

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 1

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: October 17, 2017
Location: Leudecke Arena — Austin, Texas

Results

Dragonfly

Segment

We open on a close up shot of a single dragonfly, faintly visible against the night sky. It's wings beat and it takes flight, looping up, down, back on itself, drawing out patterns in the gloom. The dragonfly rises, falls, comes to rest on an outstretched hand. We pull back and see Elijah. He stares at the dragonfly a moment, the two of them perfectly still, in silent communication. Abruptly, as if the discussion is over, the dragonfly rises into the air and disappears into the night. Elijah is clad in white from head to toe, the world heavyweight championship around his waist, an omega symbol in red across his left breast. He turns his head, eyes staring into the camera, penetrating, unreadable. Elijah: All that is solid melts into air, everything sacred is profaned; we are compelled to face, with sober senses, the reality of our condition. Justin Rishel, the fool and parasite of days past, stands deposed, overthrown by the deeds of a demon prince, the millionaire, and his own wayward son Jaiden. Jaiden accomplished in one swoop both the downfall of his father and the conquest of his father's only love, this federation. Yet our latter day Oedipus lacks his father's ambition, has no hope or glory in his soul. He is a creature of petty revenge and infantile greed. Sahn, that demon spawn from long ago, has returned, now standing tall above the federation, here to exploit and to conquer. His plans are yet to be made manifest, yet when they are, I shall stand ready. We shall stand ready. I stand before you tonight as World Heavyweight champion. I will not pretend that my reign shall last forever, nor bore you with juvenile boasts and clichés. What I shall tell you is this. This championship is not merely a trophy. It is a message and a challenge to Sahn, Rishel, Sunset and all other exploiters of the people. You may rule, you may dominate, you may exploit and oppress and abuse. But you can not win. For as long as I hold this belt I hold it in defiance, as a statement to the world that your rule is weak, your power fragile. That there are those who exist and resist and will fight you every step of the way. I am not the man you once knew. Times change, and so have I. There are some who will stay loyal, some who may fear or oppose me and what I must do. They shall be dealt with. Know this: I am not alone. Elijah bows his head, eyes closed a moment, before raising, facing the camera with a stare that pierces the viewer's soul. Elijah: Be seeing you. He turns, his back to the camera, revealing an enormous occult symbol on his back. As Elijah goes to leave, a young man in a CWF t-shirt approaches him and hands him a card. Elijah stares at the man, who simply shrugs, mouths the words "Don't ask me", then makes his way off into the night. We zoom in on the card as Elijah handles it. It is black. One side features a dragonfly in red, surrounded by alchemical and astrological symbols. The other features a message in the Masonic cypher, and a single question in English. "What is the future?" We fade to black, Elijah holding the card with a quizzical look on his face as if transfixed.

Arrival of the GZWA World Champion

Segment

The camera cuts to the back where Ry Drake is in the hall with the GZWA World Heavyweight Championship on his shoulder, talking with a CWF interviewer, Tara Robinson. Tara Robinson: We are being joined by the newest edition to the roster thanks to GZWA/CWF agreement. He is The GZWA World Heavyweight Champion Ry Drake. Ry: Good to be here, when I was approached...yes I was approached, I didn't ask to come over here. CWF needed me here after seeing how well I've been sweeping the competition in GZWA. They needed me to help boost their shows and put on a

half way decent show with the cunts on the back here. Yes I'm not afraid to speak how I feel about the CWF roster.Tara Robinson: Coming in already making enemies isn't a good way to start...Ry: I don't care, I've always been on my own and people trying to take shots at me. They can hate me all they want for telling the truth, so like I said in my first ever promo.In CWF. I'm just looking to take a Championship so I can be a dual champion.Tara Robinson: Well you will get that chance in Golden Intentions in a battle royals for the World Championship against a few of the men you think aren't up to your skills, what is your thought process....Ry: Let me cut you off again Tara, because who cares about you, my thought process is simple: I walk in the ring, win and walk to the back. It's worked for me everywhere I go and against any opponent. I'm the Goat, who can stop me and besides I'm the only man going into the battle royal me as a champion and at Hellbound I'll be the man leaving with two titles, not one.Ry Drake gets up and camera fades out.Jim Gunt: I guess the rumors are true, Mike! Chaolin Sahn is bringing back the Golden Intentions, and Ry Drake is here to win it!Mike Rolash: Rumors? We've known about this for almost a week now, Jim, get with the times! Sahn is bringing the CWF back to glory, I tell you what!

Face The Consequences

Segment

Ryan Sunset is shown backstage, sullen and dreary. It looks like he hasn't sleep in days, maybe weeks. The black circles under his eyes are swelled and puffed. Sweat drips down his brow, as his upcoming confrontation with the Tormented Soul seems to be wearing on his sanity. CWF Employees and other wrestlers walk past him, eager to get on with their day or to scurry along and grab a cup of coffee while they have a free moment.Tara Robinson is shown in the camera shot, well behind Sunset, as Jace Valentine makes his entrance into the arena doors. This is not the Jace Valentine that we're used to though, it's not the brash and arrogant man we've come to admire. No, this is a broken man, dressed in a suit and walking on crutches as his knee is wrapped in a thick cast. Jace is struggling just to get the door, to maintain his balance and keep upright, as Sunset notices him coming in. Sunset smiles, for a moment forgetting about the Tormented Soul and instead admiring the work he had done to Jace's knee at Wrestle Fest 3 with that steel chair.Ryan Sunset: Well, I'm surprised you made it out, buddy!Jace Valentine: Can it, shit head. I'm surprised you didn't tuck your tail between your pussy lips and run like the little scalded dog you are. Chaolin Sahn, are you serious? Are you fucking insane?Sunset replies with a sly grin before getting up in the face of Valentine, nearly knocking him off my feet.Ryan Sunset: Yeah, Chaolin Sahn is a former CWF World Heavyweight champion. Sure, but so were you. And the whole world was my witness at Wrestle Fest 3...they seen me break you. Batter you, bloody you. They watched me extract my revenge on the so-called Host with the Most. I got the better of you then, and I will get the better of Sahn tonight.The words seem to tail off as they escape the lips of Sunset. His encounter with Jace was not a one-on-one match, it was a cheapshot, a prime display of cowardice on the part of the Flashbacks Host. Ryan had caught Jace off guard, to throw him off just enough for "The Ripper" Danny B to take advantage. Ryan surely was not feeling certainty or confidence, but he had to feed his ego as he confronted Valentine.Ryan Sunset: You're not feeling to well yourself, are you, friend? Complete ACL and MCL tear, from what I heard in the reports, that's really gotta hurt.Jace Valentine: Yep, complete tear...and you'll be paying for it buddy. One of these days, I'll extract vengeance from your skin myself, I promise you that.Ryan Sunset: More empty promises from the 'King of Canadian Controversy', I see. Who cares about you. Why are you even here? That kind of surgery is a ten to twelve month recovery. Six months minimum if you push yourself, and we know you take everything for granted. You can't wrestle...you can't even walk. Why are you even here?Jace Valentine: You're right. I can't wrestle you. I can't wrestle Harvey Danger. I'm here to make that announcement in person, to face the consequences of my actions. But most importantly, I came here to face you...I knew you'd make it here. I knew you couldn't help but show your smug, stupid face around here like you are proud of what you did to me. I came here to tell you...I'll be back. And when I come back, you're a dead man.Ryan Sunset: Don't you see, buddy!? I AM proud of what I did to you. Why wouldn't I be? It was liberating!Jace Valentine: Like I said...I'll come back. And when I do, I just hope there's something left of you after Chaolin Sahn tears you apart.With that said, Jace begins to walk away with the support of his crutches. Ryan Sunset gulps hard. Chaolin Sahn.

He had to engage in battle with the Tormented Soul....and his match was next. Time was running out...

