

Modern Warfare: Modern Warfare 2018

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: January 29, 2018
Location: Mississippi — Biloxi

Results

The Light

Match

In a non disclosed location somewhere deep in the Pennsylvania mountains, the former CEO of Championship Wrestling Federation reclines backward, his eyes on the massive home theater system in front of him. J. Rish may not own CWF anymore, but after building the company from the ground up and running it most of his adult life, the passion and interest for the sport never dies.

Just as the screen turns to a CWF logo and videos for Modern Warfare show on his screen, a beeping of a cell phone can be heard.

J. Rish: Hello?

On the other end of the line comes a quiet, slightly muffled but yet familiar voice.

Man: Hello, Mr. Rishel.

Rish looks down at his cell phone frazzled.

J. Rish: Who is this? Cain!?

Man: No Mr. Rishel, this is not Alex Cain and the message I have called to deliver to you has nothing to do with your issues with him and Cambria. No, you see this message has far greater reach than simple family matters.

J. Rish: Okay, who are you then? And what the hell do ya want?

Man: Calm yourself Mr. Rishel, because I need you fully focused on this message. You see, the world is changing around you, a dark age has come upon us all.

J. Rish: Huh?

Man: Do you not watch the news and see all of the wars being fought, schools and hotels and concerts being shot up with no remorse? Men killing men. Women killing their own children. It is a dark, cold world we're living in Mr. Rishel and if you don't soon find the light, we could all be in grave danger.

J. Rish: The light? What light? What in the fuck are you jabbering on about man?

Man: This is no joke, Mr. Rishel, either you choose to listen to me or all that you love will soon be lost. There will soon come a time where all hope will seem to be lost, but what I am telling you without a shadow of a doubt, if you have the light then you can stop them.

J. Rish: Alright, I'm going to hang up now..

J. Rish shakes his head as he clicks the cell phone off. Immediately it begins to buzz once more, but after exerting a loud "ughh" he tosses it halfway across the room.

Fade.

The Thunder From Down Under

Match

The intro to the Modern Warfare pay-per-view is barely over before "The Slow Descent" by the Butterfly Effect plays over the speakers and the Lost Boys come out onto the entryway, wearing Australian Flag themed aprons and flanked by a handful of CWF road staff. Sam is in the lead, walk across the entryway to a platform beside the stage where he sets up a fold out table. Dean is not far behind, pushing an electric barbeque unit on wheels.

He places it next to the table and motions for the road staff come on over and lay out everything they are carrying, which includes loaves of bread, stacks of paper napkins and bottles of condiments; barbeque sauce, tomato sauce and mustard to be exact. Last but not least in the chaos, a shopping trolley is brought over, packed to the brim with bags of sliced onions and sausages.

Jim Gunt: What is going on?

Mike Rolash: Have the Lost Boys given up their hopes of a professional wrestling career and are pitching a celebrity chef show?

The road staff set up Sam and Dean with their own headset microphones, then quickly head to the back, thank their presence is no longer required.

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

Dean Coulter: Tonight, you're all in for a real treat. You ignorant sycophants probably don't realise but back home, January 26th is Australia Day, a national holiday where we come together to celebrate our great country and what it means to be a true Australian. Now there's currently some debate over the date of this holiday, but the way Sam and I see it, the date don't matter, when there's so much worth celebrating.

Sam Braxton: Not only do you get one ripper pay-per-view tonight, but we're kind enough to share in our holiday with you, givin' you an opportunity, even just for the night, to know what it feels like to NOT be an American, to not live in such a deadbeat country. If that ain't worth celebratin', I don't know what is.

Dean Coulter: Cheers to that. Tonight we'll be your hosts and there is few things more true blue, more deadeast Australian than throwing some snags on the barbie.

Mike Rolash: What are they talking about? Snags? Barbie? Are they playing with dolls or something?

Jim Gunt: Hang on, I got this.

From underneath the commentary table Jim Gunt produces a pocket sized book, titled 'The Aussie Slang Dictionary'. He quickly thumbs through some of the pages.

Jim Gunt: What they are saying is they are cooking some sausages on the barbeque.

Mike Rolash: So we all get dinner and a show? These guys are alright!

Sam Braxton: The only thing missing is a stubbie, but Dean won't let me cause we're on the clock. But you lot can. Sit back, relax and enjoy a cold one and a snag as we celebrate everything great that's better about being Australian. Aussie. Aussie. Aussie.

Jim Gunt: The arrogance of those two!

Mike Rolash: Let's just get the show started shall we?

Stalker & Zara Knight vs. Dean & Seth Moxley

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is a tag team match and Modern Warfare's opening bout! Introducing first....

187's "Master's Solemn Hour" plays and Stalker Knight enters through the crowd but not through the upper bowl of the arena like is common with other wrestlers. There is spurts of fog, not a blanket of it more akin to a steam vent about seven of them on his route to the ring. The arena lighting crackles and frizzles ala a lightning storm. He and Zara walk to the ring ignoring everyone between them and the ring. They climb over the barricade and walk up the steps. Zara perches herself on the ring post like a vulture while they await Stalker's opponent.

Ray Douglas: Introducing team number one, they are Stalker and Zara Knight....THE KNIGHT RIDERS!!

Black Sheep by Saliva hits as Dean and Seth walk down the ramp right past the barbecue section, sniffing the intoxicating scents of the food on their way down. The Moxleys get in the ring, and climb two different turnbuckles where they throw their fists into the air. They get down, and walk to the middle of the ring. Seth puts his fist out for Dean to pound it and he just shakes his head and walks away to the apron.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, Dean and Seth Moxley....THE MOXLEY BROTHERS!!

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, it's time to get the action started!

Seth and Stalker are the two selected by each team to start off this match. The bell rings and the two begin to circle slowly. They come closer and closer to the center of the ring and the crowd cheers as they lock up and struggle for the early advantage. Stalker gains it with a knee to the gut and the crowd cheers. A couple of right hands knock Seth back against the ropes. An Irish whip from Stalker leads into a back body drop. Seth gets up quickly and ducks under a right, goes for a boot but it's blocked ... ENZIGURI!

Jim Gunt: Seth Moxley just took Knight's head off!

Mike Rolash: Really? Like a headless horsemen?

Jim Gunt: You're an idiot, Mike.

Seth is up first and lays in a couple of boots before Stalker gets to his feet. Seth goes for a right but Stalker blocks it and comes back with two quick ones followed by a clothesline. Stalker goes for a pin.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: No! Stalker Knight could only get a one count there.

Mike Rolash: And it's clearly pissed off the owner of Indulgence.

An angry Stalker walks over toward Dean and Seth gets up and goes to attack Stalker, but he moves, and Seth blasts Dean off the apron onto the floor. Seth looks shocked, before Stalker catches him with a big clothesline in the corner. Dean slowly pulls himself off the floor and slides into the ring, looks off Stalker, before laying into his brother Seth.

Mike Rolash: It's Moxley Civil War! Dean has had enough!

Jim Gunt: Yep, it looks like family ties aren't as strong as we thought they were with these Moxleys.

Dean is waylaying into Seth...picks him up as Stalker just looks on dumbfounded just a couple feet away....Bad Intentions! Dean drops Seth like it was nothing...and rolls out of the ring.

Jim: Stalker and Zara look bewildered at what just happened!

Mike: Stalker looks bewildered. Zara looks hot as...

Jim: She'd break you in half even with one arm...no chance.

Stalker shakes his head as Dean walks up the ramp. Zara looks at Stalker, shrugs, and Stalker picks Seth up, hits him with Knight's Epiphany, rolls him over for the pin

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....THE KNIGHT RIDERS!!

Stalker now looks pissed after he and Zara get their win, and she gets a little happy and wants to get some shots in, and even manages to get a couple kicks to the near lifeless body of Seth Moxley before Stalker shoots her a look that immediately freezes Zara in her tracks...and she slowly gets back outside the ring. Stalker starts to pummel on Seth, getting his money's worth of a "workout" before two men run out from backstage coming after Stalker, who quickly slides outside by Zara as the two men slide into the ring.

Mike: Is that...no...

Jim: It's the Andersons! Billy and Tyler are here! And it looks like they'd seen enough of Seth Moxley getting beat on and stopped it.

The Unstoppable Force check on Seth Moxley before turning their attention to the crowd, who cheer the return of one of the most legendary tag teams in CWF history as they raise their arms in the air.

Introductions

Match

The camera moves towards two fairly new faces in the CWF, Blake Church and Charles State from "CWF's Church vs. State", standing ringside.

Blake Church: Welcome, Ladies and Gentlemen, to "Modern Warfare", CWF's first PPV of the year.

Charles State: And a big one it is, starting with a bang with The Unstoppable Force celebrating a big comeback to the grand stage of wrestling, and this is all just the beginning!

Blake Church: There are a lot of exciting things happening and one of them is that for the first time we are able to welcome some of the international announce teams of CWF Worldwide!

Charles State: All the way from Australia we have Stevie Illawarra and Lleyton Polkinghorne!

Stevie Illawarra: Welcome to the Thunder from Down Under, we are excited to be here and support our local heroes, The Lost Boys! And I apologize for my colleague here...

His partner is busy munching away on some barbecued sausage.

Blake Church: Over here from the Netherlands we have Leon van Heerden and Mark Postma!

Leon van Heerden: Goedenavond en welkom bij "Modern Warfare"!

Mike Postma: We zijn vereerd om hier te zijn en dit zal een spannende nacht worden voor ons allemaal!

Charles State: Right next to them Markus Voglmayr and Reinhard Hansen from our German affiliate.

Markus Voglmayr: Guten Abend an alle CWF-Fans, wir sind bereit und freuen uns auf einen aufregenden PPV!

Reinhard Hansen: Ja, das grosse Finale zwischen Duce Jones und Jace Valentine verspricht ein absoluter Klassiker zu werden!

Blake Church: From Mexico we are happy to introduce Gabriel Mendoza and Juan Ignacio Cimarron!

Gabriel Mendoza: Gracias, Blake, estamos emocionados por el gran espectáculo y ¡estamos esperando un gran partido de jaula!

Juan Ignacio Cimarron: ¡Alex Cain y Jarvis King, dos leyendas de CWF se enfrentan y será absolutamente épico!

Charles State: Yannick Moreau and Pierre Robitaille are in from Montreal for our French viewers:

Yannick Moreau: Le montréalais est là pour tout prendre et nous serons à ses côtés!

Pierre Robitaille: Mais oui, Jace Valentine est là pour récupérer ce qui a toujours été son titre World Heavyweight!

Blake Church: All the way from Russia, one of our latest additions, Sergey Afinogenov and Ivan Smolov!

Sergey Afinogenov: Dobro pozhalovat' v "Modern Warfare", my rady byt' zdes', i segodnya v menyu yest' ochen' osobenny match!

Ivan Smolov: Da, Elisha protiv Amber v Dome Voli, eto budet zhestokaya vstrecha!

Charles State: And finally our good Japanese friends Yoshido Tamayaki and Noriaki Honda!

Yoshido Tamayaki: "Modan Warfare" wa, kotoshi no kikkuofu no tame no mirai no kurashikku de, watashitachiha Nihon o daihyo suru koto o hokori ni omotte imasu!

Noriaki Honda: Shikashi, koko de jubun hanashimashita, ikou!

Footage

Match

We are backstage inside the well-lit office of Ryan Sunset. He sits behind a desk, his feet kicked up as he seems to be in the middle of a meeting with someone. Marcus Maximus is spotted standing beside the desk, a blatant look of uncertainty is clear on his face. Ryan's patented smile is ever apparent as he addresses the person inside the office with them.

Ryan Sunset: The reason I asked you to meet me here tonight is clear, my friend. Over the past couple of months, I've been having some real concerns about you, buddy. To be straightforward with you, I think it's high time we addressed the situation. I need a real champion. This company needs a real champion. Somebody that's reliable, dependable, that will pick this enterprise up and put it on their shoulders. A champion that the fans and the stockholders can be proud of...

The camera pans over to show CWF World Heavyweight Champion, Duce Jones. He stands, dressed in his ring gear and prepared to battle. A look of annoyance creeps across his face.

Duce Jones: Look, I really don't have time for this shit. I'm starting to think you're trying to sabotage my reign as champion. First you send one of your pathetic goons to attack me last week, now this...

Ryan Sunset: You see, Duce, that's the thing. You can't seem to be the champion I need. Jace certainly is not willing to be that champion. So where does that leave us? What do we know about Duce Jones? We reviewed the footage from last week, buddy. No one was caught entering your locker room the night of your attack. That's when Marcus here brought something to my attention.

Duce glances over towards Marcus, but he turns his head trying not to make eye contact.

Duce Jones: So what are you trying to say, a ghost took me out?

Ryan Sunset: Not quite, just take a look at the footage that was presented to me.

Ryan points to a flat screen television that's set up on the wall, where a video begins to play on it. We are shown footage of Duce storming out of the doors of his father's recreational center. He is seen pulling on nothing, as he begins shouting at this air, eventually Marcus comes into the view of the camera as he asks Duce if he's alright. The video cuts out as Duce stands there unimpressed.

Duce Jones: Great editing job, YEDAH, what are you trying to say?

Ryan Sunset: That's not it, Duce, continue watching please.

A video begins to play once again as this time we get an outside view of the entrance to the House of Will. After a moment, Duce is seen staggering towards the entrance with Tara Robinson at his side. They seemed to have enjoyed a few drinks with each other as they are shown laughing with each other entering the building. The feed cuts out once more as frustration begins to override Duce's face.

Duce Jones: What the hell was that? I don't remember going there with her...

Ryan Sunset: I have one more piece of footage to show you, friend. You see Duce, after Marcus came to me with his findings. I instructed him to keep a close eye on you, even if that means installing a camera inside your locker room. Just watch..

Duce stares at the television once more, as it shows black and white film from last week. Duce is seen psyching himself up for his contest against Freddie Styles. Duce begins shadow sparring, each strike faster than the other. Suddenly Duce punches himself right in the face! He then throws his own body violently into a wall right above the couch that contains his belongings.

He rolls off the couch from the impact grabbing his bag in the process, throwing the bag and contents across the room. Duce slowly makes it to his feet as he uppercuts himself square in the chin, knocking himself back onto the couch. Duce then yanks himself up flinging his body into another wall crashing through the table set up against it. The footage cuts out for the final time, as Duce stands there fuming, he looks at Ryan then towards Marcus, not knowing what to make of the situation.

Duce Jones: So what are you trying to say?

Ryan Sunset: With the connection I have, I can find anyone I want at the snap of the finger. I can find information, precious information known by only a select few. I find answers, sometimes troubling answers. To my surprise, the Byson Kaliban that you always speak of doesn't seem to exist. In fact, during my investigation, we came to find out that he never existed.

Duce Jones: Byson does exist, I've been knowing him for years!

Ryan Sunset: Look Duce, I showed this footage to one of my specialists. And in his professional opinion, friend, he believes you suffer from Dissociative Identity Disorder.

Duce Jones: Come again, say what? Look, don't worry bout it. I got a World title to defend, cause whatever the fuck it is you two clowns are trying to prove isn't gonna work.

Duce storms out of the office as Ryan sits there, the same shit eating grin plastered on his face.

Ryan Sunset: I think he took it well.

Marcus Maximus: I really didn't like the look he had in his eyes.

Ryan Sunset: It'll be fine. Now, go get me something to drink. Something fancy, with some sizzle.

Marcus Maximus: You got it, sir.

Marcus quickly leaves the office, as Ryan interlocks his fingers behind his head. He changes the channel on the television, to display the rest of the Modern Warfare taking place inside the arena.

Fade.

Dorian Hawkhurst vs. Crazy Chris vs. Owen Homes vs. Jay Mora vs. Azrael vs. Justice

Match

Mike Rolash: Wow, this is some big, big news, Duce Jones' attacker has been...himself??

Jim Gunt: As weird as it may sound, the cameras don't lie, but what does that mean for him going forward? Will he need a bodyguard to protect himself from... himself now?

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest, set for one fall, is to crown the NEW CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPION!

The Minneapolis CWF fans give the moment a grand ovation.

Mike Rolash: First title match of the night, Jimmy-Jim-Jim.

Jim Gunt: Right you are, Mike, and I'm excited for this one. The Paramount title has been held by the likes of Jarvis King, Freddie Styles, Dan Highlander and countless others! It has brought us many epic moments over the years, and that history continues tonight!

Halestorm's "I am the Fire" starts while the lights go dark. Azrael makes his way to the top of the ramp and as the chorus begins, columns of fire illuminate Azrael as he methodically walks to the ring with his head bent down with a hint of his head bobbing to the beat.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, weighing 245 pounds; from his own personal hell....AZRAEL!!

Azrael tests the ropes as he enters the ring, and the lights come back up. Papa Roach's "Born for Greatness" starts up next, and Owen Homes steps through the curtain to a modest round of applause.

Ray Douglas: From Melbourne, Australia....OWEN HOMES!!

Mike Rolash: Born for greatness...heh...

Jim Gunt: Oh, lay off the guy. He had a good showing against Cain last week!

"Happy Song" by Bring Me The Horizon kicks on as Homes slides into the ring. The monstrous Justice comes into the arena to a chorus of boos.

Ray Douglas: From Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; weighing in at 270 pounds....JUSTICE!!

A moment later, "Slow Suicide" cuts in, and Dorian Hawkhurst steps onto the stage and makes his way to the ring with a determined look in his eye.

Mike Rolash: Oh god, hide your kids, hide your minibar.

Jim Gunt: ...seriously, how do you still have a job?

Ray Douglas: And weighing 287 pounds, from Philadelphia, PA, The Demon of Sobriety....DORIAN HAWKHURST!!

Ironically enough, "I Wanna Be Sedated" hits next, and the crowd comes unglued as Crazy Chris sprints to the ring, slapping hands with fans as he does so.

Ray Douglas: From Smithville, TN; weighing 225lb....CRAZY CHRIS!!

An instrumental version of "Mosh" by Eminem kicks in, and out steps Marksman.

Ray Douglas: And finally, weighing 215 lbs, from Chicago, Illinois, The Marksman....JAY MORA!!

Jim Gunt: Well, they're all here, ready to compete. Six men, one fall to crown a new Paramount champion.

Mike Rolash: Is there anyone else in the back?

Jim Gunt: Referee Denny Davidson, showing the competitors their prize...

Mike Rolash: Seriously – I hope that Ray Douglas doesn't get paid by the word – the CWF'll go under next week!

Davidson hands the title to the timekeeper, and calls for the bell. It rings, and the crowd comes alive as the competitors take a moment to eye each other up.

Jim Gunt: Here we go!

Mike Rolash: Who's gonna jump first?!

It doesn't take long for Rolash to get his answer, as the fracas begins with all six competitors meeting in the centre of the ring. It's not really clear who's hitting whom at first, but after a few moments of flailing limbs and the general look of a mosh-pit, the men begin to pair off. Crazy Chris is backed into a corner by Azrael, Marksman and Owen Homes spill over the top rope and exchange lefts and rights on the outside, and the two behemoths Justice and Hawkhurst stay in the centre of the ring slugging it out.

On the outside, Owen and Marksman push and pull at each other, neither man getting an obvious advantage until Marksman aims a thumb at Owen's eye. Homes works his way around the ring towards the ramp, with Mora in hot pursuit. He aims a knee to the gut, doubling Owen over, and sends him into the steel steps with a crash!

Jim Gunt: My god, Owen Homes may be broken in half!

Mike Rolash: Forget that! Hawkhurst and Justice are still just punching each other! HOSS FIIIIIGHT!

Meanwhile in the ring on the opposite side, Crazy Chris manages to turn things around slightly on Azrael, and he sends him into the opposite set of twine with an Irish whip. At the exact same time, Hawkhurst has managed to back Justice into the ropes, and as Azrael hits the ropes, both he and Justice tumble out of the ring, colliding with Marksman.

Dorian turns around to see Chris rushing at him. He ducks slightly and pops Crazy Chris up, overtop of his head. Chris quickly gains his balance, however, on the top rope behind Hawkhurst, and springboards himself to the crowd below with a flipping senton!

Jim Gunt: SWANTON BOMB FROM CRAZY CHRIS!

Mike Rolash: Wait, what's Hawkhurst doing?

The crowd at the foot of the ramp slowly starts to get up, with Chris being the first to stir. As they do so, Dorian mounts the middle rope slowly, methodically, before climbing up to the top.

Mike Rolash: WHAT THE HELL IS HAWKHURST DOING?!

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD!

The 280 plus pound Hawkhurst launches himself from the top, hitting a massive cross body on all five of his opponents!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: UNBELIEVABLE!

Mike Rolash: IS ANYONE DEAD?!

The CWF crowd is alight, as Hawkhurst gets up and surveys the damage. Owen is completely out cold, crumpled against the steel steps again. Hawkhurst grabs the first body he can, that of a barely stirring Azrael, and tosses him into the ring. He follows him in, and covers his man.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Azrael manages to get his shoulder up, and Hawkhurst can barely believe it. He questions Denny on the speed of his count, but accepts that his count was consistent. Turning around, he runs into Azrael, who hits him with a cutter!

Jim Gunt: FALLING APART!

Azrael quickly goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Miraculously, it is Owen Homes who breaks up the pin, launching his small frame at the small of Azrael's back. Homes stomps at Azrael as he starts to get to his feet, but it doesn't stop him from hitting Homes with Falling Apart!

Mike Rolash: I always knew Azrael would be able to do it!

Azrael gets back up and is immediately caught by Marksman with a massive superkick! He falls into the cover.

Jim Gunt: MARKED SUPERKICK!

Mike Rolash: I always knew Marksman would be able to do it!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

It's Justice, this time, who breaks up the pin by grabbing Marksman by the scruff of the neck and lifting him up. Spinning him around he hoists him up in a vertical suplex position, before twisting and crashing down with The Verdict!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-

Jim Gunt: NO! Another pinfall broken up Mike, this is getting crazy!

And this time it is Hawkhurst who hits a running senton to the back of Justice, breaking up the pin. He tosses Justice to the outside, and turns around, meeting Owen Homes. Homes hits a kick to the gut, which doubles The Demon of Sobriety over.

Jim Gunt: Well...

Mike Rolash: Hahaha, you gotta be kidding me.

Homes gets into position, looking for a piledriver. Hawkhurst doesn't budge, and instead lifts Homes backwards with a back-body drop.

Mike Rolash: HAHAHAHA!

Out of nowhere comes Crazy Chris, hitting Crazy Man's Suicide on Hawkhurst, knocking him out of the ring! He simultaneously crashes down to the mat atop Homes, immediately into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings as "I Wanna be Sedated" kicks back on. Denny Davidson gets the Paramount title as Ray Douglas makes the announcement.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and NEW CWF Paramount Champion....CRAZY CHRIS!!

Mike Rolash: He really took the chance that Ryan Sunset gave him and not only has he finally recorded a win, but it is a big one!

Jim Gunt: He will forever be in the history books as first champion of the "new" Paramount title, now I just hope that his newly found fame will not drive a wedge between these two brothers, as well.

Missing Superstars

Match

Backstage Ryan Sunset paces angrily, after just having been in conversation with one of his assistants, who looks deflated as he begins to raise his voice.

Ryan Sunset: WHAT DO YOU MEAN THEY CAN'T FIND THE PLANE!? IT'S A PLANE, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!

The clearly upset CEO of CWF paces around his office, a vein throbbing nearly right out of his forehead.

Assistant: I'm sorry sir, they just haven't arrived yet. Myself and the others have called all the airports, rental car services, everywhere, sir...so far they are nowhere to be found.

Ryan Sunset: So a private plane carrying...who all was on the plane again?

The assistant sighs, before digging a small piece of paper that he scribbled out earlier out of his pocket.

Assistant: Pandalike, Kaden Vossk, The Little Guy, The Robot, Demi, RM Strong and...Jaiden Rishel.

Suddenly, a smile slowly begins to creep it's way onto the face of Sunset.

Ryan Sunset: Jaiden...Rishel? Why didn't you tell me this before.

Assistant: I am sorry sir, you were too angry about having to possibly cancel the Pandalike vs. Kaden match.

Ryan shrugs.

Ryan Sunset: Forget those losers, and their match. We have to find out what happened to this plane though, we must find Jaiden.

Fade.

The Lost Boys (Dean Coulter & Sam Braxton) (c) vs. Stranger Danger (Harvey Danger & The Lost Soul)

Match

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, this is bad, this is bad, a whole plane is missing! How can a whole plane disappear? And Jaiden Rishel was on it as well, this has tragedy written all over it!

Mike Rolash: Today we have some special guests here at Modern Warfare, for the first time joining us is the commentator team from CWF Australia, Stevie Illawarra and Lleyton Polkinghorne! Welcome, gentlemen.

Stevie Illawarra: Thank you, mate, it is an honour to be here and we're here to bring all of our friends down under the first big victory of our Lost Boys at a big event!

Jim Gunt: You mean their first big match at a PPV, right?

Lleyton Polkinghorne: No, no, you heard Stevie right, their first big PPV victory, we just passed Australia Day, there is no way these two can lose!

Ray Douglas: The following tag-team match is scheduled for one fall.

Sam: Oh struth Dean, it's our match.

Dean: Bloody hell, we can't leave the barbie! Quick! Call in Maximus to take over.

Sam: Uh, I guess he'll have to do.

There's a flurry of chaotic activity as the Lost Boys ready themselves for their match and anxiously wait for Marcus Maximus who scampers out onto the entry way, practically pushed, and joins Sam and Dean by the stage. Dean quickly throws his Aussie Flag apron onto Marcus while Sam fills his hands with a pair of tongs and a slice of bread on a napkin.

Dean: Just watch the snags for us will you.

Marcus Maximus: But-

Sam: And don't you dare burn them! Otherwise you and I'll come to gutser.

Marcus Maximus: But-

Dean: Don't worry mate. You got this. You're looking true blue already. Do this and there may be hope for you yet, we could make you an honorary Aussie!

Marcus looks around the arena in confusion and near-panic, clearly with no idea of what is going on. He looks to someone, anyone to come save him, as the Lost Boys make their way down the ramp to the ring, Sam shooting Marcus Maximus one last warning glare.

Ray Douglas: Ah...Introducing first I guess, at a combined weight of 417lbs, Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter, the Lost Boys!

As they make their way to the ring, both the Lost Boys motion to the production booth to forgo their usual entrance theme. They climb into the ring and Dean asks for the microphone.

Jim Gunt: What the hell are these two are up to?

Dean: Before we get started Sam and I thought we'd kick the match off properly, in a way befitting our celebrations.

Sam: So everyone, blokes and sheilas, and the little sprogs as well, please stand as we sing the Australian National Anthem.

Jim Gunt: What?!

"Australians all let us rejoice, for we are young and free.

With golden soil, and wealth for toil,

Our home is girt by sea.

Our la-"

The Australian national Anthem is cut short, much to the chagrin of Sam and Dean, but to the relief of practically everyone else, as the Lost Boys' opponents, Harvey Danger and the Lost Soul make their entrance.

Ray Douglas: Oh thank god. And their opponents, weighing in at a combined weight of 475lbs, Stranger Danger, Harvey Danger and The Lost Soul!

"No Rain" by Blind Melon begins to play and the two unlikely teammates come out to cheers from the crowd, be it because they like them or from relief that the Australian anthem was over, nobody knows. Especially Harvey bounces from side to side, shaking hands, giving high fives and blushing deep red, when a young woman grabs him and plants a kiss on his cheek. Harvey keeps looking back at her and doesn't realize that The Lost Soul had stopped in front of him, bumping into the big guy. With an apologetic, downcast look on his face, he climbs up onto the apron, while The Lost Soul enters the ring.

TLS is the first wrestler in the ring for Stranger Danger, while The Lost Boys send Sam Braxton in first. While TLS is jumping around on the balls of his feet and feigning left and right, Braxton just stands there with a somewhat incredulous look on his face, looking over at Dean Coulter and pointing at his face-painted opponent. The bigger man, though, only needs this brief distraction to suddenly run at the Australian, leveling him with a mighty clothesline that temporarily leaves him stunned.

Mike Rolash: The Lost Soul surely is trying to leave a first impression here!

He motions Braxton to get back up and almost leisurely strolls over into his corner, where Harvey Danger is looking at him a little surprised, holding out his hand to tag, but TLS shakes his head and leans into the corner. Braxton runs at him, but stops halfway there, seeing TLS stepping out of the corner, not making the mistake of underestimating his opponent for a second time. They lock up in an elbow and collar, with the larger man pushing Sam into the ropes, then sending him into the opposite direction, catching him on the rebound and delivering a thunderous powerslam.

Jim Gunt: So far he is the one delivering the big shots here!

Sam gets up again and the look on his face is getting darker by the minute, The Lost Soul again is motioning at the Australian to come and have a run at him, but easily side steps him again, giving him a slap on the back of the head instead. By now we can almost see steam coming out of Sam's ears and after a series of expletives probably only his partner would understand, he is now the one motioning TLS to come and attack, but he just gives a short laugh and turns to tag in Harvey Danger, but pride goes before a fall and before he can hit his partner's hand for the tag, he sees the mat rushing towards his face as Sam Braxton delivers a flying bulldog right out of the playbook, followed by more expletives towards the now fallen Lost Soul.

Mike Rolash: You can only taunt a cobra for so long before it will hit you with a bulldog!

Jim Gunt: You are weird, Mike...

He pulls TLS back to his feet and with a highly determined look on his face whips his opponent into the corner, following right up with a full body splash that leaves The Lost Soul staggering backwards. But Sam does not waste any time and goes for an enzuigiri to make sure the big man is back on the mat before tagging in Dean Coulter. Coulter goes and pulls The Lost Soul back to his feet, goes for an arm twist and Sam comes down with a hard blow to the shoulder.

There is some commotion in the crowd, as we can see it part like the Red Sea before Moses, from one side of the ring towards the complete opposite. Mrs. Marie Danger is making her way through the masses, her purse swinging, beelining towards the young lady that had planted the kiss on Harvey's cheek.

In the meantime Dean continues to work TLS' shoulder, but eventually the bigger man's strength prevails and he manages to get to the rope, requiring Dean to let go. Rubbing his shoulder, he suddenly runs over into the Lost Boys' corner, kicking Sam off the apron with an elbow kick before charging at Dean with a shoulder block that sends the other Lost Boy crash to the ring hard. Sam is furious as he climbs back up onto the apron, trying to go through the ropes to get to The Lost Soul, but both the referee and Dean hold him back, finally managing to calm him down.

Meanwhile TLS has used the kerfuffle to tag in Harvey, who is patiently waiting for everybody to sort everything out, but as soon as Dean is shifting his attention back to him, he mows down the Australian with a clothesline that turns him

inside out, drawing cheers from the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Whoa, Dean must feel like he's back down under after this one!

Jim Gunt: My God, Mike, what did you smoke before this match?

Mike Rolash: Nothing, but that Sewer's beer is one mighty fine brew, I'm telling you!

Jim Gunt: Good Lord...

Harvey has Dean in an ankle lock, but Coulter does not show any notion of giving in, no matter how much Harvey twists and pulls, so he finally lets go to regroup and while getting up places a well timed knee into Coulter's back. Dean comes back up and obviously does not look too happy, but when he sees Harvey flying off the top turnbuckle with a missile dropkick, his eyes go wide before being catapulted into the opposing corner, his wind knocked out of him.

Crowd: This is awesome! *clap clap clap clap clap*

The Lost Soul is yelling over at Harvey to let him back in and Harvey obliges, taking Harvey and whipping him into the corner, where Dean is barely holding on, crumpling him into a heap. He struts over and pulls the Aussie to his feet and whips him across again, his back hitting hard, bouncing back into the middle of the ring.

Stevie Illawarra: Bloody Oath, could have broken him in half there!

Lleyton Polkinghorne: Nay, he's hearty Queensland stock, it takes more than that!

The Lost Soul picks up a groaning Coulter and readies him for a power slam, but he starts to wriggle and throwing TLS just enough off balance to make him stagger backwards. Sam stretches to the extreme to tap Dean's leg and unbeknownst to The Lost Soul climbs on the top turnbuckle and leaps off to connect with a devastating tornado DDT, bringing the crowd to their united feet. Sam jumps back to his feet and yells at TLS "Yeah! You like that, you bloody little derro?"

Stevie Illawarra: That's the dinky-di!

Lleyton Polkinghorne: Bonzer, mate!

Mike Rolash (looking over): What are these guys talking about?

Jim Gunt: Probably sheep.

Sam pulls TLS up and hits him with a beautiful standing dropkick that sends him towards the ropes, but he does not get far, because Braxton is right behind him, using his momentum to send him over the top rope and into the barrier. Sam goes over to the side of the ring "Marcus, get me a banger sanger, mate!" Marcus just looks at him with this face of complete "lostness". As he doesn't move, Sam just waves his hand down and runs over and through the ropes, right into The Lost Soul that is just getting to his feet. But he is not done with him and keeps him on his feet, whipping him right over into the steel stairs before rolling back into the ring.

Mike Rolash: Youch, remind me not to stand in the way of Sam Braxton!

Jim Gunt: You keep reminding me to stay away from people, I heard there's an opening for a sand grain counter in Nevada. There you'll be safe!

Dean Coulter is trying to get Sam to come over and calm him down, but Braxton doesn't have any of it and keeps yelling at TLS to get up and come back in. As he pulls himself up on the apron, Sam is right at him and pulls him up by his hair, getting admonished by the ref and lets go, sending TLS back off the apron. With an almost apologetical look on his face he climbs out and now properly brings his opponent back into the ring, straining a little to get the man up, but in the end rolls him back in.

A quick cut shows Mrs. Danger in deep conversation with the young woman, her arm around her shoulders and some repeated gestures towards the ring.

Without giving him a chance to get up, he plants repeated elbow drops on TLS' chest and motions to the crowd that seems to be slowly warming up to the rough-and-tumble Australian, beginning to clap. At the same time Harvey is trying to get The Lost Soul to finally tag him back in, but the big man is struggling to get back up, especially with Sam repeatedly pulling him back into the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: He should stop playing with him, because this might go bad!

As if he heard Jim, TLS suddenly surprises Sam with a mule kick and with a desperate jump tags Harvey in to the delight of the fans. The Dangerman comes in flying, hitting Braxton with a high knee and an enzuigiri and as Braxton hits the corner, he is up on the ropes, raining down punches onto the surprised Australian.

ONE!

TWO!

The ref is trying to get Harvey off Sam and he obliges, Braxton shaking his head to get the cobwebs out of the brain cells, so Harvey is right back in, picking Sam up into a fireman's carry and off onto the mat, right away going for the pin!

ONE!

TW...!

KICKOUT!

Stevie Illawarra: The first pin and they've been at this for a while now!

Harvey does not let up, though, but runs into the ropes and jumps off, hitting Sam in one of the weirdest positions one could imagine, with all four limbs outstretched, resembling a flying koala on the warpath more than an actual wrestling move, but it gets the job done and downs the Lost Boy again, but as Harvey goes for the cover, Sam uses his momentum to reverse and pin him instead!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...!

Another close one. Sam gets up and tags in Dean, who immediately goes for the double-team and Harvey goes down hard with a double back suplex. Dean climbs the turnbuckles and jumps off and tries to hit a double foot stomp, but Harvey tries to move out of the way, which only works partially, leading to Dean hitting him with one foot in the chest, but also causing him to lose his footing and crashing onto his opponent.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Lleyton Polkinghorne: Whoa, he almost accidentally won this match!

Dean pulls Harvey to his feet and whips him into the ropes - Hurricanrana!

Stevie Illawarra: And the Cyclo-Rana!

Mike Rolash: The Cyclo what?

Stevie Illawarra: There are no hurricanes in Australia, mate, we have cyclones!

Mike Rolash: Do you guys have to do everything different than the rest?

Lleyton Polkinghorne: Yep, pretty much.

Dean is right back on his feet, pulling Harvey with him and immediately jumps into a crucifix, bringing Harvey right back down!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...!

TLS is right on top of Dean, kicking him off his partner, infuriating Sam again, who is turning red like a lobster. The referee pushes TLS back towards his corner and Sam comes flying across the ring, barrelling into TLS and knocking him through the ropes. Dean pulls Sam away and into their corner, but Sam tries to argue that he wants The Lost Soul. Harvey comes in swinging, but Sam pushes Dean out of the way and saves his friend from the axehandle blow that was headed his way.

The referee considers this a tag and Sam doesn't waste any time, grabbing Harvey and shoving him into his own corner, taking The Lost Soul's hand as he just gets back up and making the tag for Harvey. He immediately drags TLS into the ring and hits him with stiff kicks and punches, then hits him with a short-arm lariat. Right away he climbs up the turnbuckle in a hurry.

Jim Gunt: This looks like he's...

Stevie Illawarra: ...going to...

Lleyton Polkinghorne: ...go for the...

All three are staring at Mike Rolash now...

Mike Rolash uneasily: Why are you all looking at me like that???

Sam leaps off with the Falling Star and connects hard with The Lost Soul, going for the immediate pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winners are...THE LOST BOYS!

The two Aussies high five and raise their arms towards the crowds and throughout the match the people have started to warm up to the two, inspired by Sam's spirit. They jump out of the ring and walk back towards the barbecue, where Marcus is tending to all kinds of meats.

Sam Braxton: Now where's my banger sanger, mate? I ordered it like 10 minutes ago!

Marcus looks at Dean with this silent plea for help when Sam walks around, shoulders Maximus to the side and begins to assemble his victor's snack.

Stevie Illawarra: Now did we call it or did we call it, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I'd say you called it, Stevie!

Lleyton Polkinghorne: Yes, Australia Day has worked its magic, next up are the titles!

Weekend Pass

Match

Fade in to Lance LaRusso getting ready for his match against The Shadow. He is wiping away a suspicious white substance from his nose, looking like beginning to float on a cloud, leaning back with his folding chair.

Suddenly, there is a loud banging on his door that startles Lance. He loses his balance and crashes backwards with the chair, his feet upending the table in front of him. Another loud bang that sounds as if someone is trying to come through the door.

The Impact champion tries to get to his feet, tangled up in the chair and ends up dragging it with him to the door. Just as he is about to open it, another monumental bang startles him once more. With a trembling hand he reaches for the door knob and opens it to see a girl, probably not older than ten years old, holding a black envelope in her hand. With the sweetest of smiles she holds it out for him and says

Girl: Oh, you are in! I thought my knock was a little too timid!

Lance looks at her and then at the door and takes the envelope from her, looking after her curiously as she skips down the hall. The envelope is totally black, no writing, no stamp or anything, but when he turns it around, it bears a black wax seal with an image of the heptagram on it. He drops the envelope as if it just bit him.

In this moment, Ash comes around the corner, asking Lance what is wrong and Lance lets out a frightened yelp and jumps backwards. His friend looks at him with a mix of concern and doubt, which is not helped by Lance stammering.

Lance LaRusso: I, I was just getting some...some, there was a bang and then my chair and boom and that little girl had this black and the seal and then aaah!

That's when Ash sees the envelope on the ground and goes to pick it up. As he turns around, Lance is nowhere to be seen.

Ash: Lance? Laance?

The Pansexual Playboy's head is peeping up from behind the table, his pupils wide as whatever powder he had inhaled earlier working its way through his gyri. With a shake of his head, Ash breaks the seal and opens the envelope, revealing an all-expenses paid weekend pass for Indulgence.

Fade.

The Shadow vs. Lance LaRusso

Match

The lights go out. "Mea Culpa" by After Forever starts with its ominous keyboard sounds. As the choir sets in, twelve druids with torches walk out from the entrance, illuminating the ramp and the thick fog wafting from seemingly everywhere. The heptagram flickers on in the ring and a lone figure steps out from the back. Holding his ornately carved staff, he slowly makes his way down the ramp, flanked by the druids, who take up their positions around the

ring, their back to the ring, while The Shadow steps through the ropes to stand in the centre of the heptagram, stoic and unmoving.

Lance LaRusso taunts the Shadow with a series of increasingly explicit gestures, the type of thing Marie Danger would vehemently disapprove of, but the Shadow shows no hint of a reaction, remaining stoic and passive in the face of the colourful display. In fact the Shadow stands almost statuesque, motionless to the point where even the Pansexual Playboy is beginning to have doubts. Lance approaches the Shadow and waves his hand in front of him. This proves a costly mistake as in that moment the Shadow strikes, grabbing Lance firmly by the throat, lifting him up and dropping him down onto his knee for a choke-backbreaker.

Mike Rolash: If wrestling doesn't work out for the Shadow, he clearly has a great career ahead of him as a Castle Guard in England. He barely even moved an inch.

The Shadow comes down upon his opponent with a knee drop...then a second...and a third, followed by a lateral press for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

LANCE KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: The stakes couldn't be higher for either men in this contest.

Mike Rolash: Really? I beg to differ? It's not like their lives are on the line or anything.

Jim Gunt: You realise the Shadow is still searching for souls, right. I'm sure the right words in his ear...

Mike Rolash: You wouldn't?!

Jim Gunt: Try me. Bitch.

The Shadow advances to press his advantage and is doubled over by a stiff spinning sole kick from Lance, then a stiff high roundhouse kick to the side of the head that has the Shadow spun around and down to one knee. The Pansexual Playboy uses the back of the Shadow as a jumping post, leapfrogging over his opponent, twisting around in mid-air for a leaping, spinning enzuigiri that knocks the Shadow down. Lance hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-THE SHADOW KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: An impressive flurry of quick strikes from the current Impact Champion.

Mike Rolash: It will take A LOT more than the Karate Kid to put away the Shadow.

Lance pushes the Shadow back down and once again hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

AGAIN WITH THE KICK OUT!

Mike Rolash: If it didn't work the first time...

Lance comes down upon the Shadow with a standing senton then points to a nearby turnbuckle, signaling for a high-flying maneuver. The Shadow recovers too quickly and is upon the Pansexual Playboy before Lance can completely ascend the steel post and find his balance. The Shadow rocks his opponent with a stiff right hand, then steps up to the second buckle and sets up Lance for a superplex.

Jim Gunt: Not a great position for Lance LaRusso.

Sensing the danger he is in, Lance LaRusso fights back almost desperately, punching furiously into the side of his opponent until his grasp is loosened enough. Lance pushes the Shadow unceremoniously back down to the ring with both his legs, then repositions himself on the top of the very top turnpost, ready to launch himself into the air. He descends bodily on top of the now standing Shadow with a diving crossbody block, holding on for the follow up pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-THE SHADOW ROLLS HIS SHOULDER!

Jim Gunt: The pace of this match went from 0 to 100 the second the bell went.

Mike Rolash: Really? I remember moments where Lance did nothing but taunt his opponent and the Shadow just stood there. Not exactly what I would call 'Fast Pace'.

Jim Gunt: Screw you!

The Shadow once again begins to recover, making his way to his feet, and Lance LaRusso comes around, behind his opponent, setting up for the ever-questionable Porn-Plex. But before the Pansexual Playboy can get his hands in position the Shadow blocks him, grabbing Lance firmly by the wrists, forcing his hands out wide and responding with a sharp headbutt behind into the face of the current Impact champion.

Mike Rolash: The only time I will ever speak positively of a cock-block. It's just not right, up and grabbing people by the crotch like that.

Jim Gunt: To be fair, our 'classy' President did set a precedent.

Lance staggers from the countering-blow, helpless against a neckbreaker from the Shadow. Instead of attempting another pin, the Shadow climbs through the ropes to stand upon the apron, leaping up to springboard off of the ring ropes and come down upon the Pansexual Playboy with the Hammer of Doom. With a quick shake of the attacking hand, the Shadow makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! LANCE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

Jim Gunt: With the prestigious Impact Championship on the line, both men are going to have dig deep to win this match.

The Shadow helps Lance back to his feet and the Pansexual Playboy surprises his opponent with a frenzied barrage of stiff right forearms to the face, knocking the challenger onto the back foot and giving the current champion the breathing room to come charging off of the ring ropes. The Shadow however is on Lance in the blink of an eye, lifting him up into a tilt-a-whirl, but instead of slamming him down onto the ring mats, the Shadow spins around, still carrying Lance LaRusso and drops him OVER the ring ropes, onto the harsh ring apron.

Lance almost bounces off of the apron and falls onto the harsh floor outside the ring! With the Pansexual Playboy in a mangled heap on the outside the Shadow slowly and deliberately ascends to the top of a nearby turnbuckle.

Mike Rolash: If the Shadow stuffs this up, he could be in for a world of hurt.

The referee achieves a count of 5 before Lance is able to make it back to his feet, albeit with the assistance of the ring apron. The Shadow leaps off of his perch on the turnbuckle, yet again coming down upon his opponent. With a burst of speed and energy that seemingly comes from nowhere Lance LaRusso catches the Shadow in mid-air with the Walk of Shame. Both competitors now lay on the outside of the ring, exhausted.

Mike Rolash: I warned him.

Jim Gunt: Oh god, please don't let this end in a double count out.

Mike Rolash: What do you think this is? Sports Entertainment?

Lance LaRusso is the first to show signs of life, pulling himself up and back into the ring at the referee's count of 8. The Pansexual Playboy quickly rolls back outside to restart the count, saving the Shadow from an embarrassing count out loss. Lance rolls the Shadow into the ring, following very closely behind and makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

At the last possible moment the Shadow's foot instinctively comes to rests upon the bottom ring rope, resulting in a rope break to cease the count!

Jim Gunt: Missed it by that much.

Mike Rolash: If only he had dragged the Shadow that little bit further from the ropes.

Lance can't believe the miraculous last second interrupt of what he was certain was the match-winning pin and he voices his thoughts to the poor referee. With his back to his opponent, the Impact Champion doesn't notice the challenger starting to stir and recover.

Mike Rolash: Yet another rookie mistake.

Feeling a presence looming behind him, Lance turns around to see the Shadow standing tall once more. With a shrill shriek Lance reacts the only way he knows how and spins around for a second Walk of Shame. The Shadow ducks the powerful match-ending kick but Lance uses his momentum from the spin kick to flip backwards with the Orgasm Button. This, too, the Shadow avoids, getting his arms up to block the backflip kick and as the Pansexual Playboy totters back into position...CRACK. Lance collapses to the mat, a thunderous superkick straight to the head from the Shadow dropping the Impact Champion in the blink of an eye. The Shadow staggers backwards and nearly collapses into a corner.

Jim Gunt: What a superkick! But with exhaustion now taking its toll, the Shadow is slow to follow up.

The Shadow opts out of the pin-attempt, realising his exhaustion induced delay would prove too costly and instead waits in his corner for the perfect opening. Lance LaRusso, also beset by the fatigue of the match, is slow to begin his recovery and is left unable to defend as the Shadow charges at him with the Hammer of the Gods. But as Jim Gunt has observed, the Shadow does not immediately follow through with a pin attempt, laying on the mat and catching his breath. Eventually the Shadow manages to roll over and simply drape an arm over the shoulder of the Impact Champion.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-LANCE KICKS OUT!

Mike Rolash: How the hell does that drug-addled nympho manage to hold on. Any other man would be out for the count by now.

Neither competitor makes a move and the referee begins his 10 count. Champion and Challenger struggle back to their feet before the referee can finish his count and Lance strikes first with a right hand. The Shadow falters for a moment,

then responds with a right hand of his own. Lance again, then back to the Shadow, and the two trade blow after blow after blow. Breaking the cycle Lance blocks the expected attack and with a wrist-lock connects. THE FACIAL! With his arms raised in victory he collapses back first on top of the Shadow, counting along as the referee counts the pin fall.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! THE SHADOW KICKS OUTS!

Mike Rolash: The Shadow must be some demonic entity or something to still be able to kick out after all the punishment he's taken this match.

Jim Gunt: The promise of championship gold often proves an exceptional motivator.

Mike Rolash: ...nah I'm sticking with Demon.

Having learnt from earlier, Lance does not argue with the referee, he instead pulls himself up the top of the turnbuckle, preparing for the Mile-High Club. He leaps high into the air, somersaulting backwards, once, then twice and lands down upon the Shadow. At least he would have if the Shadow hadn't had the sense and energy to roll out of the trajectory of the impressive double moonsault. The Pansexual Playboy meets ring mat, hard, in a spectacular crash landing that clearly jars the Impact Champion.

Jim Gunt: High risk doesn't always mean high return. At such a critical juncture as well.

The Shadow lifts Lance upside down, hoisting him up in place for the Forgotten Epitaph, and just as the challenger is ready to drop his opponent onto his head with the devastating piledriver, the Impact Champion is able to shift his weight, causing the tired Shadow to falter and slowly begin to bend backwards, unable to hold himself and the Pansexual Playboy up for the finishing move. Lance's feet safely touch the ring mats and summoning his own font of reserve strength the Pansexual Playboy lifts up his opponent in exactly the same way, hoping to hit the Shadow with his own finishing move.

Mike Rolash: How embarrassing would it be for the Shadow if he was defeated, unable to gain the Impact Championship, by his very own finishing move.

Lance LaRusso releases an ecstatic cry as he tries to maintain the position, seconds away from the Forgotten Epitaph and seemingly the victory that would yet again secure his reign as champion. The Shadow will not be undone by his own move and follows the same process as Lance only moments before, shifting his weight to force Lance to balk and bend backwards.

Jim Gunt: There is no give in either competitor. From start to finish this has been a nail-biting back and forth contest, but sooner or later one of them will give!

Mike Rolash: Call me crazy, but I reckon it's sooner rather than later.

Going through the same motions, the Shadow once again lifts up the Impact Champion in position for the Forgotten Epitaph. This time Lance is unable to fight his way through and the ring shakes as challenger spikes the champion's head down onto the mat.

Jim Gunt: He connects! Surely it must be over!

The Shadow half drags himself, half collapses atop his opponent with an arm draped over the shoulder for a pin that isn't even half-hearted.

Mike Rolash: Neither competitor seems to be moving, but we were fooled before.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: They pushed each other beyond their limits, fought harder then they ever have.

Regardless of the outcome they should both be proud of their efforts here tonight.

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Except only one walks out with the championship belt.

THREE!

Jim Gunt: And it's the Shadow! The Shadow has done it! We have a new Impact Champion!

Ray Douglas: And your winner and NEW CWF Impact champion....THE SHADOW!!

Lance put up one hell of a dogged fight but tonight we have crowned a new Impact Champion!!

Mike Rolash: I was worried the match wouldn't ever end.

Opportunists

Match

Sunset is seen, scurrying his way through the backstage corridors of the area. He passes the Moxleys, and Dorian Hawkhurst, followed by Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris. He turns past another hallway and suddenly he is in a room all alone with the Host with the Most, Jace Valentine staring back at him with a hell raising grin.

Jace Valentine: Ah...Sunset. Or should we all call you Ryan Pierre? That is your real name isn't it?

Ryan takes a step back.

Jace Valentine: You should have known better than to go wandering around here without your security, right? Where are all the Eternals? Where are all the help you hire to watch your back? It doesn't look like they have you covered now, does it?

Ryan smirks.

Ryan Sunset: Sooner or later, Jace, you will learn. I have everything I need right in front of me, I have the whole world in my hands and at my disposal.

Jace Valentine: For everything you've done to me and my family, I should crush you. I should ruin you. I should stand over your lifeless fucking body and bury my fist into your cranium.

Ryan snarls back, clearly not intimidated by Jace's tongue.

Ryan Sunset: But you won't! You will just stand there and run your mouth and pump yourself up to feel good because you know that this place needs me. The CWF is nearing its breaking point. You hear the whispers backstage, it's undeniable. The Rishel's are not fair, they are not trustworthy, they are clear and unstable liabilities. The CWF needs Ryan Sunset, friend. And Jace Valentine needs the CWF. So it appears that you are in a fucking conundrum, aren't you?

Jace just glares back at Sunset with ultimate intensity.

Ryan Sunset: You know, we're not much different, you and I. We're both opportunists...

Sunset flashes a fake smile as he walks away from the fuming Jace.

Fade.

A Legend's Return

Match

Backstage among a sea of staff, trainers, medical staff and young wrestlers all bustle around the catering section of the arena. Suddenly a loud "OOH!" can be heard and all attention is turned towards the entrance door of the room, where legendary CWF superstar Big Sexay comes gallivanting into the scene with a glorious smile planted on his face! Staff Member #1: Mr. Sexay! It's great to see you here! Big Sexay: Yes, I bet it is. Staff Member #2: What are you doing here? Big Sexay: Just catching up with some old friends, working on a book that will be released in the spring and working on our legends deal. Staff Member #1: Oh, Justin is in the--- Big Sexay: Not here for Justin. We don't communicate anymore. Just through our people. Hey guys.. I gotta go. It was great of you two to see me. Here's an autogr-- "Speak for yourself." Another voice comes from behind the hall of famer, and once the man comes into view it is seen to be the Facetious One himself. Franklin Fredrickson! The Funny Man himself gets right in the face of the legend. Franklin Fredrickson: Fancy seeing you here. Big Sexay: I would say the same, but I'm not sure who the blue hell you are, son. A smirk comes across Fredrickson's face. Franklin Fredrickson: Don't son me, old man, what are ya doing around this parts anyway? Is the local retirement home doing a tour of the show or what? Big Sexay: You're a funny guy eh? Hey, I'm just here to enjoy the show. I try to come around every half decade or so to see people. So if you could, get me a cola and a hot dog I'll be in the locker room in twenty minutes speaking to some of the guys. Franklin is taken back. Franklin: I'm beginning to think you don't know who the hell I am! Big Sexay: Wow. That took you all this time to get to that point. Hey Listen. I gotta go. I don't have time for this. I literally just came to say hi to a few people that I haven't seen in a long while and heading back home. Do you need something? Autograph? Ten dollars? OH. Sorry. I don't do selfies, but I think I have a picture of me in my... Franklin: Dude. I've heard about your reputation. And I have to say. You're such an asshole. Big Sexay: Yeah. That's pretty much my MO. Franklin: There's a reason why you're not around here more often. Nobody wants you here. Not me, not the boys in the back, and certainly not Justin. So why don't you just go home, buy the pay per view and watch it on your 32 inch TV. Hey If you're lucky I'll get you the VHS of it for you. Suddenly Sexay grabs him by the throat, and pushes him back against the wall! Big Sexay: You're a piece of work aren't you buddy. Franklin starts to smirk. Big Sexay: Now if you'll get out of my way, I have a few old friends to get reacquainted with. I just wanted one night to relax and enjoy the show. I really don't have time to waste on jobbers like you. Sexay sighs deeply, and lets go of Franklin Fredrickson. But as he goes to turn and walk away, the Funny Man turns him back around and makes a bold challenge. Franklin Fredrickson: You think you're such a big tough guy, huh? Why don't you put your money where your mouth is tonight Sexay, me and you tonight! Big Sexay simply laughs heartily. Big Sexay: Me and you, out there tonight...in a match? Kid, I haven't wrestled in over six years but tonight? I'm retired. You go enjoy your evening. Big Sexay turns around, grabs his backpack and starts to walk away. Franklin Fredrickson picks up a chair and runs after him and nails him in the back. He gives him a few extra shots for good measure. Franklin Fredrickson: I don't care who the hell you were. Nobody disrespects me. Especially a washed up has been like your sorry ass. If you're man enough.. I'll see you in the ring later tonight. Franklin drops the chair and starts to walk away. Medical personnel rushes over to Sexay as he gets up to his knee grabbing his back in pain.

Fade.

Big Sexay Vs. Franklin Fredrickson

Match

"Lark on my Go-Kart" by Asher Roth begins to play and Franklin Fredrickson stands right in the middle of the fizzling pyrotechnic display for the first time in years. The crowd is unsure on what to think of the Facetious One, but quickly cheer as they see Big Sexay steaming in behind him not waiting for him to get down to the ring and taking him out with a clothesline! Big Sexay grabs Franklin and rolls him into the ring. Jim Gunt: Well these two men are certainly not wasting any time in getting this one started! Mike Rolash: As you all saw earlier, Big Sexay made his grand return here to CWF but his intentions are still unknown. Jim Gunt: It looked like to me like he was just in town and trying to meet up with some old buddies, but Fredrickson quickly got under his skin. And now we have one hell of an impromptu match on our hands! Inside the ring Trent Robbins rings the bell at the demand of Big Sexay, who pulls the downed Franklin to his feet and immediately laces into him with knife edge chops. The Hall of Famer tosses him into the ropes, easily bringing him over with a Fallaway Slam! Jim Gunt: Big Sexay is in the hiz-ouse! The man clearly hasn't lost a beat, Mike! Mike Rolash: Unlike you and your dated 90's references, no, he hasn't. Sexay waits for Fredrickson to get to his feet, waving his hands at him to hurry. The legend's patience wears thin and he comes after him before he can even fully rise- A CLOTHESLINE TURNS FREDRICKSON INSIDE OUT! Sexay with the pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Jim Gunt: Big Sexay is just toying with Fredrickson now, as he had the cover and pulled out! Mike Rolash: Pulled out...haha..get it? Jim Gunt: Wow, are you really that immature, Mike? Big Sexay shakes his head, saying that it is not over yet as the fans cheer him on. The cocky legend strikes Fredrickson with a right hand, and goes for yet another Irish whip, but this time the Facetious One is able to reverse and send him cracking back-first into the corner. With a head of steam, Fredrickson runs over and leaps up to eat the turnbuckle with his splash attempt. MASSIVE BACKDROP FROM SEXAY! And now he lifts the former Paramount champion up by his throat- DOUBLE ARM SIT-OUT CHOKESLAM! Sexay holds on for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"Last Resort" hits and Big Sexay quickly gets to his feet, making quick of the Facious One. He heads for the corner, raising his arms in the air to a massive response. Soon a figure steps out from behind the curtain though, a man that Sexay has not seen in a number of years. One of his most fiercest rivals in the heyday of Championship Wrestling Federation. HARLEY "ANGEL" HODGE! And The Accelerator has a microphone! Harley Hodge: You want a challenge, Sexay? You and I both know that old Freddie there is not it. If you want to show that you still got what it takes it step in

the ring with the big boys, you'll meet me in the ring.

Big Sexay immediately calls for a microphone of his own. Big Sexay: Times change but people don't right, Angel? Harley gets angry that he calls him by his former name and not Harley Hodge. Big Sexay: Listen here, Angel. Harley Hodge: It's not Angel anymore. Big Sexay: Oh. You grew up now did you? Harley Hodge: This coming from the guy that has been called "Big Sexay" since 1996. Big Sexay: Haha. Fair point. But unlike you, I know when it's time to move on. I've been out of this for years. I really enjoy retirement watching people from 1996 still think they can still keep it going. But seriously. Don't you think you have enough on your plate tonight? The Messiah Pariah and the Forsaken? I have been watching Evolution at home every week, those guys are crazy and they're most likely going to eat you alive. Hodge shakes his head, interrupting. Harley Hodge: What are you, Sexay, afraid? Or do you just not have the balls to match your big mouth anymore? This lights up the Hall of Famer, whose eyes immediately widen. Big Sexay: Hey now. Nothing is bigger than my balls. But I got you, Angel.... You're on. Any place, anywhere. You and me, one night only. And your ass better be prepared. Sexay Out! "Last Resort" by Papa Roach hits as we fade backstage.

Mariella Jade Flair (c) vs. Freddie Styles

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, "Modern Warfare" is already surpassing all expectations, The Unstoppable Force is back, Big Sexay is back and challenged by none other than Harley Hodge, what else can happen today? But let's move right along from the Impact Championship match, Mike - we've got the Modern Warfare Bracket Losers facing off, and I can't believe we made it here! MJ Flair and Freddie Styles first clashed during the preliminary round of the tournament, and while Styles is a member in good standing of the Eternals, Flair was an unknown entity - who knew they'd both make it as far as they did?

Mike Rolash: I could predict Styles. He's a pillar of the CWF. The other one, though? Never wanted to.

Jim Gunt: Be that as it may, Mike, the fact remains that MJ Flair made it all the way to the finals of her bracket, just like Freddie Styles did, and we're about to see these two blow it up!

CUE UP: "Jumpman" by Drake f/Future.

The lights drop, with a few scattered spots scanning the crowd. As the crowd volume rises, a few bank lights flash with the tune of the song...

...and there he is.

Styles enters the arena with his arms wide, hands curled into pistols. He has a stoic look on his face, his head held high, soaking in the reaction.

Mike Rolash: He's certainly got a high opinion of himself, Jim! However, nobody can dispute the fact that he's earned it!

After almost (but not quite) enough time to be uncomfortable, Styles looks directly into the camera in front of him.

Freddie Styles: BALLGAME!

And he “pulls the trigger,” so to speak.

Jim Gunt: Subtle, he’s not.

Mike Rolash: No, he’s not, Jim! But what he is, is a dangerous and talented athlete, and he’s proven his ability to defeat anyone at any time! Don’t forget the Main Event of Evolution Eleven, Jim... a second here, a missed or landed opportunity there, and Styles could have just as easily been defending the CWF World Championship in the main event as he is here!

As he approaches the ring, Freddie Styles is mainly standoffish with the fans, but he plays to them with a detached amusement. He slaps a scattered few outstretched hands, but it appears that they’re all attached to fine-as-hell hardbodies.

Can’t blame him.

Jim Gunt: Styles enters the ring, and he climbs to the middle turnbuckle with his arms outstretched to a huge chorus of cheers!

Mike Rolash: Fairweather fans. They boo his partners in the Eternals, and cheer him? What’s wrong with this picture?

Jim Gunt: I can’t speak on the company that Freddie Styles keeps, but his efforts - particularly during the Modern Warfare tournament - have definitely earned the respect of the CWF audience. All right, Styles is in the ring and the referee checks him for foreign objects, but I don’t think he’ll find anything. Styles here to fight it out, Mike.

Mike Rolash: I have to agree with that, Jim... especially after the disgustingly respectful comments he sent towards Flair this past week, if he’s gonna beat her, he’s gonna beat her clean.

Freddie Styles endures the search, then he backs off and leans into the corner, staring at the entrance.

Mike Rolash: Much like Styles himself, his opponent, but for a bit of luck going her way, could easily have been in the Main Event tonight, wrestling for the CWF World Championship.

CUE UP: "Apex Predator" - OTEP

The lights dim again, but instead of spotlights panning the crowd or strobes flashing uncontrollably, all spotlights in the arena focus on the area immediately in front of the entryway.

Quick pan to the ring: Freddie Styles looks unimpressed, or, at least, unintimidated.

Mike Rolash: She's taking her sweet-ass time, huh?

As if on cue, at that moment MJ Flair emerges from the back. Her hood is pulled down far over her bowed head, and her arms are held out at her sides. The only part of her not covered in black is the white athletic tape on her hands.

Jim Gunt: LISTEN TO PLANET CWF!

Indeed, MJF is getting quite a strong reaction from the fans: evidently she has impressed them in her short CWF career so far. She walks to the ring at a steady pace, not hurrying or procrastinating, and she slaps a select few outstretched hands on her way.

Mike Rolash: I'm listening, but they're too damn noisy!

Jim Gunt: Noisy? That's the sound of respect, Mike!

MJ finally reaches ringside, and in one fluid motion she climbs from the floor to the top turnbuckle on the outside of the ring, and flips her hood back to another huge ovation.

Jim Gunt: Still trying to fight the fact that she's earned these fans' respect?

Mike Rolash: That I would never argue, these fans are idiots. I'm amazed that she's earned anyone else's respect.

Jim Gunt: Will you stop? Let's go up to Ray Douglas in the ring!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first, this is the runner up of the Alpha Bracket of MODERN WARFARE 2018... From Atlanta, Georgia and weighing in at two hundred twenty three pounds... FREEEEEEEDDDDDDDIEEEEEEE..... STYYYYYYYYYYYYYLES!!!!!!

Styles raises both fists in the air, index fingers extended, and fires off imaginary guns into the closest camera once more. The fans cheer for his enthusiasm and for his efforts to this point, and he gives the slightest nod of the head towards them.

Ray Douglas: His opponent... she is the runner up of the Beta Block of MODERN WARFARE 2018... From Warwick, New York, and weighing in at one hundred thirty five pounds... EMMMMMMMM... JAAAAAAYYYYYY... FLAAAAAAAAAAIR!!!

Juxtaposed with Freddie Styles, MJ does not react to the fans at all. She hops down from the top turnbuckle and removes her hooded sweatshirt, tossing it to the attendant below.

Mike Rolash: There's the bell, and we're underway! Styles and Flair circle each other, sizing the other up. There was plenty of respect given in the run-up to this match, but you have to think that whoever wins here will be on the fast track to another shot at the CWF World Championship! Will sportsmanship win the day, or will this be a winner-take-all brawl?

Jim Gunt: The fact that you just rhymed that makes me want to slap you.

The two athletes lock up in the middle of the ring, and both are clearly struggling to maintain control. Styles has the weight advantage, but MJ is keeping her center of gravity low and is able to more or less hold her own. Still, they struggle in a circle with each of them attempting to gain an advantage, and end up leaning on the top rope.

Jim Gunt: Five count from the referee, and they release each other at two.

Mike Rolash: At that point, there's nothing they can gain from a cheap shot. Give it a few minutes.

Both of them back off and circle once more; and they lock up again. This time, Styles lowers his own center of gravity as well and begins to bulldoze MJ towards the corner!

Jim Gunt: FLAIR DROPS TO HER KNEES! Overhead takedown! Flair locks on a hammerlock, but Styles hooks the ropes with his feet!

Mike Rolash: Coward. It's a hammerlock!

Jim Gunt: This early in the match, isn't it smarter to use a rope break if you can reach it instead of waste energy escaping?

Mike Rolash: ...Shut up.

MJ lets go of Styles' arm at the count of three, and she backs up, light on her feet. Styles pulls himself up and shakes his head, frustrated with himself. He circles MJ again and they lock up for a third time.

Jim Gunt: STYLES LIFTS MJ! He's got about half a foot and eighty pounds on her, and he's pressing the advantage! He sends her backwards into the corner, and a forearm uppercut stuns her! Cross corner whip - MJ reverses! Styles hits the corner, and MJ follows up with a kick to the midsection!

Mike Rolash: GIRLFIGHT!

Jim Gunt: MJ hooks his head - STYLES WITH A HOOK AROUND HER WAIST AND A MODIFIED BRIDGING SUPLEX!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

MJ hooks the bottom rope immediately after she got her shoulder up, and Styles, feeling her remaining energy, rolls back and to his knees to cut off any counterattack MJ might fire, but she is doing the same!

Jim Gunt: These fans with a round of applause, they certainly appreciate the back and forth we've seen so far.

Mike Rolash: Please. Nothing's more sickening to me than sportsmanship.

The applause turns into a full pop as MJ offers her hand to Styles, and, after a moment's hesitation, he shakes and they break clean.

Mike Rolash: Garçon? Vomit bag, please.

Jim Gunt: Will you stop?

Styles and Flair lock up again, but this time instead of trying to gain control, Styles locks her in a standing side

headlock, and he really grinds it in. MJ tries to power out, to no avail: she fires a pair of forearms into Freddie's side - but he's holding on tight.

Slowly, she muscles him into the ropes. Styles holds on and tries to hold his ground, but his primary focus was his own balance and she was able to force him. MJ bounces them into the ropes and Styles loses his grip! He rebounds, and ducks under a Flair clothesline attempt! On the flipside, and Styles with a flying forearm collides with MJ's forehead, and she goes down hard! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: Impressive reversal by Freddie Styles, and he's certainly showing the chops that nearly made him CWF World Champion a week ago!

Styles scoops her again and pulls her to her feet, and he lifts her and drops her down with a hard bodyslam. She rolls through to her knees, and Styles hooks her around the waist again and pulls her up. Gut-Wrench suplex -- MJ stalls his momentum and reverses into a headscissors! She bounces a pair of fists off Styles' face and takes him down with a high standing dropkick!

Jim Gunt: Both athletes land in motion, and Styles uses the momentum to get himself up to his feet!

Mike Rolash: Flair can't do it, she's on her knees. Fitting--

Jim Gunt: MIKE!

Styles appears to interpret MJ's position to weakness, and he moves in confidently, but MJ suddenly springs forward, driving her shoulder into his stomach! Styles' wind is knocked out of him and he staggers back into the ropes! MJ with a whip across the ring... Hip toss! The momentum helps Styles roll with the impact, and he gets back to his feet in a hurry. MJ, on the other side of the ring, runs into the ropes and flies back towards Styles... JUMPING CLOTHESLINE JUST AS STYLES TURNS AROUND! His head snaps against the canvas, and MJ scrambles on top!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Not yet! Not enough has been taken out of him yet, but MJ has regained control!

Mike Rolash: It'll pass.

MJ gets to her feet and circles Styles, waiting for him to get up himself. He does so, just a hair slower than his last ascent. Flair with a kick to the midsection! Another! She hooks his arms and takes a deep breath... Double Underhook Suplex! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Immediately, MJ scrambles to the corner and climbs the turnbuckle.

Mike Rolash: Interesting how she'd run away after a failed pinning attempt. She's a quitter, you know.

Jim Gunt: I think she was taking advantage of an opportunity, but didn't expect this to be it.

Styles rises again, slower than the last time but still has his head in the game. MJ crouches on the top turnbuckle like a vulture; strategically waiting behind Styles.

Jim Gunt: TURN AROUND!

Mike Rolash: Styles turns around as MJ leaps - MISSILE DROPKICK! Styles hits the mat hard! MJ with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THKICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: She almost had him there!

Mike Rolash: Not even close.

Jim Gunt: That dropkick took something out of Flair as well, Mike... she's getting up pretty slowly as well as Styles.

Mike Rolash: Those high risk moves, Jim... they're called high risk for a reason.

MJ rolls to the ropes and gets herself up, and she pulls Freddie Styles--SMALL PACKAGE REVERSAL!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Styles nearly stole one!

Jim Gunt: Could you be any more biased?

Mike Rolash: You know what I mean!

Jim Gunt: I feel like I don't.

Once again, both athletes rise at a fairly even pace. MJ staggers to her feet first, and she moves in towards Styles...
HE REVERSES WITH A HIGH SCOOP AND A HARD SPINEBUSTER!

Mike Rolash: He's broken her in half!

Jim Gunt: I think she bounced, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Bounce her head off the floor!

Jim Gunt: MJ certainly took the brunt of that blow, but Styles unable to immediately capitalize! He's still on his hands and knees, sucking in air!

Freddie Styles' head is down and he's breathing heavy, but MJ is on her back, unmoving. He looks up at her, and immediately springs forward with a hook of the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THKICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: I can't believe she made it out of that! If Styles had had the wherewithal to cover immediately, she might've been defeated.

Mike Rolash: If, if, if. If either of them were better at this, this would be for a belt.

Styles grabs a handful of MJ's hair and pulls her up. The referee cautions him, but he does not seem to have any ill intent: she has long, thick hair. He hooks her around the waist again, and this time, the Gut-Wrench suplex finds its mark.

Jim Gunt: Styles trying to soften up her back, you know where he's taking this!

Mike Rolash: Somewhere else, I hope.

MJ rolls to her side in pain, right into the bottom rope. She seems to brush against it incidentally, but holds on tightly as she realizes what she has. Styles backs up and gives her a minute - the referee cautions him on trying something while she's on the ropes.

Mike Rolash: Nice show of sportsmanship by Styles!

Jim Gunt: Clothesline over the top!

Mike Rolash: Well, there's that - MJ WITH A REVERSAL!

Styles runs into the opposite side, away from the referee's scolding gaze. He rebounds towards MJ just as she turns around, but she immediately drops to her knees and pulls the top rope down a bit, and Styles flies over the top to a huge pop!

Mike Rolash: Disqualify her!

Jim Gunt: For what?

Mike Rolash: ...I don't like her.

The referee starts the count, but Freddie Styles is already rising to his feet. MJ does the same, though her journey from her knees is much shorter. She sees his hand on the ring apron and she runs to the opposite side of the ring and back again - BASEBALL SLIDE! Styles is knocked backwards, but catches himself on the barricade. MJ steps through the ropes, ignoring the referee - but she does break the count. Styles turns around and walks back towards the ring - Double Axe Handle from MJ to the floor! She lands both fists square on his forehead, and Styles crumbles again!

Mike Rolash: MJ Flair has turned the tables on Styles, but she's unable to follow up! These two have been beating on each other and I'm not surprised!

As the referee counts four, MJ pulls Styles to his feet - Styles shoves her backwards and drops to his knees! MJ hits the ringpost with a hollow BONG that even makes the referee flinch! She staggers forward...

Jim Gunt: KNUCK IF YOU BUCK! MJ'S HEAD BOUNCED OFF THE RING APRON!

Mike Rolash: I think she stained it.

Jim Gunt: That's uncalled--never mind.

No, Rolash is not making a dirty joke. There is a deep red splatter pattern on the ring apron, and as the camera moves in, we can clearly see MJ bleeding from a cut above her eye. Styles climbs to his feet and sees her there... and he hesitates.

Mike Rolash: FINISH HER!

Jim Gunt: The referee count is at six, and I think Freddie Styles has this match well in hand, but he's not finishing her

off!

Styles has a brief conversation with the referee: he points at MJ who is barely stirring, but the referee shakes his head and restarts the count at one. Styles shakes his head, and slides under the bottom rope to a smattering of boos.

Jim Gunt: I think Freddie Styles just showed sincere concern for his opponent, Mike! He could be finishing her off, but he's apparently content with a countout!

Mike Rolash: How dumb is he, right?

Jim Gunt: Sometimes enough is enough.

FOUR! The fans count along.

FIVE! MJ stirs!

SIX! She rolls to her knees, with a tiny (but steady) stream of blood pouring onto the floor.

SEVEN! MJ wipes her forehead and slaps the floor, pushing herself to a full kneel, to a huge pop from the fans!

EIGHT! She gets a hand on the ring apron!

NINE! One foot up, and she pushes!

T-MJ SLIDES UNDER THE BOTTOM ROPE! The fans rise to their feet, and Freddie Styles shakes his head in respectful disbelief! MJ rolls all the way in - Styles with a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEKICKOUT!

He covers again, but she kicks out at the last moment possible again! Styles pulls her back up again and whips her into the ropes... MJ REVERSES! She drops to her knees as he comes back... and she hooks him around the thighs! STUN

GUN! Styles staggers backwards... MJ HOOKS HIS HEAD! FALLEN ONE! IT'S OVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEWAITNOITISN'T!

The fans count along with the referee, but even as his hand hits the mat for the third time, he crosses his arms, no, that's not it! MJ looks up... at Freddie Styles' foot draped over the bottom rope!

Mike Rolash: I can't believe it!

Jim Gunt: What's it gonna take to put Styles away?

MJ pushes up to a kneeling position, and she runs a hand through her hair, separating the blood-drenched clumps as best she could, and she gives Styles a round of polite applause.

The fans eagerly join in with it.

Jim Gunt: Nice show of respect now from Flair, and she and Styles have certainly earned each others' consideration tonight! MJ pulls Styles to his feet, and a forearm uppercut stuns him!

She fires another forearm into Styles' jaw, and he falls backwards across the top rope! The referee gets in between the two athletes to warn MJ to leave Styles while he's touching the ropes! MJ steps around him, but he warns her again!

Jim Gunt: If looks could kill, Mike.

Finally, MJ lowers her fist and grabs Styles by the arm, and she sends him across the ring! Styles reverses! MJ holds the ropes as she hits them! Styles is ready!

Mike Rolash: THAT'S THE BALLGAME!

Using possibly his entire remaining energy reserve, Styles steps towards MJ and hooks her from behind, lifts her, and drops both of them down with his knees driving into her back! Both wrestlers land prone on the mat!

Jim Gunt: Nobody's moving, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt!

Jim Gunt: Never... EVER... do that again.

Styles slowly rolls to his stomach, and he crawls a foot and hooks MJ's leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEFOOTONTHEROPES!

Jim Gunt: Turnabout is fair play! Styles' eyes are wide with disbelief, but he covered MJ too close to the bottom rope!

Mike Rolash: You know what that means, he needs to do it again.

Clearly with his bell rung, Styles pushes himself to his feet on unsteady legs and holds three fingers up in front of the referee's face, but the referee shakes his head and gestures wildly at the bottom rope. MJ remains unmoving, with her leg still tangled up in it.

Jim Gunt: Styles closes his eyes tight, he's definitely feeling the effects of this match!

Mike Rolash: In case of emergency, break glass and take drastic measures, Jim. Styles just went under the top rope and he's climbing the turnbuckle. He's not in this, he should be going for the Ballgame again.

Styles crouches on the top turnbuckle, very similar to where MJ was earlier in the match, and Flair finally rolls to her knees. MJ wipes the blood from her face again and - perhaps with an ill-timed burst of adrenaline - pulls herself to her feet.

Mike Rolash: STYLES JUMPS! TOP ROPE DROPKICK! MJ WITH A HIGH SIDE KICK!

Everyone in the arena gasps in unison as the two athletes land in a heap.

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: ...

Jim Gunt: ...What the deuce?

The referee begins to count, as an instant replay shows on the split screen. As Freddie Styles jumps from the top with his own missile dropkick, MJ sees him at the last minute and instinctively fires a high kick of her own, and her boot connects with Styles' jaw at the same moment that Styles' boots connect with the side of her head.

Mike Rolash: You can see there, the dual connection, certainly increased in impact by gravity! The referee counts four, and these fans are calling for MJ and Styles to get up and continue!

Jim Gunt: After all that, a double countout? Ripoff. This is why they aren't in the main event.

Six!

Mike Rolash: Nobody's moving!

Seven!

Mike Rolash: MJ STIRS!

Eight!

Jim Gunt: A nearly-dead twitch isn't stirring, Mike!

Nine!

MJ ROLLS OVER AND DRAPES AN ARM OVER FREDDIE STYLES' CHEST! THE REFEREE DROPS DOWN!

ONE!

TWO!

...

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner... EMM... JAY... FLAIR!

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair with a massive win here tonight!

Mike Rolash: The referee's holding up Flair's arm, and she ain't moving otherwise! Is it really a massive win? Seems like a slightly fortuitous car accident.

The fans stand as one and start to applaud, just as the two athletes are finally stirring. MJ looks at the referee, still dazed, and she holds up three fingers as Styles did a moment ago - only hers is accompanied by a quizzical look. Her eyes drop, and she pounds her fist into the mat in victory when the referee affirms his decision.

On the other side of the ring, Freddie Styles sits on the mat, shaking his head. MJ pushes herself up on unsteady legs and allows the referee to properly raise her arm in victory.

Jim Gunt: This was a hard fought battle that could have gone either way at any time, Mike... and MJ just helped Styles to his feet and embraces him! She raises his arm as well, and for once, we've apparently got a legitimate show of respect between two rivals here in the CWF!

Mike Rolash: This is where Styles should drop her with a clothesline.

Jim Gunt: Hard loss for Styles to take, but he took MJ to the edge! He'll be on top of the CWF in no time! Let's take you backstage for a moment while we get ready for the Bright Young Things to defend their CWF World Tag Team Championship!

Do not Lead me into Temptation

Match

We cut backstage to see Dorian Hawkhurst walking to the back. He looks dejected, down, and probably a mild case of disappointment. A vibe of a man who needed a win that instead got a loss that might do him in. He gets to the locker room and opens the door. He comes in and grabs a towel, wiping off the sweat. He looks over at his bag, and something catches his eye. There's a wooden box with a mp3 player on top of it. Dorian goes over and hits the play button on it.

Ataxia: Hello Dorian...

Hawkhurst looks really confused.

Ataxia: I saw your match dear sweet fellow. I felt really bad for you. You did really well, but just not your night. I don't want to discourage you, but I feel like you are missing an edge here. I want to help you. I know you don't know me, but I tend to try and help make people better. And you have the potential to be one of the greats, but you need some proper motivation and that's what I am here for. I'm here to help you...open the box.

Hawkhurst looks at the box.

Ataxia: I promise it's not a bomb. Open the box...

Hawkhurst hesitates.

Ataxia: If you don't open the fucking box I promise you...you will regret it. What are you afraid of? It's a box. I promise...it will help. Go ahead. Open the fucking box...

Hawkhurst puts down the player and opens the box. It's a bottle of Gentlemen Jack Daniels. He picks it up and looks at it. There is temptation there, but instead of giving in we see Hawkhurst getting angry.

Ataxia: You're welcome. I hope it helps you make something of yourself that will actually be useful...I...

Hawkhurst throws the player against the wall. He looks down at the bottle and opens it. He takes the bottle and looks at it. He's at a low point. Is he going to do it? No. He pours out the bottle. Suddenly we hear the door the locker room open quickly as we hear someone run down the hall.

Ataxia: AHAHAHAHAHHAHA!!

Fade.

A Proposal

Match

Silas and Autumn stroll through the arena at speed; Silas dressed to impress while Autumn pushes away anyone who so much as looks at them. The two are confident, relaxed in their movement, with Silas smirking as they continue their journey.

???: Excuse me, Autumn? Silas?

The two stop moving almost instantly, as the the camera pans to the left to reveal Tara Robinson with a microphone.

Tara Robinson: The tag team champions have had some very strong words--

Autumn lunges forward to grab the interviewer in a fit of insanity.

Autumn Raven: We don't have time for your questions! We've got chaos to reign!--

Silas Artoria: Autumn! Autumn!

Autumn stops shaking Tara and turns her head towards Silas, relaxed in his motions and giving her the look of a slightly disappointed father.

Silas Artoria: You are right, but Miss Robinson is simply doing her job. No need to pounce on her like that.

Silas is calm, soft in tone, and before long Autumn lets go of the woman, whom dusts herself shortly after.

Silas Artoria: I know you're eager, but we can't just attack anyone who literally gets in our way. They are not our targets.

He grabs Autumn's head and presses his forehead against hers.

Silas Artoria: We need to be focused. Save your enthusiasm for the match, alright?

Autumn nods, and Silas raises his arm to meet hers.

Silas Artoria: Now pop on ahead. I'll catch up soon after having a chat with Miss Robinson.

Autumn Raven: Aye. Don't be long!

Autumn runs on ahead as Tara gives her a nervous look; unsurprising given the occurred events.

Silas Artoria: I do apologise profoundly for that. Needless to say we're quite excited for what's to follow. Gets your heart racing.

Tara Robinson: I see.

She coughs before finally regaining her composure.

Tara Robinson: So, Caledonia presented herself to the camera and made some very bold claims and statements.

Silas' eyes widens in amusement.

Silas Artoria: Oh really? Care to share them if you don't mind.

Tara looks at Silas, who in turn smiles with his teeth back at her.

Tara Robinson: Alright. So, Caledonia claimed that weren't worth her attention in the gauntlet match, claiming that you were an anomaly, claimed that you could easily win the Impact or Paramount titles...

Silas nods.

Silas Artoria: Flattering words.

Tara Robinson: And that Autumn is a liability. A 'weight around your ankles' as she said. She also said if you wanted the tag titles you could try and team up with the voices in your he--

Silas grabs the microphone quickly and immediately upon the mention of voice, calmly says.

Silas Artoria: If I may?

Tara doesn't protest, and simply stands away as Silas took a deep breath.

Silas Artoria: Caledonia. I must thank you for your flattering words even if the overall message wasn't so. It's so nice to hear when a champion acknowledges the skill of someone they perceive to be inferior to them. It shows they are not blind and thus can strategize appropriately. Hopefully this mindset will be present in our match. But I need to address a few things, specifically your comments on Autumn and...other things.

He clears his throat.

Silas Artoria: You see, when you openly pledge to dismantle an established structure, that makes you a target. Regardless of skill and match record, one person going up against maybe fifteen or more is still going to be a one sided affair, and that will immediately make you an outcast. Your goal will be distant, only to be seen again in possibly decades' time. If you want to take on an army, you're going to need your own.

Silas Artoria: If you think this coalition only consists of Autumn and I then you haven't been paying attention. I've got others who are eager to go, and lest we forget I made an offer to the Lost Boys. The same Lost Boys you two ate a pin from. Of course I am leaving that decision up to them, but victor or not, they are owed a championship match regardless.

Silas Artoria: As for Autumn specifically, this a mutually beneficial partnership, and whether or not we win tonight, it will continue, through singles matches to more tag team matches, because we have the same goals at the end of the day. You may call her a shackle, but it's beneficial...and you should consider yourself lucky...

His face turns darker, almost full of fear.

Silas Artoria: ...because you do not understand what the passenger is capable if. It crawls through my skin, waiting for an opportunity to come out and inflict pain. You do not want to come face to face with them and I do mean that sincerely, no bragging.

He takes a deep breath.

Silas Artoria: But if you want to try your luck, here's your open opportunity. You...me...singles match at the next Evolution. I'll try to contain him, but as the last few Evolutions have proven, that's something I cannot guarantee.

It takes a few seconds before he regains his composure, before passing the microphone back to Tara.

Silas Artoria: Apologies for the outburst. Have a nice evening.

He walks off to catch up to Autumn, leaving Tara in a mixture of nervousness and bemusement.

Fade.

The Coalition (Autumn Raven & Silas Artoria) Vs. The Bright Young Things (Eris & Caledonia)

Match

Ray Douglas: The next match is for the CWF tag team titles. First to the ring we have the challengers, winners of the gauntlet match: Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven!

The lights turn dark blue and thick fog begins to waft from the entrance. A bright spotlight illuminates the fog from behind as the outline of Silas Artoria can be seen, silhouetted against the bright light as the "Dark Dreams Don't Die" soundtrack begins to sound. As he begins to walk down the ramp, Autumn glides out from behind him and takes her spot at his side. Suddenly the light begins to flicker and the music comes to a screeching halt, replaced by Mick Gordon's "Cyberdemon". The dark blue light turns blood red and Artoria's appearance changes from elegant and posed to slightly hunched over and his features distorted into a menacing look. Then just as sudden as it came, it is gone and he seems to be his old self.

Jim Gunt: This man is seriously giving me the creeps, Mike, there is something seriously wrong with him!

Mike Rolash: There's something seriously wrong with half the roster here, what do you want? Ataxia trying to throw Hawkhurst off the wagon is not much better!

As they ascend the steps to the ring, the lights dim again. There is a moment's silence, then "The Bright Young Things" by Marilyn Manson hits the speakers. Eris and Caledonia step out, the CWF tag team championships around their waists. Omega comes out behind them, skipping her way forward, bouncing from one side of the ramp to the other and handing out cookies to the fans as the three make their way to the ring.

Eris and Caledonia climb the top rope on opposite sides of the ring, raising the belts high to cheers from the crowd. Omega stands in the centre, arms raised.

Ray Douglas: Introducing, accompanied by Omega, from the Academy....your CWF tag team champions...Eris and Caledonia, the Bright Young Things!

Suddenly, Eris ducks, two or three bottles hurled at them in quick succession. We cut to ringside and see the Chosen, snarling and hurling abuse. Eris comes down from the top rope, clearly shaken, and the Chosen sit down, satisfied with themselves.

Mike Rolash: This is not a promising start to the match, The Chosen really are beginning to be a problem here.

Jim Gunt: Beginning? What federation have you been in for the last few weeks? They have been wreaking havoc for a while now and if it wasn't for those druids, who knows what they might have done by now!

Eris and Autumn are the first ones in the ring and Eris does not waste any time with lock ups or other pleasantries and goes straight for a kick in Autumn's stomach and high knee right after, sending their opponent reeling from the get go.

Two hard chops to the chest bring Autumn into the ropes and Eris whips her right across the ring, hitting her with a clothesline. Eris runs off for a springboard moonsault, but Autumn gets her legs up in time to hit Eris in their stomach, completely knocking the wind out of them.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, that's how fast it can go!

Jim Gunt: Like you in bed?

Mike Rolash: Exactl...wait, what?

Autumn gets to her hands and feet and crawls over to Eris, whispering something into their ear with a wicked grin on her face. She gets up and places a few stiff kicks to Eris' mid-section, picks them up and goes for a power bomb, but Eris manages to use their weight advantage to reverse it into a back body drop. Quickly Eris tags in Caledonia, who climbs up onto the top rope and jumps off with a beautiful big splash.

ONE!

T...

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Cali does not waste any time to try to go for the cover!

Undeterred, Cali pulls Autumn up by her hair and a high knee lift brings her back upright. Right away Caledonia executes a huracanrana and brings Autumn right back down to where she was. Silas does not look happy with the performance of his partner and begins to shout at her to come over, but Caledonia doesn't have any intention of letting that happen. Instead she tags in Eris and they double clothesline Autumn and Eris jumps right on top, pummeling her with stiff punches. Dragging her back to her feet, Eris shoots Autumn face first into the turnbuckles, catching her while staggering back into the ring and hitting her with a DDT.

Mike Rolash: Autumn is getting devastated right now and our aristocrat over there does not look like a happy camper!

Jim Gunt: No, but there is nothing he can do with Eris and Caledonia working an almost perfect tag team match!

Autumn is barely stirring as Eris whip themselves into the ropes, but are stopped short as Silas' cane hits them square into the back, earning him a stern talking to by the referee. Silas makes an apologetic gesture and drops off the apron, dragging Autumn from the ring, while Eris is trying to get back up. He rolls Autumn back into the ring in their corner,

then climbs up, takes the rope and tags himself in before pushing Autumn back out. Before Eris can reach Cali, Silas is upon them with a superkick, followed by a foot to the throat that he has to break as the referee is starting to count him out.

Mike Rolash: That was a very creative way to get a tag! And now Eris is in trouble!

Caledonia is yelling over to Eris to come into her corner, but Artoria walks up to her, giving her a withering stare, but Cali is not backing down, and the referee is pushing himself in between the two combatants. Silas turns his attention back to Eris and a swift kick to the side of the head and an elbow into the spine squelches any life Eris had begun to gather. He delivers a thundering sit-out powerbomb and immediately goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

No, Eris kicks out just in time!

Jim Gunt: Wow, what a power bomb, he almost put Eris away for good!

A hint of frustration shows in Artoria's face, but he goes for a series of German suplexes, by the end of which Eris resembles more of a ragdoll than an equal opponent. By now Autumn is back in their corner and motions for Silas to let her back in. With a brief look at Eris, he struts over, tags her back in and points at Eris while making the cutthroat motion with his other hand. Autumn flashes him a wicked smile and goes for the cover right away

ONE!

TW...!

But the whole process took too long and Eris kicks out. Autumn's smile is wiped away as she repeatedly stomps onto Eris.

Mike Rolash: The tables have turned really quick here, this is not looking good for Eris!

Jim Gunt: No, but so far neither Artoria nor Autumn are showing this urgency you need to win the match.

Autumn drags Eris over into one of the corners and sits them onto the top turnbuckle and tries to set them up for for a back suplex off the top rope, but again Eris uses their weight advantage to block the move and shoves Autumn off the rope instead, then immediately goes for a moonsault, partially hitting Autumn as she tries to get out of the way. They both get to their feet around the same time and they lock up, pushing each other into the ropes. Suddenly a bottle flies just past Eris' head, striking Autumn smack in the temple, knocking her out cold. Instead of going for the cover, Eris slides out of the ring on the other side, trying to get away from the Chosen, who once more were the source of the flying object.

Jim Gunt: This is getting really out of hand, these people have to be removed!

Mike Rolash: Not going to happen, they are the special guests of Sunset Industries...

While the referee is checking on Autumn, a deafening roar comes from Silas Artoria, his eyes blood red, climbing across the barrier and dragging one of the Chosen with him, presumably the one that threw the bottle. The Chosen tries to run, but he does not get far as Artoria grabs him by the collar and lifts him up high over his head, slamming him down onto the Dutch commentator table that gives up upon the impact, sending van Heerden and Postma scrambling out of the way of flying electronics and table pieces. Two more of the Chosen are making a move to cross the barrier, but as Artoria whirls around to face them, the look on his face even stops the Chosen dead in their tracks.

Mike Rolash: OK, now they made the passenger mad, and that is NOT a good idea!

Jim Gunt: No, he made that abundantly clear in the past few weeks.

Meanwhile Autumn has come to and is yelling at Artoria to get his attention, but he is in a staredown with the Chosen and obviously not willing to let go. Still a little shaky on her legs, she rolls out and again tries to get Artoria to let up, with the same result. With a big sigh she lifts the ring skirt and after some rummaging around pulls out a chair. She lifts it up, hoping Artoria would notice, but after that is not happening, she brings it down square across his back, knocking him to the ground. The two Chosen jump forward to attack the fallen man, but another swing of Autumn's chair together with a maniacal look on her face actually makes them back off and sit back down.

The referee motions both Autumn and Eris to return to the ring and continue the match, where they left off. As they lock up again, Artoria is stirring and ever so slowly is coming back up. Eris whips Autumn into the ropes, but the Raven ducks under their clothesline and whirling around hits Eris with a step-up enzuigiri. Autumn lifts up Eris and puts them into a single-leg Boston crab, making Eris scream out in pain!

Caledonia jumps through the ropes, trying to break the move, but out of nowhere Artoria is upon her, holding her by the throat and shaking his head. He pulls her over, delivers a chokeslam and then...

Mike Rolash: A second single-leg Boston crab! The Bright Young Things are in all sorts of trouble now!

Eris hits the mat in both frustration and pain, but stops when they see Caledonia in a similar predicament. Caledonia, arguably the fresher of the two, looks over at her partner and tries to move over, inching closer to Eris without being able to get Artoria to let go. Eris has this pleading look in their face, the pain visible, exhaustion distorting their features. They bring the arm down once, Caledonia looking at them in horror. The arm goes down for a second time and Cali realizes that this could be the end. In one rush of adrenaline, she lunges forward and catches Eris' arm before they can bring it down for the third tap and the loss of the match.

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, Caledonia just stopped Eris from tapping out!!

Mike Rolash: What an incredible scene here!

Eris looks at Caledonia with an incredulous look, while Autumn is looking over her shoulder, expecting the tap out. Cali sees this slight unbalancing and pulls on Eris' arm, and with that Autumn backwards. She tumbles into Artoria, knocking his hold on Caledonia's leg as well. The referee tries to restore order and sends both Silas and Caledonia back out of the ring and Eris and Autumn once more are facing each other. Autumn cleverly moves in between Eris and their partner and Eris backs up into the corner, not doing anything, garnering a slightly confused look from their opponent.

Mike Rolash: I am not sure what is happening here, shouldn't they try to get to their partner as fast as possible?

Jim Gunt: Yes, Mikey, that's what they call ring intelligence, you should try that one day, too.

As they lean in the corner completely apathetically Autumn comes rushing in, but what she mistakes for exhaustion after the failed submission hold is just Eris' way to lure her out of the corner and Autumn's head connects hard with the turnbuckle as Eris easily ducks away. With one last effort they leap forward and tag in Caledonia. She races over to Autumn just getting back up and her missile dropkick slams her right back into the corner, the back of her head connecting hard. Cali drags Autumn over towards her corner.

Mike Rolash: Oh, I've seen this before!

Jim Gunt: Someone dragging a woman across a room?

Mike Rolash: Yes, hold on... How do you... NO! What is wrong with you?

Cali tags Eris back in and they hoist Autumn up on their shoulders, while Cali climbs to the top buckle. Caledonia spins 450 degrees to smash Flame over the back of the head with a roundhouse kick as Eris brings her crashing down in the

powerbomb.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winners and still CWF tag team champions...Eris and Caledonia, the BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS!

Silas is livid and runs into the ring at the Bright Young Things, but is met with a double kick to the head, sending him into and through the ropes, before the two victors roll Autumn out of the ring as well, sending her into a heap next to Artoria.

Eris and Caledonia stand at the base of the entrance ramp, trying to catch their breath after a gruelling match. Omega stands between them, passing them bottles of water and packets of jelly babies.

Suddenly, the crowd erupts into a chorus of deafening boos as all eleven of the Chosen jump the guard rail at once, storming towards the Bright Young Things.

Jim Gunt: Goddammit! Again! Someone needs to stop this!

Eight of the Chosen advance on Omega and Caledonia, driving them up the entrance ramp and forming a human wall between them and Eris. Omega stares at them, eyes wide, frozen to the spot. Caledonia steps forward, slaps one of them across the face. The woman she struck smiles a moment, then lashes out, smashing her in the face. Caledonia stumbles back, blood trickling down her cheek. The woman raises her fist high into the air, wrapped in barbed wire, smiling even as it gouges into her own skin.

Beyond the wall formed by the Chosen, the remaining three surround Eris. Two of them stand one on either side, holding Eris steady, while the third, a man, stands in front. He steps towards Eris, takes their head in his, smirks a little. He leans in and whispers into their ear, inaudible to the viewer. Eris' eyes grow wide and the blood drains from their face.

The man steps back, taking in Eris as if for the first time. Suddenly, he lashes out, smashing them in the stomach with a huge fist, to a fresh found of boos from the audience.

Suddenly, the lights cut out, pitching the arena into darkness. A large heptagram appears on the CWF Tron, outlined in

burning red on black. The boos turn to cheers as twelve of the Shadow's druids make their way out to the entrance ramp. They march forward, passing by Omega and Caledonia and colliding with the Chosen.

The two groups disappear in a fury of boots and fists, the Chosen's business suits flecked with blood. Eris takes advantage of the distraction to break free, forcing their way through the crowd and reconnecting with Omega and Caledonia. The three embrace and make their way backstage. Behind them, the entrance way is a mess of bodies.

Mike Rolash: Tensions between these two groups have been heating up for months, now it seems like they've finally boiled over!

Jim Gunt: This is mayhem!

In the midst of the chaos, one of the druids stands to one side, watching the proceedings, head bowed. Another druid approaches him, pushes him in the chest, gesturing at the scene unfolding around them.

He does not react for a moment, remaining still, silent. Suddenly, the druid lashes out, smashing the other in the face with one huge fist, knocking him to the ground, following up with a string of boots to the stomach.

Mike Rolash: What the hell?

The renegade druid raises his head, throws his hood back. One cheek holds the Maker's Mark of the Eternals, the other, the atom-in-ouroboros symbol of the Spirit Science Research Institute.

Jim Gunt: That's the man from the Chosen who the druids kidnapped weeks ago! Was it all's setup?

Mike Rolash: Whatever it was, it's clear he's turned back to his roots.

The man from the Chosen, now reunited, smiles, bringing down the boot once more on the prone druid.

The rest of the Chosen unite around him, and the two groups, the Chosen and the druids, stand opposed, head to head. The man who had been taken by the druids casts off his robe, throwing it contemptuously to the ground, leaving him in the grey business suit of the Chosen.

The crowd erupts as the Shadow steps out onto the entrance ramp, microphone in hand.

Shadow: Elisha! I know you're watching this. You and your disciples have run roughshod long enough. You poked the

hornets' nest and soon, you will be stung. We did not start this war, but believe me: the Forsaken will be the ones to end it. I know you're in California right now, but upon your return - we'll be waiting.

The druids turn, marching as a unit towards the Shadow. The Chosen remain still, watching them leave, faces contorted by hatred and loathing.

Jim Gunt: Did I hear that right!?

Mike Rolash: This was always coming sooner or later, but tonight, what has been a string of battles erupted into all out war! This is going to get ever more interesting!

Phoenix

Match

Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven still lay outside the ring defeated, finally coming to. Artoria gets to up to his feet, cracks his neck and immediately calls for a microphone.

Silas Artoria: NO! No, it is not going to end this way. I am not going to have my spotlight taken again. Cali, Eris...get out here and finish this with us!

An already brutalized Tag Team champions come through the curtain, the damage of not only their match but the aftermatch clearly showing its toll on both competitors. However, neither one look ready to back down as they head for the ring again.

But it's a trap! The two are stomped on hard constantly just as they roll under the bottom rope, neither able to prevent one foot after the other from crashing down on them. Soon it stops, and within the pain they endured, Eris was able to roll around and see the lights with their back to the canvas. Their eyes focused, and saw the two men who had sent them crashing down.

Jim Gunt: Dean Coulter and Sam Braxton! What the hell are they doing here? Their match was earlier today!

Mike Rolash: I think they're making their intentions well known, Jim.

Dean grabs Eris and Sam grabs Caledonia and drags them to their feet. Arms grabbed, the Bright Young Things are irish whipped to opposite corners. They bounce off hard and fall crack on their backs, the sound only matched by the laughter from the Aussies.

Dean Coulter: You think we were gonna let our win be forgotten in the wind? Huh!

The Bright Young Things can't respond through their daze, and Dean exits the ring as Sam keeps stomping on each of the downed victors backs. Dean immediately eyes Autumn and Silas, telling them to get back into the ring. The two defeated foes stumble before they rest themselves on a corner of the ring. Dean reenters the ring with a microphone.

Dean Coulter: Ladies an' gen'lemen, I've got a little grievance to vent out. So me an' Sam entered the ring, and pinned these lovely people right here. Now by the logic you guys subscribe to, that would mean we would immediately get our dues in the form of an opportunity. But nothing came of it, and that just isn't fair isn't it Sam?

Sam nods while picking up the dazed Eris.

Dean Coulter: Consider this a statement!

Dean drops the microphone and goes towards Caledonia. He pulls her up and sets her aside Eris. The Lost Boys grab a hold of both of them, and made sure they noticed the beaming smiles on their faces. Caledonia and Eris are a broken mess, but soon they open their eyes to see their attackers clearly for what seemed to be the first time. On the opposite side leans Silas and Autumn in ring corners, and primed for irish whipping were the Bright Young Ones. The Lost Boys hurl them towards the odd duo, and--

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD!

Caledonia and Eris crash to the floor upon impact; both bodies in close proximity of each other, completely motionless. They are out cold, all thanks to those Lost Boys. The microphone is picked up by the Psychotic Aristocrat.

Silas Artoria: Oh...you didn't think I had a plan?

Silas chuckles into the microphone as the Lost Boys slowly approach both he and Autumn.

Silas Artoria: You see...The Lost Boys and we share a common interest.

Silas turns to the two and raises his arm into the air. Autumn joins in second and simply waits for the Australians to do the same.

Mike Rolash: Oh please god no, don't do this boys!

The Lost Boys smile brightly and with enthusiasm they raise their arms to meet Silas and Autumn.

Mike Rolash: Oh come on, as if my day couldn't get any worse!

Silas quickly turns around and booms out.

Silas Artoria: WE ARE A COALITION! WE ARE HARBINGER! AND WE WILL PAVE THE WAY FOR THE FUTURE!

He turns back to Caledonia.

Silas Artoria: Caledonia...I'll see you next week!

Fade.

Ataxia vs. Harley Hodge

Match

Jim Gunt: Artoria, Raven and now the Lost Boys? This federation makes really strange bedfellows sometimes, I had just started to like these guys!

Mike Rolash is scarfing down one of the Lost Boys' sausages: If they continue to serve this stuff, they can sacrifice virgins during the next full moon for all I care!

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and will be a LUMBERJACK MATCH! The rules are simple; the ring will be surrounded by a number of lumberjacks whose sole job is to keep the competitors battling in the ring.

"Die Die Die My Darling" by Metallica sounds over the speaker system and the lights immediately dim and then fade to black as a small spotlight shines over the top of the ramp. Close to a dozen druids begin filing out from behind the curtain, one by one draped in black with their hoods covering their faces. Finally the Messiah Pariah comes out behind them, the crowd of druids parting to both his left and right as he twitches and cackles maniacally. Ataxia slowly makes his way through the druids and up the steps, taking just a second to look behind him to the booing audience before entering.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, accompanied by several druids, he is....ATAXIA!!

Jim Gunt: Well this is clearly not going to be a fair fight, Mike, all the lumberjacks in this match are the Shadow's druids!

Mike Rolash: Speaking of the Shadow, there is the Weaver of Dreams himself!

Jim turns his head to the outside of the ring to see what Rolash is talking about, and indeed one of the druids has undrapped his hood to reveal the Shadow himself. The new Impact champion looks surprisingly refreshed as he nods to Ataxia from the outside. Suddenly, "Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater hits and the crowd goes apeshit. Lance LaRusso, Harvey Danger and The Lost Soul all come out to the stage first, all three of them turning their attention to the curtain where the Accelerator makes his grand appearance to another round of applause! Harley Hodge, looking absolutely intense, slaps all of his Highwaymen across the back before quickly making his way down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Brooklyn, New York....HARLEY HODGE!!

Jim Gunt: Well this should certainly be an interesting match, Mike, when was the last time we have seen a Lumberjack Match here in CWF?

Mike Rolash: I'm not sure we ever have, and possibly for good reason. This one could easily turn into a madhouse!

Jim Gunt: I disagree, Mike. After all the craziness going on between these two groups and the Druids and the Chosen, I think these lumberjacks are clearly warranted to keep the competitors fighting fairly in the ring.

Mike Rolash: We'll see.

Harley Hodge is immediately apprehensive about the start of the match, as he looks on at all the druids who begin to approach the Highwaymen on the outside of the ring. Ataxia cackles aloud, leaping up into the air to hit Hodge with a Superman Punch but the veteran catches him and Spinebusters him to the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Ouch, did you hear the sound of Ataxia's spine crunching against the canvas!?

Mike Rolash: Is that possible? I thought Ataxia was spineless?

Jim Gunt: I would love for you to tell him that, Mike.

Mike Rolash: I'm just sayin' what I hear from you and those idiot fans..

Attempting to stay on the advantage in the early going, Hodge goes to scoop Ataxia up but he immediately drills him with an uppercut. The Messiah Pariah grabs him by the air, whipping him across the ring and into the ropes, where he is immediately pulled off his feet by one of the druids. Harley's face awkwardly slaps the canvas, and Ataxia looks to take advantage with a well placed legdrop to the back of his head!

Mike Rolash: Ataxia is already using the lumberjacks to his advantage, the man may not have a spine but he certainly

has a brain!

Jim Gunt: Oh enough with the spine thing.

Mike Rolash: That's what she said.

Jim Gunt:That makes no sense.

Crawling on his hands and knees now, the Messiah Pariah gets right in the face of the rising Harley and laughs sadistically at him. An angered Accelerator grabs him by the back of the mask suddenly- HEADBUTT! The bagged mask nearly flies off the face of Ataxia, but he backs up to regroup, just to be speared into the corner! Harley Hodge drives his shoulder again and again into the stomach of his now fierce rival, as he watches the outside of the ring intently to make sure the lumberjacks don't get involved again.

Two of the druids with their hoods still draped over their heads begin to move forward towards the ring, but the Shadow holds them back for the moment. It is at this time though that the former Impact champion Lance LaRusso has had enough, leaping up off the steel ring steps and attacking him from behind! LaRusso knocks down Shadow, stomping onto him viciously before the druids are finally able to pull him away.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, this IS getting crazy already!

Mike Rolash: Come on ref, do something about that coked up dummie!

With his arms in the air pointing at the outside of the ring, Hodge begins to yell at the official Clark Summits. He then takes a deep breath, cooling himself as the official calls for extra help to break up the fight on the outside of the ring. The Accelerator turns back towards his opponent, who not only leaps up at him- but off the second rope with a beautiful Cross Body Splash! The two men continue to roll, right back on their feet! And the crowd goes crazy! Harley charges at the Messiah Pariah again but he catches him and rolls over- BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX! Ataxia hurries for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Harvey Danger pulls Ataxia off of Harley, and all the way to the outside of the ring! The action gets even crazier as the

Shadow and the druids begin to approach, until TLS steps in and fists begin flying everywhere! The Lost Soul and a druid trade right hands before TLS gets the advantage, swinging him over with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker. Harvey clotheslines another druid, and another. Ataxia and the Shadow begin to come at them now though- NO! SUICIDE DIVE INTO THE ENTIRE CREW! HARLEY HODGE JUST KILLED HIMSELF!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: I usually tend to agree with the sold out crowd and this time is no different - that was a HOLY SHIT moment!

Mike Rolash: Nearly all of the lumberjacks have been taken out in one fell swoop! The old dog Harley needs to take advantage of this, this could be the only fair shot he's got to put away Ataxia!

Looking to do just that, Harley Hodge rolls the masked maniac into the ring and immediately goes in after him. He yanks his enemy up by his throat, furious as he tosses him several feet into the corner back-first! The Accelerator stalks over to his opponent, THE CUCKOO'S NEST! Ataxia is just about broken in half there! Harley wastes no time in pulling him away from the ropes, hooking the Messiah Pariah's leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: NO!! The druids are piling on top of Harley Hodge, this is NOT good!

Mike Rolash: The hell it isn't. This is awesome, Jimmy! The old man has it coming messing with the Forsaken!

One druid after another piles on top of Harley Hodge, pounding down on him after pushing him off of Ataxia. It seems like a million druids have somehow filled the ring, but in one sudden showing of strength- HARLEY HODGE PUSHES UP AND SENDS THEM ALL FLYING LIKE BOWLING PINS!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god! That was better than the Matrix!

Mike Rolash: That was pretty incredible. But now the old man and the maniac are face to face, man to man, who is

walking out with the victory now that all the baggage has been momentarily removed from the equation?

The Messiah Pariah throws a right hand, but Harley catches it and instead laces into the masked man with one of his own. Another right hand from the former World Heavyweight champion sends Ataxia staggering backward, prone to Harley who runs at him - NO! Ataxia side shifts and drop toe holds the Accelerator head-first into the bottom turnbuckle pad! He begins to stomp at him repeatedly in the corner. LEARN YOUR LESSON! The crazed Messiah Pariah pulls Hodge a foot or two away from the ropes and begins to climb. FALL OF ANGELS! The 450 Splash lands perfectly!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Is this it, Mike?

THREE!

NO!

Harley Hodge kicks out at the last possible second! The druids begin coming to their feet and try to come to the aid of Ataxia, but TLS, Harvey Danger and Lance LaRusso start pulling them out of the ring and laying into them! TLS and Harvey lift one up and hit a Double Flatliner. LaRusso swings his boot out- SUPERKICK! NO! The druid moves and he nails Harvey Danger flush!

Suddenly a man can be seen coming out from behind the curtain just as Ataxia grabs the fallen Hodge by the throat, it is Dorian Hawkhurst! Hawkhurst charges towards the ring, immediately taking out two druids with a double clothesline. Ataxia throws Hodge back down the canvas, screaming up the ramp at Dorian.

Jim Gunt: Well the message has clearly been delivered to Dorian earlier, and he doesn't seem to enjoy the mind-games of the Messiah Pariah!

Mike Rolash: I can't say I blame him, but why choose now to make a stance. We're in the middle of a match!

Jim Gunt: A match that has been riddled with interference and craziness from the very beginning, Mike, what the hell is the difference!

The momentary distraction allows Harley Hodge enough time to recover and get to his feet, turning around Ataxia and spiking him right on his head! THE ACCELERATOR DDT! And Hodge covers, the crowd counting along with every

second.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....HARLEY HODGE!!

"Under a Glass Moon" begins to play again as Dorian Hawkhurst backs up the ramp with a huge smile on his face, knowing that he got his revenge on the Messiah Pariah for his mind games earlier. Hodge crawls over to the ropes, pulling himself into a seated position to take a few deep breaths as he takes a look at all the destruction and bodies strewn across ringside.

Your Time Is Up

Match

As the lights are concentrated on the ring and the victor Harley Hodge, ten more hooded figures are silently making their way to the ring, surrounding it. Suddenly the music stops and the lights go out. The heptagram is flickering onto the mat, Hodge right in the centre of it, clearly unsure of what is happening. Four flames light up on top of the ring posts like torches and the druids are right around Hodge, who is frantically turning in circles to avoid any attack. He looks towards the outside of the ring to see, where the Highwaymen were or if Dorian was coming back, but there is nothing but darkness.

The druids begin a low chant and one of them steps forward in front of Hodge, slowly pulling back his hood. The look on The Shadow's face is grim as he raises his hand and beckons Hodge to come closer before making a swiping motion and the lights go off again. Just as sudden as it started, the druids' chant ends and when the lights come back on, the ring is empty.

Fade.

Amber Ryan vs. Elisha

Match

We cut to the fighting pit beneath the House of the Will. The pit is round, with walls that slope down like an inverted cone. At the top of the room near the ceiling are a series of openings.

A wide variety of weapons are hung on racks around the room, every kind of implement of physical domination, from steel chairs to barbed wire to kendo sticks. Amber enters the Pit to find Elisha already there.

Elisha: Bitch.

Amber: Childlike Empress.

There is no more need for words. Instead of the traditional ring bell, a deep gong sounds from somewhere in the bowels of the House of the Will. Each of the two darts to a weapon rack, not bothering with fisticuffs. Amber opts for a kendo stick, Elisha for a barbed-wire wrapped baseball bat. They charge into combat, and Amber nimbly ducks under Elisha's vicious swing of the baseball bat, cracking the back of the Moonchild's right knee with her kendo stick, then following up with a strike to the back of the head. Elisha manages to simply tank the strike, and whips around with the bat, catching Amber off guard with a vicious strike to her stomach. The Distorted Angel staggers backwards, the combination of blunt force and sharpness causing her to reel backwards. Elisha grins his manic grin and launches a flying knee to Amber's face.

Amber is again knocked down, and Elisha casually makes his way to the slopes that he must climb to win. Casually, for he does not believe for a second that he has put Amber down. Indeed, she climbs to her feet, plucks a glass bottle from a nearby rack, and throws it at Elisha. He dodges, but the glass shatters all around.

Elisha: Temper, temper.

Amber: Shut it, Captain Cuntknuckle.

She grabs a two-by-four from a nearby weapon rack, and advances on Elisha, more carefully this time. Elisha keeps a hold of his baseball bat, and the two circle. It is Amber who makes the first strike, striking in a vertical arc aiming for Elisha's head. He parries, but she swiftly kicks at the front of his knee, causing the Moonchild to buckle ever so slightly. Amber immediately capitalizes and swings the two-by-four at the side of Elisha's head, this time connecting fully. The Moonchild crumples and Amber makes to scramble up the sides of the room. It is harder than she expected, the walls seeming almost slick as well as steep. Before she has made it a third of the way up, she is struck on the back with a bottle thrown by an irate Elisha.

Elisha: Trying to escape, Bitch?

Amber (groaning): I was thinking about it.

Elisha: You'll have to do better than that.

Amber recovers from the unexpected strike to the back and, seeing the bottle unbroken, grabs it herself. She flings it at Elisha, seemingly recklessly. But as soon as he has casually dodged, she crash-tackles him - landing on the broken pieces of the bottle!

Amber: Better like that?

Elisha merely roars in pain, but he powers through the agony to grab Amber by the throat and pin her to the ground, choking her out as he does. As he mounts her in a Lou Thesz Press, we see the shards of glass that have embedded themselves in the Moonchild's back, some large, some small, all drawing blood.

Amber tries desperately to wriggle out of Elisha's extremely strong grip but is unable to power out. She attempts to knee him in the groin - no, he anticipates it. Finally, desperate, she looks around for a weapon - seeing a monkey wrench nearby, she grabs it and clocks Elisha over the temple! He is not brought down but is staggered slightly and releases his grip on her throat. She continues her assault, striking the top of his head - he again parries, but doing so causes damage to his arms, and leaves him open to yet another strike to his right knee! The Moonchild is brought to his knee, and Amber whacks him across the face with the wrench one more time for good measure.

This strike lays him out flat, and Amber gingerly makes her way to the edge of the Pit, attempting to climb once again. This time, she makes it almost halfway up - but is suddenly grabbed around the neck by a bullwhip! Elisha growls and yanks her back down, the whip releasing her but Amber being left in a violent coughing fit.

Elisha: I could get used to this. You not being able to talk. Not being able to mouth off. Not being able to disrespect me.

He brings down the whip and lashes Amber across the face. She screams in pain and he spits.

Elisha: This is all that a Bitch like you deserves.

He continues to rain down lashes with the bullwhip. Amber is able to move out of the way of some of the blows, but most hit home, leaving angry red welts or even blood in their wake.

Amber: I kicked your ass once, you know - and you're really stupid enough to come back for more?

Elisha: Your ignorance blinds you to reality. The Moonchild does not lose. Even when I don't win, I don't lose. I learn. I adapt. I resist. I fight. And, sooner or later, I win.

He stops and readies his whip for a final strike.

Elisha: Now, you succumb to my Will.

As he brings the whip down with a roar, Amber grabs a pool cue for a weapon rack and uses it to catch the whip! The whip wraps around the cue and Amber is able to pull it forward, out of

Elisha's hands, pulling the Moonchild off balance. She springs to her feet and cracks him across the temple with the pool cue, knocking him to the ground once again. Amber falls to her knee as well, still coughing.

Amber: I succumb to what now?

She does not attempt to escape the Pit this time. She knows that she's in too rough shape, she needs a minute to recover, and the Moonchild will not stay down long. She opts to use the time she has to scan the weapon racks, noting which implements are where, making contingency plans. Sure enough, Elisha rises to his feet, and Amber readies her pool cue, preparing for the Moonchild's attack.

Elisha: Very clever, Bitch. You always did have a tongue on you. Maybe I'll cut it out.

He grabs a steel chair and charges her. Amber makes to strike him down with her pool cue, but the force of the swing of the chair snaps the cue in half, and still manages to hit Amber, though not as hard as intended. She's knocked to the ground but rolls backwards and springs to her feet, darting over to a weapon rack she noted to have a lead pipe - not an ideal weapon because of its weight, but good against a steel chair. She readies herself for Elisha's next charge, and this time counter-strikes his chair attack with her pipe, bending the chair; next comes the swift kick to the right knee she's been working the entire match. Elisha is brought low, but immediately recovers, putting Amber into a rear-naked choke!

She struggles to get loose of the powerful arms of the Moonchild around her throat, kicking at his right knee - but to no avail, the angle isn't right and his knee is too close to properly strike it. Desperate, she steps forward, inching closer to another weapon rack, Elisha maintaining the hold. Finally she reaches what she wants.

Amber: I'm going to regret this...

She plunges her hand into a bag of thumbtacks, grabbing a handful - and plants it into Elisha's temple!

Elisha roars in pain and releases the hold, and Amber isn't much better off. Some of the thumbtacks have implanted themselves in her hand, and she winces in pain as she grabs a steel chair of her own, driving it down onto Elisha's forehead. This time the Moonchild goes down hard, crashing to the ground and not obviously being ready to get back up.

Amber is in excruciating pain and still recovering from Elisha's relentless assault on her throat. But she knows this is her best chance to escape the Pit, so she staggers to the edge and begins to clamber up.

The walls are steep, and her going is slow, since now every time she plants her right hand on the ground, the wounds from the thumbtacks cry out in pain. But nevertheless, she persists. She is halfway up and climbing before she hears a

chilling sound.

Elisha (sing-song): And when I awoke, I was alone, this bird had flown...

She attempts to scramble the rest of the way but stops short when pieces fall into place of what's to come. The slickness of the walls. The lyrics of the song.

What was on the rack that she left Elisha next to.

Elisha (sing-song): So, I lit a fire...

Amber springs off the walls of the Pit as Elisha throws a Molotov cocktail at the slope, the petroleum that the walls were soaked in now catching alight.

Elisha (normal): Isn't it good?

The Pit beneath the House of the Will is now lit up with spectacular flames, and it becomes almost painfully hot. Elisha seems unfazed as he rises to his feet. Amber, who had landed on all fours, climbs to her feet as well, clutching her right hand. She cracks her neck and stares down the Moonchild, who grins.

Amber: Should've known you'd end up being desperate enough to pull shit like this. Poor widdle Moonchild, can't stand the idea of losing. Again.

Elisha: Shut your mouth, Bitch.

Amber: Or what? You'll cut out my tongue? Big words. You can't back it up against me.

Elisha: We will see.

He advances, pulling a fluorescent light tube from a nearby rack. Amber readies herself, taking up a steel chair of her own. As Elisha swings the tube, she ducks under it, and makes to target his knee again - but Elisha anticipates the move, dodging it and shattering the tube across Amber's head!

Amber withstands the blow but Elisha immediately follows up with a massive left hand to her face, knocking her to the ground. Then, in a move no-one expected to see in this match, he applies an armbar! But his motivation becomes clear - he has grabbed her hand that is still tender from the punctures of the thumbtacks. He winds up, carefully - and

punches Amber directly in the hand! She screams in pain and he does it again and again. She is bent almost double from the armbar, the pain in her hand almost unbearable.

She sees the fallen wrench nearby, and in desperation grabs it and swings at Elisha's knee! The Moonchild is distracted with the intoxication of violence and is unable to block the massive blunt force hitting his already injured knee. He buckles, releasing the armbar and freeing Amber to scurry over to the far side of the Pit. She needs time to recover, and making Elisha chase her can only benefit her at this stage. She sees a bottle of rubbing alcohol, intended for setting a nearby cloth-wrapped chair alight. Instead she takes the cloth from the chair and,

gritting her teeth, pours the alcohol onto her hand, sterilizing the wounds from the thumbtacks. She screams in pain as she does so but is able to hastily bind the wound with the cloth from the chair.

Elisha makes his way to her, slowly. Amber has gotten significant offence to his knee, and he is now limping. The flames around the Pit have now died down, though the slopes still glow red with heat. Amber leans on the rack, seemingly exhausted. Elisha grins and advances, picking up a wrench of his own.

Elisha: Your Will is stronger than I gave you credit for, Bitch. But it cannot compare to mine.

Ignoring the pain in his knee through sheer willpower, he runs at her, readying the wrench to strike. But then we see why Amber was really leaning on the rack - to don a barbed-wire-wrapped cricket glove! She is ready for his attack and jabs him in the face, causing the Moonchild to reel. She grabs a nearby kendo stick and whacks him across the knee, the face, and finally the back of the head, laying him out. But when she looks to the slopes, they are still glowing, far too hot to attempt to climb, even with gloves. She looks for water, ice, any sort of liquid (that won't cause more fire). Seeing none, she begins to think, to improvise. She gathers all the steel chairs she can find, and binds them together with barbed wire, vertically, end to end. After it is done she has a collection of chairs nearly ten feet long, and she lays it out flat along the sloping wall of the Pit.

Just as she is done laying down the makeshift floor, though, she turns to look back at Elisha, only to find herself facing an entire rack of weapons being bodily thrown at her! She is caught completely off guard and desperately tries to wriggle out from under the rack as Elisha advances, menacingly holding his barbed-wire baseball bat.

Elisha: Thou shalt kill those who would stand against your Will, the Will of the Institute that guides you and the Founder who taught you. Gods and angels, devils and demons, all shall submit to thy power. This is the word of the Founder.

Amber is only halfway out from under the rack as Elisha reaches her.

Elisha: Thanks for the way out, Bitch. Be seeing you.

He raises the bat and swings downwards - but before he can complete the strike, Amber draws the sledgehammer she'd been concealing under the rack, swinging into Elisha's knee! As he buckles, she swings the hammer with a

guttural roar, slamming into his temple and knocking him unconscious.

Amber: That was for Dan, you son of a bitch.

Amber extracts herself from under the rack and clambers up the chair-ladder out of the Pit. She makes her way into the ducts and begins moving forward. She's in pain. Almost every inch of her body is either bruised or bleeding, and the tight journey through the narrow shaft is not doing her any favors.

She finally reaches the elevator lobby, a cold concrete room with no decorations, in stark contrast to the lavish hotel she knows to be above this place. Ahead, the elevator that will take her out of here. On either side of the room, unadorned doors with simple plaques above them. As she reaches the elevator doors, however, she stops before pressing the button, remembering something. She glances at one of the plaques. "AM6000-6999". It takes her a moment, but everything clicks.

Amber: Oh, fuck me...

She pulls away from the elevator and enters through the door.

Amber: I'm going to regret this...

She makes her way down the corridor, passing by endless, featureless grey. Abruptly, the dullness is broken by a pair of doors, one on each side of the corridor, each accompanied by an intercom and a thumbprint scanner. She goes to the one on the left. As she approaches, the door opens.

Behind it stands a young man, thin, his face covered in tiny cuts, eyes dull. He stares at Amber incredulously.

Amber: Anthony MacMillan?

Anthony: Who are you?

Amber: No time to explain. Come with me.

Anthony: Fuck you!

Suddenly, Anthony MacMillan jumps forward and tackles Amber to the ground, smashing her in the face with his fists, opening fresh wounds on top of wounds. Anthony stands, as Elisha approaches, smirking as he notes Amber's prone

body. The two of them pick her up and hurl her bodily into the cell.

Elisha presses his thumb against the thumbprint scanner. The door behind to close. Amber lurches to her feet, making her way to the door just in time for it to close, screaming.

Elisha and Anthony MacMillan make their way down the corridor, heading straight to the elevators. They enter together. Anthony MacMillan presses the button, taking them back to the surface.

He smiles, his face a mess of cuts and bruises and missing teeth.

Anthony: I follow the Moonchild.

Taking Care of Business

Match

Tara Robinson is shown standing in a backstage hallway, microphone in hand. She lifts to her lips and begins to speak.

Tara Robinson: Hello, CWF Universe. I am Tara Robinson and I am back here hoping to get a word with CWF CEO Ryan Sunset on how he feels about the Modern Warfare pay per view so far and how it has played out.

Tara knocks on the closed door of Sunset's office, but Jace Valentine is the one that bursts through from the other side. Tara looks shocked at the arrival of the Host with the Most, but Jace quickly makes his presence felt.

Jace Valentine: Sunset thought Jace was afraid to take him out. Sunset thought that Jace was afraid to get his hands dirty. Oh no, that just goes to show you.... Sunset don't know Jace. I'm here. I'm taking back my title by any means necessary. This is Jace Valentine's world. I'm at Modern Warfare and I'm taking care of some damn business, baby!

Jace winks and struts off towards the other end of the locker room tunnel with Tara just shaking her head. Moments later, the office door opens again. This time, Sunset makes his way out, clearly distraught and in a huff. His hair is a mess and he is clutching at his back as he notices Tara's presence.

Ryan Sunset: I'm done playing around. I'm done with these fools thinking they run the game. Alert Gunt and Rolash. The main event tonight will be have a guest referee, friend. I will be at ringside myself to wear that jersey. They will know EXACTLY who the CEO of CWF is, I promise you that. They will know who calls the shots and makes the rules around here. This is MY company.

Tara nods, slightly frightened by Sunset's demeanor.

Fade.

Alex Cain vs. Jarvis King

Match

Mike Rolash: This is a whirlwind of a PPV, The Forsaken kidnapping Harley Hodge, Amber escaping Elisha's hellhole, but now she is trapped, Ryan Sunset guest refereeing the main event, next thing that will happen is you sprouting wings and flying off!

Jim Gunt: I wish, Mike, I wish, you have no idea!

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a Steel Cage Match! This match can be won by pinfall, submission, escaping through the door, or climbing over the top with both feet touching the floor!

The Target Center explodes in anticipation of the contest that is about to take place between the two Hall of Famers! The steel cage lowers into place setting firmly around the ring. Clark Summits stands inside of the cage, ready to call the action.

Jim Gunt: Mike, this match is one that I have really been looking forward to!

Mike Rolash: C'mon Jimmy it's Cain vs King II, what could be better than this? You add in the factor of the cage, mayhem is about to ensue my friend.

"Crawling" by Linkin Park hits and the sounds of booing nearly drown out the vocals, the revving of a motorcycle can be heard before the Living Legend makes his presence felt. Cain swings through the curtain, the cycle going at full boar as he flies down, finally parking it beside the ring. Cain holds his hands in the air as he walks up the steps and through the cage door. Cain studies the cage, pulling on the fencing, making sure it's nice and sturdy.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from London, England, he is the Living Legend....ALEX CAIN!!

Jim Gunt: Cain looks ready for battle Mike!

Mike Rolash: One thing you don't do, and that's mess with a man's family. Jarvis might as well pick a plot and start digging!

The lights in the arena go down, and the capacity crowd on hand gets to its feet as the opening lick of "Hello Timebomb" by Matthew Good Band plays. A single, bare lightbulb descends from the rafters, in the middle of the stage.

I found me a reason...

As the song continues to build, more and more lightbulbs descend around the stage, giving an eerie, ambient glow to the stage. As the song begins to reach a crescendo, smoke pours from the entranceway, and in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen:

Some men are born great

Some achieve greatness

But only one man is Jarvis J. King

The crowd explodes in rapturous acclaim, as the lights in the arena come back on with a bang. From the smoke emerges The Internet Icon, with a towel across his shoulders and a wry smirk on his face. He raises his right arm and begins to saunter confidently to the ring, with a steely determination in his eyes.

Ray Douglas: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Weighing in at 240 lbs, this is Jarvis King!

The crowd roars their approval as Jarvis slides into the ring, through the cage door, and rolls to his feet. Grabbing his towel as he stands, Jarvis walks to his corner and climbs to the middle turnbuckle, and raises both arms in a salute to the fans.

Jim Gunt: It's great to see the Internet Icon back in a CWF ring. He hasn't been seen around here for several months, rehabbing his neck after the devastating injury at the hands of Colton Mace.

Mike Rolash: I think I'm starting to miss that guy.

Clark calls for the bell as the Minneapolis fans are electric! Alex Cain and Jarvis King stand across the ring from each other, neither man moving an inch. King bounces side to side on the balls of his feet. Meanwhile, Cain stands in his corner, a look of pure rage forming within his eyes. Jarvis motions for Cain to bring it, Cain never the type to back down, heads straight for the Internet Icon!

Cain inches closer to King who smiles as he gets closer. Cain suddenly stops in his tracks, flipping off King, he turns and heads for the cage door trying to go for the early escape. Jarvis curses to himself as he gives chase after the Living Legend. It's all a ploy though, because as soon as King is close enough. Cain turns around and decks him with a right hand, sending the Ethernet Enigma to the canvas. Jarvis makes it quickly to his feet, but catches another right hand for his troubles, dropping King to the mat once more! Jarvis sits up on the mat, scooting backwards, as Cain screams for him to get up.

Jim Gunt: Mind games from the Living Legend there Mike, he baited Jarvis in!

Mike Rolash: I can't believe he fell for it, but he got exactly what he deserved.

Jarvis is back to his feet quickly, staring daggers into Cain. Cain advances towards King, looking to inflict more damage. He swings a right hook towards King, but he ducks underneath it. Cain turns around only to be nailed with an uppercut, Cain stumbles back a bit, he recovers quickly, but King catches him again across the face with a slap! The big man now infuriated, rushes King scooping him off his feet and driving him back first into the corner turnbuckles!

Alex Cain begins to unload on King with lefts and rights to the body. Jarvis tries to cover up but the punches are coming fast and hard. Cain continues to throw hard blows until King has no other choice but to slump down into the corner. Cain, though, brings him right back up by his hair, shoving him back into the corner. Cain raises his leg, putting his boot across the throat of the Internet Icon, choking him viciously! The crowd show their disapproval, booing Cain furiously! He pays them no mind though, continuing to choke King with his foot!

Jim Gunt: This could really be bad for Jarvis King, especially with his neck problems!

Mike Rolash: You ask me, the prick is getting exactly what he deserves. You never stick your nose in other people's affairs!

Cain finally releases his grip, causing King to drop to the mat coughing violently. He also grabs at the back of his neck, trying to find comfort from the damage that was just inflicted. The Living Legend stalks his prey like a vulture, he pulls Jarvis up by his hair to his feet once more. He stares King dead in his eyes yelling, "Where's Cambria!?" Jarvis only replies back with a smile. This angers the big man, he violently yanks the hair of King leading him towards the cage, looking to throw Jarvis into it! King puts the brakes on though, grabbing onto the ropes to prevent any damage taking place.

Jarvis nails Cain in the face with a back elbow, once, twice, three times! Sending Cain staggering back, King quickly turns, running at Cain and connecting with a leg lariat! However, Cain only staggers a bit more, Jarvis again to his feet, nails him once more with a leg lariat! Cain stumbles right into the ropes bouncing off them. King seizes the opportunity and blasts Cain right across the ear with a STEP UP ENZUIGIRI! Cain goes tumbling to the canvas as Jarvis hooks his leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Cain launches the body of King off him breaking the count! King as agile as a cat though, lands on his feet! Cain tries to quickly make it to his feet, but he only takes a SUPERKICK to the face for his troubles!

Jim Gunt: What a kick by King! I think age is really gonna play a factor here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Are you serious? Alex Cain is the Living Legend for a reason Jimmy!

King begins to stomp on the downed body of Cain, even choosing to kick him in the ribs a few times. The last kick is caught, though, by Cain, Jarvis hops up and down on his free leg, as Cain rises to his feet. He throws the foot of King down and throws a vicious clothesline at him! King catches his arm though, flipping backwards over the body of Cain landing on his feet! King shoots a boot to the gut of Cain doubling him over, Jarvis grabs him by the neck and takes him down with a SPINNING NECKBREAKER! Jarvis once more goes for a pin as Clark slides in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICK OUT! Jarvis doesn't let up with the assault raining down right hands into the skull of Cain!

Jarvis makes it back to his feet, and points towards the cage as the crowd erupts! Looking for the early escape, King moves towards the cage and begins to climb it! His feet are right above the top ropes as his leg is suddenly grabbed by Cain who is trying to prevent him from going any further. King tries to kick him off, but Cain has a tight grip! Cain throws King's leg as hard as he can backwards, causing King to lose balance, releasing his grip from the cage! Jarvis goes flying through the air landing directly onto the shoulders of Cain! Cain holds him there for a minute walking towards the middle of ring, he swings the Internet Icon off, FIREMAN'S CARRY DDT! The crowd let's out a collective "OH!" from the impact to King's neck!

Jim Gunt: Did you see the way Jarvis' neck just folded there?

Mike Rolash: The Internet Icon might be in a dangerous spot here now!

Cain leans back onto Jarvis going for the cover as Clark makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

King is able to escape the pin before Clark's hand could make the final count. Jarvis grabs his neck in pain as Cain sits beside him laughing. Cain gets to feet, yanking King back up to his as well. Keeping a tight grip of King's hair, Cain hurls the Internet Icon head first into the steel cage! King's neck twist violently as his body slides between the cage and the ropes! The crowd screams in horror, Cain pays them no mind though.

Jim Gunt: Oh My God! How can Jarvis recover from that?

Mike Rolash: I really don't know Jim but this is vicious side of Cain none of us expected.

Cain drags the body of King back through the ropes. The rage in his eyes shows a man who wants to inflict pain and nothing else. Cain hooks King, driving him neck first into the canvas with a SAMBO SUPLEX! He doesn't go for the pin however, bringing him to his feet once more. Cain grabs King by the hair yet again, tossing him once again into the cage! The Target Center boos relentlessly as Cain merely flips them off, garnering more jeers from the crowd!

Cain stalks over towards Jarvis who is using the cage to pull himself up to his feet. Cain grabs him from behind, blasting him with a crossface! He nails a few more before pushing King's face into the cage raking it from side to side across the wire fencing. Blood begins to leak from a cut that's now across the forehead of King! Cain smiles at his handiwork, releasing his grip as Jarvis slumps down. Cain brings him up once more, turning him around, hooking King in a facelock. He drags the body of King over the top rope, his legs dangling from the ropes!

Mike Rolash: I think we're about to see King have his career ended here!

Alex Cain looks to be going for THE FALLEN, but Jarvis King finds energy from some unknown source, using his feet to spring off the cage and twist behind the body of the Living Legend! King hooks him in a reverse waistlock and drives Cain into the mat with a GERMAN SUPLEX! The crowd explodes with cheers for their hero as he holds on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jarvis looks worse for wear as he holds his neck, making it back to his feet, using the corner turnbuckle for help. Cain is back to his feet also making a beeline for King. King sees him coming, catching him with a Dropkick to the knee! Sending Cain crashing face first into the middle turnbuckle!

Cain holds his head as he rises in the corner, when he finally makes it to his feet, King comes charging in blasting Cain with a YAKUZA KICK! Jarvis rolls him up for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!!

Cain rolls through the kickout to his knees, catching another SUPERKICK for his troubles! King drops to the mat as well exhausted and hurting from the brutal battle.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King fighting with everything he has left in his body, refusing to stay down!

Mike Rolash: He's not a Hall of Famer for nothing! We've been watching this man for years. We all know what he is capable of.

Both men begin to stir around in the ring as the crowd wills them both back into this match!

"LET'S GO CAIN!"

"LET'S GO KING!"

"LET'S GO CAIN!"

"LET'S GO KING!"

The two legends finally make it to their feet, rushing towards each other like battering rams! They come to ahead blasting each other with right hands! The crowd eating up every moment, Cain gains the advantage nailing King with brutal rights. Cain swings once more, but King dodges, hooks Cain and sends him crashing to the mat with an URANAGE! King hooks the leg for a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KICKOUT!!

King slaps the mat in frustration telling Clark to count faster! He heads for the cage once more choosing to climb up once again. He slowly climbs the cage, his neck giving him trouble every time he reaches up. Cain now gives chase climbing the cage also, latching onto King's leg pulling himself side by side with the Internet Icon! The veterans exchange punches back and forth, with neither man gaining the advantage. Cain strikes King hard dazing him, but King recovers quickly nailing Cain, dazing him also! Both men soon connect with simultaneous shots that send the both of them crashing hard to the canvas!

Jim Gunt: The way this match is going, it's hard to tell who's gonna come out on top!

Mike Rolash: These two want to absolutely destroy each other, I hope they fight forever!

Both men stay down, as the fans go insane inside of the Target Center!

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Both competitors slowly begin to stir, Cain being the closest to the cage door begins to crawl towards it. Jarvis slowly crawls behind Cain in pursuit. The cage door is opened by an official standing on the outside. Cain reaches out and grabs the edge of the apron, trying to pull himself out of the cage. King launches his body onto the legs of Cain using his body weight to hold the big man down. Cain tries to fight him off, but Jarvis manages to twist Cain's legs up, applying his weight once more. He elbows Cain across his left shoulder blade, forcing him to release his grip on the apron. King grabs Cain's arm throwing it behind him and locking Cain into the ROYAL MUTILATION!

Cain screams out in pain, reaching back with his free arm, trying to claw at the fingers of Jarvis! The only thing Cain can do is watch as the cage door is closed in his face! Jarvis pulls back with everything he has yelling for Cain to tap! But the Living Legend continues to claw away at his hand. He finally decides to use his larger frame to his advantage, twisting his body, applying more pressure to himself. He then rakes the eyes of King forcing him to release his grip! King stumbles to his feet rubbing his eyes, the blood from his earlier cut making it hard to do so! Cain gets to a vertical base, advancing towards King, who spins around blasting Cain with a SPINNING BACKFIST! Cain spins around as King grabs him once more STRAIGHTJACKET GERMAN SUPLEX! He holds on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Cain kicked out! A look of disbelief is plastered on the Ethernet Enigma's face.

Jim Gunt: HOW THE FUCK CAIN KICKED OUT OF THAT!

Mike Rolash: Wow! We don't get to hear you talk like that often.

Jarvis rests on his knees, pulling his hair out of his face, the blood from his cut starting to dry. Jarvis tells the crowd it's over. He grabs the rising Cain from behind, hooking him for another Straightjacket German Suplex! Cain spins out though, holding on to Jarvis' arm, VENGEANCE IS SWEET! Clothesline after clothesline has King reeling, with the final clothesline sending King twisting through the air, crashing hard on his neck into the canvas! Cain slumps down on top of Jarvis for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jarvis was able to get the shoulder up! The crowd are to their feet now as Cain slowly makes it to his! He looks around to the crowd, who are really showing their dislike for him. He brings Jarvis up hooking him for the Annihilator! Cain lifts Jarvis up, but Jarvis comes back to life! He punches at the head of Cain as he stumbles around! Jarvis flips backwards going for a HURACANRANA! But Cain blocks the maneuver himself, holding his base and King! The Living Legend brings him back up and takes off running towards the steel cage! He releases the body of King as he goes FLYING THROUGH THE CAGE KNOCKING IT OFF THE HINGES, THE WHOLE SIDE TILTING OVER, LANDING ON THE GUARDRAIL!

Jim Gunt: HOLY SHIT!!

Mike Rolash: HOLY SHIT!!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Cain stands there in shock from the raw strength he still possessed. He then turns to head for the cage door but he stops and decides against it! He yells, "I'm not done with him yet!" Cain heads for the unmoved body of Jarvis King! He climbs out onto the apron, stepping onto the wire fencing, making his way towards his prone victim. He finally reaches King, hooking him once again, ANNIHILATOR THROUGH CAGE! The fencing gives way as both men come crashing down through it! The bell rings as Ray Douglas makes the official announcement!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, with both feet touching the floor! THE LIVING LEGEND!! ALEX CAIN!

Cain lays on the floor, with King legs draped on top of him! He pushes King off top of him slowly making it to his feet. Raising his arm into the air, to a Target Center who has no choice but to give him respect!

Juan Ignacio Cimarron: ¡Oh Dios mío! ¡Cain lo hizo! ¡Qué partido tan increíble!

Gabriel Mendoza: ¡A través de la jaula, King tiene suerte de estar vivo, la leyenda viva ha prevalecido!

Mike Rolash: This match HAS to be added to the Book of Legends right this very moment, an absolutely incredible show of strength, will and pure insanity!

Jim Gunt: Someone should maybe check, if King is still breathing...

Stolen Identity

Match

In the back, Jarvis King is walking with a towel around his neck. Obviously exhausted and sore from his earlier match, he still has a smile on his face as he wipes the sweat from his forehead. Tara Robinson catches up to him, microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: Jarvis, do you have a second?

Jarvis stops and flicks his hair back with a smirk.

Jarvis King: For you, Tara? Two seconds.

Tara Robinson: You've just been through a hellacious steel cage match. You must be beaten, and bruised...yet you're here, in the back, with a smile on your face. Why?

Jarvis King: You know...it's funny. Tonight wasn't ever really about the win or the loss. It wasn't about Alex Cain. It wasn't about Cambria, whose position is being made clear to Cain's cronies now, by the way. Tonight was about Jarvis King. It was about, win, lose, or draw, getting back to feeling like myself, and I gotta say that...

Jarvis's attention is suddenly drawn elsewhere, off screen.

Jarvis King: Hey...what the hell?

The camera follows his gaze, to see a man wearing a Solstice mask.

Jim Gunt: That's...that's a Solstice mask, but...

Mike Rolash: Jarvis King is Solstice! What the hell?!

The man – Solstice – starts to leave, and Jarvis gives chase. The cameraman does his best to keep up, and manages to catch Solstice as he goes through a double-door out of the arena. Just behind him is Jarvis King, and the feed cuts to a different camera in the parking lot area.

Jarvis, runs into the area from the door, and looks around for Solstice. He doesn't seem to be anywhere, and Jarvis looks around with his hands on his hips. From out of the shadows, the masked man sneaks up on Jarvis and hits him in the right knee with a tire iron, and King goes down with a yelp.

Jim Gunt: Oh my god!

Positioning his back to the camera, Solstice stands over Jarvis, who has rolled over to his back. Solstice gets right in Jarvis's face, and rolls up the mask, revealing who he is to Jarvis and Jarvis alone. King's eyes widen and he shouts out in anger.

Jarvis King: You son of a bitch! Why?!

Solstice rolls the mask down and reaches into his pocket, and retrieves a can of mace. He sprays it in Jarvis's eyes, blinding the Internet Icon. Suddenly Solstice pulls out a fork and grabs Jarvis in hard by the hair, threatening to jab it into his eye! Just as Solstice is about to permanently disfigure King, a battery of trainers and EMTs arrive on the scene. Solstice, whoever he is, slinks away as Jarvis writhes in pain on the pavement.

Fade.

Jace Valentine vs. Duce Jones

Match

IN THE SHADOWS WHERE THE HEADS HANG LOW

YOU HEAR VOICES AS THE WIND BLOWS

ASKING 'CAN'T YOU SEE?'

The opening guitar riffs to Alkaline Trio's "We've had Enough" make their way through the air waves of the CWF arena as the fans are buzzing with excitement.

Jim Gunt: Jace is coming and he's had enough!

Mike Rolash: What gives you that idea? And what kind of chance in hell do you think Jace has tonight with Sunset out here as the referee? It's over already!

Moments pass and we see no sign of Jace coming down the entrance ramp. The music cuts and a lone spotlight shines up in the rafters, where Jace Valentine is standing with a microphone, high above the head of Sunset and the capacity crowd that are on their feet roaring with applause. Jace raises the microphone to his mouth with a coy smile.

Jace Valentine: Hello, boys and girls. Welcome to the buzz-saw, welcome to the glass ceiling. Welcome to the Jace Valentine show and through hell or high water I take that championship back!

The crowd is in a frenzy!

Mike Rolash: Sit down and calm down, Jim, you're acting like a kid out here!

Jace grabs a bungee cord and latches it to his belt as he makes his descent into the ring, locking eyes with Sunset on his way down. Jace glares at the striped shirt that Sunset has worn to the ring, the referee black and white that will decide the ultimate outcome to the ultimate match.

Ray Douglas: Your challenger, at 5'10" and weighing in at 235 pounds. From Montreal, Quebec, the King of Canadian Controversy....JACE VALENTINE!!

Yannick Moreau: Le roi de la controverse est arrivé et il ne prendra pas non pour une réponse!

Pierre Robitaille: Mais Sunset en tant qu'arbitre invité change complètement la dynamique et pas pour le mieux!

An orange glow takes over the Target Center as the fans begin to go crazy with anticipation. The opening melody of "Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates begins to play over the sound system. Fog begins to fill the stage area as a ring of fire ignites in the middle of the stage. Duce Jones slowly emerges from beneath the stage through the flames.

Just got the word from above, placing my heart in this message

Evil is after you soul, people smart with deceptions

Keep the sharp observation, allowing no infiltration

Of those you let in your circle

They get the chance, they gon hurt you

Duce finally comes to a stop as the flames burn around him. His back is towards the crowd, but the CWF World Heavyweight Championship is draped over his right shoulder facing them.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, weighing in at 205 lbs, from Jonesboro, Arkansas! He is the CWF World Heavyweight Champion....DUCE JONES!!

Duce turns towards the crowd taking the title from his shoulder and raising it proudly in the air, garnering a huge ovation from the crowd. He begins to make his way towards the ring not once taking his eyes off Jace. With a fixated glare within his eyes, he strolls right past the outstretched hands of fans. Making it to the ring, he hops onto the apron, stepping through the ropes. He comes face to face with Jace, staring a hole through the soul of his challenger. Duce backs up and heads for a corner, climbing it and raising the World title once more in the air, to the admiration of the fans.

Taking one last long look at his CWF World Heavyweight Championship, the Unstoppable Upstart reluctantly hands the golden championship over to Sunset. The same gold he won two rounds ago when he shocked Harley Hodge and the world. Duce Jones, the youngest World champion in the illustrious history of the company, stands eye to eye with Jace Valentine, one of the most decorated champions of all time. The fans inside the Target Center are absolutely electric as they stomp down on the concrete below them, clapping their hands and screaming out tandem chants for both Jace and Duce.

"LET'S GO JACE!"

"LET'S GO DUCE!"

"LET'S GO JACEHOLE!"

"LET'S GO DUCE!"

Jim Gunt: This moment is incredible Mike, this is what we have all been waiting for!

Mike Rolash: You're absolutely right, Jimbo! Thirty two of the very best competitors inside CWF and out converged together for one hell of a historic tournament...and these are the last two men standing!

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones, the man who has taken CWF by storm ever since the moment he walked into this company winning a fatal fourway highly favored for the then Impact champion Tristan Kancer to win!

Mike Rolash: Tristan Kancer...who the hell is that?

Jim Gunt: Anyway, like I was trying to say, Duce Jones has blazed a path of glory ever since. He became the Academy champion, never once being pinned or submitted his entire career, and then of course defeated the Accelerator to become the reigning and defending World champion!

Ryan Sunset struts his way over to both the World Heavyweight champion and challengers corners, making sure to do his obligatory reading of the rules to both competitors before getting ready to start what could be potentially the biggest match of both men's lives.

Mike Rolash: You talk a lot about Duce Jones and his ascent to the top of CWF, Jimmy, but what about Jace Valentine? The guy has been beaten, brutalized in a car accident that we now know Ryan Sunset caused, and screwed along the way by the Eternals the entire time.

Jim Gunt: I'm glad you finally see the truth Mike, about time you stop sugarcoating everything!

Mike Rolash: Oh shit...you don't think Ryan heard me do you?

The excitement inside the Target Center once again comes to a peak as the competitors finally come to the middle of the ring, neither one showing even a slight hint of fear as the bell sounds. Ryan Sunset backs up as Jace Valentine launches a right hand to the champion, but Jones catches it and elbows him instead. Holding onto his jaw with slanted eyes, Valentine backs up to regroup. This brings a bright smile to the face of Duce Jones, who points to his head as if to say he already has the challenger outsmarted. The True Era of Arrogance shakes his head at him and runs at him, but Jones ducks under and back body drops him halfway across the ring!

Jim Gunt: I think Duce Jones has gotten into the head of the challenger a little bit in the early going of this match, this is

definitely not what Valentine wants!

Mike Rolash: Jace is the Overnight Submission Specialist, Jimmy, there is no getting in the mind of Valentine. After everything the man has been through, Jones' mind-games are the least of his worries!

Calling his opponent back to his feet, Duce Jones waits for Valentine to get back up before popping him with an atomic drop. He attempts an Irish whip but Jace Valentine holds on, slamming him with a shoulder block before reversing him into the ropes. Valentine cartwheels towards him before backflipping into the air- **CATCHING DUCE JONES ON THE WAY DOWN WITH A STUNNER!**

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: Wow! Incredible maneuver from the Jace That Runs the Place, I have never seen anything quite like that!

Mike Rolash: What did I tell you, Jace is right back on the offensive now. The champion could be in trouble!

Jim Gunt: Only if Valentine can stay on him, and he looks to be doing just that right now!

Jace Valentine drops a legdrop right across the neck of the defending World champion before pulling him off the canvas into a sleeper hold. As Duce begins to fight out of the sleeper and pull himself to his feet, Valentine rethinks his strategy, instead wrapping his legs around Duce Jones like a vice and pulling him down into a triangle body scissors! A look of struggle comes across the face of Jones as he reaches out for the ropes that are too far in the distance. Moments pass by and as Valentine pulls and tugs, it looks like Jones' strength may be dwindling!

Jim Gunt: Come on Duce!

Mike Rolash: Here he comes! The champion is hitting a second wind!

Indeed Duce Jones seems to come to life all of a sudden, as a few well placed elbows break the grip of his opponent. Rolling away from the Jace That Runs the Place, the World champion takes a few deep breaths and pulls himself to his feet. Duce eyes up the rising Valentine, springing forward to take him out with a rising knee!-NO! Jace Valentine sidesteps the knee, spinning the Kid That Never Dies through the air in an instant. **BLUE THUNDER DRIVER!** The crowd erupts into cheers as Valentine holds on for the first cover of the night. Sunset casually drops to the mat, taking his time with the pin count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones with a hard kickout, swinging his feet right into the face of Valentine!

Mike Rolash: Obviously Duce feels like he has something to prove after how badly the Jace has been discrediting his wins lately.

Jim Gunt: I hope Duce finally shuts up the Jace That Never Stops Running His Face myself.

Mike Rolash: Oh, shut up! You were his biggest fan last week!

After kicking up into the jaw of the Beta Block finalist, Jones breaks out of the cover and gets back to his feet, springing right into the ropes. Jace Valentine leap drops over him once, turns back around and attempts to do the same a second time but JONES LEAPS UP AND SPEARS RIGHT THROUGH HIM! A loud "Duce!" chant breaks out through the sold out audience as the champion rolls over the body of Valentine, laying himself over him for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! VALENTINE KICKS OUT!

Duce glares over at Sunset in disbelief.

Jim Gunt: What a spear there from the champion, but it wasn't quite enough to get the job done.

Mike Rolash: You have to hook both legs, Jimmy, a rare rookie mistake being shown by Duce Jones.

Jim Gunt: Well the man is only twenty two years of age. He may be a second generation superstar, but he is also one of the fastest rising superstars in CWF history! He's bound to make a mistake or two along the way, however, being that he is still a little green in this business.

Mike Rolash: And that's exactly my point. One major mistake and it could all be over, Jimmy, Jones needs to stay on

Valentine here and put a nail in the coffin of the former Host with the Most!

Pulling Jace Valentine up to his feet by his arm, the Kid That Never Dies yanks him in right into a rising knee! The knee clearly rocks the True Era of Arrogance, as he staggers backwards, shaking his head to try to clear the cobwebs. But Duce Jones is right back in with another rising knee- no! Valentine dodges and shoves Jones hard from behind, the knee of the champion smashing against the turnbuckle pads! The eyes of Jace Valentine immediately light up as he sees Jones holding onto his knee and staggering around awkwardly. Valentine smiles, making his way over to the World champion but he leaps up in an instant- D-TRIGGA RISING KNEE KNOCKS VALENTINE INTO NEXT YEAR!

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones was feigning an injury, playing possum!

Mike Rolash: What a genius! Jones getting in the head of Valentine a little bit, I like it.

Down on both of his knees but barely there, Jace Valentine stares at the birdies flying in front of him not knowing what's about to hit him next. The undefeated World Heavyweight champion looks to both his left and right sides, the crowd on their feet as they ready themselves to watch Valentine being put away. But instead of hitting the Krayzed Knee, Jones grabs Valentine and places his head between his legs. VICIOUS PILEDRIIVER SPIKES JACE RIGHT ON HIS HEAD! Duce Jones pulls Valentine away from the ropes, hooking both of legs of his Modern Warfare Final opponent.

Jim Gunt: This could be it, Mike! Jones didn't make the same mistake twice, he's hooked BOTH legs of Valentine this time!

Sunset hits the mat to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Mike Rolash: Three! Wait...damn it. I thought it was over!

Jim Gunt: I thought you were rooting for Valentine earlier on in this match, Mike?

Mike Rolash: To be honest I'm not rooting for either one of these crowd loving nitwits, I'm just hoping to see them knock each other out and Sunset is forced to take the title for himself!

Jim Gunt: Someone's itching for a raise.

Showing visible anger, Duce Jones looks down at the barely conscious Valentine and then back at Sunset. Ryan just lifts the referee jersey, a clear symbol to show who is in charge here. Duce refuses to lose focus as the World champion sighs out loud as he lifts his opponent back up and hits him with a knife edge chop, and another. A third, and fourth chop has Valentine attempting to retreat, staggering backward. AND ANOTHER! The chest of the True Era of Arrogance is beat red now but Duce Jones is not finished. He attempts a sixth chop but Valentine catches his arm, spins both of them around sunset-flipping Jones over into a pin attempt! Sunset is seemingly distracted, but eventually makes it to the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Last ditch attempt at a quick pinfall from Jace Valentine, but those knife edge chops have clearly not only damaged the challenger but taken his breath away.

Mike Rolash: And you know the age old adage, Jimmy. If you can't breathe, you can't fight. And I gotta say, our man Sunset out here is being an incredible impartial referee!

Jim Gunt: As much as it surprises me to say...you're right on the money, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Did you just call me Money Mike? I like it.

Showing the damage that the chops have indeed done, Valentine gasps out for air, leaving Jones enough time to get right back to his feet. RUNNING YAKUZA KICK-NO! Valentine somehow rolls through, the body of both the champion and challenger flipping over before the Overnight Submission Specialist floats right into a half boston crab! Duce Jones crawls ferociously towards the ropes, every inch he gets closer the audience seems to come alive in louder decibels. Jones reaches the ropes, but Valentine pulls him back to the center of the ring AND TRANSITIONS INTO A CANADIAN CROSSFACE!

Jim Gunt: My god! Jace Valentine showing once again why he was deemed the Overnight Submission Specialist, nobody does it better than a Valentine, Mike!

Mike Rolash: No, I will not be your valentine.

Jim Gunt: What?

The intensity in Duce Jones' eyes is immense, as he uses all the power inside of him to pry at the fingers of Valentine. At first the grip of the challenger will not budge, and it looks like the Crossface could put an end to the streak of Duce Jones, but he somehow, someway begins fighting to his feet! The Unstoppable Champ literally has Jace Valentine hanging from his face and neck, clawing and wrenching at him, but the resolve of Jones is too much for any regular man to withstand. In a truly vicious showing of strength, Duce Jones grabs under the armpits of Valentine and hurls him over his head ALL THE WAY OVER THE TOP ROPE AND LANDING BACKFIRST AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ENTRANCE RAMP!

Jim Gunt: Ohh! Jace Valentine is dead!

Mike Rolash: Halleluyah!

Ryan starts the count as Valentine has left the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

Duce Jones is on one knee, taking the momentary break to catch his breath as Valentine slowly begins to stir on the outside.

THREE!

FOUR!

The Alpha Block Finalist never takes his eyes off of Valentine, watching intently for just the right moment. Popping off his knee he heads for the ropes, bouncing off to get full momentum. SUICIDE DIVE ON VALENTINE! BOTH MEN COLLAPSE ONTO THE STEEL RAMP WITH AN EXPLOSION OF BONES CONNECTING WITH STEEL!

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit! Duce Jones very nearly committed LITERAL suicide there, Mike! What a maneuver!

Mike Rolash: But now one of these men better get their ass in the ring, I don't think these fans here tonight would enjoy seeing a tournament of this magnitude end in a double count out!

SIX!

Crawling out of the heap that is both the challenger and champion, Duce Jones is the first to rise up, looking worse for wear despite being the one who connected with the dive.

Sunset seems to slow his count, as he is not interested in seeing a double count out finish.

SEVEN!

The World champion grabs onto the apron, stomping down on Jace a couple of quick times before pulling himself under the ropes and into the ring.

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: Get the ring Jace, it can't end this way!

NINE!

At the last split second, Jace Valentine rolls into the ring, **STANDING MOONSAULT LEGDROP TO THE BACK OF JACE'S HEAD!** Duce Jones is not messing around! He rolls the challenger onto his back, pinning him emphatically with a cold, stern look in his eyes.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: Valentine got a foot on the rope!

Mike Rolash: Another rookie mistake? Come on Duce, pops isn't going to be very happy!

The CWF crowd is in shock, not only at Valentine's resolve, but Sunset's willingness to acknowledge the break. Snarling as he stares at the outstretched leg of the Beta Block Finalist, Duce pushes himself to his feet and begins stomping at the leg of Jace Valentine! Valentine rolls away, writhing around like a snake cut in half. A primal scream comes from deep within the World champion as he seems to have gone to another place, the anger at Valentine coming to a breaking point as he prepares for a KRAYZED KNEE! AND IT HITS FLUSH! It's all over for Jace Valentine as Duce Jones leaves nothing to chance, pulling Valentine to the center of the ring and hooking both of his legs.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: It's over here, Mike. It's gotta be! Valentine has put up a glorious effort, but no one kicks out of the Krayzed Knee!

THREE!

NO!

Mike Rolash: WHAT!?

Jim Gunt: I can't believe it either! Sunset's palm must have been just millimeters away from slapping that canvas for the three count, and Valentine kicked out!

Mike Rolash: What a match! What a night! MY GOD CWF FUCKING ROCKS!

On their backs, Duce Jones and Jace Valentine suck in air like it's coming from the tiniest of test tubes. Both men are clearly spent, putting each other through hell and high water and neither one quite ready to give up quite yet. Duce begins to pull himself to his feet, but Jace is up nearly at the same time, both of them using their opponents bodies to help themselves to their feet!

The Kid That Never Dies swings a right hand, connecting, and Valentine comes right back with one of his own. Both competitors swaying, on spaghetti legs as Jones hits another jab and the challenger a second of his own. The True Era of Arrogance's second shot hits home, and he follows it right up with a fourth and five shot, dropping Jones onto one

knee. HEARTBREAKER! The pedigree is swift but completely perfectly, and Jones is quickly turned onto his back for a cover from Valentine.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Jim Gunt: Phew! Another nearfall there, Mike, what is it going to take to put an end to this one!?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, and quite frankly I'm sure either of these two men do at this point either! Duce and Jace have put each other through one hell of a war tonight, one neither of them will soon forget I'm sure!

Crawling to the nearest set of ropes, Jace Valentine pulls himself slowly up to his feet but doesn't stop there, climbing right up the corner to the top. The Jace That Runs the Place looks out at the crowd, a smile gradually coming across his broken down face as he hoists himself to his feet not realizing Jones as also come to his. BACKFLIP MOONSAULT-NO! Duce Jones catches the challenger AND DRIVES HIM TO HELL WITH A LEAPING TOMBSTONE PILEDRIVER! It's finally over as the undefeated World champion goes for the cover- AND GETS ROLLED UP INTO A PIN ATTEMPT OUT OF NOWHERE!?

Sunset hits the mat with Jace on top of Duce.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: How in the hell did Jace Valentine have it in him to go for that surprise cover there after having his head nearly driven through the canvas with that Tombstone!?

Mike Rolash: Your guess is as good as mine Jim, these two men are showing superman resiliency here tonight. It just goes to show you just how much being CWF World Heavyweight Champion means to these guys!

Duce Jones is back to his feet very quickly despite being put through hell, swearing aloud as he open palm smacks

Valentine across the side of the face. The True Era of Arrogance simply smirks back at him, spinning back fist to Jones! And Jace Valentine follows it up by throwing the World champion in the air and EUROPEAN UPPERCUTTING RIGHT THROUGH HIM! With the challenger finally looking to have the match fully in hand, he drags Jones over to the side of the ring to drape his feet onto the ropes. EGO ERASURE DDT WITH EXTRA LEVERAGE FROM THE MIDDLE ROPE! The football and wrestling loving Minneapolis fans count along with Ryan Sunset as he reluctantly hits the mat for what could be the final count of the night!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

IS IT OVER!?

NO!! DUCE JONES GETS HIS SHOULDER UP!

Jim Gunt: No! Once again, this match is not over!

Mike Rolash: It's not over until the fat lady sings, Jimmy! And MJ Flair is nowhere in sight, thank god!

Jim Gunt: Oh stop, Mike! Don't ruin the integrity of such a top class, five star World Title bout!

Jace Valentine is so shocked that he may as well have been hit by lightning, as he gets off of Duce Jones with his jaw dropped, heading right for Sunset with his arms in the air.

Jace Valentine: Make the damn count, Ryan!

Valentine turns around though, the shock continuing as he sees Jones beginning to already come to. The Jace That Runs the Place shakes his head in disbelief, choosing to go up to the top rope to put the final nail in Jones' coffin. INVERTED 450 SPLASH-NO! D-TRIGGA RISING KNEE KNOCKS VALENTINE OUT OF MID AIR AND INTO A DEVASTATED HEAP IN THE CORNER!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, Mike! That was one of the most scary things I have ever seen!

Mike Rolash: It was one of the most AWESOME things I have ever seen!

Still sucking in wind, Duce Jones grabs onto the leg of Valentine pulling him away the ropes to go for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

IT'S OVER! THE CHAMPION RETAINS!

NOOO!! JACE KICKS OUT AND SUNSET IS FUMING!

Jim Gunt: Are you fucking kidding me! Call the RCA Dome, we may have to postpone next week's Evolution...I don't think this match is EVER going to end!

Mike Rolash: I...I'm just amazed at the sight in front of me, Jimmy. I have never seen two superstars put each other through so much torment and it STILL not be enough to get the three count.

Jim Gunt: This is CWF at it's best, that's for sure!

Duce Jones, a look of bewilderment and anger plastered to his face, takes the head of Valentine and begins bashing it again and again onto the canvas! The back of the challenger's head snaps hard into the canvas several times before Sunset is forced to separate the combatants, if only to check to see if Valentine is able to continue the match. The Kid That Never Dies is demented at this point, ready to do whatever it takes to finally end the story of Jace Valentine.

Jones lifts Valentine onto his shoulders, calling for the end. FINAL TIC 2.0! THE FIREMAN'S CARRY INTO A KNE-NO! Somehow Valentine floats out of the grasp of Duce, locking on his trademark vice grip and pulling him to the canvas - CUPID'S CHOKEHOLD!

And the crowd explodes in cheers, even a few boos from the die-hard Duce Jones fans, but not a soul in the Target Center is quiet as Valentine locks on the Cupid's Chokehold to its full extent.

Jim Gunt: It's GOTTA be over here, Mike! The submission of Jace Valentine is locked on now, and Duce has nowhere

to go!

Mike Rolash: But Duce Jones said it himself, Jimbo. Not only has he never lost a match in his CWF career, he simply does NOT tap out!

Battling with all he has left, Duce Jones swings out his arms wildly and blasts Valentine across his ribs. It is no use though, as the Overnight Submission Specialist is a madman, cackling as he rips and tears at the body of the World champion! Duce Jones looks like he is going to be forced to tap out in front of thousands of rabid fans, but instead he somehow begins crawling up to his feet with Valentine on his back again!

NO! Jace Valentine pulls hard, and both men land with a thump back onto the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Duce is losing life here, Mike!

Mike Rolash: The Cupid's Chokehold is one hell of a submission hold, one that very few competitors have ever been able to find a way out of. The champion is going to have to break the hold soon here, or he won't have to worry about tapping out. He'll be put to sleep!

Shaking with every ounce of his being, the challenger puts everything he has into the submission, but the champion does exactly the same to try to break out of it. Which man has the last sliver of strength to win over the other?

When it seems like he is down and out, a strike of lightning flashes through Duce, a last ditch effort to lift Jace's body weight up and slam him hard into the side of the turnbuckle, doing just enough to break the hold. Duce stumbles backward, almost colliding into Sunset as he works to gather himself and catch his breath. Duce shows enough wherewithal to get his arms up, preventing the collision. Duce turns his back to Sunset, squaring his focus on Jace when he is stuck with a vicious lowblow from behind, courtesy of the CWF CEO.

The crowd lets out an audible gasp, clearly shocked. The announce team goes quiet.

Sunset flashes the crowd a wide smile as he is greeted with thunderous boos. He reaches his hand down to Jace and helps the Host with the Most back to his feet. Ryan points down at Duce, as he is on the canvas writhing in pain. Jace acknowledges, and flashes a smile as wide as Sunset's. Jace hits the mat, quickly grabbing Duce's head and neck and reapplying the Cupid's Chokehold as the crowd is defiant in their disapproval of how the match has turned out.

Duce still continues to try to fight out of the patented submission hold, but he is draining fast. His body goes limp but you can still see some struggle left in the champ. Sunset inexplicably calls for the bell.

Ryan Sunset: Your winner, and NEWWWWWWWW CWF World Heavyweight champion, by tap-out submission, JACE

VALENTINE!

Jim Gunt: ...WHAT!? Duce didn't tap! He never tapped out! This is a travesty! This is bullshit, damn it! This was a classic match, all ruined! What the fuck would Sunset want to help Jace for!? What the hell is going on here!?

Mike Rolash: It's over, Jim! NEW Champion! If Sunset says Duce tapped, the son of a bitch tapped out!

Jim Gunt: That's not right, Duce didn't tap! You know he didn't tap, and so do Jace and Ryan! This was a fucking heist from the beginning!

Mike Rolash: Watch your mouth, Jim! There's kids at home watching!

The crowd continue to rain hatred down on Ryan Sunset and Jace Valentine as they stand in the middle of the ring hoisting the CWF World Heavyweight championship in the air and share an awkward embrace. A torrent of cups and cans hit the ring, and a chorus of "JACE SOLD OUT" can be heard as the show goes off air.

Show Credits

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