

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 46

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
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Results

Reaching New Heights

Match

The scene opens up to the inside of The Pit in Albuquerque, New Mexico where CWF presents to you: Evolution 46! The camera pans around the arena as thousands upon thousands of CWF fans waiting to take in tonight's action. After getting a view of majority of the men, women and children we fade to ringside, where we see our favorite commentators, Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash!

Jim Gunt: Welcome ladies and gentlemen, LIVE to Evolution 46 and what a night we have in store for you fine people at home. I'm Jim Gunt and joining me tonight is my broadcast colleague, Mike Rolash and Mike what are your thoughts on the card we have on deck.

Mike Rolash: Jimbo, tonight we continue down the road to our next HUGE pay per view, Vertigo and tonight's main event is going to be a train wreck waiting to happen.

A graphic flashes across the screen, showing Ataxia/Dan Ryan vs. Duce Jones/The Shadow.

Jim Gunt: These four men have been tearing into each other for the better part of the past month and tonight it all comes to a head with this tag team match.

Mike Rolash: And I can't wait to see our World Champ bust some egos tonight!

Rolash is suddenly interrupted as the sounds of "Godspeed" by Don Trip begins to resonate throughout the The Pit.

Jim Gunt: It seems that we are kicking the show off with the number one contender and Dan Ryan's opponent at Vertigo, Duce Jones!

The stage begins filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones, along with Byson Kaliban slowly emerges through the fog, garnering a mixed reaction from the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Yeah a guy, who at one point I felt should've been World Champion, however I think the right guy won at Confliction. And at Vertigo, Duce is gonna get embarrassed once again.

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones ignores the abuse that the fans are giving, as he soon makes it to ringside. Climbing onto the apron, Duce goes to the corner to his right, climbing onto the second rope and peering out into the crowd. Finally done, he jumps over the top rope, landing inside of the ring as Byson moves around ringside and retrieves a microphone. Climbing inside of the ring, he stands next to his brother and waits for the fans to calm down.

Byson Kaliban: May I have your attention please?

Cheers and jeers from the fans as Byson paces from left to right.

Byson Kaliban: The Champ is Here!

Boos.

Byson Kaliban: My apologies, were I not original enough? Well how about this, tonight you ALL... will get a small sample of what my brother will do to Dan Ryan... He's going to destroy the Ego Bus...

Duce grabs the microphone from Byson, cutting him off mid sentence. With a befuddled look, Byson backs away as Jones looks out towards the New Mexican fans.

Duce Jones: Bruh, at dis point, I thank it's best if tha message comes from me. Y'see D-Ry, it's like dis. At Vertigo, you and me step inside of dis rang t'see who walks out wit dat World Title. And Dan Tha Man it's one thang dat needs t'be made very clear... I have tha utmost respect fo' ya and y'held true t'ya words of what you was gonna do. But tha fact of tha matta' is dis, tha disrespect from ya was real homie. Especially afta' Conflicion, you had tha audacity... tha nerve... tha muthafuckin' gall t'place ya dusty ass boot on my chest.

He takes a moment to giggle to himself.

Duce Jones: It was already bad enough dat y'beat me, but ya had t'go and step on me! And dat's some shit dat I don't take kindly to, but ya realized dat I'm not tha kinda guy who takes shit lightly. But here's tha thang dat I wanted t'make known. It won't happen again! Seriously bruh, can you imagine tha irritation I felt as ya parade say moment ova' and ova' wit ya lil video package? Then t'top it off, Rolash's pancake ass is ridin' ya dick harda' than any female probably eva' in ya life and it just don't sit well.

Mike Rolash: Hey! W-What does he mean by pancake ass?

Jim Gunt: I haven't the slightest clue Mike...

Both men are interrupted as Jones gives them the answer that they're looking for.

Duce Jones: It means ya flip sides a lil bit too much. But once ya cross dat line, ya gotta stay there! Because just like those fans who doubted me, just like those guys in tha back who don't think I belong where I'm at. And just like Dan Ryan, you guys are all gonna wake up and see why I deserve to be at tha top of dis here mountain wit dat CWF World Title sitting comfortably on my shoulder!

Suddenly the sounds of a man yawning can be heard as CWF World Champion, Dan Ryan steps out onto the stage, sunglasses covering his eyes, World Title over his shoulder and a smirk on his face.

Dan Ryan: Are you done?

Jones looks annoyed inside of the ring as he stares daggers into Ryan.

Dan Ryan: I'm gonna keep it straight with you, Duce. I like you. Honest, I do. You're definitely the least disappointing person I've faced since I signed with CWF. But this talk about respect?

Ryan rolls his eyes.

Dan Ryan: Nobody cares. Respect is a construct reserved for people who can't handle their business. It's a notion people only get interested in after someone has put a boot on their face. You didn't like it? I'll say it again. Nobody cares. Stop me from doing it then. Maybe next time try to be conscious at the end of the match.

Duce Jones: Ya talk a big game champ, but seein' how Vertigo is bout reachin' new heights and all dat good shit... I gotta new height dat I'm tryna reach and since I got a reputation fo' not quittin'...

He looks towards Gunt and Rolash, who both feign innocence.

Duce Jones: How bout we up tha stakes and make our lil encounter an I Quit Match? Unless ya scared t'get ya ass beat by a youngin' old man?

Dan Ryan: Hmm... (Ryan rubs his chin) ... an I Quit Match eh? Well, you see, there's a problem with that idea. I've never said those words a day in my life, and you just said that stuff about your reputation. How does this end? Is there

a time limit? Do we fight until the people in the crowd pass out from fatigue? Do we take nap breaks so we can recuperate and then fight some more, until one of us dies? I'm just trying to get the logistics down.

Duce Jones: Logistics... Funny... I don't thank nobody heard me clearly when I stated how much dat belt means t'me. Y'see dat's tha one thang y'gonna learn bout me. By any means necessary, if it takes every ounce of blood, sweat, tears and every cliché in tha fuckin' book, dat belt is leavin' wit me. I don't give a fuck how long it takes, you will beg me to stop tha pain and anguish dat I'm gonna brang t'ya, cause tha only way I'm losing dis match is if ya kill me because I'd be damn if I say I Quit!

This gets a big pop from the crowd. Duce Jones lets the microphone hang at his side as he stares daggers in the champion. Ryan, for his part mouths "whew" and nods his head in approval.

Dan Ryan: Well, I have to say, you've got balls on you, kid. You've got passion, you've got drive, you've got ambition, and it seems like you really have your heart set on this. So I mean, I guess if that's what you really want....

Ryan looks indecisive for a few moments as the crowd continues to cheer, pushing for the champ to agree.

Ryan's gaze pans the crowd and slowly, a smile comes across his face. Then, his attention snaps back to the #1 contender in the ring and a sinister smirk takes over.

Dan Ryan: YOU'RE ON.

The crowd pops loudly one more time as Dan Ryan 'bat flips' the microphone to the side and turns to walk back through the curtain.

Duce Jones leans his head back, a satisfied expression on his face. He drops the microphone to the canvas as he nods in the direction of Byron, who seems fairly impressed himself.

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! What a huge stipulation added to an already big match at Vertigo! Mike do you think Duce has what it takes to walk out with the title.

Mike Rolash: He's in over his head, Dan Ryan is a veteran of this business and he's going to demolish that kid!

Jim Gunt: Well we will have to wait until April 9th, when CWF Presents: Vertigo LIVE from the Pepsi Center in Denver, Colorado! But now it's time to kick off tonight's action as we have a rematch from Confliction as Nathan Paradine faces off against "The Enforcer" Scott Dann.

Nathan Paradine vs. "The Enforcer" Scott Dann

Match

Ray Douglas: Laaaaadies and Gentlemen! The following singles contest, scheduled for one fall, is your opening match for the evening! Introducing first....

The booming intro of "Totentanz" by Listz hits the speakers, accompanied by a chorus of boos mixed with a smattering of cheers from the CWF crowd. A pause, before "The Enforcer" Scott Dann appears on the stage, looking around at the capacity crowd. By his side is "The Wrestling Inspector" Stan Summers, wearing yet another ill-advised suit and holding his ever-present clipboard.

"The Enforcer" cracks the knuckles on both hands menacingly, before stomping down the ramp to the beat of the music.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by "The Wrestling Inspector" Stan Summers....

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Summers scowls and scribbles something on his clipboard.

Ray Douglas: ...from Oxford, England! Weighing in at 305 pounds...he is "The Enforcer" SCOTT DANN!!

The big man slides into the ring, faces the crowd, and raises his right arm with a sneer. He turns and paces the ring, waiting.

Jim Gunt: Scott Dann didn't have the best debut here in CWF, but he seems to be coming into his own as of late.

Mike Rolash: With someone like the Wrestling Inspector behind him, he's bound to reach the top!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, the overhead lights reflecting off of his trademark sunglasses. He smirks as he surveys the crowd for a moment, thumbing the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards and approaching the ring.

Ray Douglas: ...from Melbourne, Australia! Weighing in at 240 pounds...he is "The Australian Submission Machine"NATHAN PARADINE!

Paradine climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before stepping between the ropes. He observes the crowd once more before shrugging out of his jacket, passing it off to a stagehand and backing off into the corner to perform a few light warm ups before the bell rings.

Jim Gunt: Speaking of reaching the top, the Australian Submission Machine has done so nearly everywhere he's gone in his professional career. The man is a household name from both Hostility and sVo, but here in CWF he's only held the Tag Team Titles for a brief period with Tobias Devereaux.

Mike Rolash: That could all change soon though, Jimbo, as C\$J has booked Paradine in the Grand Championship Tournament over at Hostility. But here on the A show, he's been placed in a Confliction rematch against Scott Dann. Let's go to the ring to see if Dann is able to change his fortunes from the pay per view.

Trent Robbins calls for the bell and we're off and running. Literally. The big man Scott Dann comes barreling out of the corner, looking to control the pace of the match from the get-go and exact some payback for his tap-out to Paradine at Confliction. The Nomad, who had still been stretching, catches Dann coming for him and manages to twist out of the corner before he's squished against the turnbuckles.

Jim Gunt: Starting things off with a bang here tonight as Dann looks to catch Paradine by surprise!

Mike Gunt: Can you blame him? Paradine made him tap out at Confliction. I'd be mad too if I lost like that during a debut.

Dann puts on the brakes before he hits chest-first and shoots an elbow to the side of Paradine's head. He's able to catch him right by the temple, and Nathan stumbles forward. Dann stomps after him and hits him with clubbing forearms to his back, then follows with a knee-lift to the chin. Paradine flips onto his back and, after a couple brutal stomps to the chest, Dann brings the point home with an elbow for good measure. He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Scott Dann using his size advantage to dominate Nathan Paradine, a smart move considering the veteran will surely be looking to lock in a submission on him just like at Confliction.

Mike Rolash: It only takes one mistake to get caught though, Jimmy.

Both men rise from the pin attempt and Dann forces Paradine into a headlock, then tries to drop him with a quick DDT,

but Paradine swiftly trips up the Englishman's leg and locks his arms around Dann's neck, countering the attempt into a reverse Russian leg sweep. Paradine falls to his knees and delivers a few brutal punches to Dann's face, and he's quickly admonished by Trent Robbins and Stan Summers for the closed fists.

Jim Gunt: Paradine really needs to be careful with those closed fists. If he isn't careful, he'll be disqualified, a result I'm sure would be ok with The Inspector.

Mike Rolash: Oh, if only we were to be so lucky.

Paradine sneers at both the official and The Wrestling Inspector and pulls Dann to his feet. He sends a couple stiff forearms now to Dann's jaw, staggering the bigger man, and The Enforcer counters with a forearm of his own, not quite on Dream Street yet. Paradine's jostled back a step, and Dann levels him with a headbutt! This sends the Australian Submission Machine reeling. Dann growls, charges forward, and...

"OHHHHHHH!"

Big spear to the mat by Scott Dann! He covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Paradine!

Mike Rolash: I thought it was over there!

Jim Gunt: Scott Dann did as well, as he looks on at Trent Robbins with a sneer.

Shaking his head, Dann rips Paradine off the canvas, but Paradine halts his momentum with a stiff open-handed chop to Dann's throat. That's followed by a jab to the chin and elbows to Dann's temples; a little payback from the start of the match. The big English brute is stunned but Paradine doesn't let up on his assault. He snaps off a shin kick to the side of Dann's leg, then a roundhouse kick to the sternum, doubling over The Enforcer. Quickly Paradine hooks The Enforcer in a chancery and brings him up and over with a fisherman's suplex. He locks his hands together and bridges up as Robbins drops down to count.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Paradine so, SO close to winning once again!

Mike Rolash: "So close" yet so far Jimmy. Being "almost there" only counts in games like horseshoes or playing with hand grenades. In case you haven't noticed, we're not doing either of those things.

On the outside of the ring, The Wrestling Inspector does not look pleased. He jots something down on his clipboard and, when a group of CWF fans start heckling him, he looks over his shoulder with a disgusted look to shoot back, "Keep your filthy mouths shut! Insolent plebes." He continues writing, presumably something about them, then puts his attention back to the action between the ropes.

Paradine back on the attack now with stiff body kicks to Dann. Dann swats at him, managing to land a fist against Paradine's calf, but that earns him a kick to the jaw for his trouble. Paradine nimbly grabs one of Dann's legs, cups his knee, spins around, and drops to the mat, locking in a kneebar!

Jim Gunt: Dann's in trouble, Paradine could shred every ligament in his knee!

Mike Rolash: The Enforcer may need a wheelchair after Nathan's done with him!

Robbins had gotten up but he's immediately back to the canvas and in Scott Dann's face, asking if he wants to tap. Dann's looking for a way out, but before he can find one, or give in, Stan Summers provides the help he needs via a clipboard shot to Paradine's noggin!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Jim Gunt: I don't think Robbins saw that, did he, Mike?

Mike Rolash: No, Summers gets away with murder again!

The Australian Submission Machine releases the hold and shakes the stars away from his eyes. He growls, rolls first onto his stomach, then gets to his feet as he catches Stan Summers scurrying away toward the bottom of the entrance ramp.

Something else catches his eye too, at the top of the stage. There's murmuring amongst the crowd as some people keep watching what's happening in the ring and some turn their attention toward the curtain. The scene on the CWF Tron switches from the men in the squared circle to what's happening away from it and, eventually, all eyes are on an unexpected guest.

Jim Gunt: Look Mike, it's the Queen of the Ring!

Mike Rolash: What the hell does this has-been want?

Lindsay Troy, dressed quite nicely in a custom suit and heels, has a pen tucked behind her ear, a clipboard under her arm, and a folding chair in her hand. She opens her seat, plunks it down on the metal staging, and gracefully slides into a comfortable position with one long leg crossed over the other.

She waves to a glowering Stan Summers and retrieves the pen. The clipboard is placed in her lap. Nathan Paradine puts his hands on his hips, momentarily forgetting about whatever he was going to yell at The Wrestling Inspector. Behind him, Scott Dann struggles to get up.

Jim Gunt: It appears that LT is inspecting the inspector, Mike!

Mike Rolash: The audacity!

Summers, furious, writes something down on his clipboard. Troy does the same.

Stan Summers: (yelling up at Troy) What do you think you're doing!?

He scrawls something else. Troy does also. The audience starts laughing. She looks up and out to the crowd, then down at Stan, who is turning red and has a death-grip on his pen as he's writing. She mimics the hold, hunches forward a little, and keeps going.

Stan Summers: I will not.... (pauses, huffing)MY WORK IS VERY IMPORTANT! AND YOU DARE MOCK ME?!?!?! You....

He whirls around to stare at Nathan Paradine, then out to the audience, who are all a-titter.

Stan Summers: STOP LAUGHING; THIS IS NOT FUNNY!

Summers takes his clipboard and smashes it repeatedly against the side of the barricade. On the stage, Lindsay Troy brings the palm of her hand to her collar bone, in a "clutching her pearls" gesture.

She can't quiiiiiiite hide her pleased little grin at Stan's hissy fit, however.

Jim Gunt: Oh this is quite a scene, the Wrestling Inspector is losing it!

If Paradine is amused at Summers's tantrum, he's not showing it. The whole ordeal lasts but a few minutes, and he's got work to finish. He turns away from the scene to find Dann leaning against the ropes and shaking the leg that had

the kneebar applied to it. Paradine grabs him by the wrist and looks to shoot him across the ring with an Irish whip. What he didn't count on was Dann playing possum. The Enforcer clamps a big hand down on the top cable to prevent The Nomad from sending him to the far side. Instead, he pushes off his good leg, swings his other arm forward, and smacks Paradine down to the mat with a stiff short-arm clothesline.

Nathan bounces off the canvas and Dann pounces, grabbing Paradine's head in a vice and bouncing it off the canvas like a basketball and The Pit's playing host to March Madness games. The Nomad attempts to cover up, even gets a couple good jabs in to Dann's cheek, but Summers's protégé is running on adrenaline. He wrests him up, throws him against the ropes, and on the rebound, drives him back down with a rolling belly-to-belly suplex!

Jim Gunt: Twist and Shout! What a rolling Belly to Belly!

Mike Rolash: Put him away, Scott!

Scott Dann roars and makes a slashing motion across his throat. Stan Summers, still incensed at Troy's presence in the arena proper, attempts to ignore her and focus his attention back on what's he's supposed to be paying attention to. The Queen also watches as Dann yanks Paradine up, hoists him into the air, and brings him crashing down - not once, but twice - to the mat with the double powerbomb he calls...

Jim Gunt: The Aftershock! Could this be it?

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall....SCOTT DANN!!

Jim Gunt: Great back and forth match and one that Nathan Paradine doesn't have anything to be ashamed of, he put up a hell of a fight.

Trent Robbins raises Dann's hand in the air; The Enforcer merely scowls through the lingering pain in his knee. Stan Summers nods in approval, then turns to glare at Troy on the stage with an "I told you so" look, but the Queen of the Ring is nowhere to be found.

Making Friends

Match

There's the sound of a commotion backstage as the scene cuts to one of the many backstage hallways of the The Pit. This particular hallway seems to be near the gorilla position, as several headset-wearing stagehands are peering through a curtain hanging over a doorway at the noise on the other side.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is going on back there?

Mike Rolash: I reckon we'll find out in three... two... one-

There's an awkward silence between the two commentators, while the shouting continues backstage. The stagehands exchange nervous glances.

Jim Gunt: Want to try that one again?

Mike Rolash: Okay, fine, but imagine if that actually had worked-

Suddenly the curtain is torn aside, sending the stagehands scattering. A scowling Nathan Paradine emerges, evidently on the warpath following his loss to "The Enforcer" Scott Dann. The Nomad stomps his way down the corridor, kicking

and pushing aside any backstage personnel unlucky enough to get in his way.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Paradine is taking his loss to Scott Dann particularly hard.

Mike Rolash: You'd think the so-called Australian Submission Machine would be used to looking at the arena ceiling by now!

Paradine rounds a corner, the camera following, and almost collides with Tara Robinson, who manages a squeak of surprise as Paradine steps closer to her, his face only inches from hers.

Nathan Paradine: Where the hell is she?

Tara Robinson: W-who?

Nathan Paradine: Don't give me that! Didn't you see what bloody happened out there? She's so-so tall, curly brown hair... she had a damn clipboard! Where is she!?

Robinson turns her face away as Paradine speaks, his voice gradually rising to a shout. Several of the nearby stagehands look poised to intervene, however the angry Aussie is giving them pause for thought. Someone nearby clears their throat, and Paradine spins around.

Nathan Paradine: There you are.

Lindsay Troy, suit jacket unbuttoned, leans against a wall, looking the picture of serenity, whereas Paradine looks almost fit to burst a blood vessel. He approaches Troy slowly, his arm outstretched, and curls his hand into a trembling fist near her head. To her credit, she remains unperturbed by this.

Nathan Paradine: Do you have any idea what you've done, girl!?

Lindsay Troy: Pissed off the sniveling Englishman and gave everyone a good laugh while I did it. As was the goal.

Nathan Paradine: I had him! I had the bastard, and you distracted me!

Lindsay Troy: Oh, did you now? Well, you can hardly blame me for that. (She flicks her tie against his nose). You chose to watch Staniel's hissy fit instead of staying on Scottward. Way I see it (she smooths the tie back against her shirt), all that's on you.

Nathan Paradine: It might have been a joke on Stan Summers to you out there, but it cost me the goddamn match! Did you consider that, hey?

Lindsay Troy: Like I said, that's on you. Good fighters stay focused. Guess that's not you either, hm?

If Paradine wasn't seeing red before, that barb did it.

Nathan Paradine: Lindsay Troy, is it? Well kiddo, you remember my name too. Nathan bloody Paradine, the Australian Submission Machine. I have a long memory, and you know what they say... payback can be a real bitch.

With that, Paradine stomps off toward the locker rooms. Lindsay Troy watches him go, a knowing smile tugging at her lips.

Freddie Styles vs. Moe Davis

Match

Jim Gunt: She just barely arrived in CWF and already has brought Stan Summers and Nathan Paradine up against her, she is not wasting any time!

Mike Rolash: You know what, I might be able to like her.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, what an honour, your majesty.

Mike Rolash: Oh finally!

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: After all these years you finally see me for who I am!

Jim Gunt: Oh, I see you for what you are alright...

While Mike has a grin plastered to his face that could rival the Cheshire Cat, the camera cuts to Ray Douglas at the ready in the ring.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following singles match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, forming a diamond with his hands above his head as the opening riff hits...

You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing....

That's where you're wrong!

As the song moves into the verse, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain as he just stands there in his hooded vest, hood over his head, bouncing from side to side, before making his slow walk towards the ring.

I — will — not — lose

(You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing)

Put somethin' on it!

Ray Douglas: From Atlanta, Georgia, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and twenty three pounds... **FREDDIE STYLES!!!**

Jim Gunt: Mr. Ballgame looks... well... to be frank, he looks thoroughly hacked off as he makes his way down to the ring. I wonder what's on his mind?

Mike Rolash: The poor guy is probably still seething at the fact that he hasn't been granted the rematch that he feels is rightfully his! Instead, our Impact Champion is dodging challengers like Neo dodges bullets!

Jim Gunt: How many times? He. Was. Kidnapped! Is there an ounce of compassion inside that body?

Mike Rolash: The signs are not good.

Jim Gunt: Are you... are you using a Magic Eight Ball...?

Mike Rolash: Ask again later.

Freddie slowly walks up the ring steps, and steps through the ropes. He stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down, and leaning over in a corner. He takes the hood from off his head, then takes the vest off completely, tossing it to the floor, awaiting the beginning of the match

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

The drums and bassline from Bustin Loose come in. Then, Chuck's immortal words "Gimme the bridge, now. Right when the horns come in, BANG! a big shot of pyro on both sides of the entrance. Moe leaps from backstage with a big smile and lots of energy. He hypes himself up and reaches out to dap up the fans as he makes his way to ring.

Ray Douglas: He hails from Washington, DC, and weighs in tonight at two hundred and twenty pounds... **"GO GO" MOE DAVIS!!!**

Jim Gunt: One of the company's newest additions is here tonight looking to continue to build on a really impressive start to his CWF career!

Mike Rolash: Sure, but tell me Jim – how many bona fide Hall of Famers has he beaten?

Jim Gunt: Well you tell me Mike – exactly how many opportunities has he had?

Mike Rolash: Didn't your Mother ever tell you not to answer a question with another question?

Jim Gunt: My Mother also told me not to associate myself with shady characters like you, but here we are...

In the ring, referee Clark Summits completes his final checks, before calling for the opening bell. Both competitors come to the centre ring slowly, warily, patiently looking for the opening. After a few moments of nothingness, Freddie Styles eventually breaks and dives for 'The Go-Go Kid's' legs, looking for the takedown. Moe, though, is wise to the move, expertly stepping aside before helping Styles to the canvas with a swift elbow right to the back of the head. Freddie pancakes out, allowing Moe to drop his right leg over the back of his opponent's head. Both men quickly to their feet, and Freddie aims a kick to the body of 'The Go-Go Kid'; once again, though, Davis has the move well scouted, using Styles' leg to swing him around three-sixty, before nailing him with a devastating lariat. Opportunistic cover...

ONE

TWO... KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Moe Davis coming out firing on all cylinders!

Mike Rolash: He can "fire" anything he wants. Won't make a difference. Watch, my guy Freddie will pull out the W or make Moe regret he ever got in the ring with him.

Once again, both men are quickly to their feet. It's third time lucky for Styles, who manages to take control with a couple of stiff forearms to the side of Moe's head, forcing him back into the ring ropes. The self-confessed CWF Hall-of-Famer looks to execute an Irish Whip, but Davis turns the tables, and instead it's Styles who goes flying across the ring. 'Mr Ballgame' hits the ropes and comes tearing back from whence he came, but his momentum is stopped almost immediately by a flying 'Go-Go Kid', who nails a spinning heel kick, perfectly placed against the side of the head, before following up with another quick cover:

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

Styles struggles again to regain his vertical base, but Moe Davis using his nous to continue to press home his advantage, locking in a rear chinlock.

Jim Gunt: Fascinating start to this match-up, as Moe Davis appears to have an answer for everything that Freddie Styles has thrown at him so far.

Mike Rolash: 'It's not how you start, it's how you finish', though, Jim – surely you, of all people, should know that?

Jim Gunt: ... Have you been talking to my wife...?

Back in the ring, and Styles is steadily battling out of the hold. Mr Ballgame forces his way to his knees, and looks to nail Davis with a body punch. 'Go Go' Moe uses his technique and agility to evade the shot, and slaps on a front facelock instead. The crowd roars their approval, causing Moe to flash a toothy grin out at his adoring fans; the momentary lapse in concentration proves costly, though, as Freddie Styles pops his hips and executes a picture-perfect Northern-Lights Suplex, bridging out perfectly for the pin.

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: A single error in judgment by Moe Davis there, and he almost paid the ultimate penalty! Could that be the

catalyst for Freddie Styles to regain some momentum in this match?

Mike Rolash: Nah, Jimmy Allen isn't scheduled until later on in the card.

Styles looks intent on doing just that, as he waits for his opponent to get to his feet, crouched low in the corner on the opposite side of the ring. Davis eventually regains his vertical base, turning just in time to see Freddie running straight for him; Mr Ballgame looks to nail a bionic elbow smash, but once again Moe is just a step ahead, and stops Styles in his tracks with a shoulder block which rocks the Atlanta native, and sends him crashing back-first to the mat.

Freddie Styles pops straight back up after the impactful blow, almost as if on instinct. Davis allows him zero time to regain his balance, nailing a clothesline to send his opponent tumbling once more. This time, Freddie is a little slower to his feet, allowing Davis a running start, before he nails another clothesline. Styles isn't allowed to get to his feet of his own volition for a third time though; instead, 'Go-Go Moe' hauls him roughly upwards, dragging his rather limp body over to one of the corners of the ring and smashing his head repeatedly into the top turnbuckle pad, the rabid CWF fans counting along with every blow.

Mike Rolash: Oh no, Moe, no mo'!

Jim Gunt: Haven't you already made that joke, like, ten times already?

Mike Rolash: It's sixteen, actually. Do keep up, Jim.

Ten times head meets turnbuckle pad, and a clearly groggy Freddie Styles staggers backwards into the centre of the ring, as Moe Davis leaps up to the top turnbuckle, looking for the killing blow. 'Go-Go Moe' looks round at the fans, raising his fist triumphantly, before turning back towards Freddie; Davis leaps off the turnbuckle, and onto Styles neck and shoulders, looking for his trademark Dragonrana... but Freddie Styles drops down and forwards with devastating efficiency, depositing 'The Go-Go Kid' onto the mat back, neck and head first with a tide-turning powerbomb!

Jim Gunt: Utter desperation from Freddie Styles...!

Mike Rolash: Desperate, but effective Jim! But why isn't he going for the cover...?

Jim Gunt: Frustration can do strange things to a man, Mike.

Mike Rolash: In fairness, so does severe head trauma...

As the comms team highlighted, Mr Ballgame fails to follow up with a pin cover despite the fact that his opponent appears to have been knocked silly. Instead, Styles chooses to follow the same path that Davis had previously tread, climbing the same turnbuckle even as Davis hauls himself slowly to his feet. Styles takes flight, looking to nail the unsteady Moe with a missile dropkick... but has his legs caught in mid-air by 'Go-Go Moe', who quickly and expertly turns into his signature DC Crab!

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles just cannot get anything going in this one!

Mike Rolash: Look at his face! He looks as if a hobo has just come into his house on Christmas Day and pissed on his kids...!

Jim Gunt: Errr... I'm not sure Freddie has any children, Mike...

Mike Rolash: Eugh... it's called 'creative license', Gunt! God... stop being such a square...!

The fury on Styles' face is plain to see as he pounds the mat in frustration, before directing some choice words at referee Summits, who is down on all fours asking Mr Ballgame if he wants to submit. Moe Davis wrenches back, applying more pressure, but Styles' anger and frustration appears to not only be boiling over, but also spurring him on. With unbelievable lower body strength, Freddie pushes up and back, launching Davis away from him and escaping the hold.

The Hall of Famer then quickly regains his vertical base; Davis turns, looking to press home his advantage once more... but is nailed with a Styles superkick from absolutely nowhere!!!

Jim Gunt: What a manoeuvre! That could be... wait... where is Styles going...?

Still looking apoplectic with rage, Styles quickly exits the ring, before disappearing beneath the apron. When he re-emerges, he's not coming alone, as he's armed himself with a steel folding chair! Freddie slides into the ring wearing a malevolent smile, readying himself as Moe struggles to his feet, unaware of the impending situation. Styles shrugs off the attentions of the referee, before swinging with all his might, levelling Moe Davis with an almighty WHACK of steel on skull.

Naturally, Clark Summits has no alternative but to call for the bell. But quite frankly, Styles doesn't appear to care...!

Jim Gunt: Good God...! What a heinous attack! That was absolutely blatant!

Mike Rolash: Blatantly brilliant, you mean!

Ray Douglas: The winner of the match, by disqualification – 'GO GO' MOE DAVIS!!!

Moe Davis doesn't look like much of a winner as referee Clark Summits sheepishly raises the hand of the fallen 'Go-Go Kid', before checking on his welfare. For his part, Styles just looks down at Moe with disgust etched all across his face, before turning three sixty and taking in the boos of the crowd with a wry smile. Then, still with dented steel chair in hand, Freddie takes his leave.

Jim Gunt: First a clear and obvious low blow last week, and now a vicious chair shot to cause another disqualification. What has come over Freddie Styles...?!

Mike Rolash: I dunno... but I definitely approve...!

Making A Call

Match

Near one of the entrances to the arena, an area reserved for staff members and athletes, leans Silas Artoria. Against the concrete foundations of the arena, he looks at the calling card he received last week, clearly intrigued by it's contents. Tara slowly comes into frame.

Tara Robinson: Silas?

Silas glances the interviewer, but doesn't change his expression.

Tara Robinson: Do you have a moment to talk?

Silas looks at the card again and ponders in thought, before returning to Tara.

Silas Artoria: Shoot.

Tara Robinson: Considering the events that happened last week, do you have any thoughts regarding the mysterious individual who carried you back to your locker room?

Silas looks upwards and delves into his thoughts, unsure what to thinking of what happened.

Silas Artoria: My first thoughts would immediate think it's one of Shadow's followers, but even the newest of newcomers would quickly figure out that, unless Shadow ordered a hit on me, they would have nothing to do with him.

He looks at the card.

Silas Artoria: Likely someone interested in me enough to leave me his details, if vague.

Tara glances the object he is holding.

Tara Robinson: What's on the card?

Silas Artoria: A phone number, internationally from the looks of it, but I can't figure out where.

He looks at Tara.

Silas Artoria: It's why I've waited until today to give them a call, because I don't want any of us to foot the bill.

Without another word, he passes by Tara and instead heads to a door labelled "Security office". Three knocks, an answer.

Silas Artoria: Can I use your phone for a moment?

After some hesitation, the security guard lets him in, and points to the phone. Silas quickly sits down, and starts dialling, glancing back at the card to ensure he pressed the correct number. It starts ringing, and an answer comes through.

???: You receive my calling card?

Beat.

Silas Artoria: You carried me back to my locker room last week.

???: I did, and would do it again.

Pause, Silas looks uncomfortable.

Silas Artoria: Who are you?

Pause.

???: You would do the same to me if our roles were reversed, and without hesitation. I will come back soon, and you will be happy to see me once again. Goodnight, Silas.

Pause.

???: And ganbatte.

Tone dial. Silas looks a little confused, but also shaken, as the screen fades to black.

Pre-Emptive Strike

Match

Before anything more can be said or done, Freddie turns and heads back into the ring, the dented steel chair in hand as the crowd boos his presence.

Freddie Styles: This is what you're giving me? Again? Another newbie fresh out the shit? This is how you value a multi-time champion Jon? I might as well see what St. James is talking about if this is what I'm reduced to. You feed me this while you have a champ that hasn't been seen in weeks. Yeah, I'm talking about you again Zach. The most irrelevant and sorriest champion in CWF history. Youve basically cooled off what was the hottest belt in the company. It's worth less than nothing at this point. Some hero. Some champion.

The crowd boos harder at Freddie for again tearing down their Hero, Zach.

Freddie Styles: Boo me all you want. looks back at Mo, still down on the mat This is a guy just like you Zach. He needs a hero right now. Mo...is Zach your hero? Is he your hero? Where is he Mo? WHERE IS YOUR HERO!?!

Suddenly the lights begin to flicker and a shadowy figure descends from the rafters.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is going on?

Jim Gunt: Finally someone has come to put an end to Freddie's violent arrogance. But who?

The figure comes to rest in the centre of the ring, resting on one knee with a closed fist also pressed against the ring mat. The position is often referred to as the Superhero landing and is commonly used by none other than...

Jim Gunt: Holy Crap I think that's Zach van Owen!

Mike Rolash: But he looks different...

The figure stands and it is indeed the Game-Changer, Zach, though not as he is remembered. Gone is his usual green-and-black. Now he wears a grey full length coat, on the back is emblazoned a single black feathered wing, over plain black tights. The Impact Championship is firmly around his waist. Zach raises a microphone to speak at the stunned Freddie Styles.

Zach van Owen: What's up Doc?

Freddie Styles: Don't start that shit with me. It's high time you step up to the plate and prove you are what you say you are.

Silence falls through the arena as the tension between the two on-again, off-again rivals stand face-to-face. Eventually Zach responds.

Zach van Owen: The lone Goomba with delusions of grandeur thinks he can fight his way out of the dungeon, not content with fighting his fellow mooks and minions. Instead he sets his sights upon the Boss... We have played this game before Freddie, and we all know how that story concluded. So I ask you. Do you want to play again?

It takes a moment but Freddie finally recollects himself to speak.

Freddie Styles: Bring it bitch!

Zach breaks out into a sly, almost menacing, grin.

Jim Gunt: There is something different about Zach.

Mike Rolash: Dare I say, he almost seems cool.

Zach van Owen: Game On!

Freddie lunges forward to attack the Impact Champion but the lights suddenly cut out for a brief moment. When they come back on Zach van Owen is nowhere to be found, leaving a bewildered Freddie standing alone in the ring.

Jim Gunt: I can't believe it. After disappearing under strange and unfortunate circumstances, Zach van Owen is back, looking visibly changed and is ready to take Freddie to task.

Mike Rolash: Things may have just gotten a little more interesting.

Dean Coulter vs. Johnny Graves

Match

As Freddie Styles walks up the ramp, still continuously looking over his shoulder and up towards the rafters to make sure Zach does not suddenly materialize somewhere, the picture cuts to Jim and Mike.

Jim Gunt: Later today we will have Freddie's tag team partner in, coincidentally, a tag team match, teaming up with The Shadow of all people and going against the just as unlikely duo of Ataxia and Dan Ryan.

Mike Rolash: It is not fair.

Jim Gunt: Some people have argued that, yes.

Mike Rolash: I mean, which team am I supposed to root for, if one has Ataxia and one has The Shadow?

Jim Gunt: Ataxia seems to be on your side now, did you forget Confliction yet?

Mike Rolash: Oh yeah, ok, then my mind is set!

Ray Douglas: The following is a singles match scheduled for one fall!

"Become The Enemy" by Like A Storm hits and Dean marches onto the stage, standing proud and determined with his arms crossed over his chest, patting his Tag Team Championship Title. He looks around the arena and then to the ring before striding down. He pauses kneeling on the apron to look around once more then enters the ring. He ascends a nearby turnbuckle and raises the belt in the air to a loud ovation. After a moment he descends back to the ring, leaning over the ropes to hand the timekeeper his belt before preparing for the match ahead.

Ray Douglas: First, from Gold Coast, Queensland, Australia, he is one half of the current Tag Team Champions, the Lost Boys....DEAN COULTER!!

Jim Gunt: One half of the Lost Boys, just like our famed ring announcer Ray alluded to, this is the second time Dean has held the CWF Tag Team Championship.

Mike Rolash: But this is his first time in a long time being in the ring without Sam, and Dean is going up against one hell of a challenge tonight. As much as I hate to say it, Johnny Graves has been on a tear as of late.

The lights throughout the venue cut leaving the fans sitting in complete darkness. Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens pierce the silence. Suddenly the melody of "Bank Account (Remix)" blasts from the various speakers throughout the arena. The fans come to their feet in anticipation on the undefeated rookie. After several moments of anticipation the curtain pulls back and Johnny Graves steps out onto the small stage. Graves slowly moves his gaze over the sea of fans, a confident smirk on his lips. He drops down onto his knees where he sits for several moments. Finally he pushes himself up to his feet and begins strutting confidently towards the ring.

Jim Gunt: Graves is certainly making Coulter wait it out in the ring, isn't he?

Mike Rolash: He does this every week. This guy may be one of the most cockiest sons of bitches I've ever laid eyes on, but so far he's backed up most of his words...

The fans on either side of the aisle reach out looking to get a high five or anything from the passing Graves who ignores them completely, his intense eyes fixated on the ring, confident smirk on his lips. As he nears the ring he picks up his pace until he's in a jog. He slides into the ring feet first, sliding all the way to the center of the ring where he again sits on his knees. He slowly rises his right hand and points to the sky with his index finger. He springs up to his feet and moves to the corner where he ascends to the middle rope and begins yelling towards the fans at ringside, the cameramen, whoever happens to look in his direction. He climbs down from the ropes and turns his eyes to Dean Coulter, simply nodding confidently at him as he stares back.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Las Vegas, Nevada....JOHNNY GRAVES!!

CWF's latest referee Nick McArthur looks surprisingly confident as he goes over the rules of the match to both Coulter and Graves before ringing the bell, the two competitors scoping each other out as they approach the center of the ring for a collar tie-up. Graves breaks out quickly, hitting an up and down stiff kick to the shin of the Tag Team Champion on the way out. Coulter holds his leg in pain, giving the rookie a chance to charge.

Jim Gunt: Running knee strike from Johnny Graves! Impressive start to this one from the undefeated Sin City Saint, although I'm not sure how much of a "victory" he had last week when it was a low blow from Styles that gave him the win.

Mike Rolash: A tainted win is still a win when it comes to the record book though, Jimmy.

Jim Gunt: You've got a point there, and now Graves is taking advantage of Dean Coulter, draping him over the middle rope as he lays into him with some painful looking kicks to his ribs!

After the count of three from Nick McArthur, Johnny Graves backs up with his hands in the air and a big smile on his face. Coulter rolls over to his side, coughing, and is quickly pulled right back to his feet. But the Tag Team Champion is ready and comes in with a shoulder block to the stomach Graves. Snap Underhook Suplex! The Australian Hero raises his arms in the air, getting the fans up on their feet before running into the ropes and coming back at a rising Graves.

Jim Gunt: SIILENCER! Graves with a Superkick out of nowhere nearly takes Coulter right out of his boots.

Mike Rolash: And now he's going for a cover, could this be yet another victory for Graves here?

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: No! Dean is able to roll over his shoulder, and now he's slapping the canvas to try to syke himself back into this thing. Johnny Graves is right back on him though, taking the shin that he kicked earlier and working it over with a leglock.

Mike Rolash: Not just any leg lock, Jim, the FIGURE FOUR leglock!

Jim simply shrugs unknowingly at his broadcast partner as Graves drops down to fully place the Figure Four Leglock into place. Dean Coulter is able to kick out of it before he's able to however, the two men rolling through and coming to blows before they even get back to their feet! The New Mexico fans cheer the exchange, neither of the two men able to get the advantage as they battle back up. Dean ducks under a clothesline attempt from Graves, catching him as he turns back around and whipping him quickly up in the air. NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX! Coulter holds onto the Suplex for a pin attempt as the crowd chants along.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! Graves kicks out! Coulter doesn't waste a singular second, lifting him right back up and bringing him up.

Jim Gunt: TRUE BLUE THUNDER BOMB! What an exchange from Coulter, and it's gotta be over now as he goes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! GRAVES KICKS OUT AGAIN, AT THE FINAL COUNTDOWN!

Jim Gunt: What is it going to take to put this Graves down!?

Mike Rolash: Maybe put him six feet under?

Dean Coulter cannot believe it as Nick McArthur flashes just two fingers his way. The Tag Team Champion sighs heavily before pulling Graves up by his dreadlocks, a knife edge chop targeting his chest. Graves staggers back, but takes yet another chop. A big boot stops Coulter as he approaches in the corner however, and a Shotgun Dropkick from the Sin City Saint follows!

Mike Rolash: Coulter had a big advantage going for awhile, but it looks like Graves has things in hand yet again!

Jim Gunt: Indeed, Mike, and he looks to be setting Coulter up for something special now...EPISTOMP!

Mike Rolash: He just stomped his brains out!

Dean Coulter is unconscious as the fans at ringside watch on in horror, but Graves is far from finished. He lifts Coulter up on his shoulders, a confident smile on his face as he looks out at the crowd and pounds himself on the chest. The Sin City Saint walks to the center of the ring with Coulter still in Gourdbuster position before flipping him over. STARKILLER! The Tag Team Champion's body crashes to the canvas in a heap, and Graves drops down, rolling him over to his back to go for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall....JOHNNY GRAVES!!

Jim Gunt: Dean Coulter put up a hell of a fight for awhile, but this Graves is looking truly unstoppable right now, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Three and oh, Jimbo. But will Graves be able to keep up the streak next week when he steps in the ring with number one contender Duce Jones?

The Higher They Come

Match

The picture cuts to what looks like the rafters of The Pit. A hooded, robed figure is sitting cross legged on one of the passageways, looking down at the arena.

The Shadow: I lost count how many times you were up here, Ataxia, high above everybody else, keeping an eye on "your" federation. You once were like the vigilante, on the lookout for anything evil to befall CWF and to rid it of any potential dangers.

He turns his head to look straight into the camera from under his hood, his face barely visible in the glow from the lights underneath.

The Shadow: And now you turned the tables. Some people called you the Masked Menace in the past, but now the vigilante of CWF has gone rogue, has crossed to the dark side. Two weeks until Vertigo, Ataxia, and the stakes are going to be raised, my friend, because you made this personal. Very personal. So what are you going to do? You know what they say, Ataxia, "the higher they come"...

He suddenly lifts his hands and throws something dark at the camera, which turns out to be black raven feathers that slowly flutter down towards the ring.

Silas Artoria vs. The Crimson Ghost!

Match

The camera next to the ring follows the raven feathers coming down from the rafters, spreading across the ring and the announce table in the process.

Jim Gunt: Raising the stakes at Vertigo, I wonder if he is alluding to the match being raised?

Mike Rolash: Maybe we can put them somewhere really, really high and then just let them drop?

Jim Gunt: Mike, really?

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim shakes his head in disbelief.

Jim Gunt: Your insane antipathies aside, you just were on Ataxia's side earlier.

Mike Rolash: So what? A man can't change his mind?

Before Jim can reply, though, the lights go down and frantic blood-red strobelights set in as The Misfits' "The Crimson Ghost" starts blaring. At the same top speed as the song, The Crimson Ghost races out through the curtains and down the ramp, sliding in under the bottom rope and taking up a spot in the far corner.

Ray Douglas: First to the ring, hailing from God knows where, he is the Bonehead, he is THE CRIMSON GHOST!

The Albuquerque crowd is giving him ovations, fondly remembering his times as tag team champions with Kendo. But as soon as the lights had come back on to show him in his corner, bouncing on his toes, they go out again and dark blue light illuminates the fog spilling out onto the stage as "Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red begins to play. Silas steps out onto the stage, in his full attire with coat and cane, looking as noble as can be before gracefully strolling down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada, the Psychotic Aristocrat - SILAS ARTORIA!

The fan reaction is a mixed bag, with people not quite sure what to expect from the Canadian.

Jim Gunt: The entrances could hardly be any more different, Crimson Ghost energetic, brimming with excitement and Silas as measured and dignified as ever.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, Ghost is going to steamroll right over his noble ass.

Jim Gunt: I did not know your alliances laid like this?

Mike Rolash: What alliances?

Jim Gunt: Nevermind...

In the ring referee "Big" Denny Davidson is giving the two combatants a last rundown before signaling for the bell.

Jim Gunt: And off we go!

Silas stretches out his hand, but instead of taking it, Ghost bends forward, sniffs it and with one fluid motion stands back up and slaps Silas with a hard backhand.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, no more Mr. Nice Ghost!

Jim Gunt: Yes, his split from Kendo seems to have flicked some switch or something.

Mike Rolash: We've had a lot of switch flicking of late, Mia, Ataxia... Maybe we need an electrician, I should talk to our Inspector.

Jim Gunt: Yes, you do that.

Silas shoots Ghost an indignant look, but extends his hand once more, holding TCG's gaze, but Bonehead slaps him again, while starting to giggle. The Canadian clearly has had enough as he charges forward, driving the bigger and heavier man into the ropes, being forced to let go by Denny Davidson. But as quick as he lets go, Silas is right back on the man in crimson, yanking him forward by his arm and whipping him into the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, that was a hard super kick to the chest of The Crimson Ghost!

Mike Rolash: He is stunned, but Silas has to follow up right away!

And so he does with an elbow drop right onto the chest where he had hit the kick. A knee drop right after has TCG trying to roll himself out of the ring to escape the early onslaught by the Aristocrat, but Silas is not letting him go that

easily. Right away he grabs him by the mask, bringing him back to his feet. Again he sends Ghost to the ropes, but his attempt at a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker goes awry when Bonehead plays possum and just lets his whole body go limp, the momentum bringing Artoria down!

ONE!

TW- KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Wow, what a surprising reversal, Silas did not expect this and it almost cost him the match early!

Mike Rolash: And now the tables are turned!

The heavier Ghost now has Silas in a side headlock, really cinching it in.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, he is really stretching Silas' neck there and he has had some severe neck issues in the past, I hope that this is not going to cause bigger problems for our number one Paramount title contender!

And Denny Davidson is right on his hands and knees to check on Silas, but the Canadian vehemently motions against giving up.

Mike Rolash: Doesn't he remember, Silas does - not - tap!

Jim Gunt: He still is obligated to check on him.

Seeing that his prey is not going to tap out, Ghost lets go of Silas, gets to his feet and pulls Artoria up and with one fluid motion grabs him and unleashes a hard release German suplex that has Silas bounce off the ropes awkwardly, landing face down and barely moving. TCG briefly poses for the crowd before walking over to Silas with a swagger in his step. This confidence is shortlived, however, as his opponent suddenly twists and turns, sending Bonehead to the mat with a leg sweep.

Jim Gunt: What were you saying about turning the tables?

Mike Rolash: Oh shut up.

Both men are getting to their feet with the help of the ropes, but Silas is the first to spring into action, going for a running drop kick and Ghost is on the ground outside.

Jim Gunt: This is as much of a back and forth match as we've seen.

Mike Rolash: And I think that he Silas is going to go--

Before he can finish his sentence he is drowned out by the crowd getting to their feet as Silas uses the ropes on the opposite side to gain momentum and goes between the two top ropes, grabbing a raising Crimson Ghost and planting a tornado DDT to the thin mats on the outside!

Crowd: Holy shit! Holy shit!

Jim Gunt: No kidding, rarely was a suicide dive more aptly named, this could have gone wrong on so many levels! Twisted Virtue is a truly spectacular move!

Silas is right back on his feet as Denny is counting them out.

ONE!

TWO!

As Ghost is getting back to a vertical position, Silas is back up on the apron.

Mike Rolash: Silas seems to be on the ball this time, Knockout!

The high bicycle knee gets The Crimson Ghost right on the side of his head, bringing him down hard again, while Silas

lands right on his feet.

THREE!

FOUR!

Silas only spares a short look at the referee before he walks over to the announce table of Jim and Mike.

Mike Rolash: Oh no, this does not look like I'm going to like this...

With a quick sweep of his arm he clears the table before returning to Bonehead, who is struggling to his feet. He grabs the masked man from behind and then with a pop of his hips gives Crimson Ghost a taste of his own medicine and unleashes a release German suplex onto the announce table that does not give way, instead Ghost bounces off the table and in between the chairs behind it.

FIVE!

SIX!

TCG is tangled in between the chairs and Silas decides not to pursue his opponent for the time being, but he rolls himself back into the ring, while Denny Davidson continues with his count out.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

One of the chairs is sent flying as The Crimson Ghost kicks it out of his way as he is scrambling to get himself out of his predicament.

NINE!

Jim Gunt: This is going to be tight, will he make it?

With one last burst of energy Ghost launches himself towards the lower rope and by a hair manages to get into the ring just before "Big" Denny Davidson motions for the tenth time, but Silas is ready for him, taking a short run-on and then sliding into the laying down Bonehead knee first, connecting with the side of the head he had hit earlier with full force, the crowd letting out a collective groan upon the impact.

Jim Gunt: Ouch, Silas is right on point tonight, I have not seen him this focused in a while!

Mike Rolash: Good for him, show that masked dude where to go and how to get there!

Jim Gunt: Weren't you all for Ghost earlier?

Mike Rolash: Who cares about the past?

Jim Gunt: Have you ever heard the saying of being a flag in the wind?

Mike Rolash: Ugh, I hate Elton John.

Jim Gunt: What??

While Jim incredulously looks at Mike, Silas is trying to lift The Crimson Ghost to his feet, but the larger man is pretty much deadweight. With a shrug Silas takes to the top rope.

Jim Gunt: Silas never goes up there!

Mike Rolash: Getting cocky, that pompous ass.

Jim Gunt: Geez, can you stick to something for a change?

He jumps off for a frog splash that hits TCG perfectly and he goes for the cover right away!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: That was a close one, but looks like Bonehead is not done yet tonight!

Mike Rolash: He looks pretty done to me.

Silas paced back and forth for a moment, apparently trying to find the best way of attack and finally decides to try to bring TCG back to his feet again. Succeeding with some trouble he tries to position Ghost for his Fall of Man finisher, but Ghost's wobbliness prevents him from getting a good grip, so he shifts around instead.

Jim Gunt: Swinging neckbreaker, beautifully executed!

Mike Rolash: I must say that I actually agree and another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall - SILAS ARTORIA!

A Lost Cause

Match

Jim Gunt: Okay ladies and gentlemen, next up here tonight we have a hotly-anticipated singles match-up, as Paramount Cham-

Without warning, 'Totentanz' by Liszt hits the speakers, cutting Jim Gunt off. There is a ripple of discontent throughout the crowd, which turns into full scale booing as 'The Wrestling Inspector' Stan Summers appears on the stage, casting a long, sweeping look of disdain across the thousands of unimpressed fans.

Jim Gunt: Errr... this is a... erm... this an unscheduled visit from 'The Wrestling Inspector' folks.

Mike Rolash: And you think Stan Summers gives a damn? You said it yourself – he's 'The Wrestling Inspector', dammit! He can change the schedule any time he wants to!

Stan Summers saunters down the ramp, looking all business as he collects a microphone from the bell table. He slowly ascends the ring steps, wiping his feet on the ring apron in typically arrogant manner, before stepping in between the ropes and into the ring.

Summers brings himself up to his fullest height, smoothing out the creases on his ubiquitous grey pinstripe suit as he soaks in the less than complimentary reaction from the CWF fans, which eventually dies down long enough for him to bring the microphone up to his lips.

Stan Summers: Thank you all for such a hospitable welcome. So kind.

More boos – no kindness or hospitality evident. Summers allows himself a wry smile, before continuing.

Stan Summers: I felt it pertinent this evening to publicly address my continuing inspection of the Championship Wrestling Federation, and provide a status update of sorts. I am nothing if not transparent, and feel it is my duty to keep you, the loyal and devoted fans of this federation, informed of all of the key developments.

Mike Rolash: My goodness – what a compassionate and considerate human being Stan Summers is! Aren't we lucky

to have a man with such integrity overseeing the review of the standards around here, Jim?

Jim Gunt (sarcastically): Trust me, Mike, I count my blessings every day.

Back in the ring, Stan Summers allows himself another pause and look round at the fans, before continuing on.

Stan Summers: As such, it is my duty to inform you... that I am rapidly coming to the conclusion that the Championship Wrestling Federation is, quite simply, a lost cause.

Another torrent of boos and abuse rains down upon 'The Wrestling Inspector', who raises an arm in a shrugging motion and pulls a face as if to say 'Truth hurts – don't shoot the messenger'.

Jim Gunt: What?! How dare he!

Stan Summers: Please... please... I understand that this may be difficult to understand. Particularly as our dear owner, Christopher Saint James, has managed to expertly paper over the cracks with the razzmatazz of exciting action, unpredictable twists and turns, and unparalleled athletic ability.

A smattering of a positive reaction, but largely, the fans fall into a confused silence.

Stan Summers: However, please understand that beneath the façade that you fans are presented with on a weekly basis, lies a huge number of fundamental issues which I cannot, in good conscience, ignore.

'The Wrestling Inspector' raises his left hand, flicking his forefinger into the air with a flourish.

Stan Summers: Consider, for instance, the number one issue that has become apparent during the course of my inspection thus far – the consistent and flagrant disrespect of authority.

Yet another ripple of discontent amongst the CWF fans, who nonetheless remain relatively orderly as they listen to Stan's soliloquy.

Stan Summers: Let's take one of our newest additions, Ms Lindsay Troy, as an example.

Strong pop for 'The Queen of the Ring'. Stan reacts by wearing an expression as if a particularly strong and unpleasant smell has just wafted past his nose.

Stan Summers: Not content with questioning the authority and the motives of the owner of the company in her first week, she then proceeds to disrespect yours truly in what was essentially a backstage assault...!

Boos, and a small number of laughs from the disbelieving CWF fans.

Stan Summers: Not only that, she then continues on with a blatant display of insolence in this very building, during the course of a match which she had zero business being anywhere near!

Another face pop as the CWF fans remember Lindsay Troy's hilarious actions from earlier in the night.

Stan Summers: This kind of behaviour clearly highlights the undercurrent of basic issues that require addressing within the inner workings of the CWF. I am the man to address those issues, and you can rest assured that I will be implementing a series of changes, some obvious and some sight-unseen, within the next several weeks, in order to properly address these critical faults, and start the CWF on the path to becoming the federation it truly has the potential to be.

Jim Gunt: That sounds ominous...

Mike Rolash: What? It sounds great to me! The Wrestling Inspector is thinking only of the wellbeing of our federation – I for one welcome these changes!

Jim Gunt: God you are sickening...

Stan Summers: And this brings me nicely onto our dear friend Quentin Scarboro. Hmph... well.. I'm sure you'll all agree

that 'The American Thoroughbred' showed that he had a far from thorough respect for the rules last week, with his explosive reaction that screamed of bitterness, in response to a decision that was genuinely made solely with his well-being in mind.

Stan allowed himself an indulgent, shit-eating grin which was anything but genuine.

Stan Summers: Alas... Q's temper got the better of him – uncharacteristic of our blue collar hero, you might say – and caused him to be forcibly ejected from the arena.

Summers turned to stare directly down the nearest handheld camera.

Stan Summers: Tell us, Quentin – why the anger? Where does that built up passion, that deep-seated fury stem from? As any self-respecting inspector would do, I have made it my mission to get to the heart of this particular problem of yours. And I promise you Quentin, I am this close...

He holds forefinger and thumb perilously close together.

Stan Summers: ... to unearthing the root cause behind your... complex mindset. But please, do save me the bother. I extend to you an open invite, next week at Evolution, to come out in front of these CWF fans that adore you so, and open up about what could be eating away at your insides like a parasite on the soul.

Stan flashes another meaningful look directly into the camera, his eyes glinting with malevolence.

Stan Summers: I am practically aquiver at the prospect...

The Wrestling Inspector turns away from the camera, facing the fans on one side of the arena once more.

Stan Summers: But I digress... where was I... ah yes – so not only was Mr Scarborough removed from the arena, Quentin also refused medical attention. As such, I ensured that he was not even permitted to enter the arena this evening, in order to safeguard not only himself, but all of the performers in the CWF.

This is an example of the kind of change that must be made, and the perfect example of the kinds of sanctions that will be imposed for those who do not fall into line with the agreed standards and procedures. It may be painful at first, but if we all persevere – even you, Mr Scarborough – then I promise you, we will all be able to savour the CWF that we can be proud of; a company free from faults, perfection personified. A company truly built in my image.

With that, Stan dropped the microphone, flashing a final evil grin at the booing CWF crowd, before carefully taking his leave of the ring, and disappearing up the ramp and to the backstage area.

Jim Gunt: What an absolute cretin. Did you hear that? A company built in my image. What a load of bullsh-

Mike Rolash (standing and applauding): Bravo, Mr Summers, bravo! Three cheers for the Wrestling Inspector! Hip hi-

Jim Gunt: Sit DOWN, Rolash!

Family Reunion

Match

Backstage in the locker room, Dan Ryan is taping up the knees, then slides a knee pad over each. He straightens out and stretches out his neck, tilting it to one side and then the other. Ryan looks down briefly, where the schedule for the night is printed out on a paper next to his bag. Once again he sees "Ataxia" listed as his partner, and he throws up in his mouth a little. A subtle gulp keeps it down.

Dan Ryan: That was close.

Just then, a light knock on the door before it swings open and The Queen of the Ring Lindsay Troy enters.

Lindsay Troy: You about ready?

Dan Ryan: [Nodding] Yep. Ready to babysit a lunatic moron and try not to get my head taken off due to some unforeseen “accident” in a match where everyone else there is gunning for me. Just another day at the office. How are you fitting in so far?

Ryan smiles slightly.

Lindsay Troy: Oh, you know me. I make friends wherever I go.

She breezes by Dan and tosses him the clipboard she had been carrying, the one she used as a distraction during the Scott Dann/Nathan Paradine match.

Dan Ryan: I like the clipboard. It's a nice touch.

Lindsay Troy: Maybe you can use it if one of the children get out of line. Or I can. I've got nothing going on the rest of the night.

She flops down on the couch. Ryan puts the clipboard aside.

Dan Ryan: I'd ask you to come out there with me later, but there's a real chance Ataxia could lose his mask, and if that happens I'm told anyone who looks him in the eyes turns to stone. I'd hate for your sister to lose her husband and sister in the same night.

Lindsay Troy: The bag man being a Gorgon would make ... absolutely no sense, which would make sense, since he makes no sense.

Dan Ryan: I know. It's a paradox of “lame.” It's almost elegant, except instead of being elegant, it's stupid.

Lindsay Troy: It's so tough being on top of the world, having to deal with...the rabble. Maybe next time, you can Headline him through an announce table.

She turns to look at him. Ryan smirks.

Dan Ryan: Look at you with the witty quips. I almost forgot what a witty quip was, what with coming up against the likes of Ataxia and Shadow week after week. Sorry.... THE Shadow. Cuz there can be only one.

Lindsay Troy: Is he like a shitty Highlander? Or Ohio State? You know how we musn't forget the “THE.”

Dan Ryan: He's exactly like the Highlander, only instead of being from Scotland he's from some alley in SoHo, and instead of being an immortal warrior, he's like an assistant manager at Panera Bread who wrestles on weekends.

Lindsay Troy: Well, at least their benefits package is decent. So I hear.

Dan Ryan: And you love their bread bowls. So *I* hear.

Lindsay Troy: There are worse things in life than a broccoli cheddar bread bowl from Panera, Daniel, I will have you know.

Dan Ryan: I'm fully aware. For example, the smell of the inside of Ataxia's sack mask. I was this close to it. I swear it moved on its own.

Lindsay Troy: I think you've wasted enough breath on that guy. At least, I'm tired of hearing about him.

Dan Ryan: [A little sad.] But I haven't even made fun of his ring attire yet.

Lindsay Troy: You mean the prom tux and cane that don't match his dumb hood?

Dan Ryan: I would respect him so much more if he'd just use “Puttin' on the Ritz” as his ring music. Somehow it would make everything make sense. But yes, you're right. Enough with him already. What about you? I know you've got the prerequisite ‘you may be a legend somewhere else, but here you have to prove yourself’ nonsense to get through -- but I assume you've started to develop some long term plans.

Lindsay Troy: Eh. (She shrugs.) Pissed off two Brits and an Aussie.

Dan Ryan: [Stoic and matter-of-fact] You do realize how far beneath you they all are, right?

Lindsay Troy: Well, it's been a long time since I've played the cocky, arrogant bitch. Besides, what are you looking for me to say, Dan?

Dan Ryan: [With a shrug] Nothing in particular. Hey, no big deal either way. I suppose the mom role has suited you in the past. You don't have to be a cocky, arrogant bitch, unless that's what you want. I hardly have a say in the matter, as my wife has plainly laid out for me.

This time, a nice genuine smile.

There's a pause as Lindsay Troy thinks hard about her reply, wondering if treading into these waters is the best thing to do right now. Ryan catches on quickly though.

Dan Ryan: [Holding a hand up] Well, nevermind that right now. I've gotta get my head straight for this match -- but I do want you to know...

Ryan leans forward and places a hand on her shoulder.

Dan Ryan: I am genuinely happy you're here.

Lindsay Troy: Me too. So let me have my fun and I won't be far away if you change your mind about needing a little wrangling done in the main later.

Dan Ryan: Not tonight. I'll get some valuable recon out of this in the very least. I need to get into it with Duce a little bit anyway. But down the road, who knows?

Lindsay Troy: [Smiles] Just like old times, then.

Dan Ryan: [Returning the smile] Just like old times. Alright. Find me after the show. Cool?

Troy just nods in reply, then stands up and heads for the door. Just as she starts to leave...

Dan Ryan: Wait, I didn't get to any of my Duce Jones jokes.

Ryan pauses, in thought -- then, shakes it off.

Dan Ryan: No no. Save some for next time...

Troy shakes her head, knowingly. Yep, just like old times.

Ryan gives her a little nod and a smirk as she turns and heads out.

Jimmy Allen vs. Scourge

Match

The picture returns to the arena just in time to see the lights in the arena dim as the opening notes of Mourning Ritual's "Bad Moon Rising" ring out in the arena. The aisle fills with smoke as a giant silhouette appears within it. As the smoke billows away, the monster known as Scourge walks methodically to the ring. Once he reaches the ring, he leaps from the floor to the apron, setting the posts ablaze. Stepping over the top rope, The Man Known as Scourge heads to his corner, an eerie calmness surrounding him as he waits for the bell.

Jim Gunt: Welcome back to another exciting ride on Evolution! The Wrestling Inspector seems to have big plans for CWF, but nobody is sure which and I for my part am not sure, if I am looking forward to them.

Mike Rolash: Also if you're just joining us, we're getting ready to kick off what is sure to be an exciting match pitting

Scourge, a man only known by nicknames and reputation against Jimmy Allen, a man who I honestly don't know if I'm supposed to be cheering on or rooting against. His moral compass has a history of being all kinds of wonky.

Jim Gunt: Right. Anyways, Jimmy has been on a recent uptick in momentum as of late, stockpiling some wins, and cashing them in during the Paramount Championship Grand Prix to capture gold. Scourge has had his fair share of triumphs and tribulations since coming to CWF but one thing is for sure, he has proven himself to be a force to be reckoned with.

"Cut the Cord" by Shindown rings out as if a beacon on a dark night. The Paramount Champion, Jimmy Allen walks slowly out onto the stage and pauses there getting a mixed reaction, mostly cheers now as opposed to previous weeks.

Mike Rolash: By the sounds of the crowd, Jimmy's journey to redemption has been working in his favor, seeming to have earned back some of the respect of the CWF universe.

Jim Gunt: It's all in the effort that Jimmy has been putting in after that falling out with Dorian almost a year ago at Wrestlefest. He's come a long way since then and in a short span has had more ups and downs in his first year in CWF than most roller coasters do. Jimmy has shown that he has what it takes to earn back the respect he lost after losing his way last year, and I can't wait to see what he has in store for the Paramount Championship.

Mike Rolash: It's because you share a first name isn't it?

The Paramount Champion smiles a little, seemingly absorbing the reactions to his presence and gaining energy from it. Sprinting towards the ring he leaps and dives under the bottom rope sliding to the center of the ring where he unstraps his championship and holds it high above his head, defiantly staring down Scourge.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen staring down The Alpha of the Omega, no fear shown by the champion as Ray Douglas gets ready to make the formal intros.

Ray gets into the middle of the ring and takes the spotlight.

Ray Douglas: Laaaaaadddddiiiiieessssss and gentlemen! The next match is scheduled for one fall!

He smiles as the crowd repeats the two words back to him. Ray of course is no Issac Foxx.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Parts Unknown, weighing in at 315 pounds. He is the Alpha of the Omega, the man known only as SCOURGE!

The fans react appropriately. Scourge for his part doesn't seem to care as his attentions are focused solely on Jimmy Allen who only returns the favor.

Ray Douglas: Next... Hailing from Dallas, Texas and weighing in at 227 pounds... He is our CWF Paramount Champion... "The Catalyst" Jimmy Allen!

The fans pop for Jimmy and he takes his eyes off of Scourge long enough to acknowledge them all with a slight nod of the head and a sly smile. In a staring contest against a sizable opponent though, this proves to be a mistake however, as Scourge uses the momentary distraction to run at Jimmy and completely bowl him over with a brutal shoulder tackle that sends Allen flying!

Mike Rolash: See? This is why you can't have fans. They are too distracting and cause you issues like this. More trouble than they're worth.

Jim Gunt: Is that why you don't have any Mike?

Mike Rolash: Exactly right.... HEY! That's not funny!

Jim snickers as Mike gets huffy. Inside the ring, Scourge has Jimmy picked back up onto his feet and is laying heavy

shots into the champion's midsection. With every blow, Jimmy tries to double over to protect himself, but Scourge won't let him. Every time Jimmy doubles over, Scourge pushes him roughly back up and repeats the process.

Jim Gunt: Yeesh, Scourge is just laying into Jimmy like an overenthusiastic chef with a meat tenderizer.

Mike Rolash: I keep telling people, don't make the big people angry. You won't like them when they are angry. Do people listen? No, and now look what happens. Meat tenderizing similies. Points for the meat tenderizer reference though, haven't heard that one in a while Jimbo.

After several moments, senior official Scott Dean is able to back Scourge up off of Jimmy, admonishing the big man for trapping Allen in the corner. Scourge looks to back off as Dean checks in on Jimmy, but the big man isn't finished and looks to splash both Scott Dean and Jimmy into the corner turnbuckle! Jimmy is able to snap to with enough time to push Dean out of the way, but barely, as Scourge barrels in, crushing Jimmy between himself and the turnbuckle padding! Jimmy crumbles to the mat as a result and as soon as Scott is back up on his feet he is once again in Scourge's face threatening a disqualification!

Jim Gunt: Wow, Jimmy Allen is taking a lot of punishment early on in this match and has yet to get up after shoving Scott Dean out of the way of certain destruction by an incensed Scourge!

Mike Rolash: Don't. Make. Big. People. Angry. I feel like this should be common knowledge, but no, everyone falls for this backwards mentality of, "the bigger they are, the harder they fall." No, it's the bigger they are, the harder they hit. And it isn't a matter of hoping to avoid the collision, it's a certainty that you're going to get hit. The serverity of that hit depends on how big of a pain you've been.

Jim Gunt: What exactly did Scott do that made Scourge angry then? He was only doing his job!

Mike Rolash: Simple Jimbo. He was in the way. Collateral damage and whatnot. Don't want to get burned by the fire? Stay out of the embers.

Back in the ring, Jimmy has rolled to the outside apron to collect himself, finally able to make it to his feet to see Scourge with his back to him. He steadies himself and nods in the direction between the two, leaping up onto the top rope! Scott sees him and shrugs his shoulders, pointing behind Scourge. The big man turns and Jimmy pounces smacking Scourge across the jaw with a springboard forearm!

Jim Gunt: Scorched Earth! I have to wonder if Jimmy hit that move to send a message to Scourge...

Mike Rolash: Did... Did Scott and Jimmy just work together? Not that it really matters...

As the focus once again turns to inside the ring, Jimmy rolls through with the momentum Scorched Earth brought with it and back to his feet, turning, expecting to find Scourge laid out. Instead, he is only met with one very angry looking Alpha of the Omegas. He cracks his jaw and smiles as Jimmy backs himself up into a corner. Thinking quick, the champion leaps up onto the second rope and leaps at Scourge.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen with a springboard from the second rope, looking for a tornado DDT!

Mike Rolash: Big man don't like puny flippy flippy moves. Big man squish tiny man with shiny belt like bug.

Jimmy tries to pull Scourge around with a headlock and is almost successful, but midway through, Scourge is able to stop the momentum of the champion and with an almighty roar, stands up straight, lifting Jimmy high above his head, looking to powerbomb the champion! Once again, quick to react, Jimmy lets out a couple of sharp jabs to the temple of Scourge, making the big man's grip falter ever so slightly. Taking advantage, Jimmy leaps off the shoulders of Scourge and manages to land deftly on top of the turnbuckle! The crowd's chant of, "Holy \$h!t" sums up just about everyone who witnessed the breathtaking evasion maneuver Jimmy is able to pull off.

Jim Gunt: The crowd seems to be fully behind the recently crowned Paramount Champion and who can blame them

after what we just witnessed?!

Mike Rolash: WHAT?! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

The crowd at this point is cheering for the champion with everything they have as Scourge lets out a roar that is only answered back by the cheers of the crowd. The Alpha of the Omegas turns around and Jimmy leaps, looking for a dropkick! Much to the crowd's displeasure though, Scourge swats the champion out of the air. The crowd gasps in unison with Gunt at ringside as, as soon as Jimmy hits the mat he bounces up and makes a mad dash for the ropes. Bouncing off, he only increases his momentum, hitting Scourge with a basement dropkick to the side of the knee! The crowd roars its approval as Jimmy once again goes to the apron, looking to end things with Scorched Earth! Scourge is ready this time though and catches Jimmy in mid-air, slamming him down to the mat with a press slam and staying on top for the pin! Scott slides in reluctantly for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH...

Jim Gunt: NO! Jimmy is able to get his shoulder up at the last millisecond and Scourge is not happy.

Mike Rolash: I really wish people would listen to me. Scott is going to get himself into trouble. Not just for getting in the way the first time. But... Was it just me or was there some hesitation in his count? Isn't he, the official of this match, more than anyone else here at ringside, supposed to be unbiased?

Jim can only shrug his shoulders as Scourge backs Scott up, yelling at him to do his job a bit more... Efficiently. Recovering quickly, Jimmy quickly launches himself at Scourge's knee he already started his attack on. Like a heat seeking missile, Jimmy makes contact with his target, hitting Scourge with a chop block that brings the big man down! Able to roll out of the way of the big man, "The Catalyst" lives up to his name, rousing the crowd into nothing less than a full riot as he ascends the top turnbuckle. With no hesitation he leaps off and flips through the air, connecting with Scourge's jaw with a picture perfect shooting star leg drop; a move he has deemed...

Jim Gunt: The Lone Star! Jimmy bounces up in the air and comes down, landing hard on the gut of Scourge with a moonsault! He makes the cover and Dean is there to make the count!

Mike Rolash: No hesitation this time I see...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: YES!

Mike Rolash: Uhm, no?

Sure enough, at the last possible second Scourge made got his foot up on the ropes! Scott apologizes to Jimmy for the three count and explains what happened. Jimmy nods in understanding and then goes back to work, using the bottom rope as a leaping point, jumping high into the air and bringing his full weight down on Scourge's leg!

Mike Rolash: HEY! That's illegal! DQ him Scott!

Jim Gunt: If the shoe was on the other foot wouldn't you be saying that it was a-ok as long as he wasn't caught?

Mike Rolash: Stop talking about shoes at a time like this Gunt! This match is turning into a travesty!

Jimmy takes advantage of Scott's hesitation and leaps into the air again and lands once again on the impacted knee of

Scourge, who is yelling out in pain. Finally Dean tells Jimmy that he has to stop. Jimmy nods in understanding and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TW...NO!

Jimmy is thrown off of Scourge with authority, but the Paramount Champion turns the momentum around for his benefit, landing on his feet and once again running for the ropes! Scourge is ready though and manages to push himself to his knees, and with a pain stricken roar, launches himself at Jimmy and connects with a bone breaking spear! Both men are down, neither moving as Scott is forced to begin his count.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Scott Dean has begun counting out both Jimmy Allen and Scourge, and look who is coming down to ringside, Mike!

Mike Rolash: What the hell does Silas want?

Jim Gunt: Hmmm...it would actually appear he's going to join us at ringside, Mike.

A smiling Silas Artoria places his cane on the announce table, nodding at both Mike and Jim as he joins them at ringside.

Silas Artoria: Gentlemen.

Scourge is the first to make it to roll to his side, gingerly testing his knee out to see how much weight he can put on it. Getting to his feet, he tests his footing, wincing slightly as he hobbles his way to Jimmy. For his part, Allen is using the ropes to get to his feet, his knees shaking as he tries to clear his head even as he sees Silas at ringside. Seeing Scourge approach Jimmy doesn't waste any time as he spins and connects with a roaring elbow right to the side of Scourge's jaw! Scourge crumbles to the ground as Jimmy goes for the cover.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Texas Heat! Jimmy can hit that elbow from anywhere it has KO'd some heavy hitters in the past! What was that about not hitting "the big man" back Mikey boy?

TWO!

Mike Rolash: You don't do it. Unless of course you have the official in you back pocket, helping you along the way. Then you might have a fair shot.

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Case in point.

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall - The Catalyst - JIMMY ALLEN!!

Face To Face

Match

With Silas still sitting with the commentary team, Jimmy glances his way and smiles at the smirk coming from Silas. The latter begins to clap, albeit slowly; a gesture Jimmy appears to ignore at first but then turns around and marches straight up to the announce position. He stops short as security starts to come out and instead asks for a microphone. Once he's provided one he sets to work calming the fears of Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash.

Jimmy Allen: No worries gentlemen, I'm not going to wreck your announce table or cause the security team in any

unnecessary stress.

Silas glances the two members of commentary.

Silas Artoria: Such a good man, isn't he?

He turns back to see Jimmy focusing on Silas, the smug self-confident expression clear as daylight.

Jimmy Allen: Artoria, you've had a lot to say about me recently but never to me. You've got a problem with the way I won this title. You've had a problem with me since day one when I walked through those doors.

He pauses a moment to gauge the reaction, the smug expression never falters.

Jimmy Allen: You want to hang an asterisk by my name? Do you want to belittle my accomplishments? I don't think so scooter. I'm not hard to find Silas, you want a shot at this?

Jimmy holds up the Paramount Title and the crowd explodes.

Jimmy Allen: All you have to do is walk into Stewart's office and sign the open contract that he received from me this morning.

The crowd erupts again as Jimmy lowers the microphone and waits for a response from Silas. The aristocrat gestures his hand, and without saying a word, asks Jimmy for the microphone. Some hesitation, though Jimmy soon acquiesces. Three taps, just to see it is working.

Silas Artoria: Jimmy, Jimmy. You're jumping the gun a little bit, aren't you?

He stands up from the commentary table and carefully paces himself around Jimmy, not making eye contact and instead focusing on his words.

Silas Artoria: If I had a problem with you personally, I doubt this would've been one of our first encounters with each other. We're men, not boys, and as such we are cut from some of the same cloth.

He turns on his heels to face Jimmy.

Silas Artoria: We were different people last year, and it wouldn't be much of a stretch to say that the two of us are making amendments for our past mistakes. And one of those mistakes includes a stained record that we both possess. Don't believe me? Observe.

He turns to the audience.

Silas Artoria: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, please tell me, what do you remember from the Paramount Grand Prix finals?

He politely gestures Jimmy.

Silas Artoria: Do you remember Jimmy Allen winning the ivory strap?

A very vocal and warm response comes from the crowd, something that even Silas looks delighted in hearing.

Silas Artoria: Or do you remember the so-called "Wrestling Inspector" botching his one job and insulting you all for responding negatively to him?

With almost the same volume, if not louder, the audience bellow down their thoughts on the matter. The booes are loud enough to shake the foundation, and it's clear the volume caught Jimmy Allen off guard.

Silas returns his look to then.

Silas Artoria: You hear that, Jimmy? That's the sound of the crowd thinking different to the narrative you've spun in your head. You may not remember the time during the match when that referee ignored the signs that I was pinning

you, but everyone else remembers.

Beat.

Silas Artoria: This isn't just about the Paramount Title. This is about you and I more than anything.

Jimmy Allen: Then get your ass to Stewart's office and sign the damn contract! I could go right now!

Silas lightly chuckles at the demand.

Silas Artoria: Don't you worry. We will face each other at Vertigo, I can assure that.

Silas starts to walk up the ramp with a sense of smug satisfaction emanating from him, as Jimmy glares at the Canadian. He reaches to top of the ramp, then stops.

Silas Artoria: This argument is going to end, but the final hurdle for the two of us will be of my making.

He glances back.

Silas Artoria: Sleep on that. Until next time, sweet Jimmy!

He turns back around, and vanishes behind the curtain.

Dan Ryan (c) & Ataxia vs. Duce Jones & The Shadow

Match

As a slightly confounded Jimmy Allen makes his way up the ramp, Jim and Mike are ready to go for the final match of the evening.

Jim Gunt: So I guess we will have ourselves a Paramount title match at Vertigo, but I am not sure what Silas meant with "the final hurdle being of his making?"

Mike Rolash: I'd assume he's going to come up with the stipulation or something? I don't know, I stopped trying to understand that guy.

Jim Gunt: Kind of understandable, yes. But enough of him, we have one more big fish to fry tonight!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team match is YOUR MAIN EVENT!

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins plays.

Ray Douglas: Hailing from Houston, Texas, weighing in at three hundred five pounds! He is YOUR CWF World Champion! DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!

When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyros blast behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, his ascent up the CWF roster as he dominated the Modern Warfare tournament, Tiger Suplexing Ataxia off stage, smirking as he stands over a fallen Duce Jones with the newly won CWF World Title over his shoulder.

Jim Gunt: You can tell from Dan Ryan's recent promo, that he's not happy about teaming with Ataxia here tonight.

Mike Rolash: I don't blame the Ego Buster one bit. If you ask me, he shouldn't have even been placed in this matchup. Let alone teaming up with the Bagged Face Lunatic.

Finally the Ego Buster makes his way out from behind the curtain, the CWF World Title draped over his shoulder as he stands at the center of the stage, soaking in all the boos coming from the CWF faithful. The Ego Buster pats the belt confidently, nodding his head as he struts his way down the ramp walking right past the few fans that have their hands out for him. Sliding inside of the ring, he heads towards a corner and climbs to the second ropes to display the championship belt off to the booing fans. The lights begin to flicker as Ryan can be seen, annoyingly turning his

attention towards the stage as we here this over the PA system...

“AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

“Dangerous Tonight” by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia enters the arena wearing his cloak of raven feathers, top hat, cane and raven mask over his usual bag like mask.

Ray Douglas: His partner, making his way to the ring, from Parts Unknown! He is the “Messiah Pariah”... ATAXXXXIAAAA!

Ataxia spins the cane around and walks right past the booing fans to the ringside area. Climbing up to the apron and stepping through the ropes, Ataxia comes fairly close to Dan Ryan before cackling like a maniac, which promptly forces Dan to shove him backwards. The laughter still resounding throughout the arena.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia always up for some mind games!

Mike Rolash: And to think, he's only Dan Ryan's tag team partner tonight, imaging what the opposing team will have to go through...

The New Mexico fans are buzzing, but soon turn to a mixture of boos and cheers as a voice begins to speak through the PA system.

“And the whole world loves it when you sing the blues... Da. Da.. Da. Da. Da.. Da....”

The opening sounds of “Godspeed” by Don Trip begins to play as the stage begins filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones, along with Byson Kaliban slowly emerges through the fog, instantly inciting boos from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, first making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Byson Kaliban! Weighing in at two hundred fifteen pounds! From Memphis, Tennessee... DUCE JONES!

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones ignores the abuse that the fans are giving, as he soon makes it to ringside. Climbing onto the apron, Duce goes to the corner to his right, climbing onto the second rope and peering out into the crowd. Finally done, he jumps over the top rope, landing inside of the ring and removes his hooded vest. He takes a moment to adjust his protective mask as he prepares for action. Meanwhile Kaliban takes up position in Duce's designated corner.

Jim Gunt: What a challenge, laid out by Jones earlier tonight, opting for an I Quit Match at Vertigo.

Mike Rolash: Whoop-dee-doo! Byson and Pops better start making funeral arrangements.

The lights go out and the intro to “Wield Lightning to Split The Sun” by Primordial begins to play. Close up images of flickering torches appear on the CWF Tron and the ramp down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: His partner, being accompanied Myfanwy verch Owain! From Calgary, Alberta, Canada, weighing in at two hundred thirty pounds! THE SHADOW!

As the main riff kicks in, The Shadow and Myfanwy step through the curtains, cold, blue light illuminating wafting fog. Clad in their hooded robes, they silently stand there until the lights go off again for a moment. When they come back on, they are in the ring, as stoic and unmoving as before.

Jim Gunt: Here's the former World Champion and we are set to kick off yet another mix matched pairing as these two teams are far from the best of friends.

Mike Rolash: All I know is that, Dan Ryan is about to bust some egos here tonight!

Ryan and Jones look set to start things off as both Ataxia and The Shadow move to the apron. Senior official, Trent Robbins is on the job as he calls for the bell and both competitors begin to circle the ring. As they come full circle, Ryan

slaps the chest of Ataxia, telling him to get inside of the ring as Jones shakes his head. With a sadistic smirk covering his bagged face, Ataxia enters the ring as now him and Jones begin to circle each other like lions. Coming full circle again, Ataxia slaps the chest of Ryan saying he'll pass. A frustrated Jones has had enough himself as he tags in The Shadow, apparently fed up with the games.

Jim Gunt: Well it seems no one wants to get things kicked off, but now the former and current World Champ meet in the center of the ring with a tie-up. Ryan with a side headlock, but Shadow quickly shoots him off to the ropes. Ryan with a shoulder block, dropping him to the canvas!

Mike Rolash: The power of Ryan is amazing and the fact that he's a great technician to boot.

Standing over the downed body of The Shadow, Ryan races towards the ropes and rebounds as The Shadow rolls to his stomach. Running over top of him, Ryan rebounds off the opposite ropes and catches a leap frogging Shadow out of the air and slams him into the mat with a Spinebuster! Rising up off of the prone body of The Shadow, with a smirk on his face, Ryan gets to his feet. With a fistful of his hair, Ryan throws him into his team's corner and slaps the Bagman across the face making the tag!

Jim Gunt: No love lost between these two.

Mike Rolash: Serves him right.

Blowing a kiss in the direction of Ryan as both men enter and exit the ring. Bringing The Shadow out of the corner, Ataxia snapmares him to the canvas, before kicking him hard across the spine. Seizing up, The Shadow is brought back to his feet by Tax who connects with a hard kick to his chest, backing him into the ropes. Shooting him across, the Messiah Pariah ducks down for a back body drop. Stopping in his tracks, the Weaver of Dreams drops to his back and backhands Ataxia across the face! The crowd responding in unison!

"HAI FRAND!"

Jim Gunt: The Shadow able to connect with a signature move of Ataxia and now he has to get Jones in the ring, to give himself some rest.

Mike Rolash: I'm conflicted in my feelings of the events that are occurring right now.

Gunt rolls his eyes at Rolash as back inside of the ring, The Shadow has tagged out to Jones, who enters the ring and drops the rising Bagman back to the canvas with a clothesline. Bringing him back up, Jones hooks him for a vertical suplex, bringing him up, Jones quickly throws him forward for a gourdbuster, catching Ataxia with a knee to the face as he falls to the mat. He drops down on top, going for the first cover of the match but the Bagman is able to kick out at one! Sitting next to the body of Ataxia, Duce finds a camera and shrugs his shoulders.

Mike Rolash: That's blatant disrespect to Johnny Graves by Duce, I swear he's on the road to beatdown after beatdown after beatdown, these next few weeks.

Jim Gunt: So Duce is back on your bad side now?

Mike Rolash: He shouldn't have called me out.

Inside of the ring, Jones connects with a forearm to the face of Ataxia as he stumbles towards The Shadow. Making the tag Jones takes Tax over with a snapmare, rebounds off the ropes and nails him with a knee smash, springing off the ropes, The Shadow drives his fist into the face of the Messiah Pariah, going for the cover soon after.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Ataxia as the Weaver of Dreams brings him back up and connects with a scoop slam, followed by a knee

drop. Going for the cover once more but getting a count two. Bringing him back up, The Shadow takes him back to his team's corner and tags Duce back into the contest.

Jim Gunt: And who would've thought these two would be working this well as a team. But giving the fact that they are both former tag team champions. It may just come natural.

Mike Rolash: Well they're doing the right thing, keeping the champ out of the match. Because it would be over in three seconds!

Keeping Ataxia pinned in the corner, Jones unleashes fury with his punch and chop combination as Ataxia appears to be out on his feet. He suddenly pushes Jones off of him, and shoots out of the corner like a rocket blasting him with a hard kick to the chest that sits Jones down on his ass. A headbutt to an unsuspecting Shadow sends him flying off the apron! Turning his attention back to a seated and stunned Jones, he charges forward and leaps up stomping the shoulders of Jones hard back to the canvas. With an angered expression across his face, Ataxia is back to his feet, making a beeline towards his team's corner and connects with a running claymore kick to the face of Ryan sending him crashing off the apron!

Mike Rolash: Was that a tag?

Robbins claps his hands together.

Jim Gunt: I guess it was, but Ataxia isn't done yet.

Stepping to the apron, Ataxia runs at a rising Ryan and flips off the apron with a cannonball senton! But the Ego Buster catches him and is looking to Powerbomb him on the barricade, but Ataxia wiggles free falling behind Ryan. However before they are able to come to blows they are taken out by double suicide dives from both Jones and The Shadow as the New Mexico fans erupt into cheers! With the help of The Shadow, both men roll Ryan into the ring as Jones soon follows suit. Shooting the half, Jones goes for the pin as Ataxia is there to stop the count, pulling the leg of Jones and connects with an elbow to Ryan!

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, the Messiah Pariah... Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: What is he doing?

Jones is back to his feet and confronting Ataxia. With a smirk, Ataxia nails Jones with a forearm that rocks him backwards towards the ropes, looking to whip him across, Jones reverses with and pulls Ataxia back in, connecting with a hard kick to the chest, spinning around with a back fist, Jones drops him to a kneeling position with a kick to the leg, D-TRI-NO! SUPERKICK FROM RYAN SENDING JONES THROUGH THE ROPES! SUPERKICK TO A KNEELING ATAXIA! HAMMER OF THE GODS BY THE SHADOW TO RYAN!

Jim Gunt: What a sequence of moves from these men and I'm not sure what the outcome is gonna be!

Mike Rolash: The Shadow looks to wanna get him some of Tax as he's pummeling him with fist to the face.

Byson can be seen rushing to check on his brother as back inside of the ring The Shadow and Ataxia have battled back to their feet. Gaining the upper hand, the Weaver of Dreams whips Ataxia hard into a corner, following behind, Ataxia quickly ducks underneath the charging Shadow, hooking him for a rear waistlock and spins himself and the Shadow backwards towards the corner.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia looking to send The Shadow to ER Stat, but it's the Weaver of Dreams with the block. DAN RYAN CRUSHING BOTH MEN IN THE CORNER WITH A HUGE SPLASH!

Mike Rolash: Here comes Duce tryna sneak in!

Charging in at Ryan proves to be a big mistake as Dan doubles him over with a back kick! Spinning around quickly, he hooks Jones for the Humility Bomb! Soon lifting him up onto his shoulders!

Mike Rolash: Thank you for coming ladies and gentlemen...

As Ryan lays out, Jones somehow managed to land on his feet. Just as Ryan rises, Jones fires off with a D-TRIGGA! Ryan's eyes roll to the back of his head as we slumps to the canvas, Jones quickly shooting the half and going for the pin as Robbins is over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Silence rings throughout The Pit as Robbins calls for the bell. Hurriedly Jones rolls off of Ryan in a bit of shock and disbelief himself. But that soon fades as it's now replaced by a smirk.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners via pinfall! THE SHADOW AND DUCE JONES!

Mike Rolash: What the hell just happened? There's no way he couldn't have kicked out of that!

Jim Gunt: I don't know Mike, but Ryan appears to be knocked out and look at the expression on Jones' face. Something's not right here...

On the outside Ataxia and The Shadow could care less about the outcome at the two men battle up and over the barricade and into the New Mexican crowd. Inside the ring, Jones rolls under the bottom rope, meeting up with Kaliban but also walking with a noticeable limp.

Mike Rolash: Hey! Why is he walking like that? No one worked his leg over!

Jim Gunt: His knee does look a bit larger than usual!

As both Jones and Kaliban make their way up the aisle, they watch the screen as Trent checks on an unconscious Dan Ryan. Soon Duce reaches into his right knee pads, pulling out a thick chain and hands it to Byson, who casually tucks it away in his inner pocket of his suit.

Mike Rolash: What was that? Hey ref, he cheated!

Jim Gunt: Seems as if Jones had a few tricks up his sleeve.

Mike Rolash: No... No... this can not fly!

Standing at the top of the ramp, Jones and Kaliban raise both of their fists in the air in triumph as "Godspeed" plays though the arena.

Mike Rolash: No way this show is gonna end like this! Ryan was about to put Jones away fair and square but with the distraction if everything else going on, he was cheated out of a victory!

Jim Gunt: Well all I can say is that this has indeed added for feul to the fire as we carry on down the road to Vertigo. Join us next week for Evolution 47 as we come to you life from Colorado Springs! Good evening everyone!

Ryan is seen coming to as he rubs his head a bit, staring up at the two brothers. With the help of Robbins, he's back to his feet, rubbing his head and smirking in the direction of Jones. The show soon fading out on that image.

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