Chaolin Sahn vs. Ryan Sunset

Segment

WAITING FOR THE SUN TO SET MY WINGS ABLAZE!The haunting chords of The Bled's "Sound of Sulfur" fill the arena like bloody screams as the lights fade to pitch black.THE SHOW MUST GO ON! THE FUNERAL NEEDS A STAR!A light haze of red smoke starts to filter through the arena like a glow of weak embers.TONIGHT I HAVE BECOME THE GOSSIP AND THE CHOIR!With a flash, the turnbuckles of the ring light up like pillars of flame, engulfing the arena in the bright light. On the entrance ramp, basking in the glow is a man in a black hood. "The Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn stalks down to ringside with a wicked smile in his face and ghoulish intentions in his heart.Jim Gunt: For Sahn, do you think this is more about business or pleasure here tonight, Mike?Mike Rolash: Chaolin Sahn is a sick dude, they don't call him the Tormented Soul for nothing. I am personally going to enjoy watching Ryan Sunset get torn limb from limb here!Jim Gunt: God, I hope not! That guy is so...dreamy!Mike Rolash: Tell me...you didn't just say that.Chaolin Sahn methodically walks up the side stairs of the ring, lifting his leg up and over the top rope, in a blatant display of his impressive size and physical stature.Ray Douglas: THIIIIIIIIIS IS YOUR FIRST COMPETITOR OF TONIGHT'S OOOOOOOOOOPENING MATCH. A FORMER CWF WOOORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, 6 FOOT 4 AND 275 POUNDS... THE FIREFLY, THE DEMON, THE TOOOOOOORMENTED SOUL....THIS IS CHAOOOOOOOLIN SAHNNNNNN!!!!!!A low chuckle escapes from Sahn as he prepares for war. No talking. No rhymes, no riddles. Just action. Just violence, a lot of violence, and Ryan Sunset would be the brunt of it.Mike Rolash: Sunset's walking into his own funeral here tonight, Jimbo!Almost on cue, "Sunrise, Sunset" by Bright Eyes begins to bellow out of the CWF's state of the art speakers, and Ryan Sunset scurries onto the entrance ramp like a drowned mouse. Like a lost puppy, clearly out of his element. There is a look of pure fear on Ryan's face, of pure desperation, and the whole arena saw it.SAHN'S GONNA KILL YOU!The CWF die-hards start their chant.LET'S GO SUNSET!Jim Gunt: Wow! The fans genuinely seem split between these two competitors!Mike Rolash: What, that? Oh, that's just the manufactured crowd noise machine we borrowed from one of the other big time wrestling companies for the weekend!Ryan has his head sunk down, clearly taking as much time as he can before he eventually has to get in the ring. He pauses for a moment, takes a step and a half back up the entry ramp pondering if he should just walk away.Ray Douglas: AAAAAAND YOUR NEXT COMPETITOR, THE STAR OF FLASHBACKS, AND THE FACE OF CANADIAAAAAAN MEDIA, RYAAAAAAAAAAAAAN SUNSETTTTTTTTT!!!!!!Ryan hears his name called, but it does not bring him joy or glory. Ryan wants nothing more to be somewhere else, anywhere else, anybody else in this moment. But something seems to be pulling him in, drawing him closer to the demon that stands in the middle of the ring, ready to meet him in battle. Ryan takes a few steps back towards the ring, raising his hand to his throat. With a smile nearly as wicked as Sahn's, Sunset mocks the Tormented Soul's guttural throat slash taunt as he slides into the ring and into a world of cruelty and pain.Jim Gunt: I think that may have been a rookie mistake here from Sunset.Mike Rolash: A rookie mistake? He's in the ring with Chaolin Sahn, that's the only one he's going to get!Sure enough, Chaolin is enraged, lunging at Sunset and grabbing him viciously around the neck with his monstrous arms. Sahn powers Sunset to the ground, choking the life out of him as referee Clark Summits tries to separate the hold. Sahn flashes his teeth at Summits with a snarl before finally relinquishing the hold.Jim Gunt: The Tormented Soul is wasting no time getting after Sunset here tonight, Mike!As Sahn gets to his feet, Ryan is at one knee. He leans over the boot of the Tormented Soul, begging, pleading and crying for mercy like a blithering idiot. The Firefly is having none of it, however, as he hoists Ryan's body up for an explosive scoop slam. Sahn drops a couple elbows onto the heart of Sunset, before scooping him up again for a resounding Samoan Drop that shakes the ring. Half the crowd is in a frenzy, the other half now silent as they fear for the safety of Ryan Sunset.Jim Gunt: Ryan Sunset might not know who he's got himself involved with here, Mike.Sunset is on the mat, already feeling the effects of Sahn's vicious attacks as he clutches his chest in agony. The Tormented Soul shows no compassion, no remorse, as he lifts Sunset's head from the mat, wrenching at his neck, contorting his spine in ways a spine is not designed to contort. As it looks like Sunset is

about to tap out to the submission hold, Sahn shifts his weight, hooking Sunset in an arm lock. Sahn doesn't hold the submission long, instead he lifts Sunset up by the arm, throwing him across the ring in a sickening thud. Jim Gunt: Damn, that looked painful! Sahn is back on the offensive in a flash, again with no hesitation. He lifts Sunset's body again, before twisting it and sending it crashing back down to the ring in a heap with the "Fool's Flask" backstabber! Sahn's eyes glow with evil intents, as he pans over the crowd and their torrent of boos. Sahn lifts his arm to his throat, slashing across, signaling the end is on it's way. Jim Gunt: I guess this match really was over before it even began, wasn't it Mike? ...Mike? What the hell are you doing, are you even watching the match!? Mike Rolash: I was doing a quick Google search. Jim Gunt: What the hell could you be Googling that is more important than doing your job!? Mike Rolash: I was looking up the local coroner and morgue, just to have them on call for this. I'm the CWF's designated First Aid Responder, you know? Jim Gunt: No you're not...we have entire training staffs for that here in the CWF. Mike Rolash: And NO I will not give you mouth to mouth, Jimmy! Chaolin Sahn hits a series of suplexes on Ryan Sunset, each one resulting in another disgusting thud of human flesh hitting the mat. Each one driving the life out of the Flashbacks Host. Sahn hits him with a choke slam. Over and over again, Sunset's body is picked from the ground, only to be launched again with demonic force. Finally, showing a shred of mercy, Chaolin Sahn lifts Ryan Sunset to the cross, plunging Sunset's body into the dark below with the "Chaos and the Crown" powerbomb. Mike Rolash: Pull out the marshmallows, cause Ryan Sunset is cooked. Jim Gunt: Yep, I think I can hear the fat lady singing now. Mike Rolash: What? Did your mom try out for American Idol again? Sahn crosses the arms of Ryan Sunset over his chest like a ritualistic sacrifice before finally making the cover. Clark Summits: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHRRREEEE!!!!!" Ray Douglas: AAAAAAAND THE WINNER OF YOUR MATCH, BY PINFALL.....CHAOLIN SAAAAAHHH!!!! And with that, the match is over...but the assault does not stop. Chaolin Sahn is standing over Ryan Sunset, driving hard elbows and fists into the face of the Canadian Star. Sunset tries to cover up, but within seconds his face is a crimson mask and his viscera is dripping all over the mat below. A large gaping cut has opened up just under Ryan's right eye as the Tormented Soul brings chaos down on him from above like a torrent of hail and brimstone. Jim Gunt: Chaolin Sahn is not done here, Mike! Mike Rolash: Should I start dialing the coroner now? Sahn is on his feet, dropping hard boots into the ribs, back and spine of his fallen adversary. As Sahn's destruction continues, Jaiden Rishel appears on the ramp, heading towards the ring. Jim Gunt: What the hell is he doing out here now?! Jaiden carries with him the metal briefcase from Wrestle Fest 3, a symbol of his victory over his now long forgotten father. Jaiden hands the case to Sahn, who opens it to reveal a vicious and barbaric string of barbed wire. Jim Gunt: Oh, no! Dammit! God no! Mike Rolash: Shut up, Jim! Jaiden helps Sahn lift the battered carcass of Ryan Sunset as the Tormented Soul wraps the wire around the face and head of Sunset, ripping into his skin as the Firefly fashions it into a crown of thorns on Ryan's head. The whole crowd is stunned, shocked at the violent display that Chaolin Sahn is offering to them. Sunset's blood is gushing everywhere, the entire ring soaked in a layer of Ryan's crimson essence. Jaiden rolls Ryan's lifeless body out of the ring as it crumples in a bloody heap alongside the apron. Jim Gunt: Looks like we may have seen the last of Ryan Sunset for a while. Mike Rolash: Goodbye and good riddance! In the blink of an eye, Sahn is outside of the ring, already on top of Sunset once again with fire and fury. A hard DDT on to the canvas drives the barbed wire thorns even deeper into Ryan Sunset's skull. Finally, the Tormented Soul lifts Ryan to the cross again, teasing the "Chaos and the Crown" before motioning Jaiden to follow him up the ramp. With Sunset being carried on his back, Sahn towers back up the ramp, carrying Sunset's beaten, blooded and damned body backstage as the match concludes. Jim Gunt: I wonder what those sickos are going to do to him now! Mike Rolash: Who cares! We have the rest of the show to get to!

Do Not Adjust Your Television Sets

Segment

The screen goes dark. Total blackness is accompanied by complete and utter silence. A voice finally breaks the calm. "DO NOT ADJUST YOUR TELEVISION SETS!" It's Harvey Danger's voice. Oh, great. Harvey Danger: NO, SERIOUSLY. DON'T ADJUST YOUR DIAL. If you still have a dial on your TV. I do, but, that's another story for another

time. Mother says I'm the best at getting up to change the channel for her...Ahem...DO NOT ADJUST YOUR TELEVISION SET. THIS IS ONLY A TEST... Sort of. The darkness ends when a poorly hand-drawn cartoon logo on construction paper suddenly appears. It reads: "The HARVEY DANGER BROADCASTING SYSTEM presented by MARIE DANGER presents: HARVEY DANGER IS BACK." The brightly colored crayon drawing isn't even colored "within the lines" like everyone world-wide is taught in pre-school. Poor video editing reveals Harvey's hand reaching on screen and removing the home-made paper logo. It cuts back to total blackness. The darkness continues on for an awkwardly long amount of time before finally making an abrupt video cut to a blinding light. The figure of a man steps into the center of the light. Back lit by the blinding light, the man steps forward so we can see him a bit clearer. It's Harvey Danger. He's wearing his old Sergeant Pepper style black ring jacket covered in neon colored 1980's "Paint Splatter" and his old black, neon orange, green, and pink tights and dirty well worn white boots. Harvey's soft belly hangs over the waist band of his tights a bit and his jacket doesn't exactly button shut like it used to. His usually slicked back pony tail is dry, frizzy, and wild like a cracked out Broken Matt Hardy. Harvey: I'M BACK, BABY! From off camera, Marie shouts out at Harvey. Marie Danger: CUT! CUT! CUT! No, Harvey! I don't like "Baby." It sounds sexist and I'll be damned if my son is labeled a fucking sexist! Try something else! Harvey shrugs turns back to the camera and poses again. Harvey: I'M BACK... EVERYONE! Marie: TRY AGAIN! The shot cuts in and out sloppily with more poor video editing. An audible "BEEP" is heard as they attempt another take. Harvey: I'M BACK... BROTHERS! Marie: The Hulkster might sue us for that one. BEEP. Harvey: I'M BACK... CWF UNIVERSE! BEEP. Harvey: I'M BACK... LADIES AND GENTLEMAN! BEEP. Harvey: I'M BACK... FOLKS! BEEP. Harvey: I'M BACK... MOTHER FUDGERS! Another BEEP. Harvey is growing visibly tired from the continued takes. Harvey: I'M BACK... SISTER HAZEL! BEEP. Harvey: I'M BACK... BOYS and GIRLS! BEEP. Harvey: I'M... uh... I... Marie: CUT! The blinding bright lights extinguish. After the low budget camera finally adjusts to the new darkness, we see the lights were actually just the headlights from Marie Danger's old station wagon. She's seated behind the steering wheel smoking a cigarette and Harvey has been standing in their driveway this whole time. Harvey turns around to face his Mother. Harvey: What happened? Marie: I think we've got at least one good take in that steaming pile of garbage. It'll have to do. My programs are coming on and you KNOW I don't miss my John Stamos on Full House reruns. Harvey: But, MA! This is my return to the big time! We've got to get it right! Marie gives Harvey "the look" and tosses her cigarette out the window. Harvey: Okay, I guess I'll find a good one in there... somewhere. As Marie gets out of the car, Harvey approaches the camera. His face fills the screen as he fiddles with the buttons trying to turn the camera off. The camera moves around at a dizzying pace in a blur of Harvey's extremely close face and the Danger's family driveway. It comes to a stop on Harvey's mouth as whispers: Harvey: I'm back.. baby! Cut to black.

A Wind In The Air

Segment

From his desk Jaiden Rishel pulls his attention away from a series of paperwork scattered around nonchalantly, to gaze quizzically around the office. Jaiden Rishel: Something unpleasant is coming. I feel a fell wind in the air. And never one to miss a cue, Colton Mace bursts into the office with his usual unsubtle barging through the doors. Jaiden Rishel: Ah... Mace. I should have known. Colton Mace: Are you really going to go through with this farce? Mace makes his demands, leaning almost nose to nose with the owner. Jaiden Rishel: Of course I am. You seem to be fired up, what kind of man would I be if I took away your opportunity? Colton Mace: But I already HAD an opportunity! Jaiden Rishel: I'm starting to tire of your arrogance. Perhaps you should follow your own advice. Be content with your lot in life. Be happy you have any place in my CWF at all! And from now on, any further grievance will be dealt with by my... associate. Colton follows Jaiden's pointing finger to a shadowy corner of the office. One second there is nothing there, in the blink of an eye however, the nefarious and ominous Chaolin Sahn practically fades into existence. Colton Mace: What the f- Jaiden Rishel: You remember Mr. Chaolin Sahn I hope... Colton Mace: Should I? There is a tense moment of the most awkward of silences, Jaiden bracing himself for the worst. But the pause remains. Chaolin Sahn: Fear not Rish, there is no insult there. This is a man who's never made an impact, has never caused a scare. Colton

Mace, the one in the movies that no one would ever see. Why would I have ever made my presence felt to someone so far beneath me? Colton Mace: HEY! Chaolin Sahn: Tell me, Mace, what do you see when you look me in the eye? Do you see my world, the image of the Firefly? You are an ant in the jungle, you see. Surrounded by legions of tarantulas and bees. There are bigger beasts than you, there are snakes all in the grass. I see the future while you only see the past. Confused and out of his depth Colton looks from Sahn to Rish and back again several times. Jaiden is clearly enjoying it. Jaiden Rishel: Chaolin Sahn is the mastermind and I am the authority. Together we shall raise the CWF to all new levels of prominence that my short-sighted father could never have even dreamed of. Chaolin Sahn: Now please, move along little maggot and run. Jaiden and I shall be blocking out the sun. Where will you stand, Mace, when we eclipse the light? ...I believe you have a match tonight. Colton is stunned and offers no resistance or complaint as both Chaolin Sahn and Jaiden turn their backs on the Hollywood Hot Shot, locking him out from the office. His confusion turned to consternation, which turned into anger and vehemence. That in turn could very well turn into considerable pain and suffering for YEDAH. Colton Mace: They think they can just throw me aside... No one throws Colton Mace aside! I'm going to tear this whole company down until I am the last man standing. Then they will have to notice me. And ONLY me! I will make an example out of YEDAH tonight, and I will prove to them that I deserve to be champion! YEDAH's blood will be on their hands! The scene fades to black.

Colton Mace vs. Y.E.D.A.H

Segment

"Holding Out For A Hero" by Emery begins to play over the speaker system and the awkward but lovable YEDAH--! Stumbles out from behind the curtain. He adjusts his red, white and blue superhero mask, hyping up the crowd with hands to the ear and obnoxious taunts, clapping a few of the willing audience member's hands before entering the ring. Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall! First to the ring, from the mythical city of Dreamopolis... YEDAH!! Mike Rolash: Is this guy serious right now!? Jim Gunt: I don't know Mike, I kinda like Yedah. He may be a little awkward and clunky, but he is Your Every Day, Average Hero... and he's certainly MY hero! Mike Rolash: ...Okay? A movie style countdown appears on the CWF Tron, counting down from five. "Crawling In The Dark" by Hoobastank begins playing when it hits zero, and Colton Mace comes out from behind the curtain with no flashing lights or red carpet, just a pissed off and determined look on his face. Mace saunters down the ramp and into the ring, ignoring the jeering crowd as he eyes up Yedah. Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Hollywood, California... COLTON MACE!! Jim Gunt: Colton Mace is clearly not happy tonight, Mike. Mike Rolash: "Can you blame him? The Hollywood Hot Shot was promised a World Title Match on the first episode of Evolution, and he got stuck wrestling this... thing." Jim Gunt: Oh stop Mike! Head CWF official Trent Robbins shakes his right hand to call for the bell and the match is under way. Colton Mace and Your Every Day Average Hero meet in the center of the ring, Mace looking up at YEDAH as he tries to lock hands, instead striking him with a right hand instead. This surprises YEDAH but he comes back with one of his own, before Irish whipping Colton into the corner. YEDAH charges in for a big splash, but all he finds is a stiff turnbuckle as Mace rolls out of the way. Your Every Day Average Hero gathers himself just in time to turn around right into a European Uppercut. But when Colton Mace goes to body slam YEDAH to the mat, he somehow slips out and rolls up Mace into a quick pin attempt. Referee: OOOONNEEE... TTTWWWOOO... NO! Jim Gunt: YEDAH almost had him there! Imagine the embarrassment of Colton Mace if he would lose to this rookie, he'll never get that World Title match our old boss J. Rish promised him! Mike Rolash: It's not gonna happen, Jimmy. Mace has this match in the bag. Jim Gunt: You never know, Mike. Miracles do happen, and Yedah IS a superhero. Nearly losing the match to YEDAH was the final straw that broke the camel's back, Colton Mace absolutely snaps as he springs to his feet and lights up YEDAH with repeated rights. Mace lights Your Every Day Average Hero up and places him upside down in the corner, stuck in the tree of woe as Mace reigns down painful boots before getting on the second rope and stepping down on YEDAH's groin for the embarrassing 5 Seconds of Fame! Mike Rolash: This is the Colton Mace we all know and love. Get 'em Mace! Jim Gunt: I don't know about love, Mike, as a matter of fact the crowd here in Boston seem to HATE him. Colton Mace doesn't let up on YEDAH as he

