

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 4

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: November 6, 2017
Location: OVO Hydro — Glasgow

Results

Twisted Metal

Match

A large black limosine is shown pulling up to the parking lot outside of the arena. The vehicle is big, extravagant. A white outline of the Maker's Mark is visible on the side door. The Army of the Eternals are here, ready to make their arrival known.

Out of nowhere, a neon green monster truck comes squealing and crashes right into the limousine, crunching it up to the side of a nearby production truck! The whole scene has turned into a mangled mess of twisted metal! The monster truck hits it in reverse and the smiling face of Jace Valentine is seen driving the vehicle, leaving the scene in glee.

Chaolin Sahn and Colton Mace are shown struggling to get out of the destroyed limosine. Mace is frantic as he makes his escape. Sahn is silent, stewing.

Colton Mace: Help! Medic! We need help! Call 911! Rayne... Tristan... Damion... they're still trapped!

Sahn lifts his finger, raising it to Mace's lip.

Chaolin Sahn: Have no worries, Colton, have no fear. The flame is burning, leave them here.

Camera fades to black.

Duce Jones vs. Tristan Kancer vs. Aphmau Enders vs. Kendo

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is tonight's opening match and will be a fatal fourway! Introducing first....

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 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 hops onto the apron and climbs inside the ring.. He sprints to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope and begins looking into the crowd once again.. Duce climbs down from the corner, turns around, and wait for his opponents.

Ray Douglas: Introducing the first competitor in tonight's fatal fourway, now residing in Jonesboro, Arkansas....DUCE JONES!!

Aphmau Enders enters from the crowd as "The Goddess of the Sun" by Aelipse, in her famous French designer jacket, slapping hands of fans, as two guards hoist her over the barricades, She gets in the ring, bows her head & crouches until the drop hits, she then gets up places two fingers on her nose, She then takes off her beret & jacket & gives them to the time keeper.

Ray Douglas: The second competitor comes from Paris, France....APHMAU ENDERS!!

"Virus (Pestilence Mix)" by KMFDM hits over the speakers and JT Blackman leads his massive Samoan Tap Out Machine out from the back. Kendo is looking as scary as ever, as he towers over his manager, nodding his head as Blackman shouts out his message to his client. Kendo hops from boot to boot, before finally heading down the entrance ramp. He hops up onto the apron, holding onto the ropes and eying up his two opponents having entered the ring so far. Kendo slowly enters the fray himself, a look of determination on his stone cold face.

Ray Douglas: And competitor number three is from the Samoan Islands....KENDO!!

"Rape Me" by Nirvana breaks across the sound system and Rayne accompanies the former CWF Impact champion, Tristan Kancer out from the back. Pyrotechnics of all colors shoot across the ramp, a beautiful display of light along with loud booms throughout the building. The noise does not mask the screams of boos coming from the sold out Scottish crowd, however, as the fans truly hate the Kancers now that they lead the way for the Eternals. Tristan winks at the camera, slowly coming down the ramp with his sister before entering the ring.

Ray Douglas: The final member of tonight's fatal fourway comes from Detroit, Michigan....TRISTAN KANCER!!

After the entrances of all four competitors, "Big" Denny Davidson takes a glance at all of them before nodding at the time-keeper, waving his hand through the air. As soon as the bell rings, Duce Jones shows just how enthusiastic he is to get his CWF debut on the road, as he leaps into the air and cracks Kancer across the jaw with a high rise knee! Tristan Kancer spits something out of his mouth, maybe gum or possibly even a tooth!

Jim Gunt: Did you see that, Mike? I think Kancer may have lost a tooth?

Mike Rolash: A tooth is a red gob now? That was just a piece of Big Red gum, you idiot.

Jim Gunt: You know, sometime you are going to piss me off enough where I'm going to smack you across the back of the head, you know that?

Mike Rolash looks on at his commentary partner in shock as the action ensues in the ring. Kendo shows off his brute strength, grabbing ahold of the attacking Aphmau Enders, lifting her high into the air before tossing her halfway across the ring viciously! Duce Jones knees Kendo in the ribs as he turns around, but the Samoan Tap Out Machine no sells it, and headbutts him head across the skull! Kendo is left standing all on his own, and raises his arms into the air to a huge ovation of jeers!

Jim Gunt: The fans here in Scotland cannot stand Kendo.

Mike Rolash: I love the guy, he is a true badass! One of the last remaining “real men” in the sport.

Not finished by a long shot, Kendo pulls Jones up by his head, locking arms with him and doubling him over with a Bridging Tiger Suplex! The massive Samoan holds the maneuver, pinning Duce Jones in the center of the ring.

Referee: OOONNNEEE...No!

Jim Gunt: Tristan Kancer with the save!

Mike Rolash: That is the magic of a fatal fourway match, Jimmy, you have to wear out ALL of your opponents to the point where you can get a pinfall or submission on one of them. A tall task, to say the least.

Kancer stomps down on the Samoan Tap Out Machine, repeatedly and rapidly, doing all he can to break up the pinfall. Kendo gets to his feet in a fit of anger, shoving the former Impact champion backwards into the corner. He runs at him at full speed and leaps up into the air, and right into the empty turnbuckle! Kancer moves out of the way just in time, locks arms surprisingly with Duce Jones, and clotheslines Kendo to the outside of the ring!

While JT Blackman tries to help his client to his feet, the momentary team of Duce and Tristan is already over, as both men strike each other back and forth with heavy shots. Kancer lands a right hand, Jones hits a few quick chops then a corner punch to the backing up Kancer! The debuting star sprints towards the Eternal member and hits him with a cross body! Duce Jones isn't finished however, as Kancer staggers backwards falling prone to Jones leaping off, ZIG ZAG IN MID-AIR! Kancer is out, as Jones rolls him to his back and goes for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO..No!

Jim Gunt: Aphmau Enders saves the match for herself with a huge splash off the top rope!

Mike Rolash: Now all three competitors are laying deflated inside the ring, and the Samoan Tap Out Machine is making his way back in. This is going to get messy, Jimmy!

Kendo re-enters the ring and helps the rising Aphmau to her feet, before placing her right back down with a huge backdrop. He now turns his attention to Tristan Kancer, overhead Belly to Belly Suplex! The Samoan Tap Out Machine tries another big suplex on Duce Jones, but Jones uses the brains of a second generation superstar, quickly blasting Kendo with a hard elbow. The big man doesn't let go however, trying to go for the Suplex anyway. But Jones' grabs his head out midair, TORNADO DDT! Jones leaps on Kendo, using all his body weight to go for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHH-NO!

Jim Gunt: Kancer now with the save, I guess that overhead belly to belly only momentarily took him out of the game!

Mike Rolash: And Kendo better be thankful that's the case, because he'd have taken a loss otherwise!

Tristan Kancer pulls Jones off of the mighty Kendo, tossing him hard shoulder first into the turnbuckle! Duce crumbles, but when Kancer turns around Kendo is somehow already up. Kendo latches his mighty arms around the Kancer of CWF, another Overhead Belly to Belly, THIS TIME OVER THE TOP ROPE! Aphmau Enders is on the top rope out of the sight of Kendo, that is until a soaring missile dropkick sends him flying over the top rope also! Enders uses the ropes to pull herself up, turns around, THE KRAYZED KNEE OUT OF NOWHERE! The crowd goes insane as the debuting Duce Jones hooks both legs of Enders.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by pinfall....DUCE JONES!!

Jim Gunt: Wow, what a debut victory for Duce Jones, this kid is really looking great!

Mike Rolash: I hate to say it, but you're right, Jimmy!

"Smiling Face" by Kevin Gates plays again and Duce Jones celebrates his very first victory in CWF with the fans cheering him on.

Shitty Catering

Match

Gordy is over by the catering area in the back of the arena. He sees the camera and shakes his head.

Danny Gordy: Tombstone pizzas and Happy Meals are considered 'catering' here in the CWF. Nothing like reaching into those deep pockets to spend a little cash, eh?

Danny sighs deeply, before flashing a pissed off look to the camera.

Danny Gordy: Since I and Mr. Stein couldn't maneuver a way out of this stupid ass Evening Gown match? Tonight, I take it to the next level. Tonight, I show why you don't fuck with my livelihood and try and make me look like an idiot. Tonight RM Strong, if you insist on coming to the ring for this match, then I insist on beating the ever living F(beep)K, out of you. You're in the wrong match at the wrong time and if I were you? I'd find the time to get out of the building. because you REALLY, don't want to be the person who crosses my path tonight. Take the warning and go take a powder, before you have no choice, but to take a beating.

Gordy wipes out a stack of personal pan pizzas, leaving them flying all over the place as he walks away angrily.

Kingdom of Chaos

Match

We cut backstage. Jaiden Rishel is in his office, seated behind a small desk. The walls are painted black, the Maker's Mark sprayed on the wall behind him in red.

The door opens abruptly, slamming against the wall. Colton Mace steps through.

Jaiden: Colton.

Colton: You wanted me?

Jaiden: You're damn right I did. Look, I don't know what you're trying to prove being out there commentating with Jarvis, but just like I told you before, you better get your mind in the game. Tonight you're going against the Internet Idiot one on one, don't disappoint the Eternals again, this may be your final chance at saving a place in our "kingdom of chaos".

Colton steps forward, his face inches away from Jaiden's, his eyes bright and defiant.

Jaiden: Do not push me, Colton.

Colton: I'm not afraid of you.

Jaiden: Maybe not. But you should be afraid of him. You two are acquainted, I believe?

The camera pans back, just in time to catch Elisha at the back of the room. Colton turns as Elisha lunges out, catching him with a sucker punch to the side of the head, Elisha's fist wrapped in a thick leather glove.

Colton Mace staggers back. Elisha marches forward, grabs Colton by his shirt, lifts and shoves him against a wall, Colton's skull colliding with a horrible thud.

Elisha leans in.

Elisha: Hello again, my dear Colton. It has...been a while.

Jaiden: Elisha! That's enough.

Elisha turns.

Elisha: As you wish. Farewell, Colton. Oh, and...don't forget to check your brakes.

Colton glares first at Elisha, then at Jaiden, before marching out of the office. He slams the door behind him.

Kaylan El & Silas Kincaid vs. The Slashers (Mick Horrorflick & Vlad)

Match

"Sex Room" by Trey Songz featuring Ludacris starts up and Kaylan El and Silas Kincaid make their way out from the back. They march towards the ring, fireworks going off behind them.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, coming from London, England and Glasglow, Scotland respectively....KAYLAN EL AND SILAS KINCAID!!

"Relentless" by Pentagram hits the speakers and The Slashers make their way to the ring, Vlad getting a few scattered cheers while "Sick" Mick Horrorflick gets booed enough to drown out the cheering. The two members of the Slashers are dressed in their normal outfits, scarring a few little children as they make their way down and into the ring.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, from way out in the boonies, Vlad and "Sick" Mick Horrorflick....THE SLASHERS!!

Silas and Vlad exit the ring, leaving Kaylan El and "Sick" Mick Horrorflick to lock up. Mick gets the upper hand, nailing Kaylan with the Machete, a brutal lariat to the side of the head. Kaylan stumbles, clutching her skull. Mick takes advantage, scooping her into the air and down to the mat with a vicious brain buster.

Mick stands above Kaylan, pausing dramatically before crashing down with the Kandarian Dagger falling elbow drop. Kaylan rolls out of the way at the last moment, leaving Mick to fall to the mat. Kaylan rolls to the corner and tags in Silas Kincaid.

Jim Gunt: Quick thinking on the part of Kaylan El, let's see if Silas can take advantage.

Silas Kincaid charges across the ring, colliding with "Sick" Mick Horrorflick as he rises to his feet. Silas nails him with a series of boots to the legs, before Mick counters, belting Silas with an enormous fist to the face.

Suddenly, the arena lights begin to flicker, dimming slightly. The big screen cuts to black, then to video of an enormous bonfire. A tall man stands in front of it, dressed in a long, flowing black robe. On one side of his chest is the Maker's Mark, on the other, his own sigil.

Elisha raises his eyes and stares into the camera. In the arena, the audience rain boos and jeers. A chant of "WE WANT ELIJAH" breaks out.

Elisha: Remember, remember

The Fifth of November

The Gunpowder Treason and plot

I know of no reason

Why Gunpowder Treason

Should ever be forgot.

History is written by the winners. Today, Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators are officially commemorated as enemies of the state, burned in effigy, still a political tool of intimidation in the North of Ireland safely ignored by mainland Brits. Perhaps in another world, Guy Fawkes is remembered as the great liberator of the people, while idiot youths play their idiot political games in masks of King James.

All just a matter of perspective.

Today you people hate me. Yet in truth, my actions are not so different to those of the people you cheer on each week. Am I truly more ruthless, more bloodthirsty, more single minded than a Jarvis King or a Harley Hodge or even Pandalike? Or am I merely more honest, to myself and to the world, in what I do and why I do it?

Or, perhaps, both?

Those who know me, have only the tiniest inkling of what I am capable of. Those who do not....you will.

He winks, smiles.

Elisha: Sooner than you think.

The screen cuts out. Simultaneously, the arena lights rise, showing a familiar figure standing in its centre, a small black

flag at his feet.

Jim Gunt: Elisha! He's here!!

Elisha immediately charges at Silas and Kaylan, catching them completely unawares and taking them out with a huge double clothesline. He scoops up Kaylan El and hurls her into the air, throwing her headfirst at "Sick" Mick Horrorflick, sending the two of them crashing to the canvas.

Vlad charges at Elisha, nailing him with an enormous lariat that sounds the Moonchild reeling. Vlad goes to follow up but Elisha dodges, grabbing Vlad and smashing him head first into the turnbuckle. Elisha kicks him in the stomach, bending the big man double, then scoops him into the air and drives him down with a crucifix powerbomb.

Elisha drags the now prone Vlad into the centre of the ring, beside the broken bodies of Mick, Silas and Kaylan. He takes the small black bag he had come to the ring with and removes a small bottle.

Mike Rolash: I've got a very bad feeling about this.

Elisha empties the bottle over the four fallen competitors. The stench of gasoline fills the air, overwhelming, overpowering.

Jim Gunt: No! Somebody stop this!!

Elisha takes out a large box of matches, raising it triumphantly to the crowd. He mouths the words "Hey, Highlander" to the ring and blows a kiss before removing a match from the box, striking it, lighting it and placing it back inside.

Mike Rolash! This is going too far!

Jim Gunt: Security! Finally!

A small army of security guards come out if the back, dressed in riot gear - body armour, shields, helmets and visors. They rush to the ring and position themselves between Elisha and his target, moments before he was to throw the matches and set them ablaze. Elisha stands a moment, smirking; he lunges forward then stops, laughing as the security guards jump into action.

Finally he throws the box of matches down, falling at the feet of the security who rush to stamp it out.

Jim Gunt: Thank God for that.

Eye in the Sky

Match

Sometime Earlier

Off in the far distance stands a large brick building, appearing as old as time but beautiful nonetheless. An elementary school, Woodward Elementary to be exact. The picture isn't clear however, as it is being seen from the scope of a set of binoculars. A man in pure black, down to the skee mask he wears over his face, a hooded sweatshirt, and black as coal jeans, he leaves nothing to sight. The unknown watcher sits high atop the largest pine tree in the area, the only tree left at the end of fall to be able to hide in.

Man: "It's almost time."

Talking to himself as he looks down at his wrist watch, 2:27 p.m. it reads. A flash of a grin can be seen across what little of his face is noticeable, the end of the school day is near. Cars and buses park all along the brick building, as parents watch on for their children to exit through the glass doors. Finally, like a stampede, a rush of dozens of children come streaming out. Some parents literally jump up and down at the sight of their little one, while some look like they couldn't care less.

One woman couldn't be more excited to see her kindergartener come home from yet another exciting day, as Amber Rishel truly loved her daughter Everia and her older sister Cambria with all of her being. As Everia comes through the door wielding an overweight backpack pulling her down along the way, Amber's eyes light up, and she instantly waves her hands through the air to get the young one's attention. The attention of the man stalking the family through the trees, however, has long been set on the two Rishel family members.

Man: "Aaaaannnnddd....show time."

He places the binoculars back against his eyes holes, watching the scene unravel before him.

Amber Rishel: "Everia! How was school today, honey? Momma missed you so much! It is so boring at the house without you, especially now that your dad is back doing his CWF thing all the time."

Everia rolls her eyes at the mention of CWF, she couldn't care less about wrestling. All she cared about was LOL Dollz, Elsia and Annia, Barbies, girl things. The thought of losing her dad to the wrestling business didn't exactly appeal to the young girl, but she did not feel the same hatred that her older half brother Jaiden did towards her dad. She just missed him. Everia smiles anyway, hugging her mother tightly.

Everia Rishel: "Oh my GOD mom! Today was like the coolest day ever! I met two new friends at recess today, and one

of them is actually a BOY mom! Is that okay?"

Amber laughs, the innocence of her daughter always warms her heart.

Amber Rishel: "Yes that's okay, baby. But what did you learn today, anything new that you want to tell mommy about?"

Everia shrugs.

Everia Rishel: "Uhhh....not really? I already know everything they keep trying to teach me mom, but I do like my teacher Mrs. Rawlings! She is really really nice mom!

A hyper spitfire, Everia's speech is an uncontrollable wave of words.

Everia Rishel: "Oh, and they are doing school pictures next week, I have the form in my backpack for you and dad to read!"

Amber holds onto her daughter's hand, nodding her head as they look for traffic and eventually walk towards their Eclipse. Amber pulls out the keychain out of the pocket of her boot leg jeans, clicking the unlock button as they near the vehicle. A yellow light flashes across the break lights AND THE CAR EXPLODES INTO A BALL OF FLAME! Amber, Everia, and the dozens of people passing by scream out of in fear, as Amber shields her daughter's eyes and backs her up completely horrified. She screams out, calling for help, and a few people pull their cell phones out and begin to dial 911. The man watching in the tree however, smiles contently.

Man: "Message received."

RM Strong vs. Danny Gordy

Match

The bell rings as Ray Douglas steps between the ropes.

Ring Announcer - The next match is the Evening Gown Match. First, headed to the ring, out of Chicago IL, weighing in at 300lbs.... DANNY GORDY!!

Muscle Gun by Fist begins to play through the PA System. Danny Gordy is forced out of the back while wearing a black and white evening gown. He looks completely pissed off.

Fans - YOU LOOK PRETTY! YOU LOOK PRETTY! YOU LOOK PRETTY!

Danny, while making his way down to the ring, yells and threatens to smack every fan on his way down to the ring. He stands on the steps shaking his head before climbing into the ring. He climbs up the turnbuckle, lifting his hands in the air. The fans still antagonizing him with a mix of boos and catcalls.

Ring Announcer - And his opponent, also hailing from Chicago, IL, weighing in at 267lbs... He is CWF's very own Bastard Son... R....M.... STRONG!!

The lights in the arena begin to flash as Mama Said Knock You Out by Five Finger Death Punch starts to blare. The lights die down as a single red spotlight hits the entrance ramp.

"Don't call it a comeback, I've been here for years!"

An explosion erupts from the entrance ramp. The smoke clears to show R.M. Strong standing on the ramp, wearing the Victorian Wedding dress he's been wearing for days. It's a little dirty, and has a mustard stain in the front. He's got a giant grin on his face as he spins around while walking down the ramp. Fans cheer, boo, and whistle at Strong as he makes his way into the ring. He climbs through the ropes, standing in the center of the ring with one last spin. Gordy blindsides him with a double axe handle, dropping R.M. to the mat!

Mike Rolash: Get em' Gordy! This R.M. Strong is a moron. I've never liked the guy and I don't like him now!

Jim Gunt: Why is that, Mike? Still made that he took your girlfriend all those years ago?

Mike Rolash: And he gave her herpes, disgusting!

Gordy is laying stomps to Strong, before pulling him to his feet, and irish whipping him into the corner. Danny follows him in with a huge clothesline. Strong crumbles down in the corner as Gordy starts to pull at the dress. Strong thumbs Danny in the eye, and pushes him off.

Jim Gunt: Thumb in the eye o' doom!

Mike Rolash: And you say I'm stupid?

R.M. Strong quickly pulls himself to his feet and charges at Gordy, catching him with a shoulder block and forcing him into the corner. Strong lays a couple more hard shoulders into the midsection of Danny, before grabbing his arm and yanking him out, clobbering him with a huge clothes line. R.M. bounces off the ropes, and drops a knee to Gordy's head. Strong grabs Danny by the dress, trying to pull him up, but rips the shoulder off the dress. Strong begins to lay a few hard shots to Danny's head, before Gordy refires. The two begin to throw lefts and rights at each other, rolling around on the mat.

Jim Gunt: This is getting out of hand!

Mike Rolash: Rip her dress off!

Jim Gunt: ...

Danny gets the upper hand, grabbing Strong by the hair and pulling him up to his knees. He grabs his head and drops him hard with a ddt. Gordy bounces off the ropes as R.M. begins to pull himself up off the mat by the ropes. Danny rebounds and dropkicks Strong out of the ring. R.M. hits hard outside the ring as Gordy begins to celebrate inside the ring.

Fans - PRETTY PRETTY PRINCESS! PRETTY PRETTY PRINCESS! PRETTY PRETTY PRINCESS!!!!

Gordy flips off the fans before heading out of the ring. He gave Strong too much time as R.M. catches Danny with a brogue kick as his head is sticking out of the ropes. Strong dusts his hands off before lifting up the ring apron, searching under the ring.

Jim Gunt: HERE WE GO! R.M. Strong going for the heavy artillery, what is under the ring for the crazy man to find?

R.M. reaches under the ring and pulls out a table. He sets it up at ringside before sliding back into the ring. He's met with a huge left hand, sending him staggering back. Danny continues laying shots into Strong's head. Gordy irish whips him into the ropes, and catches him with a huge powerslam. Gordy bounces off the ropes, landing an elbow to his sternum. He reaches down, ripping part of Strong's dress up. He holds it up to the crowd, who boo loudly.

He pulls R.M. up by his hair, goes to whip him into the corner, but Strong reverses it. Strong follows him into the corner, GIANT SPLASH! R.M. keeps moving as Gordy slides down the corner. Strong bounces off the far ropes, nailing Gordy with a running knee to the side of his head. Strong reaches down, ripping the entire top off of Danny's dress, throwing it out to the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Puppies!

Jim Gunt: Oh boy.

Strong stands back, watching Danny pull himself up by the ropes. R.M. hits the far ropes, spins, and hits Gordy with a discuss clothesline, forcing him through the ropes to the apron. Strong climbs out, but is caught with a left hand from Gordy. The two begin trading shots on the apron. They continue to battle while teetering over the table.

Jim Gunt: Somebody is going through a table!

Gordy winds up for a big shot, Strong ducks and grabs Danny by the neck and head. Gordy tries to break loose with an elbow, but R.M. lays a knee to the ribs, before flipping both himself and Gordy backwards with A MASSIVE CHICAGO MASSACRE THROUGH THE TABLE! Strong slowly pulls himself up, while ripping the rest of the dress off of Gordy. The bell rings as Strong stands tall, raising his hands and Gordy's dress up in the air.

Ring Announcer - And your winner... The Bastard Son... R... M... STRONG!!

Letting Bygones be Bygones

Match

In the locker room area, Harvey Danger sits crouched down with a white towel draped over his shoulders, and a cell phone placed against his ear. He does not look happy at all as he listens in to the shouting voice on the other end. As the camera comes closer to the unsuspecting Harvey, the loud mouth on the other end of the phone becomes apparent that it is Marie Danger, Harvey's mother herself.

Marie Danger: God DAMN it, Harvey! Aren't you listening to your mother!? You may be the Impact champion of that CWF now, but that doesn't mean you can let the new talent coming in walk all over you, and you especially you should not let walk all over your dear old mother!

Harvey shakes his head back and forth, taking in a deep breath before responding.

Harvey Danger: Yes, mother.

Marie continues.

Marie Danger: And another thing, who is that Lance LaRusso anyway and what did he even want with you last week on Hellbound? The guy seems like an ignoramus, what kind of filthy animal busts a cake over my poor little head!

Harvey actually has to hold back a slight giggle now, the seriousness of the situation being taken out by Marie's question.

Harvey Danger: Well ma, technically I dropped the cake on you, Lance just...distracted me. But the point is, I'm sorry for what happened at Hellbound, and I will make it right next time I come face to face with that low-life Lance La...

Harvey stops dead in his tracks as The Pansexual Playboy himself struts into the locker room, posing right in front of the Impact champion as his friend Ash tags along and quickly nudges at him to stop posing.

Marie Danger: Harvey? Harvey? What were you saying about what you're going to do Lance?

Harvey Danger: I...have to go, ma. I'll call you back later.

Harvey quickly shuts his old flip phone closed, and sits it on the bench beside him. Eying up the "different" man in front of him, Harvey waits for an introduction that never comes.

Harvey Danger: Well? What do you want with me now, Lance?

Lance, sporting a grin as big as the state of Texas, quickly turns to his friend Ash's side and whispers a few things to him. Ash pulls out a black t-shirt, and of course it is once again the brand new Harvey Danger tee, only available on cwf.com. Get yours today! Lance holds the t-shirt out to Harvey, a black sharpie pen on top of it.

Lance LaRusso: Okay, so I'm not usually one for apologies, but after many conversations with my buddy Ash, I come to terms with the fact that I was in the wrong last Sunday. I had the best intentions in mind though, Harvey, hear me out.

The Impact champion shrugs, letting the Pansexual Playboy continue.

Lance LaRusso: I did not mean to knock your apology cake over, and I'm sorry for rubbing the cake in your mouth, you just looked like you were hungry is all.

An eyebrow jolts up across the right side of Harvey Danger's face. Lance doesn't hesitate to continue on.

Lance LaRusso: But anyway, point is, I would like us to put that all in the past. I am a HUGE Harvey Danger fan, and I would love it if you could sign this t-shirt for me? I have been following you all my life man, posters on the wall from when you were in your prime fifteen years ago, you know the whole nine yards.

Once again Harvey doesn't know whether to be offended or touched, so instead shrugs again, and takes the t-shirt to sign. Giving it back to the young "fan" of his, Harvey looks up and makes eye contact with LaRusso.

Harvey Danger: Look Lance, I get it. I understand that you made a mistake at Hellbound, and even though you ruined my apology cake to my bestest best friend TLS and infuriated my mother in the process, I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. Now, is there anything else you needed or is it just the autograph?

Lance glances over at Ash, looking for his approval before answering.

Lance LaRusso: Well....actually, there is one more thing. I am making my professional CWF debut tonight after the Hammer, Dan Highlander. I was wondering if you had any advice for me in this matchup since you have already been in the ring with the man. But there's actually something else, too. I'm usually the kind of guy who sticks to myself, I stay in my own lane, but I have a vested interest in you, Harvey. I think you and I could make an amazing team. The wiley old vet teams up with the young upstart. What do you think, my man!?

Harvey is taken aback by the notion.

Harvey Danger: You want to...team with me? Hmmm, well, I have probably teamed up with worse in my day. So I'll tell you what, how about we team up for one match, next week. We'll call it a trial run.

So ecstatic that Ash has to stop him from jumping up and down, Lance responds in an overly excited tone.

Lance LaRusso: Thank you, you will not regret it, Harvey! So I will see you next week then, new friend!? Oh and I wanted to ask you something, and please don't take this the wrong way. But, do you have a service dog or something? Because I was wondering where you got that weird dog that rode on the scooter last week. Is it a mutt or one of those fancy Chinese dogs?

Jolting to his feet, Harvey looks Lance eye to eye with so much intensity it could be cut with a knife. Just as he is about to bite his head off for insulting his mother, Harvey chooses to instead shake his head and walk away from the scene before he does anything he'd regret. Lance's face is priceless as he walks away, dumbfounded by why Danger is so infuriated. Ash takes a deep breath, placing a hand on the shoulder of his oblivious friend, before explaining the situation to him as the scene fades.

Dan Highlander vs. Lance LaRusso

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall!

The lights dim to a deep red hue as "Mr. Wonderful" by Smile.DK begins to play. The Pansexual Playboy himself makes his grand appearance on the CWF stage for the very first time, doing a spin before coming down to one knee to take in the scene in front of him. Thousands of people are on their feet, most booing the hell out of Lance LaRusso but a few surprisingly chanting the newcomer's name after seeing him at Hellbound. LaRusso crawls across the ropes, entering the ring awkwardly before standing in his corner.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California....LANCE LARUSSO!!

LaRusso stares up the ramp as "Let the Hammer Fall" by Hammer Fall screams over the PA system. Blasts of

fireworks shoot across the sky as the former World and Impact champion, Dan Highlander steps out with the most intense of looks across his face. The Hammer had been put through hell at Hellbound in both the Bloodbath and the subsequent attack by Elisha, but yet he looks more than ready for the task at hand tonight. Highlander slides under the bottom rope, walking right past the approaching LaRusso, and to his corner.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Canberra, Australia....DAN HIGHLANDER!!

Mike Rolash: Oh, I can't wait for this one. Ring the bell, ref!

Jim Gunt: Rare to see you so excited, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I'm in love with this LaRusso! The guy is an absolute riot, I hope he comes out and smashes a cake over your head sometime, Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: Aye, aye.

"Big" Denny Davidson calls for the bell after checking both men for hidden weapons, which LaRusso gladly obliges and even asks for "the special treatment". Highlander comes to the center of the ring looking for a test of strength, but the Pansexual Playboy instead takes the Hammer's arms out of the sky and down across his chest! The crowd erupts in cheers and laughter!

Jim Gunt: Oh no, I don't think the Hammer is in the mood for fun and games tonight.

Mike Rolash: Maybe that is just the reason why LaRusso decided to mess with him then? To get into Highlander's head after everything he's been through recently?

Dan Highlander is offended beyond belief, backing up and snatching his hands away from Lance's grasp. The Pansexual Playboy winks at the Hammer, before cartwheeling towards him out of nowhere, twisting the second time into a backflip, **ORGASM BUTTON!** The kick blasts Highlander right in the jaw, and he couldn't have seen it coming as he didn't even raise a hand to block the huge blow. LaRusso is on his feet, taunting the audience playfully.

Jim Gunt: LaRusso showing off some amazing athleticism right out of the gate.

Mike Rolash: This kid's no joke. Even if he is funny as fuck.

Kipping right back up to his feet, Lance LaRusso looks to stay on the attack. He walks over to Highlander, backflips, standing moonsault to the Hammer! LaRusso crawls backwards away from him, doing push-ups on the mat as he

watches Highlander get to his feet. He hops up to meet him, LEAPING NECKBREAKER-NO! Dan instead grabs his hands and swings him in- TOMBSTONE PILEDRIVER! LaRusso is spiked hard on the top of his head! Highlander goes for the cover.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWW-NO!

Jim Gunt: Amazing reversal of fortunes there from the Hammer, but not enough to put away the Pansexual Playboy.

Mike Rolash: I bet you just love saying LaRusso's moniker, don't you Jimmy?

Jim Gunt: Uh, why do you ask?

Mike Rolash: Oh, nevermind.

Coming out of the two count, Highlander immediately changing his gameplan, choosing instead to go for one of his trademark submission holds. The Hammer grabs the legs of LaRusso, and he tries to swing him off, but Highlander doubles him over- EUREKA STOCKADE! The elevated Boston Crab is placed on LaRusso perfectly, but unfortunately for Highlander they are also too close to the ropes, as LaRusso is able to make it to the bottom rope after a small amount of struggle.

Jim Gunt: Highlander could have had the match won there with the Eureka Stockade, but a surprising lack of ring awareness leaves LaRusso to easily make it to the ropes!

Mike Rolash: Highlander is all shook up after the return of Elisha, Jimmy, he better focus or this newbie is going to get a W over him!

Sighing a deep sigh, Highlander lets go of the Eureka Stockade after the official counts to three. The Hammer doesn't even let LaRusso fully get to his feet before picking him up and planting him with an atomic drop, then a huge clothesline! Highlander looks to have the match in his hands now, but as he approaches the Pansexual Playboy, LaRusso somehow manages to grab him and roll him up into a tumbling pin attempt!

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....T-NO!

Right out of the two count, both men are back up to their feet, and Highlander smashes the Pansexual Playboy's chest with a knife edge chop. LaRusso comes back by raking him hard across the face, leaping onto the ropes and back through the air, EXPLODING 360 KICK TO THE FACE! LaRusso with the momentum now, goes for a submission of his own. Attempting the Pearl Necklace, Highlander pushes him off. The Hammer goes for a front kick, LaRusso catches it, SUCH IS LIFE! The Enziguri doubles LaRusso over, and Highlander immediately goes for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRRE-NO!

Jim Gunt: This match has been incredible so far, Mike! LaRusso has really proven himself tonight against one of the living legends of CWF, but what is it going to take for Highlander to put away the debuting star?

Mike Rolash: Maybe nothing, Jim. Highlander is in over his head with LaRusso, I'm telling you!

Jim Gunt: You may be right, but Highlander is setting up for his finishing maneuver!

The exhausted veteran is back on his feet, calling the Pansexual Playboy to his. As Lance crawls to his knees, Highlander strikes out, FALLING HAMME-NO-LANCE SPINS OUT-PORN PLEX! The reversal both shocks the Hammer and leaves him spun out on the canvas, just enough time for Lance LaRusso to head up top. MILE HIGH CLUB! A beautiful double rotation Moonsault, and LaRusso holds on for the pin!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

"Mr. Wonderful" plays yet again and LaRusso rolls off of Highlander and right out of the ring. The Pansexual Playboy smiles as he raises his arms in the air in celebration. The Hammer looks on from the ring as he gets up, a hard loss taken after having so much on his mind.

The Shoulder

Match

We cut backstage to where we see Maya Jensen and her manager Annabelle Jackson. Maya's wearing her ring gear which consists of a black sports bra, black pants and black boots as well as black fingerless gloves. Usually she'd be wearing her white jacket which she takes off before heading to the ring but this time she's not wearing it, instead we can see that her left shoulder is heavily taped up. She was massaging it slightly as her and Annabelle were chatting.

Annabelle Jackson: So you're still good for tonight right? I mean you shoulder...

Maya just nods.

Maya Jensen: My shoulder's doing fine... lot better than it was but after 2 matches with it this weekend already...

Maya flinched slightly as she accidentally rubbed a little too hard. Annabelle looked at her with a bit of sorrow but soon nodded her head.

Annabelle Jackson: We need to get some ice on it. Shouldn't be walking around.

Maya Jensen: Skiing yesterday didn't exactly help it either.

Maya gave a small smirk to Annabelle who held up her hands in her defense.

Annabelle Jackson: I couldn't help it. I mean, it's been so long since I've gone skiing.. and what are the odds we'd be in a city with an indoor ski resort? Besides, not like you had to join me.

Maya chuckles causing her left shoulder to ache again turning her chuckle into a small grunt.

Maya Jensen: You were having so much fun I didn't want to just sit back and watch.

Annabelle Jackson: I know. But you still should of been more focusing on resting. You know what Amber said about your opponent tonight. And you SEEN the Tower match she had with him.

Maya almost shrugged. Almost. But stopped herself before she did. Her shoulder giving her more annoyance.

Maya Jensen: I know what Amber said... but you KNOW what kind of person Amber Ryan is... she claims she's trying to 'protect' me from Elisha but seriously since when did she care? She was all too keen on saying how much of a nothing I am on Twitter. Even when I was feeling sorry for myself.

Maya let out a slight sigh as she had been rather down since Hellbound. But ever since last Friday she was finally able to get that confidence back. At the cost of the pain in her shoulder.

Maya Jensen: So it's rather funny how she's suddenly changing her tune after she found out who I was facing. But I don't care. I need to prove myself to myself. I can't be running away from matches. What's that going to show anyone? Elisha's not leaving the company so my only options are to stand up to this supposed animal or to leave the fed, and there is NO way I'm leaving.

Maya suddenly gave off another grunt as she got a little worked up and her shoulder was letting her no. She reached to it trying to ease the pain as Annabelle looks on a little worried.

Annabelle Jackson: Come on. We're getting some ice put on that thing and you're going to do nothing but relax until they call you for your match.

Maya nods as she finally lowers her hand.

Maya Jensen: Alright alright. Though I will have to get past this pain anyways... he will be targeting it after all.

Annabelle nods.

Annabelle Jackson: I know... so let's do what we can to help before hand.

Maya nods. Not that she couldn't endure pain... she had done a lot of that. But Annabelle was right. So the two headed off away from the cameras.

Welcome to the Sousearch

Match

A beautiful sunset with all the warm colours one would expect. A breeze ruffles the leaves of the trees and the gentle babble of a small river can be heard. The shot moves to the left to show a figure outlined against the sunset. All one can see is a silhouette of his hooded cloak and the tall staff he is leaning on.

"The times are changing, CWF..."

He speaks with a very calm and soothing voice. A distant thunder breaks the serenity and the wind picks up considerably.

The Shadow: The winds of change have begun to blow...

The shot moves around him, revealing a grave with a beautifully carved wooden cross.

The Shadow: This federation does not know what it agreed to when it admitted me in, it does not know that its future is destined to be its darkest era...

He takes a knee in front of the grave, bowing his head.

The Shadow: The manifestation of grief is approaching like a fall storm coming in. The weaver of dreams has turned into the creator of nightmares...

As he stands up, the camera moves further around him and he stares into the distance, his face fully shrouded in darkness under his heavy, deep hood.

The Shadow: Welcome to the Soulsearh, welcome to the place, where darkness is the brightest light.

Fade to the CWF logo.

Maya Jensen vs. Elisha

Match

Music hits "World Without Danger(Instrumental)" by Subdigitals" and Annabelle comes out with Maya Jensen. They both go down the ramp as Maya enters the ring. The music dies out. Maya looks at Annabelle with a concerned look and Annabelle reassures Maya. Maya puts her game face on and waits at one of the turnbuckle for her opponent.

Mike Rolash- What's that all about? She looks like she is out of it.

Jim Gunt- I hope she is not. She is the strongest women in the company right now.

Mike Rolash- Doesn't matter if she doesn't get her shit together this will be a onslaught.

Music hits "Marilyn Manson - Antichrist Superstar" and lights starts flickering and finally the lights goes out. Then the spotlight was shun at the center of the ring and Elisha stood at the center of it. Elisha smirks at Maya but Maya looks away. Elisha gives an evil smile toward Jim Gunt.

Jim Gunt- I am scared.

Mike Rolash- You should be. She can kill you.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first from Albany, New york, weighing at 110lbs, MAYA JENSEN!

Maya raises her fist in the air and the crowd chants her name.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent weighing in at 250lbs, ELISHA!

The crowd boos loudly at Elisha.

The referee signals for the bell and Elisha doesn't waste any time. She runs towards Maya and picks her up and slams her towards the turnbuckle and starts hammering Maya's head with punches. Maya finally pushes Elisha off, Elisha going back towards Maya but Maya quickly hits Elisha with a side-step kick to Elisha's face. Elisha stunned takes a couple of steps back. Maya quickly gets up the turnbuckle and goes for a Diving Cross body but Elisha catches her!

Mike Rolash- Woah! What strength!

Jim Gunt- I can't look. This is going to hurt.

Maya struggles to get out of Elisha's grip but Elisha then hits her with a Powerslam! Elisha then grins at Maya as Maya wriggles in pain. Elisha drags Maya up to stand and then goes for Powerbomb! BUT Maya counters it with it Hurricanrana and sends Elisha slamming into the turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt- Atta girl! Show that Elisha you are no one to mess with!

Elisha gives Jim Gunt an angry look.

Jim Gunt- Nevermind.

Mike Rolash- If I were you I would already have someone write your obituary.

Both women are on lying on the mat. Maya slowly gets back up and turns towards Elisha but Elisha grabs Maya's neck and hits her with a Chokeslam! Elisha starts licking her lips, stalking Maya from behind and Maya slowly gets up. She turns around and Elisha runs towards Maya but Maya quickly hits the Frigid Ice Wall!

Jim Gunt- Oh my god! It's the Frigid Ice Wall! It's Maya's finisher!

Maya slowly goes for the pin. The referee starts the count One....twooo.... thr..! Elisha quickly pushes Maya away.

Mike Rolash- So much for a finisher, it didn't finish the job yet.

Annabelle looks at Elisha with surprise. Elisha slowly gets up but Maya was already on her feet and delivers the X-Blade Crash! Maya doesn't waste a minute, and quickly goes for 18 Waves of Pain!

Jim Gunt- Looks like Elisha is in trouble!

Mike Rolash- She might actually tap out!

Jim Gunt- Of course she is going to tap out! Maya can't be beaten!

Elisha grabs the referee's hand and starts pulling him. The referee trying to get free, pulls back and Elisha quickly lets go...sending the referee rolling back. Maya still doesn't stop applying the hold. Elisha uses her free hand and reaches towards Maya's face and finally pokes her eyes. Maya lets go of the hold and rubs her eyes.

Jim Gunt- HEY! THAT'S CHEATING!

Mike Rolash - All's fair in love and war and this is war.

Annabelle quickly tries to get the referee up and telling him to disqualify Elisha. Elisha grabs hold of Annabelle and sends her flying over the ropes. Maya still trying to regain composure goes towards Elisha rubbing her eyes. Elisha grins at Maya and then hits her with Ganso Bomb! Elisha goes for the pin...ONE....TWO....THREEEE!!

Jim Gunt- NOOOOO!

Ray Douglas- And the winner of this match.... ELISHA!!

Music hits "Marilyn Manson - Antichrist Superstar" and Elisha quickly rolls out of the ring and walks back grabbing her arm. She laughs and raises her hand in victory. Maya is lying down in the middle of the ring rubbing her eyes in tears.

Elisha pulls himself to his feet, resting against the turnbuckle, exhausted. He leans his head back, breathing deeply, eyes closed.

Suddenly, Elisha lowers his head and charges forward, catching Maya with an enormous boot to the side of the skull.

Jim Gunt: Oh come on! The match is already over!

Mike Rolash: The match is already over, the fight is just getting started!

Elisha rolls out of the ring, reaching underneath and bringing out a small black bag. He reaches in and takes out a thick leather glove, wrapped in barbed wire.

Jim Gunt: What the hell? He must have planted it when he came out earlier!

Mike Rolash: What are you, the narrator?

Elisha rolls back into the ring, sizing Maya up as she gets to her feet. He goes to swing at her with an enormous punch, but at the last minute he stumbles forward.

Highlander stands behind him, baseball bat in hand, "BATTY MCBATFACE" on the side in Omega's familiar scrawl. He nails Elisha in the back, then in the side. The Moonchild stumbles forward, then turns, swinging and catching Highlander with a huge, barbed wire wrapped fist to the chest, then another.

Highlander falls back, clutching at his chest, his shirt ripped open and body bloodied. He rebounds off the ropes and lunges at Elisha with the bat, nailing him across the throat and at last taking the big man off his feet. Highlander rips the glove off and throws it out of the ring, kneeling and pounding Elisha with a string of rights and lefts to the face.

Highlander grabs Elisha by the hair and pulls him to his feet, the two of them making their way up the entrance ramp. Part way up, Elisha turns, grabs Highlander and whips him into the guard rail. Elisha goes to charge Highlander, but the Australian dodges at the last minute.

Jim Gunt: This is sheer chaos! What in the hell is Highlander thinking?

Highlander goes for a DDT, but Elisha powers out of it, before kicking him in the stomach and setting him up for a powerbomb. Highlander counters with a backdrop, sending him crashing down to the hard steel. Highlander charges up the entrance ramp, Elisha following a moment later, unsteady on his feet.

Highlander reaches the top and gestures to an assistant, who passes him a mic. Highlander speaks, his breathing rough, ragged.

Highlander: Elisha. You and me. Frozen Over.

He pauses.

Highlander: In the Tower.

The crowd erupts, deafening, a huge "HIGHLANDER" chant. He stares Elisha straight in the eye, the two men now standing mere feet apart, Elisha near the edge of the entrance ramp, Highlander at its centre. Elisha smiles his sick smile and nods.

Jim Gunt: Oh my God!

Mike Rolash: These two just signed their own death certificates.

Suddenly, Highlander charges at Elisha, tackling the big man to the ground, narrowly avoiding going over the edge. Highlander pummels him with a series of fists to the face. Elisha tries to dodge, fails, managed to raise one fist to Highlander's throat, clamping on like a vice. He shoves Highlander to one side, then stands, taking a few faltering steps away. He turns, just in time to see Highlander get to his feet.

Elisha pauses, gives the tiniest of shrugs, then charges. Nailing Highlander with an enormous spear.

Right to the stomach.

Sending them both off the edge. Off the ramp. Down to the arena floor.

Fifteen feet below!

Jim Gunt: No!

The area below the ramp fills with medics and security personnel. A "HOLY SHIT!" chant breaks out amongst the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Fans, this is incredible. Highlander vs Elisha at Frozen Over - in the Tower, one of the most brutal structures CWF has ever seen!

Mike Rolash: That's if they even make it that far!

Public Enemy Number One

Match

Jaiden Rishel is shown in his office backstage, Ryan Sunset sitting beside him. Both of them are fuming, distraught that nearly half of the Eternals have been removed from the equation by the Resistance - Jace Valentine - the thorn in their sides. The Academy champion, the very beckon of light that they are trying to extinguish. Tristan Kancer has broken bones. Rayne Kancer a mangled mess of flesh. Damion Kirkson may never be the same again.

Jaiden Rishel: So what are we going to do about... him? We can't let this keep happening. At the Road to Hell special, it was one thing. That was in their house, and things really didn't go as planned for us. But now, now this is Evolution we are talking about. This is MY show and I make the rules here! If we can't kick Jace Valentine out on the curb on his sorry ass, then I guess we have to eliminate him somehow! Just like he just eliminated half of our forces!

Ryan Sunset: Jace Valentine is merely a gnat, a road bump. We don't have to do anything. We let Kendo do it. Next

week, Academy Championship match. Do you think Jace can stand toe to toe with the tapout king? Not a chance. No, we give this moment to him tonight. It will make it that much sweeter to watch when we watch Kendo snap him limb from limb on live television!

Jaiden Rishel: God, I hope you're right. With all this legal bullshit going on and the return of my bastard father, I don't have the patience to be dealing with some scumbag-do-right like our friend Jace here.

Ryan Sunset: Aside from J Rish, Jace is public enemy number one. Consider it taken care of.

The door bursts open, and an irate Chaolin Sahn walks in.

Chaolin Sahn: I want Jace's head on a platter, I want his leg ripped off at the knee. It's taken care of, Sunset? Well, it fucking better be.

Sunset grimaces and gulps.

Camera fades to black.

Colton Mace vs. Jarvis King

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall!

"Crawling in the Dark" by Hoobastank begins to play aloud and Colton Mace makes his way down the ramp, ignoring all the boos coming from the sold out Scottish crowd. Mace hops up onto the apron and turns around towards the audience for the first time, raising his arm in the air. He then proceeds to enter the ring on his own, no Eternals behind him just like he had asked.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Hollywood, California, he is the Hollywood Hot Shot....COLTON MACE!!

"Cult of Personality" stops Mace's taunting, and he stands still to watch Jarvis J. King make his big entrance. White pyros shoot all around the overachiever, as King soaks in all the adulation, finally coming down the ramp slowly. He never takes his eyes off his former stablemate, the two former Entourage members going face to face as he enters the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, he is the Internet Icon....JARVIS KING!!

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike! This bout is seen as a dream match to many wrestling fans all around the globe, as these two used to be the best of friends!

Mike Rolash: I wouldn't say they were best of friends, but they were certainly allied in the past. But just like Mace said, that was in the past. Let's see how this goes tonight.

Jarvis immediately circles around Colton Mace as the bell rings, before coming to a complete stop and raising his right hand in the air. Mace glances down at the outstretched hand, before looking up at the grinning face of King. Mace hesitates, but eventually puts his hand out and they momentarily shake hands. The fans inside the SSE Hydro applaud the showmanship, but Mace quickly turns them on him, as he pulls the arm of King in, headbutting him directly into the throat!

The Internet Icon falls down to a knee, the grasp of Mace on his hand still being withheld. Mace proceeds to drill a knee forward, and then a second more damaging one to Jarvis' jaw! King looks stunned right out of the gate, choosing to roll out of the ring to regain his composure. Before the official can even start the count however, Mace breaks it, exiting the ring himself. The Hollywood Hot Shot turns Jarvis around but King uses his own tactics against him, poking Mace right in the eye!

Jim Gunt: Well, that's one way to slow down Colton Mace!

Mike Rolash: That dirty son of a bitch.

Jim Gunt: Oh, but it's okay when the shoe is on the other foot, then?

Jarvis King grabs ahold of his former predecessor before he can see clearly, SIDE BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX ON THE APRON! King hears the count beginning now, and hurries to get Mace back up to roll him into the ring. He makes his way up the top rope as the Hollywood Hot Shot slowly starts to come to. 450 SPLASH! The crowd is going absolutely nuts now as Jarvis went way out of his wheel house with that unbelievable 450. King holds onto his ribs for a few seconds, showing that the maneuver hurt him as well as Mace, but is still able to make the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TT-NO!

Jim Gunt: I don't think I have ever seen Jarvis King hit a 450 splash, Mike, that was pretty incredible!

Mike Rolash: Yes it was, but it wasn't enough! Whether Mace likes to admit it or not, the Eternals have transformed him into an all new kind of warrior. The Hollywood Hot Shot becomes unhinged tonight!

Colton Mace kicks out of the 450 splash so hard that Jarvis is sent flying a few feet across the squared circle. He is back up to his feet quickly though, not wanting to let off of the offense. King squares up the rising Mace, LOW DROPKICK TO THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD! Mace spins through the air from the massive impact of the dropkick, before

plopping right back down. Jarvis King will not let him rest however, as he pulls him up through the air into a vertical position, BRAINBUSTER! The Hollywood Hot Shot lands hard on his back, leaving him prone to cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHH-NO!

Jim Gunt: Mace kicks out at two and a half, again! What is it going to take to put away the Premiere?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, but I think we may be about to find out soon. Jarvis looks like he's about ready to send Mace to dream street!

Pulling Mace up to his feet right out of the failed cover, Jarvis heaves in a clothesline to his chest. He takes ahold of the dazed Mace, snap suplex, right back up, and a second one! The Hall of Fame Hallmark will not let go of the grasp on his former stablemate, as Jarvis twirks his body and with all his might pulls Colton Mace and himself back up to get ready for a third suplex. This time a knee meets the top of his head, Mace blasting him hard enough to be let out from behind. BOX OFFICE SMASH! The crazed crowd immediately goes to boos as it looks like the Eternal may have it won.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRR-HIS SHOULDER'S UP!

Jim Gunt: So close!

Mike Rolash: But yet so far away.

Jim Gunt: Just like each of your brain cells, few and far in between.

Mike Rolash: About time to come up with some interesting insults Jimmy, even I start to feel bad for you out here sometimes.

Colton Mace rolls off his former ally, laying onto his back for a few seconds to catch his breath. The two men come to their feet at the same pace, Mace swinging a right hand that barely hits home. The Internet Icon with a rapid fire elbow to the jaw. Jarvis King whips Colton into the ropes, no the Hollywood Hot Shot reverses it, sending Jarvis flying towards the ropes. As he comes sprinting back both men leap into the air, DOUBLE CROSS BODIES! BOTH MEN ARE OUT!

Jim Gunt: Holy crap, that was so cool, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Let the bodies hit the floor!

The two amazing athletes putting it all on the line for the thousands of excited Scottish fans packed inside the SSE Hydro are spent. Neither Colton or Jarvis move for several moments, it is until referee Clark Summits begins the count that either of them begin to come to.

Referee: ONE....TWO....

Jim Gunt: Oh no, this could end up being a double count out here!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, because that's what all the fans at home want to see, a false finish after such a fantastic match-up. That would go over well.

Referee: THREE....FOUR....

Jarvis King holds onto the bottom rope, trying with all his might to pull himself up, to no avail.

Referee: FIVE....SIX....

Colton Mace uses the last of his strength,ipping up to his feet! The Hollywood Hot Shot is woozy but breaks the count of the referee by stomping down on his opponent. The official warns Mace after repeated, nasty shots, and eventually Mace lets off, choosing to instead back up and allow King a little time to recover. Just a second later he's running back at him though, STAR STRUCK! King's skull crunches against the canvas with a cringing sound, and Mace wastes not a second in throwing him onto his back and going for the pin.

Referee: OOOONNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREEE!?NOOO!

Jim Gunt: Damn! I thought for sure that this match was over after that horrendous curb stomp!

Mike Rolash: It has to be just a matter of time though, King is seeing little birdies right now.

Jim Gunt: Well if Colton Mace wants to put away his former ally, he's going to have to do it soon. This match has already gone over twenty minutes now, and is nearing the thirty minute time limit for non-title matches!

The Premiere is absolutely shocked that he could not put Jarvis King away with the Star Struck, as he rolls off of his opponent into a seated position with a dropped jaw. Mace shakes his head, coming to his feet to try to lift King back to his. But somehow King leaps up, grabbing ahold of the arms of the Hollywood Hot Shot and flipping over him into a

bridged position, CATTLE MUTILATION! The SSE Hydro explodes in cheers as Jarvis has Mace right where he wants him, in his devastating trademark submission hold!

Jim Gunt: This is it! This is it! It's gotta be!

Mike Rolash: It better be, there are only three and a half minutes remaining in this match.

Jim Gunt: If Jarvis is going to put out Mace, the Cattle Mutilation is the maneuver to do it!

The King of CWF yanks and yanks and yanks, but Colton Mace's flailing body does not give in. Somehow he desperately uses his boots to edge him the few inches needed, and makes it just close enough to edge his left boot on the bottom rope! The official pulls a spent Jarvis King off of his opponent, the two of them lay beside each other barely able to move.

"THIS IS AWESOME! *clap clap clap* THIS IS AWESOME!"

Time passes by quickly and we are already nearly in the two minute mark before either man can get to their feet, holding each other as they struggle just to stand up. King throws a wild right that misses entirely, Mace takes him down with a Swinging DDT! He calls for the end of the match, knowing that he can't waste any time now as the CWF Tron reads the last of the seconds remaining. He crosses Jarvis' arms into his, GREAT AMERICAN DREAM! King is out like a light, it's over! Colton crawls over, going for the win.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREEEE!?!?NOOO!!

Jim Gunt: Are you freaking kidding me!? That was the closest near fall I think I've ever seen, Mike!

Mike Rolash: You say that every single week, and you wonder why everyone backstage calls you "broken record".

Jim Gunt: Do they?

Slapping the canvas in pure frustration, Colton Mace pushes on with everything he has and gets to his feet. Less than sixty seconds remaining. Mace runs across the body of Jarvis, bounces off the ropes, leg drop to his throat-no! King rolls out of the way! The Hall of Fame Hallmark somehow is up to his feet in an instant, crossing the arms of Mace right in front of his very own eyes. Mace tries to back elbow King, but it is of no use, STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX! The crowd is going bonkers now, as King hooks both legs!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRR*BEEEP* TIME'S UP!

“BOOOOOO!”

Jim Gunt: No!

Mike Rolash: Yep, the time is up, Jimmy! These two crazy sons of bitches fought each other to the death, but neither one of them came out on top tonight!

Jim Gunt: This cannot be over by a long shot.

The official helps both Colton Mace and Jarvis King to their feet, as the bell continues to ring signifying the end of the match. Neither men can take their eyes off of each other as they stand on opposite sides. Mace nods at King, letting go of the anger and showing a hint of respect, before heading out of the ring and up the ramp.

Frantic

Match

The new co-CEO of CWF, and former full-time long running owner of the company himself, J. Rish is seen scavenging through his new office. Rish and his short assistant in a tan suit gather everything as quickly as they can, setting up his desk, pictures on the wall, making everything look pretty and neat.

J. Rish: This is starting to come together pretty nicely, I would say, Harold?

His assistant Harold nods, picking out a picture out of a cardboard box that has J. Rish, Jaiden, his wife Amber, and their two daughters Cambria and Everia all posing at a family reunion. Not knowing what he should do with the picture, Harold offers it up.

Harold: Do you want this, sir?

Rish takes the framed picture out of Harold's hands, glancing at the smile of his son Jaiden. His prized, only son. The man who he wanted to give his entire legacy to, but who instead decided to take it himself in the most disgusted of ways. Rish's face turns blood red, and he throws the picture to the floor, shattering the glass into a million pieces. The sound brings a stagehand into the office, one who was on his way to the new CEO anyway.

Stagehand: Sir! I've just received a phone call from your wife, she says it's very important!

J. Rish's eyes light up in fear at the words of the stagehand, who quickly hands him over a cell phone.

J. Rish: Yes honey, what's wrong?

Amber Rishel: JUSTIN! What's wrong? WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG!? I have been calling you for hours now! You promised me once you got back into the wrestling business that you would at LEAST check your cell phone every now and again!

Rish sighs out loud, taking his own cell out of his jean pocket. 19 missed calls, 10 voicemails, 25 texts. This isn't something small. Fearing the worst, he quickly answers.

J. Rish: So...what is wrong, babe?

Amber Rishel: Someone tried to kill Everia and I earlier today! I went to pick her up at school and as soon as her and I went to enter the Eclipse to come to the arena to meet you, the car exploded! The entire thing engulfed in flames, we had to call the fire department!

A single tear falls down the face of the co CEO.

Amber Rishel: What are you getting yourself into, Justin!? Who could have done this to us, to you...TO OUR FAMILY!?

Rish looks down at his feet, knowing exactly who had the notion to do such actions.

J. Rish: I'll take care of this baby, and for now on, I want a security guard with you at all times. See you in Scotland, I love you and be careful.

Rish hangs up the phone, shaking his head as the scene fades.

Ataxia & Chaolin Sahn vs. The Danger Boiz (Dangerous Dan & Crazy Chris)

Match

Head official Trent Robbins has the call, and Chaolin Sahn and Ataxia are already arguing back and forth on who should start the matchup for their team. Sahn laughs psychotically, saying an inaudible rhythm to Ataxia, before letting the bag masked man have his way with Crazy Chris. It's as if Sahn wanted Ataxia to start the match all along as he exits the ring smiling, like this was his plan all along. But Ataxia is never one to go with a plan, and smacks the Tormented Soul across the chest to get him right into the match!

Jim Gunt: What!?

Mike Rolash: Well that was surprising? Just when you think you have Ataxia figured out, he does the opposite. What a maniac.

Sahn gets in the ring, anger in his eyes but he quickly sidesteps the exiting Ataxia, locking up with Chris in the center of the ring. Crazy Chris tries to push off, but Sahn manhandles him with a huge hip toss. Sahn waltz over to the tag champion and places his boot across Chris' throat, pushing down with all his might until Robbins forces him off. Chaolin picks Chris right up, tossing him into the ropes and catching him on the return by the throat, CHOKESLAM! The Firefly places a single boot over the chest of Crazy Chris, flashing his eyes over at his brother Dan as he does so.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TT-NO!

Mike Rolash: Wait a minute, what is Ataxia doing?

Jim Gunt: Ataxia just saved the match, for the other team!

Mike Rolash: What an idiot!

Ataxia leaps off the top rope, cross body blocking Chaolin Sahn out of nowhere! The Messiah Pariah stands over Sahn, shrugging his shoulders, before dragging him over to their corner and exiting to the apron just long enough to tag into the match.

Jim Gunt: How strange is this guy, I mean...come on.

Mike Rolash: Maybe that is why the Tormented Soul wants him in the Eternals so badly? Those two maniacs are a match made in...hell!

Jim Gunt: Maybe, but they need to pay more attention to the match at hand. The Danger Boiz are no team to mess around with, I mean they are the brand new Tag Team champs after all!

Ataxia turns his attention back to his opponents now, as Dangerous Dan is able to tag into the match. The two men share a nod of respect momentarily, but Dan quickly pulls in Ataxia and irish whips him into the corner. Dangerous Dan leaps up into the air, but Ataxia moves out of the way just in time. The big splash leaves Dan hitting hard into the corner. The Messiah Pariah leaps into the air, pele kick to the unsuspecting Danger Boy! He crashes to the canvas, and Ataxia is spring off the ropes like a cat, REVIVIFIER! The springboard moonsault is breathtaking, and Ataxia hopes he did just that to Dan as he goes for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....NO!

Jim Gunt: Crazy Chris comes in for the save, that's what a good brother should do!

Mike Rolash: What do you know, your mom and dad had all girls.

Jim Gunt: That makes no sense.

Jim Gunt: Yes it does, think about it.

Crazy Chris stomps away at the body of Ataxia, but Chaolin Sahn comes out of nowhere and SPEARS BOTH MEN TO THE OUTSIDE! A momentary holy shit chant starts up, as Dangerous Dan is left all alone with the sadistic Ataxia. The Messiah Pariah spins around to hit a perfect roundhouse kick, the body of Dan falling down through the air right into his hands. Ataxia looks at him through the mask almost feeling regret, before pushing him back to his feet and leaping onto the ropes, then the turnbuckle, three sixty, PEACEFUL TOLERANCE! Dangerous Dan is out cold, and Ataxia puts him out of his misery.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And the winners of this match by pinfall....ATAXIA AND CHAOLIN SAHN!!

The Power of the Panda

Match

Sometime Earlier

The sky is pitch black as we open inside of a gargantuan Panda Enclosure withheld in the Beijing Zoo. Martin Bailer, known all around the world as Pandalike, strokes the head of a baby Panda bear. He is dressed in street clothing, and the scene is so quiet that a mouse running across the floor can be easily picked up by the common ear. Pandalike is calm, cool, collected. This is his sanctuary, the place he feels most at home after losing his younger sister Lucy. Suddenly, out the corner of his eye, Panda sees a flash of a being behind him.

"Greetings, Panda."

Pandalike instantly turns behind him to meet his supposed attacker, Harley Hodge.

Pandalike: So you've come to do me in just like you did with the Ripper huh, some hero of a champion you're turning out of be.

Hodge interrupts.

Harley Hodge: You have the wrong perception of me, Panda. I am no corrupt form of evil you think I am, I do not choose to attack from behind. I may have gotten my redemption against the Ripper at Hellbound, but I have no beef with you at all, man. I have simply came here to pay respect.

Pandalike drops the small bear he was holding gently down to the stone floor, pulling himself to his feet to go eye to eye with the CWF World champion. He shows not a tinting of fear, pure determination as he stares a hole through the Accelerator.

And then finally, a handshake.

Pandalike: You are an honorable man, Harley Hodge. Maybe I was wrong about you.

But then, Harley pulls Panda in inches away from his face. Drips of perspiration form across his brow.

Harley Hodge: But don't take my showing of respect as a sign of weakness. I vanquished the golden Ripper. I dethroned the proud former champion. Tonight, I look to destroy a Panda.

With this, Panda's eyes light up.

Pandalike: Don't ever say anything bad about pandas.

The Accelerator pulls his arm away, and as he walks away from Pandalike, says one final word of advice.

Harley Hodge: I'll see you at Evolution. Get your mind away from those panda bears and your head in the game, man. I want you at your best come Monday.

Fade.

Harley Hodge (c) vs. Pandalike

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is tonight's maaain event and a CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE MATCH! Introducing first...

"Koto" by CloZee begins to sound through the SSE Hydro, the fans coming to their feet to cheer Pandalike as he steps out from behind the curtain. The man who won the "ultimate treat" at Hellbound in the Trick or Treat match stands still on the center of the ramp, looking very serious as he raises a sole arm in the air to even more cheers. Pandalike nods

at the fans', before slowly heading down the ramp close enough where a few younger fans can slap him on the back on his way down. Panda grabs ahold of the turnbuckle, assisting him up the steel steps to enter the ring.

Ray Douglas: First, the challenger. After retrieving a "bag" at Hellbound, he now receives the ultimate treat. From China....PANDALIKE!!

"Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater starts to play and the lights dim just enough for a bright display of pyrotechnics to brighten up the scene. The CWF World Heavyweight champion makes his way out from the backstage area for the very first time since winning the gold, Harley Hodge coming through the curtain with the title belt proudly draped across his shoulder. The Accelerator takes it into his hands, staring at it momentarily before a smile comes across his lips, moving down the ramp as he does so. Hodge enters the ring and raises up the championship, Pandalike watching on intently as he does so.

Ray Douglas: And now his opponent, the reigning and defending World Heavyweight champion who came out on top of an unbelievable triple threat match between himself, then champion Elijah and The Ripper at Hellbound. From Brooklyn, New York....HARLEY HODGE!!

Harley Hodge and Pandalike share a sportmanslike handshake, one that is truly appreciated by the echoing Scottish fans who are nearly so loud that the sound of the bell is drowned out. Hodge pulls Pandalike in with his right hand, the handshake now becoming a trap for the champion to display a message of words to the challenger. The words may not be audible to the camera, but Pandalike hears every single one of them, and after it all simply smiles back at the Accelerator.

The SSE Hydro becomes electric as Pandalike and Hodge circle each other, each of the two men attempting to move in for a quick attack but drawing back, deciding to hold back until they can come up with the perfect offense. Finally Pandalike moves forward, grabbing Harley up for a scoop slam. Hodge slips out from behind, backdrop! Pandalike is right up however, chopping the chest of the champion. The Accelerator backs up but Pandalike comes in with open palm strikes, rapidly taking Hodge out of his element.

Jim Gunt: Paw Print! Pandalike has Harley Hodge reeling already, the challenger is looking amazing so far!

Harley Hodge is now dazed and confused in the corner, as Pandalike drives him backwards with open palm strike after open palm strike. Finally the challenger wears himself out, and places the nearly unconscious champion atop the top turnbuckle facing the crowd. The Accelerator surprises the world in that he was just playing possum though, as he shoots to his feet and does a perfect backflip through the air right at Pandalike. ILLUMINATION THEORY! The massive body splash to a usually downed opponent takes Panda easily off his feet and splats him to the mat. Hodge holds on for the cover!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWO...NO!

Jim Gunt: What a maneuver there by the reigning and defending World champion!

Mike Rolash: Harley even had me fooled there, I thought he was out like a light after those huge Paw Prints!

Coming to his feet with his challenger in his arms, Harley uses all of his body frame to shoot in a knife edge chop. Pandalike comes right back with another open palm strike! Hodge backs up, once again stunned, but regathers his bearings and comes at Panda at full speed. Clothesline that knocks both champion and challenger over the top rope and to the outside!

Jim Gunt: Woah! Rough landing there after that clothesline from hell!

Mike Rolash: That was no clothesline from hell, Jimmy, that was more like a clothesline from heaven.

Jim Gunt: You're such a goober.

Referee: ONE....TWO....

The champion is to his feet first, walking along the apron towards Pandalike as he stomps down on his skull. Harley then goes behind his challenger and attempts a headlock, but Panda pushes off immediately, shoving him head-first into the unforgiving turnbuckle! Harley Hodge is on spaghetti legs now after the head shot, and he staggers backwards right into the arms of Panda, RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!

Referee: THREE....FOUR....FIVE....

Pandalike is to his feet as the count continues, and recognizing that he cannot win the CWF World Heavyweight Title by count out, hurries to throw Harley Hodge back into the ring and re-enter himself.

Jim Gunt: Smart thinking there by the challenger, as he can't become the champion by beating the Accelerator by count out!

Mike Rolash: I have to give it to Pandalike, so far he has proven to be a very formidable challenger here in tonight's main event championship bout!

Pandalike drags the body of Harley Hodge over to the corner, resting his back against the bottom turnbuckle pad. He backs up with all the momentum now on his side, CANNONBALL! The sound of Panda's body crunching against

Hodge's which crunches against the turnbuckle echos through the SSE Hydro, and the fans packed inside are on their feet as Panda pulls Harley to his feet to end the match. PANDAMON-No! Hodge slips out, Panda turns around and ducks under a big boot, CAPTURE SUPLEX! Hodge crashes to the canvas, and Pandalike hurries for the cover.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRR-NO!

Jim Gunt: What an amazing set of reversals there, all topped off by one hell of a Capture Suplex from the Panda Masta!

Mike Rolash: Do not call him that ever again. Anyway, Pandalike better stay on the offensive here, I think one more big move could have Hodge put away!

Almost as if Mike Rolash morphed into the Panda Sage rooting Pandalike on to put away Harley, Panda seems to have heard the words somehow, and goes to do just that. He goes behind the CWF World champion, COBRA CLUTCH! Hodge didn't see the submission coming, as he flails around trying to not allow it to be fully sunk in. Somehow the Accelerator is up with Pandalike swinging off of him like a bear now, THE ACCEL-NO-PANDAMONIUM!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, what a reversal of a reversal, that was amazing!

The fans packed inside the SSE Hydro like sardines would agree, as a "This is awesome!" chant once again starts up. Only at a CWF show do you see this much excitement in one night! Panda is slow to make the cover, but hooks both legs to be sure.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRRREEEE!?NO!!

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge out at the last fucking second!

Mike Rolash: Woah, Jimmy! I think that was the first time I've ever heard you swear.

Jim Gunt: Oh shut up, jackass. That was incredible! What a match we've had tonight, whoever walks out with the CWF World championship better be DAMN proud to be holding that belt!

As if he sees Harley Hodge as someone outright killing a panda bear, Pandalike's eyes flash red as he gets to his knees and then his feet. It's time to put away the champion, and he looks to do so as he lifts him onto his shoulders for yet another Pandamonium. But Harley Hodge wakes up just in time, pounding down ferocious right hands to the skull of the challenger! Panda backs up but does not let go until Hodge sends him flying with a HURRICANRANA! Both competitors are up at a surprisingly frantic pace for the amount of damage both have taken, Pandalike charges, Hodge pulls him in, THE ACCELERATOR! The fans erupt in applause as Hodge crashes down for the cover!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match and STILL CWF World Heavyweight champion....HARLEY HODGE!!

"Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater once again begins to play and Harley needs help to his feet by the official, who hands him his successfully defended championship title. Hodge raises the belt up in the air to a huge response, but looks right back down at Pandalike who is struggling to get to his feet himself. Hodge pulls up Panda, whispering something in his ear, before raising Pandalike's arm high in the air to show just how much he respects him for the close, clean fight. It is at this time, however, that the lights go completely black.

Mike Rolash: Uh oh, the ownership war between Jaiden and his father must have caused the two fighting Rishel's to forget about the power bill!

Jim Gunt: What the hell is going on here?

The Scottish fans do their best to illuminate the scene, pulling out their cell phones and putting them high in the air. But the ring remains a pitch black cloud of nothingness, until high pitched screams can be heard from within! The sound of fists against flesh, and maybe something more. The crowd fall silent, as they listen in horror to every single sound. Finally after moments of darkness, the lights come back on and the scene is surreal.

Pandalike lays in a ball in the middle of the ring with a crimson mask leaking all over the ring, and the CWF World champion is even worse for wear. Twisted in a complete knot through the top and middle ropes, Harley Hodge hangs unconscious outside of the ring. An inch long gash right below his left eye, cut with precision. Scanning around the scene, the attacker is nowhere to be found. As the credits begin to roll, a golden blade can be seen sitting below the dangling feet of the Accelerator. The Ripper's blade.

It's not over.

Fade.

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