Infernalia: Infernalia — Ep. 13 - Point of No Return

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: October 2, 2026
Location: Mercedes-Benz Arena — Berlin, Germany

Results

Point of No Return

Segment

There is no opening montage.

No highlight reel.

No voice-over.

No music.

The screen is simply black.

For several seconds, there is nothing but silence.

Then...

A bell.

One single, distant ring.

Another.

And another.

The sound of the bell continues as the black screen slowly begins to give way to an aerial shot of Berlin at night.

The city stretches beneath a cold October sky, its streets illuminated by headlights, storefronts and the glow of buildings that have stood long before the arrival of Championship Wrestling Federation.

The camera moves.

Past the traffic.

Past the people walking through the streets.

Past the signs directing thousands of people toward one destination.

Mercedes-Benz Arena.

The camera closes in.

Outside the arena, CWF fans are already packed around the entrances.

There are children wearing CWF championship replica belts.

Old fans wearing shirts from events that happened fifteen, twenty, even twenty-six years ago.

There are homemade signs everywhere.

"DANNY B VS CALEDONIA — I QUIT"

"LAST CALL — DECEMBER 11"

"26 YEARS"

"CWF FOREVER"

And, near one of the entrances, a much smaller sign.

"HOW MANY MORE?"

The camera lingers on it.

Then moves inside.

The Mercedes-Benz Arena is packed.

Not filling up.

Packed.

The noise is already enormous.

Thousands of voices echo through the building as the camera sweeps across the audience, taking in signs, championship belts, CWF merchandise and fans who have clearly come here knowing that this is not simply another Friday night.

At the far end of the arena sits the familiar CWF stage.

The massive screen is black.

Then a single line of white text appears.

CWF

Another line fades in beneath it.

INFERNALIA

Then...

EPISODE 13

The crowd erupts.

The final line appears.

POINT OF NO RETURN

The opening chords of the CWF theme finally hit.

Pyrotechnics explode across the stage.

The Mercedes-Benz Arena comes completely unglued.

The camera cuts to ringside.

Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are seated at the commentary desk.

Jim is already looking toward the ring, his expression unusually serious as the camera finds him.

Mike, meanwhile, slowly looks around the building.

He takes in the crowd.

He looks toward the stage.

Then he looks down at the desk.

He exhales.

Jim Gunt: "Berlin, Germany... welcome to CWF Infernalia."

The crowd answers with a deafening roar.

Mike Rolash: "Twenty-six years, Jim."

Jim turns slightly toward him.

Mike Rolash: "Twenty-six years of this."

Mike gestures toward the arena.

Mike Rolash: "And somehow, after all this time, I'm still getting goosebumps when that music hits."

Jim Gunt: "I didn't think I'd ever hear you admit that."

Mike Rolash: "I didn't say I was happy about it."

Jim allows himself a brief smile.

Jim Gunt: "This is CWF Infernalia, Episode 13. We are live from the Mercedes-Benz Arena in Berlin, Germany, and tonight... the road to Crossing Lines gets considerably shorter."

The camera cuts from the desk to the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Two weeks ago, we were in Amsterdam for Infernalia 12, and if you watched that night, you saw the landscape of this company begin to change."

The screen behind the ring comes alive.

Images from Infernalia 12 begin appearing.

Christian Patrick hanging the Chaos Championship from above him.

Caledonia standing victorious after the Fall From Grace.

The Regulators raising their Tag Team Championships.

Dean and Seth Moxley standing at the top of the entrance ramp.

The camera returns to Jim and Mike.

Jim Gunt: "Christian Patrick became the CWF Chaos Champion in one of the strangest championship matches we've ever seen. Caledonia continued her momentum toward the biggest match of her career. And Adam Hansen and Lex Collins retained the CWF Tag Team Championships..."

Mike Rolash: "...before discovering that Fire & Ice had apparently decided they wanted to introduce themselves to the champions."

Jim Gunt: "Dean and Seth Moxley made quite an impression."

Mike Rolash: "That's a polite way of putting it."

Jim Gunt: "And tonight, we'll find out exactly how serious they are."

The screen changes.

TONIGHT

LEX COLLINS & ???

VS.

FIRE & ICE

DEAN & SETH MOXLEY

Mike Rolash: "The interesting part is that Lex Collins knows exactly what Fire & Ice are capable of now."

Jim Gunt: "The less interesting part is that we don't yet know who will be standing beside Lex."

Mike Rolash: "Maybe Adam Hansen."

Jim Gunt: "Maybe."

Mike Rolash: "Maybe one of the other Regulators."

Jim Gunt: "Maybe."

Mike Rolash: "Maybe Lex has finally realized that friendship is overrated and he's just bringing a chair."

Jim looks over at him.

Jim Gunt: "Mike."

Mike Rolash: "I'm brainstorming."

The graphic disappears.

Another appears.

CHRISTIAN PATRICK © & MARK CARLTON

VS.

ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS & LOKI SYNN

Jim Gunt: "And Christian Patrick won't have much time to celebrate becoming Chaos Champion. Tonight, he teams with Mark Carlton against Esmeralda von Krauss and Loki Synn."

Mike Rolash: "That's a wonderful combination of people who absolutely do not belong in a happy family photograph."

Jim Gunt: "Especially with Loki Synn involved."

Mike Rolash: "And especially with Mark Carlton involved."

Mike leans toward his microphone.

Mike Rolash: "Those two have been circling each other for weeks."

Jim Gunt: "Which is why I'm not sure that match is going to stay four people for very long."

The crowd reacts.

Mike Rolash: "There you go. That's why they pay you the big bucks."

Jim Gunt: "They don't."

Mike Rolash: "That's why they should."

The next graphic appears.

"THE PEACOCK KING" JARED HOLMES ©

VS.

DANGEROUS DAN

Jim Gunt: "The Paramount Championship is also on the line tonight."

Mike Rolash: "Jared Holmes has had quite a ride since winning that championship."

Jim Gunt: "And tonight he faces Dangerous Dan."

Mike Rolash: "A former Paramount Champion who just lost to Caledonia."

Jim Gunt: "Which means Dan has something to prove."

Mike Rolash: "Everyone has something to prove now, Jim."

Mike's tone becomes slightly more serious.

Mike Rolash: "That's the part that's different."

Jim nods.

Mike Rolash: "A couple months ago, you could lose tonight and tell yourself there was always another show. Another month. Another opportunity."

Mike looks toward the ring.

Mike Rolash: "Now?"

He pauses.

Mike Rolash: "December is sitting there."

The crowd reacts.

Jim doesn't interrupt him.

Mike Rolash: "And everybody knows it."

The screen goes black.

Then one final graphic appears.

CROSSING LINES

OCTOBER 16

THE O2 ARENA

LONDON, ENGLAND

The crowd reacts loudly.

Jim Gunt: "Two weeks from tonight, CWF presents Crossing Lines from the O2 Arena in London."

Mike Rolash: "And we've already got one match that everybody is talking about."

The screen changes.

CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

"THE RIPPER" DANNY B

VS.

CALEDONIA

I QUIT MATCH

The crowd erupts.

Jim Gunt: "Danny B. Caledonia. The CWF World Heavyweight Championship. I Quit."

Mike Rolash: "That's not a championship match, Jim."

Jim Gunt: "It is."

Mike Rolash: "No. That's an argument with a championship belt sitting nearby."

Jim Gunt: "Whatever you want to call it, these two competitors have reached a point where one of them is going to have to say the words."

Mike Rolash: "And Caledonia has spent weeks earning the right to ask Danny B that question."

Jim Gunt: "While Danny B has spent weeks proving exactly why he's still the champion."

The graphic remains on screen.

Jim Gunt: "But that's only one piece of what Crossing Lines is becoming."

The graphic fades.

Mike Rolash: "That's the thing."

Mike looks toward Jim.

Mike Rolash: "We don't know everything that's coming yet."

Jim Gunt: "We don't."

Mike Rolash: "But we know the Tag Team Championship situation is getting uglier."

Jim Gunt: "We've seen The Regulators, The Unstoppable Force, Danger Boiz and Fire & Ice all moving toward the same destination."

Mike Rolash: "And apparently there may be one more team waiting to get involved."

Jim Gunt: "We've also seen the tension between Mark Carlton and Loki Synn reach a point where a confrontation at Crossing Lines is becoming increasingly difficult to avoid."

Mike Rolash: "And after what happened between Christian Patrick and Paul Freedom, I don't think Paul is going to quietly accept that Christian is carrying that Chaos Championship into London."

Jim Gunt: "Those situations will continue to develop."

Mike Rolash: "And that's the key word tonight."

Mike points toward the ring.

Mike Rolash: "Develop."

Jim Gunt: "Because we are not at Crossing Lines yet."

Mike Rolash: "No."

Mike looks back toward the giant screen.

Mike Rolash: "We're two weeks away."

The arena begins to quiet.

Jim Gunt: "And we're exactly ten weeks away from December 11th."

The crowd reaction changes.

There is cheering, but beneath it is something more complicated.

The screen turns black.

White lettering appears.

DECEMBER 11, 2026

Another line.

CWF LAST CALL

And then:

THE FINAL CWF EVENT

The crowd erupts.

Jim allows several seconds to pass before speaking.

Jim Gunt: "Jaiden Rishel made that announcement several weeks ago."

The screen shows an image of Jaiden Rishel from the announcement.

Jim Gunt: "December 11th will be Last Call. The final announced event in the twenty-six-year history of Championship Wrestling Federation."

The image fades.

Jim Gunt: "That means something very simple."

Jim looks directly into the camera.

Jim Gunt: "There aren't endless tomorrows anymore."

Mike sits quietly for a moment.

Mike Rolash: "That's a strange sentence to hear in wrestling."

Jim Gunt: "It is."

Mike Rolash: "Because wrestling has always been about tomorrow."

He looks toward the ring.

Mike Rolash: "Next week."

He looks toward the entrance.

Mike Rolash: "Next month."

He looks toward the camera.

Mike Rolash: "Next year."

Mike slowly shakes his head.

Mike Rolash: "CWF doesn't have that luxury anymore."

The crowd grows louder.

Jim Gunt: "But there is still tonight."

The camera cuts across the audience.

Fans are on their feet.

One woman holds a sign that reads:

"MAKE EVERY ONE COUNT."

Jim Gunt: "There is still Berlin."

Mike Rolash: "There is still London."

Jim Gunt: "There is still Crossing Lines."

Mike Rolash: "There is still Last Call."

Jim Gunt: "And there are still championships to defend, grudges to settle and careers to define."

The camera returns to the ring.

Mike Rolash: "So maybe this is the point where everybody stops waiting for tomorrow."

Jim Gunt: "Maybe."

Mike Rolash: "Maybe this is the point where everybody realizes that every opportunity left is an opportunity they may never get again."

Jim looks toward Mike.

Jim Gunt: "That's why tonight is called Point of No Return."

The CWF logo appears across the screen.

Jim Gunt: "Because from this point forward..."

The lights in the Mercedes-Benz Arena drop.

The crowd roars.

Jim Gunt: "...there is no going back."

The opening pyro explodes again.

The camera sweeps across the enormous Berlin crowd before settling on the CWF ring.

Jim Gunt: "For twenty-six years, Championship Wrestling Federation has asked its competitors one question..."

The CWF logo fades.

Jim Gunt: "How badly do you want it?"

Mike smiles.

Mike Rolash: "Tonight, Jim..."

He looks toward the ring.

Mike Rolash: "We're going to find out."

The CWF theme swells.

The camera cuts to the entranceway as the first competitor prepares to make his way to the ring.

CWF INFERNALIA — EPISODE 13

POINT OF NO RETURN

And in Berlin, the final stretch begins.

Tyler Anderson Answers Fire & Ice's Challenge

Segment

The scene opens up with Tyler sitting down, and looking at the camera as he answers the tag team challenge made by

Seth Moxley.

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "Seth Moxley laid out a tag team challenge against Billy and me. We are friends with them, and friends do face off in the ring. I talked it over with Roman and Billy. The answer to your challenge Seth is yes we accept your tag team challenge. We will find out which tag team is the best Fire & Ice (Seth and Dean Moxley_ or the Unstoppable Force (Billy and me). Seth and Dean you better be ready to take on Billy and me, and it won't be a walk in the park as it can go either way as we will be ready to show you two that we are the team that is on top now."

He got up, and walks off toward the Unstoppable Force's locker room to watch Billy's match against Paul Freedom with his baby sister Dakota.

Billy Anderson vs. Magik The Gatherer vs. Paul Freedom!

Match

The camera returns from the opening pyro to the CWF ring as the Mercedes-Benz Arena remains alive with noise. The opening match graphic hangs above the entranceway while Joey Garcia stands in the center of the ring, microphone in hand.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a Triple Threat Match scheduled for one fall!"

The crowd responds.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first..."

The lights drop.

The opening notes of "Don't You Wish You Were Me?" hit the Mercedes-Benz Arena.

Billy Anderson steps onto the stage.

There is no smile.

There is no playing to the audience.

Billy simply stands beneath the lights, staring toward the ring with the cold expression that has become increasingly familiar since his transformation. He slowly raises one arm before beginning his walk toward the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Billy Anderson has changed, Mike. There's no question about that."

Mike Rolash: "Changed? Jim, the man used to come out here looking like he wanted to win a wrestling match."

Billy slides underneath the bottom rope and rises to his feet.

Mike Rolash: "Now he looks like he wants to win an argument with God."

Billy climbs the turnbuckles and looks out across the crowd before dropping down and pacing the ring.

Joey Garcia: "From Rincon, Georgia, weighing in at two hundred twenty-five pounds... BILLY ANDERSON!"

Billy's music fades.

The arena lights suddenly fall into deep violet.

Thousands of holographic cards begin flickering throughout the Mercedes-Benz Arena, dancing through the air like fragments of another reality. Strange silhouettes of creatures appear and vanish around the entranceway as a distorted orchestral sound blends with electronic tones.

Magik The Gatherer emerges carrying the illuminated deck chained around her waist.

Blind Ambition follows behind her, the glowing soundwave patterns moving across their visor.

Magik pauses halfway down the ramp and draws one holographic card from her deck.

She looks at it.

Then looks at Billy.

She smiles.

Jim Gunt: "And Magik The Gatherer is certainly not going to approach this match the way most competitors would."

Mike Rolash: "I've been trying to figure out what her strategy is."

Jim Gunt: "Have you?"

Mike Rolash: "No."

Magik slides into the ring and immediately backs into her corner, eyes never leaving Billy.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponent..."

The arena goes dark.

The opening guitar of Less Than Jake's "Help Save the Youth of America From Exploding" hits.

The screen displays flashes of Paul's career: his earliest appearances, the ridiculous cheetah-print hairstyle, aerial maneuvers, spectacular crashes, victories, defeats and increasingly violent battles.

Paul Freedom bursts through the curtain.

He stops.

Looks around.

Looks toward the ring.

Looks back at the screen.

Then he closes his eyes and shakes his head.

Whatever internal pep talk he has apparently given himself seems to work.

Paul suddenly sprints down the ramp.

He slides underneath the bottom rope and immediately gets to his feet, throwing both hands into the air.

He points toward the crowd.

Then toward Billy.

Then toward Magik.

Then realizes there are two opponents.

He shrugs.

Mike Rolash: "There's Paul Freedom."

Jim Gunt: "The Asterisk."

Mike Rolash: "The only man I know who can enter a Triple Threat and still somehow look surprised that there are three people in it."

Paul offers Billy a handshake.

Billy stares at it.

Paul slowly withdraws his hand.

He offers Magik one instead.

Magik looks at his hand.

Then at him.

Then produces a glowing holographic card from somewhere and holds it between them.

Paul looks at the card.

He looks at Magik.

He nods as though this makes perfect sense.

Mike Rolash: "I have no idea what just happened."

Jim Gunt: "Neither does Paul."

Joey Garcia steps toward the center of the ring.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponent, from Boston, Massachusetts, weighing in at one hundred ninety-five pounds... PAUL FREEDOM!"

Paul raises both hands.

The bell rings.

Paul immediately drops into a wrestling stance.

Billy charges.

Paul ducks.

Billy's clothesline misses and Paul immediately hits a drop toe hold, sending Billy face-first toward the canvas.

Paul pops back up.

He looks at the crowd.

He taps his temple twice.

Mike Rolash: "He thinks that was clever."

Jim Gunt: "It was."

Mike Rolash: "That's the problem."

Magik attacks from behind.

Paul barely avoids a spinning heel kick and Magik's foot cuts through empty air.

Paul ducks beneath her next strike, rolls between her legs and comes up behind her.

He immediately attempts a schoolboy.

Magik kicks out at one.

Paul rolls backward.

Billy catches him.

Checkmate.

The spinning bulldog plants Paul into the canvas.

Billy hooks the leg.

Magik breaks the count at two.

Billy sits up, irritated.

Magik fires a rapid series of palm strikes into Billy's chest and face, driving him backward. She finishes with a spinning heel kick that catches him across the jaw.

Billy stumbles.

Magik rebounds off the ropes.

Chimera Rush.

She repeatedly rebounds before driving a twisting knee into Billy.

Billy drops to one knee.

Magik attempts to follow with another strike.

Billy catches her.

Georgia Rip.

The superkick catches Magik flush.

She collapses.

Jim Gunt: "That was a beautiful counter by Billy Anderson!"

Mike Rolash: "Beautiful isn't the word I'd use."

Billy turns toward Paul.

Paul is already climbing the ropes.

He flashes the crowd the double peace signs.

Jim Gunt: "Oh, no."

Mike Rolash: "There it is."

Paul launches.

Svoboda Special.

The cartwheel into a moonsault suicida sends Paul crashing into Billy.

Both men tumble across the floor.

The crowd erupts.

Magik slowly begins to stir inside the ring.

Paul gets back to his feet first.

He rolls into the ring.

Magik catches him with a running meteora.

Paul folds backward.

Magik follows with Deck Collapse, trapping Paul in the corner and unloading strikes from multiple angles.

Paul covers his head.

Magik steps back.

She draws a glowing card.

Mike Rolash: "I don't like the look of that."

Draw Phase.

She suddenly snaps forward with the roundhouse.

Paul ducks.

Magik's kick misses.

Paul immediately grabs her from behind.

Schoolboy.

ONE!

TWO!

Magik kicks out.

Paul rolls through.

Magik tries to rise.

Paul catches her with a bulldog.

He pops up.

Billy is back in the ring.

Billy charges.

Paul moves.

Billy stops himself before crashing into Magik.

Paul springs off the ropes.

Paul Flip.

He runs up Billy's torso and flips backward off his chest.

Billy staggers.

Paul lands on his feet.

The crowd explodes.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom is throwing everything he has at Billy Anderson!"

Mike Rolash: "And somehow none of it has killed him yet!"

Billy turns.

Georgia Ice.

Billy climbs.

He launches.

Phoenix Splash.

Paul rolls away at the last possible instant.

Billy crashes hard.

Paul grabs his leg.

He pulls Billy toward the corner.

Paul climbs.

The Mercedes-Benz Arena rises with him.

He gives the double peace signs.

But Billy is already moving.

Billy gets to his feet and grabs Paul by the ankle.

He yanks.

Paul crashes onto the top turnbuckle.

Billy climbs after him.

The two men trade punches.

Magik suddenly appears beneath them.

She grabs Billy's leg.

Billy kicks downward.

Magik falls away.

Paul uses the opening.

Headbutt.

Billy reels.

Paul jumps.

He catches Billy with a corkscrew flipping neckbreaker from the corner.

Both men hit the canvas.

Magik charges.

Running meteora.

She drives both knees into Paul.

Paul rolls away.

Magik turns toward Billy.

Billy is already standing.

The two stare at one another.

Magik throws a palm strike.

Billy catches her wrist.

He spins her.

She counters with an illusion feint, slipping past his grasp and sweeping his legs.

Billy falls.

Magik immediately hooks both arms.

Final Encounter.

She drives Billy down with the spinning butterfly facebuster.

The crowd erupts.

Magik covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Paul Freedom breaks the count.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom saves himself!"

Mike Rolash: "And probably Billy too, although Billy might not appreciate it!"

Paul pulls Magik off Billy.

Magik responds with a spinning heel kick.

Paul ducks.

The kick misses.

Paul catches Magik around the waist.

German suplex.

He bridges.

ONE!

TWO!

Magik kicks out.

Paul rolls away, breathing heavily.

He looks toward Billy.

Billy is pulling himself upright using the ropes.

Paul suddenly sees Magik behind him.

He ducks.

Magik's strike catches Billy instead.

Billy turns.

He looks toward the entranceway.

There is suddenly a commotion.

Music hits.

The crowd's reaction changes.

Dean Moxley and Seth Moxley step onto the stage.

Roman Moxley follows them.

All three stop beneath the lights.

Billy immediately notices them.

Jim Gunt: "Wait a minute."

Mike Rolash: "Oh, you've got to be kidding me."

Dean raises a microphone.

Dean Moxley: "Billy!"

Billy steps through the ropes.

Dean laughs.

Dean Moxley: "There he is."

Seth raises his microphone.

Seth Moxley: "The Unstoppable One."

Billy stares up the ramp.

Seth Moxley: "The guy who doesn't need his brother."

Billy steps down onto the floor.

Roman finally raises his microphone.

Roman Moxley: "Come on, Billy."

Roman gestures toward the stage.

Roman Moxley: "You know you want to."

Billy begins walking toward them.

Jim Gunt: "Billy Anderson is leaving this match!"

Mike Rolash: "He's going right after Fire & Ice!"

Jim Gunt: "Billy, don't do this!"

Dean, Seth and Roman begin backing up the ramp.

Billy follows.

Dean turns around.

Dean Moxley: "Come on, Blaze!"

Billy suddenly explodes up the ramp.

The three Moxley brothers meet him halfway.

The crowd erupts as Billy swings wildly at Dean.

Seth tackles Billy from the side.

Roman grabs Seth and pulls him away.

Dean fires a right hand.

Billy answers with one of his own.

The fight spills farther up the entrance ramp.

Inside the ring, Magik and Paul have both stopped.

They stare toward the chaos.

Jim Gunt: "This is exactly what Fire & Ice wanted!"

Mike Rolash: "They got into Billy Anderson's head!"

Magik slowly turns toward Paul.

Paul looks toward Magik.

Both look back toward the ramp.

Neither seems entirely sure what to do.

Paul points toward the brawl.

Paul Freedom: "Should we...?"

Magik shrugs.

Paul shrugs back.

They continue watching.

Then Paul's eyes suddenly widen.

He looks at Magik.

Magik looks at him.

Paul's expression changes.

The realization hits.

Mike Rolash: "Uh-oh."

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom just remembered this is a wrestling match!"

Paul lunges.

Magik turns.

Schoolboy!

Paul hooks both legs.

ONE!

Magik kicks.

TWO!

Too late.

THREE!

The bell rings.

The crowd erupts.

Paul immediately rolls away and throws both arms into the air.

Jim Gunt: "PAUL FREEDOM GOT HIM!"

Mike Rolash: "THE ASTERISK!"

Paul scrambles to his feet.

He looks toward the crowd.

He taps his temple.

Then points toward the ramp where Billy is still brawling with Fire & Ice.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom takes advantage of the distraction and scores the victory!"

Mike Rolash: "Was it brilliant?"

Jim looks toward Mike.

Mike Rolash: "Was it opportunistic?"

Mike shrugs.

Mike Rolash: "Was it completely accidental?"

Jim Gunt: "It doesn't matter!"

Paul climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises his arms as the crowd cheers.

Magik sits up in the ring, staring at him with a mixture of disbelief and irritation.

Paul notices.

He immediately offers her a handshake.

Magik stares at the extended hand.

Paul waits.

After a moment, she accepts.

Paul smiles.

Meanwhile, the fight between Billy and Fire & Ice continues at the top of the ramp.

Jim Gunt: "Billy Anderson may have lost this match, but his issue with Fire & Ice is clearly not finished!"

Mike Rolash: "And Paul Freedom just picked up another win without having to climb that turnbuckle!"

Jim Gunt: "Sometimes you don't need the biggest move."

Mike Rolash: "Sometimes you just need to remember you're actually in the match."

Paul raises both hands one final time as his music begins to play.

The camera cuts between Paul celebrating in the ring, Magik standing across from him, and Billy Anderson still trading blows with Dean, Seth and Roman Moxley on the entrance ramp.

Jim Gunt: "What a way to begin Infernalia!"

The camera pulls back.

Jim Gunt: "And if this is any indication of what Berlin has in store tonight..."

Mike Rolash: "We're in for a very long night."

The shot fades from the chaotic entranceway back to the ring as Paul Freedom celebrates his victory.

UPRISING: Revolution 15- THE SYSTEM IS DOWN

Segment

01010100 01001000 01000101 00100000 01010011 01011001 01010011 01010100 01000101 01001101 00100000 01001001 01010011 00100000 01000100 01001111 01010111 01001110 // SIGNAL.... LOST //

Interview With Roman Moxley

Segment

Roman is standing backstage when Stormee walks over to him, and the interview starts.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "Roman...your brothers Dean and Seth introduced you as part of Fire & Ice, and I want to know. What are your thoughts on being in Championshipo Wrestling Federation with them for the very first time?"

"Vegas King" Roman Moxley: "I am excited to be in Championship Wrestling Federation with both Seth and Dean for the first time, and I can't wait until I am competing in the ring here. I have waited to come here to wrestle with them in the same company now I get that chance. I was happy when they introduced me as a member of Fire and Ice now we're equal to the Unstoppable Force. The only difference is that they have their baby sister Dakota apart of their stable, other then that they have three guys and so do we.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "That's a very good point. Thank you for your time, Roman. And I think I speak for all of the CWF audience in saying we hope we get to see you in the ring soon."

"Vegas King" Roman Moxley: "You're welcome Stormee. And trust me, the time will come"

He waks off down the hallway, and goes inside Fire & Ice's locker room.

Maybe You Should Stop Doing This For A Living

Segment

Backstage. Lex Collins is sitting on a road case with his elbows planted on his knees and his head hanging between them. Not sleeping. Probably. There are still butterfly strips across his forehead. Everything else accumulated over the last week has settled into various shades of purple, yellow and maybe you should stop doing this for a living.

A bottle of water hangs loose between his hands. Someone stops in front of him. Lex doesn't move.

JUDE MITCHELL: “You alive?”

One eye opens slowly. Lex looks at the boots. Follows them upward until he finds Jude Mitchell standing there, duffel over one shoulder.

LEX COLLINS: “Debatable.”

Jude studies him.

JUDE MITCHELL: “You look like shit.”

LEX COLLINS: “Won Tuesday.”

JUDE MITCHELL: “Congratulations. You still look like shit.”

Lex lifts the water bottle in acknowledgment. Jude drops the duffel beside the road case.

For a second, neither says anything. Then Lex looks at it.

LEX COLLINS: “Aww, lookatchu, bringin’ your gear and everything.”

Jude gives him a look.

JUDE MITCHELL: “You texted me… and I quote, ‘pack your passport. Berlin. Friday.’”

LEX COLLINS: “Coulda been a vacation.”

JUDE MITCHELL: “You don't take me on vacation.”

Fair. Lex pushes himself upright and immediately regrets doing it that fast. His eyes squeeze shut. Jude catches it.

JUDE MITCHELL: “Head?”

Lex presses two fingers against his temple.

LEX COLLINS: “Been a weird fuckin' week.”

Understatement of the century. Jude waits. Lex doesn't elaborate. After twenty-three years, Jude knows when not to ask. Instead, he nudges the duffel with his boot.

JUDE MITCHELL: “So. Who we fighting?”

That finally gets something resembling life out of him. A small, exhausted smile. Maybe a little mean. Lex stands. Joints snap-crackle-pop and he groans before replying.

LEX COLLINS: “Dip and Shit.”

Jude stares at him.

JUDE MITCHELL: “Those aren't their names.”

Lex picks up his CWF Tag Team Championship. Slings it over his shoulder and makes sure it’s settled before draining off the rest of the water in the bottle.

LEX COLLINS: “You'll figure it out.”

He squashes the bottle in his fist, screwing the cap back on as he starts down the hallway. Jude watches him get several steps away before shaking his head and grabbing his bag.

JUDE MITCHELL: “Huckleberry.”

Lex stops. Looks back. For just a second, underneath the bruises and the exhaustion and the headache he hasn't been able to shake since Reno, there's the guy Jude first teamed with twenty-three years ago.

LEX COLLINS: “Asked because I knew you’d come. Add it to the tab.”

Jude slings the bag over his shoulder.

JUDE MITCHELL: “Gonna come due soon enough. You know that, right?”

He falls into step beside Lex, the two almost immediately in sync, each with their own slightly uneven gaits.

LEX COLLINS: “Yeah. I know.”

He sighs, muttering something under his breath that makes no sense and perfect sense at the same time.

LEX COLLINS: “Stay gold, Ponyboy.”

CUT.

Lex Collins & ??? vs. Fire & Ice (Dean & Seth Moxley)

Match

The camera cuts back from a commercial break to the Mercedes-Benz Arena, where the crowd has settled into a steady roar as the familiar CWF production sting rolls through the building. The shot sweeps across thousands of fans before settling on Joey Garcia standing in the center of the ring, microphone already in hand.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall!"

The reaction rises as Joey turns toward the entranceway.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first... the team of Dean and Seth Moxley... FIRE... AND... ICE!"

The opening notes of Fire & Ice's music hit, and Dean and Seth Moxley step through the curtain together with Roman Moxley following several paces behind them. The brothers make their way toward the ring without wasting much time, Dean and Seth occasionally exchanging a look while Roman talks to them from behind, pointing toward the ring as though giving them last-second instructions. Seth climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes while Dean circles around to the opposite side before entering. Roman remains at ringside, leaning against the barricade with an unmistakable grin as his brothers prepare for the fight.

Jim Gunt: "Fire & Ice have been making their intentions known for weeks now, and tonight they have a very unusual situation across the ring from them. Lex Collins is one half of the CWF Tag Team Champions, but Adam Hansen is not here tonight."

Mike Rolash: "Adam Hansen isn't here because he had a lovely little vacation in Texas that involved Ozric Mortimer trying to rearrange his skeleton."

Jim Gunt: "That is one way of describing a Texas Death Match."

Mike Rolash: "I prefer 'business trip.'"

The music fades, and the arena lights shift again.

There is a brief pause.

Then Lex Collins steps through the curtain.

The reaction is noticeably different. Lex doesn't make any attempt to play to the crowd. He simply walks out, the CWF Tag Team Championship draped over one shoulder, his posture noticeably stiffer than it was the last time the audience saw him. The bruising around his face is still visible beneath the arena lighting, butterfly strips remain across his forehead, and the movement of his right shoulder suggests that Tuesday night's Barbed Wire Ropes Match against Jace Parker Davidson has left considerably more behind than the new HVW No Limits Championship currently sitting somewhere backstage.

Lex stops at the top of the ramp for a moment and looks toward the ring. He rolls his neck once, winces almost imperceptibly, and continues down the aisle.

Joey Garcia: "And his partner... making his return to CWF competition tonight... JUUUDE MITCHELL!"

Jude Mitchell emerges behind him.

There isn't much of an entrance to it. Jude simply walks through the curtain with his duffel bag already gone, dressed for the fight, and falls into step beside Lex. There is an immediate familiarity between the two men that doesn't require explanation. Twenty-three years of history has a way of making introductions unnecessary.

Mike Rolash: "Well, this is interesting."

Jim Gunt: "Jude Mitchell is the mystery partner Lex Collins was referring to earlier tonight."

Mike Rolash: "I haven't seen Jude Mitchell team with Lex Collins in a long time."

Jim Gunt: "Neither have I. But if there was ever a night when Lex needed somebody he trusts in his corner, this might be it."

Lex and Jude reach the ring. Lex climbs the steps rather than sliding underneath the bottom rope, carefully turning his body as he enters. Jude follows, and for a moment the two men stand side by side. Lex adjusts the championship on his shoulder and hands it to the timekeeper. Jude says something quietly to Lex. Lex responds with a brief nod.

Across the ring, Dean and Seth are watching them closely.

Roman Moxley has moved closer to the apron.

Mike Rolash: "I love this. Two old friends reunited because one of them is too stubborn to admit he's hurt."

Jim Gunt: "Lex doesn't need to admit anything. You can see it."

Mike Rolash: "Exactly. That's what makes it fun."

The bell rings.

Jude Mitchell starts the match for his team, while Seth Moxley steps forward for Fire & Ice. The two men circle cautiously before locking up in the center of the ring, and Jude immediately makes the first adjustment, dropping his weight and forcing Seth into a side headlock. Seth tries to muscle him toward the ropes, but Jude widens his stance and keeps the pressure tight, working his forearm across Seth's jaw before transitioning into a standing wristlock. Seth rolls through, reverses the pressure and fires Jude off the ropes, only for Jude to come back with a hard shoulder block that knocks the much taller Moxley backward. Seth pops back up quickly, and Jude meets him with another shoulder before catching him on the next exchange and throwing him down with a clean hip toss. Jude doesn't celebrate it; he simply gets back to his feet and waits. Seth charges again, and this time Jude catches him with a short-arm clothesline that drops him near the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "Good fundamentals from Jude Mitchell. He's not trying to overwhelm Seth Moxley. He's trying to make Seth wrestle his match."

Mike Rolash: "That's an old-school approach. Grab a body part, make it hurt, and then keep making it hurt until somebody gets bored."

Jim Gunt: "That isn't quite the philosophy."

Mike Rolash: "It's the philosophy I use."

Seth scrambles toward his corner, but Jude gets there first and drags him back by the wrist. Seth fires a right hand that catches Jude across the cheek, then another, and suddenly the taller Moxley is fighting his way back into the contest. Jude absorbs the shots, answers with a stiff elbow of his own, and attempts to pull Seth into a front facelock, but Seth drives him backward and catches him with a Cody Cutter as Jude turns. Seth covers.

One... two...

Jude kicks out.

Neither man wastes time. Seth grabs Jude by the arm and attempts to pull him toward his corner, but Jude digs his heels into the canvas and blocks the movement. Seth changes direction, runs Jude toward the opposite ropes, and Jude catches him coming back with a sharp knee to the midsection. Jude follows with a series of compact punches and forearms, backing Seth toward the corner before whipping him across the ring. Seth hits the turnbuckles hard, and Jude charges after him, only for Seth to get a boot up. Jude staggers backward. Seth climbs the ropes and comes down with a Beautiful Disaster.

Jude catches him.

For one brief second, it looks like Jude is going to counter.

Seth slips free.

Jude turns.

Claymore.

Jude drops.

Seth covers.

One... two...

Jude gets a shoulder up.

Mike Rolash: "That was three!"

Jim Gunt: "It wasn't."

Mike Rolash: "I saw three."

Jim Gunt: "You see whatever helps your argument."

Jude rolls onto his side, breathing heavily. Seth doesn't rush him. Instead, he grabs Jude by the ankle and begins dragging him toward the Fire & Ice corner. Jude reaches out, trying to get back to his own corner, but Seth has enough leverage to keep him away. Seth tags Dean.

Dean enters, and Fire & Ice immediately begin working Jude over in their corner.

Dean drives a forearm into Jude's ribs before pulling him upright and burying a knee into his stomach. Jude tries to answer with a punch, but Dean catches the arm and twists it behind his back, pressing Jude's chest against the turnbuckles. Seth reaches through the ropes and clubs Jude across the back while the referee orders him out.

Jim Gunt: "And this is exactly what Fire & Ice wanted. They don't have to beat Jude Mitchell with one spectacular move. They can isolate him, make him work, and keep Lex Collins standing on that apron watching."

Mike Rolash: "Which is probably the cruelest part."

Jim Gunt: "Look at Lex."

Lex is gripping the top rope with both hands. His eyes never leave Jude.

Dean pulls Jude out of the corner and hits a snapmare, then immediately drops a knee across the back of Jude's neck. Jude rolls away and tries to reach his corner, but Dean catches him with another right hand and drags him back. Dean tags Seth.

Seth enters and drives Jude into the corner with a shoulder block. He follows with another, then a third, before stepping away and allowing Jude to stumble forward. Seth catches him around the waist and lifts him into a pop-up position, but Jude manages to hook Seth's arm on the way down and rolls through, scrambling desperately toward his corner.

Lex reaches.

Jude is almost there.

Seth catches his boot.

Jude kicks backward, catching Seth in the face.

The arena erupts as Jude dives.

Lex reaches farther.

Dean grabs Lex's wrist from the apron and yanks him backward.

Jim Gunt: "Oh, come on!"

The referee immediately turns and orders Dean away, but the damage is done. Seth has already pulled Jude back toward the center of the ring.

Mike Rolash: "Hey, technically Dean never entered the ring."

Jim Gunt: "Mike!"

Mike Rolash: "What? He was simply helping the referee maintain order."

Roman Moxley laughs loudly from ringside.

Jude tries to rise, but Seth catches him with a knee to the ribs. Jude folds. Seth grabs him by the head and pulls him toward the corner, where Dean tags himself in.

Dean enters and immediately catches Jude with a stiff elbow. Jude stumbles backward into the ropes. Dean runs at him, but Jude lowers his shoulder and sends Dean over the top rope.

Dean lands on the apron.

Jude turns toward him.

Dean catches him with a forearm through the ropes.

Jude drops to one knee.

Dean climbs back inside.

He hooks Jude.

Snap suplex.

Dean floats into the cover.

One.

Two.

Jude kicks out.

Dean immediately pulls Jude up and drives him back into the corner. Seth tags in.

Seth comes through the ropes and Fire & Ice begin the same process again—Dean holding Jude in place while Seth drives short punches into his ribs until the referee forces Dean out. Seth then pulls Jude away from the corner and hits a hard 1916.

Jude's body folds onto the mat.

Seth hooks both legs.

One... two...

Jude gets a shoulder up.

Jim Gunt: "Jude Mitchell continues to survive, but he is taking punishment at a very steady rate."

Mike Rolash: "He's also doing something else at a very steady rate."

Jim Gunt: "What's that?"

Mike Rolash: "Looking at Lex Collins like he's trying to communicate through telepathy."

Lex is leaning over the ropes now, one arm extended.

Lex Collins: "JUDE!"

Jude looks up.

The crowd begins to clap.

Seth grabs him by the hair and pulls him back.

Jude drives an elbow backward into Seth's jaw.

Seth staggers.

Jude hits another.

Another.

Seth swings.

Jude ducks.

Jude catches Seth around the waist and drives him down with a hard takedown. Both men are down.

The crowd rises.

Jude begins crawling.

Lex is reaching.

Seth begins crawling.

Dean is reaching.

Jude gets closer.

Seth gets closer.

Jude dives.

TAG!

Lex slaps Jude's hand.

The building erupts.

Jim Gunt: "HERE COMES LEX COLLINS!"

Lex storms into the ring, and for the first time tonight there is no hesitation in his movement. He catches Dean with a European uppercut before Dean can get through the ropes, then turns and cracks Seth with a second. Seth staggers backward, and Lex follows him across the ring, hammering him with short punches and palm strikes until Seth is trapped against the turnbuckles.

Lex whips Seth across the ring.

Seth reverses.

Lex stops himself before the corner, turns, and catches Seth with a stiff elbow as he charges. Seth reels. Lex hooks the head.

AD HOMINEM.

The headlock driver drives Seth into the canvas.

Lex doesn't cover.

Instead, he turns and goes after Dean.

Dean climbs through the ropes.

Lex meets him with a sudden right hand.

Dean drops to the apron.

Lex follows him.

Dean swings.

Lex ducks.

Dean gets caught with a leaping DDT from the second rope.

Dean crashes to the mat.

Lex finally rolls onto Seth.

One.

Two.

Seth kicks out.

Mike Rolash: "And there goes that pretty little comeback."

Jim Gunt: "Lex Collins is wrestling angry now."

Mike Rolash: "No, Jim. He's wrestling like a man who has spent the last four days being told he's too hurt to do this."

Lex gets back to his feet, but his body betrays him almost immediately. He reaches toward his ribs and winces. The adrenaline has gotten him this far, but the pain from Tuesday is still there. Seth notices it.

Seth gets up behind him.

Lex turns.

Claymore.

Lex ducks.

Seth's boot catches the ropes.

Lex grabs him.

DAMAGED GOODS.

Snap sit-out Uranage.

Lex covers.

One.

Two.

Dean breaks it up.

Dean gets to his feet and throws a punch.

Lex catches it.

European uppercut.

Dean fires back.

Lex absorbs it.

Another.

Dean answers.

Lex answers again.

The two men stand toe-to-toe throwing increasingly stiff shots until Dean catches Lex with a knee and follows with a clothesline. Lex drops to the mat.

Seth gets to his feet.

Fire & Ice look toward each other.

They turn toward Lex.

Jude Mitchell suddenly grabs Seth from behind.

Jude spins him around and cracks him with a heavy forearm.

Dean charges Jude.

Jude meets him with a short clothesline.

Jude and Dean spill through the ropes to the floor.

Roman Moxley steps toward them.

Jude turns his head.

Roman stops.

Jude stares at him.

Roman smiles.

Jim Gunt: "Roman Moxley is thinking about getting involved."

Mike Rolash: "He's thinking about it very carefully."

Jim Gunt: "And wisely, perhaps."

Inside the ring, Seth grabs Lex from behind and lifts him.

South of Heaven setup.

Lex's legs kick.

Lex manages to get one foot down.

He throws a backward elbow.

Seth loosens his grip.

Lex pivots.

BRICKS.

A sudden knockout right hook.

Seth staggers.

Lex catches him.

READY TO FALL.

The swinging reverse STO drives Seth face-first into the canvas.

Lex rolls over.

One.

Two.

Three.

The bell rings.

Joey Garcia: "Here are your winners... LEX COLLINS AND JUDE MITCHELL!"

The crowd erupts.

Lex remains on the mat for several seconds, staring upward and trying to get his breathing under control. Jude pulls himself onto the apron and rolls back inside, dropping to one knee beside him. Lex finally sits up. Jude extends a hand.

Lex looks at it.

Then takes it.

Jude hauls him upright.

Jim Gunt: "What a performance from Lex Collins, but I don't know how much more his body can take."

Mike Rolash: "He got through the match."

Jim Gunt: "Barely."

Mike Rolash: "Barely counts."

Roman Moxley suddenly climbs onto the apron.

Dean has recovered outside.

Seth is back on his feet.

The three Moxley brothers look toward the ring.

Jude notices first.

Lex turns.

Dean climbs onto the apron.

Seth moves toward the opposite side.

Roman steps up behind them.

The crowd begins to boo.

Jim Gunt: "Wait a minute."

Mike Rolash: "Oh, this isn't over."

Dean steps through the ropes.

Seth follows.

Roman starts to climb.

Jude moves in front of Lex.

Lex, exhausted and bruised, nevertheless squares his shoulders.

Then the crowd suddenly changes.

Not louder.

Different.

People near the entranceway begin pointing toward the back of the arena.

Jim Gunt's voice cuts through the noise.

Jim Gunt: "WAIT!"

The camera swings toward the crowd.

Briar Bryne is making his way through the audience.

The Firebrand makes her way straight towards the ring. Lex sees her. For the first time all night, his expression changes.

Mike Rolash: "Briar Bryne!"

Jim Gunt: "The Firebrand is here!"

Briar reaches the barricade and hops over it. Security doesn't even try to stop her. Shee climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes, standing beside Lex and Jude.

The three Regulators stand together.

Briar looks at Lex and smiles, handing him his CWF tag team championship and HVW No Limits title belts.

Lex looks down at both championships.

One representing the CWF tag team championship he has fought to defend.

The other representing what he survived only days earlier.

Briar places a hand briefly on Lex's shoulder.

Jude stands between the two champions.

Across the ring, Dean and Seth Moxley have stopped.

Roman has climbed fully onto the apron.

The three brothers stare into the ring.

Lex raises the CWF Tag Team Championship.

Then the HVW No Limits Championship.

Briar Bryne stands beside him with sly smile on her face, bright red hair flying in the wind.

Jude Mitchell stands in the middle.

For several seconds, nobody moves.

Jim Gunt: "Look at this scene."

Mike Rolash: "That's one hell of a photograph."

Jim Gunt: "Three men and women standing together, two championships in Lex Collins' hands, Adam Hansen recovering back at home, and Fire & Ice staring them down."

Mike Rolash: "And Jude Mitchell standing right in the middle of it."

The camera holds on the six men and women.

Dean.

Seth.

Roman.

Jude.

Lex.

Briar.

Neither side breaks eye contact.

Jim Gunt: "Whatever happens from here, the message has been delivered."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah. And something tells me Fire & Ice just found out that Lex Collins isn't standing alone."

The shot slowly pulls back, framing the three champions and Jude in the ring opposite the Moxley brothers as the crowd continues to roar.

CUT.

Jamie and Tyler's Second Doctor's Appointment

Segment

Jamie and Tyler are at their second doctor's appointment to find out the sex of their baby, and they are wating for the doctor to come into the room. He finally shows up, and looks at them with a clipboard in hand as he talks to them.

Doctor: "Are you ready to find out the sex of your unborn baby and what you are having?"

Jamie Bright Anderson: "Yeah we are ready to fight out what the sex of our baby is!"

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "I can't wait to find out what we are having."

Doctor: "Alright then well congratulations... you are having twins! One boy and one girl!"

Jamie Bright Anderson: "Omg this is wonderful, and I can't wait to tell our family about this!"

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "I am excited, and they will freak out."

The doctor leaves, and they share a kiss. They leave the doctor's office, and can't wait to tell the rest of the family the wonderful news.

The Last Loss

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to the CWF locker room.

There is no music.

No production crew.

No crowd.

Dangerous Dan sits alone on a wooden bench with his elbows resting on his knees, his hands clasped together in front

of him. His wrestling gear is already on, his boots tied, his wrists taped. He's ready to compete.

He just doesn't look ready to fight.

Dan stares down at the floor for several seconds before slowly shaking his head.

Dangerous Dan: "What the hell happened?"

He gives a quiet, humorless laugh.

Dangerous Dan: "Seriously."

Dan looks down at his taped hands.

Dangerous Dan: "I had the summer of my life."

He holds up one finger.

Dangerous Dan: "I won the Paramount Championship."

Another finger.

Dangerous Dan: "I defended it."

Another.

Dangerous Dan: "I fought my ass off."

He pauses.

Dangerous Dan: "And somewhere along the way..."

Dan's eyes drift toward the floor.

Dangerous Dan: "...everything just fell apart."

The door opens.

Crazy Chris steps inside.

Chris takes one look at his brother and immediately knows what kind of mood he's walking into.

Crazy Chris: "Hey."

Dan doesn't answer.

Crazy Chris: "Come on, brother. You know you can't sit in here all night feeling sorry for yourself."

Dan slowly looks up.

Dangerous Dan: "Don't."

Crazy Chris: "I'm just saying—"

Dangerous Dan: "Chris."

Chris stops.

Dangerous Dan: "I don't want to hear it."

Chris leans against the wall, crossing his arms.

Crazy Chris: "Hear what?"

Dangerous Dan: "That everything's gonna be alright. That I've still got it. That I've been doing this too long to let a few losses get to me."

Dan stands.

Dangerous Dan: "I know all that."

He starts pacing slowly across the room.

Dangerous Dan: "I've heard it my whole career."

Dan stops.

Dangerous Dan: "And normally, I'd believe it."

He looks directly at Chris.

Dangerous Dan: "But I'm tired of losing."

Chris' expression changes.

Dangerous Dan: "I lost the Paramount Championship at Wrestle Fest."

Beat.

Dangerous Dan: "I've lost matches I should've won."

Another beat.

Dangerous Dan: "I've watched opportunities disappear."

Dan looks toward the door leading back toward the arena.

Dangerous Dan: "And tonight?"

His expression hardens.

Dangerous Dan: "Tonight's the turning point."

Crazy Chris: "Dan—"

Dangerous Dan: "The title isn't even on the line."

Dan smiles faintly.

Dangerous Dan: "Don't matter."

He taps his chest.

Dangerous Dan: "This isn't about the Paramount Championship."

He points toward the arena.

Dangerous Dan: "It's about stopping the bleeding."

Chris watches him carefully.

Dangerous Dan: "I'm done losing."

Silence.

Dangerous Dan: "So I'm making a promise."

Dan looks Chris directly in the eyes.

Dangerous Dan: "My next loss in CWF is going to be my last."

Chris' face drops.

Crazy Chris: "What does that mean?"

Dan doesn't blink.

Dangerous Dan: "It means exactly what it sounds like."

Chris takes a step toward him.

Crazy Chris: "Dan..."

Dangerous Dan: "The next time I lose a match in CWF..."

Dan pauses.

Dangerous Dan: "...I'm done."

Chris stares at his brother.

Crazy Chris: "You mean..."

Dangerous Dan: "I retire."

The room goes completely silent.

Chris looks genuinely shocked.

Dan watches him for several seconds.

Then, slowly, Dan smiles.

Dangerous Dan: "Don't worry."

He reaches down and tightens the tape around his wrist.

Dangerous Dan: "That night ain't tonight."

Dan grabs his jacket from the bench.

Dangerous Dan: "Because tonight I've got some vengeance to hand out."

He walks toward the door.

Dangerous Dan: "Jared Holmes took something from me at Wrestle Fest."

Dan stops with his hand on the door.

Dangerous Dan: "He took my championship."

He looks back at Chris.

Dangerous Dan: "Tonight, I'm taking something from him."

Dan opens the door.

A faint smile crosses his face.

Dangerous Dan: "His pride."

He steps into the hallway.

Dangerous Dan: "His momentum."

Dan turns toward the arena.

Dangerous Dan: "And maybe that pretty little Peacock King attitude he's been carrying around."

He pauses.

Then looks directly into the camera.

Dangerous Dan: "Jared Holmes..."

The smile disappears.

Dangerous Dan: "You wanted to beat me at Wrestle Fest?"

Dan nods slowly.

Dangerous Dan: "Congratulations."

Beat.

Dangerous Dan: "You got your victory."

Dan's eyes narrow.

Dangerous Dan: "Now I'm coming to collect the debt."

He turns away.

Dangerous Dan: "The ENDD is near."

Dan disappears down the hallway.

Chris remains standing in the locker room, staring after his brother.

The camera holds on Chris' concerned expression for several seconds before cutting to black.

CUT.

“The Peacock King” Jared Holmes © vs. Dangerous Dan

Match

The Mercedes-Benz Arena has settled into a different kind of anticipation following the opening contest, the crowd still buzzing as the lights around the arena dim and a strange electronic pulse begins to roll through the building. "obedear" by Purity Ring fills the speakers, golden light spilling across the entranceway as the CWF Paramount Champion, Jared Holmes, emerges from behind the curtain.

The Peacock King pauses at the top of the ramp, his Paramount Championship resting securely around his waist tonight rather than hanging above the ring. He runs one hand through his hair, glancing toward the championship and then down toward the ring with the sort of smug satisfaction that has become almost inseparable from him since Wrestle Fest V. He isn't carrying himself like a man who simply happens to hold a championship anymore. He carries himself like the championship has confirmed everything he already believed about himself.

Jim Gunt: "The last time these two men met, it was for that championship."

Mike Rolash: "And Jared Holmes walked out of Boston with it."

Jim Gunt: "Tonight, the title is not at stake, but I don't think Dangerous Dan is going to have any trouble remembering what happened the last time he saw that championship around Jared Holmes' waist, especially after what we just seen from him backstage. One more loss and Dan is retiring from CWF!?"

Mike Rolash: "I guess so, Jim, but with only a few months to go until the final show...maybe he's just trying to finally beat Jaiden to the punch?"

Jim Gunt: "Oh come on."

Jared slowly makes his way down the ramp, stopping once to turn toward the crowd with a deliberately exaggerated smile. He reaches the ring, steps through the ropes and raises the Paramount Championship above his head, drawing a wave of boos from the Berlin audience. Jared lowers the belt, kisses the faceplate with an obnoxiously satisfied grin and hands it to the ringside attendant before turning his attention toward the entranceway.

Mike Rolash: "You know, Jim, I think Jared has handled becoming champion very well."

Jim Gunt: "You do?"

Mike Rolash: "Absolutely. He's become even more insufferable."

Jim Gunt: "That's not what I meant."

Mike Rolash: "Then you should have been more specific."

The lights fall away.

Red and blue strobes begin cutting through the darkness.

"Enemy" by Imagine Dragons starts to play.

The response from the Mercedes-Benz Arena is immediate.

Dangerous Dan steps onto the stage.

He isn't accompanied by the Paramount Championship this time. He doesn't have to stop and look upward toward a belt hanging above him. Instead, he stands at the top of the ramp for a moment, looking directly at Jared Holmes.

Jared smiles.

Dan doesn't.

Dan slowly starts toward the ring, acknowledging fans along the barricade as he goes, but his eyes keep finding the Paramount Champion. There is a calmness about him, but it isn't the relaxed calm that has characterized so many of Dan's entrances over the years. There is something tighter tonight, something restrained.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent, from Smithville, Tennessee, weighing two hundred twenty-five pounds... THE DANGEROUS ONE... DANGEROUS DAN!"

Dan climbs the steps, enters the ring and moves to the turnbuckle. He raises his arms to the crowd before turning his attention back toward Jared.

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan has been through more in this business than most people ever could. Championships all over this industry, Hall of Fame-level accomplishments, and yet there is still one thing that has continued to elude him here in CWF."

Mike Rolash: "The World Heavyweight Championship."

Jim Gunt: "Exactly."

Mike Rolash: "And tonight he's wrestling a guy who has something else he wants."

Jim Gunt: "What's that?"

Mike Rolash: "To make Dangerous Dan miserable."

The bell rings.

Dan and Jared circle one another cautiously, neither man rushing into the opening exchange. Jared finally extends his hand, not quite offering a handshake so much as mocking the concept of one. Dan looks at it for a moment before swatting it away and immediately locking up with him.

Jared uses his size advantage to force Dan backward, but Dan quickly shifts his weight and takes Jared down with a clean arm drag. Jared pops back up almost immediately, only for Dan to catch him with another, sending the Paramount Champion rolling toward the corner. Jared sits against the bottom turnbuckle, glaring at Dan while the crowd applauds the early exchange.

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan gets the first significant advantage, and that's something Jared Holmes didn't enjoy very much during their first encounter."

Mike Rolash: "He didn't enjoy it tonight either. Look at him. He's already making the face."

Jim Gunt: "What face?"

Mike Rolash: "The face people make when the universe has temporarily stopped recognizing their greatness."

Jared rises and comes out of the corner with a sharp knife-edge chop. Dan answers with one of his own. The two exchange strikes in the center of the ring, with Dan gradually gaining the advantage before Jared abruptly drives a knee into his stomach. Jared follows with a butterfly suplex, floating over into the cover for a quick two-count before Dan kicks free.

Jared doesn't waste the opening. He keeps Dan grounded, working over the former champion with a series of calculated stomps and short punches while repeatedly forcing him to carry his weight. When Dan reaches for the ropes, Jared grabs his wrist and yanks him back toward the center, following with a Falcon Arrow that leaves Dan clutching his back.

Mike Rolash: "That's the Jared Holmes I like to see. Less posing, more beating the guy up."

Jim Gunt: "He's very good when he stays focused."

Mike Rolash: "Unfortunately, being focused is apparently exhausting, so we'll see how long it lasts."

Jared measures Dan from across the ring and charges, looking for the Stinger Splash. Dan gets his boots up at the last instant, catching Jared across the chest and sending him staggering backward. Dan immediately springs to the ropes and connects with a leaping snap hurricanrana, then follows with the ENDDING to Remember, launching himself from the ropes and driving Jared's head into the canvas with the springboard diving DDT.

The crowd comes alive as Dan covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Jared kicks out.

Dan doesn't argue the count. He simply gets back to his feet and pulls Jared upward, looking for the Blue Thunder Bomb. Jared slips free behind him, catches Dan with a low kick and follows with a dropkick that sends the Dangerous One crashing into the ropes.

Jared is already moving when Dan rebounds.

Stinger Splash.

Dan crumples against the corner.

Jared backs away, grinning, and raises one hand as if conducting the crowd's boos before rushing forward again.

Dan sidesteps.

Jared crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Dan rolls him up.

ONE!

TWO!

Jared escapes.

Both men scramble to their feet.

And suddenly, a voice comes from the entrance ramp.

MJ Flair: "Jared!"

Jared stops.

Dan stops too.

MJ Flair is walking down the ramp.

She isn't running. She isn't carrying a weapon. She simply walks toward ringside with a grin on her face, applauding slowly as she looks toward Jared Holmes.

Jim Gunt: "What is MJ Flair doing out here?"

Mike Rolash: "Supporting a friend?"

Jim Gunt: "She has no business interfering in this match."

Mike Rolash: "She's not interfering. She's walking."

Jim Gunt: "Mike."

Mike Rolash: "I'm just describing what my eyes are telling me."

Jared turns completely toward MJ, shouting something inaudible in her direction. MJ responds with an exaggerated little wave before leaning against the barricade near the corner.

That moment is enough.

Dangerous Dan charges.

ENDD is Near.

The superkick catches Jared flush beneath the jaw.

Jared collapses.

Jim Gunt: "DAN TAKES ADVANTAGE!"

Dan dives into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Jared gets a shoulder up.

Dan immediately sits up, looking toward MJ.

MJ simply smiles.

Jared rolls toward the ropes, clutching his jaw.

Mike Rolash: "Well, if MJ was trying to distract Jared, I'd say she accomplished her goal."

Jim Gunt: "And now she's standing there enjoying every second of it."

Dan grabs Jared from behind and pulls him upright. Jared elbows backward into Dan's face, creating enough space to turn around and drive a knee into his stomach. Jared follows with a vicious forearm, then another, forcing Dan toward the ropes.

The champion grabs Dan by the back of the head and sends him through the ropes to the floor.

Jared follows.

The referee immediately steps toward the ropes, warning both men to bring the fight back inside.

Jared ignores him.

He grabs Dan by the waistband and hurls him shoulder-first into the steel ring post.

Dan crashes against it.

Jared walks over, grabs the back of Dan's head and drives him face-first into the edge of the apron.

Mike Rolash: "And there's the Peacock King we all know."

Jim Gunt: "That was completely unnecessary."

Mike Rolash: "Which is generally how Jared likes his offense."

Jared rolls back into the ring as the referee begins his count.

Dan gets one hand beneath himself.

Then another.

He reaches the apron at eight.

Jared immediately runs across the ring and delivers a baseball slide.

Dan drops back to the floor.

The crowd boos.

Jared climbs through the ropes, shouting at the referee as though the official has somehow caused the problem.

Jim Gunt: "Jared Holmes is trying to control this match any way he can."

Mike Rolash: "He's the champion. He's supposed to control things."

Jim Gunt: "Not like this."

Mike Rolash: "He didn't read the handbook."

Dan finally pulls himself back onto the apron.

Jared grabs him.

Dan responds with a headbutt.

Jared staggers.

Dan enters the ring.

The Dangerous One unloads.

Right hand.

Right hand.

Another.

Jared attempts to cover up, but Dan keeps coming, driving him backward across the ring before catching him with a Blue Thunder Bomb.

Dan hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE—

Jared barely gets his shoulder up.

Dan sits upright.

The crowd erupts.

Dan looks down at Jared.

Something changes in his expression.

He grabs Jared by the hair and pulls him to his feet.

Jim Gunt: "Dan needs to stay focused here."

Dan drives Jared into the corner.

He begins throwing punches.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

Five.

The referee orders him to stop.

Dan doesn't.

Six.

Seven.

Eight.

The official physically grabs Dan around the waist and begins pulling him backward.

Jim Gunt: "Come on, Dan! Break it!"

Dan is dragged away.

Jared drops into the corner, blood beginning to appear around his mouth.

Dan turns toward the official, visibly furious.

The referee puts both hands up, demanding that Dan back away.

Dan takes several steps.

He breathes.

He looks toward Jared.

Then he looks at the crowd.

And something in him snaps.

Dan shoves past the official.

He charges back toward Jared.

The referee catches him again.

Mike Rolash: "Oh, this has gotten ugly."

Jim Gunt: "Dan has lost control here."

The referee manages to pull Dan away for only a moment before the Dangerous One breaks free and goes straight back to Jared, mounting him against the canvas and raining down punches.

Jared's arms come up defensively.

The referee immediately drops beside them, shouting for Dan to stop.

MJ Flair is loving every second of it.

She claps from ringside.

MJ Flair: "Come on, Dan!"

Dan finally rises.

He looks at MJ.

MJ points toward Jared.

Dan turns back.

Jared is trying to get upright using the ropes.

Dan grabs him.

The ENDD is Near.

The superkick catches Jared.

Jared drops to his knees.

Dan turns toward the ropes.

He climbs.

The Mercedes-Benz Arena rises with him.

Mike Rolash: "He's going up!"

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan is going for The ENDD!"

Dan reaches the top rope.

He looks down at Jared.

Jared is motionless.

Dan launches.

THE ENDD!

The Swanton Bomb connects flush.

Dan rolls through the landing, clutching his back.

MJ Flair is applauding wildly at ringside.

Dan turns toward Jared.

The Paramount Champion isn't moving.

Dan crawls over and hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings.

The Mercedes-Benz Arena erupts.

Jim Gunt: "DANGEROUS DAN HAS DONE IT!"

Dan rolls onto his back, breathing heavily as the realization sets in.

Jim Gunt: "The former Paramount Champion has just defeated the reigning Paramount Champion in Berlin!"

Mike Rolash: "And he did it without the championship even being on the line!"

Dan slowly pushes himself to his feet.

MJ Flair is still applauding.

She walks closer to the ring as Dan looks toward her.

Jared begins stirring.

Dan turns toward him.

MJ laughs.

She looks directly at the fallen champion.

MJ Flair: "Way to go, Peacock Jerry."

Jared looks toward her, furious.

MJ simply laughs again.

She turns and begins walking back up the ramp.

Dan remains in the ring, exhausted but victorious, while Jared slowly sits against the ropes and stares after MJ.

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan has just scored one of the biggest wins he's had since losing that Paramount Championship, and Jared Holmes is going to have a lot to think about tonight."

Mike Rolash: "Oh, I think Jared knows exactly what he's thinking about."

Jim Gunt: "What's that?"

Mike Rolash: "Everybody."

Dan climbs the turnbuckle and raises one fist toward the crowd as the Mercedes-Benz Arena gives him a tremendous ovation.

Jared remains seated in the opposite corner, staring daggers at the entranceway where MJ Flair has disappeared.

Jim Gunt: "The Peacock King may still have the Paramount Championship around his waist..."

Mike Rolash: "...but tonight, Dangerous Dan reminded him who used to carry it."

The camera lingers on Dan celebrating before cutting to Jared's furious expression.

Fade to black.

Time To Find The Hammer

Segment

The camera goes live in the parking lot of the Mercedes-Benz Arena here in Berlin, Germany. CWF's Infernalia 13 event was already live on air, but out there things were quiet. There were two large men with t-shirts that read 'security' across the chest that were standing outside of the VIP entrance in the back of the building. One of them had his arms folded behind his back while he was looking off into space. The other man was busy fiddling with his phone.

Off in the distance, a rather tall figure began approaching the VIP entrance. Both security guards stopped what they were doing then they noticed the person approaching. One of the guards stepped forward and held his arm in the air.

Security Guard #1: "Halt! You're trespassing here, state your business and leave immediately."

He barked with the authority of a man who didn't realize he was acting above his paygrade. The tall figure continued to approach which caused the other security member to step forward.

Security Guard #2: "Didn't you hear him?! Stop right there or we'll be forced to make you stop!"

The second guard reached into his pocket and pulled out a taser. He held it steady and pointed toward the figure. The approach continues until the figure steps into the light. A look of confusion crosses the face off the security members as the figure stares back at them. He had on a pair of blue jeans, tennis shoes, an HVW Villain t-shirt under a leather jacket and had an eyepatch over his right eye.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Is that really necessary?"

A faint roar can be heard from inside of the building, however, both security members stand their ground.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Seriously?"

The former HVW No Limits Champion groaned while shaking his head.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Don't you know who I am?"

Security Guard #2: "No, we don't know who you are."

Security Guard #1: "And as I said, you're trespassing. This is the talent entrance for CWF Infernalia and you don't look like a CWF wrestler."

Jace Parker Davidson: "Technically… I'm not."

The second security guard steps forward with the taser.

Security Guard #2:"Leave now or we'll use force to remove you from the premises!"

The Villain stares down at the taser and then back up at the two guards.

Jace Parker Davidson: "You seriously don't know who I am? Come on, think hard… you can't possibly have that many people wearing an eyepatch just pop up at these things."

Security Guard #1: "Last warning!"

They begin to circle around, but Davidson holds his hands up in a non-confrontational way.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Listen… I'm not a CWF wrestler, but I am a wrestler for HVW."

No reaction from the security guards.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Heroes & Villains Wrestling… does that ring a bell? The guy that founded this place had died, but he's not really dead. Now he's running our promotion hiding under a knockoff Stetson?"

The second security guard jabs forward with the taser, but Jace manages to avoid it.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Put that thing away! Fellas… I'm not speaking French here. HVW… the Hacker… 300 year old evil bitch hiding under a digital disco ball. Likes to grab people by the throat, name is Angelica."

The name causes both guards to freeze.

Security Guard #1: "Did you just say Ang--"

The second security guard interrupts him.

Security Guard #2: "Don't fall for it! He's probably just some psycho fan that's trying to get into the show for free."

Davidson rubs his hand down his face in pure frustration.

Jace Parker Davidson: "First off… I didn't know this place even existed three months ago, so I'm not a fan. Secondly, I didn't fly all the way here to goddamn Germany to try and sneak into anything. I just need to get inside and find someone."

Security Guard #2: "Likely story."

Jace Parker Davidson: "Not a story, just fact. I need to see Dan Highlander. Ten minutes, I'm in and then I'm out. Once that's done, you both can go back to standing out here with your thumbs up your asses."

Security Guard #1: "That's enough, sir! It's time for you to leave."

The first security guard grabs hold of the Villain by the arm.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Get your hands off of me!"

Davidson yanks his arm free and comes out of his leather jacket before shoving the first security guard. The second security guard charges with the taser only to be caught with a boot to the midsection that causes him to drop the weapon.

Jace Parker Davidson: "I said I needed to speak to Dan Highlander!"

The first security guard swings a punch, however, Davidson blocks it and hits him with a headbutt that stuns him. Jace grabs the first guard and tosses him into the air to send him crashing into the wall of the arena.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Damn idiot."

The former HVW No Limits Champion says as he looks down at the first security guard. The second security guard comes up from behind and lands a right hook to the kidney.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Oooof!"

Davidson turns around and then pie faces the second guard down to the ground.

Jace Parker Davidson: "You little shit!"

The second security guard begins to pull himself up and reach for the taser on the ground. The Villain moves forward

and swings for the fences hitting the guard with a vicious elbow shot that wipes him out.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Now then…"

Davidson leans over and picks up his leather jacket off of the ground and then puts it back on.

Jace Parker Davidson: "Time to find the Hammer."

The HVW wrestler opens the VIP entrance door and steps inside while leaving both security guards laid out on the ground.

Seth Moxley Challenges The Unstoppable Force

Segment

Seth is standing backstage leaning against the wall, and looks at the camera as he gets talking.

"Vegas Prince" Seth Moxley: "Dean and I have been talking, and we came to the conclusion that we might be the friends of Billy and Tyler Anderson. I have something to announce, and I know the Unstoppable Force are listening as we want to face you two inside of the ring. Will you two accept this challenge from Fire & Ice or are you two scared to face our two friends inside of the ring?"

Seth walks off, and heads to Fire & Ice's locker room.

Sure You're Up For This?

Segment

We see Mark Carlton in a locker room backstage, still in his suit before changing into his ring gear. There is a knock at his door.

Carlton: "Come."

The camera swings to show Carlton’s cousin, the number one contender, Caledonia Highlander. She has a look of some concern on her face.

Carlton: "I thought you were by the lunkhead’s bedside?"

Caledonia rolls her eyes, the concern temporarily leaving her face.

Caledonia: "I’ve been married to him for sixteen years and you’ve fought alongside him, isn’t it about time you be nice to Dan? Especially since, as you note, he’s not doing so great right now?"

Carlton: "Oh, he’s fine, he won a handicap match."

Caledonia: "Whatever. Look, Mark…"

She takes a deep breath.

Caledonia: "Are you sure you know what you’ve gotten yourself into?"

Carlton looks taken aback.

Carlton: "What do you mean?"

Caledonia: "I mean, unlike you I’ve actually fought Mia – or Loki, or whichever face she’s showing the world now…"

Carlton: "And?"

Caledonia: "And she beat me."

Carlton: "Well –"

Caledonia: "Save it, Mark, we both know I'm a better fighter than you."

Carlton looks indignant. Caledonia holds up a hand.

Caledonia: "Don't. Just, don't. The fact is that I've reached the top – twice – and you haven't. I took on damn near every fighter in this federation and not a one could get it done against me… until she did. Clean in the middle of the ring. And this was when I was damn near to my peak."

Carlton's nostrils flare.

Caledonia: "So again I ask – are you sure you're up for this?"

Carlton: "You know what, cousin? If all you're here for is to tear me down…"

Caledonia: "Well. That answers that."

She makes to leave. Before she does, she looks over her shoulder.

Caledonia: "Maybe, maybe you could have gotten it done if this were 2010, Mark. Back when you were at your peak. But since coming back… face it, cousin, you've taken loss after loss. I care about you. Which is why I really think you should reconsider this. Loki is out of your league. I don't want to see you get slaughtered."

She leaves going through the door and heading down the hall as the camera zooms out to see Jace Parker Davidson looking on from the other side of the hallway with an interested look on his face. We cut back into the looker room where Carlton stands in silence with his head down. His eye twitches.

Carlton: "Well."

He takes a deep breath.

Carlton: "About that time, then…"

Christian Patrick © & Mark Carlton vs. Esmeralda von Krauss & Loki Synn

Match

The sweet sound of Freddie Mercury's voice hits the loud speakers as "Good Old Fashioned Lover Boy" begins to play.

Jim Gunt: "Well, here comes Mark Carlton, and it seems that there's been a change to this match."

Mike Rolash looks up, suddenly hopeful.

Mike Rolash: "Mia and Co. aren't participating tonight due to… Honestly, I don't care, she's not coming right? Tell me that's what's going on!"

Jim looks quizzically at his broadcast partner.

Jim Gunt: "Uhm, no… Esmeralda Von Krauss left to go pursue greener pastures, and because of that, management decided to pull the newly crowned Chaos Champion, Christian Patrick, out of the fight. So what we have is a one on one match pitting Mark Carlton… Actually, I'm more curious as to why you're shaking?"

Mike Rolash jumps and looks around, apparently surprised that Jim was talking to him.

Mike Rolash: "Gonna be honest with you Jimbo. I've seen a lot in CWF. I was mysteriously put into the year 2326, I was thrown 300 years into the past back to present day 2026. I've seen Mia, Loki, Amelia, and Cheshire. I don't know man, this time feels… It just feels different, in a really weird and ominous way."

Jim nods in agreement as Mark Carlton makes his way down to the ring. For his part, Mark looks like it's just another

average Friday as he climbs between the ropes and poses for the fans that cheer for him, while the rest of the fans boo. He doesn't care though and continues to prepare himself for the match to come. He rolls his neck as a steady drum beat begins to hit the airwaves.

Mike Rolash: "Oh god, she's coming isn't she? I promised Jaiden I wouldn't hide under the desk again, but, no promises…"

Jim Gunt: "I got you for half of the fine if it comes to that. But we're even after!"

A whisper can be heard, and strangely, everyone in the arena jumps simultaneously, as if the words in the whisper were gently blowing by everyone's ear.

"They're coming to take me away…hehe…"

"They're coming to take me away… haha…"

With nothing else, no lights, mist, or pyro, no music, the sentence continues to repeat itself while Mia Rayne stumbles onto the stage. Carlton looks nonplussed, though slightly startled that the demonic jester, Loki Synn, wasn't present. That was afterall, who he had addressed last show.

Mike Rolash: "Mia… She hasn't really been looking good since she joined the roster full time again."

Mike gulps and takes a deep breath, followed by a trembling drink of water, complete with sloshing half of it down his shirt.

Jim Gunt: "Yeah, after the tears of blood on our last show and her very… Limited appearances since, the few times we HAVE seen her, she has been disjointed at best."

Jim's complexion goes stark white as Mia Rayne sits down, a lone spotlight illuminating her presence as she rocks herself back and forth, mumbling to herself. Mark Carlton yells for her to quit stalling and get in the ring. Mia stops rocking and her bowed head suddenly snaps up, a trail of blood running from her eyes to the bottom of her jaw. She cocks her head to the side as she contemplates Mark, before slowly beginning to rock back and forth again, faster and faster, more and more violent. The whisper becomes a quiet roar before the highest pitch squeal is heard and everyone in attendance covers their ears in unison. The lights cut out, the spotlight remains, and once people are able to focus, Mia has completely disappeared from the top of the ramp. Jim and Mike don't get a chance to speculate though as the whispering winds have turned into a loud voice, loud enough for the people in the nosebleed seats to hear.

"You were warned. You didn't listen. Now it's time to learn from your mistakes."

Jim Gunt: "That… That just sounded like Mia…"

Mike Rolash: "I hope that it's 'just' Mia…"

The lights return to normal and everyone in the Mercedes-Benz Arena collectively hold their breath as Mark Carlton turns… Coming face to face with not Mia, but Loki Synn…

AND…

Amelia!

…

AND!

Jim Gunt: "Cheshire?!"

Mike Rolash: "All… All three of… What is it that Mia called them… The Menagerie? At the same time?! I was thrown

through space and time and… Is this even possible? How?"

Jim can only shrug, his eyes hooked on the ring as the three members of Mia's Menagerie of Personas, Loki Synn, Amelia, and Cheshire all circle Mark Carlton.

Amelia: "Looksie here! Fresh meat!"

She flashes her teeth, all pointed to fine daggers as her soulless, black eyes pierce through Mark Carlton's skull. Amelia shakes her head as a stick of beef jerky hits her head and falls to the ground. She scratches her frizzy mess of hair before bending down, picking up the snack, ripping open the packaging, and taking a bite.

Amelia: "Careful Cheshy Cat… You could poke an eye out."

Cheshire shakes her head, Carlton turning to her and then back to Amelia, yet somehow still able to keep Loki in view. Amelia scratches her head again as she takes another bite, and one could almost see the lightbulb flicker on above her head.

Amelia: "STALE! Yes, sorry… STALE meat. You're stale Mark… You aren't fresh, you weren't new when you were in 2326, begging to lick An"bitchy"ca's shoes, just so you might be able to get close to championship gold… Oop… Did you think we wouldn't notice?

The three Menagerie members all giggle in unison.

Jim Gunt: "Any one of them by themselves, is creepy to begin with…"

Mike Rolash: "All of them laughing at once? That was… I… Well, I guess if I'm expected to do my job during this horrorfest, can I just play that one audience member that screams at Mark, why hasn't he run away screaming yet? He's outnumbered, I'm almost expecting the clown one to start juggling the other two's heads, and everyone in the splash zone, you and I included, with green vomit."

Jim shudders but doesn't have a chance to respond as both he and Mike jump as Loki appears in front of them, lying on the table.

Loki Synn: "You may want to pay attention and shush. Otherwise, I'll cut your lips off, sew your top lip, to his bottom lip, and vice versa, then sew them back on… Upside FUCKING DOWN. So please, save your breathtaking analysis for the times where we aren't around. We got it from here, and oh yeah… IT'S THE JESTER ONE YOU UNCULTURED SWINE! Now, anything you'd like to say before you no longer get to talk?"

Mike looks to respond, but quickly stops himself as Jim kicks him under the desk.

Loki Synn: "Good."

Just as quick as she was on the announce table, she is now back in the ring.

Loki Synn: "Who came here tonight to see the bros behind the desk anyways? I personally came to shed some blood and cause some chaos, and Patrick, don't think I haven't noticed you ducking us!"

Amelia coughs and amazingly, Loki falls silent. She turns her attention back to a bewildered Mark Carlton, still on guard, and somehow, finds himself holding a kendo stick. He almost jumps, realizing he's holding it and Amelia shrugs.

Amelia: "I felt like you could use a little… Equalizer should you feel that you need it."

Mark snarls and almost drops it, but notices Loki and Cheshire circling closer to him. Instead, his grip tightens.

Amelia: "Now where was I…? It's so hard to keep track, because while I agree with Loki, it was ME that introduced Chaos into CWF. It was ME that destroyed An"bitchy"ca's hellscape by folding reality in upon itself. It was ME that gave everyone what they wanted and brought the CWF back to 2026. It was ME that gave Chaos its own division, a championship belt, and THOUGHT I had found someone who could carry that title to new heights. Essy, I hope you're

comfy, because you left me… US, with one HELL of a mess to clean up!"

Amelia has turned her attention to the sky as she speaks, and Carlton goes to strike, but an opalescent hand holds the kendo stick back. He tries to shake it free, but Cheshire holds tight. He is about to ask why and Cheshire just shakes her head, finally letting go of the weapon and pointing at an imaginary watch on her wrist. Amelia snaps her head back just as Mark turns his gaze back upon her. His gaze meets her emotionless black holes where her eyes are supposed to be and her smile only grows, unnaturally wide.

Amelia: "Cheshire speaks the truth Marky! You need to be patient to wield the weapons you're handed successfully! I promise, you might not know it yet, but I'm sure there will be a time that you're going to want to use that. But then again, that's why we're here, isn't it? You had to march down and be all heroic, punishing, big, bad, Loki Synn, by telling her, what was it? She had to wait in line behind you? You somehow earned it by being a lapdog in the year of your bitch of a lord, 2326? Come now Mark, do you REALLY think selling your soul for a potential title shot 'down the line' was really worth it? I mean… Where is your boss bitch now, hmmm? Just another evil baddie that your's truly has taken down. I disposed of Cassandra, I disposed of Anhellica, well… Credit is given where credit is due, you're looking at my team, mi familia! I wouldn't have been able to do it without either of them… I was the original member of Mia's personas…"

Mark tilts his head, Amelia referencing a time years before now, but after Mark had his time to shine in CWF. He didn't know any of The Menagerie's history, and suddenly, he begins to feel the weight of that tactical error. For her part Amelia only continues to bear her unnaturally wide smile, her face a horrific visage of something so scary, it probably would never be put onto the proverbial "big screen." Amelia sighs, as if nostalgic for a fond memory.

Amelia: "I was… Under appreciated, and well… I assume you don't care. We're all here to talk about YOU, Mark! But since all I know, all… WE know of you, is what little you accomplished in the future, should we talk about your past? You're a hall of famer as well right? Held multiple championships across this federation… You were… Successful, right? Pretty much a 'grand slam champion?"

Amelia sighs and puts a hand on Mark's shoulder. He tenses, but she doesn't seem to notice.

Amelia: "It's almost a shame isn't it? You've accomplished SO much, how long ago? Then we fast forward all the way to 2326, you sell your soul and… You'll have to get back to me on whether that was worth it or not. Now we're back in 2026, it has been a few months, you've done jack all, and you want to talk about, US, waiting in line behind YOU? Please make it make sense Mark! But… That brings me to my last, and final point…"

The Menagerie giggles in unison again, menacing, creepy, and intimidating.

Amelia: "It really is a shame that you've been through the past, obviously. You were a flop in the future, and now in the present day, it's almost like you're trying to make a name of yourself at OUR expense! A shame really…"

She boops him on the nose.

Amelia: "It's a shame that you'll never be as close to where you were when CWF was just a baby. You're a shadow of your former self, and your future self was such a failure, you're ashamed to even admit that you took a bite from the cookie from the Dark Side representative, not even Darth motherfudgin' Vader. Tsk tsk…."

Amelia doesn't get a chance to finish. If there was even a thought to finish. With lightning fast speed and reflexes, Mark swings the kendo stick overhead, with every intention of bringing it down on the top of Amelia's head, as hard as he possibly could. A massive CRACK can be heard throughout the arena as The Menagerie suddenly disappears, and Mia Rayne reappears, taking the full blow of the kendo stick directly to the top of her head! Wooden shards splinter everywhere as Mia absorbs the impact, her bloodstained face suddenly going completely blank as she crumples to the mat like a bag of bricks, directly at the feet of Mark Carlton. The collective giggle of The Menagerie rings out across the arena, chilling everyone in attendance right to their spine.

As with all great things, the ending comes, and the picture fades to black.

HVW Digital Aftershock

Segment

Check out the groundbreaking Evolution brand-exclusive Heroes & Villains Wrestling PPV: Digital Aftershock!

The Things We Leave Behind

Segment

The camera cuts backstage to the office of Jaiden Rishel.

Unlike most nights, there is no frantic activity outside the door. No production assistants rushing past. No wrestlers arguing in the hallway. No sound of an arena that has thousands of people waiting for the next match. Inside the office, the only thing that can be heard is the faint hum of the building's ventilation system and the occasional rustle of paper.

Jaiden sits behind his desk.

He isn't working.

There are several documents spread out in front of him, but he hasn't turned a page in several minutes. His elbows rest on the desk, his hands clasped together in front of his mouth, his eyes fixed somewhere beyond the paperwork.

On the desk is a photograph.

The camera doesn't linger long enough to make out every detail, but the face is familiar.

J. Rish.

Jaiden slowly picks up the photograph.

He studies it.

Then he turns it face down.

A knock comes at the door.

Jaiden doesn't answer.

Another knock.

Ian Ambrose: "Jaiden?"

Jaiden finally looks toward the door.

Jaiden Rishel: "Come in."

The door opens, and Ian Ambrose steps inside. He immediately notices the paperwork, the expression on Jaiden's face, and the general atmosphere of the room.

Ian Ambrose: "Sorry to interrupt."

Jaiden looks back toward the desk.

Jaiden Rishel: "You already did."

Ian gives him a slightly uncomfortable smile.

Ian Ambrose: "Right. Fair enough."

He closes the door behind him.

Ian Ambrose: "I wanted to ask you about Crossing Lines."

Jaiden leans back in his chair.

For a moment, it seems like he might tell Ian to leave.

Instead, he takes a slow breath.

Jaiden Rishel: "Two weeks."

Ian Ambrose: "October sixteenth. The O2 Arena in London."

Jaiden Rishel: "Two weeks."

This time Jaiden's voice sounds different. More focused. The CEO has returned.

He reaches forward and begins gathering the papers on his desk into a single stack.

Jaiden Rishel: "That's what I'm supposed to be thinking about."

Ian watches him carefully.

Ian Ambrose: "Supposed to be?"

Jaiden stops.

He looks at Ian.

A faint smile.

Jaiden Rishel: "You know, Ian, for a guy who spends most of his nights asking other people questions, you're becoming remarkably comfortable asking the wrong ones."

Ian chuckles.

Ian Ambrose: "Then let's talk about the right ones."

Jaiden nods.

Jaiden Rishel: "Crossing Lines."

He sits forward.

Jaiden Rishel: "Dangerous Dan against Jace Parker Davidson opens the show."

Jaiden actually laughs.

Jaiden Rishel: "Jace was looking for Dan earlier tonight. I'm not entirely sure he's going to get the one he was looking for at Crossing Lines."

He shakes his head.

Jaiden Rishel: "But I'm sure HVW's former No Limits Champion, 'The Villain' Jace Parker Davidson, will have plenty of fun with a former Paramount Champion and CWF Tag Team Champion like Dangerous Dan."

Ian smiles.

Ian Ambrose: "And then we have the Tag Team Championship."

Jaiden Rishel: "The Alliance Standard."

Jaiden's expression becomes more interested.

Jaiden Rishel: "That's never been done on a CWF show before. But The Sheriff—"

Jaiden stops.

The smile disappears.

His eyes drop briefly.

Jaiden Rishel: "…my father, I guess."

Silence.

Ian doesn't interrupt.

Jaiden takes another breath.

Jaiden Rishel: "He created the Alliance Standard for HVW's Alliance division. And I thought it would be appropriate to bring it here."

He starts counting the teams off with his fingers.

Jaiden Rishel: "The Regulators. Adam Hansen and Lex Collins, your champions. Fire & Ice. Dean and Seth Moxley. The Unstoppable Force, Billy and Tyler Anderson."

He raises one final finger.

Jaiden Rishel: "And one more team."

Ian waits.

Ian Ambrose: "Who?"

Jaiden smiles.

Jaiden Rishel: "You'll have to watch."

He leans back.

Jaiden Rishel: "Could be somebody from Heroes & Villains Wrestling. Could be somebody from UPRISING. Could be someone nobody has thought about yet."

He shrugs.

Jaiden Rishel: "That's the point."

Ian nods before looking down at his notes.

Ian Ambrose: "Loki Synn against Mark Carlton."

Jaiden Rishel: "That's a grudge match."

His tone becomes noticeably more serious.

Jaiden Rishel: "No championship. No gimmick. No excuse. Just two people who have made it very clear they don't like each other."

Ian flips the page.

Ian Ambrose: "Christian Patrick defending the Chaos Championship against Paul Freedom!"

Jaiden Rishel: "Paul's been impressive."

Jaiden smiles.

Jaiden Rishel: "And Christian needs a challenger."

He spreads his hands.

Jaiden Rishel: "So why not let the Chaos Championship be what the Chaos Championship is?"

Ian raises an eyebrow.

Ian Ambrose: "Which means?"

Jaiden Rishel: "You don't find out the stipulation until showtime."

Ian laughs.

Ian Ambrose: "That's cruel."

Jaiden Rishel: "It's the Chaos Championship."

Jaiden's smile grows.

Jaiden Rishel: "What did you expect?"

Ian turns another page.

Ian Ambrose: "And then the Paramount Championship."

Jaiden Rishel: "Jared Holmes is waiting."

Jaiden points toward the door, as if the arena itself is on the other side.

Jaiden Rishel: "MJ Flair and Wade Moor are going to settle that tonight. Former two-time CWF World Champion against a former CWF Tag Team Champion. Whoever wins faces 'The Peacock King' at Crossing Lines."

He pauses.

Jaiden Rishel: "That's what makes this part of the job fun."

Ian looks down at his notes one final time.

Ian Ambrose: "And then the World Championship."

Jaiden's expression changes.

There is no smile this time.

Jaiden Rishel: "Danny B. Caledonia."

He lets the names sit between them.

Jaiden Rishel: "An I Quit Match."

Jaiden slowly stands from his chair.

Jaiden Rishel: "That one has been coming for a long time."

He walks around the desk.

Jaiden Rishel: "Caledonia beat Danny two weeks before Danny became World Champion. Since Wrestle Fest, they've been circling each other. They've fought. They've talked. They've tried to get inside each other's heads."

Jaiden stops beside Ian.

Jaiden Rishel: "On October sixteenth, there won't be anywhere left to run."

He looks directly into the camera.

Jaiden Rishel: "One of them is going to say 'I Quit.'"

Silence.

Jaiden looks back toward his desk.

For a moment, his eyes drift toward the photograph lying face down.

Ian Ambrose: "You've obviously got a lot going on right now."

Jaiden doesn't answer immediately.

Ian Ambrose: "What happened at Digital Aftershock… with The Sheriff… with your father—"

Jaiden Rishel: "I know."

Ian stops.

Jaiden Rishel: "I know what happened."

Jaiden walks back toward the desk.

Jaiden Rishel: "And I don't know what it means yet."

He looks down.

Jaiden Rishel: "I spent a long time believing my father died in Portland."

Jaiden's voice lowers.

Jaiden Rishel: "I built an entire life around that."

He looks up.

Jaiden Rishel: "Then I watched a man I thought was dead pull a mask off his face."

Another pause.

Jaiden Rishel: "So yeah. It's on my mind."

He picks up the photograph but doesn't turn it over.

Jaiden Rishel: "But here's the thing."

Jaiden places it back down.

Jaiden Rishel: "Championship Wrestling Federation doesn't get another twenty-six years."

Ian looks at him.

Jaiden Rishel: "We don't get another chance to do this."

Jaiden walks around the desk and sits.

Jaiden Rishel: "I've spent too much of my life watching this company survive things it shouldn't have survived. I've watched people bleed for it. I've watched people lose friends for it. I've watched entire worlds rise and fall around it."

His expression softens.

Jaiden Rishel: "And I've watched CWF keep going."

He straightens.

Jaiden Rishel: "So whatever is happening in HVW, whatever my father is doing, whatever answers I still need to find..."

Jaiden looks directly into the camera.

Jaiden Rishel: "I'm putting it aside."

He pauses.

Jaiden Rishel: "For now."

Jaiden's voice becomes firm.

Jaiden Rishel: "Because the next two months belong to CWF."

He gestures toward the camera.

Jaiden Rishel: "Crossing Lines."

Then he raises one finger.

Jaiden Rishel: "Last Call."

His expression is no longer distracted.

It is determined.

Jaiden Rishel: "Those shows are going to be everything Championship Wrestling Federation has always deserved for its swan song."

He leans forward.

Jaiden Rishel: "Twenty-six years."

Beat.

Jaiden Rishel: "We're going to finish them the right way."

Ian nods.

Ian Ambrose: "Thank you, Jaiden."

Ian turns toward the door.

Jaiden Rishel: "Ian."

Ian stops.

Jaiden looks down at the photograph one last time.

Jaiden Rishel: "If you see my father before I do..."

Ian turns around.

Jaiden Rishel: "Tell him his son is still working."

Ian doesn't know quite how to respond.

Jaiden gives him a small smile.

Jaiden Rishel: "Now get out of my office."

Ian laughs quietly and opens the door.

Ian Ambrose: "Good to have you back."

The door closes.

Jaiden sits alone.

His eyes remain fixed on the photograph.

After several seconds, he finally turns it over.

The face of J. Rish stares back at him.

Jaiden's expression hardens.

CUT.

MJ Flair vs. Wade Moor

Match

Jim Gunt: Four matches down, one to go, partner. Time to find out who faces off against Jared Holmes at Crossing Lines.

Mike Rolash: Yeah.

Jim Gunt: You don’t seem to have a lot to say about it, Mike. No predictions? No clever quips?

Mike Rolash: What do you want I should say, Gunt? Flair hit Wade right in the face with some hard truths in the build up to this match, and I think he has an uphill battle.

Jim Gunt: But if he makes it, he’ll have to take on his tag team partner at Crossed Lines.

Mike Rolash: That would be crossing the ultimate line, wouldn’t it?

“The Dark Sentencer” by Coheed and Cambria begins with its haunting opening as the arena lights fade to a deep sapphire blue.

A lone spotlight cuts through the darkness at the top of the ramp.

Standing beneath it is Wade Moor.

Dressed in an open Hawaiian shirt over his ring gear, Wade surveys the arena with an easy confidence. A grin slowly spreads across his face, not arrogant, but knowing. Like a man who’s walked into hundreds of arenas before and still enjoys every second of it.

As the opening riff crashes through the speakers, Wade starts down the ramp with an unhurried stride and never once takes his eyes off the ring.

There’s no urgency.

No wasted motion.

No need to convince anyone who he is.

At ringside, Wade climbs onto the apron, wipes the soles of his boots against the edge, steps through the ropes, and rolls his shoulders loose.

That grin hasn’t gone anywhere.

He gives the crowd a slow once over before curling two fingers toward himself.

Come on.

The gesture is almost friendly.

Almost.

The smile says he’s happy to be here.

His eyes say he’s about to make someone earn every inch of that ring.

Jim Gunt: Trent Robbins giving Wade some last minute instructions, but I think the beach bum has been around the sport long enough to know how to conduct himself.

Mike Rolash: And he's been around long enough to get away with it, too, if he wanted to break them.

"Wings" by ILUKA fills the silence, and the script is almost completely flipped. The appreciation for the work Wade Moor has done over the course of his career, combined with the arrogance he's shown in his appearances thus far have left the German crowd showing a bit of a reserved reaction.

There is nothing reserved about their welcome to the two-time former CWF World Champion.

MJ Flair steps through the entrance and immediately plays to the crowd, arms up, talking to them, talking at them, and pointing at Wade Moor in the ring, leaning on the far ropes, unconcerned.

Mike Rolash: I've got a sinking feeling in my gut, Jim… that she's going to win.

Jim Gunt: I don't think either of these athletes are going to make it easy for the other, Mike.

Everyone in the arena sings along to the vocal interludes of the song, with plenty trying to lean over and get a photo of MJ's custom T-shirt, with the caption "Ich bin ein Vermächtnis" across the chest.

She's clearly enjoying the multilingual portion of the tour.

Jim Gunt: MJ climbing from the floor to the top turnbuckle as she does, and I'm actually surprised Wade Moor doesn't hit the ropes to get an early advantage.

Mike Rolash: Don't besmirch his name, he wants to beat Flair, he'll do it between the ropes.

Joey Garcia: Wrestling fans, this is your MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING!

Huge pop from the fans.

Joey Garcia: This contest is scheduled for one fall, with a sixty minute time limit… and the winner will be named NUMBER ONE CONTENDER… for the CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPIONSHIP!

Jim Gunt: The stakes could barely be higher, Mike!

Mike Rolash: It's not like this is for a World Title shot.

Jim Gunt: Notice I said 'barely'?

Joey Garcia: Introducing first… from the Florida Everglades… one half of former CWF World Tag Team Champions, #BEACHKREW… Weighing in at two hundred and forty seven pounds… GAWWWWWWWDNIIIIIILLLLLLLLAAAAAAA… WAAAAAAAADE… MOOOOOOOOOOOR!

In the ring, Wade leans against the ropes, giving the mildest of waves to the fans.

Jim Gunt: That level of confidence is the result of twenty years' in the business.

Joey Garcia: AND HIS OPPONENT…

The German crowd knows their letters, and they start their chant.

Joey Garcia: From Warwick, New York… TWO TIME… FORMER… CWF WORLD CHAMPION… Weighing in at one hundred forty five pounds…

Mike Rolash: I hate audience participation.

Joey Garcia (as well as most of the arena): EMM… JAY… FLAAAAAAAAIRRRRR!!!

Jim Gunt: Flair with a hand up, soaking in the cheers from this capacity crowd, and with the sound of the bell, we're underway! MJ and Wade circle… MJ offers a handshake!

Mike Rolash: It's a trap!

Jim Gunt: Wade swats her hand away and drives an elbow into her face! He's pounding her into the ropes! Referee Trent Robbins is calling for a rope break already! Wade backs up, hands out from his body, like 'what?'

Mike Rolash: It's professional wrestling, Robbins, not synchronized swimming!

MJ steps out from the ropes, anger written all over her face. She steps towards Wade with ill intentions, but Robbins holds her up, cautions them both about the rules, and sends them at it. Immediately, they lock up, and Wade begins to back MJ into a corner with some difficulty, as she's lowering her center of gravity and bracing her feet.

Jim Gunt: MJ fighting from underneath! Tale of the tape gives a seven inch, one hundred and two pound size advantage to Wade Moor, but we've seen Flair overcome countless opponents with a size advantage. Will she be able to do it again?

Mike Rolash: My happiest memory of Flair is her second match against Loki Synn.

Wade tries his damnedest to shove MJ into the corner, but a single boot on the bottom turnbuckle gives her enough leverage to stop him in his tracks. He continues to push, but she just looks at him with a knowing grin.

Jim Gunt: Wade muscling her back–MJ SHOVES HIM BACK AND HE STUMBLES! Wade hits the mat, and MJ follows up with a boot to the face!

Mike Rolash: She'll pay for it.

A split screen shows MJ's boot on the bottom turnbuckle pad, and how Wade pushes her back just a bit more - which he likely interpreted as getting leverage, while she was just bracing herself for her shove.

Jim Gunt: Flair grabs him by the hair and pulls him to his knees - Wade with a modified samoan drop takes her over! He locks on a headlock, driving her head and neck into the mat!

Mike Rolash: Here's where the size advantage becomes relevant. SHe does this to him, he can just get up and dust her off like a bad case of fleas. She can't do the same from a prone position.

MJ's chin is on the mat while Wade grinds his headlock; their positioning means she isn't in danger of her shoulders touching the mat, but her head and neck are bent in an unnatural position. Wade, unhurried and unconcerned, simply tightens his hold and leans more on her, forcing her to carry his weight.

Jim Gunt: Flair moving her lower body, trying to find the ropes. Anything to get out of this hold! She's just an inch too far to hook them!

Slowly, and with the enthusiastic support of the crowd, MJ gets her hands underneath her, palms flat on the mat. With a great deal of strain written on her face, she begins to lift both herself and Wade in the most extreme push-up ever seen. He feels her start to rise, and loosens his grip to drive an elbow in the back of her head - but the second he loosens, she slips out, and his elbow lands on the mat! MJ swoops in and grabs his damaged arm and yanks him to his knees, twisting him in a hammerlock and dropping him with a short arm clothesline! Cover! ONE… TWO… Kickout!

Jim Gunt: You're not going to take Wade Moor out like that! MJ rolls to her knees, looking at him with frustration, but she's going to need to stay on him!

Mike Rolash: Typical female, letting her emotions get in the way.

Jim Gunt: As opposed to the unbearable diva that's waiting for one of them with the Paramount Title?

Mike Rolash: …..Withdrawn.

MJ grabs Wade by his loose, flowing hair and pulls him up. She hooks his head in a reverse chinlock like she's preparing for a DDT, but he hooks his hands behind her waist and lifts her in a modified suplex! He bridges, and Robbins slides into place! ONE… TWO… Kickout! Wade pulls MJ up and hits her with a pair of clubbing forearms,

before hooking her under the arm and dropping with an exploder suplex! Cover! ONE… TWO… Kickout!

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair showing the fortitude that brought her to the top of the mountain here in the CWF, not once, but twice!

Mike Rolash: When does Wade throw her from the top of the mountain?

Wade doesn't worry about the kickout, he rolls through and sees MJ holding the back of her head, still on her side. He patiently rolls to the balls of his feet and saunters towards her, pulling her up - LOW BLOW! DDT! Trent Robbins warns the former Champion, but she rolls away from him to give herself some breathing room!

Mike Rolash: There's a mistake. You land a good solid low blow, you want to stay on him, hook the tights, and make sure there's no question.

Perhaps hearing Mike's critique, MJ backs up into the ropes, and uses them as momentum to drive a boot into his head. She grabs him and pulls him back up, and whips him into the ropes once again, but Wade reverses! MJ off the side, and an exploder suplex puts her back down! Cover! ONE… TWO… Kickout!

Wade pushes back to his knees and looks into the hard camera, soaking in the smattering of boos from the crowd. THe smirk on his face is undeniable as he grabs a handful of hair and whips MJ into the far corner.

Jim Gunt: Familiar offense from GAWDNilla, he comes in with a hard clothesline - BOOT TO THE FACE!

MJ's foot stops Wade cold in his tracks, his head snaps back and his momentum immediately stalls. He turns back towards her, only to eat a second boot, which causes him to spin around in a daze. MJ pushes up to the second turnbuckle and jumps at the former Tag Team Champion, landing on his back with a rear chinlock! Wade staggers around the ring, looking for an escape, but MJ manages to muscle and dead-weight him to the point that her feet touch the mat, and she holds his head in a reverse headlock!

Mike Rolash: I'm going home.

Jim Gunt: MORNING STAR! MJ WITH HER KNEE TO WADE'S BACK, AND THE IMPACT OF THAT DDT! She hooks the leg! ONE… TWO… THREE!

The bell rings, to a massive cheer from the arena collective. MJ pushes back to her knees and allows her hand to be raised in victory.

Joey Garcia: HERE IS YOUR WINNER…. EMM… JAY… FLAIR!

Jim Gunt: There you have it, folks! MJ Flair earns a Paramount Title shot against JAred Holmes at Crossed Lines by defeating his tag team partner in fairly dominating fashion! Wade rolling to his knees, holding the back of his head in pain, and even though the music is playing, I don't know that it's really sunk in yet!

Mike Rolash: I've got a sinking feeling int the pit of my stomach, Jim… it's been a blissfully blissful string of years since Flair has held CWF gold, and it makes me sad that that streak has a real chance of ending.

In the ring, MJ gets to her feet, blowing an appreciative kiss to the fans cheering for her over her music. Wade Moor is on one knee, looking at her in disbelief. He refuses help to get back to his feet, but he walks up to MJ, and they have a staredown in the middle of the ring.

The music fades.

Jim Gunt: Hold on now, are we going to get a second fight from these two? Let's get security down here, and quickly.

Mike Rolash: Good call, Jim. Get some cheese eating surrender monkeys to get in between two professional fighters. That won't end badly for anyone.

Wade Moor stares MJ down, both wrestlers breathing heavy. He takes a half step back and offers her a handshake.

The fans erupt with their opinions: some appear to be encouraging MJ to take it, others say she shouldnt' trust him. MJ looks around at the crowd, taking in their suggestions. She takes a half step back herself and looks at his hand.

And she holds up one hand towards his face.

And she holds up one finger from her hand.

And the crowd gives her a standing ovation.

“Wings” by ILUKA restarts, as MJ backs up and drops over the top rope, letting her momentum spin her 360 to her feet just like her father, and she walks up the aisle, slapping hands, while Wade waits in the ring, shaking his head.

Jim Gunt: You know that was a deliberate message from the new Paramount Number One Contender! Respect is a two way street!

Mike Rolash: Spoken like a man on the receiving end of endless swirlies.

Jim Gunt: That’s all the time we have for you tonight, fans - we’ll see you at the O2 Arena for CROSSED LINES!

The Last Word

Segment

The main event has just ended, and the Mercedes-Benz Arena is still buzzing from the Paramount Championship #1 Contendership match between MJ Flair and Wade Moor. The ring crew has barely begun clearing the aftermath when the lights suddenly dim.

The opening notes of “For I Am Death” roll through the arena. The reaction is immediate as “The Ripper” Danny B steps through the curtain with the CWF World Heavyweight Championship around his waist.

There is no celebration tonight. No pyro or playing to the crowd. Danny simply stands at the top of the ramp for a moment, staring down at the ring before beginning his walk toward it.

JIM GUNT: “Well we thought that main event was the final segment for Infernalia tonight, but I guess not! After everything we've seen tonight, here comes the CWF World Heavyweight Champion.”

MIKE ROLASH: “And judging by that expression, I don't think he's here to congratulate MJ Flair.”

Danny climbs into the ring, removes the championship from around his waist and holds it up once before settling it across his shoulder.

He takes a microphone.

The crowd begins to chant.

“CALI! CALI! CALI!”

Danny closes his eyes.

He exhales.

Then he smiles.

DANNY B: “There it is.”

The crowd gets louder.

DANNY B: “This.”

Danny slowly turns toward each side of the arena.

DANNY B: “This is exactly what I'm talking about.”

He taps the faceplate of the championship.

DANNY B: “I win Golden Intentions.”

He raises one finger.

DANNY B: “Again.”

A second finger.

DANNY B: “Two-time Golden Intentions winner.”

Danny looks toward the entrance.

DANNY B: “And this year, they couldn't even put me in that ring until I was the final participant.”

His expression hardens.

DANNY B: “You know why?”

He doesn't wait for an answer.

DANNY B: “Because they didn't want me sharing that ring with the legends.”

The crowd reacts.

DANNY B: “They didn't want me standing across from Gordy King. They didn't want me standing across from Jarvis. They wanted to keep me away from the very people everybody told me I needed to prove myself against.”

Danny laughs bitterly.

DANNY B: “So I won the whole damn thing anyway.”

He points at the championship.

DANNY B: “Then I beat Gordy King at Wrestle Fest.”

His voice grows louder.

DANNY B: “And where is Gordy?”

He looks around.

DANNY B: “Where's Jarvis?”

Danny spreads his arms.

DANNY B: “Where's my rematch? Where's the great reckoning? Where's the chance for all these legends to come back and prove that Danny B doesn't belong at the top?”

He shakes his head.

DANNY B: “Nowhere.”

A beat.

DANNY B: “Because every time I knock somebody down, somebody else gets put in front of me.”

Danny's expression darkens.

DANNY B: “And I'm tired of it.”

The crowd begins reacting again.

DANNY B: “I don't care if Amelia is making the decisions.”

DANNY B: “I don't care if Mia is making the decisions.”

Danny looks directly into the hard camera.

DANNY B: “And I sure as hell don't care if Jaiden is making the decisions.”

He removes the championship from his shoulder.

DANNY B: “Because at Crossing Lines, I'm going to finally make the woman who started all of this say the words everybody seems so desperate to hear.”

Danny raises the championship.

DANNY B: “I.”

A pause.

DANNY B: “Quit.”

The opening notes of “Day and Night” suddenly hit. The crowd goes apeshit as Caledonia steps onto the stage with a microphone in hand. The former two time champion herself doesn't come any farther, she simply looks down at Danny.

Danny stares right back at her.

CALEDONIA: “You know, Danny…”

She smiles.

CALEDONIA: “I was wondering how long it would take.”

Danny's eyes narrow.

CALEDONIA: “You've spent weeks telling everybody about the people who have wronged you.”

She gestures toward him.

CALEDONIA: “The people who kept you out of Golden Intentions. The people who disappeared after you beat them. The people who supposedly don't want to see you succeed.”

She shrugs.

CALEDONIA: “And somehow, through all of that…”

Caledonia smiles wider.

CALEDONIA: “You keep forgetting about me.”

The crowd cheers. Danny shakes his head.

CALEDONIA: “No matter what it took to get there and how much you still love to talk about it, I beat you in the Infernalia Tournament to become the first CWF World Champion of this era.”

Danny's eyes go wide as his fists instinctively ball up.

CALEDONIA: “Then two weeks before Wrestle Fest V, I beat you again.”

Danny's jaw tightens.

CALEDONIA: “And then, at Crown of Legends, my husband beat you too.”

The crowd gets even louder.

CALEDONIA: “So maybe, Danny…”

She tilts her head.

CALEDONIA: “Maybe the problem isn't that everybody keeps screwing you.”

A pause.

CALEDONIA: “Maybe Highlanders just keep beating you.”

The fans are on their feet as Danny's expression changes. He slowly removes the championship from his shoulder and places it down on the canvas.

DANNY B: “You want a preview?”

Caledonia laughs.

CALEDONIA: “I was hoping you'd ask.”

Danny steps toward the ropes.

Caledonia takes one small step backward.

CALEDONIA: “But no.”

Danny stops.

CALEDONIA: “Not tonight.”

She points toward the championship lying in the ring.

CALEDONIA: “You've got that.”

She points toward Danny.

CALEDONIA: “I've got two weeks.”

Caledonia lowers the microphone.

CALEDONIA: “And London gets the first taste.”

Danny stares at her.

CALEDONIA: “Because at Crossing Lines, Danny…”

Her expression becomes completely serious.

CALEDONIA: “There isn't going to be a Golden Intentions loophole. There isn't going to be Gordy or Jarvis there to get in the way. There isn't going to be Amelia, Mia, or Jaiden to blame.”

She pauses.

CALEDONIA: “You will finally have to look in the mirror and realize the only person to blame...is yourself.”

Danny slowly nods.

DANNY B: “Two weeks.”

CALEDONIA: “Two weeks.”

They stare at one another from opposite ends of the arena. Danny finally bends down and picks up the CWF World Heavyweight Championship. He raises it between them.

DANNY B: “You better be ready to take this.”

Caledonia smiles.

CALEDONIA: “Oh, I am.”

She turns to leave, but after a few steps, she stops.

CALEDONIA: “Sleep well, Ripper.”

She disappears behind the curtain. Danny remains in the ring. He looks down at the championship, toward the entrance, then finally back down at the title. The camera slowly pushes in on his face as the crowd continues to buzz.

JIM GUNT: “Two weeks from tonight. Crossing Lines. The CWF World Heavyweight Championship.”

MIKE ROLASH: “And an I Quit match where apparently the only acceptable answer is the wrong one.”

JIM GUNT: “Caledonia has already beaten Danny B once. Her husband has beaten him once. But neither of those victories happened with the World Championship on the line.”

MIKE ROLASH: “And neither happened in London.”

Danny raises the championship above his head one final time. The camera cuts to the entrance.

Nothing.

Just an empty stage where Caledonia stood moments ago. The camera returns to Danny. He lowers the championship slowly as the screen fades to an advert for Crossing Lines.

CROSSING LINES

CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP — I QUIT MATCH

“THE RIPPER” DANNY B (C) vs. CALEDONIA

October 16, 2026 — The O2 Arena — London, England

Fade to black.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite