

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 10

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: January 8, 2018
Location: Mississippi — Biloxi

Results

Your Package

Match

The dying sounds of the opening theme and the ecstatic Denver crowd fade out through the backstage halls and corridors of the Pepsi Centre as Evolution opens. The CWF staff and roster members mull around their business, preparing themselves for the evening's events.

Harvey Danger and his mother, Marie, are starting to settle into their locker room, when a knock at the door grabs their attention.

Marie Danger: Harvey, be a dear and get that for me please.

Harvey Danger: Yes mother.

At the door is a young, interring CWF backstage hand. His badge and visitor pass say his name is Carl.

Carl: Mr. Harvey Danger?

Harvey Danger: Yes...

Carl: I have your package here.

Harvey Danger: What package?

Carl: Ah...Your thongs sir.

Harvey Danger: MY WHAT?!

Carl: Thongs.

Several passing members of both staff and the roster stop dead in their tracks upon hearing that proclamation and look at Harvey, not even trying to hold back their laughter.

Harvey Danger: I didn't order any...Mom...Did you order any new underwear?

Marie Danger: Oh have they arrived already?

Harvey Danger: JESUS! I do not want to picture that. You, get out of here!

Harvey signs for receipt of the delivery, almost kicking poor Carl out of the doorway and dragging the small plain looking box inside the locker room. Attached is a small note.

Marie Danger: "Dear Harv, good luck on your match tonight", Aw that's sweet, it's from a fan, "Hope you enjoy these special gifts from Down Under. From Sam and Dean"

Harvey Danger: Who?

Marie Danger: Oh really Harvey. Sam and Dean. The Lost Boys!

Harvey Danger: Who?

Marie Danger: The two guys that attacked you and THREATENED ME!

Harvey Danger: You know who they are?!

Marie Danger: Lord have mercy!

While they have this little exchange Marie Danger opens up the box to reveal its contents, turning the box over and pouring it out onto the floor of the locker room. It was not full of thong underwear but the sandal like open footwear known as thongs in Australia, also colloquially known as flip-flops.

Marie Danger: Enough is enough Harvey. You need to get out there and put an end to this!

Fade.

A Brother's Quarrel

Match

The scene opens up, it shows Dean in bloody clothes with his head bandaged as Seth looks a bit concerned, more like terrified, as they talk.

Seth Moxley: You suffered a bloody concussion and yet you still want to compete in this tag team match. Are you crazy, Dean?

Dean Moxley: Yes I may be a lunatic, but I am not stupid. I am going through the match. Dad might have given me a concussion, but that isn't going to stop me from putting the Danger Boiz in their place. They think they are so great, but they're not. You act way too much of a good guy when you're not. Where is that insane brother of mine? This isn't you and I am going to remind you the type person you should be. Danger Boiz, this won't be your night and you won't get rid of us. You can try still, you will fail as I simply don't care for the both of you as you're low lives to me. This is what I love to do and I am going to show you what happens when you try to take what I love to do for a living, as you won't like it at all.

Seth Moxley: Dean, easy...

Dean Moxley: Shut up Seth, we have to destroy them. They want to take our place and I won't let that happen. I am not about to allow them to ruin this for us. This is war, you better be with me cause I want to remain here even if you want to be a shell of your former self. Snap out of it, you shouldn't care about what people think of you. This is all I dreamed about doing and when two assholes try to rip it from me, I am going to fight a whole lot harder, and I expect you do the same. At least I act insane, but you have gone soft big brother, it is time for you to get it together. I am out of here.

Dean walks off and Seth shouts after him.

Seth Moxley: DEAN!

Dean doesn't turn around as he has business to deal with and goes to his locker room to get dressed for the tag team match. Seth sighs and takes off to his locker room to get ready for the match as well.

Fade.

The Moxleys (Dean & Seth Moxley) vs. The Danger Boiz (Dangerous Dan & Crazy Chris)

Match

Mike Rolash: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the tenth edition of CWF Evolution, live from the Pepsi Center here in Denver, Colorado.

Jim Gunt: We have a jam-packed show today for you, with the quarter finals of the Modern Warfare tournament, an Impact Championship title match and a whole bunch of other interesting matches!

Mike Rolash: Yes, we also have two debuts, Demi is a new contender entering a triple threat match with our own Robot and Pandalike...

Jim Gunt: And we also see the first match of our newest stable, The Forsaken...

Mike Rolash: But now lets kick things off with the Battle of the Brothers!

"Black Sheep" by Saliva hits as Dean and Seth Moxley walk down the steps through the audience, and they jump over the barricade. They get in the ring, and climb three different turnbuckles where they throw their fists into the air.

Ray Douglas: The following tag team contest is the BATTLE OF THE BROTHERS, scheduled for one fall! Making their way to the ring first, from Cincinnati, Ohio, at a combined weight of 490 pounds - Dean and Seth, the MOXLEY BROTHERS!

They get down, and walk to the middle of the ring. They pose for the fans as they ignore their boos, and they put their fists together to show their unity towards one another as the fans continue to boo them.

"Nightmare" by Avenged Sevenfold hits, and the fans have a more positive reaction as the Danger Boiz appear on the rampway. They briefly pump up the crowd before charging down the rampway, tackling the Moxleys and catching the big men off guard!

Jim Gunt: Here we go, CWF's inaugural Battle of the Brothers!

Mike Rolash: What about Billy and Tyler Anderson?

Jim Gunt: Never fought the Danger Boiz, believe it or not.

The brawl between Crazy Chris and Seth Moxley spills outside the ring and the bell rings, making Dan and Dean the legal men. Dean Moxley gains the upper hand, having recovered from the initial surprise attack, and pushes Dan into the corner, punching him repeatedly. The referee pulls Moxley off Dangerous Dan and admonishes him, and while his back is turned Seth Moxley pulls Dan's legs out from under him!

Mike Rolash: Ha! Classic Moxley.

Jim Gunt: Really? That's what you're calling classic?

Dangerous Dan scowls but recovers, and both Seth Moxley and Crazy Chris return to their respective corners. Dan locks up with Dean once again, this time gaining a more even footing and getting Dean into a hammerlock. The Dangerous One whips Dean into the rope and ducks underneath the big man's clothesline, catching him with a massive cross-body!

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Kickout!

Dangerous Dan is undeterred and tags in his brother. Crazy Chris leaps over the ropes and begins throwing wild rights and lefts at Dean Moxley, putting the prone Moxley into a Camel Clutch. Moxley refuses to tap out, and actually manages to slowly rise to his feet! He jumps backwards and lands on Chris, squishing him!

Jim Gunt: Dean Moxley just planting Crazy Chris into the mat there!

Mike Rolash: I wonder when the harvest will come in.

Dean Moxley tags in his brother, who enters the ring slowly, beckoning for Crazy Chris to rise. As he does, Dean starts taunting the crowd outside the ring, as Dangerous Dan encourages his brother to reach his feet. Before Chris fully reaches his feet, though, Seth bounces off the ropes and performs a leaping punch!

Mike Rolash: There, in the sky!

Jim Gunt: It's a bird!

Mike Rolash: It's Seth Moxley with the near fall!

Jim Gunt: My second guess was "plane".

Seth Moxley seems unfazed by the near fall, and hauls Crazy Chris to his feet. He whips Chris into a corner and follows up with a massive clothesline! Chris crumples, and Seth winds up for another one - and nails it!

Jim Gunt: Crazy Chris hit with so many clotheslines you could use him to hang laundry!

Mike Rolash: That was forced.

Jim Gunt: What do you want from me?

Seth tags in his brother, and the two of them nail a DDT together!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Dean Moxley's face betrays some frustration, and he makes to set up for the X-Mark! But as he puts his knee into position, Crazy Chris is able to counter with a backflip up and over the Lunatic! Chris makes to kick Moxley in the stomach, but Moxley catches it - which was exactly what Chris was waiting for! He nails an enzuigiri and lays Moxley out hard, and both men struggle towards their corners!

"DANGER BOIZ! DANGER BOIZ!"

Dangerous Dan stretches out, desperately trying to reach his battered brother. Just as Dean Moxley makes to tag in Seth, Chris makes a burst of effort and tags in his brother!

Jim Gunt: And here comes Dangerous Dan!

The Dangerous One is furious in his assault, throwing massive rights and lefts with a speed that Seth Moxley is simply unprepared for! Dan whips Seth into his corner, and Seth staggers forward, giving Dan the chance to kick him in the stomach, nailing the Danger Zone!

ONE!

TWO!

And Dean Moxley breaks up the pin!

The crowd boos furiously as the referee admonishes Dean for interfering - and this gives Seth a chance to hit Dangerous Dan with a low blow!

Mike Rolash: Oh, that had to hurt!

Dangerous Dan's momentum has been completely halted, and Seth drags him over to the corner to tag in Dean. Seth hits a few body blows, and the two set up for Justice Delivered!

Jim Gunt: This could be the end!

Mike Rolash: No, that's the finisher for the Danger Boiz.

Jim Gunt: You knew what the fuck I meant.

Dangerous Dan manages to counter into a DDT hitting both Moxleys! The referee is clipped over the head as the three men fall, though, and is knocked prone. The Moxleys take the chance to double-team Dan, placing him up on the top rope to facilitate another Justice Delivered Powerbomb - but Crazy Chris comes to the rescue, nailing the Crazy Man's Suicide from the far side of the ring and knocking Seth out of the ring!

Jim Gunt: Crazy Chris out of nowhere!

In the ring, Chris hauls Dean Moxley to his feet and nails the Crazy Bitch TKO - and leaves Dangerous Dan to launch skywards for the ENDD! The referee recovers just in time to make the count-

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners....THE DANGER BOIZ!

Mike Rolash: This was an entertaining opening match, nicely setting the table.

Jim Gunt: Yes, the Danger Boiz are finally back on the winning side and maybe they can build some momentum, but given the animosities between the Moxleys, this could put an even bigger strain on their relationship now.

A Highlander's Spirit

Match

We cut backstage to Jaiden Rishel standing by the catering table. He is munching on an oatmeal cookie, the signs of his beatdown from the Eternals from last week still evident.

Male voice, offscreen: Jaiden.

The camera zooms out to show Dan Highlander, still in his wheelchair, an inscrutable expression on his face.

Jaiden: What do you want, Highlander?

Highlander: You got your ass handed to you pretty badly last week.

Jaiden: And what? You're here to laugh at me?

Highlander: Jaiden, despite the fact that seeing you get beaten down had a considerable degree of schadenfreude given what you and the Eternals did to me, I'm not here to make fun.

Jaiden: Then what are you here for?

Highlander: Your father says you've turned over a new leaf. If it were anyone else I wouldn't believe it, but I've known Justin for years. I'm going to choose to take him at his word.

Jaiden: And?

Highlander: You fought well against Cain. And you fought well against me. You have spirit. But you lack discipline. Focus. And if you truly do intend to stand against the Eternals, you'll need a teacher.

Jaiden laughs.

Jaiden: And that's you?

Highlander: By all means, laugh. Laugh at the man who kicked Alex Cain off the stage and out of competition for six years.

Jaiden's amusement evaporates. He looks confused.

Jaiden: I don't get it. Why the fuck would you want to help me?

Highlander: I can't fight anymore. Not like this. But I can help you fight. And you'll be a valuable soldier in the days to come.

Jaiden: ... go on.

Fade.

Demi vs. Pandalike vs. The Robot

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a trrriple threat match!

Jim Gunt: That's incredible news, Mike, Highlander and Jaiden Rishel may be teaming up?

Mike Rolash: Well the Hammer does know a thing or two, he is a former World champion after all.

As Demi walks down entrance way to "Waiting for Tonight" by J'Lo, she goes to get kisses from fans but puts her hand in the way as she laughs at a kid at ringside. As she gets to ring area as walks up the steps to enter the ring under the middle rope. Demi then climbs on first rope as she goes to blow the kiss but yanks it back, smiling slyly as she waits for her opponents.

Ray Douglas: First, from Astoria, New York....DEMI!!

"Jetpack Blues, Sunset Hues" begins to play and The Robot quickly makes his way out to the ring, walking like a robot the entire time. The crowd at ringside laugh and cheer him on.

Ray Douglas: From Silicon Valley....THE ROBOT!!

"Gone Away" by Five Finger Death Punch hits and lights dim and Pandalike comes out wearing a Panda hoodie and a black and white face paint. He walks down the ramp and enters the ring. He climbs up the turnbuckle and looks at the crowd. Half the crowd chants Pandalike while the other half chants Panda sucks and then he stands in the middle of

the ring, eying up both of his opponents.

Ray Douglas: And finally from China....PANDALIKE!!

The bell rings and the very different Pandalike comes to the center of the ring, calling both Robot and Demi in for a fight. Instead, the two of them begin to laugh at him aloud. This angers Pandy, his blood boiling with every chuckle coming from his opponents. Suddenly he leaps up, clotheslining both of them to the canvas! Pandalike is a man deranged as he pulls Demi to her feet, throwing her with a harsh irish whip right into the Robot. Robot goes down and Demi staggers back into Pandalike, who spikes her on her back with a spinebuster!

Jim Gunt: Pandy is not messing around tonight!

Mike Rolash: About time he woke up!

Jim Gunt: Maybe the recent matches with the current World champion Harley Hodge relit the flame of the Panda Sage?

Pandy calls for Demi to rise to her feet, not realizing that Robot has come behind him, and leaps onto his back. Pandalike swings Robot like a ragdoll, before dropping him on his head several feet away! Pandalike goes over to the Robot, slamming in boot after boot after boot to the robotic gear of his opponent. Demi with a knife edge chop to the back of Pandalike, but he no sells it, instead turning around and hitting her with open-palm strikes- PAW PRINT! Pandy goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Pandy had the three count, but the Robot came in for the save at the last second!

Mike Rolash: And I think all he did was piss off Pandalike in the process, Jimmy!

Pandalike takes a stomp from the Robot, and then another one, none of them phasing him one bit. He gets to his feet catching the boot of Robot, but he spins around and connects with an Enziguiri! Demi is back on her feet and Robot and her work together momentarily, throwing Pandy into the ropes and catching him with a DOUBLE SPEAR ON HIS RETURN! Demi goes for the cover on Pandy, but Robot throws her off, and all the way to the outside! Robot now with

the pin attempt.

ONE!

T-NO!

Pandalike HURLS The Robot off of him. He kips up to his feet, running at Robot who tries to use the corner ropes to pull himself up- CANNONBALL!

Mike Rolash: Let the ball's loose, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: That's just hoggish.

Pandalike peels the unconscious Robot out of the corner, placing his head gear between his legs. Sit-Out Powerbomb to the Robot- PAAANDAMONIUM! The crowd is shocked as they watch on, Pandalike holding on for the pinfall after an absolutely dominating performance.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall....PANDALIKE!!

"Gone Away" plays once more and Pandalike gets to his feet, spitting on the Robot before making a quick and angry retreat.

Mike Rolash: This was a true show of domination from Pandalike, given how pissed off he was, he could have gone through anything tonight.

Opportunity of a Lifetime

Match

Backstage, the office of the CEO of Championship Wrestling Federation is a madhouse. Wrestlers from ever walk of life fill the room to the brim, barely leaving a few feet in between each uneasy looking team. Silas and Autumn Raven stand in the corner, while the Moxley's and the Danger Boiz bicker back and forth. Robot and Demi don't know what to think, or say apparently as they stand around looking roughed up from their match with Pandalike. Stalker Knight

meanwhile is more worried about smacking Zara's ass for being a bad girl than caring what's going on around him.

Ryan Sunset: HELLO BUDDIES, QUIET DOWN PLEASE!

The room falls to a hush, bringing a smile to Ryan's face.

Ryan Sunset: I called you all here this evening for a specific reason, I have an announcement that pertains to all of you. You see, this week I gave the Danger Boiz and the Moxley's an opportunity to get back on the winning track.

The two teams once again begin arguing back and forth.

Ryan Sunset: Enough! Now, as I was saying, I'm not the type of CEO who is shy about giving chances. That's why next week, I will give all of you the opportunity of a lifetime. You see, buddies, all five of you teams will compete in a gauntlet match, with the winner going onto Modern Warfare to compete against Eris and Caledonia for the Tag Team Titles!

A collective cheer comes from everyone, which brings another smile to Ryan Sunset's face, but it quickly curls to a frown.

Ryan Sunset: Now get the hell out of my office, all of you!

Fade.

The Lost Boys (Dean Coulter & Sam Braxton) vs. The Knights (Zara & Stalker Knight)

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, now that is one huge announcement by the CWF big wig!

Mike Rolash: Yes, a five-way gauntlet tag team match for the number one contender spot for the tag team titles at Modern Warfare!

Jim Gunt: This is going to be a huge boost for the whole tag team division!

Mike Rolash: And speaking of the tag team division, coming right up we have another set up, with the Australian Lost Boys finally having found their way into a ring together and taking on the unlikely couple of Stalker and Zara Knight!

"Master's Solemn Hour" hits the P.A. The Knights enter through the crowd, but not through the upper bowl of the arena like is common with other wrestlers. There are spurts of fog, not a blanket of it more akin to a steam vent about seven of them on his route to the ring. The arena lighting crackles and frizzles like a lightning storm. Stalker and Zara walk to

the ring ignoring everyone between them and the ring. They climb over the barricade and walk up the steps. Zara perches herself on the ring post like a vulture.

Ray Douglas: Introducing at a combined weight of 425 lbs. Zara Knight and Stalker Knight....THE KNIGHTS!!

Jim Gunt: Last week on Evolution they challenged any team to a match here tonight Mike! I for one am anxious to see exactly who will answer.

Mike Rolash: I'm curious as well Jim, but there are a lot of great teams who can step up to the plate.

Ray Douglas: And now for the team that accepted the open challenge!

The crowd inside of the Pepsi Center waits in anticipation of who it might be. Suddenly "A Slow Descent" by The Butterfly Effect hits and Sam slides out onto the stage. He remains on his knees and waits for Dean to march onto the stage, standing behind him. Together they look around the arena and to the ring before Sam leaps to his feet, throws back the hood of his jacket and sprints down to ringside. He waits, kneeling on the apron for Dean, who strides down the ramp to join his partner, kneeling on the apron. Together they look once again around the arena then enter the ring and ascend neighbouring turnbuckles. They raise their hands in front of their faces, fingers interlocked for a moment then descend back to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents at a combined weight of 417 lbs. Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter....THE LOST BOYS!!

Jim Gunt: Well that caught me by surprise, but I'm more than ready to see these two in action.

Mike Rolash: Yea these two have been all talk since joining the CWF. But Braxton did have a good outing last week against Jace Valentine, so I'm more than ready for this one here right now.

Trent Robbins is officiating this bout, just finishing checking all four competitors. Zara and Dean both step out to their respective covers as Robbins calls for the bell. Knightshade moves in on Braxton, but Braxton being the quicker of the two, catches him with a low kick to the leg as he dodges out of the way. Stalker Knight simply smiled at Braxton, looking to execute another attack. But Braxton displays his speed once more, dodging and striking his leg once more. Zara cheers Stalker Knight on but he waves a hand at her, telling her to calm down he's got everything under control.

Jim Gunt: So I'm wondering is anyone gonna address the elephant in the room?

Mike Rolash: What you mean, what elephant is that?

Jim Gunt: The fact that Stalker Knight is old enough to be Zara's father!

Mike Rolash: I mean he did date her mom for a while.

Jim Gunt: More reason why this is just baffling to me.

Mike Rolash: Let it go and call the match.

Sam Braxton and Stalker Knight circle each other again. Stalker Knight fakes an attack once more that causes Braxton to move too fast, kicking and spinning a full circle, catching the fist of Knightshade's straight to the face dropping him to the mat. Knight stomps Braxton a few times before picking him up and dragging him to the corner of The Knights. Knight clobbers Braxton with Back Elbow shots as Zara tags Knight on the back. Zara climbs inside of the ring as Stalker Knight continues to nail him with shot after shot. Knight moves out of the way as Zara comes running in and crushes the body of Braxton in the corner with a Splash! Dean yells for Sam to get up as Zara kicks at him on the ground!

Jim Gunt: These two are really aggressive early on in this match.

Mike Rolash: Well they live for domination Jim, especially Stalker Knight.

Zara kicks at Sam some more, spewing venom with each insult she yells at him. Stalker Knight yells at Zara telling her to tag him back in. She obliges making him the legal man. Pulling Braxton up by his hair, Knight lifts Braxton up onto his shoulders, and planting him with a Samoan Drop. Knight stays on top for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dean Coulter breaks up the pin as Trent Robbins is focused on getting him out. Knight slaps his hands together, impersonating a legal tag as Zara climbs back in, they Irish whip Braxton to the ropes and connect with double Dropkicks to his knees! Stalker Knight rolls out of the ring as Trent is able to regain order.

Jim Gunt: The referee finally seems to have everything under control. But he did miss the false tag.

Mike Rolash: These two are trying to win by any means necessary, and they are working perfectly as a unit.

Zara climbed on Braxton's back, pulling him up by his hair, and licking him up the side of his face. Stalker Knight stands in his corner with a sickly smiling with approval. Soon Sam springs back to life, flipping Zara off his back. Both competitors are back to their feet and Braxton knocks Zara out cold with a Discus Roundhouse Kick! He quickly goes for the cover as Trent makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Stalker Knight breaks the cover!

Braxton swears at Stalker Knight as he exits the ring. Braxton drags Zara to her feet by her hair, dragging her to his team's corner, where he tags in Coulter! Braxton grabs Zara by her neck and takes her to the ground with a Rolling Snapmare, he's quickly to his feet as simultaneously Coulter and him strike her chest and back with Roundhouse Kicks! Dean goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Once more Stalker Knight is in to break up the cover! Trent Robbins' focus is on Knight once more forcing him to leave the ring.

Jim Gunt: Stalker Knight really needs to keep his cool.

Mike Rolash: What would you rather he do? Stand there while Zara flatbacks it out in the middle ring?

Jim Gunt: I'm just saying while he has the ref tied up, he's giving the Lost Boys an opportunity to double team her.

As if on cue with what Jim said, Coulter has grabbed Zara's legs and catapulted her straight into the waiting arms of Braxton, who spikes her head first into the canvas with a DDT! Zara is out like a light as Coulter goes for the cover. Trent Robbins is nowhere to be found though as he's still giving out warnings to Stalker Knight. Coulter yells for Trent

to come make the count but his attention is still on Stalker Knight. Sam comes flying in at Knight, knocking him off the apron. Meanwhile Dean has brought Zara to her feet, he hooks her for a Northern Lights Suplex. Braxton gets behind them and sets his knee into position as Dean executes the move, sending Zara back first into Braxton's knee!

Jim Gunt: Zara looks like she's in over her head in the ring right now!

Mike Rolash: It might be the tag expertise of the Lost Boys, they are looking flawless in the ring tonight!

Dean goes for the cover on Zara as Trent slides in to make the count. One! Two! No! Knight had slid inside the ring breaking the count. Knight yanks Dean to his feet irish whipping him to the ropes, Knight attempts a Clothesline but Coulter ducks out of the way. As Knight turns around, he is blasted across the face courtesy of forearm, from a springboarding Sam Braxton! Stalker Knight goes stumbling through the ropes and to the outside of the ring once again! Meanwhile, Coulter has brought Zara back to her feet locking her up for the Sunshine Drive! Braxton comes over and together they destroy Zara with The Crossroads! Braxton is quickly to his feet rushing towards the ropes, and takes the now rising Stalker Knight out with a Tope Con Hilo! Coulter goes for the cover once again on Zara as Trent slides in for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Trent signals for the bell.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners of the match....THE LOST BOYS!!

"The Descent" blast throughout the Pepsi Center as the crowd gives the winners a mixed reaction. Sam and Dean raise their hands in victory proud of their work. Meanwhile Stalker Knight pulls Zara out of the ring throwing her over his shoulder and carrying her to back. The Lost Boys continue to celebrate inside the ring.

Mike Rolash: A strong showing by the Lost Boys, confirming Sam Braxton's performance against Jace Valentine last week.

Jim Gunt: Yes, Mike, the tag team division definitely has heated up with these two Aussies looking to give the established teams a run for their money!

Concerns and Plans

Match

All dressed and ready to go. Silas, Autumn, and Mora are making their way through the stage debris and towards somewhere more comfortable. Autumn is leading the way, snapping at anyone who comes vaguely towards them.

Silas Artoria: Autumn, no need to scare the workers.

Autumn calms down lightly, though she still gives a glare towards those who make passing looks.

Autumn Raven: They all deserve it.

Silas Artoria: They're just doing their jobs, and we have ours. We all have a role to play.

They keep heading towards the break room, where Jay Mora catches up to the two of them.

Marksman: So, what's the plan? Got any ideas?

Silas chuckles at the sentence.

Silas Artoria: We go in, and we break them in half, what we do best.

Marksman: With all due respect, just one of them has a better track record than you two, put together.

Silas stops walking, his smile fading, with Autumn doing the same only moments later. The two of them slowly turn around to face the Marksman. Silas closes in on his tag partner, going face to face.

Silas Artoria: Yes, I am very aware of that. Do you think I would sidestep such a statistic?

Marksman: Yet you seem calm....too calm.

Replies Mora, unfazed and meeting Silas's gaze.

Marksman: I'm sure you are aware that he called you a--

Silas Artoria: --Edgelord Jared Leno Joker, yes, I am very aware what Ataxia said about me. I am not one to ignore his diatribe of hollow insults. I'd say that's his weakness. He babbles to bring people down because he cannot accept the

fact that there are people who can pin him, much less make him tap!

Marksman: And you're immune to insulting skill? You don't delve into self-absorption?

Silas Artoria: The difference between him and I is that I recognise the skill of others because that acknowledgement ensures you are not blind to their ability, and it saves you from in denial if you come up short. Did you listen to the first words that came out of that scarecrow's mouth? 'Even I lose, I still win'? It reeks of desperation, but we shouldn't be complacent.

Marksman: Then prove that you know what you're talking about--

Silas Artoria: --and you can set aside your preconceptions. We go in, break them in half, and walk out the victors. I have a plan, but you don't need to know now.

Silas turns back around and storms past Autumn. The Beautiful Psychopath turns back to Mora and speaks to him in a scathing voice.

Autumn Raven: You're walking on thin ice, boy.

Autumn then returns to her walk, catching up with Silas.

Fade.

The Forsaken (Ataxia, Mannequin & The Shadow) vs. Jay Mora & The Coalition (Autumn Raven & Silas Artoria)

Match

Jim Gunt: This does not sound like a team that is in sync, Mike.

Mike Rolash: No, definitely not, let's see if they can hold it together against The Forsaken in this trios match!

Ray Douglas: The following match is a three versus three TRRRIOOOS MATCH!

The lights go out in the arena. The opening choir of "O Fortuna" of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" begins to sound. Then as the low chanting choir sets in, flames begin to flicker on the CWF tron, fog wafting up from the stage and the entrance. Then images of someone running through a forest with the pale rays of the moon the only light filtering through. Three hooded figures slowly walk out, partially obscured by the fog. The choir rises in intensity and the flames that at first were visible on the tron suddenly shoot up along the ramp and the three figures slowly make their way down and into the ring. They take position in the ring next to each other and the fire and tron go black until the song explodes

into its crescendo, four flames shoot up from the ringposts, casting their eerie glow at the unmoving figures in the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first: Ataxia, Mannequin and the Shadow....THE FORSAKEN!!

"Dark Dreams Don't Die" by Arousal begins to play and through the dark-blue lightning and dense fog, Silas Artoria leads his group out from the back. The Psychotic Aristocrat raises his arms into the air, and then puts them around Autumn and Marksman's shoulders, Mora looking at him strangely momentarily before they head down the ramp. The three go their separate ways, looking on in the ring as the hooded figures have taken off their robes to reveal the dangerous and demented Forsaken trio. Silas Artoria shows no fear though, motioning for his group to enter the ring and follows them in.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents....MARKSMAN, AUTUMN RAVEN, and SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: Well, this should certainly be an interesting match.

Mike Rolash: Interesting is one word, strange is another. Five of the weirdest sons of bitches in the history of CWF, and then poor Marksman in the middle of a war of crazies!

Jim Gunt: Marksman doesn't seem to mind though; as he is calling to start off the match!

"Big" Denny Davidson makes sure both teams exit the ring as Jay "Marksman" Mora and the Shadow start the match off in the ring. Marksman charges forward looking for a collar and elbow tie up, but Shadow easily slithers around him, taking him down with a Russian Leg Sweep. Marksman is back up, right into another Russian Leg Sweep! He is furious now, slapping the canvas as he crawls over to his corner, tagging in Autumn Raven.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow certainly got in the head of Jay Mora here in the early going of this trios match, as he made a hasty retreat!

Mike Rolash: Maybe Autumn will fare a little better than the Marksman did.

Autumn Raven, having been in the ring with the Shadow before, knowing his tendencies in the ring somewhat. She enters the ring with a deranged smile planted on her face, her head tilted to the side as she approaches the Shadow. But he leaps up and blasts her with a sudden kick to the face! Autumn is taken aback, but the Shadow isn't finished, pulling Raven in from her back and doubling her over with a German Suplex! The Weaver of Dreams takes Autumn Raven to his team's corner by her arm, tagging Ataxia into the match.

Jim Gunt: Here comes the Messiah Pariah, if things weren't crazy enough already!

Mike Rolash: This guy makes Charles Manson look like an upstanding citizen!

The Shadow and Ataxia make eye contact momentarily through Ataxia's bagged mask, before he hands her over to him to begin wrenching the arm of Autumn Raven. But somehow she leaps up to her feet, flipping over the arm of Ataxia, and pulling him off his feet! Autumn bounces off the ropes, baseball slide dropkick to Ataxia! The crowd cheers as the momentum finally seems to turn, even more so when Silas Artoria is tagged into the match. He waits for Ataxia to get to his feet and connects with a Discus Clothesline! KNOCKOUT! The High Bicycle Knee has the Messiah Pariah dropped to the canvas, and Silas wastes no time in covering.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: Incredible offense from the Psychotic Aristocrat, Artoria is on fire!

Mike Rolash: He is!? Get the extinguisher!

Jim Gunt: I wish someone would extinguish you.

Ataxia kicks out right before the three count, but is somehow up to his feet in just seconds, poking Silas Artoria in the eye! Artoria lets out a primal scream as he cups his eye, leaving the Messiah Pariah enough time to take him by the head and mount the ropes- TORNADO DDT! He proceeds to take Artoria to his teams corner, hitting a kick that knocks him on his ass, and then about ten more rapid and painful kicks- LEARN YOUR LESSON! Mannequin moves to make the tag from the outside but Shadow holds him back, taking his own hand out to slap Ataxia's.

Jim Gunt: What is going on here?

Mike Rolash: It looks like the Shadow wants to take care of Artoria himself, Jimmy!

Mannequin's head tilts to the side as steam begins to come from his ears, the 'Quinn is obviously incensed. Ataxia looks over to his partner as he mounts the other side of the apron, but Mannequin waves his hand at the Shadow and Ataxia, dropping down off the apron and walking out on the Forsaken!

Mike Rolash: Oh no! Mannequin must not have felt loved by his teammates, as he just gave em' a big ole "fuck you"!

Jim Gunt: Well, that's certainly one way to put it, Mike! There is obviously more to the story here, but for now Mannequin just walked out on Ataxia and the Shadow. It is now a two on three handicap match!

As Shadow and Ataxia look on at Mannequin going up the ramp, this leaves Silas Artoria the chance to sneak up behind him. For the first time in a long time it is the Shadow who is surprised by an attack, as the Bloodletter seems to have come out in full effect! Artoria cackles as he grabs Shadow from behind- TIGER SUPLEX! And the Bloodletter picks him right back to his feet, SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX! The Shadow is incapacitated, and Silas goes right for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia for the save! The Forsaken are a well oiled machine!

Mike Rolash: Wait a second, didn't you just see Mannequin walk out on them a second ago, you nitwit?

Jim Gunt: Well...I meant Ataxia and Shadow!

Mike Rolash: Yeah...sure.

Ataxia stomps down on Silas Artoria like a rabid dog, hurling his body through the air with a front flip cannonball right after! As the official tries to regain control of the match, Autumn Raven and Marksman are both in on the other side, stomping down on Shadow without abandonment. "Big" Denny Davidson shakes his head, shouting at them as he stalks over like the jolly green giant. The damage is done though, as Silas tags in Marksman, who takes Shadow out with a spinning neckbreaker! He drops a knee down on him, and then goes right for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Once again Ataxia is in for the save! See what I mean, Mike, these two men obviously don't NEED the Mannequin! The Forsaken is a team to be reckoned with!

Mike Rolash: It looks to me that Shadow has taken a lot of damage from the opposing side though, he needs to get the tag to the much fresher Ataxia!

It's as if Mike Rolash's words rang into the ear's of the Shadow, because just as Marksman goes to lift him to his feet he pelts him in the face with a kick and goes right for Ataxia! Tag! The Messiah Pariah joins the Shadow in the ring as they toss Marksman into the ropes, meeting him on his return with a massive double clothesline! Just as Shadow exits the ring, Ataxia does something strange even for him, and tags his partner right back in!

The Shadow seems to know the mindset of the Messiah Pariah though, going to re-enter the ring just as Ataxia bounces off the ropes and suicide dives through Autumn Raven and Silas Artoria- all three competitors landing in a heap to the outside! Marksman attempts a few punches to the gut of Shadow as he climbs to his feet, but the Weaver of Dreams shakes his head, before throwing him to the canvas with a chokeslam! Like a madman on a rampage, Ataxia is up onto the top rope, just as Shadow lifts Marksman onto his shoulders. DAY OF RECKONING! The Doomsday Device connects perfectly, and Ataxia exits the ring just in time for "Big" Denny to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"O Fortuna" of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" plays again as the lights dim almost completely out, the Shadow and Ataxia standing over their defeated foe as Silas and Autumn remain in a heap on the outside of the ring. The two men talk amongst themselves, most likely about the victory or the walk out of Mannequin and what they plan to do about it. Suddenly two men dressed in all black with black ski masks draped over their faces attack Shadow and Ataxia from behind! The two men lay out the Forsaken in seconds, the two supernatural forces not seeing the attack until it's too late. They lay them out with lariats, brutal right hands, and finally tandem Powerbombs to the canvas! The men in black help Silas to his feet, who has a psychotic smile on his face, laughing to himself.

In Hot Pursuit

Match

The Forsaken are racing through the back towards Mannequin's locker room, furious at their presumed partner deserting them, leaving them to fend for themselves against three opponents. The Shadow reaches it first, trying to open the door, but finds it locked. Ataxia still is in full swing and rams into the door with his shoulder, taking it cleanly off the hinges.

The room is absolutely empty and while Ataxia is still turning things upside down for a sign, The Shadow is giving instructions to three druids in front of the door, sending them to spread out and find the traitor.

The Shadow: He must still be around somewhere, unless he managed to melt into the shadows or had help to get away fast. Come, Ataxia, he's not here, I will get the rest of the druids on this, too, he will have to pay. Nobody forsakes The Forsaken...

They race out of the room and The Shadow runs straight into a heavy-set boulder of a man. He immediately takes a step back as he hears Ataxia surprisedly asking:

Ataxia: Kaden? What the fuck are you doing here?

Kaden: I came to find you...

The Shadow looks at the two with a thoroughly confused look on his face before running off in pursuit of Mannequin.

Fade.

Settling It The Proper Way

Match

"No Rain" by Blind Melon hits the speakers and Harvey Danger marches down the ramp. He procures himself a microphone then takes centre stage inside the CWF.

Harvey Danger: This has gone on long enough! To the two fools who attacked me and threatened my mother, it's time to step up, or ship out. Come face me, right here and now if you're man enough!

Jim Gunt: It's hard to believe Harvey is so clueless to the fact it's been the Lost Boys this whole time.

A few moments of nothing pass before finally the Slow Descent by the Butterfly Effect plays and the Lost Boys, Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter set foot onto the entrance way.

Sam Braxton: G'day, how's it goin'?

Harvey Danger: Oh it's you guys. Sorry dudes, but I don't have time for your jokes right now. I'm waiting to face the two idiots who attacked me.

Jim Gunt: Really?

Sam Braxton turns to look at Dean.

Sam Braxton: Is this bloke fair dinkum?

Dean Coulter: Yeah mate, he's deadeast.

Sam Braxton: Bloody Oath?!

Harvey Danger: Come on guys, enough with the funny talking. Ha-ha. Jokes over. Now could you please get out of the way. These guys are coming any minute.

Dean Coulter: The jokes on you Harv. It always has been. But the joke is now over. WE are the ones who attacked you. WE are the ones who threatened poor old Marie. It was US all along.

Harvey Danger: What? Why? I don't even know who you are!

Sam Braxton: That's why. Cause no one here is game enough to acknowledge us, to recognise the experience and talent we possess because we weren't part of your precious CWF Old Guard.

Dean Coulter: And let's face it. You're an easy target.

Sam Braxton: Not as easy as his mum!

Sam raised his hand for a high five from Dean, who just shook his head.

Harvey Danger: You leave my mother out of this! She is a sweet and innocent lady.

Sam Braxton: Sure...and I'm Hugh Jackman...

Dean Coulter: You asked for us Harvey, and we're here. But we're not here to jump you. We're here to reiterate our challenge. The Modern Warfare Pay-per-view is coming up. Find yourself a friend and meet Sam and I in the ring. We shall settle this the proper way.

Harvey Danger: You guys are dead!

Sam Braxton: Newsflash, so's the '80s!

Fade.

Mariella Jade Flair vs. Elisha

Match

Jim Gunt: We're rolling right along, partner - and I've had my eye on this next match since the second round ended!

Mike Rolash: I'm sure you have. A cheating interloper and a cheating cult leader. Right up your alley.

Jim Gunt: Why, Mike... Why?

"Epidemic" by New Year's Day sounds over the speakers.

Jim Gunt: Mariella Jade Flair on her way to the ring, and she's certainly taken the CWF by storm!

Mike Rolash: Says you. She lucked out against the Surgeon and she cheated against the Marksman... if I'm lucky she'll pin Elisha with her dying breath and they'll both be eliminated.

MJF enters the arena to cheers from the crowd: a handful have been fans of hers since she first started wrestling; a small but vocal minority have only seen her CWF work but have quickly subscribed. She walks to the ring with her head down and her hood obscuring her face, slapping a grand total of three hands on her way.

But she stops at ringside, and shoots a death glare at the dozen or so men and women in identical grey business suits.

Jim Gunt: Even if MJ is able to overcome Elisha, can she overcome Elisha and the Chosen?

Mike Rolash: There's the rub, my friend.

"Antichrist Superstar" by Marilyn Manson begins to play, the crowd erupts in a deafening chorus of boos and abuse, a few fans trying to throw garbage before being stopped by security. Elisha steps into the entrance ramp, a contemptuous smirk on his face, drinking in the crowd's hatred like fine wine before making his way to the ring. MJ leans against the far corner, her hoodie safely in the hands of a ring attendant, her eyes on her opponent.

As he approaches, Elisha's gaze turns to the Chosen, sitting in the front row, identical grey business suits all. Six women and five men - and an empty seat.

Jim Gunt: Last week, the Shadow's druids stepped in to prevent the Chosen from interfering in matches. One of the Chosen was removed from the arena - and apparently never returned. Mike Rolash: Speak of the devil. Jim Gunt: He's in the ring, try to pay attention. Mike Rolash: I mean them. We turn, and twelve druids are making their way down the entrance ramp, clad in black robes, heads bowed. They take up positions in front of the Chosen, standing between them and the ring.

Mike Rolash: I'll give this to Flair... she doesn't look intimidated at all. Is this confidence or misplaced bravado?

The referee checks MJ's person for concealed weapons, and as he moves toward Elisha--

Jim Gunt: MJ WITH A YAKUZA KICK! Elisha is knocked into the ropes, and we're underway!

Mike Rolash: I know I've been shit - talking her, but I like her spirit!

The referee calls for the bell as MJF continues her assault. She drives a series of fists and forearms into Elisha's head, pounding the Moonchild to the mat before he can get his bearings. The moment his knees come into contact with the mat, MJ stands again and kicks him in the stomach as hard as she can! Quick roll up!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: She'll need more than that to defeat Elisha, but with such a furious assault at the onset of this match, you can't blame her for trying!

Mike Rolash: Certainly not, but this is where she needs to swing a chair and hook the tights.

MJ lifts Elisha and whips him into the ropes, and she runs at him on the rebound, clotheslining him across the neck before he can formulate a reversal or counter! He coughs, even as he rolls to his knees, and MJ runs into the ropes behind him! Elisha to his feet, and MJ with a bulldog!

Jim Gunt: She's a house of fire, Mike! Scoop and a slam! Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Outside the ring, the Chosen bristle uncomfortably.

Mike Rolash: Please try to start something, drones. Please. The official can disqualify Elisha and I can go home happy.

Jim Gunt: Wouldn't it be better for MJ to get a pinfall?

Mike Rolash: ... I'm not convinced.

Elisha rolls to his knees and grabs the ropes. MJ hooks him and as soon as she tries to pull him off the ropes, he fires an elbow backwards, hitting her in the temple! He spins as she shakes it off, and as she recovers in her own right she sends a fist towards the Moonchild - Elisha ducks under it! Two handfuls of hair, and he pulls MJ down with her head bouncing off the mat!

Jim Gunt: The referee admonishing Elisha for the hair pull, but he's managed to stop her momentum cold!

Mike Rolash: It won't do him much good if he can't follow up, so let's hope that continues.

Both athletes start to rise at approximately the same time, but Elisha is behind MJ and maintains his presence in her blind spot. The moment she turns, he reaches out and grabs her on either side of the head, driving his thumbs into her eyes! The referee counts, and Elisha holds on past the five count!

Jim Gunt: No disqualification? What's with that?

Mike Rolash: Sunset Media is in bed with the Eternals, you know that. You really think he's gonna get DQ'd?

Elisha does let her go after the referee finally threatens him, but he follows right up with a right hand that sends MJ into the ropes. He moves in on her - MULE KICK TO THE GROIN! The referee cautions MJ about low blows while the fans explode in cheers and Elisha drops to his knees!

Jim Gunt: On the flipside, Flair needs to be aware that the deck is stacked, and she needs to watch herself!

MJ pulls Elisha back to his feet and stuns him with a european uppercut, and she whips him into the corner - Elisha with the reversal!

Jim Gunt: He runs at her, MJ with a counter elbow - HE DUCKS IT!

As MJ hits the corner, she has a fraction of a second to see Elisha running at her. She steps out and raises her elbow, intending to knock him in the head and dazing him with his own momentum, but Elisha anticipates this and ducks underneath! He hooks her around the waist and hoists her up in a modified side suplex, dropping her on her head!

Jim Gunt: That could be the game changer!

Mike Rolash: Elisha's not able to follow it up, Jim! That might be all the time she needs!

Jim Gunt: We can only hope, Mike! MJ pulls herself up on the ropes, slowly, and Elisha is measuring her!

Elisha nails MJ with a huge lariat, sending her tumbling through the ropes to the outside. Elisha follows suit, stepping down to the ringside area, nailing her with a series of boots to the head.

Suddenly, Elisha turns, his attention drawn to the druids. He makes his way down the line, stopping at the druid who is positioned in front of the empty chair. Elisha stares at the druid intently, before moving forward and flipping the druids hood back. Underneath is a man with white hair, the symbol of the Eternals tattooed on one cheek, the atomic symbol of the Institute on the other.

Jim Gunt: Is that the member of the Chosen who disappeared last week!?

Elisha and the druid stare each other down a moment. Suddenly, Elisha grabs the man by the throat, scooping him into the air and slamming him down on the guard rail.

The Chosen take this as their cue, beginning to smash down against the druids with batons and fists.

Before they can continue, MJF appears out of nowhere, jumping on Elisha and tackling him to the ground, nailing him with a flurry of vicious fists to the face.

Jim Gunt: MJ! Where in the hell did she come from?

The fighting between the Druids and the Chosen starts to calm, as the brawl between Elisha and MJ starts to pick up. She lifts him and sends him into the ring stairs, and he hits them hard and flies over, and the referee counts ONE!

She continues on Elisha, but as she scoops him up, he sends his head backwards into her face, stunning her! Elisha turns, and sends MJ into the guardrail at point blank range! TWO!

Jim Gunt: I think she's busted open, Mike!

Mike Rolash: That's not attractive at all.

Elisha grabs her by the hair and pulls her back up, and slams her on the floor! THREE!

Jim Gunt: And... he's reentering the ring?

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: As much as Elisha would love to leave her as a bloody smear on the mat, I'm sure he's waiting for the countout to send a message to the rest of the field: that he does not have to pin his opponents to destroy them.

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: She's stirring, Mike!

Mike Rolash: That's probably a bad move on her part.

SIX!

MJ is on her hands and knees, and she's crawling towards the ring! Blood drips from her head with every inch, but she ignores it.

SEVEN!

Elisha paces, his mood impossible to read. Either he's angry that he has to continue to beat on his opponent, or he's ecstatic about it.

EIGHT!

The fans' volume rises as MJ places an unsteady hand on the ring apron and slides under the bottom rope! Elisha with an immediate cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: I can't believe it! Elisha apparently can't, either! He lifts her up, and drops her again with a nasty powerbomb!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! SHE KICKS OUT!

Mike Rolash: I can't believe it!

Elisha punches the mat in frustration, and he grabs MJ by the hair to pull her back to her feet, taking a deep breath to calm himself. Another powerbomb--

Jim Gunt: She blocks it!

Mike Rolash: She's a fatty, he can't get her up again.

Jim Gunt: Elisha trying to muscle her up... MJ WITH A BACKDROP! She drops to her knees!

It wasn't a hard hit, but Elisha was clearly not prepared for it, so he hits the mat hard. MJ wipes her head, blood dripping to the mat with regularity.

Jim Gunt: MJ SLAPS ELISHA IN THE FACE WITH A BLOODY HAND!

Mike Rolash: ...That's gross.

Jim Gunt: They lock up, and MJ backs him into the corner - Elisha reverses! Knee to the stomach! GANSO BOMB!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: MJ with a foot on the ropes!

The referee stops his count and points out MJ's hooked rope to Elisha. The Moonchild rolls his eyes and screams at the official, before he drags his opponent to the middle of the ring and reapplies the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: She kicked out at the last possible moment!

Mike Rolash: That's a first.

Elisha pulls MJ to her feet, but MJ stuns him with a forearm to the face! She drops to her knees as Elisha is rocked

backwards, but she recovers quickly and sends another elbow into Elisha's face, knocking him into the corner! She whips him across...

Jim Gunt: Elisha with a reversal! MJ hits the corner hard!

Mike Rolash: We saw this before, and it didn't work out too well for -

Jim Gunt: Elisha with a running start! MJ MOVES OUT OF THE CORNER!

It was far more damaging than it sounds. Elisha expects MJ to try to reverse his run like she did before, so he goes low. Unfortunately, MJ ducks out of the corner completely and Elisha runs shoulder first into the ringpost.

Jim Gunt: MARIELLA JADE FLAIR HOOKS HIM FROM BEHIND! MORNINGSTAR!

Mike Rolash: He won't submit. I'm not that lucky.

Jim Gunt: She drops him on his head and hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Is it...

DING DING DING!

Mike Rolash: I don't believe it!

Jim Gunt: Your winner and moving onto the semi finals of Modern Warfare....MJ FLAIR!!

Jim Gunt: MJ FLAIR JUST ENDED ELISHA'S UNDEFEATED STREAK! Elisha kicked out at the last second, but it was a fraction of a second too late! The referee raises MJ's hand in victory, while Elisha is sitting on the mat, shocked in disbelief!

MJ is still bleeding from the head; she does not seem to comprehend the referee's raising of her hand. After a moment, she drops to her knees and lowers her head - evidently trying her best to maintain composure--

Jim Gunt: ELISHA WITH A BOOT TO MJ'S FACE!

Mike Rolash: You're surprised? You can't see what's coming, can you?

Jim Gunt: We'll be back in a moment.

Filthy Animal

Match

Marcus Maximus, CWF colleague and former wrestler known as YEDAH is shown backstage making himself a cup of coffee. A hand flashes in, knocking his cup of coffee to the ground. Maximus looks up to a confident grin on the face of Jace Valentine.

Jace Valentine: Sup, Yizzle? Marcus Maximus: Jace... I don't want any trouble.

Jace Valentine: I'm just here to give you something to do. Aren't you supposed to be interviewing superstars about the Modern Warfare tournament?

Marcus Maximus: I'm on break...

Jace Valentine: See, you just don't get it, man. That's why you didn't make it. You don't get breaks in this industry. This roller coaster goes a mile a minute and it doesn't stop for anyone. There's a reason that guys like me wrestle, and guys like you TALK about wrestling.

Marcus Maximus: So, ahem. Do you have some words for your opponent?

Jace Valentine: I have some words for my opponent. I have words for all of my opponents. Words for you, words for Tara Robinson, Hodge, Gunt and Rolash and everybody else that thinks they can just clutch on to the reins and go along for the ride. Words may be all I got, but I'll give them to anyone that will listen. I'm the conductor of this train. The CWF goes as I go. I am the star, I am the one in the spotlight. I am the New Era of Arrogance, I am the Jace that runs the damn place. I am the World Heavyweight champion removed from my belt. It doesn't matter if I have to go through Caledonia, Flair, Elisha, Duce Jones or a pack of Angels to get there.

Jace winks.

Jace Valentine: I'm getting my title back, Yizzle.

Maximus flashes a weak smile.

Marcus Maximus: OK, is that good? Can I get my coffee now?

Jace begins to walk away as YEDAH picks the cup up off the floor, pouring another helping of steaming hot coffee. He lifts the cup to his lips with satisfaction...until a hand flashes in and knocks the cup to the ground again.

Jace Valentine: Get to work, ya filthy animal!

Fade.

Choosing Sides

Match

Pulling the handle to his door, Harley Hodge enters the Highwaymen's locker room and immediately stops in his tracks. Something is not right. He knows that Lance and Harvey are out getting ready for their match later, and god only knows where TLS is, but something or someone have ravaged their locker room.

The Accelerator's duffle bag? It's contents scattered everywhere; towels, clothing and memorabilia thrown around like it's meaningless waste. Just as a disgruntled Harley goes to pick up the contents, the lights begin to flicker.

Flicker.

Fade.

Suddenly on the wall of the locker room is a red heptagram, shining as bright as the flames of the sun. Harley looks on in horror as the heptagram flashes on and off on his wall, slowly at first then quicker and quicker until its flashing at a rapid pace.

Within an instance the lights come back on, but the scene is no less frightening. On the wall now, written in what appears to be smeared blood, is this cryptic saying.

"When the end of the world comes calling, which side will you choose to die on?"

Harley's jaw is dropped as he looks on at the message, attempting to decipher it. Finally, he speaks boldly.

Harley Hodge: You crazy son of a bitch, haven't you realized already? Legends don't die.

Fade.

Amber Ryan vs. Freddie Styles

Match

No content entered.

Cardboard Cut-Out

Match

Lance LaRusso is ready to rock, getting pumped with Ash shouting words of encouragement.

Ash: You can do it, Lance, you can take down Danger and get that belt!

Lance: Yes, yes, yes, I...am...ready!

He opens the door and staggers backwards, seeing a druid standing across the hall, cowl down, head bowed.

Lance: Oh no, oh no! I'm not going out there!

Ash: Come on, Lance, what are they going to do?

Lance: What they are going to do? Did you see Frozen Over? That's what they are going to do!

Ash pushes him out of the dressing room and into the hall, the druid is not moving.

Ash continues to prod him on and push and drag, when around the next corner there is another druid, same position, unmoving. Lance still is very tense as he passes him, but again, nothing is happening.

Ash: See, nothing is happening, you are safe here.

Lance: Then why are they standing all over the place?

Ash: I don't know, but who cares? You have a big match to concentrate on!

Lance takes a deep breath and tries to find his focus again.

Expecting yet another druid around the last corner before the gorilla position, he braces himself, but lets out a high-pitched scream and jumps back, almost knocking Ash over.

Ash: Lance, Lance! She is not real, it's just a cardboard cutout!

The camera comes around the corner and shows a life-size cardboard version of Mrs. Danger, her purse high in the air.

Fade.

Harvey Danger vs. Lance LaRusso

Match

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall...

Crowd: One fall!

Ray Douglas: And it is for the Impact Title! First to the ring is reigning and defending Impact Champion, hailing from Los Angeles, California....LANCE LARUSSO!!

The first sounds of Smile.DK's "Mr. Wonderful" start to sound and Lance LaRusso steps out onto the stage with the Impact championship title around his waist, constantly looking over his shoulder towards the entrance. On his way down the ramp, he seems to be lacking a bit of his usual spring in his step, but eventually the infectious music and the fans cheering him on take over and he shakes hands and bounds up the stairs and over the rope in his usual flamboyant manner. Finally the Pansexual Playboy hands over the championship, ready for his opponent.

Ray Douglas: And the former champion looking to get his retribution, from Long Island, New York....HARVEY DANGER!!

"No Rain" from Blind Melon comes on and Harvey bounces out onto the stage and down the ramp like a 5-year-old on a sugar high, taking in as many handshakes and high fives as he can. He climbs through the ropes and then extends his hand to his partner in the Highwaymen, who reluctantly extends his hand, still sneaking looks towards the entrance after his traumatizing way to the ring.

Mike Rolash: This is a rematch from Frozen Over, where Harvey lost the championship to Lance LaRusso. Let's see if he can regain the gold here!

Jim Gunt: And his chances might be pretty good, because Lance seems to be positively besides himself.

Mike Rolash: Well yeah, if The Shadow was not enough to scare the bejeezus out of him, Mrs. Danger surely could!

Jim Gunt shudders and adds: After what happened at the last two shows, I'd be more afraid of her and her purse than The Shadow and all that demon mumbo jumbo...

Harvey and Lance are circling each other, going from one lockup attempt to the next, but not getting anywhere, until a clearly frustrated LaRusso slaps Danger right across the face, stunning him. He clearly did not expect this from his fellow Highwayman and as he fails to respond, LaRusso gives him another smacking slap, causing some stir in the front row.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, that stings!

Jim Gunt: Yes, in more ways than one!

Harvey is still looking at Lance with a look of utter disbelief in his face when LaRusso grabs him, whips him into the ropes and levels him with a lariat that could have taken his head off. As hard as the hit was, it seems to shake up Harvey, as he jumps to his feet, pointing at Lance and yelling: "Enough!" Inducing frenetic claps from that specific front row seat again. Without hesitation he charges at LaRusso and hits him with a thundering elbow to the face that sends him into the ropes and upon rebound right into a perfectly timed dropkick that pushes LaRusso out of the ring. He staggers to his feet just to see Danger's feet headed straight for his face in a baseball slide, connecting with a sickening thud that lets sees a couple of grimaces on the faces of the fans.

Mike Rolash: Ouch, the tables surely have turned!

Jim Gunt: And this here is not really boding well either!

Three druids have appeared at the entrance to the ramp, positioning themselves just at the end of the ramp.

Mike Rolash: These druids are everywhere today, and Lance definitely does not like them this close!

Lance is looking at them wide-eyed as he comes back to his feet and just as the referee is about to count him out, he quickly rolls into the ring, not taking his eyes off the three cloaked figures. Harvey immediately drags him to his feet and whips him into the corner, trying to follow right up with a spear, but despite the distraction, his opponent manages to move out of the way in time for Harvey to go through the ropes and hit the turnbuckle shoulder first. Lance pulls him right back out and hits him with a shoulder breaker, making Harvey cry out in pain. Right away he goes for an arm bar, trying to work the shoulder as much as he can, but his positioning is off, enabling Harvey to reach the rope with his other hand, breaking the hold.

Jim Gunt: This gets to show that you never know what'll happen!

Mike Rolash: I'm really not sure anymore what their goal is, distract people, protect people, but we should expect stuff like this from The Shadow and those Forsaken...

Harvey whips Lance into the ropes and lands a beautiful power slam that leaves Lance dazed, but he does not waste any time and pulls the Pansexual Playboy into a Cobra Clutch, drawing the air out of his opponent. But that does not last long, because it almost looks as if Lance is going for the worm movement, making Harvey lose his balance and he is forced to let go!

Mike Rolash: I have never seen this used I like that... Ever...

Jim Gunt: You've got to get out more, Mikey...

Turning around, Harvey goes for a kick to the side of the head, but Lance blocks it, rolling out of the way and jumping to his feet. He is met with a superkick to the chin that sends him back into the corner and Harvey follows up with a hard spear to the mid-section. Then he lifts his opponent up onto the top turnbuckle and climbs after him, looking like a set up for a back suplex off the top rope! He has everything in place, but Lance is quick to block the move again and instead lifts Harvey up himself, but loses balance and instead of whatever he had planned, goes down hard onto the turnbuckle himself, while Harvey goes flying to the outside of the ring, hitting the thin mat with his shoulder again.

Mrs. Danger jumps up and yells "Harvey!" She tries to climb the barricade, but the burly gentleman sitting next to her gets up and quickly steps in front of her, blocking her from getting over. "What are you doing? My Harvey is hurt and it's all this pervert's fault!" – "Madam, after what happened at the last show I cannot allow you to come any closer." As he says that, Mrs. Danger swings his purse at him and connects with the side of his head, but the man barely flinches. "Mrs. Danger, could you please sit down?" She stares at the guy and then her purse in disbelief. She turns around as if to sit down and gives him another swing, but with the same result. Her face turning white, she meekly sits down, her purse across her legs.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, looks like Sunset got his guys on the case!

In the meantime, Harvey is back on his feet, clinging to the apron, holding his shoulder in obvious pain, while Lance is still trying to regain feeling in his nether regions.

Jim Gunt: This is turning into an infirmary match...

Harvey moves over to one of the ring posts and looks at it with the pain written across his face. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, then rams his shoulder into the ring post, making him scream out in pain.

Mike Rolash: Ouch! He's doing a Riggs!

Jim Gunt: What on earth are you talking about?

Mike Rolash: What rock have you been living under? Lethal Weapon, man!

Harvey rolls into the ring and pulls himself up on the ropes, carefully trying to flex his shoulder and see how much strain he can put on it. Seeing Lance still sitting in the corner of the ring, he goes over, stands over Lance and yells at him "Now you feel what I felt? How do you like it?" After two quick kicks to the head, Harvey backs up and comes running in, jumps off and hits Lance with a Bronco Buster!

Jim Gunt: This is a side I haven't seen of Harvey...

Mike Rolash: Kick a man in the nuts often enough and he'll crack!

Harvey pulls Lance to his feet and delivers a nice snap suplex, followed by an elbow drop and a leg drop, then positioning him in the ring corner. He climbs on the top turnbuckle and leaps off for a big splash, but LaRusso brings his knees up just in time to hit Harvey right in the guts, knocking all air out of him. He himself is slow to get up, but as he brings Harvey up, the Dangerman goes for a shoulder into Lance's gut, then whips him into the ropes. As he comes back, a knee kick to the gut makes LaRusso do a full flip landing on the bottom rope, hanging there dazed, when one of the robed figures comes closer.

Jim Gunt: There! It is happening! It is happening!

The druid extends a hand and places an object in front of LaRusso, as Harvey is staying back, not sure of what is happening. The camera man comes over and shows that it is an immaculate black rose that is on the apron of the ring, when the druid pulls back his hood, Lance's eyes growing wide.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow! It is The Shadow! Where is security?

Mike Rolash: Why should they come down? He just gave Lance a flower, nothing wrong with some botany, is there?

With a smile The Shadow pulls the hood back over his head and rejoins the other two druids. Lance looks positively spooked now and he turns and sits against the ropes, while Harvey is standing in the middle of the ring, tapping his foot saying. "Can we continue now?"

Lance slowly gets up and sees Harvey flying towards him. With a quick reaction he lets himself drop down, pulling the rope with him and Harvey sails over the top rope and The Shadow barely has time to step aside to let Harvey come through. Just as Harvey gets back to his feet, Lance is flying through the ropes with a suicide dive, catching Danger right in the chest, driving him back down onto the floor. He picks Harvey back up and runs him into the ring post shoulder first before rolling him into the ring.

He lifts Danger up again and holds him in vertical position for a moment and brings him crashing down onto the mat. Not wasting any time, he climbs up on the top buckle, gyrates his hips and leaps off for the MILE HIGH CLUB! LaRusso hooks both legs of the former Impact champ!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner and STILL Impact Champion....LANCE LARUSSO!!

"Mr. Wonderful" plays and LaRusso hurriedly slides out of the ring, grabbing his Impact Title and escaping up the ramp in fright of the Shadow.

We Get By With A Little Help From Our Friends

Match

Jim Gunt: What an incredible jam-packed night of action we've had so far tonight!Mike Rolash: We haven't seen anything yet, Jimbo! We still have three of the CWF's champions participating yet at this point in the bracket! We have Hodge, the world champion facing off against the Academy champion Duce Jones. We have Caledonia, a tag champion facing some Jace guy!Jim Gunt: Jace is one of the most decorated champions in CWF's history! And that match is next!ONE. TWO. THREE. BOOM!Suddenly a large pyro goes off and two dozen druids dressed in black line the entrance ramp. They march, rank and file down to ringside, glaring holes into the Chosen sitting amongst the fans.Mike Rolash: Oh my God! What are these idiots doing out here! We have a match scheduled here!The fanatics of the CWF Universe erupt in applause as two of the druids unravel their masks, revealing "The Hardcore Bitch" Amber Ryan and the other half of the CWF Tag Team champions, Eris!Jim Gunt: These guys are out here to heed off any attacks of the Eternals or the Chosen! They're out here to make sure Ryan Sunset doesn't sabotage this match!

They're out here to ensure a fair match been Caledonia and Jace! They're getting by with a little help from their friends... And it's GLORIOUS, BABY!Mike Rolash: 'Baby'? Never call me 'Baby'. Just shut up and watch the show.

Jace Valentine vs. Caledonia

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is schedule for one fall. And is a quarterfinals match of the Beta Block!

"We've had Enough" by Alkaline Trio takes over, and the crowd absolutely erupts for the Jace that runs the Place. Jace Valentine struts out in the most extravagant of robes, flashing himself across the screen as he spins. The Host with the Most raises both his arms in the air, taunting the cheering fans to grow even louder. Valentine rolls into the squared circle and once again raises his arms in the air!

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, making his way to ring.. Weighing in at 235 lbs, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada!!! "The New Era of Arrogance".....JACE VALENTINE!!

"Day and Night" by Billie Piper plays as Caledonia makes her way down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing his opponent, from London, England and currently residing in Atlanta Georgia, weighing in at 110 lbs....CALEDONIA!!

The official of this match Clark Summits calls for the bell. Both competitors circle each other looking for an advantage. They lock up with an elbow and collar tie up. There is a slight struggle before Jace uses his strength to overpower Caledonia backing her into the ropes. Clark immediately calls for the break, starting his five count. Jace slowly releases the tie up, backing up allowing Caledonia to collect herself. The Host With the Most flashes his famous smile at Caledonia, who tells Jace to bring it. They both lock up once more, Caledonia using her speed to her advantage this time. She maneuvers around his body twisting his arm into a Hammerlock! She quickly transitions tripping Jace to canvas, climbing across his body applying a headlock!

Jim Gunt: This is one match that has my attention in this tournament. Allies fighting for the same cause, forced to take one another out.

Mike Rolash: They both knew the stakes in this tournament, all the possibilities that could occur. And quite honestly I think they are both cool with that.

Caledonia cranks on the headlock, applying more pressure to Jace's neck. After about a good three minutes of Caledonia wrenching his neck. Jace says enough is enough, he is able to manage to bring Caledonia and himself back to a vertical base. Jace lifts Caledonia for a back body drop, but she once again uses her quickness and agility to her advantage flipping out and landing on her feet. The New Era of Arrogance turns towards his opponent going for a lariat! Caledonia dodges bouncing off the ropes, upon her return Jace knocks her to the mat with a shoulder tackle. He goes for an elbow drop but she rolls out of the way, allowing him to connect with the mat. Both competitors quickly make it to

their feet and square off. The fans in the Pepsi Center show their appreciation as they go back and forth with dueling chants! "LET'S GO CALI!" "LET'S GO JACE!" "LET'S GO CALI!" "LET'S GO JACE!"

Jim Gunt: Neither one of these two able to gain the advantage on the other, if you ask me I think this match is gonna go down to the wire.

Mike Rolash: I truly don't think Caledonia gets the credit she deserve, cause who would have believed she would make it this far?

Caledonia attempts another tie up, but Jace surprises her with a boot to the gut. Cali doubles over as Valentine takes the chance to whip her into the ropes, he goes for the lariat once more but she ducks once again. Cali handsprings off the ropes and comes back at Jace, who catches her in a deadlift reverse waistlock! He walks around the ring a bit before tossing her backwards for a Release German Suplex! Jace drags her back to the center of the ring going for the cover hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jace claps his hands at Clark saying he wants a faster count next time. He lines up Cali, dropping an elbow to her chest and repeats the elbow once more before bringing Cali back up. He nails her right across the jaw with a hard right hand. She staggers backwards, but steps right back up to Jace who blasts her across the jaw once more. Cali staggers backwards once more, but steps back up to Jace once more!

Jim Gunt: I think it's clear to see, that Caledonia has officially lost it.

Mike Rolash: Did you not see the type of training Eris had her going through? In the famous words on an old man.. Business is about to pick up!

Jace continues to clobber Cali with right hand after right hand, until Cali smiles at Jace and yells at him, "GREEN!" Jace attempts to punch her again, but she blocks the punch, quickly switching behind Jace. She grabs his arms in a full nelson, and within the blink of an eye snaps him down to the canvas with a DRAGON SUPLEX! She shoots the half on Jace hooking his leg, as Clark drops down to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Cali violently kicks away at the downed body of Jace, his only escape is rolling out of the ring. But Cali is relentless, rushing to the ropes grabbing them and slingshotting herself to the outside, landing hard on Jace! The fans erupt in cheers happy to be able to catch this action here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Told you Jim, she just kicked it into another gear!

Jim Gunt: She would have to against Jace, he's a legend in this company!

Mike Rolash: Get off his dick!

Jim Gunt: I'm just saying..

Cali rolls Jace back into the ring, choosing to climb to the top turnbuckle herself. She patiently waits as Jace stumbles to his feet. Once Jace is finally upright, Cali leaps off the turnbuckle nailing Jace with a missile dropkick! She climbs on top of Jace going for another pin.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Cali is quickly back to her feet yelling for Jace to get up. Jace slowly is finally able to make it to his feet but is only knocked back down with a Handspring Elbow! She's not finished just yet, picking Jace up and grabbing his head into a front facelock! Cali screams out to the crowd before swinging around for the Reverse The Polarity! But Jace is able to reverse himself hooking Cali in a Sleeper Hold! He's not able to hold on long though as she drops down forcing Jace to release the hold with a Jawbreaker! Both fighters are down as the crowd tries to cheer them to their feet!

Jim Gunt: Neither one not wanting to let up, their gonna leave it all in the ring!

Mike Rolash: As well as they should, neither one should hang their head after this one.

Clark Summits has reached seven in his count as both fighters begin to stir. Jace makes it up first but is not the quickest to strike as Cali nails him with tree Such Is Life enzuigiri! Jace staggers around the ring, Cali sees an opening running up the corner and kicking back at Jace for the Queen's Gambit! And what a gamble it was as Jace ducks underneath the kick, causing Cali crashes to the mat. Jace wastes no time hooking Cali and driving her face first into the canvas with the Heartbreaker! Jace goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Caledonia kicks out as the fans go nuts! Jace furious he didn't get the win that time. Cali looks like her gas tank is running on empty! Jace hooks her for the Ego Erasure, telling the fans it's over! He lifts her up and spikes her head first into the canvas! He lays back first on top of Cali as Clark slides in to make the count. One! Two! Three! The crowd applaud the action that was just on display before them tonight.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner and advancing on in the Modern Warfare tournament....JACE VALENTINE!

Clark raises Jace's hand in victory as he uses the other to hold the back of his head. He rolls out of the ring and heads towards the back. As "We've Had Enough" plays throughout the Pepsi Center.

An Opposition Quelched

Match

As soon as the match is over, the members of the Chosen at ringside jump the ramp. The scene dissolves into a huge brawl with the Chosen crash into the druids that are creating a barricade between them and the ring! Punches go flying, elbows and kicks fly with venomous hatred as the Chosen begin to overwhelm the druids. Amber Ryan and Eris roll into the ring to cover Jace and Caledonia, who have just competed in a hellacious Modern Warfare match. The ominous words of "Sunrise, Sunset" by Bright Eyes echo over the sound system as the crowd erupts with boos and jeers! Elisha, Freddie Styles, and a somewhat abnormal looking Alex Cain along with Stalker and Zara Knight all race towards the ring and towards a singular goal: Eliminate those in the ring. Quelch the opposition. Jim Gunt: I thought Sunset wanted fair competition! This is sickening! A knife edge chop from Alex Cain grounds Eris. Stalker and Zara Knight are on Jace like jackals. Freddie Styles works to quickly incapacitate Caledonia as the Eternals lay waste to their adversaries. Mike Rolash: It doesn't matter how many people you got out here! If Sunset wants you taken out, you'll be taken out! I love it! Amber Ryan comes face to face with Elisha. She swings wildly at him with a clothesline but the numbers game quickly overwhelm her as Styles tackles her to the ground. Caledonia and Eris are on their feet as they deliver dual standing drop kicks to Alex Cain, knocking him out of the ring where the Druids and the Chosen are still at each other's throats. Mike Rolash: Bodies are flying everywhere but I think the Eternals are quickly getting the better of team JACE! Jim Gunt: Team JACE? Mike Rolash: Jace, Amber, Cali and Eris! It's an anagram numbnuts! The two armies of CWF clash at each other with steel resolve, neither group willing to give an inch. Punches and suplexes,

powerbombs and chokeholds. Jim Gunt: It's pandemonium out here! Mike Rolash: Panda-monium? With a flash, someone runs out of the crowd, running into the ring by bypassing the barricade on the other side of the arena. With the display of chaos and mayhem going on in the ring, the fans see Ryan Sunset perched on the turnbuckle, glaring down at his adversaries as the crowd greets him with boos. Jace, Amber, Eris and Cali have regrouped in the middle of the ring for a moment before Sunset's body comes crashing down hard onto all of them with an incredible Cross Body Splash! All four of them are down! Mike Rolash: Now they're gonna be easy pickings! Indeed they are, as the members of the Eternals lay punches and sickening boots to the ribs of their fallen foes. Finally content with the mess they have created, Ryan Sunset and his Eternals stand over the heroes of CWF. Victorious. At least for now. Fade.

Nothing At All

Match

"How can you have nothing at all!?!"

Alex Cain slams his fist on the table and the man and woman in nicely tailored suits sitting on the opposite side flinch and ever so slightly move their chairs a bit further back. Ryan Sunset crosses his arms and shakes his head.

Ryan Sunset: Alex calm down, we told you this wasn't going to be easy.

Alex Cain: But nothing? Not a fucking hint, what the hell are you paying these guys for? They have had a week to find out what Jarvis has done with Cambria and they know as much now as we knew last weekend. After all the shit we just went through at ringside? I'm not in the mood for this shit, Sunset.

The man in the suit opens his mouth to say something but Sunset holds his hand up to stop him.

Ryan Sunset: We will find her Alex, it's just going to take time.

He says, his voice calm and controlled.

Alex Cain: Fuck! I mean we aren't talking about a god damned criminal mastermind here, were talking about Jarvis fucking King! He's an idiot. If he was playing hide and seek on his own, he would lose!" Cain pushes himself away from the small table and his chair scatters across the floor. The suited man and woman inch their chairs further away from him.

Ryan Sunset: The OSA are very good at this Alex, it's what they do, and they will leave no stone unturned in the search for Cambria, you have to understand that we are doing all we can to find her, we've put a tremendous amount of resources towards this single purpose." Sunset nods for the OSA agents to leave and they don't need telling twice as they hurriedly gather their things and hustle out of the room as fast as possible.

Alex Cain: I know that, Ryan and I appreciate that, but it's not fucking working is it!? She's still out there somewhere

with King, and god knows what he's doing to her!!

Freddie Styles: Jeez, I don't know why you're so worked up about it, you've only known the kid for five minutes.

Freddie Styles smirks. Alex Cain rounds on him in a heartbeat and clamps his massive hand around his throat and pins him up against the wall. Styles face turns beet red as he struggles to breathe.

Ryan Sunset: Alex, put him down!

Sunset says as he grabs Alex's arm attempting to get him to let go.

Freddie Styles: Get.....h...im.....off.....m...e!

Styles rasps as Cain squeezes harder.

Alex Cain: Listen to me you little shit. If you say anything like that again, I'll tear your windpipe out. Understand?

The Living Legend finally releases Styles who crumbles to the floor gasping for air and rubbing his throat.

Ryan Sunset: Alex, look at me.

The CEO of Championship Wrestling Federation turns Cain to face him and looks at him intently.

Ryan Sunset: How much have you had today, Alex?

Cain pulls himself away from Sunset and waves him away dismissively.

Alex Cain: I don't know what you're talking about.

Ryan Sunset: You know exactly what I'm talking about and it needs to stop. I know you've been under a lot of stress recently, but this is beginning to become a problem. We need you at 100% Alex, mentally and physically. This isn't acceptable.

Cain takes a deep breath, shaking his head.

Alex Cain: Fuck you Sunset. If I want your advice, I'll ask for it.

Instead of being offended by the comment, Sunset simply smiles back at the five time CWF World Heavyweight Champion.

Ryan Sunset: Remember who you are talking to Alex, and what we have done for you and your family.

Cain takes a deep breath and nods.

Ryan Sunset: Now go home. We have somewhere you can go to help you manage this.....issue.

Sunset pats him on the back and then gives Elisha a knowing look. Elisha nods and gestures for Cain to exit the room as Alex leaves Elisha looks back at Sunset and the very faintest hint of a smirk comes across his mouth.

Fade.

Harley Hodge (c) vs. Duce Jones

Match

Jim Gunt: Ooh, there is trouble in paradise!

Mike Rolash: Wouldn't you be mad, too, if they couldn't find your daughter, as unlikely as that scenario would be to begin with?

Jim Gunt: Oh shut up, let's rather focus on what is to come, the main event, the big one of the night!

Mike Rolash: Yes, for the second time in a row two champions are meeting up in our Modern Warfare and this time it really is for the title!

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall, the final quarterfinals match in the Modern Warfare Tournament and is tonight's MAAAIN EVENT!

The lights in the arena dim, as orange strobe lights move all across the venue. "Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates is blasting throughout the PA system as Duce Jones comes out onto the stage. The fans show their support, good or bad as he stands there and surveys the crowd. He then strolls down to the ring slapping an occasional fan's hand if they reached out. Duce makes it down to the ring where he hops onto the apron and climbs inside the ring.. He sprints to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope and raises his Academy championship high in the air. The crowd lets

out a massive cheer for the undefeated champion, who gets down from the turnbuckle, awaiting his opponent.

Ray Douglas: First, from Jonesboro, Arkansas, he is the Academy champion....DUCE JONES!!

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Mike, are you ready for quite possibly the biggest match in the entire Modern Warfare tournament so far!?

Mike Rolash: Possibly? I would say without a doubt this match is the biggest in not only the tournament so far, but maybe even CWF history! First, we have the undefeated Academy champion Duce Jones. Next up, the Accelerator, who even though I may not be his biggest fan, has absolutely torn up the scene since becoming World Heavyweight champion!

Jim Gunt: Indeed. Can't go wrong with this one!

The crowd begin to die down for just a moment until "Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater hits, and then suddenly they're transformed into a frenzy unlike any other. Harley Hodge appears from behind the curtain, barely able to be seen through the fog and white light around him. A monumental moment stands in front of him, but the Accelerator looks as prepared as ever as he coldly looks right into the camera. Harley slowly makes his way down the ramp, letting a few fans slap him on the back as he walks around the ring and eventually up the steps. The Accelerator looks at his championship, and then raises it in the air in front of Duce Jones, the fans cheering aloud once again.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Brooklyn, New York, he is the reigning and defending World Heavyweight Champion....HARLEY HODGE!!

Jim Gunt: The sound in the Pepsi Center is deafening, Mike! I can't even hear myself talk!

Mike Rolash: And I would venture to say that that's a positive for the rest of us.

Jim Gunt: HEY! I heard that! Kind of.

"LET'S GO DUCE!"

"LET'S GO HARLEY!"

The echoing dual chants resound through the entirety of the Pepsi Center, producing an electric environment that not a soul in the Denver crowd will soon forget. Harley Hodge calls for a collar and elbow tie-up, but Duce Jones has other ideas, a swift kick wrapping around and hitting Hodge's lower back! Wincing slightly, the Accelerator gives Jones the

opportunity to take him by the arm and whip him into the ropes. Duce Jones leaps up for a clothesline but Hodge ducks underneath. Before the Academy champion can fully turn around to see the freight train coming at him, HODGE SPEARS HIM ACROSS THE RING! But he isn't content, as he begins laying into Jones with a litany of rights and lefts!

Jim Gunt: What a spear! These two men are not lightweights, but yet they just went flying across the ring like pieces of paper!

Mike Rolash: Come on ref, get Harley off Duce Jones, those closed fists are not legal!

Jim Gunt: This is a Modern Warfare Tournament quarterfinal match, Mike, the official is showing some much respected leniency tonight!

Just as head official Trent Robbins finally goes to pull the massive and rapid onslaught from Harley Hodge, he is shoved off nearly taking the official down! Duce Jones is right back to his feet, showing surprising resiliency as he leaps up into the air- SUPERMAN PUNCH! Hodge is reeling from the singular stiff shot to the side of his face, but the next one does even more damage. V-TRIGGER RISING KNEE! And momentum sends Hodge tumbling backward into the corner. ANOTHER RISING KNEE HITS HIM SQUARE IN THE JAW AND KNOCKS HIM THROUGH THE ROPES!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit! Duce Jones is not messing around tonight!

Mike Rolash: You're damn right he's not, Harley Hodge has to be unconscious outside the ring, he's not moved an inch!

Jim Gunt: I hope the World champion is okay!

Slowly coming to is an absolutely stunned Harley Hodge, who shakes his head from left to right as he pulls himself up with help of the ring apron. But he is taken right back off his feet with a baseball slide from Duce Jones, his boots shoving Hodge in the chest and landing him back against the barricade!

"ONE! TWO!"

The Academy champion is right back to his feet, throwing a wild right that nearly takes Hodge down. But the Accelerator is not going down without a fight, hitting Jones with an uppercut.

"THREE! FOUR!"

Hard right to the side of Duce's head, and another, and the undefeated competitor begins to retreat. He attempts to

back away across the corner of the ring, grabbing a hold of it to pull himself back up on the apron. Duce Jones yelps out as he is yanked off the apron, right onto the shoulders of the Accelerator- who HURLS HIM INTO THE STEPS WITH A DEATH VALLEY DRIVER!

“FIVE! SIX! SEVEN!”

Jim Gunt: Get in the ring, guys!

Mike Rolash: Harley Hodge is working on getting Duce and himself back into the ring right now Jim, but what a DVD to the steel steps! The momentum is definitely back on the side of the World champ!

“EIGHT!”

Harley Hodge peels Duce away from the steel steps, rolling him back into the ring underneath the ropes. With a deep breath extruding from him, the Accelerator pulls himself up onto the apron, and then begins to ascent the nearest turnbuckle. The sold out crowd scream out for the World champion as he gains his footing, PICTURE PERFECT HOLY DIVER FROG SPLASH! Hodge lands right on the chest of Jones, the impact causing both men to bounce slightly into the air, but he holds on for the pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Is it over, Mike? Was the Holy Diver enough to finally defeat Duce Jones!?

T-NO!

Mike Rolash: NOO! Duce Jones kicks out at two!

Jim Gunt: What a match!

The collective breath is let out of the crowd after a long “NOOO!” comes in response from the close count. Harley Hodge rolls off of Jones, taking his own deep breaths as he collects himself. This gives Jones enough time to get to his feet at just the same pace as the World champion, the two men once again coming to blows in the middle of the ring! Harley Hodge hits a right hand, but Jones comes right back with another rising knee! Duce Jones runs around Harley, bounces off the ropes and comes right at him- BICYCLE KNEE STRIKE! The crack of Jones’ knee hitting Hodge’s skull reverberates through the arena! Duce wastes not a second, pulling Hodge to the center of the ring to cover him.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! HODGE GETS HIS SHOULDER UP!

Jim Gunt: Are you serious! How many sadistic knee strikes does Duce Jones have to hit to put away the World champion!?

Mike Rolash: It's going to take a lot more than that to put away the old man, Jimbo. Harley Hodge has proven that he is one tough son of a bitch to take down!

Duce Jones shakes his head as he looks over at the official, but he doesn't let the nearfall get to him as he's right back to his feet, running towards the ropes again. Jones is back and leaps into the air for a Standing Moonsault- NO! Hodge rolls out of the way just in time! And the World champion leaps up onto the middle rope- springboards off- LEG DROP!

Jim Gunt: WOW! The World champion showing that age is only a number tonight, Mike!

Mike Rolash: The Accelerator is definitely looking incredible tonight!

Holding on momentarily, Harley Hodge gets off the cover as soon as the official drops down, surprising Trent Robbins and the fans in attendance. The Accelerator has Jones up onto his shoulders seconds later, front-flips with him in arms to crush him to the canvas! Hodge is breathless, but somehow still able to crawl on top of Duce for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones is out at two! Harley is hitting moves we haven't seen from him since he was in his twenties- and it's STILL not enough to put away the undefeated Academy champion!

Mike Rolash: MATCH OF THE YEAR RIGHT HERE!

Jim Gunt: Well the year is just getting started, Mike, but I would have to agree with you! This has been a true classic!

After using a litany of moves the fans in attendance didn't even know the World champion had in his arsenal, Harley Hodge is completely exhausted as he rolls off of Duce Jones onto his back. The crowd cheer on both men as they slowly get to their feet, Hodge taking Jones by the side of his head before driving his elbow upward into his jaw! He runs at the undefeated Academy champion, taking him and rolling over with him, right into the guillotine submission. SLEEP TO DREAM!

Mike Rolash: This is it! Harley Hodge has Jones in the middle of the ring, he's going to make the Academy champion pass out!

Jim Gunt: There is a reason the Accelerator is our World champion, Mike, he's not afraid to put the competition to sleep!

Mike Rolash: *Yawn* Your commentary is putting me to sleep.

Harley Hodge cranks and yanks, pulls and tugs, doing everything he can to make his quarterfinal tournament opponent tap out. But Duce Jones is a ball of determination, and somehow begins to get to his feet with the Accelerator's body grapevining around him! Jones launches Harley Hodge up into a vertical position, snap suplexing him to the canvas and breaking his grip instantly. The grip of Duce Jones, however, is held onto as he pops his hips and brings Hodge up for a second suplex! And then a third- NO! IN MID-AIR JONES TWISTS THE SUPLEX INTO A MASSIVE NECKBREAKER! The World Champion is down and out as Duce hooks both of his legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: My god that was a close one! Suplex after suplex and then Duce Jones finished off Harley with one sick neckbreaker. I thought it was over, Mike!

Mike Rolash: As did everyone here in attendance, neither one of these two men are going to give up though. The CWF World Championship means far too much!

Duce Jones slaps the canvas, beginning to get frustrated as he gets to his feet. As he goes to approach the official, he stops himself, taking in a deep breath before turning back around and lifting Harley to his feet. The Academy champion sends in a knife edge chop to the chest of the legend, but the Accelerator cracks him with a back elbow!

The already woozy Harley Hodge shocks the fans in attendance by grabbing a hold of Duce, headbutting him. And again. And again! AND AGAIN! Blood begins to pour from the face of Duce Jones, bringing a deranged smile to the face of the World champion. He lifts Jones onto his shoulders, carrying him over to the corner and tossing him off violently- his skull bouncing off the top of the turnbuckle! Jones staggers back around, wearing a crimson mask as Harley pulls him up into the air- THE ACCELERATOR DDT! Duce Jones got so close but is one more competitor to all to Harley as he pulls him towards the center of the ring to hook both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: WHAT!? NOBODY HAS EVER KICKED OUT OF THE ACCELERATOR!

“THIS IS AWESOME” *clap clap clap* “THIS IS AWESOME!”

Mike Rolash: Harley Hodge is absolutely shocked, Jim, and so I am! I would have bet my house that the World champion had Jones down for the count there.

Jim Gunt: But now what!? What does Harley have to do, the resiliency of Duce Jones is freaking insane!

Picking his jaw off the floor, Harley Hodge uses the ropes to pull himself back up to his feet. He is spent, sucking in wind as he calls Duce up for one more Accelerator. “COME ON, DAMN IT!”, the World champion yells out, before sauntering over to Jones and lifting his feet off the canvas- THE ACCELERATOR-NO! Duce Jones uses all his strength to shove Harley off of him, runs at him at full sprint- KRAYZED KNEE! THE FUCKING KNEE OBLITERATES HARLEY HODGE! Jones rolls Harley away from the ropes, ready to do the unthinkable as the crowd counts along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: He did it! We have a NEW world champ!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall and the NEW CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION....DUCE JONES!!

“Smiling Faces” sounds over the speaker system, as confetti begins to fall from the top of the arena. Duce Jones rolls off of Harley Hodge, breathing heavily himself after one hell of a battle. Screams of cheers and chants of “DUCE!” echo as the new World Champion looks on in astonishment. When both the World and Paramount championships are brought over and placed in his lap, he has no choice but to break down and starts crying in front of the entire world. Duce uses his right forearm to wipe away the literal blood, sweat, and tears, climbing to his feet and raising the titles to a loud ovation.

Slowly, Harley Hodge struggles to his feet, keeping his eye on Duce Jones the entire time. Jones turns around, moving to put down the championship belts to prepare for yet another fight. But the Accelerator immediately puts his arms around him- hugging the new World champion! Hodge raises the right hand of Duce Jones, the crowd absolutely going crazy at this point at the true sign of respect and sportsmanship. Hodge says a few words to Jones that are inaudible, before patting him on the back again and making his exit. Jones’ smile cannot be removed from his face even by a plastic surgeon, as he once again raises both of his championships into the air proudly.

Fade.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite