Infernalia: Infernalia — Ep. 15 - Closing Time

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: November 13, 2026
Location: Crypto.com Arena — Los Angeles, California

Results

The Last Transmission

Segment

There is no opening theme. No dramatic countdown. No announcer welcoming the audience. Instead, the broadcast begins with the unmistakable sound of a projector struggling to turn over.

The picture appears in fragments: a strip of film moving through a machine, each frame briefly illuminated before disappearing into darkness. The images are not from tonight. They are old CWF footage, grainy and damaged, with dates and locations stamped across the bottom in a typeface that looks as though it has survived several decades.

The first image is a familiar one: the original CWF logo.

Then another.

The Colosseum.

Anthropolis.

The year 2326.

The footage is silent at first. A sweeping shot of the city gives way to the Colosseum, its enormous structure surrounded by an unfamiliar skyline. The camera moves through a crowd of thousands, then cuts to the ring. There are flashes of faces, championships, bloodied competitors, and moments that once seemed as though they could never end.

The projector clicks.

A date appears.

MAY 29, 2326.

The footage becomes unstable. The image fractures into several overlapping frames. There is a glimpse of the End Games cell, the chaos surrounding it, and the blinding explosion that brought the Anthropolis era to its conclusion. A white flash consumes the screen.

For several seconds, there is nothing.

Then a voice emerges from the static. It is not a narrator. It sounds like an old recording, captured somewhere in the wreckage of that final night.

Unknown Voice: "If you're watching this, then we made it back."

The footage jumps.

The South Philadelphia Colosseum. The present day. 2026.

The image is clean now. No distortion. No futuristic skyline. No impossible architecture. Just a wrestling ring, a familiar arena, and a company that has somehow found its way back to the world it once left behind.

The camera moves across the empty ring. The ropes are still. The canvas is pristine. A single championship belt rests in the middle of the ring.

The recording continues.

Unknown Voice: "We spent so long believing that the future was something we had to reach. Something waiting beyond the next horizon. We built it. We fought in it. We lost ourselves in it. And when the time came, we found out that the hardest thing wasn't getting there."

A beat.

Unknown Voice: "It was coming home."

The image changes again. This time, the footage is not from 2326. It is a collection of moments from the last several weeks.

Crossing Lines. The aftermath of the final battle. Caledonia standing with the CWF World Heavyweight Championship after surviving The Ripper Danny B. Paul Freedom! holding the Chaos Championship. MJ Flair with the Paramount Championship. The Moxley brothers standing together. Fire & Ice returning to the center of the CWF tag team conversation. The Regulators carrying their championships. Bad Juju celebrating their own Alliance gold.

Then the images become less celebratory.

Lorenzo DeLuca.

The aftermath of the shooting at Outlaw's Reckoning.

J. Rish stepping away from the company he helped build.

Jaiden Rishel standing in the position nobody ever expected him to occupy, now carrying the responsibility of leading CWF toward its final night.

The footage stops on Jaiden.

He is not smiling. He is not posing for a camera. He is simply standing in the hallway, looking toward the arena.

The projector clicks again.

NOVEMBER 13, 2026.

The voice returns, quieter now.

Unknown Voice: "Twenty-six years. Some of us were here for all of it. Some of us arrived along the way. Some of us thought we'd have forever to finish what we started."

The screen cuts to black for a moment.

Then, one by one, three dates appear.

NOVEMBER 13

CLOSING TIME — LOS ANGELES

NOVEMBER 27

FROZEN OVER 10 — PHOENIX

DECEMBER 11

LAST CALL — LAS VEGAS

The last date remains on the screen.

The projector sound slows. The image begins to burn at the edges, as though the film itself is running out. But before the picture disappears, a final sentence appears across the frame.

THERE IS NO NEXT EPISODE AFTER THE LAST ONE.

The projector stops. And then, for the first time, the audience hears the sound of a live crowd.

The camera cuts to the Crypto.com Arena in Los Angeles. The building is packed. Thousands of fans are on their feet, waving signs, holding up championship replicas, and wearing the colors of a company that has meant something different to every person who has ever watched it. The arena is alive, but the atmosphere is different tonight. There is excitement, certainly. There is anticipation. But beneath it is the understanding that every remaining moment carries a little more weight than the one before it.

The camera sweeps around the arena before settling on the entrance stage. The Infernalia logo appears, followed by the words CLOSING TIME. The opening theme finally hits, and the familiar CWF presentation takes over.

Inside the arena, the commentators are already at their desk.

Jim Gunt: "Twenty-six years. Twenty-six years of championships, rivalries, unforgettable moments, and an awful lot of history. And somehow, Mike, we're standing here tonight with only two episodes of Infernalia remaining before the final event in the history of the Championship Wrestling Federation."

Mike Rolash: "I don't think I've fully processed that sentence, Jim. I've spent a quarter of a century sitting beside you, listening to you tell me how important every single match is, how every championship means something, how every rivalry has a story. And now you're telling me there's an expiration date on all of it?"

Jim Gunt: "That's exactly what we're telling you. December 11th. T-Mobile Arena. Las Vegas, Nevada. Last Call. The final event. Twenty-six years of CWF coming to an end."

Mike Rolash: "And I know everybody wants to talk about the card. Everybody wants to know who's going to be there, who's going to get one final opportunity, who's going to walk into Las Vegas and walk out with something they'll remember for the rest of their lives. But here's the thing, Jim. We don't know. Nobody knows. And that might be the most unsettling part of all this."

Jim Gunt: "What we do know is that there are still people with unfinished business. There are championships still to be defended, rivalries that have not reached their conclusions, and competitors who are going to have to decide what they want their final chapter in this company to look like. Tonight is another opportunity to make a statement."

The broadcast cuts to footage of the Fire & Ice team: Dean and Seth Moxley standing in the ring, their expressions serious as they address the crowd. The footage transitions to their recent victory over the returning Blind Ambition, Magik The Gatherer, and Ezekiel Graves. Then the camera shows Billy and Tyler Anderson, the Unstoppable Force, watching from the stage.

Jim Gunt: "And we begin tonight with a question that has been hanging over the tag team division. Dean and Seth Moxley have issued an open challenge, and they have made it clear that they aren't interested in waiting around for somebody to decide whether they're worthy of an opportunity. They're calling somebody out tonight. We just don't know who is going to answer."

Mike Rolash: "That's a dangerous way to spend your Friday night. You invite somebody into the ring, and you have absolutely no idea who might walk through that curtain. Could be a team looking to make a name for themselves. Could be somebody looking to settle a score. Could be two guys who have absolutely no business being in the same

building, let alone the same ring."

Jim Gunt: "And speaking of dangerous situations, the Unstoppable Force will be in action tonight. Billy and Tyler Anderson are competing in a handicap match against Crazy Chris."

Mike Rolash: "Two Andersons against one Crazy Chris. I don't know if that's fair, but I also don't know if Crazy Chris has ever been particularly interested in fairness. The Andersons have had their share of problems lately, and tonight they're going to have to function as a unit. That's easier said than done when the people standing beside you can sometimes be the people you want to punch the most."

The screen shows the Andersons arguing, followed by footage of their recent exchanges with other teams. A shot of the CWF Tag Team Championship belts fills the screen.

Jim Gunt: "The tag team division has been one of the most volatile parts of this company in recent months. And with the possibility of a TLC championship match at Last Call still hanging over the division, every opportunity to make an impression matters."

Mike Rolash: "Especially when the clock is ticking. You don't get to say, 'We'll settle that next month,' forever. Eventually, next month becomes December 11th, and there isn't another month after that."

The broadcast transitions to the CWF Tag Team Champions, Adam Hansen and Lex Collins, the Regulators. Their championship victory and recent appearances are shown before the footage cuts to the Alliance Champions, Madame Colette Lavieille and Madame Cosette Lajeune of Bad Juju.

Jim Gunt: "The Regulators will put the CWF Tag Team Championships aside tonight, at least in terms of the stakes, as they meet Bad Juju in a non-title showcase. Both teams have championship gold around their waists, but this is about something else. It's about proving which team can stand at the top of the mountain when the two companies' histories are measured together."

Mike Rolash: "And I wouldn't be foolish enough to underestimate either team. Adam Hansen and Lex Collins are a very dangerous combination. Colette and Cosette have been making their own statement as Alliance Champions. Neither team needs a championship on the line to take this personally."

Jim Gunt: "And with Last Call approaching, a performance like this could be the difference between being remembered as a team that held championship gold and being remembered as a team that helped define the final era of CWF."

The footage shifts to Caledonia. The CWF World Heavyweight Champion stands in the ring, the championship resting on her shoulder. The image cuts to Christian Patrick, then back to Caledonia, whose expression remains cold and focused.

Jim Gunt: "The World Heavyweight Champion will also be in action tonight. Caledonia takes on Christian Patrick in a non-title match, and I don't think there's any question that the champion has a great deal of momentum behind her after what she accomplished at Crossing Lines."

Mike Rolash: "But a non-title match doesn't mean a meaningless match, Jim. Christian Patrick has a chance to put himself in the conversation, and Caledonia has a chance to remind everybody why she's carrying that championship. The last thing you want to do this close to the end is give somebody a reason to believe they can take your place."

Jim Gunt: "And there are only so many opportunities left to make that statement. Caledonia is the champion, but the road to Last Call is not going to be a quiet one."

The broadcast cuts to Mia Rayne. Then Loki Synn. Then the Menagerie. The images flicker between the different personalities, each one appearing for only a moment before the next takes over. The camera lingers on The Ripper Danny B, his face hardened, his eyes fixed directly on the lens.

Jim Gunt: "And then there's our main event. The Ripper Danny B, in a No Holds Barred, Falls Count Anywhere match, against Mia Rayne and the Menagerie."

Mike Rolash: "I don't know how you prepare for that, Jim. I don't know how you prepare for one opponent, let alone everything that comes with Mia Rayne and the Menagerie. And Danny B isn't exactly the sort of man who needs a rulebook to tell him how to hurt somebody."

Jim Gunt: "This is a match that could go anywhere in this building. No disqualifications. No count-outs. Falls count wherever they happen. And with the history between these competitors, I would be very surprised if this match stays anywhere near the ring for very long."

Mike Rolash: "The Ripper has never been shy about getting his hands dirty. The Menagerie has never been shy about making things uncomfortable. And Mia Rayne is caught in the middle of something that has become increasingly difficult to understand, let alone control. I wouldn't want to be standing anywhere near that situation."

The footage pauses on Mia's face. For a moment, there is no movement, no transition, no music. Then the picture cuts to a brief image of Ataxia from the recent events surrounding the Menagerie. The shot is short, almost like a frame accidentally left in the wrong reel.

Jim Gunt: "And there are questions surrounding Mia Rayne that haven't gone away. Questions that may not have answers tonight, but certainly aren't going to disappear simply because the calendar is moving toward December."

Mike Rolash: "No, they aren't. And when somebody's personal life becomes part of a fight like this, you can forget about keeping things professional. This is going to be ugly."

The camera returns to the live arena. The crowd is still standing, the energy building as the final graphic for tonight's show appears.

Jim Gunt: "Five matches. Five opportunities to change the conversation. And one more night bringing us closer to the end of the road."

Mike Rolash: "But don't get too comfortable, Jim. We're not at Last Call yet. We've still got tonight, and we've still got Frozen Over 10 in Phoenix on November 27th. That's Infernalia 16. One more episode after tonight before the final event. And if there's anything we've learned over twenty-six years, it's that the people in this company have a habit of saving their biggest surprises for when you least expect them."

Jim Gunt: "Frozen Over 10 is going to be a special night, and the final Infernalia before Last Call. But tonight, we're in Los Angeles, and the message is simple: there is no time left to wait."

Mike Rolash: "So if you've got something to say, say it. If you've got something to prove, prove it. If you've got somebody you need to fight, you'd better find them. Because the clock isn't stopping for anybody."

The camera pulls back from the commentary desk and sweeps across the packed Crypto.com Arena. The Infernalia logo fills the screen one final time, with the words CLOSING TIME beneath it.

Jim Gunt: "Twenty-six years in the making. The final stretch begins right now. Welcome to Infernalia!"

The camera cuts to the ring as the opening pyro erupts across the stage. The crowd roars, the music hits, and the final chapter of CWF continues.

INFERNALIA 15: CLOSING TIME IS UNDERWAY.

The Prince Has an Announcement

Segment

The camera takes us backstage, where we find ourselves outside the office of CWF CEO Jaiden Rishel. The door is open, and inside, the Prince of CWF sits behind his desk, a few papers scattered in front of him and a monitor displaying what appears to be footage from the recent Heroes & Villains Wrestling proceedings. Jaiden leans back in his chair, rubbing his forehead for a moment before looking directly toward the camera.

Jaiden Rishel: "You know, I was hoping that by now we'd have a little more clarity on what's happening over in HVW. My father stepped down as CEO shortly after the shooting of Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca, and since that day... nothing. Not a word. No explanation. No public appearance. Nobody seems to know where J. Rish has gone, and believe me, I've tried to find out."

Jaiden glances briefly toward the monitor before returning his attention to the camera.

Jaiden Rishel: "Now, I've made it clear that I'm not going to let that situation simply disappear. I've vowed to go to Jefferson County Prison myself and sit down with the man who's supposedly responsible for pulling that trigger. I want answers. I want to hear it from his own mouth. And when that interview happens, I promise you, we're going to have a whole lot more to talk about."

He pauses, then lets out a breath and shifts in his chair, almost deliberately changing gears.

Jaiden Rishel: "But that's HVW. And right now, I've got a little business to take care of here in CWF. We've got just one more Infernalia after tonight. Infernalia 16, November 27th, and it's going to be a special occasion as we present Frozen Over 10 as part of the show. Then, on Friday, December 11th, we're scheduled to bring this entire twenty-six-year journey to its conclusion with Last Call, live from the T-Mobile Arena in Las Vegas, Nevada."

Jaiden gives a knowing smile, resting his hands on the desk.

Jaiden Rishel: "Now, I know what you've been hearing. I've seen the rumors. I've read the speculation online. People asking whether Last Call is really going to be the final CWF show. Whether there might be more than one night. Whether there's something else being planned that nobody's telling them."

He leans forward, his expression becoming noticeably more serious.

Jaiden Rishel: "Well, unlike my father, I'm actually here with some answers."

Jaiden allows the silence to hang for a moment.

Jaiden Rishel: "Yes. Last Call will be the final event in the history of Championship Wrestling Federation. Twenty-six years. Countless memories. Countless battles. Generations of competitors who have stepped through that curtain and made this place what it is. And when that final bell rings, that's it. There will be no more CWF."

He raises one finger, stopping any potential misunderstanding before it can begin.

Jaiden Rishel: "Annnd... YES! There will be multiple nights of Last Call!"

Jaiden breaks into a grin, clearly enjoying finally being able to make the announcement.

Jaiden Rishel: "That's right! For the first time, I'm officially announcing that Last Call is going to be a TWO-NIGHT EVENT! Thursday, December 10th, AND Friday, December 11th! Both nights, live from the T-Mobile Arena in Las Vegas, Nevada! Two nights to celebrate twenty-six years of history. Two nights to give this company the sendoff it deserves. And two nights that I guarantee will be remembered long after we're all gone."

He rises from his chair and straightens his jacket, looking directly into the camera.

Jaiden Rishel: "The full cards for both nights will be announced shortly. And trust me when I tell you, we're going to make every single match count. Every appearance, every moment, every last opportunity to step inside a CWF ring. So

whether you've been here since day one or you've only just joined us for this final chapter, I can promise you one thing..."

Jaiden pauses, a confident smile returning.

Jaiden Rishel: "You're NOT going to want to miss either night."

The Prince gives the camera one final nod before turning back toward his desk. The shot lingers briefly on the monitor behind him, still displaying the HVW footage, before fading away.

Two nights. One final goodbye. Last Call just got a whole lot bigger.

Tyler Anderson and Dean Moxley Have Words

Segment

As show cuts backstage, it shows Tyler walking inside of the arena, and Dean is waiting on him. Tyler takes a deep breath, and walks over to him as they start having words with each other.

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "You really should tell Seth to shut up while he still can, or he might find himself hurt by Billy. Fire & Ice think you guys are untouchable well your not. You three are going to see that the Unstoppable Force are the true team around here."

"Lunatic Prince" Dean Moxley: "You need to tell Billy to focus intead of wanting to get distracted the way he does, and he did abandon you to go after Seth. Somehow you was able to pick up the win, but you came so close to losing that tag team match since he was too busy arguing with Seth than worried about you and the match some older brother you got Tyler."

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "Oh shut up Dean, you know nothing. If Seth wouldn't have came out Billy would have been focused on the match. No, your older brother decided to come out there during a match to cause an argument with Billy. I picked the win for our team, and that is all that matters. Seth wanted to start something with Billy, and my brother isn't the type to let stuff go which means trouble for Seth."

"Lunaric Prince" Dean Moxley: "You still think Billy cares about you when he switches between characters, and no one can tell if he is Billy or Blaze most of the time. Stormee, Jamie and Kyle have tried to get you two on the same page which didn't work at all maybe for a short time. Congratulations on the birth of you and Jamie's twins, and hopefully they don't take after their Uncle Billy."

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "Thank you for saying that, it means a lot to me. But watch your mouth about how they will turn out, that is none of your concern since they are still babies. I am excited to be a father, but if you keep on I will show you what happens to those who decide to mess with my family especially my kids which won't be pretty I will say that much another thing Billy is the same way when it comes to Jasmine and Seth so I would watch what you say if I was you."

"Lunatic Prince" Dean Moxley: "That is so sweet how protective you and Billy are about your family, but still Billy is a loose cannon if you ask me. He can't even stay in character since he switches back and forth, and it is getting out of control if he actually loses all control which could happen the way he is heading."

Tyler is fuming, and Dean gets laughing as he can see he struck a nerve with Tyler. Just then Tyler attacks Dean, and it spills out down the hallway. Roman and Kyle are walking down the hallway, and sees the fight between Tyler and Dean. They run over, and pull Tyler and Dean apart from each other. Kyle has his Brother-In-Law and Roman has his baby brother to get them separated. Tyler and Dean are trying to get out of Roman and Kyle's grip to go after each other again as it seems they aren't finished with each other.

Dean & Seth Moxley vs. ???

Match

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, Roman, Seth and Dean Moxley...FIRE & ICE!!"

The trio of brothers March sternly down from the entrance ramp, their hardened gaze locked onto the ring ramp.

Jim Gunt: "The Moxleys are coming down to kick off our show and take care of business."

Mike Rolash: "The Lost Boys had some pointed things to say about our local royal family. Let's see if Seth, Roman and Dean can make them pay for it."

Not wasting any time the three brothers climb into the ring, microphone in hand.

Seth Moxley: "So where are these Lost Boys at?"

Roman Moxley: "They must have got lost on the way to the ring…"

Mike Rolash: "Hey! Bad jokes are our department!"

Dean Moxley: "They were talking big, so they better get out here."

Crickets.

No sign of any movement on the stage or entrance ramp.

Seth Moxley: "Typical."

Suddenly...

“Aussie Aussie Aussie!!”

The voice of Sam Braxton erupts from the stands.

‘The Devil Inside’ by Like a Storm hits the speakers and a ripple surges through the audience.

Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter match their way through opposite sides of the arena, cleaving a path through the captive audience. All three members of Fire and Ice watch warily as Sam and Dean enter the ring amidst a rather subdued crowd.

Mike Rolash: "These people are so uncultured. Do they not even know who the Lost Boys are?"

Dean Coulter: "You’re right mates. We challenged you fair and square. And we’re decent blokes so we’ve come to fight face-to-face."

Sam Braxton: "But first. One of you Conners has gotta go…Eeny Meeny Miney Mo. Hold up. Ain’t one of you called Dean."

Dean Moxley steps up, guilty as charged.

Sam Braxton: "We already got one Deano in this match. It’s be too confusing. So on your way. Back to the pavilion."

The Moxleys stand there blinking at Sam then looking to each other confused

Sam Braxton: "Go on. Tell your story walking."

Still nothing.

Sam Braxton: "Struth!"

Dean Coulter raises a hand to calm his partner.

Dean Coulter: "Apologies. Sam forgets where we are sometimes. What he means is, with all due respect and consideration. Dean Moxley. Piss off."

Dean Moxley doesn't take kindly to that and steps forward, ready to front up. Sam is quick to raise hands. Seth and Roman are quick to interject. Hushed and hurried conversation between the three brothers see Dean Moxley start climbing out of the ring. The Lost Boys share a look.

Then as Seth and Roman are turning back…

Bam.

They are floored by stereo stiff forearms.

Jim Gunt: " guess they aren't such decent blokes after all."

Mike Rolash: "Wankers is the term they use I believe."

Jim Gunt: "Isn't that like a compliment to them or something?"

Mike Rolash: "No clue."

Back to the ring and the match is officially underway with Sam Braxton first up for the Lost Boys and Seth Moxley for the pissed off Fire and Ice. Seth lunges forward with a grapple but Sam is quick on his feet, ducking under the grasping hands, swinging himself around and high in the air with a standing dropkick.

Not one to be taken by surprise a second time the Vegas Prince deftly backsteps, out of range of the dropkick by a mere inches. Sam falls to the mat. It's not a soft, or ceremonious, crash landing.

Jim Gunt: "Could that be signs of ring rust from Sam Braxton?"

Rattled, Sam makes his way to his feet but is caught off guard by a rushing lariat from Moxley. Then a second. Sam ducks for the anticipated third, falling for the bait and Moxley spikes him to the mat with a running DDT.

Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kick out.

Mike Rolash: "Fire and Ice showing these old hands they aren't to be taken lightly. They've recovered quick from those cheap shots and are taking an early lead."

Seth has Sam to his feet and throws him into the Fire and Ice corner. Stiff fist to the face and then a quick tag to Roman. A stiff kick to the exposed mid section then the two brothers send Sam into the ring ropes with an Irish whip.

He comes bouncing back, the two Moxleys sending him careening into the air with a double back body drop dead centre of the ring. Sam uses the momentum to somersault forward, landing on his feet, rolling forward and coming to rest against the opposing set of ropes. Moxley notices the recovery and charges forward. Sma ducks down, pulling the top rope with him and sending Moxley tumbling in a heap to the outside. It takes Moxley a second to realise what has happened and turns into a hard jumping neckbreaker by Sam.

Mike Rolash: "The Loud-Mouthed Larrikin seems to have woken up."

Sam makes the tag to Dean Coulter. Sam charges at Dean who hoists him up into the air, with a pop up, coming down for a twisting Cyclorana on Roman.

Jim Gunt: "Cyclone Sammy!"

The other Vegas King goes tumbling over the ring ropes and crashing into the recovering Seth and Dean, who had come over to check up on his brother.

Mike Rolash: "The Moxleys are looking like a fair dinkum dog's breakfast."

Jim Gunt: "What?"

Mike Rolash: "Bloody oath!"

Mike flashes his phone to Commentator, revealing an online Aussie slang dictionary.

Jim Gunt: "Please just, don't."

Sam and Dean look at each other, sharing a moment.

They rush at the ropes, building momentum to leap into the air, sail over the ring ropes and collide into Fire and Ice with tandem planchas.

Mike Rolash: "An All-Aussie Air Strike! Is there anything left of Fire and Ice in the wreckage?"

Jim Gunt: "It's been years since we've seen the Lost Boys working side by side in the same ring. Yet they are working perfectly in synch like it was only yesterday."

Mike Rolash: "They are on a mission. They can't let anything get in their way."

While the referee restores order and sees everyone back to their places. Dean Coulter slides Roman back into the ring, following closely behind and summoning the strength to throw Roman back with a german suplex, holding with a bridge for the pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

Roman rolls the shoulder.

Jim Gunt: "Roman isn't going to give up that easily. The Lost Boys may have tried to tear them down verbally, but in the ring. It's not so simple."

Dean handles Roman to his feet. Roman comes alive, swatting Dean Coulter's hands away and sending the All-Aussie Athlete stumbling back with a sudden jawbreaker. Roman goes for an irish whip but Dean attempts to shift the momentum, instead Roman pulls him back for a short arm powerslam. He tags his brother Seth back into the ring. Seth comes down with a knee drop, rolling forward upon landing, springing back up and taking Sam Braxton by surprise with a stiff right hand. Sam falls from ringside. Meanwhile Roman comes down onto Dean with an elbow drop and allows Seth to attempt a lateral press for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Dean kicks out.

Roman lifts Dean Coulter up, holding him in place for Seth Moxley, who readies himself at the ring ropes for an assisted springboard back roundhouse kick. Seth is in the perfect position to notice Sam Braxton, coming sneaking around the ring after being pasted where he now crouches poised behind Dean Moxley.

Mike Rolash: "Sam loves a fight so much he's even going after the one Moxley not involved in this bout."

Seth yells out a warning to his brother. Dean Moxley turns around and CRACK. Is hit in the head with a running Wizard

of Aus enzuigiri. Sam looks up at Seth and indulges a great Aussie pastime. Flicking twin middle fingers at a bloke. Sam bolts, Seth following closely behind. This delay and distraction has given Dean Coulter enough time to loosen the grip of Roman Moxley, sending a series of elbows straight to the gut and throwing down the Moxley Powerhouse with a judo inspired hip toss. A True Blue Thunder Bomb has Roman out of the equation for the moment.

Jim Gunt: "That was a bit under-handed."

Mike Rolash: "Brilliant more like! How I've missed the Lost Boys!"

Dean readies himself as Sam comes back around from another lap of the ring, Seth always close behind. Sam slides back into the ring and straight past his brother in arms, ready and in position. Seth realises his mistake too late, running straight into the waiting clutches of Dean Coulter. The True Blue Battler hits Seth with an inverted atomic drop, holding him in place so Sam can connect with a leaping dropkick. Dean uses the moment to roll Seth, still the legal man at this stage, into a double leg pin.

Mike Rolash: "Text book tag-team wrestling."

ONE!

TWO!

Seth kicks out!

Dean rolls with him, flipping Seth over for a boston crab. He drags the struggling Seth over closer to the Lost Boys corner, where Sam reaches out for the tag. He leaps back into the fray and cracks the hapless Seth Moxley in the face with a sliding variation of the Wizard of Aus. The Boy Wonder from Down Under then points to a nearby turnbuckle and climbs to the top.

Jim Gunt: "Could this be the end of Seth and Roman?"

Not if Dean Moxley had anything to say about it. Returning the favour he has ascended onto ringside, jawing off at Sam. Whatever he says is enough to set off the brash Aussie who leaps down onto Dean Moxley with another diving, twisting Cyclorana. Both Sam and Dean Moxley go tumbling from ringside, crashing into a heap on the floor.

Mike Rolash: "That landing looked brutal!"

The referee by this point has given up on maintaining complete control of the match and is focussed on the 10 count for Sam Braxton. Roman helps Seth back to his feet, looks from Dean Coulter to the fallen Sam Braxton then back. Seth motions for Roman to retrieve the legal opponent for him.

Jim Gunt: "Not looking good for the Lost Boys!"

Sam is rolled back into the ring and Seth tags Roman back into the action. He sets up Sam for a russian legsweep, holding him in palace while Seth hits the ropes to build momentum for a running high-impact knee strike.

Sam drops and Roman makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

Mike Rolash: "Safe by a matter of milliseconds!"

Dean is there in an instant grabbing a hold of Roman and trapping him in the Gold Coast Crossface. Seth isn't having it running at Dean to hit a second high-impact knee strike. He lifts Dean Coulter up for a sit out chokeslam but as the True Blue Battler reaches the zenith of Seth's reach he slips free.

Jim Gunt: "Sean and Dean may be brash and a touch of uncouth. But true to their Australian spirit, they are built of some tough stuff."

Mike Rolash: "Uncouth? When did you get all hoity-toity?"

Dean Coulter comes down after slipping free of Seth's grasp and puts him in the Gold Coast Crossface. Roman moves to intervene and save his brother in kind but Sam Braxton rushes in with a Tornado DDT. Roman's head is spiked on the mat. Sam taps Dean Coulter on the shoulder and he releases the submission hold. Only so the Deadset Duo can wail on the kneeling Seth Moxley with tandem stiff low shoot kicks to the chest.

Mike Rolash: "I believe they call that number, Aussie Rules."

Jim Gunt: "Have you ever seen that game played? It's…weird."

Sam caps the swift but brutal combo with a spinning roundhouse kick straight to the face.

Jim Gunt: "Seth Moxley will have to talk to the cleaners after the show to pick up any missing teeth."

Mike Rolash: "You're not wrong. How can he possibly still fight after that?"

A double dropkick from the Boys from Aus sees Roman tumbling between the ropes to the outside. Then Sam and Dean return their gaze to the fallen Seth Moxley.

As if fulfilling Mike Rolash's prophecy Sam and Dean have their lone opponent back to his feet, for the sole purpose of setting him up for their combination Corona Australis corkscrew neckbreaker by Dean and Brax-Breaker cut-throat double knee backbreaker by Sam. A move they like to call the Broken Roads.

Sam makes the cover while Dean stands watch over him.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

HVW Revolution

Segment

Catch the latest episode of HVW's brand new flagship show Revolution, every Saturday night on https://hvw.ewplace.com! Revolution three will see Team Vera vs. HOSTILITY in a WAR GAMES match! Check out the latest results for Revolution here!

Billy Anderson and Seth Moxley Have A Heated Argument

Segment

The scene comes on, and it shows Billy walking down the hallway when he runs right into Seth. They have a staredown with each other, and they get arguing with each other as the older brothers as Seth did come out during the Unsotppable's match and got Billy to abandon Tyler during their tag team match which took Tyler to pick up the win for their team.

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: "You almost cost Tyler and me the match with you coming out there, and started the argument with me lucky Tyler was able to pick up the win for our team. You need to learn to keep your big mouth shut, or I will shut it for you Seth."

"Vegas Prince" Seth Moxley: "It seemed to me that Tyler was more focused on the match, than you if your going to take the bait by me which worked perfectly. You came after me, and left your brother to defend for himself. You really need to stay focused which must be hard if someone can get your attention that fast. You really have changed from who you are, and it shows in every match you have. It is causing problems with you and Tyler, and the way you two argue with each other as it seems the Unstoppable Force can't be on the same page which is sad if you think about it."

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: "Shut up Seth, and you should really worry about your family instead of worrying about mine. Tyler and me are going to have our problems since he wants to stay the same as it is getting old as he needs to tap into that untouched talent that is buried deep inside of him."

"Vegas Prince" Seth Moxley: "Dean and me don't argue during matches, and we get along just fine just like we get along with Roman. You need to control that evil side of yours, and maybe you two would be not having these arguments like you two do. No one can which version of you they are going to get when you step into the ring, and it is really confusing to tell if your Billy or Blaze. You switch between them way too many times, and it is really getting out of hand Billy."

All of a sudden Billy grabs Seth by his collar, and pulls him close as he taks again.

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson (Blaze): "You need to watch what you say to me, or you will end up getting hurt cause I don't care if you are Roman and Dean's older brother I won't have a problem knocking you out."

Billy lets go of Seth, and shoves him which leads to a brawl between them to happen as they are trading blows back and forth.

Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson) vs. Crazy Chris

Match

The Crypto.com Arena is buzzing as the camera cuts to the ring, where Joey Garcia stands ready with a microphone. At ringside, Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are already discussing the unusual circumstances surrounding tonight's contest.

Jim Gunt: "This is a handicap match that puts Crazy Chris in a difficult position, but if there's one thing we've learned over the years, it's that you should never underestimate the heart of a member of the Danger Boiz. And tonight, his brother Dangerous Dan is here to support him."

Mike Rolash: "And I imagine that's a pretty emotional night for Dan, too. His career came to an end recently, and not quite the way he wanted it to. He came so close to earning himself one last appearance at Last Call, Jim. One last opportunity to walk into that final CWF event after announcing that his next loss would be his last. Then MJ Flair beat him for the Paramount Championship, and that was it. Heartbreaking doesn't even begin to describe it."

Jim Gunt: "Dan gave this company everything he had. He wanted to make it to December 11th, and he came within reach of that goal. But tonight, he's here for his brother. Crazy Chris has a tremendous history of his own, and he'll need every bit of that experience against two men who know how to work together."

Joey Garcia raises the microphone.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a handicap match! Introducing first, accompanied by his brother, Dangerous Dan, representing the Danger Boiz, from Smithville, Tennessee... CRAZY CHRIS!"

The opening notes of "My Songs Know What You Did In The Dark" by Fall Out Boy hit the arena speakers. The crowd rises as Crazy Chris bursts through the curtain, throwing his arms into the air and soaking in the reaction. Behind him, Dangerous Dan emerges to a warm ovation. There is something bittersweet about seeing Dan at ringside without his

usual competitive fire, but he smiles as he follows his brother down the ramp. Chris slaps hands with the fans before climbing into the ring, turning toward Dan and exchanging a few words. Dan gives him a reassuring pat on the shoulder before taking his place at ringside.

Jim Gunt: "There's a lot of history between these brothers. They've been through championships, career highs, career lows, and the closing of one company before finding their way here to CWF. They're family, and tonight that bond is going to be important."

Mike Rolash: "Just remember, Chris, your brother can't wrestle for you tonight. He's retired. He's allowed to give advice, though, and judging by some of the things I've seen Dan do over the years, I'd listen very carefully."

The music fades, and the opening guitar of "I Could Kick Your Ass" by Justin Moore brings the crowd to its feet with a very different reaction. Billy and Tyler Anderson step onto the stage together. The Unstoppable Force make their way toward the ring, but there is an unmistakable tension between the brothers. Billy walks with an aggressive swagger, barely acknowledging the fans, while Tyler appears focused on the task ahead. Billy reaches the ring first and climbs onto the apron, looking down at Crazy Chris with a smirk. Tyler follows, but Billy is already through the ropes and pointing toward Chris as if the match should begin immediately.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents! Representing the Unstoppable Force, from Rincon, Georgia... BILLY AND TYLER ANDERSON!"

Jim Gunt: "The Anderson brothers have accomplished a great deal together, but there's been a noticeable change in Billy Anderson's attitude recently. Tyler is still trying to approach things the right way, but Billy seems to have developed a much different philosophy."

Mike Rolash: "Maybe Tyler should stop worrying about philosophy and start worrying about keeping up with his brother. Billy looks like a man who has decided he's done waiting for opportunities. And when Billy Anderson decides he wants something, he doesn't always care how he gets it."

The referee checks all three competitors before calling for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Tyler begins the match for the Unstoppable Force, stepping forward as Chris meets him in the center of the ring. The two exchange a brief collar-and-elbow tie-up before Tyler takes Chris into a side headlock. Chris pushes him toward the ropes, but Tyler rebounds with a shoulder block that knocks Chris onto his back. Tyler runs past him, hits the ropes again, and leaps over Chris as he rolls beneath him. Chris springs back to his feet and catches Tyler with a sharp kick to the midsection before grabbing his arm and sending him across the ring. Tyler reverses the whip, but Chris ducks beneath a clothesline and catches him with a springboard kick that sends Tyler staggering into the corner.

Jim Gunt: "Good start for Crazy Chris! He's got to keep moving, keep Tyler guessing, and make sure he doesn't allow the Andersons to isolate him."

Mike Rolash: "That's easier said than done when you've got two men waiting for their turn to beat you up!"

Chris charges into the corner, but Tyler gets a boot up and catches him in the chest. Tyler climbs onto the second rope and reaches down for Chris, only for Chris to pull him forward and drop him across the top turnbuckle. Chris quickly climbs the ropes himself, grabbing Tyler by the head and delivering a sharp superplex that shakes the ring. Chris rolls through and hooks the leg, but Billy immediately steps through the ropes and breaks up the count before the referee can even get to two.

Jim Gunt: "Billy Anderson wasting no time getting involved!"

Mike Rolash: "That's the advantage of having a partner, Jim. You don't have to wait until things go wrong!"

Chris gets to his feet and turns toward Billy, but Tyler reaches out and tags his brother's shoulder. Billy immediately steps into the ring, shoving Tyler aside as he charges at Chris with a clothesline. Chris ducks, catches Billy with a kick to the stomach, and follows with a Crazy Days reverse neckbreaker. Billy hits the canvas, and Chris quickly covers.

ONE!

Billy kicks out forcefully, throwing Chris off him. Chris tries to keep the pressure on, but Billy catches him with a thumb to the eye while the referee is distracted by Tyler. Billy rises, grabs Chris by the back of the head, and drives him face-first into the turnbuckle. He follows with a series of heavy forearms before whipping Chris across the ring and catching him with a spinning bulldog as he rebounds.

Jim Gunt: "That was a blatant eye rake! Billy Anderson has absolutely no problem bending the rules."

Mike Rolash: "You say that like it's a surprise. Billy's not here to win a sportsmanship award."

Billy turns toward his brother and extends his hand for a tag, but Tyler hesitates for a moment, clearly unhappy with the way Billy has been conducting himself. Billy snaps his fingers and shouts for the tag again. Tyler reluctantly reaches out, and Billy slaps his hand before immediately stepping back into the ring. Tyler looks irritated, but he climbs through the ropes and begins shouting at Billy about giving him a chance to work.

Jim Gunt: "There's that tension again. Tyler was the legal man, and Billy just took himself back into the match."

Mike Rolash: "Well, maybe Tyler should be a little faster next time. Billy's not going to sit around waiting for his little brother to figure things out."

Billy turns his attention back to Chris, who has managed to pull himself upright in the corner. He charges forward, but Chris sidesteps and sends Billy shoulder-first into the ring post. Chris catches him with a quick kick, then climbs to the second rope and delivers a diving double axe handle that sends Billy stumbling backward. Chris turns and catches Tyler with a forearm as he tries to enter, knocking him off the apron. Chris then turns back toward Billy and plants him with a Crazy Ride powerbomb facebuster! The crowd erupts as Chris crawls into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Billy kicks out!

Jim Gunt: "Chris nearly had him! What a sequence! He's fighting two men tonight, but he's making the most of every opening!"

Mike Rolash: "And Billy is getting angry. That's usually when things get even worse for whoever's standing across from him."

Chris pulls Billy up and attempts to send him into the ropes, but Billy reverses the whip and catches Chris with a brutal clothesline. Rather than cover, Billy turns toward Tyler and shouts at him, demanding that he get back onto the apron. Tyler climbs up, visibly frustrated, and reaches for the tag. Billy ignores him, grabbing Chris and dragging him toward the corner before finally slapping Tyler's hand once again.

Tyler enters and immediately gets into Billy's face, questioning why he keeps taking the match away from him. Billy shoves his brother in the chest. Tyler shoves him back. The crowd reacts as the two brothers stand nose-to-nose, but Chris takes advantage of their distraction, rushing forward and catching both men with a double clothesline that sends them crashing to the mat.

Jim Gunt: "The Andersons need to get on the same page! They're allowing Crazy Chris to take advantage of their own problems!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't think Billy cares what Tyler thinks, Jim. I think Billy wants to be the one who gets the job done, and he's making sure everybody knows it."

Chris gets to his feet, breathing heavily, but the crowd begins rallying behind him. He grabs Billy and pulls him upright, only for Billy to catch him with a sudden knee to the midsection. Billy hooks Chris and attempts to lift him for a power move, but Chris slips out behind him, spins him around, and catches him with a TKO! Billy crashes to the canvas, and Chris turns toward Tyler, who has finally stepped through the ropes. Tyler charges, but Chris ducks beneath his arm and catches him with a sudden Crazy Bitch TKO as well!

Both Anderson brothers are down. Chris drops to one knee, exhausted, and looks toward Dangerous Dan at ringside. Dan is on his feet, pounding the apron and encouraging his brother to keep going.

Jim Gunt: "What a fight from Crazy Chris! He's got both members of the Unstoppable Force down!"

Mike Rolash: "And he might actually pull this off! I can't believe I'm saying it, but the numbers haven't been enough to keep him down!"

Chris begins pulling Tyler toward the center of the ring, looking to capitalize, but Billy rolls toward the ropes and grabs Chris by the ankle. Chris kicks him away, only for Tyler to suddenly grab Chris from behind. Tyler tries to lift him into position for the Paradigm Shift, but Chris elbows his way free and sends Tyler stumbling backward. Billy gets up and charges, but Chris sidesteps, sending Billy crashing into his own brother. The two Andersons collide, and Chris immediately takes advantage, delivering a running forearm that sends Billy tumbling through the ropes to the floor.

Chris turns back toward Tyler and begins climbing the turnbuckle. The crowd rises as he reaches the top, looking down at Tyler and preparing to launch himself into the Crazy Man's Suicide. But before he can jump, Billy grabs his brother's leg from the outside and pulls him off balance. Chris lands awkwardly across the ropes, and Tyler takes advantage by rushing forward with a heavy strike that sends Chris crashing down into the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Billy just saved his brother from that diving attack, but he did it by pulling Chris off the top rope!"

Mike Rolash: "See? That's teamwork! It might not be pretty, but it works!"

Tyler looks toward Billy with an angry expression, clearly frustrated that his brother has once again taken matters into his own hands. Billy climbs back onto the apron and demands another tag. Tyler hesitates, then reluctantly reaches over. Billy slaps his hand and immediately enters, shoving Tyler aside as he heads for Chris. Tyler throws his hands up in disbelief.

Billy grabs Chris and lifts him into position for the Georgia Spike, but Chris fights free, striking Billy with a series of elbows before slipping behind him. Chris shoves Billy toward the ropes and catches him with a springboard kick as he rebounds. Billy drops to one knee, and Chris runs forward, looking for another strike, but Tyler suddenly tags himself in and enters the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Tyler just tagged himself in! He's had enough of Billy taking over this match!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh, this is getting ugly. They're supposed to be fighting the same guy, and they might end up fighting each other!"

Tyler charges toward Chris and catches him with a sharp clothesline, then pulls him up and drives him into the canvas with an inverted backbreaker. Tyler looks toward Billy, who is shouting at him from the apron, and shakes his head. He turns back toward Chris, determined to finish the match himself, and begins stomping away at his opponent in the corner. Tyler backs away, measuring Chris for the Georgia Bomb, but the moment he reaches down to pull Chris up, Billy reaches over and tags himself in yet again.

Tyler spins around in disbelief.

Tyler Anderson: "What the hell are you doing?!"

Billy shoves past him and charges toward Chris, but Chris has seen enough. He catches Billy with a sudden kick to the stomach, hooks him, and plants him with the Crazy Ride once again! Chris crawls into the cover, but Tyler steps into the ring and pulls him off before the referee can begin counting.

Jim Gunt: "Now Tyler has broken up the cover! This is completely falling apart!"

Mike Rolash: "The Andersons are having a family meeting in the middle of a wrestling match, and Crazy Chris is the only one who's actually getting anything done!"

Chris gets back to his feet and swings at Tyler, who blocks the strike and shoves him away. Billy rises behind Chris and catches him with a forearm to the back of the head. Tyler turns and shouts at Billy, but before either brother can do anything else, the arena lights begin to flicker.

The crowd looks around, unsure of what is happening. The lights flash once, twice, and then the entire Crypto.com Arena plunges into darkness.

Jim Gunt: "Wait a minute! What's going on here?!"

Mike Rolash: "I can't see a thing! What's happening?!"

There is a sudden commotion inside the ring. The sound of bodies hitting the canvas echoes through the darkness, followed by the unmistakable roar of a crowd reacting to something they cannot yet see. A few seconds pass before the lights return.

Five hooded figures dressed entirely in black are standing inside the ring.

Billy Anderson is down near the ropes. Tyler Anderson is sprawled across the canvas. Crazy Chris is on his side, clutching his ribs. The five figures are already moving, striking whoever is closest with a frightening level of coordination. One of them pulls Billy up and drives him back down with a brutal blow. Another catches Tyler as he tries to rise and hammers him into the mat. Chris attempts to fight back, swinging wildly at one of the attackers, but he is overwhelmed and driven into the corner.

Jim Gunt: "Who the hell are these people?! There are five of them! They're attacking everybody!"

At ringside, Kyle Bright suddenly rushes toward the ring. He slides beneath the bottom rope and charges toward the nearest hooded figure, throwing a forearm that briefly sends the attacker stumbling. Kyle turns toward Tyler, trying to help his family, but two of the figures immediately converge on him. One catches him with a heavy strike while the other grabs him from behind, and together they drive him down to the canvas.

Dangerous Dan has seen enough. Despite having announced his retirement, he climbs onto the apron and slides into the ring to protect his brother. The crowd erupts as Dan throws himself at one of the attackers, landing several punches before another hooded figure catches him from the side. Dan fights back, refusing to stay down, but the numbers are overwhelming. One attacker drives a knee into his midsection while another sends him crashing into the mat. Dan rolls toward Chris, trying to shield him, but he is pulled away and struck down again.

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan is in there! He's retired, but he's not going to stand by and watch his brother get beaten down! And Kyle Bright tried to help the Andersons! These men are taking out everybody!"

Mike Rolash: "This isn't a match anymore! This is an assault! Somebody needs to get security out here!"

The five hooded figures continue their attack, taking turns dismantling the men who have attempted to stand against them. Billy tries to crawl toward Tyler, only to be pulled up and driven into the canvas again. Tyler struggles to his feet, but a hooded figure catches him with a brutal strike and drops him beside his brother. Chris is dragged away from Dan and thrown into the corner, where another attacker lays into him with repeated blows. Kyle attempts to rise once more,

but he is struck down before he can get back to his feet.

Then, finally, the first hooded figure steps away from the carnage.

She stands in the middle of the ring, looking down at the fallen men. Slowly, deliberately, she reaches up and pulls back her hood.

The crowd's reaction changes instantly.

It's Angelica.

Her face is twisted into a sadistic, dark smile. She looks across the destruction with the satisfaction of someone who has just put a long-awaited plan into motion. There is no microphone. No announcement. No grand speech. Just that terrible smile.

Jim Gunt: "No... It can't be. Angelica?!"

Mike Rolash: "The Amoralists! You're kidding me! They're back?!"

Angelica slowly raises one hand and begins twirling her index finger in a small, deliberate circle.

The other four hooded figures respond immediately. One by one, they pull back their hoods.

Jace Valentine.

Alex Cain.

Freddie Styles.

And their newest member, Ozric Mortimer.

The Amoralists.

The crowd rains down boos as the four men turn toward the fallen competitors. Angelica continues to stand at the center of the ring, her finger still circling slowly as though she is conducting an orchestra. Jace Valentine grabs Dangerous Dan and drives him down with a vicious strike. Alex Cain turns toward Kyle Bright and delivers a crushing blow that leaves him motionless. Freddie Styles catches Billy Anderson with a brutal combination before dropping him with a high-impact strike. Ozric Mortimer takes his time with Tyler, staring down at him through his unsettling expression before hauling him up and driving him face-first into the canvas.

The attack is no longer chaotic. It is deliberate. Every movement appears to follow Angelica's silent direction. The four men move from one victim to the next, leaving the Unstoppable Force, the Danger Boiz, and Kyle Bright scattered across the ring.

At last, the violence stops.

Angelica stands with her four followers behind her. She looks down at the bodies around her, then slowly lifts her eyes toward the hard camera. Her smile grows wider. Jace, Alex, Freddie, and Ozric stand at her sides, their expressions ranging from cold satisfaction to outright menace.

The five figures stand over the destruction they have created, facing the booing crowd without offering a single word.

Jim Gunt: "The Amoralists are back... Angelica, Jace Valentine, Alex Cain, Freddie Styles, Ozric Mortimer. They're back, and they've just sent a message to every single person in CWF."

Mike Rolash: "But what message, Jim?! Why now?! Why these men?! And what does this mean with Last Call only weeks away?!"

Angelica takes one final look toward the camera, that dark smile never leaving her face. She says nothing. She doesn't need to.

The camera pulls back as the crowd continues to rain down boos. The Amoralists remain standing in the center of the ring, surrounded by the wreckage of their attack.

Jim Gunt: "Twenty-six years of history, and we may have just witnessed the beginning of something we never expected to see again."

The broadcast holds on Angelica's expression for a final moment before cutting away.

Take A Number

Segment

The camera opens on a section of the backstage area that has apparently been converted into a makeshift lounge. Three folding chairs surround a battered card table. A cooler sits against the wall. Someone has taped a handwritten sign above the table.

NO CREATIVE DIRECTION? TAKE A NUMBER.

Adam Hansen sits with his cowboy hat tipped back, studying a hand of cards. Christian Patrick sits opposite him, looking considerably less pleased with his own hand. Lex Collins occupies the third chair, his expression suggesting he's either holding an unbeatable hand or preparing to commit a felony.

Christian: "Okay, somebody explain something to me. We've got two shows left before CWF closes its doors, and somehow, the three of us are sitting backstage playing poker instead of doing something that actually matters?"

Adam: "Well, I know what I'm doin'."

Christian: "Oh, really? Please, enlighten me."

Adam: "Playin' poker."

Christian slowly lowers his cards and stares across the table.

Christian: "Professionally, Adam. I'm talking about professionally."

Adam: "Oh. Nah, ain't got a damn clue."

Lex chuckles.

Lex: "Technically, we're also conducting a very important business meeting – Regulators shit, y'know?"

Christian: "About what?"

Lex: "Haven't decided yet. We're waiting for management to tell us what the meeting's about."

Lex glances at the handwritten sign.

Lex: "So, y'know. Could be a while."

Christian: "Unbelievable. I've spent damn near half this year wearing championship gold, I've beaten some of the best this business has to offer, and apparently my grand contribution to CWF's farewell tour is sitting at a folding table with two idiots who think a poker game constitutes a storyline."

Lex glances down at his cards, then over at Adam.

Lex: "Hey, speak for yourself. Me and Cowboy here are still the tag team champions. We're very important people."

He pauses, considering that statement.

Lex: "Allegedly."

He reaches for a poker chip, snatches it up and starts rolling it across his knuckles absently.

Lex: "Actually, you know what? If they close the place before somebody beats us, I think we get to keep the belts. That's how that works, right?"

Lex looks toward the camera.

Lex: "Possession is nine-tenths of the law, motherfuckers."

Adam: "Could be worse."

Christian: "How? Seriously, Adam, explain to me how this could possibly be worse."

Adam: "Could be Uno."

Lex: "Oh, fuck off. Uno's a perfectly respectable game."

Lex points at Christian with two fingers, his cards still in hand.

Lex: "You wanna talk about psychological warfare? Ever watched a grown man lose his entire goddamn mind because somebody hit him with a Draw Four when he was down to his last card?"

He looks at Adam.

Lex: "We shoulda brought Uno."

Christian closes his eyes for a moment, then looks directly into the camera.

Christian: "Y'know, when I signed with CWF, I thought I'd be making an impact. Winning championships. Building rivalries. Maybe leaving this place with something worth remembering. Instead, I'm sitting here wondering whether anybody in this building has a fucking plan."

He looks back at Adam, as if waiting for someone to him that he’s hallucinating and that his dream opponent is waiting around the corner. Lex finally looks up from his cards.

Lex: "My guy, I've been doing this shit for twenty-some-odd years. I've seen companies go under, promoters disappear with the gate, and grown-ass men threaten to kill each other over whose name goes first on a poster."

He shrugs.

Lex: "You know what I've learned?"

He lets the question hang for a second before shaking his head.

Lex: "Never leave your gear in somebody else's car, always get paid before the building catches fire, and never assume anybody in charge knows what the fuck they're doing."

He looks at Adam.

Lex: "Especially when they tell you they've got a plan."

Then he looks back at Christian with a crooked grin.

Lex: "Besides, we're in Los Angeles, I've got a thirty-minute drive home, and somebody else paid for the catering and… they remembered to stock Pepsi this time. I've had worse Fridays."

Adam tosses a poker chip into the center of the table.

Adam: "Raise ya twenty."

Christian: "Adam, we're not even playing for money."

Adam: "Then I reckon ya got nothin' to worry about."

Lex starts laughing. Christian looks at his cards, then at Adam, then at Lex.

Christian: "You know what? Fuck it."

He folds his cards and pushes them toward the center of the table.

Christian: "I hate both of you."

Christian leans back in his chair, shaking his head as Adam reaches for the chips.

Lex: "Aww. We love you too, sweetheart."

Lex turns his cards faceup on the table.

Lex: "Full house, by the way."

He reaches across to help Adam collect the chips.

Lex: "See? We did accomplish something professionally today. The Regulators just successfully defended our undefeated record against meaningful employment."

Christian: "And somebody take that damn sign down before somebody from management decides it's an actual suggestion."

Lex looks up at the sign, then back at Christian.

Lex: "Nah, leave it. I'm taking that home when we're done."

He grins.

Lex: "Frame it up nice. Put it in the garage next to all the other shit I've stolen from companies that don't exist anymore."

Adam looks up from counting his winnings.

Adam: "Thought Hannah made you get rid of all that junk."

Lex: "She did. That's why it's in the garage."

Christian stares at the two of them.

Christian: "You two are fucking unbelievable."

Lex: "Thank you. We've worked very hard at it."

Lex leans back in his folding chair, considering something.

Lex: "Hey, Cowboy. Serious question."

Adam: "Shoot."

Lex: "When this place closes, what happens to our tag titles?"

Adam: "Reckon they're ours."

Lex: "That's what I figured. Nobody beats us, we retire undefeated. Greatest tag team in company history. Fuckin' legends."

Christian: "That's not how that works."

Lex: "Au contraire, my young friend. History's written by the winners. And apparently we're the only ones still giving a flying fuck about belts in this place."

He pauses, then looks around the makeshift lounge.

Lex: "Speaking of which, you think they'll let us keep the table?"

Adam considers it for a moment.

Adam: "Got a truck."

Lex breaks into a delighted grin.

Lex: "See? THAT'S why we're champions. Solutions-oriented thinking."

Christian gets up from his chair.

Christian: "I'm leaving."

Lex: "Take a number!"

Christian stops. Slowly turns around. Lex points at the sign.

Lex: "Says right there, buddy. Gotta follow procedure."

Christian flips him off and walks out of frame. Lex watches him go, then turns back to Adam.

Lex: "Think he'll come back?"

Adam starts dealing another hand.

Adam: "Yep."

Lex nods.

Lex: "Yeah. Me too."

He picks up his cards.

Lex: "Fuckin' mark."

The camera lingers just long enough to catch Adam quietly laughing before fading to black.

Dakota Anderson Gets Interviewed

Segment

Dakota and Stormee are seen sitting down backstage, and the interview starts.

"Nashville Lass Kicker" Stormee Bright Anderson: "Dakota, you wanted this time to say something as my question for you is. What do want to say about what is going on?"

"Georgia Peach" Dakota Anderson: "First of all I want to say that I am not sure what is going on between Billy and Tyler. They have started back arguing with each other, and now with Fire & Ice showing up they have been more at each others throats. Billy has let Seth Moxley distract him from a tag team match, and Tyler had to take care of the match which he did win barely by himself. They are my older brothers, and it seems that they are going down a downward spiral as they don't look like the same tag team that were the CWF Tag Team Champions and the Hall Of Famers at all. Now it has been awhile since I have been inside of the ring so I want to take this time to issue an open challenge to either man or woman to step into the ring against Billy and Tyler's baby sister unless they are afraid to face me inside of the ring."

Stormee Bright Anderson: "How is being an aunt to Max and Mal been?"

"Georgia Peach" Dakota Anderson: "It has been great, and it is great to have babies to spoil again. I am so happy for Tyler and Jamie, and I know they will be wonderful parents. Jasmine and Seth love them as well, and they have two babies to play with as they have really grown. Max and Mal will be loved, and I can't wait to see how they grow into whatever they grow up to be."

"Nashville Lass Kicker" Stormee Bright Anderson: "Thank you for your time Sis-In-Law."

"Georgia Peach" Dakota Anderson: "You're welcome Sis-In-Law."

Dakota hugs her Sister-In-Law, and walks down the hallway towards the Unatoppable Force's locker room.

The Regulators (Adam Hansen & Lex Collins) © vs. Bad Juju ('Madame' Colette Lavieille & 'Madame" Cosette Lajeune) ©

Match

The camera returns from commercial to the Crypto.com Arena, where the crowd is already buzzing in anticipation. The ring announcer, Joey Garcia, stands in the center of the ring with a microphone as the camera catches glimpses of the championship gold around the waists of both teams at ringside.

Jim Gunt: "Welcome back to Infernalia 15, Closing Time! And we've got a fascinating contest coming up next. Two championship teams, representing two different sides of the wrestling world, meeting in a showcase match here tonight."

Mike Rolash: "And let's be clear, neither set of championships is on the line. The CWF Tag Team Championships aren't up for grabs, and neither are the HVW Alliance Championships. But when you've got four champions standing across from one another, I don't think anybody is going to treat this like an exhibition."

Jim Gunt: "Especially considering what these four have accomplished recently. Adam Hansen and Lex Collins are the reigning CWF Tag Team Champions, but they've also been making their presence felt over in Heroes & Villains Wrestling. Adam recently defeated Queen Bianca Davis inside a steel cage to become the new HVW Territory Champion, while Lex Collins is currently the HVW No Limits Champion."

Mike Rolash: "That's a lot of gold between two men. Although Adam might be carrying a little more than championship weight tonight. That shoulder of his took a beating in that cage match against Queen Bianca. It's not exactly a secret, either. The question is whether Bad Juju can take advantage of it."

Jim Gunt: "I don't think that's necessarily what they're interested in doing. Colette and Cosette have developed a tremendous respect for the Regulators, and there's certainly a particular fondness there when it comes to Lex Collins. These two teams have a lot of mutual respect."

Joey Garcia raises his microphone.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a non-title tag team showcase match! Introducing first, the challengers, representing Heroes & Villains Wrestling, they are the reigning HVW Alliance Champions... 'MADAME' COLETTE LAVIEILLE and 'MADAME' COSETTE LAJEUNE... BAD JUJU!"

The lights take on a mysterious purple hue as a playful, slightly eerie melody begins to echo through the arena. Colette and Cosette emerge together, their championship belts held proudly over their shoulders. Colette carries herself with a quieter confidence, surveying the ring and the audience with a knowing expression, while Cosette is immediately more animated, waving to the fans and blowing kisses toward the hard camera. As they make their way down the ramp, Cosette playfully nudges Colette and points toward the ring, receiving a small smile from her partner. They climb onto the apron together, Colette holding the ropes open for Cosette before stepping through herself. Both women raise their

Alliance Championships before handing them to the ringside attendant.

Mike Rolash: "You know, I really do enjoy Bad Juju. They're charming, they're talented, and they have a certain mysterious quality about them. I just wish I knew what half of those hand gestures meant."

Jim Gunt: "I think that's probably intentional, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "Well, whatever they're doing, it's working. They've got championship gold, and they've got a pretty impressive list of people who've found themselves on the wrong end of a little Cajun magic."

The arena lights shift as the opening guitar of Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive" begins to play. The crowd rises as Adam Hansen steps onto the stage, dressed in his familiar cowboy hat and vest. Lex Collins follows beside him, carrying the CWF Tag Team Championship over his shoulder. Adam pauses at the top of the ramp, taking a moment to acknowledge the fans before giving his trademark "YEEHAW!" and beginning the walk to the ring. Lex remains more reserved, his eyes already focused on Bad Juju. As the two reach ringside, Cosette leans over the ropes and blows Lex a kiss. Lex stops, gives her a brief look, and offers the faintest smile before climbing onto the apron.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents! Representing the Championship Wrestling Federation, they are the reigning CWF Tag Team Champions... ADAM HANSEN and LEX COLLINS... THE REGULATORS!"

Adam climbs through the ropes, carefully using his good arm as he removes his hat and vest. He rolls his injured shoulder once, a small grimace crossing his face before he turns his attention to the crowd. Lex steps into the ring and raises his championship belt, receiving a strong reaction from the Los Angeles audience. Colette approaches Adam and gives him a gentle, almost sympathetic look toward the shoulder. Adam nods, appreciating the gesture, while Cosette steps toward Lex and playfully brushes a hand across the championship resting on his shoulder.

Jim Gunt: "You can see the respect between these two teams already. Colette checking on Adam's shoulder, Cosette showing Lex a little attention. But once that bell rings, they're going to have to put the pleasantries aside."

Mike Rolash: "I'm not sure Lex wants Cosette to put the pleasantries aside. He looks like he's enjoying himself."

The referee checks both teams, confirms that neither set of championships is at stake, and calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Adam and Colette begin the contest. The two step toward one another, and Colette immediately offers her hand. Adam looks down at it, then smiles and shakes it firmly with his good hand. They circle before locking up in the center of the ring. Adam's size advantage is apparent as he gradually pushes Colette backward, but she uses his forward momentum against him, slipping around his side and catching him with a quick arm drag. Adam rolls through and gets back to his feet, nodding approvingly as Colette offers a playful little curtsy.

Jim Gunt: "A nice exchange to start things off. Colette isn't going to overpower Adam Hansen, but she's clever enough to make him work for every advantage."

Mike Rolash: "And she knows about that shoulder. Look at her. She's not even trying to get near it. That's respect, Jim. Or maybe she's saving the curse for later."

Adam and Colette lock up again, this time with Adam catching her around the waist and lifting her into a controlled fallaway slam. Colette lands hard but rolls through, immediately returning to her feet. She tags Cosette, who enters with a quick leap through the ropes and catches Adam with a sharp kick to the thigh before following with a second kick to the chest. Adam absorbs the strikes, stepping forward and attempting a big boot, but Cosette ducks beneath it and rebounds off the ropes with a flying forearm. Adam staggers, and Cosette follows with a running dropkick that sends him stumbling toward his corner.

Lex reaches out and tags himself in. Cosette turns toward him with a bright smile, extending both arms as if welcoming

him to the ring. Lex steps through the ropes and immediately catches her wrist, turning her into an arm wringer before bringing her down to the mat. Cosette rolls with the pressure, flips onto her feet, and reverses the hold, drawing Lex toward her before delivering a quick kick to his midsection. Lex catches her leg, but Cosette spins and uses her free leg to sweep his standing foot out from underneath him. She drops into a quick cover.

ONE!

Lex kicks out.

Mike Rolash: "Oh, she almost caught him there! I think Lex might have underestimated just how quick Cosette is."

Jim Gunt: "Lex doesn't underestimate anybody. But Bad Juju are excellent at creating openings where you least expect them."

Cosette reaches down to help Lex up, but instead of releasing his hand, she gives him a playful wink. Lex shakes his head with a small grin before pulling her into a sudden snap suplex. Cosette hits the mat, and Lex immediately transitions into a grounded armbar, controlling her wrist and keeping her shoulders pinned down. Cosette grimaces as she tries to turn, but Lex adjusts his weight and keeps her trapped. Eventually, she manages to roll onto her side and bring a knee beneath herself, forcing Lex to release the hold.

Cosette crawls toward her corner and tags Colette. The two women enter together, catching Lex with a double Russian leg sweep that sends him crashing onto his back. Colette immediately hooks his legs while Cosette adds a quick stomp to his chest before stepping back. Colette covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Lex kicks out.

Jim Gunt: "Beautiful teamwork from Bad Juju. They know exactly where the other one is at all times."

Mike Rolash: "They've probably had five hundred years to practice it, Jim. That's a pretty significant advantage."

Colette pulls Lex to his feet and attempts to send him into the ropes, but Lex reverses the whip and catches her with a stiff European uppercut. Colette staggers backward, and Lex follows with a snap powerslam. He looks toward his corner and tags Adam back into the match. Adam steps through the ropes, favoring his shoulder slightly as he approaches Colette. She sees the discomfort and deliberately keeps her attacks low, catching him with a pair of kicks to the thigh before attempting to send him into the corner. Adam reverses, but Colette uses the turnbuckle to spring herself back toward him, catching him with a swinging neckbreaker.

Adam hits the canvas, and Colette takes a moment to look toward the injured shoulder. She could easily focus her offense there, but instead she grabs his wrist and pulls him upright, turning him into a standing knee strike to the midsection. Adam doubles over, and Colette follows with a snap suplex. She rolls through, brings Adam back to his feet, and attempts to lift him for another throw, but Adam blocks her and catches her with a sudden big boot that sends her tumbling backward.

Jim Gunt: "Adam Hansen showing that despite the shoulder, he's still got plenty of power behind him!"

Mike Rolash: "That shoulder is going to be a concern, though. Every time he throws a strike, every time he lifts somebody, you can see him protecting it. And against a team like Bad Juju, you don't get many opportunities to rest."

Adam reaches for Colette, but she slips around him and tags Cosette. Cosette springs into the ring and catches Adam with a running kick to the chest. She follows with a second strike, then attempts to spring off the ropes for a flying attack. Adam catches her in midair, holding her across his chest before dropping her with a fallaway slam. The crowd reacts as Adam rolls onto his side, clutching his shoulder briefly before pushing himself upright.

Cosette crawls toward her corner, but Adam catches her ankle and pulls her back toward the center of the ring. She turns onto her back and blows a playful kiss in his direction. Adam laughs, shaking his head, before Cosette suddenly catches him with a quick kick to the side of the head. She scrambles to her feet and tags Colette.

Bad Juju move together, Colette catching Adam with a suplex while Cosette leaps from the second rope and connects with a cutter as he comes down. The combination sends Adam crashing to the canvas, and Colette covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Adam kicks out!

Jim Gunt: "What a combination! Bad Juju nearly put the CWF Tag Team Champions away!"

Mike Rolash: "And Adam's shoulder is taking a beating whether they intend it to or not. He's going to need Lex in there soon."

Colette pulls Adam up and attempts to turn him into Colette's Curse, but Adam fights against the lift and drives a knee into her midsection. He grabs her around the waist and powers her up into a Turnpike Powerbomb, planting her in the middle of the ring. Adam takes a moment to recover before reaching across and tagging Lex.

Lex enters with renewed energy, catching Colette with a sharp forearm as she tries to rise. He pulls her up and connects with MIND KILLER, driving her back across his knee before sending her to the mat. Cosette rushes into the ring, but Lex ducks her first strike and catches her with a leaping DDT from the second rope. The crowd rises as Lex turns back toward Colette, dragging her to her feet and positioning her for AD HOMINEM.

Colette struggles free at the last moment, shoving Lex toward the ropes. He rebounds, and she catches him with a quick kick to the midsection before attempting to lift him into position for Throw the Bones. Lex slips behind her and catches her with a German-style throw, sending her crashing onto her shoulders. He rolls through, maintaining control of her wrist, and immediately transitions into a grounded submission. Colette fights the hold, turning her hips and reaching toward Cosette, who is still recovering near the ropes.

Cosette manages to get back onto the apron and reaches out. Colette stretches as far as she can, fingertips just brushing her partner's hand before Lex pulls her back toward the center. Cosette steps through the ropes, but Adam is there to intercept her, catching her around the waist and lifting her into a controlled snap powerslam. Adam releases her immediately, careful not to put unnecessary pressure on his shoulder, and rolls back toward his corner.

Jim Gunt: "The Regulators are working together beautifully now! Lex has Colette isolated, and Adam has kept Cosette from breaking things up!"

Mike Rolash: "This is what happens when both teams know exactly what they're doing. Nobody's making a cheap move. Nobody's looking for an easy way out. They're just trying to be the better team tonight."

Lex releases the hold and pulls Colette to her feet. He attempts to set her up for READY TO FALL, but Colette catches his arm and spins behind him, delivering a quick kick to the back of his knee. Lex drops to one knee, and Colette follows with a spinning uranage that sends him crashing down. She crawls toward her corner and reaches out for Cosette.

The tag is made and Cosette enters with a burst of energy, catching Lex with a running knee strike before pulling him up and whipping him into the ropes. Lex reverses, but Cosette uses the momentum to leap onto the middle rope and spring backward, catching him with a corkscrew cutter! She lands across his chest and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Lex kicks out!

Jim Gunt: "That was close! Cosette nearly had the CWF Tag Team Champion!"

Mike Rolash: "And look at Colette! She's already getting into position. I think Bad Juju are about to try something wicked!"

Cosette looks toward Colette and gives her a little nod. Colette rises on the apron, ready to enter, and Lex struggles to his feet. Cosette catches him with a kick to the stomach, then Colette enters and grabs him from behind, positioning him for the backbreaker portion of Something Wicked. Cosette climbs onto the turnbuckle, preparing to launch herself into the double foot stomp.

But Lex manages to twist his body at the last possible second.

Colette's grip slips as Lex turns out of the setup, and Cosette hesitates on the top rope rather than risk landing on her partner. That single moment of uncertainty is all Lex needs. He ducks beneath Colette's next strike, grabs her around the waist, and sends her stumbling into the corner. Cosette immediately jumps down from the turnbuckle and tries to recover, but Lex catches her with a sharp elbow before turning back toward Colette.

Colette charges out of the corner, attempting to catch Lex with a running forearm, but he sidesteps. Colette's momentum carries her directly into Cosette, who has stepped forward to help. The two women collide shoulder-to-shoulder, neither seriously hurt, but both momentarily stunned by the accidental impact.

Jim Gunt: "Oh! A miscommunication! That's the first real mistake either team has made all night!"

Mike Rolash: "They were so close to hitting Something Wicked, Jim! One little adjustment, one little hesitation, and now they've run right into each other!"

Lex doesn't waste the opening. He catches Colette as she turns back toward him, delivers a sudden knockout right hook, and pivots into READY TO FALL, driving her face-first into the canvas. Cosette rushes forward, but Adam steps through the ropes and catches her with a big boot, sending her tumbling back toward the corner. Lex drops across Colette and hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Joey Garcia: "Here are your winners, Adam Hansen and Lex Collins... THE REGULATORS!"

The crowd erupts as Adam Hansen rolls into the ring and helps Lex to his feet. The two champions raise their arms, but there is no prolonged celebration. Adam turns toward Colette and offers her a hand. Colette accepts, allowing him to pull her upright before brushing herself off and smiling at him. Cosette gets to her feet and immediately approaches Lex, giving him a playful hug and a kiss on the cheek. Lex looks briefly caught off guard, but he doesn't pull away. He simply pats her on the shoulder with a small smile.

Jim Gunt: "What a match! And what a showcase for both of these teams. The Regulators get the victory, but Bad Juju gave them everything they could handle."

Mike Rolash: "And it came down to one mistake. That's all. One moment where the timing wasn't quite right, and Lex Collins was experienced enough to capitalize. Nobody cheated, nobody took shortcuts, and I think everybody in that ring earned a little more respect for one another tonight."

Adam and Lex exchange a few words with Colette and Cosette before all four competitors come together in the center

of the ring. The two teams shake hands, receiving a strong ovation from the Los Angeles crowd. Adam raises Colette's hand, while Lex shares another brief exchange with Cosette. The four champions stand together, their respective championship belts being brought back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Last Call is getting bigger by the minute, and while we still do not know the matches for the PPV for either of these teams quite yet, one thing is certain. On December 11th, there will be no tomorrow for the Championship Wrestling Federation."

Mike Rolash: "And if this is what we're getting tonight, I can't imagine what the final two shows are going to bring."

The camera pulls back from the ring as the Last Call graphic fills the screen.

Jim Gunt: "Stay with us, folks. More Infernalia 15 is coming up next!"

The broadcast fades to commercial.

UPRISING: Reckoning

Segment

Check out the groundbreaking results for UPRISING's final PPV of the season, RECKONING

You're NOT gonna want to miss this show!

Inevitable

Segment

Backstage, we cut to a nearly empty hallway. There are various crew members working and moving about; the production that goes into Infernalia is a living, breathing organism.

As is “The Ripper” Danny B, moving with purpose.

STAGEHAND: "Ripper, we–"

TECH: "Hey listen, Danny–"

The three-time former CWF World Heavyweight Champion ignores everyone who tries to get his attention. He is already dressed for battle, despite his showdown with Mia and the Menagerie still being some time away. But the message is clear: he is ready and he is focused.

So focused, in fact, that he nearly walks past a gaggle of fans, mostly women, clearly having a good time. But he stops, and turns towards the sounds.

The current, reigning, CWF Paramount Champion, MJ Flair, is signing autographs and posing for pictures with the collection. She’s smiling and having a good time. Then, she notices the most recent former Champion.

Ripper: "Flair."

MJF: "Ripper."

Ripper: "Nice belt."

MJ looks down at the Paramount Title over her shoulder.

MJF: "Thanks. Good luck against Mia and the Menagerie… can tell you from personal experience, you're in for a bad night."

Ripper chuckles.

Ripper: "Sure. Listen, too bad about the company shutting down in the middle of your reign. But you'll be okay… I hear you've got a great future as a waitress."

He smirks, and starts to walk away.

MJF: "True, true… not nearly as bright as your future as a shitty Sherlock fanfic writer. Maybe you should just quit."

And Ripper stops.

He turns back, a sardonic smile replacing the smirk.

Ripper: "You know, in all the time we've been in this company together… we've never faced off, outside of a few fleeting moments in a Golden Intentions, here and there?"

Ripper holds up his index finger, pointing at the Paramount Champion.

Ripper: "Just once… just one time, before the lights go out, I want the chance to wipe that look off your arrogant little face."

MJ smiles.

MJF: "You survive Mia, give me a call. I'm sure I can pencil you in."

Ripper nods, and walks away - he clearly knows better than to get into a scrap before a match with an unpredictable force of nature.

MJF (calling after him): "I've been around the business my whole life, Danny. I've got a soft spot for yesterday's legends."

Ripper doesn't break stride, but his fists clench.

One thing at a time. Tonight, Mia. Tomorrow, MJ.

It's inevitable.

Caledonia © vs. Christian Patrick

Match

The lights inside the Crypto.com Arena begin to dim as the opening notes of "Day and Night" by Billie Piper ring out through the building. The reaction is immediate, with the Los Angeles crowd rising to its feet as the CWF World Heavyweight Champion, Caledonia Highlander, steps onto the stage. There is no hiding the wear and tear she is carrying into tonight. The marks of her battle against Mia Rayne and the Menagerie remain visible, her movements just a little more measured as she rolls one shoulder and takes a moment to breathe in the reception. Two weeks ago, she survived an exhausting fight to retain the most prestigious championship in CWF, and last week she proved that victory was no fluke. Tonight, however, she has another challenge waiting for her.

Caledonia raises the World Heavyweight Championship high above her head before making her way down the ramp.

She slaps hands with fans along the barricade, then carefully climbs onto the apron and steps between the ropes. She heads toward the center of the ring, lifting the championship once more as the cheers grow louder. After handing the title to the ringside attendant, she turns toward the entranceway, her expression shifting from celebration to concentration.

Jim Gunt: "The World Heavyweight Champion is here, and what a couple of weeks it has been for Caledonia. That successful defense against Mia Rayne and the Menagerie was one of the most physically demanding championship matches we've seen in quite some time. She came out of that one with plenty of battle scars, but she came out with her championship."

Mike Rolash: "And now she gets to enjoy the benefits of being champion, Jim. You know, like having absolutely no time to recover before somebody else wants to take a shot at you. Wonderful job description."

Jim Gunt: "That's the responsibility that comes with being at the top. And Christian Patrick is certainly not going to make this an easy evening."

The lights shift as “My Name Is Human” by Highly Suspect begins to play. Christian Patrick emerges from behind the curtain dressed in black trunks accented with pink, the fractured crown emblazoned across the back. His expression is as composed as ever, though there is a noticeable intensity behind his eyes. The former Chaos Champion has had a difficult few days, having recently surrendered that championship to Paul Freedom, and tonight presents an opportunity to put that disappointment behind him. There are few better ways to do that than by defeating the reigning World Heavyweight Champion.

Christian makes his way down the ramp without acknowledging the crowd, his eyes fixed on Caledonia. He circles the ring before climbing onto the apron, wiping his boots along the edge and stepping through the ropes. He adjusts the tape around his wrists, rolls his shoulders, and takes a moment to study the champion. Caledonia meets his gaze without backing away, and Christian gives a small nod before settling into his corner.

Jim Gunt: "Christian Patrick lost the Chaos Championship to Paul Freedom, and you can be certain that defeat hasn't sat well with him. He's a very calculated competitor, and he knows exactly what a victory over Caledonia would mean."

Mike Rolash: "It would mean he just beat the World Heavyweight Champion. That's a pretty good way to get your name back into the conversation, Jim. Especially when your last championship conversation ended with somebody else holding your belt."

Joey Garcia steps into the ring and calls both competitors to the center, checking their equipment before giving the referee the signal. The introductions are made, the champion receives another tremendous ovation, and Christian remains focused, bouncing lightly on the balls of his feet. The referee calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Christian wastes little time establishing the physical advantage. He steps into a collar-and-elbow tie-up and quickly turns Caledonia toward the ropes, forcing her to break cleanly. On the second engagement, he catches her wrist and pulls her into a short-arm clothesline that sends the champion crashing to the canvas. Caledonia gets back up quickly, but Christian is already there, slipping behind her and driving a knee into her midsection before lifting her across his shoulders and dropping her with an over-the-shoulder gutbuster. He covers, hooking the leg, but Caledonia kicks out at two.

Jim Gunt: "A very strong opening from Christian Patrick. He's using that size and strength advantage, and he's not giving Caledonia much room to establish her own rhythm."

Mike Rolash: "He's not doing anything complicated, Jim. He's making the champion carry two hundred and forty pounds every time she hits the mat. That's a strategy I can get behind."

Christian pulls Caledonia up and catches her with a sharp elbow before sending her across the ring. She returns with a dropkick that catches him square in the chest, but the impact only takes him a step backward. Christian immediately answers with a high-angle spinebuster, driving Caledonia hard into the canvas. He turns her over and begins working across her upper back and neck, pressing a forearm between her shoulder blades and forcing her to carry his weight. Caledonia grimaces, the damage from her recent championship defense making every impact that much more costly.

Christian doesn't appear interested in taking cheap advantage of her condition, but he is certainly not going to slow down for her, either. He pulls her up into a front facelock, looking for the Saito suplex, but Caledonia fights the grip and slips behind him. She catches his arm, spins through, and snaps him over with a quick arm drag before following with a handspring elbow that finally sends the larger man stumbling into the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "There's the speed! Caledonia needs to keep moving, because she cannot afford to get caught in another one of those power moves."

Mike Rolash: "I think Christian has already figured that out. The question is whether he can keep his hands on her long enough to do something about it."

Caledonia comes off the ropes with a dropkick, then follows with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors takedown that sends Christian rolling toward the corner. She takes a breath, briefly favoring her ribs as she gets back to her feet, but she doesn't allow herself much time to recover. Christian charges out of the corner, only for Caledonia to sidestep and catch him with a sharp enzuigiri. Such Is Life connects cleanly, and Christian drops to one knee. Caledonia grabs him by the head and pulls him into position for Reverse the Polarity, but Christian reads the setup and shoves her away before she can turn through the move.

Caledonia rebounds off the ropes and leaps, but Christian catches her in midair. He turns her across his body and drives her down with an emphatic All Rise uranage. The impact brings another cover, and the referee drops to count.

ONE!

TWO!

Caledonia gets a shoulder up.

Jim Gunt: "That was close! Christian Patrick had her there for a moment!"

Mike Rolash: "And he knows it. Look at him. He's not complaining, he's not arguing. He's already thinking about what comes next."

Christian sits up, looking down at Caledonia for a moment before pulling her back to her feet. He hooks her for the Saito suplex again, but the champion drives an elbow into his side and manages to turn out of the hold. She catches him with a sudden kick to the stomach, then springs off the ropes and connects with a twisting DDT. Both competitors hit the canvas, and the crowd comes alive as Caledonia rolls onto her side, trying to gather enough strength to make it back to her feet.

Christian is up first, but Caledonia catches him with a quick kick to the thigh and follows with a second, creating just enough distance to spring onto the middle rope. She launches herself backward with a missile dropkick, catching Christian high in the chest. He staggers into the ropes, and Caledonia rushes forward with a running forearm before climbing to the second turnbuckle. She waits for him to turn, then leaps with a crossbody that takes both of them down. She hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Christian kicks out.

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia is finding her openings now! She's making Christian Patrick move, and she's making him work for every opportunity."

Mike Rolash: "The trouble is, Jim, she still has to keep doing it. Christian only needs one good opening to change this whole match again."

The two competitors rise slowly, exchanging strikes in the center of the ring. Christian catches Caledonia with a forearm, but she answers with a kick to the ribs. He swings for the Round the World spinning lariat, only for Caledonia to duck underneath and catch him with a sudden kick to the back of the head. Christian drops to a knee, and Caledonia grabs him for a quick cover, rolling him into a tight cradle.

ONE!

TWO!

Christian reverses the position, shifting his weight over her shoulders and hooking both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

Caledonia twists her hips and rolls through, reversing the pin once more.

ONE!

TWO!

Christian escapes at the last possible moment, and both competitors scramble apart, each narrowly avoiding a defeat. The crowd erupts at the exchange, and even Christian takes a brief moment to look across the ring at Caledonia, recognizing just how close that sequence came to ending things.

Jim Gunt: "What an exchange! Neither competitor could keep the other down, and both came within a fraction of three!"

Mike Rolash: "I think they just tried every possible way to pin each other in about five seconds. I'm exhausted watching it."

Christian is the first to regain his footing. He charges forward with a short-arm clothesline, but Caledonia ducks beneath it and catches him with a sharp kick to the jaw. Christian staggers, and Caledonia sees the opening. She races toward the corner, leaps onto the top rope, and springs backward with Queen's Gambit, her roundhouse connecting flush with Christian's head. He drops to the canvas, and the champion immediately crawls across him for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Christian gets his shoulder up. Caledonia looks toward the referee, then takes a deep breath and pulls Christian away from the ropes. She considers climbing toward the top turnbuckle, but the wear and tear from the previous battles is visible as she steadies herself. Rather than risk a move that might cost her the opportunity, she drops beside Christian and begins working her arms into position around his head and neck. Christian recognizes the danger and tries to fight his way upright, but Caledonia shifts her weight, traps his arm, and rolls him onto his side.

Jim Gunt: "She's got him! Bed of Roses! Caledonia has that submission locked in!"

Christian immediately reaches for her hands, trying to pry the hold apart. He plants a boot against the canvas and attempts to power his way forward, but Caledonia adjusts her grip and tightens the kata-hajime, keeping her body positioned perfectly behind him. Christian tries to turn into the hold, but the champion follows every movement, refusing to give him the space he needs. His resistance gradually begins to fade. He stretches one hand toward the ropes, but

they're too far away. He tries one final attempt to roll his weight over, only for Caledonia to pull him back into the center of the ring.

Mike Rolash: "He's running out of room, Jim! And he's running out of options!"

Christian fights it for another moment, his free hand hovering above the canvas before finally tapping out. The referee immediately calls for the bell.

Joey Garcia: "And your winner by submission...CALEDONIA!"

Jim Gunt: "Christian Patrick taps out! Caledonia gets the victory, and the World Heavyweight Champion has done it again!"

Mike Rolash: "That's the Bed of Roses, Jim. Beautiful name, absolutely miserable place to visit."

Caledonia releases the hold immediately and rolls onto her back, breathing heavily as the referee raises her hand. Christian sits up slowly, rubbing the back of his neck as he catches his breath. He doesn't argue the decision or linger in frustration. Instead, he rolls out beneath the bottom rope and stands at ringside, still holding the back of his neck. Before turning toward the aisle, he looks back into the ring and gives Caledonia a small, respectful nod. The champion returns it, acknowledging the fight he brought to her tonight.

Christian makes his way up the ramp while Caledonia is handed her CWF World Heavyweight Championship. She rises to her feet, lifting the title high above her head as the Los Angeles crowd cheers along. Her body is still clearly feeling the effects of the last few weeks, but she stands tall with the championship held proudly in both hands.

Jim Gunt: "Another tremendous performance from Caledonia. Christian Patrick pushed her, he took control for long stretches, and he nearly had her on more than one occasion. But when the opportunity came, the champion found the opening and made him submit."

Mike Rolash: "Christian needed a win tonight, and he went after one. He just happened to run into the World Heavyweight Champion. That's a pretty difficult way to get yourself back on track."

Three Little Words

Segment

As the match concludes, Caledonia stands in the middle of the ring, a little out of breath.

Caledonia: "Well. One down."

The crowd cheers.

Caledonia: "But this has got me to thinking… for so long, I've wondered 'what's next'? And now, with Last Call only a month away…"

More cheers from the Los Angeles crowd for the cheap pop.

Caledonia: "… it's time to start thinking about 'what's last'?"

Boos, but of the sad kind.

Caledonia: "CWF has been my home for so long, you guys, I don't really see myself picking up somewhere else."

A few fans try to get an "HVW" chant going, but it fails to catch as most of the crowd wants to hear what the World Champion has to say.

Caledonia: "So, Last Call really will be my last call. My last match. And I've been thinking a lot about it, as you might expect. What do I want the final image of me to be in this business? It would be an easy thing to take someone I know I

can beat, and guarantee victory. But that’s not me. And you, the fans, deserve better. No… better that we end this on the highest possible note we can, even if it’s a loss for me. And so I’ve been thinking about it… and I’ve made my decision. I know who I want to fight. And I don’t even need to say the name. I just need three…"

She smirks.

Caledonia: "… syllables."

She turns to the stage.

Caledonia: "One. Last. Time."

The crowd rumbles in anticipation, and explodes into cheers as “Wings” by ILUKA plays, and Mariella Jade Flair, the Paramount Champion, emerges onto the stage. MJ makes her way down to the ring, her expression somewhat inscrutable. She enters the ring and stands across from Caledonia.

MJF (mouthing): "Last time? Really?"

The two of them lock eyes, their faces breaking into grins at the same time, as the cheers crescendo. MJ holds up a single finger, and the crowd goes absolutely electric as the two of them grip each other by the forearms, and pull into an embrace.

Jim Gunt: "The match is made! A clash of champions in CWF’s final match – Caledonia Highlander versus MJ Flair, one last time! ONE LAST TIME! ONE LAST TIME! ONE LAST TIME!"

“The Ripper” Danny B vs. Mia Rayne & The Menagerie

Match

The camera returns to the ring after a brief commercial break. The lights inside the Crypto.com Arena begin to fade, and a low, distorted guitar riff creeps through the speakers. The familiar opening of “For I Am Death” by The Pretty Reckless rolls across the arena, and the reaction is a mixture of cheers and uneasy anticipation. The Ripper is coming.

Danny B steps through the curtain, dressed for a fight, but there is something distinctly different about him tonight. The former two-time CWF World Champion has been on a downward spiral since losing the championship to Caledonia at Crossing Lines in October. The confidence is still there, or at least the remnants of it, but it has become something much uglier. His eyes dart across the crowd, his jaw works from side to side, and he occasionally mutters to himself as he makes his way toward the ring. He pauses halfway down the ramp, looks toward the ring, and breaks into a grin that doesn't quite look right.

Jim Gunt: "The main event of Infernalia 15, and what a dangerous situation we have ahead of us. The Ripper has been increasingly unpredictable since losing the CWF World Heavyweight Championship to Caledonia at Crossing Lines. We have seen a different side of Danny B in recent weeks."

Mike Rolash: "Different? Jim, the man has gone from being a two-time World Champion to looking like he wants to fight the entire building. Maybe losing that championship was the best thing that ever happened to him. He's certainly got more free time now."

Jim Gunt: "This isn't a joke, Mike. He's been involved in some increasingly disturbing situations, and tonight he's facing someone whose own situation has become just as concerning."

Danny climbs onto the apron, wipes his boots, and steps through the ropes. He walks to the center of the ring, looks around at the crowd, and slowly spreads his arms. He points to the canvas beneath his feet, then taps his chest twice. Whatever he is trying to communicate, the message seems clear enough: this is his ring, and he intends to make sure everybody remembers it.

The lights suddenly cut out and for several seconds, the Crypto.com Arena is completely dark. The crowd begins to murmur, the occasional phone screen illuminating a face in the stands. A harsh strobe suddenly flashes across the stage, revealing a lone figure standing motionless beneath it. Another flash. The figure has moved. Another. Its head is tilted at an unnatural angle.

“Apex Predator” by Otep begins to blast through the arena, accompanied by violent bursts of red and white light. The figure at the top of the ramp is dressed in the decaying, almost funerary attire associated with Loki Synn. Her mask is different tonight: a twisted jester's face, its grin stretched into a grotesque shape, with mismatched bells hanging from its crown. The outfit looks as though it has been dragged from a grave and stitched back together in the dark.

Loki doesn't walk toward the ring so much as launch herself down the ramp, her movements sharp and erratic. She stops to lunge at a fan holding out a hand, causing the young spectator to recoil before she throws her head back and laughs. She abruptly turns toward another fan's phone, leans into the camera, and holds her mask inches from the lens before darting away. She reaches ringside and slaps both hands against the apron, then climbs onto it and crawls through the ropes.

Inside the ring, she paces in tight circles, tugging at the ropes and bouncing on the balls of her feet. Danny watches her from across the ring. His grin widens. He points at her mask, then gestures toward the floor as if to say he intends to put her there and keep her there.

Jim Gunt: "And there is Loki Synn. The most violent of the three personalities that make up the Menagerie. We have seen Mia Rayne's control over these personalities deteriorate in recent weeks, and Loki has been at the forefront of that struggle."

Mike Rolash: "I don't think 'struggle' quite covers it, Jim. We've seen Amelia, we've seen Loki, and we've seen Cheshire trying to keep the other two in check. But the last few weeks? It's been a takeover. And tonight, Loki gets a Last Man Standing match with a man who has been having a takeover of his own."

Jim Gunt: "We also need to remember what happened last week. Mia Rayne came within a breath of becoming CWF World Heavyweight Champion again. She pushed Caledonia to her absolute limit, but the champion found a way to retain."

Mike Rolash: "And if you watched that match, you know it wasn't exactly a normal championship contest. The personalities were changing, the body was taking punishment, and Caledonia had to deal with a different opponent every time she thought she'd figured one out. Loki was the one who nearly got the job done, too. She'll be looking to finish what she started tonight."

The referee gives both competitors a final warning. There are no disqualifications, no count-outs, and no pinfalls to end this contest. The only way to win is to leave the other competitor unable to answer the referee's count of ten. And in a match with no boundaries, the entire Crypto.com Arena is fair game.

The bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

Danny immediately steps forward, but Loki doesn't wait for him. She charges across the ring and launches herself into a cyclone of forearms, hammering Danny against the ropes before driving a knee into his stomach. Danny tries to shove her away, but Loki rebounds and catches him with a running clothesline that sends both of them tumbling through the ropes and crashing onto the floor.

Jim Gunt: "And we're underway! Loki Synn has absolutely no interest in feeling this one out!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't think she has any interest in anything that involves patience, Jim!"

Loki is up first, crawling toward Danny and grabbing him by the hair. She pulls him toward the barricade, but Danny drives an elbow into her ribs and reverses their positions, slamming her back-first against the padded barrier. He follows with a hard forearm across the jaw, then another, before grabbing her by the back of the head and driving her face-first into the top of the barricade. Loki drops to one knee, but Danny doesn't let her stay there. He grabs her again and launches her over the barrier into the ringside seating area.

The crowd scatters as Loki crashes into a row of empty chairs. Danny climbs over the barricade after her, picking up one of the folding chairs and snapping it open. He looks down at Loki, then turns the chair sideways and drives it into her midsection. He drops the chair, grabs her by the mask, and drags her across the floor toward the production aisle.

Jim Gunt: "This is exactly the kind of danger we were talking about! There are no disqualifications, no count-outs, and nowhere to hide!"

Mike Rolash: "And I don't think Loki wants to hide. I think she'd be disappointed if there wasn't a chair involved somewhere."

Danny drags Loki toward the barricade separating the floor from the lower bowl, then suddenly pulls her upright and drives her down with a flapjack onto the hard flooring. The impact echoes through the arena. He stands over her, breathing heavily, and starts shouting at her to get up. The referee begins counting.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

Loki's fingers twitch.

"FOUR!"

She rolls onto her stomach, her shoulders shaking. Then, just as the count reaches five, she begins laughing. Not a quiet chuckle, but a shrill, delighted cackle that carries through the arena. She pushes herself up to all fours, turns her masked face toward Danny, and crawls at him.

Mike Rolash: "Oh, that's not right. That is absolutely not right."

Jim Gunt: "Loki Synn is enjoying this! Danny B has just driven her into the floor, and she's laughing!"

Danny takes a step backward, momentarily caught off guard. Loki suddenly springs forward and drives her shoulder into his midsection, taking him down against the edge of the barricade. She mounts him and begins raining down forearms, one after another, until Danny manages to buck her off. He scrambles to his feet, but Loki catches him with a headbutt and follows with a DDT onto the padded concrete.

She stands over him, throws both arms out, and looks up toward the ceiling as if inviting the entire arena to join her celebration. Then she crouches beside Danny and begins tapping the side of his head with one finger.

Loki Synn: "Knock, knock."

Danny suddenly grabs her wrist and pulls her down, catching her with a short-arm clothesline that sends her sprawling. He gets to his feet and delivers a brutal kick to her ribs before hauling her up and whipping her toward the production equipment. Loki crashes against a stack of road cases, and Danny follows with a running knee to the side of her head. He grabs the top of one case and shoves it aside, clearing a space before lifting Loki and dropping her with a release German suplex onto the floor.

Jim Gunt: "Danny B is taking this fight wherever he wants it! That was a tremendous German suplex on the concrete!"

Mike Rolash: "You can call it a German suplex, Jim. I'm calling it a very good reason to have a chiropractor on speed

dial."

The referee begins another count.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

Loki rolls onto her side. Her hand reaches toward a nearby road case, and she slowly drags herself upright using it as support. She stands at seven, but Danny is already waiting. He charges, looking for a Destin-knee, but Loki ducks at the last moment and Danny's knee slams into the edge of the case. He stumbles forward, clutching his leg, and Loki takes advantage by driving a boot into his back.

She grabs a loose cable from the production area and loops it around Danny's arm, yanking him backward. Danny spins and catches her with a back elbow, then rips the cable away and throws it aside. Loki charges again, but Danny catches her around the waist and drives her into the road cases with a spinebuster. The top case rattles violently, and a few pieces of equipment fall to the floor.

Jim Gunt: "Danny B is finding ways to use this environment against Loki Synn, and every one of these impacts is adding up!"

Mike Rolash: "If there's one thing Danny knows how to do, it's turn a perfectly ordinary backstage area into a demolition site."

Danny pulls Loki to her feet and drags her toward the stage entrance. She struggles, kicking and clawing at his arms, but Danny keeps moving. They pass through the curtain and into the staging area, where the lighting equipment and cables create a maze of shadows. Danny shoves her against a wall, then drives a forearm into her jaw. Loki responds with a sudden knee to the stomach and a vicious rake of her fingernails across his face.

Danny recoils, and Loki immediately takes advantage. She grabs a nearby rolling equipment cart and shoves it hard into his legs. Danny falls backward over the cart, crashing into a stack of padded equipment cases. Loki leaps onto the pile, grabs his head, and drives him down with a bulldog. She rises, turns toward the curtain, and starts laughing at the camera.

Loki Synn: "Is anybody keeping score?"

Jim Gunt: "There is no score to keep, Loki! The only thing that matters is whether either competitor can answer the count of ten!"

The referee begins counting Danny, who is sprawled across the equipment cases.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

Danny's arm reaches out, gripping the edge of the case. He pulls himself upright, but Loki is already there. She drives a boot into his chest, knocking him backward, then grabs him by the throat and throws him off the cases. Danny

crashes onto the staging floor, and Loki follows with a running stomp to the chest.

She stands over him, then suddenly looks toward the ring entrance. Her body goes still. The laughter stops. Her head tilts slightly to one side, and she takes a small step backward.

The lights flicker. For a split second, the image on the camera appears to stutter. Loki's shoulders settle, her posture changes, and the wild, twitching movements disappear. When the lights stabilize, the figure standing above Danny is no longer moving like a rabid animal. The mask is gone, and a pale face with pitch-black eyes looks down at him. A tattered dress and white apron hang from her frame, one knee-high sock slipping lower than the other.

Amelia has arrived.

Mike Rolash: "Oh, no. No, no, no. That's Amelia."

Jim Gunt: "And that is a very different situation for Danny B. Amelia is the oldest of the personalities, and unlike Loki, she is considerably more calculated."

Amelia looks at Danny, then glances toward the fallen equipment cart. A faint smile creeps across her face. She slowly crouches, takes Danny by the chin, and turns his face toward her.

Amelia: "You look tired."

Danny spits toward her. Amelia's smile grows wider. She stands, takes two small steps backward, and waits.

Danny struggles upright and charges. Amelia simply steps aside. Danny crashes shoulder-first into a stack of padded cases, and Amelia calmly walks behind him. She catches him with a sharp shining wizard to the side of the head, dropping him back to the floor.

Amelia: "Much better."

She begins arranging the fallen equipment around him, pushing a small road case into place beside his head and setting a folding chair upright nearby. Danny slowly rolls onto his side, watching her with confusion and fury. Amelia takes the chair, opens it, and places it directly in front of him. She sits.

The referee begins counting.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

Danny pushes himself up at six. Amelia rises from the chair and gives him a polite little clap. Danny lunges at her, but she catches his arm and turns him into a sudden DDT onto the staging floor. She steps away, brushing her hands together as though she has completed some small household task.

Jim Gunt: "Amelia is playing games with him. She is setting traps, making Danny think he's got an opening, and then taking it away."

Mike Rolash: "I don't know what kind of childhood games they played in MiAtlantis, Jim, but I'm beginning to understand why nobody wants to go there."

Danny rolls onto his back, groaning. Amelia walks over to the equipment cart, picks up a small black object, and turns it over in her hand. It's a compact handheld mirror. She looks into it, then turns it toward Danny.

Amelia: "Look. It's you."

Danny slaps the mirror out of her hand and climbs to his feet, his face flushed with anger. He charges at her, and this time Amelia doesn't move quickly enough. Danny catches her with a hard forearm, then another, and drives her backward into the wall. He grabs her by the hair and pulls her away from it, then hits Complete Sin, driving her down with the Future Shock DDT onto the staging floor.

Danny stands over her, breathing heavily. The referee starts the count.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

Amelia's fingers begin to move. She rolls onto her side and slowly pushes herself up. At seven, she is on one knee. At eight, she is standing, though her head hangs forward. Danny watches her, visibly frustrated.

Danny B: "Stay down!"

Amelia lifts her head. The smile returns.

Amelia: "No."

Danny charges and catches her with a brutal running knee, sending her backward through the curtain and out toward the entrance ramp. The two spill back into the arena, and the crowd erupts as Danny drags Amelia down the ramp toward the ring. He doesn't bother with the ropes, instead pulling her around the side of the ring and slamming her face-first into the steel steps.

Jim Gunt: "We're back at ringside, and Danny B is showing no signs of slowing down! He wants to put this one away!"

Mike Rolash: "I think he wants to put several things away. The match, his opponent, and probably the entire building."

Danny clears the steel steps from their position and grabs Amelia by the head. He pulls her toward the barricade and attempts to drive her through it, but she catches the top of the barrier and stops herself. She swings an elbow backward, catching Danny in the jaw, then climbs onto the barricade and leaps down behind him. Danny turns, and Amelia catches him with a low dropkick to the knee.

She grabs his head and drives him face-first into the ring apron. Danny stumbles backward, and Amelia takes a few steps toward the timekeeper's area. She picks up the ring bell, weighs it in her hand, and gives Danny a curious look.

Amelia: "Do you hear that?"

She taps the bell lightly.

Amelia: "Time's running out."

Danny rushes her, and Amelia swings the bell, catching him in the shoulder. He drops to one knee, and she follows with a second strike across his back. The referee begins counting, but Amelia isn't interested in waiting. She drops the bell and drags Danny toward the announce table.

Jim Gunt: "Amelia has the ring bell now! This is getting completely out of control!"

Mike Rolash: "I would like to point out that the announce table is very expensive, Jim. If she could kindly choose a different piece of furniture, that would be appreciated."

Amelia pulls Danny up and places him against the edge of the table. She steps backward, smiles, and charges forward with a running knee, smashing him across the tabletop. Danny rolls over the table and crashes into the chairs behind it. Jim and Mike scramble out of their seats, sending papers, headsets, and monitors scattering across the floor.

Jim Gunt: "WATCH OUT! WATCH OUT!"

Mike Rolash: "MY HEADSET! I JUST GOT THAT!"

Danny lies in the wreckage of the announce area as Amelia stands over him, looking at the scattered equipment. She picks up one of Mike's headsets and places it over her ears.

Amelia: "Can you hear me?"

She turns toward the camera.

Amelia: "Hello."

Then she drops the headset onto Danny's chest and the referee starts counting.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

Danny suddenly sits up, throwing the headset aside. He grabs Amelia by the dress and yanks her toward him, catching her with a vicious uppercut. Amelia staggers, and Danny follows with a second. He grabs her around the waist and drives her down with a powerbomb through the remaining section of the announce table.

Jim Gunt: "OH MY GOODNESS! DANNY B JUST POWERBOMBED AMELIA THROUGH THE ANNOUNCE TABLE!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't think there's a headset in the world that can fix that!"

Danny drops to one knee, exhausted, but immediately begins crawling toward Amelia. He looks over his shoulder at the referee, demanding the count.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

Amelia rolls onto her stomach. Her hands press against the floor, but she doesn't rise. Danny watches, his eyes wide, and begins shouting for the referee to keep counting.

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

Amelia's fingers twitch and the lights go out. The arena falls into darkness, and the referee's count stops as the crowd erupts in confusion. A high-pitched laugh echoes from somewhere above the ring. When the lights return, Amelia is gone.

In her place, standing on the announce table wreckage, is a figure in an opalescent suit that seems to shimmer beneath the arena lights. Her entire body is concealed, her face hidden behind a smooth mask bearing only a semi-colon and a right parenthesis.

Cheshire.

Jim Gunt: "What?! Where did Amelia go? That's Cheshire!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know how she got there, Jim, but I know I don't want to be anywhere near that table!"

Cheshire doesn't attack Danny. She simply stands on the wreckage, watching him. Danny rises slowly, looking from the referee to the figure in front of him. He approaches cautiously, throwing a wild right hand. Cheshire leans backward, allowing the punch to pass inches from her mask. Danny swings again, and she ducks beneath it, gliding around behind him. She catches his arm and uses his own momentum to send him tumbling over the remains of the announce table.

Danny crashes onto the floor, and Cheshire steps away. She doesn't follow up. She merely watches him, her head tilted slightly, as though she is waiting for him to make the next move.

Jim Gunt: "Cheshire has appeared, and she is doing exactly what we've seen her do before. She isn't looking to punish Danny. She's trying to protect the body from taking any more damage."

Mike Rolash: "Well, she might want to consider that a little earlier next time. We've already lost an announce table, Jim. There's not much left to protect."

Danny gets to his feet, grabs a nearby chair, and charges toward Cheshire. She steps aside, and the chair strikes the ring post. Danny turns, but Cheshire catches his arm and spins him into the steel steps. He stumbles forward, and she slips behind him, using a quick waistlock to send him crashing down with a German suplex onto the floor.

Cheshire backs away immediately, raising her hands as if to signal that she wants no further fight. Danny rolls onto his side, then looks up at her. His expression changes from anger to confusion.

Danny B: "Who the hell are you?"

Cheshire doesn't answer.

Danny pushes himself up and swings again. Cheshire ducks, catches his wrist, and redirects him into the barricade. She follows with a second counter, this time pulling him over her hip and sending him crashing onto the floor. Danny lies there, and the referee begins counting.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

Danny rolls onto his back.

"SIX!"

He pushes himself to one knee.

"SEVEN!"

He gets a boot beneath him.

"EIGHT!"

Danny stands as Cheshire backs away, giving him space. Danny turns toward her, and the lights flicker again. A burst of strobing white light sweeps across the arena, and for a moment, the figure in front of him seems to blur.

When the lights stabilize, the opalescent suit is gone.

Loki Synn is back.

The jester mask has returned, and the figure beneath it is no longer standing still. Loki lunges at Danny with a shriek, catching him with a running forearm before driving him backward into the barricade. She grabs his head and repeatedly smashes it against the padded barrier, then drags him away and throws him into the ring post.

Jim Gunt: "And just like that, Loki is back! We have gone from Amelia to Cheshire and now back to Loki, and this match is becoming harder to follow by the minute!"

Mike Rolash: "Harder to follow? Jim, I'm beginning to think the referee should have a map!"

Loki grabs Danny by the hair and drags him toward the entrance ramp. Danny fights back with a punch to the stomach, then catches her with a short-arm clothesline. Loki crashes to the floor, but she immediately begins laughing again. Danny kicks her in the ribs and pulls her up, looking toward the enormous CWF Tron above the entrance stage.

The camera follows his gaze. The giant screen is still displaying the Infernalia 15 branding, its metal framework rising several feet above the stage. A set of access stairs and a narrow maintenance platform run along the side, partially hidden behind the stage curtains. Danny looks at Loki, then back at the structure. A crooked grin spreads across his face.

Jim Gunt: "I don't like the look of that, Mike. Danny B is looking toward the Tron."

Mike Rolash: "Neither do I, Jim. I really, really don't."

Danny pulls Loki to her feet and begins dragging her toward the stage. She fights him every step of the way, throwing elbows and trying to twist free, but Danny catches her with a knee to the stomach and forces her forward. They reach the base of the Tron, where Danny shoves her against the structure and begins climbing the maintenance stairs.

Loki follows, not because she is being forced, but because she seems delighted by the prospect. She crawls up the steps, occasionally reaching for Danny's boots and trying to pull him backward. Danny kicks her away, and she tumbles down a couple of steps before scrambling back up, laughing all the while.

Jim Gunt: "They're climbing the structure! This is an incredibly dangerous position for both competitors!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't think either of them has the slightest interest in hearing that, Jim!"

The two reach the maintenance platform behind the giant screen. The crowd can see them silhouetted against the bright Tron, and the camera angle shifts to show the height of the structure above the stage. Danny grabs Loki by the mask and pulls her upright. She swings wildly, catching him across the jaw, then drives a knee into his stomach. Danny staggers backward, nearly losing his footing, but catches the railing.

Loki charges him, and the two collide against the metal framework. Danny grabs her around the waist and attempts a suplex, but Loki hooks her leg around his and prevents the lift. She drives a forearm into his back, then catches him with a headbutt that sends him stumbling toward the edge of the platform.

For a moment, Danny looks down to see three tables have been arranged below the platform, stacked in a line across the stage area. Whether they were intended for production or something else, they are now directly beneath the two competitors.

Jim Gunt: "THERE ARE THREE TABLES BELOW THEM! THIS COULD BE CATASTROPHIC!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't think that's the word I'd use, Jim! I think we're about to see something that nobody should be seeing!"

Loki sees the tables and begins laughing. She grabs Danny by the shoulders and tries to shove him toward the edge, but Danny plants his feet and catches her with a brutal elbow. He follows with a second, then a third, before grabbing her around the waist and lifting her into position. Loki kicks and claws at him, but Danny shifts his grip and hoists her up across his shoulders.

The Ripper stands on the maintenance platform with Loki Synn suspended above him. He looks out across the arena, then down at the tables. The crowd rises to its feet, the noise building into a deafening roar.

Jim Gunt: "DANNY, DON'T DO IT! DON'T DO THIS!"

Danny takes one step forward as Loki suddenly wriggles free, dropping behind him. She catches him with a kick to the back of the knee and tries to shove him toward the edge. Danny stumbles, but catches the railing with one hand. Loki grabs his wrist and begins pulling, trying to send him over.

Danny swings his free arm and catches her across the face. Loki loses her grip and stumbles backward. Danny turns, charges, and drives his shoulder into her midsection.

Both competitors go over the edge.

They crash down through the three tables in a spectacular explosion of splintering wood and collapsing metal. The impact shakes the stage, and the crowd erupts into a mixture of cheers and shocked screams. Danny and Loki disappear beneath the wreckage, the camera struggling to find them among the broken tables and scattered debris.

Jim Gunt: "OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! THEY'VE GONE THROUGH ALL THREE TABLES!"

Mike Rolash: "I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT WE JUST SAW! THREE TABLES! FROM THE TRON! SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL ME THEY'RE BOTH MOVING!"

The referee immediately begins the count.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

Danny is the first to stir, rolling onto his side and pushing a broken table leg away from his body. He crawls forward, dragging himself across the wreckage. Loki remains motionless beneath the debris.

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

Danny reaches Loki and instinctively drapes an arm across her, his body collapsing over hers. The referee continues the count, making no attempt to treat it as a pinfall. Danny is barely able to move, but he manages to push himself onto one elbow, staring at the referee as the count continues.

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

Danny rolls away from Loki and collapses onto his back. The referee leans down, checking for movement.

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

Nobody moves.

"NINE!"

The referee raises his hand for the final count just as Ripper struggles but somehow pulls himself to his feet, just in time.

"TEN!"

The bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

Joey Garcia: "And the winner of this Last Man Standing Match...."THE RIPPER" DANNY B!"

Jim Gunt: "HE DID IT! DANNY B HAS WON! LOKI SYNN CANNOT ANSWER THE COUNT OF TEN!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know what we just witnessed, Jim. I don't know how either of them are still breathing. But Danny B is the Last Man Standing!"

Danny remains sprawled across the wreckage for several seconds, struggling to catch his breath. He eventually rolls onto his stomach and begins crawling toward Loki. He reaches her side and looks down at the motionless figure beneath the broken tables. Then, with a sudden burst of energy, he grabs the jester mask and begins pulling at it.

The crowd grows quiet as Danny tears the mask away.

Underneath it is not Loki Synn.

It isn't Amelia.

It isn't Cheshire or even Mia Rayne.

Instead, staring up at the cameras is a completely unfamiliar, slender female with blonde lengthy hair. Her hair is disheveled, face pale, and her expression is one of complete confusion. Shee appears to be some random individual who has absolutely no business being beneath that mask.

For a moment, nobody moves as Danny stares down at the woman. The referee looks on in disbelief. The camera cuts to Jim Gunt, whose mouth hangs open, and then to Mike Rolash, who has taken a step backward from the wreckage.

Jim Gunt: "Wait a minute..."

Mike Rolash: "What?"

Jim Gunt: "That's not... That's not Mia Rayne."

Mike Rolash: "No. No, it isn't."

Jim Gunt: "That's not Loki Synn. That's not Amelia. That's not Cheshire. Who in the world is that?!"

Danny slowly rises to his feet, still clutching the mask. His face twists with fury. He looks down at the stranger, then back toward the entrance stage, as though expecting someone to explain what has just happened. The stranger barely manages to sit up before Danny begins furiously kicking down at them, shouting in disbelief.

Danny B: "WHO ARE YOU?! WHERE IS SHE?!"

Security personnel and officials begin rushing toward the stage, but Danny continues kicking at the unknown female until several people intervene and pull him away. The stranger is helped out of the wreckage, still looking bewildered. Danny stands in the middle of the destruction, holding the jester mask in one hand, his chest heaving.

Jim Gunt: "The Menagerie has disappeared! We watched Loki Synn climb that structure, we watched her go through those tables, and now there's a completely different person underneath that mask! Where did Mia Rayne go?!"

Mike Rolash: "I have absolutely no idea, Jim. I have no idea who that woman is, I have no idea where the Menagerie went, and I have no idea what we just watched. But I can tell you one thing: Danny B is not looking like a man who is satisfied with this victory."

Danny looks toward the giant CWF Tron, then down at the mask in his hand. He drops it onto the broken tables and kicks it away. He stands there for another moment, staring into the camera with a look of utter disbelief and rage.

Jim Gunt: "The Ripper is the Last Man Standing, but I don't think this is going to be the end of this story. Not by a long shot."

Mike Rolash: "No, Jim. Not even close."

The camera pulls back to show the wreckage beneath the CWF Tron, the officials attending to the unidentified woman, and Danny B standing alone amid the destruction. The referee raises Danny's arm, but the former World Champion barely acknowledges it. His eyes remain fixed on the stage entrance, searching for an answer that isn't coming.

The broadcast cuts away from the scene, preparing for the next segment of the evening.

Snap!

Segment

Danny stands over his fallen foe as “For I Am Death” continues to play in the arena. His face begins to twitch a little before he shuts his eyes and takes a deep breath.

Mike Rolash: "Seems Danny doesn’t quite know what to think of this trick pulled by Mia!"

Jim Gunt: "I don’t think I quite understand what is going on here, Mike. So, none of those people is actually Mia?"

Mike Rolash: "Seems that way, Jim, and if I know Ripper, he’s not going to be happy about it."

While the commentators were talking, Danny had indeed collected a microphone and seemed finally ready to speak.

Danny B: “A joke. This is what I have to deal with? A joke? Well, har de hah, very funny. We’ve all had a laff now, haven’t we?”

Danny kicks the unconscious nobody in the ribs.

Danny B: “This is your response, is it? Rather than facing me like a man, rather than accepting my challenge? This is what you choose to do, Jaiden? You choose to take away a dream match from me, from these people, for this punchline? You make me sick, kid; you really do, continuing to ruin this company. So, you want to play games? I love a game.”

Danny drops the mic. He uses his boot to roll the nameless figure out of the ring, sending him crashing to the floor with an almighty thud.

Danny B: “You know I don’t actually think that’s alive. Someone may want to check on that. Anyway, now that I have cleared the trash from the ring, it’s time to deal with this. Jaiden Rishel, you can hear me, I know you can. I am going to

give you ten seconds. If you do not get out here, I am going to find a reason to make you. Ten.

Mike Rolash: “Since when has this ever worked? Danny’s delusions are getting worse, Jim.

Jim Gunt: “Are you sure you want to poke that bear?”

Mike Rolash: “What’s he going to do?”

Jim Gunt: “Do you not remember…”

Mike Rolash: “Ancient history.”

Danny B: “Five. Four. Three. Two… man, I always pegged you for an arrogant idiot, Jaiden. But fine. Zero.”

The arena lights go black.

Jim Gunt: “For God’s sake, can someone please… Mike? MIKE!”

The lights snap back on. Inside the ring, Danny stands over Mike Rolash, using Rolash’s tie as a garrote around his neck.

Danny B: “Hey, Jaiden, so I know you won’t remember my early days. At that point, I think you were a little busy wanking over pictures of Abigail Starr, so let me fill you in. You see Mike here; we have a good relationship. A lot of harmless little banter. He mocks me; I shit him up. It’s all done in good fun. Isn’t that right, Mike?”

Danny holds the microphone down to the reddening face of the commentator, who garbles something unintelligible.

Jim Gunt: “Jaiden, what the hell are you doing?! Get security out here now?!”

Danny B: “Which is why I consider this to be a shame. I like Mike overall; I think he’s a good guy, but he doesn’t seem to understand what is going on here, just like you, Jaiden. You’ve written me off; you consider me beneath you, but this isn’t your choice to make any longer. You took every fucking opportunity to make my life difficult; you made me earn spots I’ve deserved for years. You took my company, your dad’s company, and you turned it into this? And you failed too! You couldn’t even keep the place alive long enough to honour it. No, instead you tarnish the legacy with mediocre world champions, forgettable shows, and you then run it into the ground. You had a chance to save it all; you gave the world the greatest WrestleFest main event ever, and then Caledonia walked by you and the blood rushed outta your head. Well, I’m going to make the blood rush out of your head, Jaiden. And if you don’t accept what’s coming to you, I’m going to make it rush out of Mike’s.”

Security officers begin filing onto the stage, making a beeline for the ring. As the first of them reaches it, the lights go out again, and when they return, security is calling for medical support as they surround a bloodied Rolash, Ripper’s bootprint clearly marked on his ruddy face.

Jim Gunt: “What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

The camera snaps to the commentary booth, where Ripper is seated next to a pale Jim Gunt, Rolash’s headset on his head.

Danny B: “I’m sorry Jim, it seems that narcissistic cunt in the back cares more about his own skin than a man who has served this company loyally for years. Jaiden, I know you’re listening. Next Infernalia, I have a huge MJF-shaped question mark to deal with. You have until I put her in the ground to answer me. If you don’t, well… I’d respond if I were you.”

He throws the headset down and claps Jim on the shoulder. The lights snap out one more time, and when they return moments later. All that is left is a visibly shaken Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash being helped to the back on a stretcher.

And with that image, Infernalia comes to a close.

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