs to hit the breaks abruptly and barely manages to put a foot up in the bottom turnbuckle to stop his momentum, Lykarn now turns around to face Brandenburg but it's a bit too late, a pair of boots send him back first into the corner in what is a picture perfect dropkick to his chest.

MURPHY: **What a dropkick, Brand looks to be on his way of taking early control of this match.**

Lykarn gets no chance to recover as Brandenburg jumps back into the fray with a monkey flip that connects perfectly, Lykarn tries to rush his stand-up and surprise Brandenburg but all that he manages is to be caught in a headlock takedown, Brandenburg uses the move to force Lykarn's shoulders back to the mat and the ref has to drop down.

...Kickout!!

Not wanting to leave himself open for a reversal, Brandenburg quickly switches positions this time securing a reverse face lock from what you could call a north-south position. Brandenburg throws his legs up in what looks like half a handstand and then drives an skull shattering knee to to top of Lykarn's head sending the crowd into an **"ohhhhhh"**. The masked member of the Empire rolls to a side while holding his head with both hands, he makes it all the way out of the ring.

MURPHY: **Brutal attack by Brandenburg, there's some bad blood between the two of us, we might see a side of Brand we've never seen before.**

Lykarn is not getting a break though as Brandenburg mimics a missile with a powerful suicide tope through the ropes that explodes on Lykarn and sends him hard against the barricade to a powerful crowd reaction. Brandenburg builds up on his momentum and sends Lykarn hard against the steel steps before forcing him to roll back into the ring. The reigning Ironman champion also rolls back to the ring and continues his offense on this unruly challenger, Brandenburg picks up Lykarn and slams him hard into the mat.

WASHINGTON: **You might be right Murph, Brand is 100% focused on Lykarn, the very loud British crowd is nothing but an afterthought for him now.**

The Ironman Champion is firmly in control and he looks for an early game breaking move, he heads over to a corner and crouches next to it, he's facing the falling Lykarn and taunts for him to get up while the crowd rises in expectation of a spear opposition forms in the shape of a low pitched **"NO!"** chant.

MURPHY: **The Kids and the Women love Brand, looks like its the guys who are supporting this masked demon.**

WASHINGTON:
over quick.

That's good, but if Brand hits the spear, this match could be

Lykarn finally props himself up to his feet and that's Brand's cue to start his charge, Lykarn turns around to face Brandenburg who's charging at him like a bull with the spear, both men collide with a thud.

BAM!!

MURPHY:

Dear lord, what a hit!

But it is Lykarn who has gotten the best of it, nailing the champion with a brutal knee to the face that has Brandenburg apparently down and out. a dizzy Lykarn wastes precious seconds securing his step, but he quickly realizes what he's gotta do and he jumps over Brand for the cover.

...1!

...2!!

....

...KICKOUT!!

WASHINGTON:

That was very close, this match is intense.

MURPHY:

As it should be, this guys hate each other.

The match is forced to continue and Lykarn is not gonna allow this to discourage him, it was a nice hit but even if it didn't net him the match it was a still a huge momentum shaker. Lykarn stands up and sets his gaze on the fallen champion who's struggling to get his senses back to 100%, Lykarn doubles

over to pick up Brandenburg by the head, maybe even the hair as he pulls up his hated rival.

MURPHY: **Come on, Lykarn grabbing the hair. That's illegal, ref! Do something about it!**

What hears like the majority of the crowd let Lykarn know how they disapprove of his tactics, A thunderous slap resounds off the face of Brand and cuts the crowd right off. The males now take over the crowd clapping for Lykarn, who attacks with a swinging neckbreaker. The masked horror that is Lykarn is dead set on destroying every fiber of Brandenburg's being, and it looks like he has chosen Brand's dignity as a starting point. Halfus Lykarn simply uses his feet to turn Brand belly down on the mat and then steps on his back, rubbing the sole of his boot against Brand's back just as he was a cleaning the dirt off of it. The crowd starts booing Lykarn again and the title challenger just couldn't care less.

WASHINGTON: **Lykarn with the mind games, this is going to be a long time for Brand.**

The malicious Lykarn drags Brandenburg and places him throat first against the bottom rope, we don't have to wait long for Lykarn to jump on Brand's back and drive him further against the ropes, this forces a five count by the referee, and just like you would expect, Lykarn breaks it at the very last second.

MURPHY: **And Lykarn is bending every last rule to his advantage here.**

The referee yells at Lykarn to get Brand off the ropes and surprisingly he does, it's just to send him to a corner though and Brandenburg hasn't been able to catch a break since he got blasted with that brutal knee to the face earlier on the match. Our Ironman Champion is now in the receiving end of a flurry of stomps to the chest that force him into a sitting position down on the mat and against the lower buckle. Lykarn goes back to the dirty tactics with a boot to the throat and the pressure is on for another 5 count.

WASHINGTON: **4 more seconds of pain for Brand.**

Lykarn once again breaks the illegal hold on the edge of time, the crowd is growing tired of Lykarn's guts but the masked horror is accustomed to the hatred of humanity, he once again picks up Brand and presses him against the corner, a knee to the midsection precedes a whip into the opposite side and Lykarn immediately chases after the champion, Brandenburg finds the energy to stop right before colliding with the turnbuckle, he uses the momentum to hold the ropes and jump, this surprises Lykarn who goes chest first into the buckles in a clean shot.

MURPHY: **Brandenburg getting a chance to get back in this match up, but**

can he capitalize?

Brandenburg follows up with a huge single knife edge chop that echoes over the arena, the champion takes a deep breath and he is slow enough that Lykarn has a chance to cut him off and keep control of this match up with an european uppercut. Lykarn is not happy with Brandenburg fighting back and he uses a brutal clothesline to send Brandenburg back down to the mat.

This has been a brutal affair, it's not what you traditionally expect from two mat technicians, but these two are bitter rivals.

WASHINGTON: **And you can see how this match is already starting to take his toll on the competitors, if this goes long enough I'm afraid normal rules will not be able to contain these two.**

Lykarn is not simply going to wait for Brand to get back up, he jumps high in the air and drops a knee to his face. the masked horror rolls up back to his feet and taunts the crowd, getting a huge mixed reaction.

MURPHY: **This crowd is loud for Lykarn, both in hate and love.**

Lykarn turns around to find Brand struggling to get up, he waits a couple of seconds for him to regain his standing position and goes for a short clothesline. The Champion once again proves his worth and with a quick explosion manages to reverse the incoming clothesline into a wakigatame armbar.

WASHINGTON: **Who, big time trouble for Lykarn.**

You can sense the panic in Lykarn as he immediately explodes to a side, looking to reach for the ropes with his legs, his initial burst of movement leaves him very close and he only has to inch a little to reach safety.

MURPHY: **Lykarn is safe for now, this exciting title match continues.**

Lykarn uses the ropes to get up but gets backed into a corner with a forearm to the back, Brandenburg hits three straight chops raising up the crowd, he goes for an irish whip to the opposite side but gets reversed and Brandenburg goes back first into the corner just to find Lykarn charging at him. Brand moves out of the way at the last second and the Masked Man hits the corner hard, Brandenburg lets his momentum lead him to the ropes.

He returns with a huge spear to an unsuspecting Lykarn!!!

MURPHY:

THE DE-BRANDER!!!

WASHINGTON:

What a hit! All Brand has to do now is cover.

The crowd is probably at it's loudest, Lykarn is motionless on the mat and Brandenburg is breathing very heavy, you can tell that he's too spent to capitalize with a cover. Brandenburg starts rolling to the opposite side and uses the ropes to help himself back to his feet, he limps towards the nearest corner and sits against it.

MURPHY:

Brandenburg making a hard choice here, he's opting for recovering his energies, betting that he can outpace Lykarn.

After a few seconds he walks up to Lykarn who's starting to show signs of life, the champ realizes that it's too late to attempt a cover and he picks up Lykarn instead, the crowd goes crazy as he hooks the head, setting up for the Signature Brand. The thud of two bodies crashing to the mat soon follows.

NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX BY LYKARN

...1!

...2!!

...3?

...NO! KICKOUT!!

Brandenburg lives and gets to keep his Ironman title for now, but he still needs to find a way to put Lykarn down and out, to unmask him and get him out of his way. Both men struggle to get up but they rise almost at the same moment.

The arduous match has taken a toll on both competitors and they are considerably slow than at the start of the match, Lykarn manages to strike first with a hard punch to the face that sends Brandenburg reeling back, Brandenburg gathers himself and lunges forward with a successful punch of his own.

WASHINGTON:

This might boil down to a battle of wills.

Both men keep trading, one punch Lykarn, one Brandenburg. The crowd releases a mixture of cheers and boos for each hit, it looks like Brandenburg is getting most of the cheers but the difference is too thin to be sure. After many hits, Brandenburg manages to break the routine with a well timed block, Brandenburg explodes forward with three straight hits.

MURPHY:

Lykarn is in trouble, deep into this match a surge of momentum might be all that one needs to take this bout.

But as Brand looks to build up on this newfound momentum, he finds Lykarn's fingers raking his eyes and stopping him dead on his tracks. A lot of boos rain down from the crowd, at the same time the referee scolds Lykarn. The referee's words fall on deaf ears. The champion turns around as he favor his eyes, he might have not realized but he has turned his back to his dangerous challenger, not a wise move as Lykarn makes most of it and hits a huge backstabber, he holds on to a rear chin lock with Brand's back stretched against Lykarn's knees for the Black Knight's Brand, one of John Brandenburg's signature maneuvers.

WASHINGTON
own move!

Lykarn adding insult to injury, trying to tap him out with his

MURPHY:

This is not only physical warfare, but also psychological.

Lykarn shows his ground chops by effortlessly transitioning to a cross armbreaker, the pain is apparent on Brandenburg's eyes as he tries to roll out of the move, Lykarn well aware of this tactic and rolls along to keep the move in place.

WASHINGTON:

This two are so evenly matched, it is a beauty of match.

Regardless of this, the roll did help Brandenburg gain some precious feet into the ropes, he's still not quite there though and Lykarn is putting all of his strength on this submission, the crowd gets very loud, both cheers and boos fill up the arena.

MURPHY:

Will Brandenburg tap out?

Brand extends his free arm all he can, he tries to use his hips and legs to power a bit into the ropes but he's not having that much luck. a "**Brand! Brand! Brand**" Chant breaks out on his support.

Brandenburg inches!!

...He reaches!!!

...He's still too far away!!

WASHINGTON:

Ironman Championship is on the line.

The pain looks to overcome him!!

...Brand is going to tap!!!

MURPHY: Lykarn looks to become the Ironman Champion once again.

A Primal Roar comes from within Brandenburg...

And he manages to pull Lykarn a couple of inches to the ropes!!

He reaches...

WASHINGTON: Brandenburg is slowly getting near the ropes, but it might be too slow.

Brand Reaches!!

...Still not there.

...Lykarn struggles to put more pressure on the hold

MURPHY: Look at the face of Brand, you can feel his pain.

...The Champion yells in pain!!

...t-

-ta...

..false alarm, the match continues!!

...for now...

WASHINGTON: **Brandenburg almost tapped out right there. His will might be breaking.**

Brandenburg gives it one last try and goes to pull Lykarn in.

...reaches.

...T

...Ta-

...Taps the ropes with his fingers but is unable to grasp it.

...The crowd is about to explode.

...Brandenburg once again goes to reach it!!

...He finally makes it to the rope!!

MURPHY: **He did it Ben, he did it!!**

The crowd explodes in cheers, by now a mixture of Lykarn's cheap tactics and Brandenburg's Ironwill have managed to turn most of the crowd to his side.

WASHINGTON: **Getting out of that hold was only half the battle, he now needs to defeat Lykarn with one arm.**

Brandenburg really looks to be a one armed man as he struggles to get up with his left arm hanging limp, you have to believe that Lykarn is looking at that wounded arm as a huge target and he doesn't waste time in proving that theory correct. Lykarn walks over and quickly scoops Brandenburg up dropping him hard into a shoulder breaker.

MURPHY **I think Brand might want to hang around near the ropes, getting into another arm submission could be the end of his reign as Ironman Champion.**

Lykarn has his heart set on destroying Brandenburg and he starting out with this already weakened left arm, the masked challenger drops a big knee into the arm of a fallen Brandenburg and earns many boos from a crowd that started this match almost favoring him.

The Masked Horror goes for a quick submission move on the same arm, Brandenburg immediately holds those nearby ropes but Lykarn is not letting go of the hold.

...1

...2

...3

...4

...Break!

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO”

MURPHY: This Lykarn guy is unbelievable, he bends and breaks the rules to his advantage in the cheapest of ways.

WASHINGTON: I see it a bit differently Murph, Lykarn is a vicious individual, he reminds me of other British greats such as Damien Wolfe and Ian Jones.

Brandenburg is showing off his fighting spirit as he keeps standing up willing to defy the odds, Halfus might be a bit intimidated by Brandenburg’s ability to stand up for more punishment, but if he is, he hides it perfectly. Halfus Lykarn goes right back after the left arm of the champion, this time with an arm wringer. Halfus pulls Brandenburg by the left arm and looks to send him to the ropes via Irish whi. Before Halfus can release Brandenburg and send him on a run, Brandenburg hits the breaks and turns around, he charges into his opponent and jumps at him...

JUMPING REVERSE STO!!

MURPHY: It’s the Riley Render!!!

MURPHY: John Brandenburg used Lykarn’s own move to punish him. Just as Lykarn used the Black Knight Brand earlier on.

...1

...2

...KICKOUT!!!

WASHINGTON: Lykarn is able to kick out, maybe if Brandenburg had used his left arm to reinforce the move he might have sealed the deal, but his arm was just hanging limp at the side.

Brandenburg slowly tries to catch his breath as he stands back up, a rather stunned Lykarn decides to find refuge in the ropes and starts rolling towards them, Brandenburg sees his opponent near the ropes and runs into the set on the opposite side for momentum, he returns with a baseball slide that sends Lykarn packing to the outside.

MURPHY: Brandenburg taking the action to the outside, and look at him, his holding the top rope with his good hand, he looks like he's going to fly.

As Lykarn gets back on his feet, Brandenburg hops over the top rope and hits him with a rather accurate plancha. The crowd rises for Brandenburg who quickly grabs Lykarn by the head and starts dragging him, Lykarn explodes though and he ends up sending Brand shoulder first into the steel post.

MURPHY: That's bad news for Brand fans everywhere.

The boos rain and rain down as Lykarn continues to use the post to work over Brandenburg's bad arm, Lykarn even rolls back into the ring to restart the ten count and deliver more punishment. After a smashing Brand's arm against the post a few more times, Lykarn decides to try something different.

WASHINGTON: What is Lykarn doing....

MURPHY: Oh, oh, this doesn't look good.

WASHINGTON:

WATCH OUT MURPH!!

MURPHY:

Ahrg-(static buzz)

Lykarn has thrown Brandenburg over the announce table and crashing into both of the announcers, apparently damaging their headsets. The crowd boos Lykarn a bit more as the RevivalTron shows Washington trying to aid a knocked out Murphy, Lykarn just walks all over them as he picks up Brandenburg and drags him closer to the ring steps.

Lykarn winds up and goes for the irish whip against the steel steps.

REVERSAL!!

The silver masked horror crashes into the steps both somehow manages to bounce right up to his feet, Brandenburg rushes him from behind and jumps high in the air, he holds Lykarn's head with his right arm and bulldog's him against the apron while he slides into the ring. Brandenburg sends the crowd into a frenzy as he uses his momentum to get back into his feet and run into the opposite ropes and all the way back with a huge suicidal dive that sends Lykarn crashing into the barricade.

Brandenburg has all the momentum in the world right now and he throws Lykarn back into the ring, the champion picks up his hated challenger and sets him up for the Signature Brand to a huge pop, his grip is weak though as his arm doesn't have much left in the tank, this allows Lykarn to reverse and spin into a standing dragon sleeper, Lykarn hits the reverse DDT and gets some hooks in as he keeps up his deadly submission maneuver, the crowd goes silent.

...The referee closes in to the action.

...Brandenburg raises his right arm in the air to signal that his still there.

...he tries to get a look of his surroundings.

...he's too far away from the ropes.

...looks like Brandenburg won't be able to hold on much longer.

...He puts all of his energy trying to bridge and get some breathing room.

...Lykarn wrenches back with all he got.

...the referee drops to the mat

...1!

...2!

....3!

THE BELL RINGS!!! THE CROWD IS GOING CRAZY.

The referee jumps into the fray to get the hold broken and Lykarn for once behaves, he gets up and raises his hands in the air as the crowd boos and Brandenburg is down on the mat barely moving.

The referee signals something to Ducky, who's ready to announce the winner of this match.

DUCKY: And your winner by the way of Pinfall, and STILL RPW Ironman Champion, John "The Brand" Brandenburg.

Lykarn turns around and is livid, he thought he had won. he never realized that his shoulders were down for the count, and in the heat of the moment, he didn't ever realize the referee counting him. The referee has the belt and is ready to award it to Brandenburg, but Lykarn takes it by force. Lykarn then picks up a beaten down Brandenburg and pushes him into a corner, Brandenburg his barely holding on to the ropes to stay on his feet.

Lykarn now extends the title belt towards Brandenburg, looks like Lykarn has finally calmed down and admitted defeat.

Brandenburg releases the ropes and takes a step forward to get the belt but falls to one knee, Lykarn shakes his head from side to side in disapproval and blasts him over the head with the belt to a huge negative reaction. Lykarn gets a hold of a microphone and he starts talking in a very familiar voice.

LYKARN: What a pity...is this the man that supposedly just defeated me? A man that isn't even able to stand on his own two feet to claim his prize?

And you thought this was over? That I was simply going to hand my Ironman Championship to you?

Do you think I'd be happy to hand this title belt to a man I thoroughly dominated in this match? You thought after everything you've put me through we were just going to shake hands and be done with it? I've been to hell and back because of you John, you set me on the path that led to my exile.

LYKARN: You and that no good son of a bitch Jack Dobbs, you thought you could force me out, take me out of the picture, but no, we showed you didn't we? I came back and took this belt, tonight I'll do it for a second time.

Brandenburg starts to stir as Lykarn kneels down and grabs a fist full of The Brands hair with his right hand.

LYKARN: **You needed to look into my eyes? You needed to look into the soul of the man who beat you? Be careful what you wish for John.**

With his free hand Lykarn lifts up the mask over his face.

The crowd explodes as Lykarn's face is revealed on the big screen.

WOLFE: **Look at me, John, look at me! Come on, this is what you wanted! You needed to know the man who beat you, well here I am! I'm better than you John, I always have been. Tonight I proved it to the world, I proved it to myself and most of all I proved to you, Damien Wolfe is better than John Brandenburg.**

Wolfe drops Brandenburg's head back to the mat and picks up the Iron Man belt and holds it up with his left hand.

WOLFE: **This is mine, it belongs to me! I am the Iron Man of RPW and I always will be.**

Damien Wolfe keeps the title belt as he walks off the ring, jumps over the barricade and disappears through the crowd.

+++++BACKSTAGE SEGMENT: READY TO GO ++++++

The camera cuts backstage to Shane Adames on his ring gear, pumped up and ready to give it all or nothing tonight for a chance at an RPW contract. The presence of a sledgehammer on his hands makes his intense expression much more intimidating as he stares at the camera.

ADAMES: **Tonight nobody can stop me, It doesn't matter who do you throw at me Goldstein, anyone you pick is just sending a lamb to the slaughter.**

Adames raises his hammer in the air.

ADAMES: **I won't even need to use this, but I will save it for when I finally get to**

settle my differences with you. Because this isn't a test to see if Shane Adames is good enough for RPW, this is where Shane Adames starts his walk all over you to become the absolute best RPW has ever seen.

The sledgehammer drops to the floor, shattering a floor a tile.

ADAMES: You'll regret everything you've done Goldstein, if you insist on crossing my path you'll end up crushed, just like this floor.

Adames walks off scene and his match is next.

++++++SHANE ADAMES VS GOLDSTEIN'S REPRESENTATIVE ++++++

Camera's now show the center of the ring where Richard Goldstein has a microphone in hand, there's not much of a reaction for our Exec VP of Talent Relations but you can here a few boos.

GOLDSTEIN: The deal here was simple, Shane Adames is supposed to come up and have a match against any of my recent signings, with those recent signings defined as everyone who I've signed since Adames first approached RPW for a contract opportunity.

The Executive takes a small pause to smirk at the crowd, you can hear some static and muffled words coming from the announce team, who is working to fix their equipment after the last match.

GOLDSTEIN: Some say that my choices were between the Union Jacks and Excellence, but to be honest I meaning no disrespect to Revival GM Sir Charles Strickland, British Wrestlers are just not what they used to be....

The crowd starts booing a bit louder.

GOLDSTEIN: Sure, you have some great talents like Wolfe, MNG, Jones and Gallagher, but we picked up those a long time ago, and now everyone left seems a bit subpar, I just cannot trust a Brit to do my hard work.

The british crowd has united against Goldstein and the boos are strong and noticeable.

GOLDSTEIN: Lucky for me, I noticed that I could sign a talent right now and he'd still be eligible to face Adames, and with RPW coming to Europe I've decided to scout talent from superior European Countries. Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome RPW's newest signing. All the way from the beautiful country of Germany, Team Höchstgeschwindigkeit!

[Sido - Goldjunge](#) blasts over the speakers and two guys come out from the curtain to a shower of boos, one is wearing a mechanic jumpsuit and he sports a blond short mohawk, his partner looks like an F1 Pilot on race-day, helmet included. Both men seem similar in body build, they look to be about 6'1, 210 lbs.

Both seem very animated as they make their way to the ring, the helmet is off revealing a military haircut on blond hair, both men shake hands with Richard Goldstein but they are cut off by some generic rock music that you can recognize from episodes of the Dirt Sheet. Out comes Shane Adames rushing down the ramp at top speed. The camera turns it's attention towards Richard Goldstein who bails out of the ring in a hurry and orders for the bell to be rung.

WASHINGTON: I think we got this working, sorry everyone for the technical issues. We are now back in fully capacity.

MURPHY: And looks like we have ourselves a handicap match, the deck is stacked against Adames from the get go.

WASHINGTON: But he looks awfully confident, look at him jump into the ring.

Adames is immediately greeted into the ring with a flurry of stomps which forces him to roll out of the ring. Adames stomps around of the ring frustrated, he tries to roll in but again the Germans stomp him out. Adames looks frustrated, but his intensity is still overflowing.

MURPHY: I've gotten names from the production truck, Team Höchsteg...ahrg

WASHINGTON: I think its Höchstgeschwindigkeit.

MURPHY: Yeah, it's composed by Luka Muller and Ludwig Kahn

Shane Adames goes to roll in again but this time it is a fake, this lures the Mohawked Mechanic close enough to the rope so Adames can drag him out of the ring. A clothesline floors the german and the

crowd gets a reason to cheer.

WASHINGTON: **That's Luka Muller with the jumpsuit, and he got hit hard.**

Adames once again rolls into the ring and Ludwig Kahn tries to stop him with stomps, it's not enough to stop the spirited Adames and he rises to his feet absorbing many punches. Kahn goes for an Irish whip but ends up being reversed, the racecar pilot is met in the middle of the ring with a thesz press, and Adames unleashes heavy knuckles on him as the crowd goes crazy.

MURPHY: **Adames is red hot, but can he sustain that pace against two opponents, he sure is a heavy underdog here.**

WASHINGTON: **Team Höchstgeschwindigkeit is a highly touted tag team in the German circuits, Adames might be a savvy veteran who still has some gas in the tank but I'm not sure how can he overcome the youth and teamwork of the Germans.**

Adames stands up and turns around to see a charging Luka Muller, he's right on time with his reactions and plants the German down with a huge 180 spinebuster.

MURPHY: **Well, that's a good start for Adames.**

There's a RPW contract on the line for Adames and he's doing his best to ensure he gets it, he picks up Ludwig Kahn and whips him against the ropes, a quick rushing reverse elbow floors the pilot and a jumping knee drop to the head adds some damage, Adames takes advantage of his momentum with a combat roll that brings him back to his feet.

WASHINGTON: **Muller is getting up.**

Adames already knows about it though and he plants him with a boot to the midsection and a hard DDT, the crowd is still hot on his side as he stands up and climbs on the rope pointing a finger at Richard Goldstein, who's watching from the top of the stage.

Both members of the German tag team are slowly getting back to his feet rather close to each other, Adames is now leaning on the ropes, just waiting for them to get back to their feet. When they do, they both go crashing right back to the mat thanks to a huge double clothesline.

MURPHY: **Adames is dominating, and he can't afford to slow down, he needs to finish this right now.**

Shane Adames picks up both opponents in reverse face locks, he seems like he's setting up for a double reverse ddt of sorts, instead Adames starts rallying his strength and somehow manages to lift up both opponent in a delayed reverse vertical.

WASHINGTON: **Mother of god, what power!**

Both Luka and Ludwig start to fall down as they were about to go chest first into the mat with a reverse suplex when suddenly Adames drops to a sitting position and delivers a huge stunner to both of his opponents.

MURPHY: **That's Insane! What a move.**

Both men receive the full impact of the move and bounce around the ring as they were having a seizure, the crowd is going crazy as Adames piles both men one on top of the other and drops down for the pin.

...1

...2

...3

