

Wrestle Fest: Wrestle Fest III

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: October 7, 2017
Location: Bryce Jordan Center — State College, PA

Results

Start of a New Generation

Segment

The opening guitar rift of "Out of the Shadows" by Iron Maiden obliterates the sound system within State College's Bryce Jordan Center, the very building where it all began again for CWF nearly a decade ago, and the very building that will once again house the company for one final time. Blue and White pyrotechnics shoot down the massive entrance ramp, leading to the same CWF ring that so many have made themselves a legend in. A Wrestle Fest 3 sign hangs proudly and massively over the ring, towering not only over the squared circle but also much of tonight's sold out crowd. Fourteen thousand people strong, and every one of them scream "See DUB Eff!" at the loudest pitch possible. The camera pans across them, showing signs ranging from "Welcome back CWF!", "Kill Jaiden, Sahn!", "Danny B = World Champion Forever!" to "Desfait Sux 4Reel", before eventually swinging down to the front row where a massive amount of familiar faces can be seen. Former GCWA owner Ace and former OCW owner Dean smile to the crowd, as living legends to the sport Big Sexay and Andy Murray sit on either side of them. Other legends from the very beginning of CWF are seen beside them, ranging from 2Shady, Lionheart, Joker, Chris Andrews, The Stunner, and even the two competitors who reigned victorious in the preshow, the legendary Alex Cain and Angelica, waving to the camera as it shows them. Ataxia sits with two empty chairs on either side of him, the maniac looking around wondering why no one takes the seats next to him. Angel, the Hardcore Bitch, surprisingly enough sits next to one of her most bitter rivals, the Internet Icon and hall of famer Jarvis King, the two smiling at each other then the camera. Shane Donovan sits beside his old friend Jarvis, waving to the camera as it passes by to Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris, looking very enthusiastic to be at the show, while Billy and Tyler Anderson actually stand and give a bow as the crowd continues cheering all the legends. Franklin Fredrickson, RM Strong, Mark Carlton, Abigail Starr, and many more legends in attendance. The camera scans through a few more names of the past before coming to an end at the announce table, where Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash sit at the black table with headsets on, papers in hand, and smiles on their faces. Jim Gunt: "Welcome men, women, and child to the biggest event in wrestling history, both the return and the farewell of Championship Wrestling Federation. This is....WRESTLE FEST THREEEE!!!" Mike Rolash: "The pomp, the pageantry, the sold out crowd, the massive pyro display..we've got it all here tonight at Wrestle Fest! Take notes Road Dogg, wrestling fans love fireworks!" Jim Gunt: "I think everyone does Mike, fan or not! But that's neither here nor there, so let's get back to tonight and the amazing action we have in store for you. Tonight we will crown a final CWF champion, will the Ripper be able to hold onto the gold or will the insurmountable odds be too much for him!?" Mike Rolash: "You're right Jim, Danny B has been put through one hell of a challenge tonight, as J. Rish announced four singles matches in which the winners will move onto tonight's massive main event, one of the most deadly, the most devastating...END GAMES cell three vs. three match for the CWF World Championship!" Jim Gunt: "We have seen some of the sickest matches in our company's history take place in that End Games structure, but for the first time ever tonight, the team's going into the main event will be picked at random lethal lottery style!" Mike Rolash: "And that's another clear disadvantage for the champion tonight, I'd say Rish stacked the deck against The Ripper tonight!" Jim Gunt: "I don't know about that, Mike, our president is just a fan of competition and tonight we let damn near the whole roster get a shot at CWF's greatest prize. Tonight's qualifying matches are as follows. Two newcomers to the game make their CWF debut tonight against each other, as Freddie Styles takes on Hayden Allister!" Mike Rolash: "I've heard

a lot of good things about both of those men, so that should be an interesting opening match. Next up is a battle of two former World champions, as Jace Valentine goes one on one with The Blue Scorpion!"Jim Gunt: "Should be one hell of a barn-burner, and one that could easily go either way. Following that match will be a special treat, as the man known as Angel makes his return to CWF! A lot of the newer era fans are more familiar with the woman named Angel through the company's last run, but many of the older fans will remember how dominating this legend truly was. But Angel has a hell of a challenge on his hands in his qualifier, as he takes on former Tag Team champion and Hall of Famer, Colton Mace!"Mike Rolash: "A true battle of the past versus the even older past, haha, should be a helluva bout. The final qualifier though, I believe may steal the show. Impact champion Elijah returns to make one last statement on CWF's holy grounds, but to do so he has to get past former World champion, Dan "The Hammer" Highlander!"Jim Gunt: "And once all of those qualifiers are done and overwith, that's when things are going to get messy. We all watched the pre show and what transpired, and after everything that was said from Jaiden Rishel earlier, I hope Chaolin Sahn tears him a new asshole tonight!"Mike Rolash: "I bet you WOULD like to watch Sahn do that, wouldn't you you pervert, Jimmy?"Jim Gunt: "Me, perverted!? Ha, you're the definition of that word, Mike! The point I was trying to get across is that Jaiden Rishel interrupted his father's welcoming speech on the preshow, demanded a match, and that's exactly what he's going to get tonight...against the Tormented Soul, Chaolin Sahn!"Mike Rolash: "And one of them is going to be burnt to a crisp tonight, because it's an Incineration match! But that leads us all to the main event, and what a main event it'll be right Jim?"Jim Gunt: "That's right, as Danny B will defend the World Title in End Games! All four qualifiers from earlier will be randomly placed in two teams "captained" by the Ripper on one side, and a huge surprise competitor on the other! The match will be treated as a tag match with tornado tag rules, elimination style. Once a full team is eliminated, if there is more than one competitor left in the opposing team, they will then fight it out amongst themselves for the gold!"Mike Rolash: "When it's all said and done, we can have only one true legend standing tall in the CWF ring for a final time!"Jim Gunt: "And I can't wait to see who that man or woman will be, Mike! But now it's time for tonight's opening bout, so let's take it to the ring where Ray Douglas has the call..."

Freddie Styles vs. Hayden McAllister

Segment

"New Disease" by Spineshank begins to play, the crowd coming to their feet as the newcomer Hayden Allister makes his way down the ramp. Some of the audience boo him, some cheer, and some are quiet, but Allister doesn't seem phased at all from the mixed response as he rolls into the ring and cracks his neck back and forth.Ray Douglas: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is the first of four End Games World Title qualifying matches. The first competitor, already in the ring, is from Troy, Michigan. Here is "The Machine"...HAYDEN ALLISTER!!"The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, twin pistols in front of his face as the opening riff hits...Give it up, should've known much betterWords spoken, no, they can't come homeYou'd think that people keep your lies a secretBut their tongues go wagging, spill everything they knowShould've been a man, but you don't know howPlay your hand you lost, but it's too late nowHave to pay the price for things you've said, yeah!As the lights come up, flashing with the beat, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain, arms extended to each side, hands formed like pistols. He turns to the side as the camera focuses on him, points his arm toward the camera and pulls the trigger, screaming BALLGAME!Say it to my face!Pretend that you're a manWho had the nerve to standAnd look me in the eyeSay it to my face!Soon enough I'll find youIn the dark behind youI'll be waitingIf you got something to tell me,Come out of the shadows now andSay it to my face!Freddie slowly walks down the aisle, up the steps, and through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down and leaning over in a corner. Suddenly he comes right at Allister, pushing him against the chest while yelling at the 2nd generation rookie. Ray Douglas: "And his opponent in tonight's one on one End Games qualifier, fromFREDDIE STYLES!!"The bell is called for by Clark Summits, the first official match of Wrestle Fest three under way!Jim Gunt: "Here we go! The first of four matches tonight in which the four winners will move on tonight's main event, for the World Title..in the End Games CELL!"Mike Rolash: "Who the hell are these two guy's again?"Jim Gunt: "Oh stop it, Mike. Both of these two are very touted

competitors, and while they may be new to CWF, I've heard great things about both men."Freddie Styles doesn't let off the earlier mind games, once again shoving his opponent as he approaches him. Hayden Allister shouts "Do you really wanna do this!?", which Styles quickly answers with a 'yes', placing a resounding slap against the side of Allister's face. Freddie laughs as The Machine gets increasingly angered. Suddenly he snaps, running at Styles at full speed and spearing him to the mat!Jim Gunt: "Great spear by The Machine!"Mike Rolash: "Which one is that again?"Jim Gunt: "Jesus Christ, enough Mike. I'm sure you have eyes, and I would like to think you did a little research on these two new CWF stars?"Mike Rolash: "And why the hell would I do that!?"Hayden Allister mounts his End Games qualifier opponent, striking quickly with right hands to the side of Styles' head. Freddie Styles surprisingly out-strengths the 6' plus Allister, literally launching him off his chest. Styles leaps to his feet with a kip up, waiting for Allister to get to his before swinging around to hit a deep roundhouse kick. The Machine stumbles backwards towards one of the corners, making himself prone to Styles as he leaps into the air and catches Allister with a hurricanrana, spiking him into the turnbuckle!Jim Gunt: "Freddie Styles now coming alive, showing off some great athleticism with that hurricanrana."Mike Rolash: "I hate to say it Jim, but this Styles is looking very impressive so far."Jim Gunt: "Why do you hate to say it? You know what I'm not even going to ask, I really don't think the listening audience could bare another one of your smartass remarks!"Mike Rolash: "Wow Jimmy, you're finally learning! It only took you 18 years to release that with me, it's usually best to just give up while you're ahead."The camera quickly pans to Jim Gunt rolling his eyes while Mike laughs hysterically, before coming back to the ring where Freddie Styles pulls his opposition to his feet, placing him onto the top rope. Styles hits a couple quick jabs to keep Hayden Allister subdued, before climbing up to the top with him. Allister attempts to break free, headbutting Freddie Styles, but Styles' no sells the headbutt instead pulling Allister in and flipping backward for an explosion of an Overhead, Flip Belly to Belly Suplex! Jim Gunt: "Holy crap, what a hell of a creative suplex Mike!"Mike Rolash: "Damn right, I think Styles has this match won."As soon as Hayden Allister is able to get to his feet, Styles strikes again with his sick version of a lethal combination, Dat Remix! The Machine is stunned, stumbling right into Freddie Styles who plants him with an Evenflow DDT! Freddie Styles rolls Allister over, going for the cover.Referee: ONE...TWO...NO!Jim Gunt: "A great variation on a DDT, Mike, but still not enough to put away Hayden Allister."Mike Rolash: "Maybe this guy really is a machine! We'll call him R2D2."Jim Gunt: "No way, Allister is way too tall to be R2D2."Mike Rolash: "C3PO then?"Even as Allister is able to muster up the strength to power out of the three count, the 2nd generation superstar clearly shows that he is winded. Freddie Styles sees this and quickly pulls him to his feet, Irish whipping him into the ropes and backflipping into the air as he returns. Ballgame trouble in paradise kick out of nowhere! Allister is dead to rights now, nearly unconscious as Freddie Styles pins him.Referee: ONNNEE...TWWWOOO...THHRRREEE!!Ray Douglas: "And your winner of this match and moving onto tonight's End Games main event...FRRRREDDDDIIEE STYLES!"Say It To My Face v2" by Downstait once again plays over the sound system, the crowd giving Freddie Styles a pretty good ovation as Clark Summits holds his right hand in the air. Styles eventually makes his way up the ramp and to the back, happy to have gone through a fairly mismatched fight leading into End Games.

You Must Be Joking

Segment

The camera pans to the backstage area, zooming into a steel blue door with a black and gold sign reading "President J. Rish" in white. The door is opened as if magically, revealing the contents of the office to be Rish himself and his gorgeous wife Amber, Rish who wears his tailor made dark blue tux, Amber wearing a very fashionable lacey, black dress. The two are joined by a set of teenage girls, presumably Cambria and Everia Rishel, the CWF founders two youngest children. The excitement in their eyes is clear as day, this is their first wrestling show.Cambria Rishel: "Oh my GOD dad, I can't believe how cool this week has been. Meeting all these people that I have only seen on old dvds before, getting to see you get one more hoo-rah, it's awesome."Everia Rishel: "Yeah, daddy, but I never got a chance to meet Abigail Starr!"Amber Rishel immediately looks J. Rish straight in the eye, an awkwardness in the air as she awaits his response.J. Rish: "Well honey, she was in the crowd watching the introduction to the show earlier...so I

guess there's a chance she could be backstage somewhere."Amber raises her eyebrow at Rish now.J. Rish: "However, you're only 13 Evy, and the last thing I want you to be influenced by is some stinky, smelly, unreliable, no good stoner like Abigail Starr. I'm sorry honey, wouldn't you rather meet Omega...or Angelica...or Angel anyway?"Cambria hops up.Cambria: "I want to meet the champion The Ripper, he's cute!"Amber and Rish laugh, but she quickly interjects.Amber: "Honey, maybe after you're 18th birthday we'll let you start dating guys more than twice your age...but for now, stick to the losers in your high school. Sorry."Cambria: "But mom..."Before Cambria Rishel, or her younger sister Everia could say another word they are interrupted by a knock. A knock on an already opened door, strangely enough, but a knock to make ones presence felt. As if her odor didn't already do it for her.J. Rish: *Cough cough* "Well...speaking of the devil herself. Hello Abigail, can I help you with something?"Abigail Starr stands in the owners office wearing something slutty as always, chewing a big wad of bubble gum way, way too loud.Abigail Starr: "Uhhhh. I'm wondering why the hell I'm not on tonight's card? Hello, I carried this company for years. Multiple time Impact champion, I should already be the world cham.."Everia: "OMG it is you, it's you it's actually Abigail Starr dad!!!! Oh I mean...hi..I'm Everia, I was wondering if you would mind giving me your autograph?"Abigail rolls her eyes at the pre teenager, obviously giving her no time whatsoever. To make that point even more obvious, she's shakes her head from side to side.Abigail Starr: "Sorry little girl, but until your dad agrees to put me in the End Games match for the World Title, I'm not doing a damn thing for you."Amber Rishel: "Oh, you must be joking.."*WHAP! WHAP!*Two powerful palm strikes to the face, the slaps of Amber completely caught Abigail Starr off guard and nearly left her on her knees. She holds her face in disgust, leaving the office angrily after not getting what she wanted.J. Rish: "See honey, you don't want that bitch's autograph. Don't worry girls, we have a big party planned for after tonight's show. I'm sure you'll get plenty of John Hancock's then."Amber Rishel smiles at her husband as she pulls her two daughters in, hugging them in an embrace as the camera draws back out of the office.

End Games

Segment

A flashback video piece begins as a gigantic, roofed steel structure can be seen coming down upon the ring reading CWF Redemption. The very first End Games bout, a match over ten years in the making as it would become one of CWF's greatest invention, a match placing two teams of four competitors each within that cell, only one of them walking out with the company's biggest prize. End Games was nearly marred from the very beginning, as Michael Desfait's hissy fit and subsequential walk out left the then World champion Chaolin Sahn's team one member down to start with.The sadistic battle went on without a hitch however, the team of the champ Chaolin Sahn, Victor Quinn and "Vilespine" Joshua Monroe the now underdogs against the full group of Chris Andrews, Cain, Angel, and the enigmatic Elijah. Andrews and Sahn began the match for their respected alliances, the Tormented Soul's championship on the line, the stakes couldn't be higher as the same two men who met at Wrestle Fest I for the title once again went face to face.End Games is, was, and always be will a match like any other. After a lot of destruction, torment, blood and tears, Angel and Joshua Monroe were tug in, eventually leading to her hitting the Original Sin and putting Team Quinnindicate down 4 to 2. It wasn't long though until the vicious Victor Quinn made his presence felt and defeated Angel to slowly even up the numbers disadvantage.Once again, Chris Andrews and Chaolin Sahn met in the middle of the squared circle, twenty minutes already passed, both men clearly spent. A Chaos and the Crown was all it took though, Andrews once again defeated by Sahn and the odds now even. Elijah and Chaolin Sahn, oh my what a battle. After a frog splash, a baking sheet and a lot of fists flying, it looked like Elijah was to unseat the CWF World Champion. In the end, however, Sahn pulled Elijah off the cell to deliver a Peasants Past DDT and sent him packing.The living legend himself, Cain, now the only man who can stop Chaolin Sahn and/or Victor Quinn from reigning over CWF. He took on Sahn head to head, a great battle that the Tormented Soul thought he had won after a 450 splash. But to his surprise, one Annihilator Sit Out Powerbomb later and we would guarantee ourselves a new World Champion!Victor Quinn struck immediately with an elbow, trying to take the advantage, but Sahn was not done with the Big Man, throwing Quinn across the mat and laying into Cain. Security eventually get to Sahn and take him out of the ring, but the damage is

done, weakening the legend. In the end Victor Quinn surprised the world with a Clarity Spike Piledriver that brought home the CWF Heavyweight Title in the very first End Games.

"Rejacement" Host

Segment

"AAAAAAAAND NOW!" Legendary ring announcer Ray Douglas begins. "CWF PROUDLY WELCOMES YOU TO WRESTLEFEST 3, AND WE CAN OFFICIALLY GET UNDER WAY WITH ANOTHER QUALIFYING MATCH!!!"

The crowd is in a manic state of excitement, a dream years in the making. "But before we can do that, we must introduce you to a special guest. A surprise to get you all off of your feet and really get this show under way, YOUR official Host of Wrestlefest, and the host of the Canadian talk show Flashbacks, the owner and operator of Sunset Productions and SPTC, THIS IS RYAAAAANNNNNN SUNSET!" Ryan Sunset struts down to the ring, trying to do his best impersonation of a classic professional wrestler but just appears to be making a mockery of the sport. Nevertheless, the fans rage on chanting SUNSET! SUNSET! Jim Gunt: "Can you believe it, Mike! That's an A-List star, my favorite celebrity and he's on our show!" Mike Rolash: "Keep the bromance at a minimum over there, Jim!" Sunset smiles and waves to all his fans, riling them up even more than before. Ryan Sunset: "Hello, friends! Hello, buddies! Hello one and all, and welcome to Wrestlefest 3. You already know who I am, but let me introduce you to the wild and wonderful world of the Championship Wrestling Federation! This shit is so exciting, I have offered my services as host free of charge!" "Like Rish could afford me anyhow..." Sunset mutters under his breath before continuing. Ryan Sunset: "So now, this display of TOP NOTCH WRESTLING is complete...because you got me. You got the 'Host with the Most', I am the 'Pride of Montreal', and I am the NEW FACE OF PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING, I am Ryan..." Sunset is cut off as the lyrics to "Pretty Handsome Awkward" by the Used blares over the stereo system. With no wasted movement, Jace Valentine is on the entrance ramp shaking his head and beckoning for a microphone. Jace Valentine: "What are you doing? Please, for the love of God, tell me what the hell you are doing?" Ryan Sunset: "Hey, Jace? Karma's a bitch, innit, buddy?" Jace glares at Ryan Sunset with disdain as he crawls into the squared circle for the first time in six years. His knee already bothering him and the event didn't even begin yet. Now this, now he had to deal with this. Jace Valentine: "I'll ask again...what the hell are you doing out here? From my perspective, it looks like you are embarrassing yourself. You don't belong here, you don't belong in the wrestling ring. This is my world, Ryan. You saw what happened when I stepped back into your world, and the results weren't pretty for you, were they?" Ryan Sunset: "This is your world, Jace? Wake up, man. This isn't 2011 anymore. You are a shell of a man you used to be. And you know who you used to be? A smug little bastard in the Canadian media game. You didn't train to be a wrestler, you didn't even want to be a wrestler. You got pushed into being here...just like I did. You came into my world and dragged me into yours, now I am here and you are going to have to deal with the damn repercussions of that decision!" Jace Valentine: "So, what? You're out here to challenge me to a match? I already got two tonight, man, get in the back of the fucking line. Or are you just out here to prove to everybody that you are just another two-bit knockoff replica of the real thing, the real deal, the real Host with the Most, Jace Valentine?" Ryan Sunset: "No, no, no. I am the Jace Valentine of the next era, buddy. I am the next generation of you, the better version of you. The Canadian media chews you up and spit you out and I came in and established myself as a bigger, better, brighter star than you ever hoped to be. And I will do the same here in the CWF. The exact same story, the exact same upbringing. Maybe, like you, this is my calling. This is where I belong...as the most Must See face on CWF programming. Wouldn't that grind your gears, friend? If Ryan Sunset became...the 'Rejacement?'" Frustrated, Jace Valentine lashes out and kicks Ryan Sunset in the gut. Sunset falls in a heap, and Jace rains down enraged stomps. Sunset tries to fight back for a moment, but Jace easily counters his punch and gives him an arm drag back down to the mat. Jace locks him in a head triangle as Sunset gasps for breath all you can see is a wild grin across the face of Jace Valentine. He finally relinquishes the hold, only to pick Sunset back up again and plant him hard with a sickening Spike DDT. Jim Gunt: "BAH GAWD MIKE HE NEARLY BROKEM IN HALF!" Mike Rolash: "Broke him? Damn near killed em!" He glances over to where Ryan Sunset was standing, where the microphone now lays dormant on the mat below. He reaches down,

picks it up and puts it to his mouth with the crowd ablaze. Jace Valentine: "Yeeeeeah, we're going to need a "Rejacement" Host for Wrestlefest 3 cause, 'friend', you just got laid the fuck out! That's what happens when you cross paths with Jace Valentine, that's what happens when you get in Jace Valentine's way. The Blue Scorpion and any and every superstar that steps into that End Games match at the end of the night, whether it be Danny and Angel, or Angel and Danny or Elijah or the Pariah or the Messiah it doesn't make a lick of difference cause daddy's home. CWF is back and so is it's Starlight Son, Jace Valentine. So, to every superstar in the back with dreams of taking home gold tonight...I got the World's Greatest Advice for you. Forget about it. Come back next reunion show and try again. And to the thousands in attendance...AND THE MILLLLLLLLIONS WATCHING AT HOME....I have some advice for you too. Strap in, cause you're in for a bumpy ride. You are in for a show. You are here to see the Jace Valentine story, the sequel. The happy ending, and I am here, as your HOST WITH THE MOST, as we take our journey back to CWF World Heavyweight championship gold. Strap in and hold on tight, cause this is my show, WELCOME TO CWF WRESTLEFEST 3!!!!!!!"

Jace Valentine vs. The Blue Scorpion

Segment

With that said, Jace smugly hands the microphone to Ray Douglas as he awaits his End Games qualifying opponent in the squared circle. "Underdog" by Kasabian plays throughout the arena, as the lights dim to a dark blue. As the opening riffs of the song are heard, The Blue Scorpion appears through the curtain and stands at the top of the ramp. Scorpio looks round at the fans on either side of him, revealing his toothless grin. TBS then looks straight down the ramp and raises his arms high in the air, before dropping them down quickly and shaking his head and neck loose. Kill me if you dare. Hold my head up everywhere. Keep myself right on this train. Ray Douglas: "And his opponent in this End Games qualifier..making his way to the ring from Atlanta, Georgia, he is a former World Champion... THE BLUE SCORPION!!" Scorpio makes his way down the ramp, pointing out a couple of notable signs and jaw-jacking lightheartedly with the fans lining the ramp. He jumps up onto the ring apron and steps through the ropes into the ring, rubbing his knuckles and looking round at the CWF fans. Denny Davidson calls for the bell as Jace Valentine and The Blue Scorpion square off in the middle of the ring. The two former World Champions lock up and Valentine fairly swiftly gains ground on Scorpion, pushing the Underdog into a corner and raining punches into his torso. Jim Gunt: "Two of the all-time greats of CWF here, battling for a spot in the End Games match!" Jace Valentine seems to continue to hold the upper hand, launching Scorpion in an Irish Whip towards the other corner. The Blue Scorpion reverses the whip and sends the former Host with the Most into the corner, but Valentine is able to get an elbow up. Scorpion reels and Valentine capitalizes, nailing a Swinging Neckbreaker. Mike Rolash: "I've missed seeing Valentine kicking ass in the ring." Jim Gunt: "That's an oddly positive thing for you to say." Mike Rolash: "Unemployment has made me sentimental." In the ring, Valentine goes for the cover. Referee: "OONNEE...TTWWO" Scorpion kicks out at a count of two, but Valentine is undeterred. He stalks Scorpion, waiting for him to get up. Jace Valentine goes for a Fisherman's Suplex, but Scorpion is just barely able to counter it. The Underdog rallies back with some punches, managing to knock Valentine as far back as the corner, but Valentine clips Scorpion with a European Uppercut, knocking the Georgian back. Jim Gunt: "A gallant display there from the Blue Scorpion! Will it be enough to rally back?" Jace Valentine comes at Scorpio with determination in his eyes, but when he attempts to lock up with him, TBS kicks Valentine's leg out from under him, leaving him to fall on the knee nearly destroyed in a car accident. Scorpio puts a few boots to Valentine, but when he goes to lift him up is surprised with a roll up pin attempt! Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTWWWO...TTHHR- NO!" Jim Gunt: "The former Host with the Most nearly had this match in hand, I don't think Scorpio expected that roll up." Mike Rolash: "Well no shit, Sherlock. You're about as intelligent as that moron Ryan Sunset, you know it!?" Jace Valentine kicks Scorpion hard in the stomach and nails the Heartbreaker. But he doesn't go for the pin – a pinfall would not satisfy the Reflection of Perfection. He locks in the "Cupid's Chokehold" gogoplata and Scorpion, unable to reach the ropes, angrily taps out. Jim Gunt: "And just like that, this match is over!" Ray Douglas: "Here is your winner and moving onto to tonight's main event...JACE

VALENTINE!!""Pretty Handsome Awkward" plays again but Valentine doesn't let go of the Cupid's Chokehold. The ref yells at him, warning him of disqualification, but it isn't until he gets to a three count that Jace finally let's go of the Blur Scorpion. Valentine pulls himself to his feet, demanding the referee to raise his hands as the fans intensely scream out in anger. The New Era of Arrogance makes his way out of the ring, happy to have qualified to End Games but his knee clearly not at a hundred percent.

Getting In Your Head?

Segment

The camera feed goes backstage, as Jaiden Rishel is shown walking into the arena. He's already in his ring gear and his shoulders are sunk, the look on his face gives away the nervous emotions filling his mind. A slick metal briefcase hangs from Jaiden's grip as he makes his way towards his locker room. Towards his fate, his match against the "Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn. Tara Robinson, the CWF's backstage interviewer, is standing there as she notices Jaiden making his entrance. She practically runs to him, trying to get a word in with the boss's son before his scheduled Incineration Match with the devil himself. "Jaiden! Jaiden! I am Tara, and would like to get..." "What do you want Tara?" "I wanted to get your thoughts before your match tonight. How are you feeling? Do you think you are letting Chaolin Sahn get into your head a little bit?" "You know, maybe I am. Sahn, yeah, he's scary. He's down right terrifying. I am going to have to fear for my life out there. This is what my father J Rish is willing to do his only son, it's disgusting. But you know what I've realized? Sahn is no monster. Chaolin Sahn is a man. He bleeds like I bleed. He burns like I burn." Jaiden lifts the hunk of steel in the air, symbolizing the briefcase as a weapon. "If I hit him in the skull, it still cracks. I don't have to be bigger or stronger than Chaolin Sahn. I just have to take the first shot...and make it count. You see, Chaolin Sahn is the man with the plan. Well, I got my plans too, and we'll see tonight what happens when our plans collide. I am not backing down, cause I know this....steel beats skull, every time." Jaiden shoves the microphone back at Tara Robinson as the segment ends.