somehow struggles to his feet, the Premiere chopping the chest of the not so super hero. YEDAH makes his best attempt at a dropkick, but Mace dodges, running at YEDAH as soon as he falls to curb stomp him hard into the mat. The Premiere springs off the ropes into a somersault, grabbing Your Hero on the return and swinging both of his arms around, crunching him face-first to the canvas with the Great American Dream double underhook facebuster! Mace immediately goes for the cover, hooking only one leg as the fans in attendance begin to boo. Referee: OOOONNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHRRREEEEE! Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by pinfall...COLTON MACE!! Jim Gunt: I've never seen Mace like this before, he's like a man possessed! Mace rolls out of the ring, slaps a fan and orders them to hand over their chair. He gets back into the ring, placing Yedah's ankle into the chair, then climbs to the top rope, a dark look on his face. Jim Gunt: No! The crowd rain down boos as Mace stares out at them, gloating as he prepares to leap. Suddenly, the boos turn to cheers, as a familiar figure rushes out, clad in white, a gold belt wrapped tight round his waist. Jim Gunt: Elijah! Where in the hell did he come from? Mike Rolash: York, England. Don't you read the wiki? Born on 21st August, 19- Jim Gunt: Hush. Elijah rolls into the ring and nails Colton with a brutal uppercut to the crotch, causing the cinematic reject to slip and fall face-first on the mat. Elijah goes to kick him but Colton counters, tripping the Insurgent Enigma. Colton rises to his knees, bombarding Elijah with a brutal series of lefts and rights before Elijah manages to get in a series of kicks. The two of them pull themselves upright, brawling. Colton nails Elijah with a series of martial arts kicks to the leg, while Elijah retaliates with a punch to the gut and a brutal DDT. Before the fight can continue, Jaiden Rishel appears out of nowhere, brass knucks in hand, nailing Elijah with a blow that leaves him staggering, another that has him sink to his knees. Colton rises to his feet, slapping Elijah across the face, then steps behind him, holding him steady as Jaiden grabs a mic. Rishel leans in close, his face inches from Elijah's, mutual expressions of bitterness and contempt, blood trickling down Elijah's face from a cut in his forehead. Jaiden Rishel: So we meet again, Elijah. The Insurgent Enigma, the Wanderer. The light in the darkness, the star into the night. Isn't that how your little song goes? A lot has changed since you were here last, my friend. My father, Justin was a parasite, you were right about that. But believe me, if you thought he was bad. You ain't seen nothing yet. Without warning, Jaiden slaps Elijah across the face, the sound echoing like a gunshot as the crowd rain down abuse. The new CWF CEO just smiles, drinking it in like a fine wine. Jaiden Rishel: This is a new era, Elijah. The dawning of a new future. And sad to say, I'm not quite sure that future includes you. We'll have that championship off you soon enough, never fear. And we'll have you packaged off back to that medieval shithole you come from. But for now – Abruptly, we cut backstage, a corridor near the entrance way. A figure makes their way down the corridor, back to the camera, bright red hair bouncing as they skip from side to side. The figure holds a large baseball bat and swings it at one object or another, smashing framed photos, refreshment stands, windows and whatever happens to be in the way. And I saw there are troubles of more than one kind... SMASH Some come from in front, and some come from behind... SMASH But I've got a big bat, I'm all ready, you see... SMASH We reach the end of the corridor, pass through a small open area, push through curtain, onto the entrance ramp to reveal - Omega: Now my troubles are going to have troubles with me!! She blows a kiss into the air then bats it towards the crowd with a giggle. Omega: Hello, darlings! Long time no see! She smiles a moment before charging down the ramp, vaulting onto the guard rail, from there onto the ropes and landing in the ring. She bows like an Olympic gymnast before swinging the bat, connecting with the side of Colton's skull with a sickening crunch. Jim Gunt: Omega!! The Cookie Monster returns! Jaiden Rishel snarls, swinging for Omega, brass knucks back on his fist. She ducks, dodges to one side then the other. Elijah, still weakened, lashed out a leg, tripping Rishel and sending him crashing down to the canvas. Jaiden Rishel and Colton Mace both roll out of the ring, standing on the entrance ramp a moment before storming off backstage. Omega helps Elijah to his feet and the two of them stand in the centre of the ring. They embrace, the crowd cheering as they jointly hold the world title aloft. "Girl Anachronism" by the Dresden Dolls hits the speakers as the two of them exit the ring, making their way out through the crowd. Jim Gunt: What in the world did we just witness!? Mike Rolash: Whatever it is, we haven't seen the last of it. The crowd continues to cheer as the golden couple make their way out. As we cut to commercial break, a small voice can be heard whispering from inside the ring. YEDAH: I am still here, you know...

Short and Sweet

Segment

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the former World Heavyweight Champion "The Ripper" Danny B!The screen cuts to a view outside the arena, some sort of luxury hotel room. Front and centre, placed in an elaborate armchair, attired in a pressed and perfect Armani suit, is the former champion.Danny B: Now, I understand many of you will wish to return to your regularly scheduled programming eventually, so I shall keep this short and sweet. At WrestleFest 3, I was placed into an impossible situation, in which the inevitable was to occur. Now, some would think I would be mad over the situation at hand, some would expect me to lash out and cause chaos.Those are the same people that have not really known who I am for the past number of years. Allow me to fill you in on what shall be happening now.If I so wished, that championship would be home with me now. However, I have another pressing matter that needs attending to, and that is The Ripper finally winning the Golden Intentions match. So, there you have it, I am officially entering myself in said match. For all those that do not know what that means, it means that your chances of winning the match just became zero. Have fun children, I shall see you then.The camera fades to black.

Harvey Danger vs. Jace Valentine

Segment

"No Rain" by Blind Melon suddenly hits the speakers, and Harvey Danger appears at the top of the ramp to a great ovation from the capacity CWF crowd. Danger flashes a toothy smile, before making his way swiftly down to the ring.Ray Douglas: The following one-on-one contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the #1 contendership for the CWF Impact Title! Introducing first – from Long Island, New York; weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds...HARVEY DANGER!!Jim Gunt: An incredible ovation for an incredible name from wrestling's past, Harvey Danger!Mike Rolash: Who?Jim Gunt: Harvey Danger!Mike Rolash (singing): Welcome to the Danger Zone!Jim Gunt: Gee... thanks for that Kenny Loggins...Mike Rolash: Who?Jace Valentine's name lights up the CWF Jumbotron as the CWF Universe starts raining down boos towards the next competitor.IN THE SHADOWS WHERE THE HEADS HANG LOW...YOU HEAR VOICES AS THE WIND BLOWSJim Gunt: Here we go, Mike, Jace Valentine promised us a blockbuster announcement!Mike Rolash: Yeah, hopefully he's retiring and replacing you as my broadcast partner!There seems to be a delay, as the rifts of Alkaline Trio's "We've Had Enough" hit the arena, the pyros are going off, but Jace Valentine is nowhere to be seen.IT'S ONLY TIME BEFORE IT CATCHES UP TO YOUAND ALL YOUR BROKEN LUCK...I FOUND A BETTER WAY TO GET EVEN WITH MY MEMORYThe music continues to play as Harvey Danger is looking around the arena, and then looking back at the referee who seems as confused as he is. Finally, Jace Valentine is seen, easing his way down the entrance up with his leg in a cast and his body weight supported by two wooden crutches.Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, making his way down to the ring at this time... JAAAAACE VALENTINE!!THAT'S IT, WE'VE HAD ENOUGHPLEASE TURN THAT FUCKING RADIO OFFAIN'T NOTHING ON THE AIR WAVING THE DESPAIR WE FEELThe camera pans back to Harvey, who stands in the middle of the ring with a smirk. Jace gingerly makes his way to the announcer's table, calling for a microphone as the music stops.Jim Gunt: I don't think Jace Valentine is in any shape to compete here tonight, Mike!Mike Rolash: No shit, Sherlock, what gave you that idea!?Jim Gunt: Does that mean that Harvey Danger is our next challenger to the Impact championship, by default?As the ringside crew assists Jace, a stagehand pulls a chair up for the former CWF World Heavyweight champion, giving him the microphone he asked for. Jace clears his throat, pushing the microphone to his mouth as the crowd rains down boos.Jace Valentine: Okay, shut up, damn it. I have something important to say. I promised you all a blockbuster announcement, a game changer. I told you that I was going to come out here and be the bearer of bad news, well, here it is. I don't give a damn what Jaiden Rishel has to say, I cannot stand up. I cannot walk. I cannot fight...I will not fight, not tonight. I am in no condition for a wrestling match, hell, I may never be able to wrestle again. That's what all the doctors tell me.Jim Gunt: Can it be true?Mike Rolash: Shut up, damn it, Jim...like he said!Jace Valentine: The doctors tell me that I'm a broken man. That I can't be fixed. That there's no amount of science that can turn me back into the man I was before, the champion, the professional wrestler.As Jace talks, he gets up

from the chair and back to his feet, supported by the crutches. Harvey Danger is glaring at him from inside the ring, eager to start the match, if there was ever going to be one. Jace inches steadily towards the side of the ring, leaning his crutches up against the ring post before raising the microphone again with a smile. Jace Valentine: You know what though? You can say the same about this guy. Harvey Danger? That guy isn't a champion. He's hardly a professional wrestler. He's a pizza glutton. A momma's boy. I can beat him on one leg, with my eyes closed. I am in no shape for a wrestling match, no, no. But this is no wrestling match, it's a beat down. This is Jace Valentine making a statement against someone who, quite simply put, doesn't belong in the same ring as me. He doesn't even have what it takes to shine my boots...so buckle up, Buttercup. Mike Rolash: Jace is fired up tonight! Jim Gunt: He better be careful, Harvey Danger is a legitimate competitor! As Jace slides into the ring to start the match, Harvey has clearly run out of patience and does not appreciate the overly dramatic entrance from the Host with the Most. Before the match starts, as Jace is still rolling in from the apron, Harvey dives at Jace with a vicious takedown, establishing mount position. Harvey Danger rains down punches on Jace as Valentine looks to cover up and protect the New Face of Professional Wrestling. "Big" Denny Davidson, the referee for the bout, shrugs at the competitors battling it out before the official start of the match. "Big" Denny Davidson: Not my job! Jim Gunt: How's that for 'fired up', Mike! Harvey Danger just came out here like a ball of fury! Mike Rolash: Is that another one of those testicle jokes? Jim Gunt: What? Mike Rolash: ...Never mind. Finally, Valentine manages to extricate himself from Harvey's aggression, as Danger is pushed back toward a neutral corner by the referee. Jace is shown wiggling himself back towards one of the turnbuckles with a grimace on his face. He can't get to his feet, but he gets to a sitting position in the corner. Referee Denny Davidson cautiously steps into centre ring, arms outstretched toward each combatant. Time seems to stand still – a lull falls even over the capacity CWF crowd, before Davidson finally calls for the bell and signals for the fight to get underway. In a flash, Harvey Danger dives across the ring again with another explosive takedown, driving Jace's damaged knee hard down on to the mat, and the fans in attendance explode in anticipation of a barn-storming matchup. Jim Gunt: And here we go! Danger continues working over the suspect knee of his fallen opponent, forcefully ramming Valentine's leg into the mat once more, before cinching The Host With The Most up with a tight leg grapevine. Valentine's frustration is clear to see as he pounds the mat with both hands; frustration soon turns to agony, however, as Danger expertly twists Jace onto his stomach, leg still trapped. Harvey then puts the exclamation point onto the manoeuvre by bridging back and wrenching back on Valentine's head and neck with a modified STF. The referee is perfectly positioned, firmly asking The King of Canadian Controversy if he wants to submit. The question is met with a groan of pain, but a shake of Valentine's head shows he's still in the fight. Harvey Danger responds by upping the torque on the hold, but loses his grip on Valentine's head, freeing his fallen foe and allowing Jace to scramble away. The World's Greatest Advice, already looking desperate in the early going, scrabbles towards the ropes surrounding the ring, trying in vain to haul himself to his feet. He pushes hard on the ropes, grimacing as he finally reaches a vertical base... only to be sent sprawling back to the canvas by a perfectly-timed chop block by a returning Harvey Danger! Jim Gunt: Harvey Danger looks to be in complete control of this matchup, if you can even call it that...! Valentine has no business even being in there! Mike Rolash: Who are you to doubt The Host With The Most, Jim? You heard him – this is nothing more than a beatdown. This is nothing more than a fiendish plan to lull this Harvey Danger chump into a false sense of security. Jim Gunt: For the sake of another human being's health and wellbeing, even one as dastardly as Jace Valentine, I hope that you are right, Mike... Following the latest attack on his opponent's knee, Danger faced up his fallen foe, looking ready, wary even. His eyes widen as he looks down on a clearly struggling Valentine; Danger looks as if he can scarcely believe what he is seeing – could it really be this easy? He musters up a couple of stomps, one to the torso of Valentine before a follow-up to the face. Valentine barely reacts, still clutching his non-functioning knee. Danger almost shrugs in spite of himself, before setting off across the ring, building momentum before leaping high into the air and dropping a big elbow onto a prone Valentine. Danger follows up with an opportunistic cover, looking to finish this early. Referee: OOOONNEEE... TTTWWWOOO... KICKOUT! The World's Greatest Advice, though, is able to roll a shoulder off the mat, and shrug Danger off the cover. Danger, though, is undeterred; quickly reaching his feet once more before turning and, in one beautifully fluid movement, nailing a standing moonsault press. He quickly covers

Valentine once more:Referee: OOOONNEEEE... TTTWWWOOO... KICKOUT!Jim Gunt: Harvey Danger, with an array of impressive offensive moves, looking like he hasn't lost a step on his return to the squared circle.Mike Rolash: All part of the plan, Jim...Jim Gunt: It's looking like it could be time for 'Plan B', Mike...!Jace kicks out of the pin attempt a little more forcefully this time, shoving Danger off before whaling away with desperate rights and lefts. A couple of the wild strikes graze Danger, who scowls, before mounting The Host With The Most and angrily striking down across the face of Valentine with vicious blows which fly in the face of his usually easy-going demeanour.Eventually, "Big" Denny Davidson is able to stop the onslaught with a five-count, forcing Danger back toward one of the corners once more to allow a furious Jace Valentine to his feet. The referee has barely finished remonstrating with Harvey Danger before Jace is attempting an ungainly sprint across the ring toward his distracted opponent; The World's Greatest Advice aims another wild swing at Danger's head, but the move is telegraphed, and Harvey manages not only to avoid the contact, but re-exerts his control of the matchup with a tightly applied side headlock.For the first time since the match started and, indeed, since he rejoined CWF, a cool, confident, almost cocky look appears across the features of Harvey Danger as he tightens his grip around the head and neck of his injured opponent. Both men drop to one knee as Valentine shows real signs of fading away, limbs dropping, reactions dulling.Jim Gunt: Valentine could be out...!The referee raises Valentine's right arm into the air, before letting it drop sadly to his side:ONE!Denny Davidson repeats the check – still no reaction from The World's Greatest Advice:TWO!Davidson raises the arm for a third time, but before he can even properly release his grip, Valentine has shaken it loose, fighting gamely back to his feet with a couple of well-placed blows to the ribs of his opponent, who still maintains his hold. A third blow finds its mark, though still falls short of breaking Danger's vicelike grip, and Harvey has enough recovery time to lean back onto the ropes, before using both men's momentum to drive Valentine's head down into the mat with an impactful bulldog.The still cocksure Harvey Danger, however, does not follow up, flashing another toothy grin at the crowd as he rises to his feet, motioning back at his fallen opponent whilst shouting words that are unheard over the racket of the CWF fans. Danger lets out a laugh, sending his arms wide, drinking in a largely positive reaction from the watching thousands. Suddenly, though, confidence turns into panic as Harvey Danger suddenly finds his legs swept from underneath him, Valentine having rolled him up into a textbook inside cradle out of nowhere...!Mike Rolash: THE PLAN! THE PLAN!Referee: OOOONNEEEE...TTTWWWOOO..TTTHHR... NO! KICKOUT!Ooohs and ahhs from the crowd as Danger barely escapes the surprise pin attempt, Valentine holding his head in both his hands in pain, frustration, and anger. Danger pops right back up out of the knockout, looking down at Valentine with another wide-eyed expression, akin to an innocent child, before finally, visibly seeming to come to his senses.Jim Gunt: I think that might have been the wakeup call that Harvey Danger needed – this is the most focused he's looked the entire match.Danger's attention has indeed zeroed right back in on Valentine's injured knee, and like a sharpshooter he is finding his mark with frightening regularity with a series of strikes. Fists, forearms, elbows all raining down on a broken looking Jace Valentine, whose now desperate but slightly feeble attempt at kicking Danger away only seemingly presents his opponent with the ideal opening that he was looking for.Harvey roughly takes Valentine's injured leg into both arms and turns, once more turning The Host With The Most onto his stomach, this time applying his signature Single Leg Danger Crab in the centre of the ring. Valentine's screams can be heard echoing throughout the Fleet Centre despite the crescendo from the capacity crowd. Jace almost seems resigned to his fate, holding his head in both hands again, potentially even biting down on his own hand at the pain as Harvey sits back, increasing the pressure. Finally, Valentine can take no more, pounding the mat hard and fast to signal that his body cannot withstand any more of the excruciating pain that he has seemingly been in since minute one of the match.The referee breaks the hold, and Harvey Danger shouts out in celebration, raising his arms aloft as Ray Douglas stands to make the announcement.Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen your winner, by submission and new #1 contender for the Impact championship... HARVEY DANGER!!Jim Gunt: A valiant effort by a man who really had no business being in the squared circle, but in the end that knee gave up on him and Harvey Danger was able to come out on top! Something tells me the issue between these two men isn't over yet...Mike Rolash: But... but... the plan...?!

People Like Me

Segment

The CEO of Championship Wrestling Federation is shown backstage again, with "The Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn at his back. He sits in his office chair like a throne, with a smug smile on his face, more than content with how the events of CWF Evolution are unfolding so far. The look on Jaiden's face quickly turns to a grimace, however, as Colton Mace barges into his office again. Colton Mace: I told you, Jaiden, YEDAH was no match for me. He had no chance out there, you have to give me the kind of opportunities I deserve! Give me Elijah and the CWF World Heavyweight championship match I was promised, damn it! This guy, Colton Mace, was persistent, you had to give him that much. Jaiden Rishel: Why? Because you won a match? Congratulations, Colton, but you have to do much more than that to get noticed around here. We don't take championship opportunities lightly around here any more like they did when my father ran the show... Colton Mace: Okay, boss, tell me what I have to do to get noticed? Do I have to, say... beat the World Heavyweight champion, Elijah? I can do it. I know I can do it, and deep down, so do you. Jaiden Rishel: Get real, Colton. Colton Mace: You want to know what real is? Real is the fact that you can line up as many YEDAH's as you want, and I will plow through each and every one of them. I am not just some cracked up movie star, I am a wrestler. I am a champion. I will beat every guy on that roster until I get to Elijah if I have to. Jaiden, losing interest in the conversation turns his attention back to some paperwork, trying to pretend Colton Mace didn't exist in that moment of time. Colton Mace: What do I have to do? Jaiden looks up, Sahn still silent behind him. Jaiden Rishel: You're still here? I told you what you have to do. Get real. There is a revolution coming to the CWF, Colton. A darkness creeping in. We don't have the time to waste on... people like you. Colton Mace: People like me? You see, Jaiden, that's where you're mistaken. There are no 'people like me', I am one of a kind. What do I have to do? Do I have to go one on one against "The Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn, eh? I gotta be like you? I'll do whatever it... Chaolin Sahn cuts Colton Mace off with an animalistic smile. Colton Mace: I'm not scared of you! Chaolin Sahn: People like you, Colton, there are more than a few. Little dogs that like to bite off more than they can chew. Without hesitation, Colton Mace lunges across the desk, past Jaiden, laying a series of stiff punches to the face of Chaolin Sahn. Jaiden runs out of the room in a panic as Mace and Sahn brawl, tearing apart the office of the CEO. Sahn gives him a swift uppercut to the side of the jaw but Colton Mace is quickly back up, again diving at the Tormented Soul in a flurry of fists. The two are quickly ripping each other to shreds, blow after blow, as Mace gives Sahn a hard shoulder tackle, leaving a large indent in the wall behind him. Jaiden Rishel: Security! Security! Sahn's eyes light up like an ignited match as he lunges at Mace, grabbing him by the neck and driving him back. As the two rain down punches on each other, a dozen or two members the CWF Security team storm into Jaiden's office, separating the two combatants. As they are pulled off of each other, Mace and Sahn are both clearly livid, snarling and cursing at each other. Jaiden Rishel: Get him out of here! Throw him out of the building! Chaolin Sahn gets to his feet, rubbing a bruise that Mace had left on his chin as security escorts Colton Mace off the premise. Jaiden Rishel: What the hell was he thinking? The camera pans to Chaolin Sahn's face, where we are greeted with a demonic smile. The camera fades to black.

Back In The Day

Segment

The camera is now backstage, zooming in towards a white door with a sign labeled "CWF CEO: Jaiden Rishel" in black. A similar sight tonight. A hand can be seen easing into camera view, and finally Dangerous Dan can be fully seen as he knocks on the door. A "come in!" can be heard from inside, and Dan does just that, opening the door and immediately noticing the new boss of CWF leaning back on a computer chair with both feet propped up and crossed atop of his oak desk. Chaolin Sahn stands behind Jaiden, silent and stoic. Jaiden nods at Dangerous Dan with a smile, but he just shakes his head in return. Jaiden Rishel: Well if isn't my old... friend, Dangerous Dan. What can I do for you? Dangerous Dan: We were never friends Rishel, and you know it. If anything the greatest of foes, back in the day. Jaiden Rishel: Ah yes, GCWA, those were the days. However, if I seem to remember things correctly, I was beating your ass from pillar to post night in and night out there. This obviously irritates Dangerous Dan, who

sneers. Dangerous Dan: You seem to have a foggy memory Jaiden, maybe I should clear the cobwebs for you? The new CEO laughs at Dan, amused by his threat. Jaiden Rishel: Listen Dan, I don't have time for threats and I certainly don't have time to rehash the past. As a matter of fact that's the problem with guys like you and Harley Hodge both, you two live in this fantasy land where you think you're still relevant. But I hate to tell you this Dan, you're not. You've been given that limelight and squandered it for far too long now, you've been given second chance after second chance and failed. Well Dan, one man can only get so many second chances. Dangerous Dan has had enough at this point, taking ahold of Jaiden's dress shoes and pushing his legs off the desk. This is enough to press the new CWF boss to get to his feet and walk over to Dan, the two men going eye to eye. Dangerous Dan: Listen here Jaiden, I have never asked for favors from you or from your father. I have earned every damn thing I've gotten in my career, and tonight will be no different. The future is now for Dangerous Dan, and I'm going to hurt Harley Hodge tonight. I will become number one contender at all costs. This brings a smile to Jaiden Rishel's face. He nods at Dangerous Dan, who is still staring him straight in the eye. Jaiden Rishel: About time you grew a set of balls, 'Dangerous One'. Now hopefully you'll have that same aggression in tonight's main event for a shot at the World Title at CWF's October 29th pay per view Hellbound, or you just might find yourself on the outside looking in Dan. Dangerous Dan takes in a deep breath before letting it out, trying to do all he can to calm himself down. Dangerous Dan: I got this. Dan turns around and leaves in anger, slamming the door of the CWF owner behind him. Jaiden Rishel is left with an evil smile on his face, knowing that he got into the head of Dangerous Dan and pushed him to be his very best.

Dan Highlander vs. Damien Kirkson

Segment

"Money In The Bank" by Lil Scrappy featuring Young Buck sounds over the arena as pyros begin to go off at each corner of the stage. Damion Kirkson steps out from behind the curtain, taking in the reaction from the sold out crowd, most of them either cheering or chanting "Damion". He nods, looking as determined as ever as he heads straight for the ring and slides in. Damion raises his right arm in the air, garnering some more cheers before the match begins. Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and is for the CWF Impact championship! First and already in the ring is the challenger, from New York City, New York... DAMION KIRKSON!! Jim Gunt: Damion Kirkson looking incredibly determined tonight as he looks to get back on track after falling short in the End Games match at Wrestle Fest. Mike Rolash: But he has a tall task at hand tonight, stepping in the ring with the Impact champion, a man who has a lot to prove tonight himself. Jim Gunt: Should be a great title bout, Mike! The lights in the arena go deep blue, and jets of smoke begin to shoot up from the stage. The opening bars of "Let the Hammer Fall" play and Highlander, wearing a black trenchcoat over a tight black singlet walks onto the stage. He stands in the center of the smoke for a few moments, the Impact Title clearly draped across his shoulder. Dan Highlander looks down at the belt and half sighs, before making his way down and entering the ring. The Hammer raises the Impact Title in the air as he approaches the center of the ring, the crowd loving every minute of it. Ray Douglas: And his opponent, he is the reigning & defending CWF Impact champion, from Canberra, Australia... DAN HIGHLANDER!! Jim Gunt: You spoke of Highlander having a lot to prove earlier, and you couldn't have been any more right, Mike. Not being able to move onto End Games and potentially becoming CWF's World champion obviously hasn't sat well with the Hammer. Mike Rolash: Well he has that dastardly masked man to blame for that. Why does there always have to be a masked man anyway, isn't that gimmick beyond stale? Jim Gunt: Excuse me? With a signal from CWF official Denny Davidson, the Impact Title match is underway. Damion Kirkson looks confident going up against former World and current Impact champion, but the Hammer has a quiet confidence about himself as well. The two men share a sportsmanlike handshake, before going straight into a lock up, in which the champion quickly breaks with an arm drag. Highlander holds on, wrenching back on the challenger's limb with aggression. Jim Gunt: Dan Highlander now with a classic arm lock. Mike Rolash: Classic huh, kinda like you huh, Jimmy? Jim Gunt: Well thank you, I'll take that as a compliment. Damion begins climbing to his feet with Highlander still ahold of him, eventually he is able to launch him into the ropes with an Irish whip, Kirkson swinging a hard clothesline that connects with Highlander on his return. Kirkson drops a leg drop down across the neck of the

Hammer, before hurrying up the nearest corner. When he is fully ascended, he leaps into the air, a perfect Frog Splash landing on the chest of Highlander. Damion Kirkson holds on for the cover. Referee: OOONNNEEE...TTT-Kickout! Jim Gunt: Great frog splash there by Damion Kirkson, but still way too early to put away the champion!" Kirkson rolls off of Highlander and pulls him right back to his feet, taking a couple of quick jabs at him before going behind the stunned Highlander and putting him in a sleeper hold. The Impact champion attempts to elbow out of it, hitting Damion Kirkson several times, but he just sinks in the sleeper even deeper. Damion Kirkson motions with his fingers for the crowd to get louder, before putting all the strength he can muster into putting the Hammer to sleep. Dan Highlander looks to be fading, but instead places his right arm around the head of Kirkson to yank himself into the air, coming back down with a Stunner! Jim Gunt: Highlander with a devastating stunner-like neckbreaker! Mike Rolash: The champion's now back in control, Damion needs to do something to break the offense of Highlander..poke him in the eye or something. Dan Highlander shows a new sense of energy, bringing Kirkson to his feet quickly, a spinning heel kick leaving him reeling. The Hammer attempts an Irish whip but Damion Kirkson stops it, instead attempting a lariat that misses. He turns back around into a front kick attempt by Highlander, catches it, but isn't expecting the Such Is Life enzuigiri kick! The Hammer rushes for the pin. Jim Gunt: Highlander with the cover here. Referee: OOONNNEEE...TTTWWO—His foot on the ropes! Jim Gunt: No! Damion Kirkson showing great ring awareness there by finding the ropes and getting his right foot on them in time! Mike Rolash: I'm actually pretty impressed with Kirkson tonight, I think we may have a new Impact champion here. Jim Gunt: That remains to be seen, Mike, but this has been a great, back and forth contest so far for sure. Dan Highlander looks up at the official, and then over to the foot of Kirkson hanging on the bottom rope, and shakes his head. Highlander doesn't dwell however, pulling Damion right back up to his feet and flipping him over with a Snap Suplex. The Hammer holds onto Damion Kirkson, popping his hips as he gets back to his feet and suplexes Kirkson yet again. A third time Highlander is up and holding on, although this time Kirkson is brought down right on his head with a Brainbuster! Damion Kirkson lays flat on his back stunned, prone to Highlander grabbing him by both legs and flipping him over for the Eureka Stockade elevated Boston Crab. Before Highlander can fully apply the hold however, Damion uses his feet to flip Highlander off. Damion hits two quick rising knees to the Hammer but his Irish whip is reversed, a boot hitting him in the stomach before he's brought into the air and smashed into the turnbuckle with the Southern Cross powerbomb. Superkick! Kirkson looks out now, and Highlander is quick to go for the pin. Referee: OOONNNEEE...TTTWWOOO...TTTHHRRR—NOO!! Jim Gunt: Another near fall there after one hell of a Southern Cross/Superkick combo from Highlander! Mike Rolash: The Hammer clearly has a chip on his shoulder after how Wrestle Fest 3 went, Jim, and I think he's about to smash that bag of chips over the back of Damion Kirkson's head. Jim Gunt: Well...that's a strange metaphor. The defending Impact champion rises back to his feet with Damion Kirkson in his hands, but as soon as they are to their feet Kirkson springs on the attack with an elbow strike, and then an uppercut. With Highlander stunned, Kirkson pulls his neck backward for a reverse DDT, but Highlander floats his legs over onto the neck of Damion before taking him down with a flying head scissors! Dan Highlander brings his title challenger over to the corner, spiking his head into the top turnbuckle pad. Kirkson takes one more shot into the corner, but blocks the third, swinging his body backward to nail a Pele kick. Damion Kirkson looks at the sold out crowd and gives the cut-throat signal with his right hand to signal the end. Kirkson pulls Highlander into the air for the Corkscrew Brainbuster, but the Hammer is somehow able to punch his knee down several times, enough to break him free. Highlander knees Kirkson in the gut and quickly runs the ropes, coming back in time to Falling Hammer Scissors kick Damion Kirkson! The champion rolls over Kirkson and goes for the cover. Referee: OOONNNEEE...TTTWWOOO...TTTHHRRREEEEEE! Ray Douglas: Your winner and STIIIIIII CWF Impact champion...DAN HIGHLANDER!! Jim Gunt: And The Hammer retains, what a great Impact Title match, Mike!

Don't Warm Up That Belt For Too Long

Segment

The camera pans on the gold name plate that reads "Mr. Jaiden Rishel", which is followed by an onslaught of jeers from those in attendance. We slowly zoom away until we see Jaiden leaning back in his executive chair, far too

preoccupied by Hearthstone on his iPhone, with that all-too-familiar shit-eating grin across his face. Suddenly, there's a knock at the door. Jaiden Rishel: Yeah - come in. The door opens, and there stands Harley Hodge - sunglasses, hair in a ponytail, and a carry-on bag slung over his shoulder. Jaiden Rishel: Oh look, it's the old man in the neighborhood. What can I do for you, buddy? Harley doesn't say anything at first. Instead, he takes it upon himself to enter the offer and take a look around. Harley Hodge: Heard that a few times now. The new blood are just itching to send me to the retirement home. I guess I just have to prove them wrong, eh? Jaiden Rishel: Try to prove them wrong, you mean? Jaiden laughs, but Harley doesn't find any humor in what was said. Harley Hodge: You know, when I first came to CWF - you were just a little shit trying to figure out your place in the queue. You want respect out of me, you privileged twit, you better start showing it back. This entire place is going to run right over you if you don't. Jaiden takes that as a threat, and decides to get up from his chair. Jaiden Rishel: Oh, is that so Harley? All of this pent up frustration - must be the withdrawal, right? The man that gives all of you your paychecks doesn't need to give out respect like it's candy. You're paid - you're respected. Don't expect anything else out of me, old man. This time, Harley takes extreme offense to the labeling. He lets his carry-on bag fall to the floor, and begins to walk closer towards Jaiden. This seems to frighten Jaiden a bit, as he takes a step back and swallows hard. Harley Hodge: This old man outlasted nearly everyone in that Elimination Chamber. Don't let that slip your mind. Before too long, I'll be the one with the belt over his shoulder. I did it once, I'll do it again. Jaiden Rishel: Nearly everyone - but not everyone. Elijah had your number, Harley, and what makes you think that's changed since then? Elijah is new era - the era that counts. Ancient history is recognized, but that's as far as that rope stretches. Don't be so quick to assume that you'll be who carries that title next. Harley put his bag bag on his shoulder and let's in a deep breath. Harley Hodge: I knew that if I decided to come back permanently, there'd be a buffer in which I had to prove my place again. I mean, why wouldn't I have to? All of these young, ambitious people with stroking their egos - and then there's me. The old son-of-a-bitch, flesh and blood, making the foolish attempt to rediscover a state of glory that made him fall into the hole that he just dug himself out of. You know what though, Jaiden? Sometimes you have to hit rock bottom to see the forest for the trees. You wouldn't know that. Jaiden shook his head with a smile as he sat back down in his chair. It was clear that he didn't give damn about what he had to say. Jaiden Rishel: Nope, because I made the right decisions consistently. That's why you aren't sitting where I'm sitting, buddy. Harley fires right back, pointing at Jaiden. Harley Hodge: I'm not your buddy. I'm no one's buddy. And you know what? I'm going to make that very clear tonight. I have nothing against him, but make sure you let Elijah know that it wouldn't be in his best interest to warm up to that belt for too long. Harley winks toward Jaiden, and then turns around to exit his office. The camera turns to pan on Jaiden, who now has his hands clasped against his oak desk. He snorts, giggling to himself, before reclining in his chair again. Jaiden Rishel: We'll see, old-timer. We'll see.

Waiting For The Sun To Set My Wings Ablaze

Segment

WAITING FOR THE SUN TO SET MY WINGS ABLAZE! The Bled's "Sound of Sulfur" starts again, as the red smoke, pyro flames and beats of Chaolin Sahn's entrance begin. Mike Rolash: Oh my God! "The Tormented Soul" is coming down to the ring! I wonder what this is about! Jim Gunt: Do you think this is about the rumor that Golden Intentions is returning? Mike Rolash: I sure hope so! THE SHOW MUST GO ON! THE FUNERAL NEEDS A STAR! TONIGHT I HAVE BECOME THE GOSSIP AND THE CHOIR! Through the fire and flames steps "The Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn as he makes his way to the ring. There is a bruise right under his bottom lip, a battle scar left from his run-in with Colton Mace earlier in the night. It does not seem to bother Sahn however, as the wickedness and evil is still clearly evident in his teeth bearing smile. The crowd showers Chaolin in boos as he enters the ring, calling for a microphone. Chaolin Sahn: Hello one, hello all. I am the Firefly, and you shall answer my call. You should hear my words, as I make this publication. A grand battle of the ages, as fire and flame engulf our nation. Two weeks from today, the seventeenth of September. A emblematic display of violence, it will be a night to remember. To give flight to an angel of death and see it's ascension... we shall be bringing back a gem from CWF's past, Golden Intentions. The

crowd erupts in cheers and a standing ovation in approval of the Golden Intentions return. They might not like Chaolin Sahn, but the Golden Intentions match is certainly something worth getting excited about. Jim Gunt: It's true! It's damn true! Mike Rolash: Finally! I will get my opportunity at becoming champion! I've been waiting all my life! Jim Gunt: You can't be serious... Chaolin Sahn: An over the top rope challenge, where battle lines will be drawn. Thirty or more competitors, but a victor we will spawn. An opportunity of a lifetime, at Hellbound and beyond. We extend our offer far and wide, anybody and everybody can respond. An entry into the main event, the battle for the prize. And an opportunity to look the demon in the eyes. So come one, come all, and fight for your lives. We will set blaze to the world, the CWF and all of its archives. "Crawling In The Dark" by Hoobastank begins playing, cutting off the riddles and rhymes coming from Sahn in the middle of the ring. Colton Mace, who had been kicked out of the arena by Jaiden Rishel, appears on the ramp wearing a thick leather jacket with his wrestling attire underneath. Jim Gunt: Mace is back! Mike Rolash: What the hell is he doing out here? Wants Chaolin Sahn to kick his ass again? Colton Mace and Chaolin Sahn stare off at each other venomously, the tension in the air can be cut with a knife. The Tormented Soul is silent, as Colton Mace finally has his complete and undivided attention. Mace starts storming down to the ring. Jim Gunt: They better get security down here in a hurry! Mike Rolash: Yeah, to save Colton Mace from himself! Mace stops just short of the ring, throwing his leather jacket to the floor. A black tattoo is evident on the skin of Colton Mace's arm, a faint red rash behind it to show it is a new mark of mutilation for the former movie star. Three triangles, three circles. The Trinity, the Maker's Mark. Jim Gunt: What the...? It can't be! Mike Rolash: Well, Mace asked what he had to do to get noticed, I guess he figured out the answer! Mace flashes a smile at Chaolin Sahn before turning his back on the Tormented Soul and heading back up the ramp. The Firefly stays silent, dropping to his knees with a sadistic, sinister cackle. He has found his representative, the first of many to choose sides in the battle of chaos and calamity. Colton Mace had chosen the right side, and he would be rewarded for such a noble decision. As Chaolin Sahn's maniacal laughter continues, the lights go to black and a lone white spotlight shines down on the Tormented Soul. Sahn gets to his feet, confused as the lyrics start and the crowd erupts to their feet again. LOOK IN MY EYES, WHAT DO YOU SEE? THE CULT OF PERSONALITY! Living Color's "Cult of Personality" blares through the arena as the spotlight flickers and flashes, eventually relocating itself to an area way, way back in the bleachers of the CWF arena. Under the spotlight now is a man we thought we would never see again. A man that Chaolin Sahn thought he had eliminated. The unaccounted for. The heretic. The grand mistake. The former CWF World Heavyweight champion. Jarvis King. The crowd is chanting HOLY SHIT, HOLY SHIT, HE'S BACK! as Jarvis lifts his arm into the air in defiance of the Tormented Soul. Mike Rolash: Oh no! If there's anyone in CWF's past we don't need coming back, it's Jarvis! Jim Gunt: Sahn said anyone and everyone, Mike! Do you think this is Jarvis throwing his name in for Golden Intentions? Mike Rolash: That would be TERRIBLE! Chaolin Sahn is shown in the ring kicking and screaming, having a meltdown as the camera fades to black.

Dangerous Dan vs. Harley Hodge

Match

The lights dim in Fleet Center, as "Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater begins to play over the sound system. An eruption of cheers from the sold out crowd as Harley Hodge makes his way out. The End Games runner up is still clearly not 100% percent after taking the Descent from the current World champion Elijah off the cell and demolishing the announce table. Harley holds onto his ribs, wincing in pain but still clapping hands with a few members of the crowd before sliding in under the bottom rope. Ray Douglas: The following match is tonight's MAAIN EVENT! Set for one fall, and is for the #1 contendership for the CWF World Heavyweight championship! Announcing first, from Brooklyn, New York... HARLEY HODGE!! Jim Gunt: Harley is looking even more banged up than usual tonight, Mike, but at the same time I don't know if I've EVER seen him this determined! Mike Rolash: This could be his last shot at the gold for awhile, but the same could be said for Dangerous Dan. Contenders are lining up out the door for the CWF World championship, and whoever comes out victorious tonight is going to get the coveted spot at October's Hellbound pay per view! Dangerous Dan comes out from behind the curtain, still looking roughed up from End Games as "Nightmare"

by Avenged Sevenfold begins to play. Dan poses as the entrance ramp, as blue pyros blasts into the air behind him. He greets the fans as makes his way to the ramp. He climbs up on the turnbuckle and poses before backflipping to the ring, staring over at Harley Hodge with a smirk on his face.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent in tonight's World Title #1 Contendership match, from Smithville, Tennessee...DANGEROUS DAN!!

Jim Gunt: What a treat we have in store for you fans with tonight's main event. Dangerous Dan made it all the way to the final three at Wrestle Fest 3, he was THIS close to etching his name on that CWF belt.

Mike Rolash: But close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, Jim. Simple fact is both Dangerous Dan and Harley Hodge lost in End Games. As much as it pains me to say it, as we all know Elijah came out victorious and is our new World champion.

Jim Gunt: And as we seen earlier, Omega is now back as well! Free chocolate chip cookies for everyone here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Really!? As soon as head referee Trent Robbins calls for the bell Dangerous Dan launches an attack, going on the offense immediately with a dropkick. Dan then hits a spinning heel kick, driving Harley Hodge against the ropes. The Dangerous One attempts an irish whip but it's reversed, and Hodge catches him on the return with the Borderline spinning sidewalk slam! Harley riles up the crowd now, stomping his feet on the mat as Dangerous Dan climbs to his feet. Harley pulls Dan up into a vertical position, looking for a brainbuster, but instead brings him back-first into an outstretched knee!

Jim Gunt: Ouch that's gotta hurt Mike! These two veterans are looking very even as this match begins, who do you predict to walk out victorious, Mike?

Mike Rolash: It doesn't matter, as soon as Colton Mace becomes champion neither one of these two old farts will have a shot in hell at becoming CWF champion!

Jim Gunt: Mace has to get through the incredible, the enigmatic World champ Elijah first though, Mike, and that'll be no easy task. But that's for another night, because we have some amazing action in the ring as we speak! What a neckbreaker by Hodge!

Harley Hodge stands over Dangerous Dan after bringing him down with the neckbreaker. He brings down a balled fist across the skull of Dan. Hodge then goes in for the Sleep to Dream guillotine submission, but the Dangerous One spins them both into a roll, holding on for the pinfall.

Referee: OONNNNEEE...TTTWWO—No! Hodge corkscrews their bodies over, now on top of Dangerous Dan.

Referee: OONNNNEEE...TTTWW—No! Dangerous Dan breaks out of the cover, runs quickly into the ropes, double legged kick to the jaw of Harley! Dan grabs him by both arms, twerking them over and flipping himself over Harley Hodge into a bridged pin attempt.

Referee: OONNNNEEE...TTTWW—NO!

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge breaks out again, Mike, and here comes the 'This is Awesome' chants!

Mike Rolash: Can you blame them, this is awesome! Both men come to their feet in an instant, circling each other as they progress through their next move. This time its Harley Hodge who charges first, an elbow cracking the side of Dan's head. Dangerous Dan comes back with a knee, but Harley is undeterred, placing Dan into a headlock. The CWF legend cranks in on the lock, forcing Dangerous Dan to use all his might to push him off into the ropes. Harley returns right into the waiting boot of Dangerous Dan, who connects with The ENDD Is Near superkick! The sound of Dan's boot slashing into the face of Hodge echos through the arena, and is enough for the Dangerous One to attempt a cover.

Jim Gunt: SUPERKICK!

Referee: OONNNNEEE...TTTWWOOO...TTTHH—Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Great the ENDD is Near superkick by Dangerous Dan, but not enough to put away the legend!

Mike Rolash: I'm truly amazed either of these two men can even walk after the war they were in inside the End Games cell at Wrestle Fest 3, but the fact that they're both out here battling their hearts out for another shot, I have to say I respect that.

Jim Gunt: Really, Mike? Are you finally turning a new leaf?

Mike Rolash: No, I'm only fucking with you, dumbass. Dangerous Dan doesn't want to go on defense, choosing to snap two repeated elbow drops down on Hodge. The third meets nothing but canvas though, as Harley is able to roll to out of the way. As he gets to his feet Dan charges, Harley sidesteps, german suplex! Dangerous Dan slaps the mat, showing surprising frustration for the usual calm and collected one. He climbs back to his feet and locks up with Harley Hodge, turning him around to place him into a hip stretch. Harley breaks out but Dangerous Dan able to pull him in again for a Twist of Fate. He looks up at the cheering crowd before leaping up the nearest corner to the top rope. THE ENDD Swanton Bomb, his body spinning through the air perfectly before drilling Harley! Dan goes for the cover as the crowd prepares to count along with Trent Robbins, the Dangerous One hooking both legs as he lets out a deep breath.

Referee: OONNNNEEE...TTTWWOOO...TTTHH—NO!

Jim Gunt: And Dangerous Da..no! I thought he had Harley there, Mike! His finisher is called The Endd after all.

Mike Rolash: The end is only the beginning.

Jim Gunt:

Huh? Oh god..don't tell me you're under Chaolin Sahn's spell too, Mike.Mike Rolash: No, just reading lines out of this Dr. Seuss book. Duh.Clearly at a breaking point now, a reddened-face Dangerous Dan can't believe that the Swanton Bomb doesn't put away Harley. Dan looks to both his left and right side as if he's trying to draw ideas out of midair, getting to his feet and stomping Hodge a few times before heading to the corner one more time.Dan slowly climbs to the top rope, looking worse for wear and giving Harley time to recover. Dangerous Dan shoots off the top rope with what would have been an amazing Elias' Room shooting star press, if Harley didn't get both knees up just in time! Harley Hodge scoops the Dangerous One off the mat and into the air, powerslamming him back-first into the corner with the Cuckoo's Nest! With a large cheer from the Boston audience, Harley pulls Dan away from the ropes by his torso and goes for the cover.Referee: OONNNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHHRRR—Kickout!Jim Gunt: Another near fall, this time by the former CWF World champion Harley Hodge. Mike, we all heard the message our new CEO Jaiden Rishel gave to both of these men earlier, do you think that has given them some added motivation to perform at their highest level tonight?Mike Rolash: I would say so, and I believe that was the point. Like our new boss Jaiden told both these idiots earlier, there's only so many second chances!Harley Hodge rolls off of Dangerous Dan, sighing deeply before getting back to his feet. The CWF veteran measures his #1 Contendership opponent, charging at him as he rises and leaping into the air just as Dan sidesteps, leaving Harley to go shoulder first into the turnbuckle. Dangerous Dan places the dazed Harley Hodge in a tree of woe position, kicking him a few times quickly before springing to the top in an instant. Dan uses both hands to push himself high into the air, coming down with a nasty Double Foot Stomp! Dangerous Dan hurries to make the cover on Hodge.Referee: OONNNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTTHH—KICKOUT!Jim Gunt: One hell of a creative move there by Dangerous Dan, I'm not sure I've ever seen anything quite like that before.Mike Rolash: You've never seen Finn Balor wrestle, I take it?Jim Gunt: Shush.Instead of getting frustrated this time, Dangerous Dan seems to get more intense, a sadistic half smirk appearing on his face as he pulls Harley back up to his feet. Dan boots him in the stomach, and goes for the Twist of Fate but Hodge counters out, going behind him and taking him down with a russian leg sweep. The sold out crowd rises to their feet, sensing a breaking point in the match as Harley Hodge calls for the end.Just as Hodge goes to lift the Dangerous One up for his patented DDT however, he has his legs swept out from under him. Dangerous Dan mounts Harley and begins pummeling down with right hands, but Hodge easily throws him off, both men back to their feet quickly as the crowd once again cheers loudly.Jim Gunt: Every single raucous fan in the Fleet Center is on their feet, Mike!Mike Rolash: And for good reason. CWF is back bay bay!Jim Gunt: With main events such as this one, where Harley Hodge and Dangerous Dan have given every bit of themselves to become the World title #1 contender..we're going to be back for a long, LONG time!Dangerous Dan locks up with Harley after both men pause to recuperate momentarily, holding onto him with one arm while he strikes him with his other elbow several times. Harley Hodge is able to back with a strong elbow of his own, before dodging a lariat from the Dangerous One. Dangerous Dan continues ascending towards the ropes quickly though, finally a second clothesline meeting its mark. Dan heads upstairs to the top rope and leaps off just as Harley somehow springs to his feet, catches Dangerous Dan out of midair and breaks him with a Death Valley Driver! Hodge goes for the cover.Referee: OONNNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHHRRRE—NOO!Harley rolls off of Dan, both men laying on their back for several seconds catching their breath. Eventually the referee's count forces them to their feet. Harley Hodge with a rising knee. A half dazed Dangerous Dan a knife edge chop. Harley three right hands. The sound is deafening. Dangerous Dan spins around for a roundhouse kick but he is caught in midair and flipped around right into a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker. Now in control, Harley Hodge sinks Dan's head in place and pulls him upward and back down hard, THE ACCELERATOR DDT! Hodge goes for the win, every second of the count echoed out by the excited crowd.Referee: OONNNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHRRREEEEE!Ray Douglas And the winner of this match and new #1 contender to the CWF World Heavyweight championship...HARLEY HODGE!!Harley Hodge slowly rises to his feet, his hand raised victorious as the Boston crowd begins to chant aloud for their old hero.Jim Gunt: What a performance there from Dangerous Dan, but tonight it just wasn't enough to stifle the momentum of Harley Hodge!Mike Rolash: This Harley is like a weed, a cancer, a poison. No matter how much you medicate the problem or chop him down, he will not

die!Jim Gunt: Well, I sure hope he doesn't die anytime soon, Mike! But as for tonight, he stands victorious as the new #1 contender going into Hellbound! And with that display tonight, Colton Mace probably just booked his ticket against Elijah for the CWF Heavyweight championship!Mike Rolash: Along with that massive title match, we also have the Golden Intentions invitational where Chaolin Sahn has invited wrestler's from all around the world to compete in a rumble to see who will be added to the Hellbound main event, joining Harley Hodge and the champion in a triple threat. So we'll see you at Golden Intentions, goodnight!

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