The Old World Is Dying

Segment

We are backstage. The locker room area, some neglected part of the arena. A light tube flickers on and off unsteadily, lighting up the corridors as we make our way forward, the walls stained, posters once proud now tattered and peeling. A faint sound of dripping can be heard, as from some tap or shower long past the point of repair. At last we arrive, the locker room. Water pools on it's floor, locker room doors hang off their hinges. A patch of mould grows in the corner of the ceiling. An old television flickers in the corner, playing some arcane footage that defies explanation. And, but for that, the room is empty. The camera moves onward now, faster, more urgent. We move through the locker room and exit by a different route, back to the corridors, once again into the unsteady half-light. A figure dressed in black makes their way onward, turning this way and that, determined. "The human animal is a beautiful and terrible creature, capable of limitless compassion and unfathomable cruelty." The figure turns again and suddenly we are in bright light, backstage, through the curtain and out to the crowd as the music plays. "When life has slipped behind this isolation Cruelty and hatred have become The cause of those whose eyes are full of wanting The truth will still abandon none So you must carry this light into the darkness You shall be a star unto the night You will find hope alive among the hopeless That is your purpose to this life..." Elijah makes his way down to the ring, mic in hand. He wears an armband embroidered with the letters H.H. in red. The crowd is deafening, but his expression is calm, unreadable. He enters the ring. He surveys the crowd a moment, taking in the scene. Elijah: The old world is dying, and the new world struggles to be born: now is the time of monsters. The world changes around us. Sights that would have felt unthinkable scant weeks or months ago are now a reality with which we just contend. The forces of reaction are empowered, taking to the streets in shows of terrifying violence. Their opposite number, to, are yet still rising, those loyal to human dignity and willing to fight against oppression. Old certainties no longer seem concrete, old loyalties are put to the test while new ones are formed by the moment. History leaps into the present, wars and rumours of wars from years gone by

suddenly seem terribly, immediately real. And this company, thought long since dead, rises from the ashes. The world is open, an empty stage waiting to be filled. Characters wait in the wings for their cue, some faces familiar, others unknown. Sahn, Ripper, Valentine; Angel, Styles and all the rest. Myself and Highlander, friends and allies, thrown together in a contest as much of philosophies as physicality. Tonight is the culmination of the months and years gone by, and sets the course for those to come. Tonight we write history, live before the world. Before he can continue, I Apologise by Five Finger Death Punch hits the speakers. The crowd cheer as J. Rish steps through the curtain, into the walkway and makes his way to the ring. Rish enters the ring and makes his way towards Elijah. Elijah raises his head and Rish pauses, staying out as the music fades out. Elijah: Justin. Rish: Elijah. On behalf of the whole CWF, from the locker room to the fans to the folks who do the catering - welcome back! The crowd cheers, a small "Welcome back!" chant breaks out. Rish: Now, I know in the past you and I didn't always exactly see eye to eye, but - Elijah: What do you want, Justin? Rish: Like you just said. These are difficult times. I can't pretend to know what you've been through over the past years but I know it's been a struggle. I'm trying to relaunch this company and my own son despises me and everything I stand for. I'm not asking for your friendship, I know that ship sailed long ago. All I'm asking for is a truce. We've been through a lot together. Built up a mutual respect. Neither of us are the people we used to be. Let's bury the hatchet and move on. Rish extends a hand towards Elijah, his expression hopeful, expectant. Elijah stares from the hand, to Rish, and back again. Elijah: You are correct, Justin. He shakes his head. Elijah: Neither of us are the people we once were. Soon you will understand exactly what that means. Elijah turns his back on Rish. Elijah: Be seeing you. He exits the ring, making his way backstage as the crowd murmurs, not sure what they have just seen.

Colton Mace vs. Harley Hodge

Segment

A movie style countdown appears on the screen, counting down from 5, and "Crawling in the Dark" by Hoobastank plays when it reaches zero. All throughout the arena lights flash, resembling cameras going off and a red carpet is rolled down the ramp. Colton Mace strides towards the ring in his red and black tights. Ray Douglas: "The following match is scheduled for one fall, and is a qualifying match for the End Games main event! The first competitor from... COLTON MACE!!" "Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater plays over the PA system, and for the first time in year Harley Hodge steps out of a CWF curtain. The former World champion, gingerly makes his way down the ramp, clapping a few hands with the fans before sliding into the ring. Angel raises one right arm in the air, the crowd already behind him before the match even begins. Ray Douglas: "And his opponent from Brooklyn, New York here is the legendary... ANGEL!!" Jim Gunt: "This should be a hell of a match, Mike, a true contrast between the past and the present." Mike Rolash: "I disagree. As I'm sure you're referring Angel being the past. Have you seen Colton Mace lately? No? That's what I thought, he's fell off the earth lately and is a shell of his former self!" Colton Mace and Harley Hodge jockey for position, keeping their eye directed on one another as they begin to circle. Mace makes the first move, attempting to take down the legend by the waist, but Angel surprisingly easily reverses it into a hip toss. The jam packed crowd in State College erupt, their childhood hero once again in all his glory. Hodge chops the chest of Mace as he arises, chops him again, before whipping him into the ropes and connecting on his return with a back body drop! Jim Gunt: "Holy crap, Mike, I'm not so sure Angel has much ring rust after all this time." Mike Rolash: "Are you kidding me? The guy can barely afford to keep his lights on Jim, let's be serious. His back is bound to go out at any time. His knees sure to go out on him." Jim Gunt: "Will you make up your mind, Mike? You are such a bandwagon jumper." Colton Mace senses the tide of the match already moving towards the veteran, so he rolls out of the ring to take a breather. When Angel comes out after him, "The Premiere" is ready, whipping his opponent into the steel guard rail holding the rabid, excited fans back! Mace runs at the former CWF champ at full speed and leaps into the air, right into Harley reversing it into one hell of a Urinagi! Mace is planted hard on the back of his head, Angel quickly goes for the pin. Referee: "ONE... T... KICKOUT!" Jim Gunt: "Awesome version of the Rock Bottom there by the legendary Angel!" Mike Rolash: "Speaking of rock bottom, if Angel doesn't win this match that's where he'll be. Homeless, out on the streets!" Jim Gunt: "You mean like you've been for the past six years until CWF returned and decided to take pity on

you and hire you back?"Mike Rolash: "That...is..not true! Asshole!"Angel Harley Hodge looks seemingly surprised by Mace's quick kick out, but he sighs aloud and pulls him to his feet anyway. Colton Mace takes back the advantage immediately however, with a spinning heel kick followed by a quick back elbow the head. Angel comes back with his own V-Trigger style rising knee, but as he does so crumples down to the mat uncontrollably, his body obviously not quite as ready for his return as his mind was.Jim Gunt: "It took a lot for the CWF living legend Angel to come back to the sport that made him famous. But the question is, does he still have what it takes to play with the big boys?"Mike Rolash: "Colton Mace is a former Tag Team champion, I have to give him credit for that. At this point this match is anybody's game, but to the victor comes the spoils as he will move on to the World Title Match, End Games main event!"Colton Mace looks to quickly take advantage of his opponent's fall apart, grabbing ahold of the rising Angel around the head and synching in a deep headlock. Harley is able to easily fought out of the hold though, Irish whipping Mace off of him. "The Premiere springs off the unforgiving steel ropes, only slightly more so than the devastating Arn Anderson spinebuster he falls prone to. Angel yanks Mace to his feet, turning him upside down into the air and transitions a Brainbuster into a crunching double-legged Backbreaker! Colton rolls to his side, grabbing onto his back as he winces in pain.Jim Gunt: "What a hell of a twist on that Brainbuster, Mace will be feeling that in the morning!"Mike Rolash: "I think he's feeling it already, idiot."Angel takes quick advantage of the prime Colton Mace, looking surprisingly agile as he springs up onto the top rope and looks into the crowd, every single one of them rising to their feet.Mike Rolash: "Mickey Rourke is about to take that final flight, Jim!"Angel leaps off the top rope with Mace still laying below, moving his hands and feet together in sync as nails a picture perfect "Holy Diver" Frog Splash! Angel hooks both legs, looking up at the referee as he make the count.Referee: "ONNNNEEE...TWWWOOO...THR-NOO!"Jim Gunt: "Colton Mace got his shoulder up just in time, Mike!"Mike Rolash: "Yeah but I have a feeling his time is about to run out."Harley Hodge must have the same feeling as Rolash as he gets to his feet and places his finger to his throat as if to say the match is nearing its ending. But when Angel tries to lift Mace up, he raises an arm in desperation, catching Hodge in his manhood with a low blow. Referee Summits admonishes Colton Mace, telling The Premiere that one more illegal tactic and he'll have no choice but to disqualify him. While Harley is doubled over, Mace scoops him up into a "Box Office Bomb" Gory Special powerbomb! Mace feels the momentum finally coming his way, and somersaults towards Angel, punishing him his finisher, the "Great American Dream" double-underhook facebuster. The Premiere goes for the cover, sensing a spot in End Games in his future.Referee: "OONNNNEEE...TTWWWOOO...THRR...SHOULDER UP!!"Jim Gunt: "No way! I would have bet a million dollars that Colton Mace had Angel put away there with the Great American Dream."Mike Rolash: "Well Jim, some dreams never die, and the dream of Angel becoming triumphant over his struggles is one we can all attest to."Jim Gunt: "Since when did you become do philosophical?"Mike Rolash: "Omega gave me a new thesaurus backstage earlier. It's so interesting, only I have no idea how to read Arabic."Colton Mace, clearly frustrated that he couldn't put away the former World champion, begins yelling at the referee as he pulls Angel back to his feet. Front kick by Mace, knife-edge chop from Angel, rising knee by Mace, resounding headbutt from Angel that stuns Colton and puts the live crowd into a frenzy. Angel grasps deeply onto Mace, pulling him up into a 90 degree angle before dropping him with the "Ascend For Me" Inverted DDT! With every last bit of strength in his fragile, aging body, Angel hooks Mace's leg for the cover.Referee: "OONNNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTHHREEEEEE!!!!"The relief in Angel's eyes can be seen a mile away, he survived a hell of a battle against the Hollywood Hot Shot. But how would he fare when he faces seven of CWF's very best in the End Games cell? Ray Douglas: "The winner of the match and moving onto the main event...ANGEL!!"Jim Gunt: "Wow, that was a hell of a battle, Mike. I fear for the legend Angel though, I don't know how much more punishment his body can take after that duel."

When Your Kingdom Is Gone

Segment

J Rish is shown backstage in his office, as it looks like he is preparing to come down to the ring.Mike Rolash: "Rish is on his way out here, Gunt! Can you feel the excitement?? Can you SMELL it?"Jim Gunt: "God, did you just fart?"Rish swings open the door to his office and there laying on the ground in front of him is a white towel and a hand written

note. Rish's mood seems to shift as he bends down to pick up and examine in the letter. Scrawled across the note is a frenzied handwriting, almost like hurried heiroglyphics, detailing Rish's grave mistake."You are no leader, Justin, you are a fool.To put your son up against a tormented soul.I will bathe in his blood, I will eat him whole.I will bring chaos to your crown, a new king to rule.I will bend him, break him, maim and twist.If there's a shred of compassion, you'll know what to do with this.If it's true what they say, and ignorance is bliss.You'll throw in the towel, you'll just call it quits.Then at the end of the day, when your kingdom is gone.I'll bid you a good day, yours truly. -- Chaolin Sahn "Rish gulps, suddenly gasping for breath. He bends down again, shoveling the towel into his arms as he re-enters his office, slamming the turn. The camera fades out as you can see the padlocks are locked on Rish's office door from the inside. For safety, for protection.

Dan Highlander vs. Elijah

Match

"Let the Hammer Fall" by Hammerfall plays over the speakers and the former multiple time CWF World Heavyweight champion, Dan "The Hammer" Highlander makes his way down the ramp. He garners a quite sizable reaction, mostly cheers from the CWF crowd clearly happy to see the Hammer after all these years. He slides into the ring, testing out the ropes before what is sure to be a hellacious bout.Ray Douglas: "The following match is scheduled for one fall and is the FINAL End Games qualifying match, and also and Impact Title bout! First to the ring from Canberra, Australia, he is the Hammer...DAN HIGHLANDER!!"The lights dim as "Sophia" by the Cruxshadows hits the sound system. A light shines down as a silhouette of a figure can be seen walking out. Elijah makes his down the ramp to another massive response from the State College crowd, the Impact championship proudly draped over his shoulder. The lights returning to normal as he enters the ring and shakes the hand of his longtime friend, Dan Highlander, in the spirit of good sportsmanship. Ray Douglas: "And his opponent, he is the reigning and defending CWF Impact Champion. From York, England...ELIJAH!!"Jim Gunt: "Here we go Mike, arguably one of the most anticipated matches on the card for Wrestle Fest tonight!"Mike Rolash: "These two men have an unbelievably, deep-rooted history. From Elijah saving Highlander's life in Japan, to everything both men have been through right here in CWF. The question is, what are these two longtime allies willing to do to each other to move onto End Games!?"Clark Summits is the official tasked at watching over this "final game" between friend's who must now go to war, and as soon as he rings the bell the Hammer meets the nail so to speak, as Highlander is quick to take the first shot. Another right hand is met by Elijah, but he returns one back of his own, both men revealing a smile as they back up and gather their bearings.Jim Gunt: "This one started off a lot differently than I thought it would, Mike. For two old friends, they are quick to come to blows."Mike Rolash: "That's because of the prize at hand. These two have played friendly battles, potential mind games, for long enough. The time for fun and games is over."Dan Highlander nods at Elijah, the Enigmatic One sending him one back before they meet again in the center of the ring. This time both men grab each other's hands in a test of strength, one that Highlander eventually wins and transitions into a headlock. Elijah attempts to escape, pushing the Hammer off of him and into the ropes, catching him with an atomic drop on the way back! Elijah goes for a quick cover.Referee: "OONNNEEE...T-KICKOUT!"Jim Gunt: "The mysterious Impact champion going for a very quick cover on Highlander, I'm surprised he thought he had done enough damage to put him away."Mike Rolash: "Maybe that's just it, Jim. Elijah thinks way differently than you or I do, perhaps he wasn't actually trying to put Highlander away but to make him wear himself down with the knockout."Elijah rolls off of his adversary and friend, grabbing onto the ropes for leverage as he pulls himself up and meets the rising Highlander with a back kick. Elijah attempts a DDT, but Highlander shoves him off, cracking him right in the head with the "Such is Life" enziguri kick! Instead of the Hammer going for a pinfall of his own however, he grabs onto Elijah and rolls both of them outside of the ring.Jim Gunt: "Oh no, they're coming our way, Mike!"Mike Rolash: "Don't be such a pussy Gunt, they're on the other side of the ring for Christ's sakes."Referee: "ONE....TWO..."Highlander doesn't seem to hear as Clark Summits begins to make the count, as he ignores it and slams Elijah's head off edge of the ring.Referee: "THREE....FOUR..."Elijah comes back with a stiff elbow to the Hammer, but when he attempts to slide back into the ring, Highlander grabs him from behind and chucks him hard

against the steel crowd barricade!Referee: "FIVE....SIX....SEVEN..."Mike Rolash: "What the hell are these two idiots doing, get in the damn ring!"Dan Highlander now looks to put the death blow to the former Insurgent, running at him with full speed and leaping into the air for a knee strike. Elijah is ready for the Hammer however, and dodges just in time, the momentum of Highlander actually taking him into the crowd! The fans in the front two rows move just in time, leaving Highlander to crunch sadistically against the steel chairs. Elijah, by instinct, goes to check on his old friend somehow not hearing the count of Clark Summits.Referee: "EIGHT....NINE....TEN!!!"Jim Gunt: "WHAT!? No way that this is going to end like this is. Is it? Is it!?"The referee in charge, Clark Summits, is forced to call for the bell. To say the fans inside the Bryce Jordan Center are shocked is an understatement, as some even begin to boo. Elijah continues to make sure that his friend and opponent is able to get up from the chairs.Ray Douglas: "This match has unfortunately been declared a DRAW, as both men have failed to meet the ten count."With this announcement, the live crowd's anger grows tenfold. They all know the level of competitiveness within Elijah and Highlander, but are pissed off with no decisive winner. Suddenly the CWF tron lights up, flashing the backstage office of the President himself J. Rish. He stands with his hand in his forehead, shaking his head side to side before speaking.J. Rish: "Ahhh...you two, what the hell am I ever going to do with you? This is no Tower Match Elijah, this is no Ladder match Highlander, not Falls Count Anywhere or any other stipulation you two have abused over the past. This was intended to be a one on one match contested under regular rules. But nothing is ever that simple with you two is it!?"Elijah and Highlander, both men now standing side by side as they watch what the CWF president has to say.J. Rish: "So this is what we're going to do. Since you two have to be so complicated all the time, let's make the most out of this situation. These die-hard CWF fans want to see a clear cut winner for the Impact championship. They want to see a clear cut qualifier for End Games. So why don't I give you all exactly what you want!?"Finally, the fans inside the Bryce Jordan Center explode in cheers once more, knowing that the battle between two of their favorite legends isn't over just yet.J. Rish: "So this is what I propose. As soon as I'm done talking, Clark Summits rings that bell and this match restarts...as a two out of three falls match! The first fall will determine the Impact champion, whoever wins the second fall moves on to the End Games main event, and to whoever wins the third...well...that amazingly valuable prize will be announced in due time. Now, get in the ring and let's get this baby started again!"J. Rish smiles brightly and raises a thumb to the camera, Highlander and Elijah doing just that as the CWF tron fades back to black. Clark Summits calls for the bell and The Enigma and the Hammer go to tie up, however Highlander surprises Elijah by twisting around him and rolling him up into a small package!Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHRREEEE!!"Ray Douglas: "And the winner of the first fall and NEW CWF Impact Champion....HIGHLANDER!!"Jim Gunt: "Holy crap Mike, that first fall was over before it even began!"Mike Rolash: "It looks like Highlander outsmarted Elijah to me, and he doesn't look very happy about it by the way."The irritation cannot be hidden from the Enigma's face, used to being the one getting in the head of an opponent. Highlander on the other hand seems to be enjoying the one upping of his friend, laughing as he places a hand out to help Elijah up. Summits calls for the bell to begin the second fall, and instead of Elijah taking Highlander's supposed help, he twists his legs kicking Dan's out from under him. Elijah climbs on top of Highlander, pummeling down on him with rapid right hands!Jim Gunt: "Elijah has come alive now, Mike!"Mike Rolash: "He's always been alive. Just his own, weird kind of fucked-up, half sedated, philosophical alive."Dan Highlander can only take so much punishment laying down, using all his strength to push off Elijah, both men quickly back to their feet. They circle each other, looking for an advantage. Once again Elijah strikes, a heel kick this time but Highlander returns it with one of his own. The Hammer whips Elijah into the ropes, backing up and springing off the ones behind him. Both men's momentum carries them into the air, as they go for simultaneous clotheslines that somehow both connect leaving them falling hard on the mat!Mike Rolash: "Don't tell me both these dorks are going to be counted out again, this time on the mat!"Jim Gunt: "Oh calm down Mike, they're both already getting back to their feet.."Elijah and Highlander almost climb up one another as they pull each other up, the length and damage of the match now beginning to effect both men. Elijah spikes his head into the Hammer with a headbutt, Highlander shakes the cobwebs out and pulls the former Insurgent in, dropping him hard into the corner with a "Southern Cross" crucifix Powerbomb! Highlander hooks both legs, looking to take the clean sweep on the 2 out of 3 falls match.Referee:

"OOONNNEEE...TTTWWOOOO...THRR-No!" Jim Gunt: "What an amazing Southern Cross Powerbomb there, but it somehow wasn't enough to put away Elijah!" Mike Rolash: "The Enigma just will not quit. After some of the most sadistic matches I've ever seen in history include Elijah, I worry that Highlander will have to kill him to put him away here." Jim Gunt: "Or at least roll him up into another small package pin out of nowhere!" Dan Highlander stays on the advantage, grabbing ahold of Elijah's legs to try to turn him over for the "Eureka Stockade" Boston crab, but the Enigma scouts it, using his legs and Highlanders own momentum to whip him into a tailspin. Elijah waits for Highlander to get up, grabs him by the head and leaps into the ropes. Elijah springboards beautifully back off the ropes, slamming Highlander down with "The Descent" bulldog! The crowd pops in pleasure as Elijah makes the pin. Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWOOOO...TTTHHRRREEEE!!" Ray Douglas: "And the winner of the 2nd fall and now qualified for the End Games World Title main event...ELIJAH!!" Jim Gunt: "Wow Mike, we're all tied up now, one fall a piece! Now it's time to see which competitor will get this "special opportunity" that our president spoke of!" Mike Rolash: "Wait a minute, who the hell is this!?" From out of the live crowd a man wearing all black clothing and a pitch black skee mask covering all but his eyes, his intent surely set on destruction as he slides into the ring. The figure reigns down boots to Elijah, eventually kicking the prone Enigma out of the ring before turning his attention to Highlander. A sudden, strange laughter can be heard from the man as he pulls him to his feet, laying him out with a Fallaway Slam! Jim Gunt: "Who in the hell is this guy and why is he once again ruining what should have been an untainted, classic match between two old friends!?" Mike Rolash: "You don't think it could be.." Before Mike can even finish his sentence, Elijah can be seen coming back into camera view, a demented smile on his face as he hold a long metal spike in hand. The masked assailant has his back to Elijah however, attempting to lift Highlander up for more punishment. Just as he goes to slam him, the spike comes down viciously against the back of his head! Jim Gunt: "Holy shit, Mike!" Mike Rolash: "Here comes security, thank God, where have you idiots been for the past three minutes!?" Members of the CWF security begin to swarm the ring, but Elijah pushes one after another away, actually bringing the spike down on one of them. Just as the Enigma looks to put the death blow to the masked assailant and possibly reveal his identity, Highlander puts his hands out, begging Elijah to have some sympathy. The heat comes off Elijah like a furnace, angered, but he drops the masked assailant and throws the spike down, rolling of the ring and away from the devastation inside. Jim Gunt: "Well I guess this match is over Mike, such a shame that we can't crown a decisive winner because of that unknown assistants interference. But regardless, your new Impact champion is Dan Highlander." Mike Rolash: "And an extremely pissed off Elijah moves onto End Games, I pity his opponents in the cell tonight after the state of mind he's now in!"

Out Of Shape

Segment

It's another hot summer day on Long Island. We see a small white house; a little run down but well maintained for it's age. A giant central air conditioner unit hums loudly breaking the calm serenity of this otherwise peaceful suburban neighborhood. We cut inside. Floral print wall paper. Thick shag carpeting. Plastic protected furniture. I Love Lucy rerun playing on a 1995 square box TV with rabbit ear antennas. Immaculately clean. An elderly woman sits in a wheelchair next to the over-sized easy chair fanning herself with an old TV Guide. Is that... Is that... It is! It's Marie Danger! Marie: It's so damn hot in here! Harvey! Harvey!? Where the (BLEEP) are you, Harvey! Are you listening to me!? Harvey: Huh? Um.. Yeah, Ma. Of course. The camera pans over to the corner where a plastic wrapped sofa has sat for over 30 years. Harvey Danger lays sprawled out. Boy, he looks... out of shape. A little belly protrudes from his trademark white tank top. He hasn't shaven. An empty McDonald's bag lays at his feet. The large soft drink cup rests on his belly and rises and falls with each breath. His eyes are glazed over as he watches Lucy and Ethel get into trouble with Ricky for the 100th time. Marie: Harvey, look at yourself! Mamma Danger's little boy has gotten chunky. You've really let yourself go. Get off the sofa and do something with your life. Your poor Mother sits here trapped in a... WHEELCHAIR!... and all you do is sit and watch TV all day! Go out and play with the neighborhood kids! Do something with yourself before it's too late and your in a wheelchair like your poor Mother, for Christ's sake! AND WHY

IS IT SO HOT IN HERE!? I'M DIEING HARVEY... DIEING! Harvey's eyes slowly roll towards Marie Danger. He barely moves his head and looks up at the thermostat on the wall. Harvey: I don't think I should be playing with ANY neighborhood kids. Their parent's probably would get the wrong idea. Ma, how many times do I have to tell you... You're not dying. It's also 62 degrees in here. It's freezing cold, actually. Our electric bill is through the roof this summer! And for the hundredth time... YOU DON'T NEED A WHEELCHAIR! There's nothing wrong with you! You're perfectly fine and healthy, Doctor Smith even said so when I took you for your appointments last week, Ma. There's literally nothing wrong with you... (Under his breath) except you're beyond crazy... And I'm healthy too, actually. I, uh, worked out this morning! Marie: HA! You walked from your bed to the sofa? That's not even enough to raise your blood pressure! Oh, Lord, don't get me started on my high blood pressure! Did you find my pills! It's time for my pills! Harvey: Ma, you don't take pills for blood pressure. Marie: Don't contradict your Mother, Harvey. It's time for you to get up. It's time for you to move your body. It's time for Marie Danger's baby boy's comeback! Harvey struggles to sit up slightly. He spills his Coke on himself and the dark liquid pools on the plastic wrapped sofa. He quickly pulls the empty McDonald's bag over it so Marie doesn't see. Harvey: Um... Mother? Marie: Yes, baby? Harvey: Comeback? Comeback to, uh, what? You can't mean... Marie: COME-BACK TO THE LIVING YOU NITWIT! Get out and do something! I'm tired of the sight of you! She launches out of the wheelchair and smacks him on the back of the head. Realizing the camera can see her, she grabs her back feigning pain and heads for the wheelchair. She "barely" makes it back to the wheelchair before throwing all of her body weight into it in a dramatic fashion. She mops her brow and begins fanning herself again with her wrinkled old TV Guide. Marie: I've signed you up for something, my darling. The CWF is bringing some of your friends back to play. Harvey: The what? Marie: The CWF. It'll be good for you. And frankly, it'll get you out of my house and out of my sight. Harvey: The CWF? Marie: Yes. The CWF. Or FCW. Or maybe it was WFC. Who the (BLEEP) knows, Harvey. Who do you think these camera people work for, you nincompoop! Harvey's eyes open wide as he looks directly into the camera, apparently realizing it's presence for the first time. We see the camera man's hand extend into view and give a little wave. Harvey slowly waves back with a perplexed look on his face that says "When did you get here and who are you?" Marie: Yes, the CWF! They're back and better than ever. Wrestling, Harvey! You know, that silly thing you spent the best years of your life doing? Wrestling? You should have been out finding a nice young girl and making me many Grand-babies, but no, you spent your life fighting other half-naked men for money while people laughed at you. Harvey: Well, there was that one time I came close to having a girlfriend in 2011. Marie: THAT girl was a slut who was no good for you. You forget her, right this minute, you hear me Harvey? A slut. No, my boy should be World Champion! Harvey: I'm a many time champion, Ma. Multiple time Tag Champ. Xtreme Champ. Lightweight Champ. Inter... Marie: (Cutting him off with a dismissive wave of her left hand) None of that matters now, Harvey. I signed you up for this CWF and made sure they knew just how important you were. How many titles and friends you had over the years. How many fans and followers I paid for... eh, nevermind that. You were a STAR Harvey! Now get up and get yourself back into fighting shape! You've got just a few weeks! Harvey: A... few weeks? What? When? Who? Marie: Oh, you know I don't trouble myself with those details. I'm sure you'll find out somehow... who knows just what you do, Harvey. Now do your Mother a favor and turn the temperature down a bit. IT'S SO HOT IN HERE! Aren't you hot?! I'M DYING! Harvey slowly slides his feet off the sofa onto the floor. We can hear some of his joints pop and groan as he begins to move his inactive body. His skin sticks to the plastic furniture covers. He reaches up for the thermostat but falls back onto the sofa with a groan. Harvey: In a minute, Ma. I'm tired. Marie: Tired? You've done nothing all day. What do you have to be tired about? Must your Mother do everything herself. Fine, I'LL adjust the temperature. Perfectly fit and healthy, she springs from the wheelchair and turns the dial to adjust the air conditioning to bring the house below 60 degrees. Harvey shivers a bit at the fresh blast of cold air and pulls a crocheted blanket off the back of the sofa to cover himself. She walks by Harvey off camera into the kitchen, but not before giving him a patented Marie Danger smack to his forehead. Marie: (Off Camera) Get up and get moving, young man. You've got one last run at glory, and I'll be damned if I'm going to let you fail this time. Harvey: One last run at glory? We can read Harvey's face as he thinks over what his Mother said. Eventually he begins nodding as he seems to like the sound of it and begins struggling to pull himself off the sofa as the camera

slowly fades to black.

Finally Someone Who Understands My Value

Segment

"Mr Rishel sir?" The voice of the CWF attendant broke the head of the wrestling promotion from his nostalgic reverie. J. Rish: "Yes?" "There's-" Before the attendant had a chance to finish the incorrigible and (in his mind) incomparable Colton Mace pushed past to burst into the office. J. Rish: "Ah. Mr Mace. How can I help you?" Colton Mace: "What the hell was that?" Rish: "What was what?" Mace: "You know what I'm talking about. THAT match. Who the hell is Harley Hodge!? I was told I was facing Angel and then you force me into some filler match with that nobody." Rish: "Amber was not the first to bear the moniker of Angel. Harley was the Original in this company and is by no means a nobody." Mace: "I was cheated! That's what happened! I'm the best thing to step through your doors and THIS is how you treat me." Rish: "Mace. Sit down." Mace: "I don't-" Rish: "I said SIT DOWN!" And to his credit Colton took a seat. Rish: "This isn't Hollywood and I am not like those film directors who will bend backwards at your every whim. You do not intimidate me and I could easily have you replaced with a snap of my fingers. So the next time you want to come into my office all het up I expect the utmost respect. Is that clear?" Colton Mace, with his head bowed like some child facing reprimand for bad behavior refused to respond. Rish: "I said...IS...THAT...CLEAR?!" Mace: "Yes...sir" Rish: "Better. Now. I don't want my talent feeling unappreciated or under-utilised. So I have an idea. Lucky for you I think you've got some potential and want to see you put your money where your mouth is. You claim to be God's Gift to this company." Mace: "AND women." Rish: "Well it's high time you prove it. Because in two weeks on the very first episode of the new CWF show Evolution I'm putting you in a match against the World Champion. Whomever that may be." Mace: "...What? Really? A WORLD Title match!?" Rish: "Really, really." Mace: "FINALLY! Someone who understands my value and my talent. It's high time that title was around my waist. That was all I was after." Rish: "Well don't waste this opportunity. And get out of my office before I change my mind." Colton Mace was out of that office quicker than you could say entitlement, leaving J. Rish to watch in bemusement. He'd seen his fair share of wrestling talent through the years, but Mace...his arrogance was on a whole other level.

Incineration Match- Chaolin Sahn vs. Jaiden Rishel

Segment

"I Apologize" by Five Finger Death Punch plays over the speaker system of the Bryce Jordan Center, as the CWF owner and founder storms from behind the curtain with a clear purpose. J. Rish wears a light blue Under Armour shirt and jogging shorts, the white towel left for him from earlier hanging in his right hand, and a clear look of worry and guilt in his eyes. Rish makes his way down the lengthy Wrestle Fest III ramp slapping as many outstretched hands as he can, the head chief getting a heroes welcome for bringing CWF back, even if it is for only one night. He stops as there is a man and a woman holding a beautiful baby girl in a Wrestle Fest onesie outfit, Rish smiles bright and kisses the little one the forehead. A loud "Thank You Rish!" chant breaks out as he slides under the bottom rope into the ring, quickly calling for a microphone. Jim Gunt: "J. Rish, not wasting any time at all, Mike! He clearly has something on his mind." Mike Rolash: "Well after reading that weird note left for him by Chaolin Sahn, wouldn't you? You're such an idiot." Rish put his left hand in the air, attempting to silence the cheering crowd. J. Rish: "So what have all of you great CWF fans thought of Wrestle Fest 3 so far!?" Once again, an explosion of cheers that finally brings a smile to Rish's face. J. Rish: "Thank you, thank you SO much. None of you can truly understand just how much that means to me. But I'm not out here to celebrate how awesome Wrestle Fest has gone so far, I'm actually out here to introduce the next two competitors myself, and watch here at ringside to get a bird's eye view of what could be...my son's demise." "The Broken" by Coheed and Cambria hits, and without any pyro or celebration, Jaiden Rishel comes out with a determined and angry look on his face. He wears a black t-shirt with the letters CWF written in white in the center, with a big red circle around the letters, a line diagonally across it. Holding the same slick metal briefcase as seen earlier, the son of Rish makes his way down the ramp to a sea of boos, the crowd clearly not feeling at all bad for him. Jaiden slides into

the ring, taking a deep look into his father's eyes before walking over to the ropes to taunt the fans.J. Rish: "The following match is set for one fall, and it will be fought in an Incineration Match! The rules are simple, the first competitor to light their opponent on fire wins. Introducing first, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, he is my bastard son...JAIDEN RISHEL!!"The lights begin to flicker, a loud cheer coming from the fan's in anticipation of the brutality to come. "Ride the Wings of Pestilence" by From First To Last starts up just as the lights shut completely off, leaving everyone in the CWF arena in the dark. Dozens of figures appear from out behind the curtain, all wearing long black cloaks with hoods covering their heads, concealing their identity. Just as the chorus rears its head, a solitary man methodically appears centered between the other figures. Chaolin Sahn reveals himself, pulling his hood abruptly off his skull, revealing his demented face. The Tormented Soul has a special kind of weapon in hand, a military style flame thrower, he laughs sadistically looking down upon it, slowly pacing his way through the figures and down the ramp. The hatred from the CWF fans is as evident as ever for its former World champion.J. Rish: "...And his opponent in this Incineration Match, he is the former leader of the destructive Cyndicate. The hall of famer, the psychopathic poet, from Tokyo, Japan here IS...The Tormented Soul...CHAOLIN SAHN!!"The hooded figures begin circling the Wrestle Fest 3 ring as their apparent cult leader saunters up the steel steps. Jaiden Rishel has now taken his eyes off of Sahn ever since he walked out from the back, the fear in his eyes hidden at will, hidden from everyone but Chaolin Sahn himself. Rish looks at both his son and his destroyer, wishing them both luck before rolling out of the ring and making his way over to the announce table.Jim Gunt: "Well hello, Mr. President! Glad you could grace us with your presence for what could be the very last time we see Jaiden Rishel on TV...or anywhere outside of a hospital bed!"Mike Rolash: "Jim Gunt, ever the kiss ass. My how some things never change."Jim Gunt: "I would agree, you'll never quit being an asshole..will you Mike!?"J. Rish: "Now, now, ladies. Enough of the bickering like school children, it's time for the Incineration match! Someone is going to burn, baby, burn!"Not Quite As Big Now" Denny Davidson is the referee on call, and his doubts about being in that position are clear as he hesitates to motion for the bell. Jaiden Rishel does his best to take a quick advantage, using his youth and speed advantage to sprint over to Chaolin Sahn and catch him with a running dropkick! This pushes Sahn into the corner turnbuckle, but when Rishel approaches Sahn sidesteps, launching Jaiden himself into the corner and laying into him with heavy chops to the chest!Jim Gunt: "Didn't take long at all for Chaolin Sahn to steal the advantage away from your only son, boss!"Mike Rolash: "The Tormented Soul is a seasoned veteran, a demented one at that. Jaiden doesn't stand a chance here."J. Rish (looking down at the white towel now placed on the announce table): "Maybe you're right Rolash, but I'm going to give the boy a chance. He always spouts his mouth on how he had to go to GCWA or Hostility to make a name for himself, well Jaiden...here's your chance to prove yourself to daddy just like you always wanted to do."Chaolin Sahn still continues to chop viciously at the chest of Jaiden Rishel, so many times that Referee Davidson has to pull off Sahn and admonish him for keeping Jaiden in the corner long past the count. The Tormented Soul simply sneers angrily at the ref, grabbing the son of the CWF founder by the long blonde hair and pulling him to the center of the ring. Jaiden Rishel comes back with a clothesline attempt out of desperation, but misses completely, leaving himself vulnerable for a "Fool's Flask" backstabber!Mike Rolash: "Ouch! So the glaring question after just witnessing that, Mr. President, is will you be paying your son's chiropractic bill after tonight!?"J. Rish: "Haha, Jaiden certainly did have his spine realigned with that Fool's Flask didn't he?"Mike Rolash: "I take it that's a no.."Jim Gunt: "Why would he do a damn thing for that ungrateful piece o' crap, Mike!?"J. Rish: "Hey now Jimmy, he is still my son. Only I can call him an ungrateful piece of shit."The referee goes to check on the downed Jaiden Rishel, who screams in pain holding onto his lower back. Sahn shoves the official away though, far from done with the mission at hand. The Tormented Soul pulls Jaiden to his feet, launches him hard into the ropes and catches him on the way back with a giant overhead Belly to Belly Suplex! Sahn goes down to the mat with Rishel, hitting him the head with a few right hands before rolling both men out of the ring. Sahn lifts Rishel into the air, a cradled position against his chest as he walks over to the announce table yelling "And this is what you wanted!? Your son's future to be forever haunted!?" Chaolin Sahn stares down Rish. "Your son is a soul that is mine for the taking. Your prince is a pulp, your kingdom is shaking!" Sahn laughs psychotically, before launching Jaiden backward with a Fallaway Slam that leaves him with a sick crunch on the hard part of the apron!Mike Rolash: "Oh my

god!" Jim Gunt: "Yeah, this is getting out of hand in a hurry here. Jaiden has had little to no offense in this match so far, how much longer are you going to let this go on?" Jaiden is already dazed, already struggling to get to his feet, but he is determined to survive. With Chaolin Sahn bearing down on him, Jaiden swings a desperation elbow strike connecting with Sahn's midsection. Followed by a vicious and quick uppercut, connecting with Sahn's jaw stunning the "Tormented Soul" and driving him backwards. Jaiden sees his chance and scrambles to retrieve the suit case and use it as a weapon. Jim Gunt: "Look out! This match could be turning around!" Jaiden slams the hunk of metal hard against the spine of Sahn and again hitting him in the back of the neck. Jaiden gets cocky, swinging the case around like a home run hitter, but Chaolin Sahn catches him and suplexes him hard against the unforgiving steel barricade. The crowd goes wild with chants of CWF! CWF! and SAHN'S GONNA KILL YOU! J Rish: "Well that was short lived." Mike Rolash: "At least he can say he got his one shot in...but I'm afraid it won't make much of a difference!" Stiff right hands to Jaiden's face and Rishel is struggling just to cover himself up. Jaiden flips on his back only to be met from a vicious double stomp strike from the Tormented Soul. Jaiden Rishel looks to be unconscious, as Sahn lifts his face for the whole arena to see. He looks over to Rish as to send a message, this is a situation you've put yourself and your son into. SAHN'S GONNA KILL YOU! Sahn relents from Jaiden for a moment to look under the ring. Jim Gunt: "What do you think he's looking for, Mike?" Mike Rolash: "Probably that tampon you dropped under there earlier." J Rish: "This...isn't good." Rish seems to be ignoring the banter of the announce team, focused on the destruction that Chaolin Sahn is raining down on his boy. Sahn starts pulling steel chair after steel chair after steel chair out from under the ring, throwing them one by one into a giant heap of unrelenting, unforgiving steel. Sahn lets out a snicker, playing the crowd, as he lifts Jaiden up on to his shoulders before driving him hard down into the mangled mess of steel with a brutal piledriver. Sahn quickly picks him up again, up over his shoulders with an impressive press slam, Jaiden's whole body again crashing and ricocheting into the hard black steel. Again, Sahn doesn't let up, he doesn't give Jaiden a breather, quickly back in mount position raining punches down on the now busted up and bloody face of the Son of Rish. SAHN'S GONNA KILL YOU! Jim Gunt: "He's just toying with him." Mike Rolash: "Sahn can finish Jaiden off whenever he wants to, the crowd is loving this!" But the energy surrounding the CWF President gets more and more nervous. More cautious, more anxious with every blow his son takes. Him and Jaiden didn't see eye to eye, but that was his flesh and blood in there getting marred and ripped apart by a demon with no sense of mercy. J. Rish: "Just end it, Sahn, he's got to end it..." Mike Rolash: "You want him to end it? I thought you wanted Jaiden to suffer?" Rish doesn't reply as he watches on as Sahn applies a sharpshooter to Jaiden while he lays on the pile of broken chairs. Jaiden screams and begs in agony, no match for a crazed lunatic like the Tormented Soul. One suplex, two suplexes, a chokeslam, a brutal fireman's carry. The owner of CWF can just helplessly look on as his son is able to make no effort to counter any of Sahn's attacks or even fight back. Hell, Jaiden isn't even making an effort to get up, he's just a beaten, bloody mess. But rules state that the match is over when a participant is lit on fire. Jaiden Rishel was an unconscious carcass of a man, but he was not on fire. Not yet. SAHN'S GONNA KILL YOU! J. Rish: "This is getting out of hand." Rish stands, clearly his emotions get the best of him. As the CWF owner starts to approach the ring, Rolash extends an arm to hold him back. Mike Rolash: "Umm, you're not seriously thinking about provoking the demon are you?" Again, Rish doesn't verbally reply, his face white as a ghost. At this point, Chaolin Sahn has a Kendo stick in each hand, all kinds of horror and weaponry hidden underneath a CWF ring. Swinging both at the same time, Sahn brings both canes into a hard collision meeting at Jaiden's skull. He crumbles onto the mat, large welts evident on his forehead and neck. Sahn lifts one of the canes up to his mouth, licking the fresh blood from the wooden stick with a smile. Again, Jaiden makes a vain effort to cover up as Sahn rains Kendo stick blasts, digging and ripping into the skin covering Jaiden's back as he screams and begs and pleads in agony. SAHN'S GONNA KILL YOU! Chaolin steps out of the ring again, one more time going to the well under the ring. This time the villain pulls out a table, before quickly pulling out a second table. Meanwhile, Jaiden is in the ring, not moving. Not getting up, barely recognizable. He looks like he was in a plane crash, a car wreck and a bear attack all at the same time. Chaolin takes his time, setting up both of the tables at opposite ring posts. Sahn steps out of the ring one more time, finally grabbing the flamethrower he brought with him to the ring. With maniacal laughter, Sahn quickly lights the table aflame with a roar from the CWF fans

in the area.SAHN'S GONNA KILL YOU!J. Rish: "Here it comes...I can't watch."Mike Rolash: "Get ready to blow out the candles, Boss!"J. Rish: "God.. would you shut the fuck up?"Rish stands again, quickly pulling the white towel from the announcers table while Rolash just shrugs. Sahn does a quick throat slice taunt, again playing to the crowd and playing to Rish who looks on with sheer fear in his eyes. Sahn motions that Jaiden is going to go through the burning, crackling, splintering table that the Tormented Soul has set up, lifting Rishel for the destructive Chaos and the Crown cross powerbomb. At the last moment though, Chaolin spins around, driving Jaiden threw the table that was not on fire instead!The whole crowd gasps, everyone loving the brutal display of violence at this point. Everyone but Rish.Sahn looks up with the most vile, disgusting smile, Jaiden's now dried blood dripping down his lip. Jaiden has not fought back since the very beginning of the contest. It's almost getting sickening to watch as Sahn delivers two belly to belly suplexes and an exploder suplex to Jaiden's prone and downed body as the table continues to flicker as the flames burn it to the ground. Sahn shuffles over to the other side of the ring, using his wrestling boots to push the burning embers out of the ring. Clearly, Sahn wasn't done yet. He wasn't satisfied yet. The match ended when he ended it.SAHN'S GONNA KILL YOU!Sahn lifts Jaiden one more time, fatigue clearly not a factor for the Tormented Soul, and places Jaiden up for another devastating Chaos and the Crown powerbomb! Jaiden may be dead! Broken bones and bruised ribs at the very least. In a flash, Rish runs into the ring with the white towel in hand.J. Rish: "Stop, Sahn! End it, god damn it. Stop the match, Jaiden can no longer compete. This match is over, god damn it."Sahn licks his lips, glaring at Rish. Rish throws the white towel at Sahn's chest as it drops down on to the bloodstained ring mat.J. Rish: "That's what you wanted isn't it? When it comes to violence, you never get your fill do you? You never know when to say is enough is enough..."Sahn interrupts Rish with a burst of manic cackles into the face of the CWF owner. Rish goes to turn his back on Sahn which proves to be a fatal mistake as Sahn lunges out and grabs Rish, sending him into the air with a powerful chokeslam. Sahn never releases the hold on Rish's neck driving him to the ground and choking the life out of him.Chaolin Sahn: "No, you fool. It is not violence I crave, simply control."Sahn gets to his feet, his knuckles quickly wrapped around the bloody Kendo stick that has afflicted a lifetime's worth of pain already tonight. The Kendo stick rips into the side of Rish's gut, and then another hard shot connects with the side of Rish's lip.Mike Rolash: "God, we might have to get out of here, Jim."Jim Gunt: "Chaolin is tearing this place apart!"OHHHHH, THE CULT OF PERSONALITY!!!!Almost on cue, "Cult of Personality" hits the airwaves and whips the CWF arena into a downright frenzy. The crowd is roaring as Jarvis King, the former CWF World Heavyweight champion and legendary foil of the Cyndicate makes his appearance on the ramp, making a bee-line for the ring. He dives into the ring with a flash, surprising Sahn with a flying forearm and a frenzy of punches and knee strikes. Sahn swings wildly with a clothesline attempt, but Jarvis sidesteps him and sends him flying up over his shoulders, tumbling to the outside of the ring where the now dumbfounded announce team stands.Mike Rolash: "HOLY SHIT! It's Jarvis King vs Chaolin Sahn again! That's something I never thought I'd see again!"King and Sahn are absolutely tearing into each other, but Jarvis seems to be getting the better of the exchanges. Sahn rushes at Jarvis with a fury, but Jarvis gets his hands on a mangled steel chair and flings it flying through the air connecting hard against the forehead of the Tormented Soul. Jarvis quickly throws a few chairs back into the ring towards Jaiden, who is still crumpled on the mat, and to Rish who seems to be now stirring to his feet. Jarvis slides into the ring and goes to check on Jaiden before Jaiden shocks the world, picking up the steel chair and driving it full force between Jarvis King's legs with a wicked low blow! Jaiden stands, and with a guttural cry, slams the chair hard into the skull of his father, almost taking his head off his shoulders!The CWF crowd and commentary team have gone completely silent, completely awe stuck by the series of events. Jaiden quickly rolls Jarvis to the outside, where Sahn is getting to his feet armed with a chain wrapped around his fist. He leans over Jarvis King, again in the mount position, laying waste to the face of the former Entourage leader and Cyndicate member, the one who defied him.Chaolin Sahn and Jaiden Rishel are both on their feet, laying the beatdown on their fallen adversaries as now the entire crowd erupts in a sea of boos. Jaiden reaches for the metal briefcase he brought to the match as if it was a championship belt or some kind of prize to be claimed."It's...mine. It's...all mine!" Jaiden shrieks with evil intentions as Chaolin Sahn throws Jarvis King's lifeless body into the heaping pile of chairs at ringside.Jaiden gets to his feet and approaches his fallen, bloodied father with the steel briefcase in

hand. The Son of Rish leans over his body with a sinister grin. Jaiden Rishel: "Everything you've taken from me over the years old man...my childhood, my pride, my dreams! Well tonight, I just took it all back! This here, this was my insurance policy. This was my ticket to take everything from you that you've worked so damn hard to achieve." Jaiden is breaking down in the middle of the ring with hoarse manic screams into the cold, unconscious face of his father. Jaiden Rishel: "You see, while your lawyers were trying to hurry along the contract details for this Incineration match, I slipped in something extra. A little sweetener, something I like to call the Surrender clause. The Surrender Clause reads as this: 'If an active operating member of CWF management has to step in and intervene at the behalf of the safety of one of the individuals participating in this bout, surrendering the contest, then all active operating management power of CWF would thereby be surrendered to that participating individual. Any such surrendering shall be symbolized by, but not limited to, throwing a white towel into the ring to forfeit the match.'" Jim Gunt: "Holy shit, Mike, it can't be!" Mike Rolash: "This means..." Jaiden opens the briefcase and pulls a stack of papers out. The match contract for Jaiden vs Sahn, with those words in big, bold text at the top. He holds it up in the air victoriously with Sahn at his side. Jaiden Rishel: "For those of you that are slow, total control of CWF, its roster, its brand...it all now belongs to me, Jaiden Rishel! See, Dad, this was your folly, but this is MY DESTINY. With the Surrender clause in place, I went to seek out the Tormented Soul like a moth to a flame. We both had our plans, our ambitions and they all pointed to the same thing. We ignited the fire at CWF Headquarters, and we watched the whole thing BURN! We're not that different, him and I. Maybe he's the first person who has truly understood ME. We both want power. We both want control, we both want retribution. And tonight, we got it. With Sahn at my side, I will be invincible, unstoppable. This is MY time, our time...and our show now. And things are about to change around here!" Jim Gunt: "God no, oh God, NO!" Mike Rolash: "I am starting to think J. Rish got played like a fool here." Jim Gunt: "No kidding, Mike! This is terrible!" Chaolin Sahn grabs the metal briefcase from Jaiden's hand, cracking it across the crimson red skull of Justin Rishel one last time. The dark red stains the cool silver of the case before he trusts it up in the air again as a symbol of victory. Chaolin Sahn lets out a quick maniacal laugh as the whole arena goes black. Moments later the lights come back on and Jaiden, Sahn, J. Rish and Jarvis are no where in sight. No one is in the ring, just a mess of dried blood, mangled chairs and roasted tables. Mike Rolash: "We have the End Games main event yet tonight, Jim....can you believe this?" Jim Gunt: "Does the championship even matter at this point??? With Sahn and Jaiden running the show, they're going to run this place into the ground!" Mike Rolash: "I literally JUST got my job back, I hope they don't run it into the ground AGAIN!" Jim Gunt: "My god, I hope not either but with these two psychopaths in control we may be doomed, Mike!"

End Games World Heavyweight Title Match- The Ripper, Damien Kirkson, Jace Valentine & Harley Hodge vs. Dangerous Dan, Freddie Styles, Amber Ryan & Elijah

Match

The time is finally upon us, as the ominous roofed steel structure known to CWF fans around the world as the End Games structure slowly but surely lowers from high in the sky, making it's way down upon the ring as if to encase it in its own hell.

Ray Douglas: "Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for tonight's MAAAIN EVENT! This match is for the CWF World Heavyweight championship and the rules are simple. Two teams of four fight in out in an elimination style match, in which the final competitor standing walks out as the champion! Introducing first.."

Jim Gunt: "Here we go, Mike! Talk about some excitement in the air here in State College!"

It's the tinkling of the eerie music box that brings the lights down, the crowd murmuring with anticipation, as slowly and silently the big screens seems to crack one by one until Lzzy Hale's vocals cue shadows to dance across the shattered

surfaces.

Squealing violin cuts through the building tension, lights pulsing in red like an erratic heartbeat. As the bass drops, a female silhouette almost materializes atop the aisle drawing a huge reaction.

Dubstep violin leads Amber down the ramp, a few fans extend hands but receive little acknowledgement for their efforts. She circles the ring, eyeing up the huge End Games cell before entering and sliding beneath the bottom rope. Amber crosses to one of the far corners, that familiar Distorted Angel smirk ever present as she raises her arm in the air.

Ray Douglas: "The first competitor tonight from team number one, is from Atlantic City, New Jersey. She is a multiple time CWF Impact Champion, the Distorted Angel...AMBER RYAN!!"

Jim Gunt: "Great reception for the Distorted Angel here tonight, it's definitely nice to see her back home in CWF."

Mike Rolash: "The hell it is, I hate that bitch!"

Jim Gunt: "Well despite whatever harbored up resentment you have towards the Distorted Angel, you have to admit she's a great surprise for End Games!"

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, twin pistols in front of his face as the opening riff of "Say It to my Face" by Downstait hits...

Give it up, should've known much betterHave to pay the price for things you've said, yeah!

As the lights come up, flashing with the beat, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain, arms extended to each side, hands formed like pistols. He turns to the side as the camera focuses on him, points his arm toward the camera and pulls the trigger, screaming BALLGAME!

Say it to my face!

Freddie slowly walks down the aisle, into the End Games structure. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down and leaning over in a corner, awaiting the beginning of the match.

Ray Douglas: "And the second member of team number one, from Atlanta, Georgia...FREDDIE STYLES!!"

Jim Gunt: "Styles, a newcomer to the scene here at CWF but he made a hell of an impact in his first match with the company earlier tonight."

Mike Rolash: "No need to be subtle Jim, he wiped the floor with Allister."

Jim Gunt: "I wouldn't go that far, however I was thoroughly impressed by Freddie Styles, and am looking forward to seeing what he can do in his first End Games match!"

"Hey. Hey. Are you okay? Pretty. Handsome. Awkward!"

The sounds of "Pretty Handsome Awkward" blast the speaker system, immediately bringing the fans inside the Bryce Jordan Center into a frenzy. The former World champion stumbles out from behind the curtain, wincing in pain as he holds his damaged knee.

Jace Valentine gingerly makes his way down the ramp, his eyes wide in both anxiousness and fear as he looks on at the cage. Valentine ignores the boos and hisses from the hateful crowd, entering through the cage door and into the ring. The New Era of Arrogance looks in disgust at his two "partners" for the evening, clearly disgusted at how the lethal lottery has fallen so far.

Ray Douglas: "The third competitor in this massive four on four World Title Match comes from Montreal, Quebec, Canada...JACE VALENTINE!!"

Mike Rolash: "Yes! My favorite to win it all tonight, Jim!"

Jim Gunt: "And why is that? Valentine is clearly in bad shape, he may have escaped his match with the Blue Scorpion fairly unscathed but it's only a matter of time before that surgically repaired knee gives out on him."

"Nightmare" by Avenged Sevenfold screams across the PA system, once again exciting the live crowd as they await the arrival of the fourth participant in team one.

Dangerous Dan comes out from behind the curtain and poses at the entrance ramp, as blue pyros blasts into the air behind him as the crowd begins screaming "Dangerous Dan!" He greets the fans as makes his way down the ramp. The Dangerous One grabs the End Games cell and gives it a shake, testing it out before entering the ring. He climbs up on the turnbuckle and poses before backflipping to the ring.

Ray Douglas: "And here is the fourth and final surprise entrant in team number one! From Smithville, Tennessee...DANGEROUS DAN!!"

Jim Gunt: "What!? Oh my, what an amazing team this is going to be. We have Freddie Styles and Jace Valentine who competed earlier, strongly at a disadvantage compared to their partners Amber Ryan and Dangerous Dan who came into End Games as surprises!"

Mike Rolash: "J. Rish never was a fair booker was he? That's why I don't feel bad for him a bit after what Sahn and Jaiden did to him earlier."

Jim Gunt: "Are you serious, Mike!? Well regardless of how heartless my broadcast partner is, the awesome Dangerous Dan rounds out Team number one, it's time to see who made it into the champion's team!"

"Money In The Bank" by Lil Scrappy featuring Young Buck hits the speakers and walking out with confidence and a swagger like none other, is the debuting Damion Kirkson. Kirkson gets a decent reaction from the fan's who have heard the rumors swirling around about his CWF arrival. He claps a few hands, always keeping his eyes forward as the approaches the End Games cell and enters the ring.

Ray Douglas: "And their opponents in this mega World Title Match are as follows. First, from New York City, New York...DAMION KIRKSON!!"

Jim Gunt: "I like this Kirkson, Mike! Hopefully he'll provide something new and fresh here in CWF."

Mike Rolash: "You haven't even seen him wrestle a match yet, for God's sakes man get a grip!"

The lights dim as "Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater peaks through the speakers, the crowd once again welcoming the returning legend Harley Hodge. The former World champ slowly makes his way down the ramp, still feeling the pain of his return to the wrestling. Angel enters the End Games cage, taking a slow look at all his opponents in tonight's war.

Ray Douglas: "And the 2nd member of Team Number 2, from Brooklyn, New York, Harley Hodge or better known as...ANGEL!!"

Jim Gunt: "The man, the myth, the legend...Mike!"

Mike Rolash: "Awww, I'm glad after all these years, you're finally letting your true feelings for me show!"

Jim Gunt: *Laughs, rolling his eyes* "Yeah sure Mike, but I'm talking about 'Angel' Harley Hodge. He may have fared pretty good against Colton Mace earlier, but can the broken down legend make it from the very bottom all the way to the top here tonight?"

"Sophia" by The Cruxshadows plays and Elijah storms out from behind the curtain, making a bee line to the ring, still clearly angry from all the mishaps in the Impact Title Match. Elijah still shows a sense of determination however, nodding as he looks at the ominous structure, slowly entering End Games.

Ray Douglas: "The third combatant in team number two is the former Impact Champion, from York, England...ELIJAH!!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know if I've ever seen the wicked warrior Elijah quite like this before. I kinda like this new angrier, more savage side of him."

Jim Gunt: "Well after how muffed up that Impact Title Match was, do you blame him?"

Mike Rolash: "No, but now he's smack dab in the middle of a huge CWF World Title match..so is there really anything to be angry about?"

Pyrotechnics shoot down both sides of the ramp as "Electrifying "Ripper Remix"" begins to play. The longest reigning champion in CWF history, if only because of how long of an absence the fed has had from the wrestling world, finally makes his present felt.

"You think you know me!?"

The Ripper holds the CWF World Title high above his head, fireworks still exploding all over the Bryce Jordan Center as the company spared no expense for its current top star. Danny B gets a massive reaction from the local fans, most of them booing but some even cheering in respect. Ripper slowly and methodically makes his way down, eventually coming to the cell and entering the ring, handing his title belt off to head referee Trent Robbins.

Ray Douglas: "And the final competitor in tonight's Wrestle Fest 3 main event, is the reigning and defending CWF Heavyweight champion! From Brighton, England, The Ripper...DANNY B!!"

Jim Gunt: "All eight competitors will now be locked into the End Games cell, Mike, the only way out will be facing defeat and having to embarrassingly walk to the back World Title-less!"

Mike Rolash: "This is sure to be a hellacio.."

Jim Gunt: "What the hell do you want, Sunset!?"

The man that has been haunting, some would even say stalking, Jace Valentine appears in a pulled up chair beside Rolash and Gunt. Ryan Sunset, head of SPTC.

Ryan Sunset: "Hello everyone around the world and welcome to Wrestle Fest three! I am your Host with the Most what is sure to be the greatest End Games of all time, because yours truly is calling it of course!"

The camera focuses in through the cell on all eight competitors, each ready for the war at hand in their own unique ways. They all begin to jaw jack and before it looks like it could get out of control early, Trent Robbins intervenes and tells both teams to go to their corner and select one person to start End Games off. Not one to let anyone take his spotlight, the current CWF World Champion elects to enter the ring. So does Amber Ryan from the other team, leaving Ripper both salivating in anticipation and nearly pissing his pants at the same time. CWF's head official calls for the bell, and the Ripper and Distorted Angel charge at each other like two bulls with blood in their eyes.

Jim Gunt: "Oh my...GOD! The moment we've all been waiting for, End Games has begun, and with a bang as the champion and his biggest adversary of all time start us out!"

Ryan Sunset: "How entertaining! I could definitely see either of these two on my show, they would make way better guests than that loser Jace Valentine."

Mike Rolash: "I hope Jace knocks you out for good someday, you two bit ripoff."

Ryan Sunset: "Hey now I am the Wrestle Fest 3 host and I have some great connections with the new bosses around here, so I'd watch it Michael! And besides, less talk and more paying attention to the action in the ring!"

As Amber Ryan leaps out at the Ripper, he catches her injured right limb, arm dragging her down to the mat. Danny B continues to keep ahold of the arm of The Distorted Angel, wrenching back on it before taking her over to his team's corner, tagging in Damion Kirkson. Kirkson and the champion work together momentarily, double suplexing Amber Ryan hard to the mat. Kirkson stomps out at Angel as she gets to her feet, pulling her in by the neck, nailing a reverse DDT! Damion Kirkson goes for the quick cover.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE..TTT-Kickout!"

Jim Gunt: "Barely a two count there for Damion Kirkson, he clearly underestimated the toughest of the Painted Hurricane."

Mike Rolash: "The painted who!?"

Jim Gunt: "The painted hurricane, it's one of the new monikers Amber Ryan is going by."

Ryan Sunset: "Come on Mike, do your homework once in a while, man! You're embarrassing us out here."

Damion Kirkson lifts Amber Ryan to her feet and attempts to Irish whip her into the ropes, but unfortunately sends her right into her corner where Dangerous Dan is waiting with the tag. Dan comes into the ring like a house of fire, blasting

Kirkson quickly with a high dropkick. Damion Kirkson doesn't go down however, and attempts to clothesline Dan, instead falling victim to the Dangerous One reversing it into an Olympic Slam!

Jim Gunt: "Great move there from Dangerous Dan, looking like he has no ring rust whatsoever!"

Mike Rolash: "Probably because he still actively wrestles all around the world, genius."

Ryan Sunset: "Ever the witty one."

Mike Rolash: "Ever the shitty one."

Dangerous Dan stays on the attack, hitting a snap suplex on Kirkson as soon as he gets up. Damion Kirkson slaps the mat in frustration, getting up to his feet quickly and attempting a big boot, instead running into the Cyclorama! Dangerous Dan places Kirkson's head between his legs and hooks both arms, DANGER ZONE Angel's Wings! The Dangerous One goes for the cover, the sold out crowd counting along with Robbins.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTHHHRREEEE!!"

Ray Douglas: "Damion Kirkson has been eliminated!"

Jim Gunt: "And just like that, The Ripper's team falls to a four to three disadvantage!"

Ryan Sunset: "Danny B could probably handle the entire other team by himself, I mean look at the level of 'competition' in team one. Especially Jace Valentine, guy's a joke."

Mike Rolash: "You're the joke, Sunset, and that ain't funny."

Damion Kirkson rolls out of the ring, the outside official opening up the End Games cell to let him out. The OG Angel, Harley Hodge replaces him in the ring. Dangerous Dan attempts to stay on the offense with the living legend, swinging his body around for a roundhouse kick. But the kick is caught, his body pulled into Hodge's, a Capture Suplex following! Harley attempts to pull Dan back to his feet, but is instead kicked hard, falling on his ass in embarrassment and leaving the Dangerous One just enough time to make the tag.

Mike Rolash: "Jace Valentine! It's time for the real Host with the Most to shut you up for good, Sunset!"

Ryan Sunset: "Not really moron, Valentine is about to get his ass kicked by a true legend of the sport, and I'm safe and secure right here!"

Jim Gunt: "Dude, don't you ever shut up? And I thought Mike was annoying...wow!"

The State College crowd cheers in excitement as two former CWF World champions, from two different eras, square off in the ring. Angel calls for a test of strength, but as Valentine goes to lock hands he sneaks in an eye poke. An audible "son of a bitch!" can be heard from Harley Hodge as he grabs at his right eye, leaving Valentine the advantage as he steps behind him and pulls him in for a release German Suplex, the momentum sending Hodge over the ropes and back-first against the End Games cell!

Jace Valentine exits the ring to go after "Angel" Harley Hodge, but the legend has somehow already recovered, surprising Valentine with a Russian leg sweep into the steel grated floor between the ring and the cell. Harley grabs Valentine by the hair, pulling him to his knees and pressing his face into the cage, grinding it back and forth like a meat slicer. As Harley let's go of Valentine the damage is clear as day done, as he now wears a deep crimson mask!

Jim Gunt: "Jace Valentine is busted wide open!"

Ryan Sunset: "I love it!"

Harley Hodge takes the battered body of his foe and tosses him like a sack of potatoes back into the ring. Hodge re-enters and approaches him with a clothesline attempt, but Valentine ducks and makes a desperate tag to Freddie Styles. Hodge decides to take a momentary rest himself, backing up and tagging in the former Impact champion Elijah.

The two fresher competitors enter the ring, however still not at 100% after both men had battles earlier on in the night. Elijah approaches Freddie Styles but the star that had one hell of a debut earlier surprises him, flipping backward and connecting with a Pele kick! Freddie Styles oozes confidence, strutting around before picking Elijah up and doubling him over with a Fisherman's Suplex, holding on for the pin!

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWW-Kickout!"

Jim Gunt: "Freddie Styles coming in hot and heavy as he enters End Games, but I don't think Elijah will go out that easily!"

Mike Rolash: "Certainly not Jimmy, the Enigma has a lot to prove in this match, and even after going through a two out of three falls match with Highlander earlier, he still has a lot left in the tank!"

Ryan Sunset: "Speaking of tanks, I heard a rumor backstage that somebody may have put water in your Porsche's gas tank earlier tonight."

Mike Rolash: "You better not have you little weasel, I'll kill you!"

Elijah easily breaks the fall, getting to his feet in an instant and knife-edge chops Styles' chest. Freddie Styles backs away but still receives a second, a third, and a fourth chop, each louder than the one before it. Styles places a boot into the stomach of Elijah, doing anything he can to stop the onslaught of chops. An uppercut and a heel kick stuns Elijah enough for Styles to hang both of his legs on the middle rope, before spiking him on his head with a DDT! Styles drags Elijah over to his team's corner, tagging Dangerous Dan back into the match.

Dangerous Dan stomps on Elijah as he tries to get back to his feet, but the former Insurgent is still able to get up and drills Dan into the corner with a shoulder block. Elijah, unfortunately in the wrong corner though, as Freddie Styles connects with the side of his head with an elbow from the apron. Styles makes the quick tag back into the match, but that is his fatal mistake as the angry Elijah grabs him by the hair and pulls him in. Elijah springs off the ropes, THE DESCENT!! With Styles nearly unconscious, Elijah does his best to roll his dead weight over and go for the cover.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTHHRRREEEEE!!"

Ray Douglas: "Freddie Styles has been eliminated!"

Mike Rolash: "Well, that was stupid."

Ryan Sunset: "What, your face?"

Mike Rolash: "No you idiot, stupid for Freddie Styles to tag right back in the match. He could've rested on the apron, but now after that nasty Descent, the backstage area will have to do!"

Jace Valentine wipes what's left of the dried up blood off his face from his earlier battle with Hodge, entering the ring to face the Enigma. When they go to lock up however, Elijah finds himself being smacked on the back by The Ripper, the defending CWF World Champion tagging himself back in!

Jim Gunt: "Here we go Mike, a former World champion against the current one, this should be a battle for the ages!"

Mike Rolash: "Yes it should be, Jim. Thes.."

Ryan Sunset: "Kick his ass, Ripper!"

Mike Rolash: "I'm gonna kick YOUR ass if you interrupt me again!"

Danny B enters the ring with a slick smile on his face, but it is instantly removed as his owner partner Elijah clobbers him with a lariat! The pissed off Enigma exits the ring, allowing Jace Valentine to take advantage of the situation and lock the Valentine Vicegrip ankle lock! The Ripper squirms around, luckily near enough to be able to quickly reach the ropes. After a count of two, Valentine let's go of the hold.

Jim Gunt: "It could have been over just like that for the defending champ, Jace Valentine has tapped out many foes with his litany of submission holds."

Ryan Sunset: "I bet he couldn't tap me out."

The Ripper makes an attempt to head to his corner but Valentine stops him before he can, swinging him back around and planting him with the Heartbreaker pedigree! Valentine looks through the cell right at Ryan Sunset, spitting a huge loogie at him and flipping him off with both hands, before making the cover on the World champion.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE..."

Ryan Sunset: "I'm outta here guys."

..TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHRR-No!"

Ryan Sunset, the official host of Wrestle Fest 3, demands the outside official to open up the End Games cell, and just in time to break up the three count brings a steel chair down on the back of Jace Valentine! The fans inside the Bryce Jordan Center scream in pleasure, loving every minute of it as the man they always loved to hate gets smashed again with the chair. This time Sunset takes the upper edge of the chair, spiking it into the injured knee of Valentine again and again!

Mike Rolash: "Somebody get this guy out of here! Come on, this can't be legal!"

Jim Gunt: "And since when did you care what is and isn't legal, Mike? Besides, anything goes in End Games bay bay!"

"The Ripper" Danny B watches on salivating as Valentine is crumbled right before his very eyes. After taking nearly twenty chair shots from Ryan Sunset, Danny pushes the talk show host aside, telling him that's enough. Sunset exits back out the cell with a huge smile as The Ripper places Jace Valentine in a knee bar, using all his strength to put pressure on Valentine's injured knee. Try as he might to escape, Valentine can only take the pain for a few seconds and is forced to tap out.

Ray Douglas: "Jace Valentine has been eliminated!"

Mike Rolash: "Wow! That freaking idiot Sunset ruined everything. Damn it, I had Valentine at 5/1 odds and now I'm out five hundred bucks!"

Jim Gunt: "You bet money on this match, Mike?"

Mike Rolash: "I have a bit of a gambling problem, so what!?"

Jim Gunt: "Well regardless, Valentine was definitely robbed out of End Games by Ryan Su...heads up!"

As The Ripper admires his and Ryan Sunsets work on the agonized Valentine, she fails to notice the Distorted Angel climbing to the top rope behind him. She leaps into the air, catching Danny on the way down with an Eclipse neck breaker. The Original Sin double underhook, kickout DDT follows, bringing the crowd to their feet in an instant! Amber Ryan looks to topple the CWF World champion one more time, as she hooks both of his legs for the cover.

Referee: "OOOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTHHRRREEEE!!"

Ray Douglas: "The Ripper Danny B has been eliminated!"

Jim Gunt: "What an amazing Original Sin, and now we're guaranteed to have a new World champion, Mike!"

Mike Rolash: "We're down to our last four competitors now, and oh my look who stepped in the ring to face off with Amber Ryan.."

Jim Gunt: "Angel vs. Angel, finally!"

Mike Rolash: "So do you think Colton Mace could tell them apart now, Jim?"

Jim Gunt: "That's not funny. Harley Hodge is on fire though, that clothesline nearly took the Distorted Angel's head off!"

In the ring "Angel" Harley Hodge lifts his adversary back to her feet, the former champion Ripper backing up the ramp in disgust. Hodge puts Amber in a headlock, sinking it in deep as she falls to one knee. She fights out of it by sending the OG Angel into the ropes, meeting him with a Yakuza kick on his return! The Distorted Angel tries her best to make quick work out of the man with the same name by nailing another Original Sin DDT! In sheer anticipation, the crowd counts aloud with Trent Robbins.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTHHR—NO!"

Jim Gunt: "Holy shit, that was close!"

Mike Rolash: "Harley Hodge will not die!"

Amber Ryan, showing a bit of frustration, slaps at the mat looking up at the official in disgust. She climbs to her feet and tags in Dangerous Dan, the two of them working together momentarily as the Distorted Angel extends a knee for Dan to Powerbomb Hodge sickly onto! Dangerous Dan says it's over and heads up to the top rope, looking for The ENDD Swanton Bomb. But he's only met by the ring itself however, as Angel is able to roll out of the ring in time to avoid impact.

Harley Hodge is the first back to his feet after narrowly escaping the ENDD, and as Dangerous Dan arises he walks right into The Cuckoo's Nest scoop powerslam! Harley seems to be in control now, but when he attempts to whip Dan into the ropes it's reversed, and the Danger Boiz leader connects with a Twist of Fate on his return. Once again Dan goes to the top rope, and this time he connects perfectly with a beautiful The ENDD! Cover.

Jim Gunt: "It's over!"

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTHHHRRE-No!"

Jim Gunt: "My oh my, Harley Hodge got his shoulder up just in the nick of time! I think this entire city thought Dangerous Dan had him there!"

Mike Rolash: "Harley Hodge will not die!"

Dangerous Dan shows the same sense of frustration as the Distorted Angel had after she couldn't put away CWF's living legend with her finisher, actually swearing under his breath. Dan lifts Hodge to his feet, bringing him over to his corner and smashing his head against the top turnbuckle. Amber Ryan tags back in, and the two of them send Hodge towards the ropes, but he springs back with surprising velocity and clotheslines both of them nearly out of their boots!

Jim Gunt: "I have to admit, Mike, I am absolutely shocked at the resolve of Harley Hodge tonight. Apparently that warning from his landlord has paid dividends, the good old Angel is back!"

Mike Rolash: "He has looked great, but if we're being honest the man has been in two physical wars tonight, and now taken two of the most devastating finishers in the game. How much does he really have left in the tank, Jim?"

Jim Gunt: "Do you realize how often you contradict yourself, Rolash? A few minutes ago you were yelling Harley Hodge will not die! And now you're ready to give up on the man."

Mike Rolash: "What can I say, I get bored easily."

Angel grabs onto Angel as Dangerous Dan rolls out of the ring and back to his team's apron, Harley Hodge's team member Elijah eagerly awaiting to get back into the ring, but Hodge has other ideas taking care of the Distorted Angel himself with a Borderline spinning sidewalk slam! Harley goes for the cover.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWW-Kickout!"

Jim Gunt: "Hell a move, but not enough to put away Amber Ryan! She's been through some of the most sadistic wars I've ever seen here in CWF, Harley may have to kill the Distorted Angel to put her away!"

Harley Hodge leaves no time to rest, pulling Amber Ryan right back to her feet. She attempts to stop the inevitable with a few kicks but Hodge no-sells them, pulling her in headfirst under his arm. He lifts her to a 90 degree angle before destroying her with The Accelerator DDT! Harley rolls the Distorted Angel to her back, going for the pin.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTHHHRREEEE!!"

Ray Douglas: "Amber The Distorted Angel Ryan has been eliminated!"

Jim Gunt: "And we're down to a final three now, Dangerous Dan the sole member of his team against Elijah and Harley Hodge, only one man can walk out the new CWF World Champion!"

Mike Rolash: "While the others may not be able to even walk at all!"

Amber Ryan rolls out of the ring, pissed off and yelling obscenities as the officials force her to leave the End Games cell. In the ring, Harley Hodge takes the chance to regroup and tags out to the much fresher Elijah. Elijah and Dangerous Dan meet in the center of the ring, circling each other as if to test one another's minds out. Elijah makes the first move, kicking Dan's left leg out on him and catching him on the way down in midair with a spinning neckbreaker!

Elijah lifts Dangerous Dan to his feet, tossing him over the top rope to the steel below. The Enigma exits after Dan, clubbing him with a straight right, then a spinning backfist. Dangerous Dan dodges the next attack however, leaving Elijah prone to The ENDD Is Near Superkick, the impact blasting his head into the cell! Dan goes for the cover quickly.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTTWWWOOO...TTHHHRRE—NO"

Jim Gunt: "Harley Hodge broke up the pin, Mike! Someone actually saved their partner in this match, what a surprise!"

Mike Rolash: "Well it makes no sense to save someone in a match like End Games, dumbass. He should have let Elijah get pinned and then took out Dangerous Dan himself."

Just in time to break up the pin, Hodge hits a low dropkick to the face of Dan, snapping back his head with a sick crunch. Harley Hodge grabs ahold of the arm of his partner Elijah, dragging him back into the ring to their corner. Angel exits to the ropes just long enough to pull Elijah up for the tag. He quickly goes back outside to Dangerous Dan, who is waiting for him with a Twist of Fate!

Dangerous Dan now senses that he could finally have the chance to put away the legend, hooks both arms of Angel for the Danger Zone. Instead, the Danger Boy is sent flying through the air and against the End Games cell with a back body drop! Once again Harley Hodge looks to hit the Accelerator as he lifts Dangerous Dan in the air and executes the DDT to perfection! Both legs hooked, Harley shoots for the pin.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTHHHRREEEE!!"

Ray Douglas: "Dangerous Dan has been eliminated!"

Jim Gunt: "Holy shit, what an incredible End Games match this has been so far Mike...and we've finally made it to the final two competitors!"

Mike Rolash: "And correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe this is an End Games first that two members of the same team square off in the end?"

Jim Gunt: "I believe you're right, and wow, these two have both really been through the ringer already tonight. But the fight is not over. The war has only begun, and won't end until one man is proudly holding up the CWF championship!"

From behind, Elijah strikes quickly and swiftly. Kicking downward at the back of Harley Hodge, even as he attempts to get to his feet. Elijah grabs onto Harley by the back of the head, tossing him into the End Games cell. When Harley doesn't go off his feet, Elijah again chucks him even harder into the cage. Dangerous Dan leaves through the door opened by the official outside, but with a sadistic smile Elijah stops the door from swinging closed.

Jim Gunt: "Oh god Mike, what does the Enigma have in mind here!?"

Mike Rolash: "Who the hell knows with that maniac! Something violent I assume."

Elijah waves a finger at the outside official, pushing the End Games door back open. The Enigma takes a few steps forward and escapes hell's playground, taking Hodge along with him. Elijah eyes widen as he escapes the cage, a rabid dog left out of his kennel. Harley Hodge will not be manhandled so easily however, as he hooks Elijah and flips him, a hip toss landing him into the steel entrance ramp.

Hodge looks around quickly thinking up a gameplan, before making his way over to the guardrail holding the 14,000 excited CWF backs back. Angel leaps up and nearly misses the guardrail, but is able to catch his footing. He faces the audience before backflipping off the railing right at Elijah, the Illumination Theory body splash hitting him square in the chest! Harley goes for the cover, the outside official Summits drops for the count.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHHRRR—KICKOUT!"

Jim Gunt: "Close but no cigar there, Mike!"

Mike Rolash: "That phrase is as old and tired as you are, Jimmy."

Jim Gunt: "Classic Mike Rolash."

Harley Hodge looks slightly surprised to not have put away Elijah, but he is undeterred, continuing his onslaught on the Enigma with the Sleep to Dream Guillotine submission. Elijah screams in pain, trying his best to squirm out of the hold, but Hodge just seems to sink it in even deeper.

Jim Gunt: "I think it may be over here, Elijah HAS to tap out after the amazing amount of punishment he's been through tonight!"

But through all the pain and agony, Elijah somehow fights his way to his feet, carrying Harley Hodge around like a backpack. The hold now broken, Hodge tries to hold on while getting a few shots in. Elijah once again fights through the pain, not letting go of Hodge and instead walking towards the Wrestle Fest 3 announce table. The Enigma sends Harley Hodge flying with a Death Valley Driver, sending tv monitors and various paper cups flying but not breaking the table itself. Elijah climbs up onto the table himself, laying his chest over Hodge for the cover.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHHRRRE—NO!"

Jim Gunt: "At the very last second, Harley Hodge got his shoulder up. My god what a match, Mike. Thank god CWF is back!"

Mike Rolash: "Hell yeah it is!"

Knowing deep down that he hadn't done enough to put away the living legend yet, Elijah doesn't dwell on the nearfall but instead quickly pulls himself and Angel off of the announce table, carrying him by the back of the head and smashing his face into the cell. Harley comes back with an elbow, and takes Elijah's face into the cell now, both men showing their battle wounds as the blood begins to flow. Elijah fights back, right hand. Angel on the return, uppercut. Both men crumple to the floor below, completely exhausted. The fans inside the Bryce Jordan Center have never been so loud as they scream "THIS IS AWESOME!" at the top of their lungs.

Jim Gunt: "You're damn right, this is awesome!"

Mike Rolash: "Both Elijah and Angel are a bloody mess, and..oh god..both men are climbing up the End Games cell!!"

Just as CWF's very colorful color commentator had spoken, the Enigma and the Accelerator begin making their way up the lengthy steel End Games structure. Angel attempts to send Elijah flying with a shove, but Elijah fights back drilling his head into the cage. Neither men falter, continuing their ascent upward. Finally both men make it to the top of the structure, coming to the center of the cage roof together in blows.

Jim Gunt: "This match has to be one of the most amazing spectacles I have ever seen, Mike! And to think of what these two crazied athletes could do from 20 feet in the air? That's horrifying!"

Mike Rolash: "Horrifying? That's fucking awesome!"

Elijah places a knee into the gut of Angel, before bringing him down across the steel with a snap suplex. He tests out the waters a bit, placing his boot on the roof to see how strong the caging is, before leaping into the air and striking Harley Hodge with an elbow drop. Clark Summits, the strongest and most noble of CWF officials, struggles but makes his way up the End Games cell. Elijah looks to take advantage of the referee's presence, but instead falls victim to the same maneuver that coats him the Impact Title earlier, a small package pin from Angel.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHRR—No!"

Jim Gunt: "Elijah nearly falling for the same trapped pin twice tonight, but this time he was able to escape!"

Mike Rolash: "Elijah is a man possessed tonight, Jim. I've seen the most violent side of the Insurgent on multiple accounts, but I've never seen him with such determination!"

Jim Gunt: "But Harley Hodge has shown so much heart in this match as well. Both men have put each other through hell tonight, and you bet your was whichever man walks out victorious will be a proud CWF champion!"

Harley Hodge looks up at the large Wrestle Fest 3 sign above the cell him and Elijah stand on, nodding to himself as he comes up with his next move. Harley lifts Elijah onto his shoulders, walking towards the edge of the cage with devious intentions. Elijah slips out, Harley turns around right into him leaping up into the sky. The Enigma grabs Harley to take him on the glorious ride with him, the two men screaming through the air like a bullet. Within seconds both men obliterate the announce table, The Descent from Elijah crushing Harley Hodge! Chants of "Oh my god!" ring through the stadium, and for nearly a minute nearly man moves. Eventually Elijah places one arm over Harley.

Referee: "OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHHRREEEE!!

Ray Douglas: "Your winner and the new Championship Wrestling Federation World Heavyweight champion...EEEELLLLIIJJAHH!!!"

The crowd is in an absolute frenzy, nearly everyone on their feet clapping or cheering as "Sophia" by The Cruxshadows plays. Trent Robbins lifts the half lifeless body of Elijah up, handing him the CWF World championship that he never intended to win, that in the past he never strived for. Elijah breaks out in tears, breaking character as he raises the title high in the air to thunderous cheers. Other officials pull Angel out of the carnage of the crushed table, and after nearly five minutes of regaining their composure, the two men once again go eye to eye. Elijah puts his right hand out and Angel doesn't even hesitate to shake it, a true sign of respect that is appreciated the the live crowd. Pyros continue to go odd through the arena as Angel and the new World champion Elijah raise each others arms in the air.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite