

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 12

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: February 6, 2018
Location: Alabama — Mobile

Results

Cold Open

Match

Fireworks blast all across the ramp as another week of CWF's flagship Monday night show, Evolution comes your way! Cameras zoom across hundreds of fans happily raising their signs in the air, while hundreds of others simply cheer their hearts out. Finally the camera stops scanning all the fans of the Bankers Life Fieldhouse and come to Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt, who nod as the camera comes to them.

Jim Gunt: Welcome to another week of Evolution, folks!

Mike Rolash: And it's going to be a big one, as we are coming off of the Modern Warfare pay per view!

Jim Gunt: Yes sir, one where Jace Valentine did the unthinkable and joined forces with the snake Sunset!

Mike Rolash: Haha, indeed. But tonight we will see former champion Duce Jones attempt to get back in the saddle, as he takes on Mariella Jade Flair in the main event for a shot at Jace himself!

Jim Gunt: That and so much more we have on the docket for tonight. But for now, let's head backstage.

Breaking Your Mind

Match

We see Dorian Hawkhurst walking towards his locker room backstage. He opens the door and looks in, cautious after what happened at Modern Warfare and he sighs. He quickly walks up to the nearest security officer backstage.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Hey!

Security: Can I help you?

Dorian Hawkhurst: What the fuck is in my locker room?

Security: I assume a locker...

Dorian Hawkhurst: Oh. A comedian. Come here smartass.

Security: Aight...

The security guard follows Hawkhurst to his locker room. He opens the door and sees that inside the locker room is enough booze to operate an ABC store.

Security: Hmmm.

Dorian Hawkhurst: You see the problem.

Security: Yeah! All this beer and no babes. I can make some calls if you want. I could also get Lance over here if you want some "snow powder" to go along with th...

Dorian Hawkhurst: GET RID OF IT!

Security: I mean if you don't want it sure dude, but if you didn't put this here, who did?

Dorian Hawkhurst: Ataxia...

The security guard gets a worried look on his face and pulls up his radio.

Security: Dispatch. It's Brad. The bagman's left some presents. Get the bomb squad dog. They'll know what for.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Bomb squad?

Brad: Not taking any chances with that weirdo. He's a piece of work man. What'd you do to piss him off.

Dorian Hawkhurst: I've done nothing to that man.

Brad: You're here. In his mind dude. You're in his home. You're his plaything. You've done something to spark his interest.

Dorian Hawkhurst: You make it sound like this guy is some kind of supervillain.

Brad: Villain. No. Psychopath. Yes. The guy makes Jigsaw look like a slacker. He's an impressionist, makes latex masks of people so he can walk around as them, he does pyrotechnics, and just all sorts of weird shit. If there is anything a hundred and fifty one proof in there it's flammable. And knowing this guy he might have rigged a timer.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Why haven't they fired this guy? Where the fuck is Sunset?

Brad: Truth is man it'd just make it worse. I think out of everyone here...management is scared of him. Like you got that Elisha guy. Fucking scary right. Dude is a fucking madman, you could fire him. You could stop him with enough cops and a tank, but Ataxia. No one knows who the fuck he is. Guy could walk right back in here and no one would know. Hell. He never comes in through the back like you guys. He just...appears!

Dorian Hawkhurst: So what do I do?

Brad: If you got anybody or anything you care about. Make sure they are protected. He'll find out a weakness and exploit it. Guys in CWF will break bones to end careers. Ataxia will break your mind and make you think a good idea is to walk off a fucking cliff. Look. I'll move your stuff to one of the other locker rooms while we look this over. Okay?

Dorian Hawkhurst: Thanks. Sorry about being a bit of a dick earlier.

Brad: Dude. No problem. Part of the job, although don't take it the wrong way. I know you might not drink anymore, but I'm so grabbing some of that Jack Daniels if it's not tainted.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Take it all dude. I don't wanna see any of it.

With that Brad shows Hawkhurst to another locker room as our cameras cut away.

Fade.

An Interview With The Unstoppable Force

Match

Billy and Tyler are standing backstage when Marcus Maximus walks over to them, and the interview starts.

Marcus Maximus: Your friendly super-backstage colleague here and I am standing here with The Unstoppable Force Billy and Tyler Anderson. First off congratulations on being back.

Tyler Anderson: Thanks! We are excited to being back to where we belong, and we are ready to show the whole world what we're made of when we return tonight.

Marcus Maximus: Tonight you're having your first match against The Lost Boys Dean Coulter and Sam Baxton, so my first question is. What do you think of your opponents?

Billy Anderson: Dean and Sam think that it is funny to make fun of America, but they are going to find out that doing that is going to make them more enemies. They just don't get the danger they are in when they step into the ring with us, and they will get a beating that they won't be liking. Dean and Sam are going to know that we don't take too kindly when the country that we love gets put down by two Aussies. We have no problem with Australia, and we have visited there, still they are in our country as they will pay dearly for doing what they are doing. They are dealing with one of the best tag teams in CWF history, and we are going to put them in their place, one way or the other.

Marcus Maximus: Are you a type of police force?

Tyler Anderson: Something like that, and we will protect our country no matter what the cost. You see Dean and Sam ran their mouths against the wrong place, and we will deliver justice since they think it is so cute to cross the line, well, it isn't, as they will get what is coming to them.

Billy Anderson: Dean and Sam haven't seen anything yet, and in this match they will see what going up against two Hall of Famers is going to do to them as they won't like the result at all. We will show what we are made of, and we are just happy to be back in CWF as it will be great to hear the roar of the fans.

Marcus Maximus: Thank you for your time.

Tyler Anderson: You're welcome.

Billy and Tyler walk off, and they discuss the match some more.

Fade.

Azrael Vs. Justice

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, some big statements right from the get go here, Ataxia really seems to have taken an, uh, liking to new guy Dorian Hawkhurst and is actively working on pushing him off the wagon...

Mike Rolash: And the Unstoppable Force is out to defend the honour of the United States against the Australian insurgents and they will be able to show them their place later on tonight!

Jim Gunt: But now let's see how two of our newest signings are faring against each other, when Azrael meets Justice!

Ray Douglas: The following match is tonight's opening match and set for one fall!

"Happy Song" by Bring Me The Horizon hits and Justice makes his way to the ring to a chorus of boos.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania....JUSTICE!!

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

Ray Douglas: And his opponent from undisclosed....AZRAEL!!

The bell sounds and Justice stands tall and proud, signaling for Azrael to meet him the centre of the ring. With a sigh of nonchalance Azrael shuffles forward. This angers Justice who advances quickly to close the gap with a clothesline. Azrael ducks the attack and spins himself around to grapple Justice from behind and connect with an inverted DDT.

Jim Gunt: Justice had an incredible opportunity presented to him when he debuted at Modern Warfare, a chance at the Paramount Title.

Mike Rolash: Meanwhile Azrael has had a few matches here with us and seems content to just coast along. To be honest my money is on the Law here. Have you ever seen biceps that size before?!

Azrael jumps into the air for a knee drop but comes down upon the ring mat as Justice rolls out of the way. Justice wastes not a single moment and is upon Azrael in an instant, only to be surprised yet again as Azrael pulls him down for a backslide pin.

ONE!

TWO!

JUSTICE BREAKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: Either Azrael is hustling us all or just really, REALLY lucky.

Frustration building Justice lashes out more wildly, grasping Azrael by the arm and pulling him in for a hellacious short-arm lariat. Justice however does not relinquish his grip and pulls Azrael back to his feet for a second thunderous short-arm lariat...and a third. For the fourth instead of a lariat, Justice pulls Azrael in for a short-arm sidewalk slam and follows up with a lateral press.

ONE!

TWO!

Justice breaks his own pin to lay next to his opponent and performs a series of push-ups.

Mike Rolash: Justice sure is confident.

Jim Gunt: I'd be inclined more towards arrogant or cocky.

Mike Rolash: Cocky? First match of the night and you've already made it about sex.

Jim Gunt: What...

Justice rises with his opponent and lifts Azrael up, high above his head in a military press. Sure enough Justice's overconfidence proves his downfall in this instance as Azrael fights his way free and drops down, grabbing Justice by the hair with his knee placed behind the head with a knee-drop bulldog variation. Almost surprised at his fortune, Azrael hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! JUSTICE KICKS OUT!

Azrael has Justice by the legs and prepares for the sharpshooter submission, but before he can, Justice reaches out and grabs Azrael by the throat with one hand, and lays into him with some seriously stiff punches to the face with the other until Azrael relents and releases his opponent. Hand still firmly around the throat Justice climbs to his feet, wrapping his other hand around the throat and executing a choke variation of an overhead suplex.

Jim Gunt: What an impressive suplex! Don't think I've ever seen that one before.

Mike Rolash: Really? How long have you been a wrestling commentator?

Another lateral press pin from Justice, this time there are no interruptions for grandstanding.

ONE!

TWO!

AZRAEL KICKS OUT!

Justice pushes his opponent back down, growling at him to stay down and makes another pin attempt.

ONE!

KICK OUT AGAIN!

Jim Gunt: Not sure if that's really a winning formula.

Justice seems to take the hint and chooses not to try a third pin but instead rains down the boots into practically every (match-legal) inch of his opponent before raising his arms with a triumphant roar and comes down with an elbow drop. As payback for his failed knee drop, Azrael somehow weathers the assault of boots and has the sense to roll out of the way of the elbow drop. He feels no particular rush to ascend back to his feet however and only barely manages to make it up before Justice does.

Mike Rolash: Azrael had an opportunity there, but his apathy got the better of him.

Jim Gunt: I'm surprised you even know what apathy means.

Mike Rolash: Screw You!

Luckily for Azrael Justice still seems to be regaining his sense and is too sluggish on the offensive, so Azrael struggles but does manage to hoist him up onto his shoulders and though not a perfect execution he manages to connect with SPIRALING DOWN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

JUSTICE KICKS OUT!

Azrael makes his way to a nearby corner, takes a seat within the turnposts and watches the stirring form of his opponent. With a long, drawn out sigh he uses the ropes to get back to his feet as Justice shows signs of recovering. Azrael leaps forward for the Falling Apart but Justice pushes him off, bouncing bodily back off of the ring ropes and into Justice's waiting clutches, ready for a ring-shaking german suplex.

Justice hoists his opponent back up, straight from a prone position and into the air, set up for the Verdict. Justice swings his opponent around from the suplex position into a powerslam variation but with the slightest shift of his positioning Azrael is able to completely turn the move round, wrapping his arms around the surprised and hapless Justice, and with a spectacular last-second, mid-move counter uses Justice's own weight and momentum for added impact on his own Falling Apart.

Jim Gunt: What the hell just happened?!

Mike Rolash: Azrael countered the Verdict into the Falling Apart. Duh.

Jim Gunt: But HOW?!

Mike Rolash: Well he ah...All he needed to do was...Ah...Magic?

Azrael drapes an arm over the chest and shoulders of his opponent for the pin.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: What a miraculous counter!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner....AZRAEL!!

Mike Rolash: A nice opener here, both of them are looking strong and should remain in the contenders' race for the Paramount Championship at this rate, but I have heard that Tara Robinson is on her way to get the latest from the Lost Boys...

Passing On A Message

Match

There's a knock on the door to the Lost Boys locker room and Dean answers it to reveal the ever popular CWF official interviewer, Tara Robinson.

Tara Robinson: Dean Coulter, I was hoping to get some quick words from you about your opponent's tonight.

Dean Coulter: This is a pleasant surprise. Please do come in. Sam! Get over here, we got ourselves an interview.

Sam Braxton: Bloody Oath?!

Sam quickly scurries over to join Dean and Tara.

Dean Coulter: Ask away.

Tara Robinson: The CWF Universe went into a veritable frenzy upon the return of Billy and Tyler Anderson, also known as the Unstoppable Force. They are your opponents tonight, they are former tag-team champions and members of the CWF Hall of Fame, what are your thoughts and feelings coming into this match?

Sam Braxton: Why we gotta talk about them Redneck Rejects?!

Dean Coulter: Sam! Well Tara, they claim to have their reasons for a return to the CWF ring but they have failed to realise this is no longer the same company they remember, when we're done with them they will have to face the truth of a future that really has no place for guys like them. Former champions or not they are in our way and WE will not be stopped!

A faint buzzing pull's Deans attention away from the brief interview and to his phone, leaving Tara with Sam.

Tara Robinson: Sam Braxton, do you have anything to add to your partner's bold statements?

Sam Braxton: Yeah...you wouldn't happen to have Mariella-Jade's phone number would you?

She is one ripper of a Sheila!

Tara looks incredulously from Sam to her cameraman and motions to wrap it up. The quicker the better.

Tara Robinson: Ah...Thank you. I think we got all we need.

They couldn't have left any faster.

Sam shrugs and turns around, motioning to Dean to get things wrapped up, because their match is up next.

Fade.

The Lost Boys (Dean Coulter & Sam Braxton) Vs. The Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson)

Match

Mike Rolash: Right now is the moment we have all been waiting for, especially after the very interesting statements of the opponents, next up we have the much awaited tag team match between the Lost Boys and everybody's darlings The Unstoppable Force!

There's some brief discussion between the two teams to quickly decided who will be starting active for the match. The older of the Andersons, Billy, Georgia's Relentless Son starts off for the Unstoppable Force, while the larrikin, Sam Braxton, starts for the Lost Boys. They approach each other in the centre of the ring and Sam extends his hand, Billy tenses, expecting an attempted attack but instead sees Sam's hand outstretched for a shake.

Mike Rolash: Something doesn't smell right...

Jim Gunt: Probably that new cologne you're wearing.

Mike Rolash: But it's Sex Panther! 60% of the time, works every time.

Jim Gunt: ...You're an idiot!

Mike Rolash: But a fragrant idiot!

Billy looks from Sam Braxton, to Dean Coulter, to his brother Tyler and then back to Sam who stands there waiting patiently with his hand still outstretched a smile on his face. Billy accepts and stretches his hand to meet that of the Australian. Sam takes his hand back and motions a slicking back of his hair.

Jim Gunt: Was that really a surprise to anyone?

“What a gallah!” He shouts at Billy who lunges forward, taking Sam by surprise with a double leg takedown and following through with a series of quick and stiff punches, unrelenting in his assault. Satisfied the upstart Aussie has learnt his lesson, Billy picks up Sam and throws him into the corner, tagging in his brother Tyler.

Mike Rolash: I’m curious, if you bruise an Aussie does their skin turn green and gold?

Together the Unstoppable Force send Sam into the ring ropes with an irish whip and they knock him down with combined back elbow strikes, followed by synced elbow drops. Tyler hooks the leg as Billy returns to his place on the apron.

ONE!

TWO!

SAM KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: So far no sign of ring rust on the veteran Andersons.

Mike Rolash: But they haven’t dealt with a team like the Lost Boys before.

Tyler lifts up Sam for the Starmaker, a high-angle back drop, but Sam flips backwards, out of Ty’s grasp and back to his feet. Before Georgia’s Pride and Joy can turn to face his opponent, Sam proves the quicker and catches Tyler with a jumping neckbreaker. Proud of himself Sam shoots Billy a middle finger. None too impressed Billy moves to enter the ring but referee Clark Summits is there to stop him and the two have a bit of an argument. Sam laughs then drags Tyler closer to the Lost Boys’ corner, where Dean awaits.

Jim Gunt: Billy needs to cool his jets, his anger will only prove detrimental.

Sam slowly and purposefully stalks around the stirring Tyler, allowing him only to ascend to his knees before he presses his advantage with a series of stiff shoot kicks to the chest.

Kick. "Waltzing Matilda!" Kick. "Waltzing Matilda!" Kick. "You'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me!" Finishing up with a roundhouse kick to the side of Ty's head. The tag is made to Dean. Draping both of Ty's arms around his own neck, Dean applies a straight-jacket style chinlock submission, with a knee firmly between the shoulder blades of Georgia's Pride and Joy.

Jim Gunt: The Lost Boys have effectively cut off Tyler from his brother, putting him a dire situation.

Mike Rolash: Was Braxton SINGING before?

Tyler struggles against the hold, it's clear the submission is doing its work and slowly sapping the energy of the younger Anderson brother, but in spite of this Tyler is able to struggle and fight back to a standing base, even twisting around and loosening Dean Coulter's grasp for a much-needed reprieve. Dean goes up and over as Tyler flips him with a back body drop. Dean is up in an instant but Tyler swings around behind him, connects with a german suplex, rolling through to bodily lift Dean up again and connect with a belly-to-back wheelbarrow facebuster.

Jim Gunt: An Anderson Suplex Special!

Tyler with the lateral press pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! DEAN KICKS OUT!

The tag is made back to Georgia's Relentless Son, Billy Anderson, who climbs to the second turnpost while Tyler lifts and holds Dean in place. Billy comes off the turnbuckle and down upon Dean Coulter with a pointed diving elbow drop to the head. He and Tyler, from his place on the apron, motion to the crowd, who express their appreciation and approval with thunderous cheers and adulation.

Jim Gunt: The fans certainly haven't forgotten the Andersons and how integral they were to the foundation of the CWF's tag-team division.

Mike Rolash: Why are they here again?

Jim Gunt: Because they are CWF legends?

Billy eagerly awaits for Dean to stand and recover, charging forward for the knee trembler. Dean evades the running strike and surprises Billy Anderson by quickly countering into the True Blue Thunder Bomb, holding on for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

TYLER RUNS IN FOR THE SAVE!

Jim Gunt: Oh! I thought it was over there! But Tyler saves his brother from defeat!

Dean is quickly back to his feet and pounces on Tyler throwing him over the top of the nearby ring ropes. Not wanting to be blindsided by Billy he turns his attention back to the legal man and only just hears Sam calling out, saying that Tyler hadn't tumbled completely over the ropes and to the floor, but instead had found his footing on the apron. Dean turns around and is hit dead-on by the Anderson Rush. The referee desperately tries to regain control of the match, demanding Ty return to his place.

Jim Gunt: That's why the Andersons are true tag-team veterans!

Billy is once again on Dean and sets him up for the Lunatic Drop. Moments from the match-ending move, Dean counters into a northern light suplex, but doesn't have the energy to hold on for a bridging pin and instead rushes over to the Lost Boys corner and practically leaps at Sam to make the tag.

Jim Gunt: I'd not take Billy Anderson for a Lunatic.

Mike Rolash: Apparently it's all the rage.

Jim Gunt: Well it certainly had Dean Coulter panicking.

Sam rushes onto the scene but misses the Wizard of Aus, Billy able to duck his head by mere inches, however he doesn't account for Dean Coulter who lifts him up into a spin out powerbomb while Sam leaps up for a jumping neckbreaker, connecting with Lost in Translation.

Mike Rolash: Perhaps the Veterans could learn a thing or two. According to the Lost Boys.

Dean watches Tyler as Sam goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO! BILLY KICKS OUT!

At that same moment Tyler rushes in, the guardian Dean be damned, in the hope of breaking the pin. He ducks a clothesline from Dean and flips backward for the ever impressive Pele kick that sends Dean down to the mat. Sam attempts to get back to his feet after the kick out, but is cut off by Tyler who comes off the ropes with the Anderson Drop. However, before the move can connect Sam drags the recovering form of Billy Anderson into the firing line of the curb stomp and Tyler hits his own finisher on his own brother.

Jim Gunt: Sam practically pulled a miracle, in the form of Billy Anderson, out of his hat to avoid that devastating finisher.

Shocked and stunned by the misfire Tyler seems to muster no defence as Sam places him in position for his patented backbreaker variation. With Tyler now in place Dean returns to the fold and together the Lost Boys connect with the Crossroads. Sam makes the pin.

ONE!

Mike Rolash: Any such miracle in store for the Andersons?

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Apparently not.

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall....THE LOST BOYS!!

Times Have Changed

Match

The Lost Boys are not satisfied in a simple victory over the returning Unstoppable Force however, as Dean Coulter immediately calls for a microphone for both him and Sam.

Dean Coulter: Take a look around you Billy and Tyler. This ain't the same CWF you remember. Times have changed.

Sam Braxton: We warned you blokes.

Dean Coulter: I just hope that you do not come to regret returning.

With the Andersons' attention firmly on the Lost Boys they don't notice Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven leaping over the guard rails and storming the ring.

Jim Gunt: Oh for Gods' Sake! Not another sneak attack!

Silas and Autumn wail on the Unstoppable Force, while Sam and Dean look to each other and shrug. All of a sudden the Lost Boys are floored, knocked down onto the ramp, as Harvey Danger and The Lost Soul rush THROUGH them, heading to the ring and interrupting the beat down inside the ring. There is a brief tussle between Coalition and Stranger Danger before Silas and Autumn are thrown out of the ring, where they quickly meet up with their Australian colleagues. Harvey Danger eagerly asks for a microphone.

Harvey Danger: That's enough of that! The four of you claim to oppose the system, the "establishment" that keeps holding back the younger and newer faces in this company. You claim to stand for the working man. But you do not speak for us!

He hands the microphone to his partner, The Lost Soul, who takes it in hand, stares at it for a moment, then returns it back to Harvey.

Harvey Danger: All I see is a couple of bullies and clowns and we've had enough! Are you capable of anything more than cheap sneak attacks and gang beat-downs? I think you lot should step up and prove it.

There is a moment of excitable and rushed discussion before the four members of the Coalition before Dean steps forward to speak, almost holding back the others, chomping at the bit to rush back into the ring.

Dean Coulter: I knew you blokes were stupid, but I never thought you'd do something so...foolishly heroic. I would've thought you'd learnt the first time. But you want to go a second round? Then I'm sorry to disappoint, we've been down that road already, and we all know where that leads. Sam and I have got a bigger goal in mind but Silas and Autumn here...

Silas gladly takes the offered microphone.

Silas Artoria: Interesting how you'd call us 'bullies and clowns', yet we're the very kind of people whom you fear.

Silas steps forward and hops onto the apron, unafraid of any reprisal from Harvey, The Lost Soul or either of the recovering Andersons.

Silas Artoria: Fear the future. We'll see you next week!

Fade.

An Unlikely Alliance

Match

We cut backstage to see Caledonia sitting with a cup of tea at a catering table. She is seated opposite someone but we do not see who.

Caledonia: I know we don't exactly see eye to eye on most things - really on anything save one. But our one point of agreement is a major one. I think that it trumps our disagreements. We both want Sunset, Jace, Elisha, all of them, taken down.

No response from the person opposite her. She looks slightly disconcerted but composes herself with her well-trained decorum. The camera slowly orbits the table, but we do not yet see who she's talking to.

Caledonia: We don't have enough in common to be true allies. That much is obvious. But we're fighting two fronts of the same war, and our opponent is the same. So while it may be too much to say that we'll work together, perhaps we could at least agree not to work against each other, for the time being.

The camera finishes its rotation, and we see that she is speaking to The Shadow.

The Shadow: The enemy of my enemy is my ally, of sorts?

Caledonia: More, my enemy is powerful enough that I'd rather not make an enemy of his enemy.

The Shadow seems to contemplate, his expression inscrutable.

The Shadow: So my druids will not interfere with you, and you will leave us be?

Caledonia: Precisely.

The Shadow: These terms... are acceptable.

Caledonia: Excellent.

She offers her hand. The Shadow hesitates, and shakes it. He seems to be less than comfortable with the exchange.

Caledonia: Not a handshake man?

The Shadow: Yes, I'm just not used to it around here, where Sunset and his minions lurk around every corner and even the ones you trust might not be who you think they are, if you know what I mean...

He exits, leaving Caledonia looking confused.

Fade.

Dorian Hawkhurst Vs. Autumn Raven

Match

Mike Rolash: I did not see that coming, Caledonia and The Shadow entering some sort of a truce.

Jim Gunt: Well, they both have been on the receiving end of Sunset's shenanigans, so with everything that is going on not having to worry about someone can be worth a lot!

Jim Gunt: And The Lost Boys are still running on a high here, too, yet undefeated as tag teams and this is heating up now into something way bigger with their Coalition having drawn in the Highwaymen on top of it and speaking of the Coalition, one of their members, who has so affectionately been nicknamed "The Anchor" will be in action next.

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall.

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of Sixx A.M.'s "Somewhere

in Hollywood” starts to play, the tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name fading in over it.

As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances out at the crowd with a smirk on her face as she starts down the ramp slowly.

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath, Autumn Raven!

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 287 pounds, The Demon of Sobriety, Dorian Hawkhurst!

Scott Stapp's “Slow Suicide” begins to play and the big man walks out from the entrance, straight down the ramp, not even glancing at anybody along the way, instead intent on his opponent only. He steps up onto the apron and through the ropes, walking right up to Autumn, who has to crane her neck, but does not back off.

Mike Rolash: She is alone? Where is Silas?

Jim Gunt: Maybe he's been hanging around those Aussies too long and now got lost himself?

Mike Rolash: No, don't get your hopes up, here he comes prancing around...

Silas Artoria is slowly walking down the ramp, in an immaculate suit and his cane, looking everything the aristocrat he always claims to be. Meanwhile Autumn and Dorian circle each other and finally Dorian lifts an arm for a test of strength, but the nine-inch height difference just gets Dorian a derisive sneer from Autumn, followed by a swift kick to the stomach. As he folds down, she takes his offered hand, but uses it to hit him with a beautifully executed step-up enzuigiri, giving the big man some early trouble, but he remains standing. Seeing him reel, Autumn goes into the ropes and jumps up for a drop kick, hitting him square into the chest and into the ropes, but he uses his momentum to come at Autumn just as she gets up and the clothesline turns her inside out in an impressive show of strength.

Mike Rolash: This might have been it already, is her head still attached?

Jim Gunt: It seems so, but her bell has definitely been rung!

After a brief moment to shake off the cobwebs, Dorian picks her off the mat, sending her into the corner, which she

bounces right out of by the sheer force of the impact, and Hawkhurst is right back on her, picking her up once more and going for a powerslam that shakes the foundations of the arena. And he goes for the pin right away!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Wow, I was sure he had put her away there!

Hawkhurst's shoots some sharp glares at the referee, indicating that he was not counting fast enough, but as he argues, Autumn uses the brief lapse of focus to roll herself out of the ring to catch her breath. Artoria is right by her side and manages to get a few quick words with her before he sees the big man following her right out and upon seeing his approach, Autumn starts to run.

Jim Gunt: What the... what is she doing?

Mike Rolash: She is running away from him, but she doesn't afraid or anything.

And indeed Autumn just stays ahead of Dorian and as he stops with an enraged look on his face, she just taunts him to come at her, which does not help his mood, that is for sure.

FIVE!

SIX!

Quick as a hare she runs around the next corner and rolls herself into the ring. Hawkhurst comes up on the apron, but MISSILE DROPKICK!

Mike Rolash: This has been some clever playing of the opponent, make him mad and make him careless!

Dorian crashes hard into the barrier, knocking the wind out of him and Autumn is not done with him, bouncing off the ropes and SUICIDE DIVE! She hits her opponent right into the chest with her shoulder, running him back into the barrier, but she also hits it on her way down, leaving her a little dazed. But Silas gets her to her feet and rolls her into the ring before Hawkhurst has a chance to get at her, sorting out her brain cells. Having learned from his mistake,

Dorian comes up the stairs and enters the ring in the corner. Another drop kick from Autumn just as he comes through the ropes puts him off balance, and Raven is climbing the top turnbuckle and leaps off with a body press, but Hawkhurst just catches her as if she was a child.

Jim Gunt: Autumn has shown a lot of ring intelligence so far, keeping Hawkhurst busy, but I think this was a big mistake!

Mike Rolash: Yes, as much momentum as you would want to keep, there still is a huge weight difference between these two.

He takes a run into the corner, squashing Autumn into the turnbuckles, but does not let go. Silas is right on the apron, complaining to the referee for Dorian to let go of her, but he has none of it. He runs into the opposite corner, doing the same and just as he hits her into the third, there is some commotion at the top of the stage.

Mike Rolash: Oh my God, it is Ataxia!

The Messiah Pariah is casually strolling down the ramp, carrying a vendor tray full of beer, waving at Dorian, lifting one of the cups, either in a toast or as an offer. He's in full attire, complete with the goofy hat and fans to the left and right are trying to wave him down to get some of the amber liquid, but the few that manage to get his attention might not be as appreciative of the external application that Ataxia gives them, while cackling maniacally.

Jim Gunt: He has been teasing Hawkhurst at Modern Warfare as well and seems to be trying to test his resolve to stay on the wagon.

Hawkhurst hadn't been in the best of moods due to Autumn's resilience, but the look on his face changes to complete unbridled fury. He tosses Raven into the ring like a rag doll and storms out of the ring. Ataxia is backing off and finally breaks out into a full run, cups flying, making the ramp slick with the spilled beer. In the meantime Silas tries to reach Autumn's foot to pull her out of the ring, but despite the commotion outside, the referee spots him out of the corner of his eye and tells him to get away from the ring. As angry as he is, Dorian manages to reign back and after seeing Ataxia disappear into the back, he briefly looks at the cups and the beer running down the ramp, but finally returns his attention to his match and opponent. Autumn is still laying in the ring with the three runs into the corners, propelled by 300 lb of hulking power, having taken their clear toll.

As he steps through the ropes, he keeps glancing back towards the entrance to see, if had managed to chase off Ataxia for good. He walks over to Autumn, picking up her prone body and ramming her into the fourth and last corner before backing into the corner.

Mike Rolash: I think this is the beginning of the end for Autumn!

Jim Gunt: Falling off the Wagon!!

Dorian runs off and the running sitout powerbomb once again shakes the ground of the arena. He goes for the pin as Silas looks on with a very unhappy look on his face.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner is – The Demon of Sobriety – DORIAN HAWKHURST!

Jim Gunt: Good for him, he is still standing strong against Ataxia's temptations and a big victory for Hawkhurst, he really has been making a big statement in the last few weeks!

Faustian

Match

"Room 237... room 237."

Mariella Jade Flair walks through the antiseptic hallways of the RCA dome, note in hand. She is still dressed in her street clothes and she carries a bag over her shoulder: evidently she is coming to this meeting straight from her arrival.

Finally, she arrives, and knocks.

No answer.

Knocks again.

Still nothing.

MJ stares at the door for a moment, and kicks it three times with her steel - toed boots. Finally, a voice from the other side faintly invites her in.

Ryan Sunset sits behind a desk, looking over paperwork. He looks less polished tonight; his suit and tie are replaced by activewear. Clearly, the fact that he has a match tonight is starting to weigh on him.

On the other side of the desk, feet propped up and title over his shoulder, sits Jace Valentine, He's looking through something on his phone, either legitimately or purposefully unconcerned with MJ's appearance.

Ryan Sunset: Ms. Flair, good to see you, my friend! Have a seat!

MJ folds her arms across her chest, but arches her eyebrows. Her body language clearly states that while she is interested in what Sunset has to say, she does not trust him enough to sit with him.

Ryan Sunset: Right... Well, let's just get on with it, aye? I would like to congratulate you on winning your Pay-Per-View debut against Freddie Styles. Very impressive, buddy. He must have been a tough obstacle to overcome. Now tonight - you have the opportunity to become the number one contender to this man's World Championship.

He gestures to Jace, who does not acknowledge.

Ryan Sunset: I know you're a talented wrestler, MJ. You're on the way up, friend. I'd like to help you be all you can be here in the CWF.

A long pause.

MJF: I'm listening.

Ryan Sunset: I know you and our Champion here...you two had a bit of an issue in the build up to your Bracket finals. It's no matter, buddy. I'm sure we can put all that past us. The Eternals are the winning team, Ms. Flair, and we'd like you to join it.

MJ looks at Jace, who does not stir, then back at Ryan.

MJF: You do realize that if I win this match, I fight Jacehole for the Jacehole title?

Ryan laughs, and finally, Jace looks up.

Ryan Sunset: I'm sure we can make it worth your while, MJ - may I call you MJ?

She shrugs.

Ryan Sunset: The point is, we can tell you've got the raw talent, and we'd like you to be on our team while we help you hone it.

MJF: And the catch?

Ryan Sunset: The catch is... there is no catch. You agree to my proposal, you get to join the winning team and we get the pleasure of the breakout star of the Modern Warfare tournament to call an ally. We wage war together, my friend, not against each other. It's an undeniable opportunity for you, from where I stand.

MJ seems to consider this.

MJF: And if I refuse?

Ryan flinches and flashes an awkward smile.

Ryan Sunset: ...That would be very ill-advised... But, alas, it's a free country. My people, we're not ones to hold a grudge. If you don't want to do business, why, we'll just shake hands... and that'll be it, buddy.

Their eyes lock, and MJ shuffles her feet. Clearly she doesn't trust Ryan.

MJF: Mind if I give it some thought?

Ryan Sunset: Absolutely, give it all the thought you need. Just don't take too long, Ms. Flair... this offer has an expiration on it.

She nods, and turns towards the door.

Ryan Sunset: And I do mean expiration.

MJF: Yessir, I've got it.

Fade.

Come On Out

Match

We see Dorian Hawkhurst running through the backstage area.

Dorian Hawkhurst: ATAXIA!! Come on out you fucking...oh shit.

We pan over to see Hawkhurst's locker room door open. He grabs a wrench from a roadbox and walks into the locker room. We follow him in and Hawkhurst rushes back out.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Somebody call the EMT's!

We go inside and we see the security guard from earlier, Brad, chained up to the lockers. He's been beat to a bloody pulp and we see written in what looks like blood on the wall.

"Thirsty Yet?!"

We see EMT's and more security rush in and help get Brad down.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Is he alright?

EMT: I dunno. That gash on his head looks nasty.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Well do what you can lady.

EMT: I'm trying sir. We're going to get him to the ambulance and take him to County General.

Hawkhurst thinks for a moment and sighs.

Dorian Hawkhurst: I'm gonna ride along with him. I got him into this mess. I'm gonna make sure that masked bastard doesn't strike again!

Fade.

Crazy Chris © Vs. Jay "Marksman" Mora

Match

Mike Rolash: Somebody has to stop this man, he really is a menace to society!

Jim Gunt: And sobriety...

Mike Rolash: Yes, he, wait, wha...? Oh, yes, that as well, but now he's even starting to injure innocent bystanders!

Jim Gunt: This is beginning to heat up more and more indeed and I am assuming that it will come to blows pretty soon as well!

Mike Rolash: And why would Sunset ask that bitchy missy to join the Eternals?

Jim Gunt: Oh Mikey, you know that deep inside you just trying to play hard to get, don't you?

Mike Rolash: Well, I, hold on, stop that!

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and for the recently reinstated PARAMOUNT CHAMPIONSHIP!

The lights drop in the arena as "Mosh" by Eminem begins to fill the arena with a certain buzz. A neon green target shines brightly on top of the stage before two large pyros BOOM, making the fans' ears ring. The Marksman appears at the top of the stage looking left and right before making his slow, strut-like walk to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, the challenger. From Chicago, Illinois....Jay THE MARKSMAN Moraaaaa!!

The boos could be heard from outside the arena, the fans hate this man so much. Mora makes his way up the stairs with a smug smile on his face. He stops at the ring post to look right, taking time out to point to a fan and talk some trash before entering the ring.

Jim Gunt: Marksman Mora fell just short of winning the Paramount Title at Modern Warfare, you have to think he's looking for revenge here tonight.

Ray Douglas: And now, his opponent....

"My Songs Know What You Did In The Dark" by Fall Out Boy blasts over the speakers the lights begin to dim with a dark blue light shining over the stage. The brand new Paramount champion Crazy Chris makes his appearance and immediately the fans explode in cheers, bringing a smile to the face of Chris as he looks out to the sold out crowd and then to his title, patting it as he heads down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: The reigning and defending Paramount champion, from Smithville, Tennessee....CRAZY CHRIS!!

Chris hands his championship gold over to the time keeper before heading up the steel steps, immediately going face to face with Marksman.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Mike, Crazy Chris' first Paramount Title defense. And he is going straight at the challenger to show absolutely no fear!

Mike Rolash: Or no intelligence, possibly.

Jim Gunt: I guess that remains to be seen!

The bell is called for by "Big" Denny Davidson, who attempts to break up the jaw-jacking competition from both Marksman and Crazy Chris. Jay Mora nearly kicks his head off, though, with a high dropkick, the official staggering out of the way just in time for the shot to hit Chris square in the face! The Crazy One backs up but quickly gets back in the fight, running at his challenger and taking him down with a Lou Thesz Press, pounding down on him with massive right hands.

Jim Gunt: Crazy Chris is not messing around tonight!

Mike Rolash: Maybe he's not so "crazy" after all. But can the Danger Boi do enough to retain his the gold he just won at Modern Warfare or will he fall short just like his brother Dan?

Jim Gunt: That's uncalled for, Mike.

Raising his arms in the air in an attempt to try to block the shots, Marksman clenches his teeth and prepares for the worst. But to his surprise Crazy Chris suddenly stops the attack, momentarily anyway, as he leaps up onto the ropes and springboards off into a perfect backflip. MOONSAULT LANDS RIGHT ONTO THE UNSUSPECTING MARKSMAN!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Crazy Chris showing some nice high flying offense here tonight, he certainly looks like he has something to prove tonight!

Mike Rolash: Marksman has a lot to prove himself, however, Jimmy. After coming into this company red hot he has had a few losses, Mora cannot afford another setback!

Both competitors are right back onto their feet, Jay Mora ducking under a wild knife edge chop attempt from Crazy Chris...PELE KICK! Mora right back up to send Chris into the ropes hard, licking his lips as he awaits his opponent's return. Spinebuster-no! Crazy Chris catches Marksman's head on the way down and drills him with a nasty DDT! The brand new Paramount champion wastes no time in heading up top, SPLIT...LEGGED...MOONS-NO! Marksman gets his knees up!

And the crowd lets out a raucous pop showing their clear appreciation for this solid match!

Jay Mora kips up to his feet, grabbing onto Crazy Chris as he holds onto his ribs shouting out in pain. Mora lifts Chris up and gives him a knee to the chin, before spinning him around with a neckbreaker. The challenger looks to have the match at hand now, a wide smile coming across his face as he calls for Crazy Chris to get to his feet. BULLSEYE SPEAR DESTROYS THE CHAMPION! Marksman drags Chris away from the ropes, hooking his legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: SO CLOSE!

Mike Rolash: You're damn right it was. I thought we had a new Paramount champion there!

Jay Mora smacks the canvas in a fit of anger as "Big" Denny flashes a peace sign back at him. Breathing heavily, Marksman grabs Chris by his face mask, attempting to rip it right off his face! The crowd boo the challenger viciously, but it does not stop him as he now begins gouging the eye of Chris! Crazy Chris wiggles around like a freshly caught fish, finally getting free as Denny Davidson pulls Marksman off of him and warns him that one more offense and he will be forced to disqualify him.

Jim Gunt: Atta boy Denny D, show em' who's boss!

Mike Rolash: Certainly not the official, as Marksman just flicked him off!

Jim Gunt: Disqualify him, ref!

“Big” Denny just sighs as he looks on at Marksman giving him the bird, backing away from the action with his hands in the air as Mora lifts Chris to his feet and tosses him into the corner. A boot is stuck under the chin of Crazy Chris as Marksman Mora starts to choke him out! The Crazy One all of a sudden leaps up though, dropkick out of the corner! HE’S DELIRIOUS! He flips him around right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! MORA SOMEHOW GRABS THE ROPES!

Jim Gunt: Marksman Mora showing incredible ring awareness there, the match would’ve been over if he didn’t find himself luckily right next to the ropes!

Mike Rolash: Like Tupac always said “That’s just the way it is.”

Jim Gunt: Did he?

Crazy Chris pulls Marksman right away from the ropes, though, before frontflipping right into a legdrop across his neck! Chris bounces off the ropes, looking for another tumbling front flip, but Marksman again gets his knees up! “IT’S OVER!” shouts Jay Mora, as he flashes his arms in a waving motion and begins pounding down on the canvas with his boot.

Suddenly the CWF Tron flashes into static, loud static that eventually dissipates into a black and white image of what looks to be an old fashioned catholic church. Marksman stares up at the screen as it changes over to read the words “The Blackwater Gospel”, and then finally fades out completely. Jay Mora is dumbfounded but shrugs, getting back to the action. He charges forward...MARKED SUPERKICK-NO! Crazy Chris side-steps from the wasted time and catches Mora from behind on the way through, tosses him up into the air- CRAZY RIDE!

Jim Gunt: That was one crazy ride!

Mike Rolash: You can say that again!

Jim Gunt: That was o..

Mike Rolash: Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! Marksman spins through into a cover of his own! Markman has the tights!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: What!?

Mike Rolash: New champion, Jim!

Ray Douglas: And your winner and NEW CWF Paramount Champion....JAY "MARKSMAN" MORA!!

Marksman quickly rolls out of the ring and grabs the Paramount championship, heading up the ramp as Chris looks on disgusted and angry...until he is suddenly attacked from behind by Azrael! The newcomer stands over the fallen former Paramount champ with a smile on his face, his arms raised in the air before stomping down on Crazy Chris once more.

Jim Gunt: Wow, first an ominous message on the CWF Tron and now Azrael attacks Crazy Chris? All kinds of competitors are getting involved in the Paramount Title scene!

Mike Rolash: Indeed, the competition is crazy for that title, pun intended!

Jim Gunt: Okay fans, getting word we have some video footage to show...

Hodgement

Match

The camera fades in to an unspecified location. We are in a dark hallway of some sorts, the only light coming from flickering torches set in sconces along the wall. There are several doors to the left and right, all of them dark with the exception of the last to the left, where a faint glow can be seen through the small window set into the wood of the door. As we get closer, there is a bed in the centre of the room, simple, nothing ornate, with a lifeless figure laying in it, covered to the chin.

The door opens and the camera smoothly moves in, taking in the room, which is completely bare of any decoration or other furniture. The walls are made from roughly hewn rock, as if someone dug into the side of a mountain, while here, too, sconce-set torches are the only illumination in the room.

Getting closer, we see the slow even rise and fall of the figure's breast, indicating that he or she is at least alive and probably asleep. Long hair is spread across the pillow and as the camera zooms in further, we see the face of Harley Hodge.

Fade.

A Starr Is Born

Match

"The Only Way I Know" hits the PA System as Billy and Tyler Anderson walk down the ramp along with Stormee, who is holding Billy's hand. The brothers look a little banged up from earlier, but still slap hands with each other as they strike a pose at the top of the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Looks like The Unstoppable Force have finally come home to the CWF, and let me tell you, partner, I couldn't be happier to see these brothers back in our tag team division!

Mike Rolash: They didn't look too hot earlier..

Billy and Tyler slap hands with some of the fans on their way down to the ring before climbing onto the ring apron. Billy sits on the ropes, opening them for Stormee to enter the ring. Billy and Tyler climb different turnbuckles while Stormee is in the middle of them holding onto the rope as they blow kisses to the fans. They climb down, and the three of them walk to the middle of the ring as they pose for the fans. Billy heads towards to the announce team asking for a microphone. These good brothers have something to say to their fans.

Billy Anderson: MAANNNN! It feels so damn good to be back right here in the middle of a CWF ring! We may have

came up short in our return match, but I promise you all we'll soon be back to top form!

The crowd pops big at the optimistic Billy Anderson, who can't help but smile at the heart warming response he's gotten from the fans. Tyler takes the mic from his older brother and brings it up to his lips.

Tyler Anderson: I couldn't agree with you more Billy, it's been WAAAY too long since we got to stand in front of these people and fight the good fight like we always have! But ya know Billy there's been something I've been meaning to get off my chest since Modern Warfare, do ya know what that is?

Billy and Stormee shrug their shoulders at the younger Anderson brother.

Tyler Anderson: It's the fact that since that day we have yet to be put to any REAL challenge. We showed everyone watching that night exactly why we're living legends in this company. We showed the world why we are the greatest tag team alive! And most importantly we have showed every single person in that locker room why we are the next CWF tag team champions!

Mike Rolash: What show are these two looney tunes watching anyway? Because it's obviously not the same one I've been watching..

Jim Gunt looks over at his commentary partner looking down at his cell phone.

Jim Gunt: That's because you're actually watching old classic videos of the Looney Tunes cartoon, you idiot!

The crowd lets out an enormous chorus of cheers as both members of The Unstoppable Force raise their hands into the air declaring their dominance. Billy takes control of the microphone back from Tyler.

Billy: Damn straight bro, so let this be fair warning to every team in the back... There's an Unstoppable Force making its way back to the top of the mountain and we are taking on ALL challengers along the way!

HERE TO STAY

EVEN WHEN I'M GONE

The lights flicker to black as the hypnotic music takes over the arena PA system, our cameras focus in on the titantron as the lyrics dance across the screen. There's a distinct feeling of intrigue throughout the Banker's Life Fieldhouse.

AS I CLOSE MY EYES

THROUGH THE PASSAGE OF TIME

...

KINGS NEVER DIE!

The camera pans down as a single spot light shines down on the entrance way where we see a silhouetted figure standing perfectly still.

HAIL TO THE KIINNNGGG!

Avenged Sevenfold's "Hail to the King" cues the lights to flare up to an almost blinding intensity. The mysterious figure is revealed in the light to be a man standing with his arms stretched out over his head. He is dressed in what is clearly wrestling attire, and a black leather jacket.

HAIL TO THE ONNNEEEE!

He spins around and starts backing his way down the ramp, we can now see the logo sprawled across the back of his jacket. "EGO" There is a confident swagger to his step and a cocky grin on his face. Back in the ring Billy and Tyler Anderson look on confused.

Jim Gunt: Who in the world is this?

Mike Rolash: I don't know but it looks like he's got something to say himself!

As our mystery man approaches the ring he takes a detour to the announcers table, taking a microphone of his own before slowly making his way up the ring steps. He pauses.

Man: Allow me to introduce myself...

He ducks under the ropes entering the ring, he seems to keep his distance from the pair of brothers as he paces around them.

Man: My name is Christian Starr.. and much like the two of you, I am here to make a statement. Except the difference here is that unlike you I don't have to make false promises that I have no hope of keeping in order to do so.

At this point Starr steps face to face with the Andersons while a chorus of boos rains down around them. Both members of The Unstoppable Force visibly clench their fists.

Christian Starr: No. Instead I make promises that I can. And that's why I'm here to answer your challenge. So what do you say boys, at Evolution 13, Christian Starr takes on both members of The Unstoppable Force in a handicap match? And I promise that at the end of the night both of you will HAIL... To the King of wrestling.

Starr extends his right hand to the brothers with a coy smirk. Billy and Tyler seem hesitant about the challenge, looking at each other for the answer.

Billy Anderson: Why not? YOU'RE ON!

Tyler reaches out to accept the handshake offered from their new found opponent, unfortunately at the last second Starr pulls his own hand away and brings the mic back up to his lips.

Christian Starr: I did forget to mention that if you're thinking of taking advantage of the rules I just so happen to have an equalizer in my corner.. Unstoppable Force. Meet the immovable object.

Starr points over Billy and Tyler's shoulders. The brothers quickly pivot a full 180 only to be completely leveled out by a double clothesline from out of nowhere by a complete brute of a man.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is this!? What a dastardly scheme! What a freakshow of a human being!

The brute picks up Tyler Anderson like a sack of potatoes, only to pick him up by the throat and slam him down across Billy's prone body with a two-handed chokeslam. Starr slinks back into the corner laughing as his so called "equalizer" lays waste to Billy and Tyler. Stormee jumps on top of the brothers, screaming at the monster to stop.

Jim Gunt: You have to admire Stormee's heart and devotion here. Not many women would throw themselves in the way of a beast like that to protect their husbands!

The beast doesn't care though as he pulls Billy right out from under her and pulls him into the center of the ring and throws Billy into position for a powerbomb. Starr climbs to the top turnbuckle, making a cut throat motion with his free hand.

Christian Starr: OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

He drops the microphone to the floor with a loud boom as Billy is thrown up over the head of the beast. Starr launches off the top rope and hits a Slingblade on Billy just as he's getting dropped from the beast's shoulders. In one fluid motion Starr springs back to his feet, he mounts his foot on top of Billy and poses with the beast standing behind him in

a show of dominance.

From behind them Tyler has pulled himself to his feet and launches an attack on the bigger man trying to take him down with a chop block. However it only staggers the giant who immediately retaliates by dumping 'The Mysterious One' over the top rope, letting out a roar as he does so.

Mike Rolash: What an emphatic statement by these newcomers, I can't believe they just took out both of the Anderson brothers like it was nothing..

Jim Gunt: Wha- Starr completely blindsided them! It'll be a different story at Evolution 13 when The Unstoppable Force are prepared for these bastards. You only fool the tag team legends once!

Mike Rolash: Well I guess we'll find out in just one short week, but I don't know how you prepare for anything like Christian Starr and that behemoth.

Jim Gunt: Don't underestimate Billy and Tyler, they've overcome much bigger challenges than this.

Silas Artoria Vs. Caledonia

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, now that is what I call making an entrance, not just coming out with a bang, but even setting up his first match!

Mike Rolash: And tag match with the Unstoppable Force! This man clearly has no idea who he is getting involved with, they are Hall of Famers!

Jim Gunt: And what is happening with our former champion Harley Hodge, where is he, what happened to him and what is whoever waiting for?

Mike Rolash: I have no idea, but he looks like he's getting some good sleep there, rest those old bones...

Jim Gunt: As you mention old bones, Silas Artoria is the next member of the Coalition to try to leave his mark on this show, so over to Ray Douglas!

The screech starts, and upon the first lyrics of "Arousal", Silas Artoria emerges from the curtain with Autumn Raven in tow.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Toronto, Canada. Representing the Coalition and accompanied by Autumn Raven. He is the Psychotic Aristocrat. SILAS ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: Interesting that this match was of Silas' own volition. You'd think that after suffering a humiliating loss against the same opponent the week before, that you'd give up and move on!

Mike Rolash: You know what they say about insanity. You try doing the same thing over and over again hoping for a different result.

Jim Gunt: Like you and my annoyed tone?

Mike Rolash: No, I mean your mother at the bar.

Jim Gunt: ...what the hell are you talking about?

Silas strolls down the ramp and rests himself on the far corner, with Autumn standing by his side on the other side of the ropes. The sound of Billie Piper's vocals fill the arena, and out come the tag team champions with Omega in tow.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent. From London, England, and representing The Academy. Accompanied by Eris and Omega. She is one half of the CWF Tag Team champions. CALEDONIA!

Jim Gunt: We've seen her in some of the most intense tag team action these past few weeks but let's not forget that she progressed further in the Modern Warfare tournament than her challenger!

Mike Rolash: Where she lost to eventual winner Jace Valentine.

Jim Gunt: Hmm, I don't know. After what transpired I think the term winner needs to be redefined in this particular case.

Caledonia gets into the ring and takes a good, long look at her opponent. He is relaxed, leaning, and sporting a sly smile and her unnerved edge can be seen from space. Her music start to die down before she takes off the tag team championship around her waist, and holds it high in the air. She keeps her eyes on Artoria, pointing to the gold belt while miming words that couldn't be heard in the jungle of audio. The audience is behind her, the music is still dying down, and she turns around to her teammates. The belt is handed to Omega, and the bell rings. She quickly turns around to see--

FRONT DROPKICK!

Caledonia is flown back towards the turnbuckle and bounces off it hard. She staggers for a bit before falling to one

knee. She looks to see Silas getting back onto his feet, and proceeds to kick her a Shoot kic--No! She grabs the leg just as it comes in contact with her chest. She stares at Silas' eyes, getting back on her two fee-

ENZUIGIRI BY SILAS and Caledonia falls on her front. Breathing heavily and dazed, one hand clutching the left side of her face as her opponent looms over her. He nudges her arm, places one foot on her shoulder, and clutches her wrist.

Silas Artoria: You haven't seen a fraction of what I am capable of.

Caledonia's arm twists upwards as Silas lines it near parallel to his knee. Caledonia yells and swears as he wrenches it further, sometimes swinging it back and forth for his own amusement while noticeable cackling.

Silas Artoria: This is your tag champion?

Jim Gunt: Oh come on. That's uncalled for?

Silas' smile only widens.

Silas Artoria: How can she be a champion if she can't even hold up a title?

He slams her wrenched arm to the mat, and double foot stomps on its joint. Caledonia flinches hard, and rolls towards the edge of the ring as Silas boasts his accomplishment. She lays on her back while Eris and Omega run to her aid. The ref keeps his eye on the two of them, can't touch the competing athletes under any circumstances.

Cali clutches her arm as she drags herself up in a standing position, and at her peak, Silas comes. He charges at breakneck speed towards her--ELBOW by Caledonia. Silas staggers back, Cali faces him, and jumps carefully on the second rope. MISSILE DROPKICK BY THE TAG CHAMPION! Silas falls flat on his front after being flown forward, and Caledonia gets straight back up. She is breathing heavily, having landed awkwardly on her injured arm from the dropkick.

She staggers towards Silas, arm around his neck, and drags him up, but Silas jabs her shoulder with his elbow. She lets go, and Silas turns around, clutching his neck. KNIFE CHOP by Caledonia to his chest, and he replies in kind, though much more directed. Another, stiffer knife chop to Silas, again he responds much harder. He strikes her again, and again, and one more time that causes her to stagger backwards. Silas turns and charges towards the ropes. Bounce, and a BASEBALL SLIDE DROPKICK!

Caledonia's leg gives way and lands hard on the canvas. Silas gets up and grabs her hair. With the pain flowing, she grabs hold of his wrist as he forces her to their feet. Silas' head tilts, with his head and smiles wider.

SMACK

A knife chop from Caledonia forces Silas to let go of her and stagger back. She makes her move, she runs for the ropes! Bounce. It's a TILT-A-WHIRL HEADSCISSORS! Caledonia is spinning around Silas' he--NO! Her foot gives way and she falls on her side on the mat! Silas is staggering, but he sees the downed opponent! He grabs her waist, and his back strength lifts her up. She reaches out, but there is nothing to grab. BRIDGING GERMAN SUPLEX! Ref for cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE--NO!

Cali kicks out, though immediately clutches her shoulder. Silas grabs her arm, arm wrench. She's forced back to her feet, but her free elbow jabs his ribs. A flinch, but nothing else! Another elbow, another flinch, still maintains the hold. Another jab--Silas grabs hold of her free wrist and frees her locked arm. He launches her forward and pulls her back! SHORT-ARM LARIAT--She ducks! She's still locked into Silas. One arm locking his arm. DRAGON SUP--NO! He's only lifted off his feet! She pushes him forward and he unwinds to face her. He pulls her forward for a KNOCKOU--No! She grabs the knee before contact! She spins him around and--

BED OF ROSES! SHE'S LOCKED IN THE BED OF ROSES!

Caledonia's teeth are seething as the strain of the arm is made clear. Her tweaked arm is around Silas's throat, with his hands firmly clutching it. He's wriggling around, which elicits a scream from Cali while he forces her to stagger. His breathing is heavy, but he keeps her staggering. Feet out. ROPE BREAK--No! Silas uses the force to flip out of the hold! Caledonia is forced to let go, she looks behind her and

KNOCKOUT--SHE GRABS THE LEG AGAIN. She pushed him back and SUCH IS LIFE! The kick hits Silas on the head, but he isn't down!

Jim Gunt: No! That damn leg! The bastard's plotted his escapes!

Silas is staggering, but before Caledonia can execute another move, he falls to the side and rolls out of the ring. Caledonia strolls to the ropes and observes her opponent. The ref starts the ten count as Silas leans on the barricade, Autumn by his side.

Silas Artoria: Did it come out?

Autumn Raven: Nope.

Caledonia nods her head.

Caledonia: Get your ass back in the ri--

Silas Artoria: Quiet! I'm talking here!

Silas keeps on yammering about irrelevant trash to the point that Eris and Omega are getting irritated. Silas doesn't care, he just smiles and maintains his chatter--

Jim Gunt: TOP ROPE FALL FROM GRACE, OH MY GOD!

Caledonia uses the momentum to execute her devastating finisher, and now it is a matter of getting him back in the ring.

She gets up, grabs her opponent, and throw him back in the ring. She is about to get on the canvas, before a quick whistle catches her attention.

Autumn is on the ring apron, and now charges towards her. A Hurricanran--NO! Caledonia dodge and Autumn falls on the outside flooring smack on her back. Eris and Omega descend upon her, as Caledonia covers Silas.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Caledonia acts quickly. Her head is dazed but she staggers her way back to the turnbuckle. She starts the climb--DROPKICK!

Silas sees what is going on and acts accordingly. Dropkick to her bad knee forces her back onto the ring. He grabs her hair and drags her back towards the centre.

Crack.

Silas slaps her head before--KNOCKOUT--NO! ANOTHER CATCH! Silas is pushed bac--SUCH IS LIFE!

Jim Gunt: THE STRONG LEG TOO! CLIMB THAT TURNBUCKLE CALEDONIA! FINISH THAT BASTARD OFF!

Silas slumps to his knees before falling onto his back. Caledonia limps to the turnbuckle, with only the adrenaline fueling her as her leg acts as an unwanted anchor. She ascends to the top of the corner. Deep breath, measures the distance, and with her remaining energy and through searing pain, she takes off.

FALL FROM GRACE!

The ref slides for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....CALEDONIA!!

Caledonia rolls onto her back as the accompanying stablemates rush in. Eris and Omega assist Caledonia out of the ring, while Autumn drags Silas to his feet. Eris and Omega support Cali as she continues limping up the ramp.

Omega: How bad is it?

Caledonia: You don't want to know.

Omega: No objections. Let's get you back to the Academy before they show up.

They continue up the ramp as fast as they could, the usual playful demeanor of Omega gone as they soon disappear

behind the veil.

The Left Hand Path

Match

The moment the door closes, Ryan Sunset leans back in his chair and looks at his corporate World Champion.

Ryan Sunset: What do you think?

Jace Valentine: Waste of time. Too much of a desire there to be hip, to be 'good.' She will be very noble, she'll want all the cheers and adoration. It will get her crushed, in the end of it. We might as well snuff her out now, she's not joining us. She's too idealistic, stupid and stubborn.

Ryan Sunset: Idealistic, sure - but also pragmatic.

Jace Valentine: Do what you gotta do, man. Do your thing. I beat her once and I'd do it again. If you can't do it so I don't have to wrestle her again, no skin off my back. One less punk I have to worry about.

Ryan Sunset: The immediate future would be much simpler if she's on the team.

Jace Valentine: Yeah, I'll give you that.

Ryan considers this.

Ryan Sunset: We may need to convince her, my friend.

Fade.

Screwed!

Match

Mike Rolash: Ah, it is good to see two peas back in their pod!

Jim Gunt: You mean two snakes coming together... But in more important news, Caledonia already has left the arena and is on her way to the airport, I hope that we will get more information on her status soon, because she looked in really rough shape after this match!

Mike Rolash: Yes, I don't think this really can be counted as a real victory for her...

"Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates jams throughout the arena, as the fans erupts into cheers. Duce Jones steps through the curtains to a near deafening response from the crowd! Duce is sporting an all black hat, with a gold/black pot leaf designed hoodie, along with black sweatpants, and gold/black Nike tennis shoes.

Jim Gunt: The former CWF World Heavyweight Champion is making his way to the ring! Looks like he's got some things to say, Mike!

Mike Rolash: I mean why else would he be coming to the ring?

Duce makes his way down the aisle slapping the hands of some of the fans. He slides into the ring, quickly getting to his feet, asking Ray Douglas for a microphone. Ray hands him one, and Duce walks back towards the middle of the ring. He goes to speak, but the crowd drowns him out with their chant!

"DUCE GOT SCREWED!"

"DUCE GOT SCREWED!"

"DUCE GOT SCREWED!"

Duce chuckles to himself as he stands there smiling at the crowd. He finally brings the mic to his mouth, which quiets the crowd down.

Duce Jones: Ok.. ok you guys, I think I would know if I got screwed or not. Well.. at least you would think I would. Hell as fine as Tara is, you'd think I'd remember that!

The crowd explodes with excitement, another chant starting up!

"DUCE SCREWED TARA!"

clap-clap clap-clap-clap

"DUCE SCREWED TARA!"

Duce Jones: Whoa, c'mon guys! Ain't that laying it on kinda thick? Show Ms. Robinson some respect you guys.

Some of the crowd begins to boo the request of Duce, he pays them no mind as he carries on speaking.

Duce Jones: Sunday night, Modern Warfare... CWF World Heavyweight Championship on the line... Ryan Scumbag, special guest referee.. Naw I wasn't screwed.. Naw DUCE GOT FUCKED!

The crowd starts up once again.

"DUCE GOT FUCKED!"

"DUCE GOT FUCKED!"

"DUCE GOT FUCKED!"

Duce Jones: You guys are really vocal tonight!

They explode in cheers as Duce speaks once more.

Duce Jones: But ole Ducey baby was fucked goooooo! I mean the fuckas could've bought me a drink, kissed me on the neck, hell they could've used some KY Explosion to make it feel better! But nope, just straight rammed it up there!

Jim Gunt: That's a little descriptive.

Mike Rolash: I'm leaving it alone.

Duce Jones: But I'm here to tell you all, that there's hope! Cause Duce Jones steps into the ring tonight with MJ Flair! To prove that he's the rightful number one contender for the World title!

Mike Rolash: Sarcasm much?

Duce Jones: No disrespect to Flair, but Sunset I'll play this game. I'll run these little laps for ya... Jace, I hope you're getting comfortable with that belt. I pray that you've gotten your jizz nice and warm on your girl. Cause I'm coming back for her, and I promise you...

Duce stares directly into the camera, his eyes looking blank.

Duce Jones: Nothing is gonna stop me.. Congrats on the win chump.

Duce drops the microphone as "Smiling Faces" cranks up again. He climbs out of the ring making his way towards the back.

Fade.

Jace Valentine Vs. Stalker Knight Vs. The Lost Soul

Match

Jim Gunt: The Duce is making a big statement here and the root of all that evil will be right up next in his first match since the big screwjob...

Mike Rolash: You mean title change!

Jim Gunt: Oh, the title changed alright, but let's not get into this, Jace Valentine is about to meet the fans as well as Stalker Knight and The Lost Soul and I would predict that their reception will be just as heartfelt as at "Modern Warfare" when he made his way to the ring...

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a triple threat match, and is scheduled for one fall!

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

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Zara Knight! Weighting on at 321 lbs, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada! STALKER KNIGHT!

Jim Gunt: Stalker Knight might be the x-factor in this match.

Mike Rolash: Stalker Knight has been kind of a hitman for the Eternals. But he's been rolling sorta separate from them as of late.

The crowd's reaction becomes mixed as TLS comes out to the "Friday the 13th" theme, looking strangely at the crowd before starting on his way to the ring. TLS scans the crowd back and forth as he gets to the ring rolling inside.

Ray Douglas: Next coming to the ring, representing the Highwaymen! From Parts Unknown, weighing in at 235 lbs,

THE LOST SOUL!

Jim Gunt: Now this is a guy who've we've come to learn a little more about. And his past is just dark Mike..

Mike Rolash: The guy is crazy Jim. Point blank.. But neither of them holds a candle to the CWF World Heavyweight Champion.

"We've had Enough" by Alkaline Trio takes over, and the crowd absolutely erupts with disdain for the Jace that runs the Place. Jace Valentine struts out in the most extravagant of robes, flashing himself across the screen as he spins. The CWF World Heavyweight Championship shining brightly around his waist. The Host with the Most raises both his arms in the air, taunting the booing fans to grow even louder. Valentine rolls into the squared circle and walks past both of his opponents, going to the corner to raise his championship high into the air to another resounding set of boos.

Jim Gunt: Here is the man with all eyes on him, especially with the fix him and Ryan Sunset pulled on Duce Jones at Modern Warfare!

Mike Rolash: Listen Jimbella! Duce tapped, everyone needs to just get over it already..

"Big" Denny Davidson retrieves the World title from Jace, handing it to the timekeeper. He calls for the bell, the three men circle each other, searching for an opening. Jace looks over at Stalker Knight, motioning to him to join up and attack TLS. TLS doesn't give them a chance to make a decision though, attacking both men with hard right hands!

Jace drops to the mat, rolling out of the ring, slapping the apron in frustration. Meanwhile inside the ring, TLS viciously punches at Knight. TLS grabs his arm and whips him into the corner, he follows Knight in, does a cartwheel and connects with an elbow to the jaw of Stalker Knight! Jace looks on stunned as TLS pulls Knight out of the corner, going for the pin.

ONE!

Jace slides back inside the ring.

TWO!

Jace stomps on TLS' back, breaking the pin. Jace quickly grabs TLS and tosses him outside the ring, through the ropes!

Mike Rolash: Smart move by the champ!

Jim Gunt: He's looking to go for the cover himself!

ONE!

Stalker Knight kicks out after one!

Jace looks down at Stalker with disgust as he brings the big man back to his feet. He connects with a hard knife edge chop that sends Knight reeling back. Zara slaps the apron, shouting words of encouragement towards Stalker Knight. Jace smirks at Zara as he whips Knight towards the ropes but Knight reverses, taking Jace down with a clothesline!

Jim Gunt: Even though they have the same connections in this company, these two just don't like each other!

Mike Rolash: I'm with Jace, you never send your bitch to do your job!

Jim Gunt: That's kinda harsh Mike..

Mike Rolash: Just stating facts man.

Stalker brings Jace up, connects with a knee lift to the gut. He positions Jace for a Powerbomb, but TLS comes out of nowhere, tackling Knight to the canvas and begins blasting him with punches! Stalker Knight is dazed as TLS brings him back up. The Lost Soul grabs Knight by his hair, rushes him towards the ropes and throws him over the top. Stalker Knight tumbles over the ropes badly, his knee connecting with the apron awkwardly!

Jim Gunt: That didn't look good Mike.

Mike Rolash: Yea he might be seriously hurt.

A hush falls over the Indianapolis crowd, as Stalker Knight screams in agony while holding his knee. Zara rushes to his side, but he shoves her away as he continue to grab at his injured limb. Davidson climbs outside of the ring, checking on Knight to see if he can continue. After a minute of conversing, Davidson throws his arms up into the x signal towards the back. The medical team come rushing down the aisle to check on Stalker Knight..

TLS stands inside the ring with a blank stare on his face as he surveys the situation. Meanwhile, The New Era of Arrogance sneaks up behind TLS dropping him to his knees with a low blow! The crowd boos the action of Jace, but he pays them no mind. Jace quickly grabs TLS by the head, hooking him and grabbing his slacks. EGO ERASURE! Jace

goes for the cover but Davidson is still outside.

Jim Gunt: This match could have been over but the injury sustained by Stalker Knight has Big Denny's attention!

Jace walks towards the ropes and yells at Denny, "Hey fat ass! Get in here and do your job!" Denny turns his attention towards Jace who's suddenly rolled up from behind by TLS! Denny slides in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jace kicks out right after the three count, as Denny calls for the bell! The crowd sits there in disbelief as they are in complete shock of what transpired..

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner... THE LOST SOUL!!

Jace sits on his knees in disbelief, trying to understand what just happened. Denny Davidson raises the arm of TLS in victory, but it's short-lived as Valentine blasts him from behind with a forearm shot. TLS drops to the canvas as Jace jumps on him, blasting him with forearm shots to the face and neck.

He gets back to his feet fuming, from the embarrassing defeat. He kicks at TLS' body whenever the thought crossed his mind. The fans inside the Banker's Life Fieldhouse is almost deafening from the boos they are projecting onto Jace. He just smiles as he struts about the ring, before bringing TLS up once more and planting him headfirst into the canvas with another Ego Erasure DDT!!

Jim Gunt: The champ not taking this defeat that well.

Mike Rolash: Why shouldn't he, I mean seriously who the fuck is The Lost Soul?

Jim Gunt: He's an accomplished wrestler actually, if you would do your resea.....

Mike Rolash: Fuck all that.

Jace rolls out of the ring retrieving his World title, raising it proudly for the crowd to see. The only hurl jeers and insults his way as he backs up the aisle. He basks in the the glorious moment of being the King of Canadian Controversy once again. Jace makes it to the stage area still antagonizing the fans, but their demeanor changes as the fans go nuts! This gives Jace the notion that someone is behind him.

Mike Rolash: What is he doing out here?

Jace slowly turns around and none other than Duce Jones is standing there with a confident look on his face. Duce suddenly brings his hands up, as a spark of flame comes out straight at Jace's Face!! Jace drops on the stage grabbing at his face as the fans become unglued! Duce calmly reaches over to where the CWF World Heavyweight Championship lays. Duce picks it up and looks at like he's possessed.

Jim Gunt: Duce stated that it wasn't over between the two, but that was a little extreme!

Mike Rolash: Where the fuck is Indy P.D. when you need em?

Duce Jones breaks his trance from the title tossing it back at the downed Jace Valentine! Duce then walks back towards the back as if nothing happened.

Resolution

Match

We cut to a pitch black locker room where Freddie Styles sits down all by himself, enjoying the serenity of the quiet. Finally he speaks boldly.

Freddie Styles: Overlooked.

He pauses.

Freddie Styles: Unwanted.

Another pause.

Freddie Styles: Just a hired gun. He merits nothing more. That's how my "team" feels about me.

Styles takes a breath.

Freddie Styles: They're gonna do what they want, and that's ok. So I'm gonna do what I want, and that's gonna be OK

too.

Styles takes another deep breath, his voice getting deeper and angrier at this point.

Freddie Styles: You wanna treat me like leftovers and give me a leftover match. That's OK.

And Styles looks right at the camera.

Freddie Styles: I'ma reheat this bitch and microwave the CWF until it explodes...and I don't give a damn if that's OK or not with anyone...

Freddie gets up, staring a hole right through the camera.

Freddie Styles: Cause it's damn sure OK with me.

Fade.

Freddie Styles Vs. Lance LaRusso

Match

Mike Rolash: Ooh, this does not sound like a happy Eternal here!

Jim Gunt: No, not at all, and if there is one thing Ryan Sunset does not like is dissension in his own ranks, I wonder where this will lead!

Mike Rolash: Well, it is leading right into the next match, when Freddie will meet up with our resident highlord, Lance LaRusso!

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall!

"Spring Break Anthem" plays over the speakers and the crowd lets out a hefty cheer for the former Impact champion as he heads straight for the ring. No smile, no bells and whistles of normal, Lance LaRusso looks like he's not messing around tonight.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first from Los Angeles, California....LANCE LARUSSO!!

You know I've been waitin' on this my whole life

Styles is the future

Let's make shit happen

BALLGAME!

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, as the opening riff of "DemiGods" begins to play.

This is my time, my grind

Promise I'mma do this right

Hoping I see the sign, now I give it all I got

This is not what you think

This is nowhere near a game to me

It's the air that I breathe...

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

Demi-gods and hungry ghosts

Oh God, God knows I'm not at home

I'll never find someone quite like you again

I'll never find someone quite like you again

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

Ray Douglas: And his opponent from Atlanta, Georgia....FREDDIE STYLES!!

The match starts as all others, with the ringing of the bell and the two competitors advance, meeting face-to-face in the centre of the ring. Freddie offers his hand, raised, not for a handshake but a challenge to a test of strength. Lance's gaze switches from Freddie's eyes to his waiting outstretched hand and then warily raises his own, seemingly willing to accept the challenge.

Jim Gunt: Two men with something to prove to each other, themselves and the CWF Universe.

Mike Rolash: Should make for quite the contest.

The second their hands are clasped together Freddie surprises the Pansexual Playboy with a sudden sneak toe kick right into the gut. Lance is doubled over and Freddie, with a firm grasp on his opponent's hand, wrings the arm to strain the shoulder joint then flips backward for a variation of the ever impressive pele kick.

Jim Gunt: Lance must still be reeling from his loss at Modern Warfare, few things are as demoralising as the loss of a tag title belt.

Mike Rolash: I wonder how many drugs he snorted to try and get over that embarrassment.

Styles doesn't leave any breathing room for LaRusso, rushing in at the downed Pansexual Playboy with a sliding dropkick to the side of the head. He hooks the leg for a follow up pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

LANCE LARUSSO KICKS OUT!

Mike Rolash: Ah yes the token early game pin attempt. Does anyone ever actually expect to win so early on?

Unphased by the unsuccessful pin Freddie once again comes in for a sliding dropkick, this time however Lance proves the swifter and sweeps Styles' legs out from under him, halting even the slightest hint of momentum and sending the Atlanta native tumbling down to the mat. Both men are to their feet, but again the Pansexual Playboy proves the quicker, ducking a wild hook punch and retaliating with a high roundhouse kick to the head.

Feeling the momentum and energy of the crowd, Lance springs to the top of the turnbuckle and always eager to show off he backward somersaults twice, sailing through the air with the MILE HIGH CLUB!

Mike Rolash: A finisher so soon?! I can't say with confidence if it's the loss or the drugs that have addled his brain.

As Lance comes down, Freddie has the sense to raise both his knees and the Pansexual Playboy is helpless, unable to alter his trajectory and practically flails in the air as he comes down hard, his stomach ultimately proving the softer and yielding, in the brief exchange with Freddie's knees!

Jim Gunt: Lance better hope that misstep doesn't cost him too badly.

LaRusso is left reeling and defenceless as Freddie capitalises on the situation, driving Lance's head brutally into the mat with the ATL Stomp, once again hooking the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

AGAIN LANCE KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: Lance is going to have to dig deep, drive himself even harder than usual to climb back up the proverbial mountain.

Mike Rolash: And Freddie Style's will be just as determined to stop him.

Jim Gunt: Either way both men are in for quite a contest.

Styles lifts his opponent up for a text-book vertical suplex, Lance fights back, loosening Freddie's grip with some well-placed stiff knees to the forehead and as he comes down, he grabs his opponent and counters the attempted suplex into a jawbreaker. As Freddie staggers back, Lance applies a wrist-lock and nails his opponent with the Facial! LaRusso drops down for his first pin attempt of the evening.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! FREDDIE KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: At last, some signs of life from the Pansexual Playboy!

Mike Rolash: I was beginning to wonder how he ever managed to claim the Impact Championship. But there it is.

Lance opts not to press his offensive advantage and instead waits for Freddie to begin to recover. The Pansexual Playboy again attempts one of his patented match-ending techniques in the Walk of Shame, but Freddie manages to duck the swift and high-impact kick. Lance uses his own momentum to his advantage, continuing to turn around and catching Freddie by surprise on the return trip with a spinning heel kick.

Jim Gunt: Effective and innovative recovery after yet another failed finisher from the former Impact Champ!

The Pansexual Playboy climbs through the ropes and stands upon the apron, poised and ready to strike. He springboards off of the ropes and catches Freddie with a cross-body block, taking him back down to the mat and holding on for another pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-FREDDIE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

This time Freddie Styles barely has a moment to recover before Lance pounces on him again with a Oklahoma Roll pin.

ONE!

TWO!

FREDDIE BREAKS OUT!

Lance comes in again, this time with a La Magistral Cradle pin.

ONE!

TWO!

AGAIN FREDDIE BREAKS OUT!

Mike Rolash: Lance REALLY wants that pin!

The Pansexual Playboy, Lance LaRusso, taunts Freddie, getting himself riled up. He swings around behind his opponent, grabbing Freddie a little below the border for the Porn-Plex. As an immediate reaction Freddie sends a stiff elbow to the side of Lance's head, leaving the former champion rocked by the blow, stunned and slow to act when Freddie follows up with the KNUCK IF YOU BUCK SPINNING KICK!

Jim Gunt: I wouldn't be surprised if the cleaners find some of Lance's teeth scattered around the place after that.

Freddie motions to the crowd then with next to no resistance from his opponent, Freddie lifts up the Pansexual Playboy for a backdrop, dropping Lance down onto his knees. BALLGAME!

Mike Rolash: This has got to be over, that Ballgame is one intense finisher.

Freddie drops down for the lateral press.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: What a match!

Ray Douglas: And here's your winner by pinfall....FREDDIE STYLES!!

No Longer Missing

Match

Ryan Sunset is seen backstage in his locker room, putting the finishing touches to what looks like a very awkward wrestling attire. The tights are a bit too snug on the man, looking like they may have been worn by The Little Guy himself. A knock at the door of the CEO of CWF brings a scowl to his face.

Ryan Sunset: COME IN!

With his face as white as a ghost, one of Sunset's lead assistants comes tumbling into his office.

Assistant: Sir, I need to tell you..

Ryan raises his right hand in the air.

Ryan Sunset: This better had be important, I have a match in just a minute, buddy. I have to show these people who is really the boss around here.

Assistant: Well, it is about the missing plane. It is no longer missing, sir. The plane...or what is left of it, was found earlier today off the coast of Tokyo, Japan.

This causes Sunset's eyebrows to shoot up, and he immediately gains interest.

Ryan Sunset: The coast of Japan...why in the hell would the plane have been flying over Japan in route to Modern Warfare?

The assistant lets out a deep breath, as if he's about to regret what he's going to say.

Assistant: That's not the worst of it, sir. Like I said the plane has been found, but it has been completely demolished. All the passengers and the pilot of the private plane..ahh...they're all presumed dead, sir.

The assistant looks down at the floor, emotional. Sunset on the other hand, looks stone cold as ever.

Ryan Sunset: Very interesting.

Sunset pauses momentarily, before looking up at his assistant.

Ryan Sunset: Now get out of here, I have to get to the ring.

Fade.

The Forsaken (Ataxia & The Shadow) Vs. The Eternals (Elisha & Ryan Sunset)

Match

Mike Rolash: Oh that is bad news, all these fine wrestlers gone forever. Even Jaiden Rishel!?

Jim Gunt: And our boss being just as emotional about it... Well, maybe it is just because he will be right back out here in a rare appearance as a wrestler, but basically this will be a handicap match for Elisha...

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and is a tag team match!

Lights go out. "Mea Culpa" by After Forever starts with its ominous keyboard sounds. As the choir sets in, fog starts to waft around the ring, illuminated only with dark, purple light, the ring itself is dark. As the choirs reach their crescendo, the purple light flickers with rising intensity and as the choir stops, the lights go back on and the Shadow stands in the centre of the ring, stoic and unmoving under his hood. The Messiah Pariah right beside him, cackling aloud.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first from parts unknown, the Shadow and Ataxia....THE FORSAKEN!!

"Sunrise, Sunset" by Bright Eyes begins to play and Ryan Sunset comes out from behind the curtain first, followed slowly by the Moonchild himself. The Eternals look at each other and then away to the booning audience. They meet each other back in the center of the ramp and head down towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents Elisha and Ryan Sunset....THE ETERNALS!!

Clark Summits calls both teams to decide on competitors to begin the match in the ring, and the Shadow immediately lets Ataxia start off while Ryan Sunset surprisingly argues against Elisha entering the ring. The Moonchild finally sneers at him and raises his arms in the air, and the CEO of Championship Wrestling Federation gets in the ring with the Messiah Pariah as the bell sounds!

Jim Gunt: What is Ryan Sunset thinking here? I certainly wouldn't be so quick to jump into the ring with the masked maniac!

Mike Rolash: Sunset is a smart man, and a methodical man, Jimmy. He obviously has a plan.

The much smaller Ryan Sunset slowly makes his way to the center of the ring where the Messiah Pariah has his hands out awaiting him for a test of strength, cackling aloud as he gets closer. But Sunset quickly kicks his legs out from behind! Sunset sprints over to his corner like his ass has been lit on fire, wasting not a second to tag Elisha right into the match. Elisha looks on with a raised eyebrow, before getting into the ring as Sunset escapes pointing at his temple.

Jim Gunt: It looks like the Prince of the Eternals may have outsmarted Ataxia, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Probably not very hard, the bag head has been smacked around one too many times. Not sure how many brain cells he has left!

Elisha goes to lift up Ataxia but he quickly shoots up with an uppercut that dazes the Moonchild, who is brought

backward even further by a pulled in lariat, and then another, before getting tossed into the ropes and laid out with a third hard clothesline! The Messiah Pariah stomps down on Elisha a few rapid times before turning back around and springboarding onto the ropes- REVIV-NO! Elisha is to his feet and catches Ataxia on the ropes before he can even leap off. MASSIVE BRAINBUSTER OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE NEARLY SENDS ATAXIA THROUGH THE RING! Elisha doesn't even hook a leg as he covers Ataxia, looking over at the Shadow the entire time.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! ATAXIA KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia out at two, but I'm surprised that the Shadow remained in his corner there!

Mike Rolash: Well the Shadow and his Druids have been shown to be timid, passive men. They do not look to create war unless it is brought to their footsteps.

Jim Gunt: Are you kidding me? Are we talking about the same guy that has been stealing souls left and right?

The Moonchild stays on his opponent right out of the pin, mounting him and placing both of his hands around the throat of Ataxia - choking the life out of the masked man! It is only when the official warns Elisha of disqualification and counts all the way to three that he lets go of the choke, Ryan Sunset giddily asking for the tag which Elisha gladly obliges, dragging Ataxia over to his team's corner and tagging in Sunset. The CEO of CWF drops a sloppy elbow drop down on the Messiah Pariah! And goes for the co-NO! Ataxia rolls him up out of nowhere!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mike Rolash: Now there is some teamwork, Elisha just saved Ryan Sunset from defeat. He knows who pays his checks!

Jim Gunt: And that is a bit surprising too, after the awkward conversation we seen between the two of them on CWF Wired this week.

Viciously stomping down across the back of Ataxia, Elisha easily breaks up the pinfall and then brings Ataxia up to his feet momentarily to throw him into the corner right beside the Shadow. Elisha comes in hot looking for a big Splash- BUT SHADOW LEAPS UP AND NEARLY KNOCKS HIM OUT WITH A WICKED HEADBUTT! THE SOUND OF SKULL ON SKULL IS HEARD FOR MILES!

Ataxia quickly tags in the Shadow, who joins him in the ring. The Shadow immediately lifts Elisha onto his shoulders looking for a Powerbomb, but the Messiah Pariah hurries onto the ropes and leaps off- BLOCKBUSTER OFF THE SHADOW'S SHOULDERS! Ryan Sunset attempts to creep behind Ataxia and the Shadow, but when they turn around he immediately shoots his hands into the air, attempting to look innocent. Sunset's attempts to call off an attack are in vain however, as the Shadow and Ataxia spike him down with a huge Flapjack! Ataxia grabs ahold of Elisha and rolls both him and the Moonchild out of the ring as Shadow pins Sunset.

ONE!

Ataxia goes for a right hand but Elisha blocks it, hitting one of his own.

TWO!

Now Elisha whips the Messiah Pariah into the barricade hard!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: It would have been over there, but somehow the Moonchild incapacitated Ataxia in quick time and just pulled Shadow out of the ring too!

Mike Rolash: This Childlike Empress is something else, I'm telling you.

Jim Gunt: Okay that's enough, Mike.

Mike Rolash: What...everyone else is allowed to say it but me?

ONE!

A couple of quick forearm shivers takes the Shadow out of his element, before he is thrown hard through the air- RIGHT ON TOP OF ATAXIA!

TWO!

Ryan Sunset stands in the ring alone, with a wicked smile on his face as he sees the Moonchild disposing of both of the Forsaken himself.

THREE!

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: That cocky son of a bitch Sunset, I wish somebody slap the taste out of his mouth.

Mike Rolash: You know he can hear you right, Jimmy?

Jim Gunt: How can he you idiot, he's in the middle of the ring.

FIVE!

Mike Rolash: Because you're on national freaking television, Jimrod. Now who's the idiot?

Jim Gunt:

The Shadow and Ataxia begin to come to, with the Moonchild just waiting on them with saliva practically dripping down his face in anticipation.

SIX!

Finally Elisha goes to pick up the Shadow but him and Ataxia move in unison, taking out the heavy hitter of the Eternals with double shoulder blocks! And the Shadow is back in the ring, immediately going right for Ryan Sunset!

Jim Gunt: Ha! He's going to get what's coming to him now!

Mike Rolash: As are you after the show tonight, I'm sure!

The Shadow moves in quickly for a tackle- NO! Sunset somehow catches him on the way through and turns it into a surprisingly nice Suplex! The CEO of the company hurries to his team's corner to tag in Elisha, but it isn't quick enough as the Shadow also tags out, bringing Ataxia into the match!

Jim Gunt: Here we go, fresh competitors on both sides of the battlefield!

Mike Rolash: Well, about as fresh as Ataxia possibly can be. I can smell that nasty mask from here.

Two of the most feared figures in all of Championship Wrestling Federation once again come to the center of the ring, neither one backing down from each other as Ataxia moves in first with a right hand, but Elisha ducks under and hits him with a spinkick. The Messiah Pariah is unphased though, cackling as he calls Elisha in for some more punishment. When the Moonchild gladly obliges, Ataxia dodges and goes behind him- E.R. STAT! The German Suplex into the turnbuckle destroys Elisha! Ataxia with the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Jim Gunt: Sunset with the breakup! God damn it!

Mike Rolash: That's what happens in tag team matches, Jimmy.

Jim Gunt: I'm so sick of this, every single week. Wait a minute, here comes the druids...now we may have some order around here!

Mike Rolash: Or some more madness!

Just as Gunt had said, nearly a dozen druids with their hoods draped over their heads begin surrounding the ring, immediately frightening Sunset who attempts to make a beeline for the exit. No the Shadow grabs him on the way out, waving his finger! The Weaver of Dreams grabs ahold of Sunset, but the distraction causes Ataxia to get grabbed from behind by Elisha inside of the ring- WHO TURNS HIM INSIDE OUT WITH A GANSO BOMB! Elisha holds on for the cover as Ryan Sunset does his best attempt at blocking the ring from the Shadow.

ONE!

TWO!

And Shadow breaks loose.

THREE!

No, too late! The Shadow breaks up the pinfall, but just a second too late!

Ray Douglas: And your winners by pinfall....ELISHA AND RYAN SUNSET, THE ETERNALS!!

Elisha breaks away from the Shadow and rolls out the ring, meeting Ryan Sunset just as several people jump over the barricade- the Chosen! A hellacious battle breaks loose between the Druids and the Chosen, fists being thrown on all sides, as Sunset and Elisha simply watch with smiles on their faces. The Eternals back up the ramp keeping their eye on Ataxia and the Shadow who stand in the ring with scowls on their faces.

The Right Hand Path

Match

The moment the door closes, MJ leans against it and reaches into the back pocket of her pants, retrieving her phone.

She looks back at the door, as if considering something. All the while, without looking, she is selecting things on the phone's touchscreen.

Finally, she holds it to her ear.

MJF: Hey, it's me. Yeah, not until later - I'm in the main. Listen, the boss just made me an offer I can't refuse. Got a second?

She walks away, and out of view.

Fade.

An Eye For An Eye

Match

The camera pans over the capacity crowd on hand, as the fans come to light. Signs raise up as the camera scans them, with a number of slogans scrawled across them – “WHY JACE WHY”, “SUNSET 4 PREZ”, before focusing on a sign held by a young fan that simply reads “WHO ARE YOU?” with a picture of a Solstice mask.

Mike Rolash: Well, our apologies to our sponsors and advertisers, because my broadcast colleague Jim Gunt is in the center of the ring right now with a microphone. Jim?

CWF's lead play-by-play announcer stands in the ring with a microphone in hand as the crowd lets out a few boos in his direction. He holds his hand up and grimaces a bit, as he brings the microphone to his lips.

Jim Gunt: Thanks Mike...I guess.

He adjusts his tie and continues.

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, after his grueling encounter with Alex Cain at Modern Warfare, "The Internet Icon" Jarvis King was the victim of an assault by an unknown assailant, wearing the mask of Solstice – a mask that we originally saw donned by Jarvis King himself. There are many questions, and even fewer answers. Hopefully my guest this evening can shed some light on this situation and provide some level of clarity. Please join me in welcoming former CWF superstar and journeyman wrestler, "Jumpin'" JACK KING!

The opening riff of "Glory Days" by Bruce Springsteen begins to blare over the PA system, as the CWF faithful come to their feet to give a warm ovation for the veteran wrestler. Jack King ambles out from behind the curtain. With a warm smile on his face, the eldest King looks particularly touched by the reception. He adjusts his salmon suit jacket and makes his way to the ring. His gait is slow, deliberate, and obviously dictated by the years of toil that in-ring competition took on him. He stops as he steps up the steel stairs, and waves at the hardcore fans in the front row. As he gets into the ring, he shakes Gunt's hand and stands ready for the interview.

Mike Rolash: Look at this dinosaur! He never even won a match when he competed in the CWF.

Jim Gunt: Jack, thank you for joining me today.

Jack King: Thank you, Jim. I'm glad to be here.

Jim Gunt: I won't waste any more time, Jack – I'll cut straight to the point. Last week, your nephew Jarvis was viciously attacked by someone in a Solstice mask. It's unclear who would have perpetrated this assault. First of all, how is Jarvis – have you had any contact with him?

Jack looks down and swallows hard, his smile fading.

Jack King: Well, Jim, I have seen Jarvis. As you know, he had already gone through hell with Alex Cain that night, and was likely already in need of medical attention as a result. Furthermore, whoever this Solstice is went in with a precision attack – he targeted Jarvis's right knee, which was surgically repaired. He took a full-dose blast of pepper

spray at close proximity, which has given him some vision problems that will go away, but persist as we speak. The doctors have given him a good prognosis and they believe that he'll be fine to compete again, but at this time it seems that he needs a good bit of rest.

Gunt nods, spurring King on to continue.

Jack King: As for his mental state, Jarvis...well, I don't know that I've ever seen Jarvis this mad before, Jim. Whoever he saw when Solstice lifted that mask was a ghost of Jarvis's past that I doubt he ever thought he'd have to lay eyes on again.

Jim Gunt: Did he give any indication as to who it was?

Jack King: No. Jarvis refused to say exactly who it was, or why he thought it was going down.

Jim Gunt nods.

Jim Gunt: Well, Jack, thank you for your time.

"Glory Days" starts to kick back on, but Jack shakes his head as Gunt reaches for another handshake. The music cuts out as King takes the microphone from Gunt.

Jack King: One last thing, though, Jim – if you'll allow.

Gunt shrugs a bit, and gestures to King that the floor is his, as he exits the ring giving Jumpin' Jack the ring to himself. King addresses the camera head-on.

Jack King: What Jarvis did do was give me a message to deliver tonight, to you, Solstice. He told me to tell you that your time would come, and that old friends would meet in the center of this ring to settle up unpaid debts. He told me that you're owed a receipt, Solstice. Your debts will be paid in full. Now, that's all well and good from my nephew, but let me put my own spin on things, son. You've crossed my family. You attacked my flesh and blood and tried to take his eye. That's all well and good, Solstice, but far as I'm concerned, it's an eye for an eye in this business, and given the chance? I'm gonna take my own pound of flesh, you feckless son of a bitch!

With that, the lights cut out in the arena.

Jim Gunt: Oh no.

Mike Rolash: Oh no is right! You're back at the table? I was hoping you'd gotten lost.

Jim Gunt: ...seriously?

The lights come back up, and Jack King is standing face to face with the masked man known as Solstice! The crowd comes unglued, as the elder King's eyes widen in surprise, followed by rage.

Mike Rolash: Haha! Time to put your money where your mouth is, old man!

King wastes little time doing exactly that, as he winds up and throws a big haymaker towards Solstice's head. The enigmatic imposter easily blocks it, however, and while grabbing King's right hand aims a low kick, straight between King's legs. The big veteran doubles over from the low-blow and Solstice floats behind him, crossing King's arm across his chest.

Jim Gunt: Oh god, you've got to be kidding me.

Solstice grabs King's other arm, completing the straightjacket hold, and arcs backward with a devastating Straightjacket Suplex on the older man. He gets up immediately, looking down at the broken-down veteran, before reaching into his pockets to retrieve a fork. He holds it high, allowing it to glisten in the lights.

Jim Gunt: Oh come on, this is a step too far.

Mike Rolash: Jim, it's cause and effect! King asked for this! You screw a girl in the ass, you're gonna get shit on your manhood!

Jim Gunt: ...you outdo yourself with inappropriateness every week, you know that?

Solstice leans down, turning King over and mounting the older man. He begins to bring the fork down to Jack's head as the crowd's boos turn to cheers, as a streak of a man rushes from the back.

Jim Gunt: MY GOD, THAT'S IAN KING!

The younger King brother slides into the ring as Solstice takes a powder through the side of the ring and rushes to the ramp, putting some distance between him and the avenging younger brother of Jarvis King. Solstice's eyes betray a grin under the mask, as he winks at Ian, who stands in front of his uncle, staring the masked imposter down.

Jim Gunt: Fewer answers and more questions abound!

Duce Jones Vs. Mariella Jade Flair

Match

Jim Gunt: It's been an incredible night of action so far, and we're not done yet!

CUE UP: 'Smiling Faces' – Kevin Gates

Mike Rolash: I still don't know why Duce is allowed in this match. He taps out and gets put into a number one contenders' match immediately? Something's not right here.

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones didn't tap, and you know it!

Mike Rolash: If the bossman said it, it's gotta be true.

Jim Gunt: There's so much wrong with that statement I don't even know where to begin.

Mike Rolash: You can begin with Duce Jones being given a 'gimmee' main event match.

CUE UP: 'Apex Predator' - OTEP

Mike Rolash: And on the other side, this woman certainly deserves her spot in this match.

Jim Gunt: You've been down on MJ before, what's changed your mind?

Mike Rolash: Clearly, the fact that she's joining the winning team.

Jim Gunt: Obviously referring to the meeting we caught between MJ Flair and Ryan Sunset earlier this evening, but she didn't make any sort of commitment there.

Mike Rolash: That coy lil' minx.

Jim Gunt: If she comes this way, I'm telling her you said that.

Ray Douglas: This contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit, with the winner to be the undisputed Number One Contender to the CWF World Championship!

The fans cheer at the announcement, along with a prominent "JACE-HOLE" chant.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Jonesboro Arkansas, weighing in at two hundred and five pounds... former CWF Academy AND CWF World Champion... DUUUUUUUUUUUUCE... JOOOOOOOOOONES!!!

Duce pounds his chest with his fist and nods to acknowledge the fans' cheers. His gaze locks on his opponent, who is also applauding him, and the corners of his mouth tick up just a bit.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent... from Warwick, New York, and weighing in at one hundred forty pounds... EMMMMMMMMMMMMM... JAAAAAAAAAAAAAY... FLAAAAAAAAAAAAAIR!!!

MJ holds her arms out somewhat dramatically to 'drink it all in,' but does not hold the post long enough to be overtly obnoxious about it.

Jim Gunt: There's the bell, and they circle each other to a roar from the fans! MJ offers a handshake!

Mike Rolash: Oh, this is classic. Sucker Duce again and get a quick win.

Indeed, the former Champion looks hesitant to accept the handshake at face value, but the fans cheer for him to "SHAKE THE HAND" and MJ encourages it. After a minute or so of stalling, he does so, and it breaks off clean to another pop.

Mike Rolash: Even more clever! Sucker him with the fair play now to lull him in for the truth bomb later!

Duce and MJ lock up, and, as is the normal for MJ, she is muscled backwards into the ropes. The referee steps between them and counts to three while they slowly let go, and they cautiously back off from each other.

Once more, they circle, but when Duce moves to lock up, MJ slides underneath his grip and hooks him around the waist! She lifts and takes him down with a waistlock, and he's on his ass, scrambling to get his feet back underneath himself.

Jim Gunt: Unexpected mat wrestling tactic from Flair! She's certainly shown a lot of versatility in her time here so far!

Mike Rolash: Yeah she has... and you know what else she can show?

Jim Gunt: Seriously? She's RIGHT THERE.

After a moment's struggle, Duce relaxes. He braces both hands on the mat and pulls his feet back by his hips, and, showing off an impressive display of core strength, forces himself backwards against MJ's grip and gets his feet underneath himself, and he pushes himself up! MJ refuses to let go, so he folds at the waist just enough for her own feet to leave the mat, and he drives them both into the corner. MJ takes the top turnbuckle to her back and releases Duce, and Duce immediately spins around with a hard clothesline at neck level! MJ drops to her knees, holding onto the top rope with her left hand.

Jim Gunt: Nice reversal by Duce!

Duce moves quickly and pulls MJ back to her feet. He hooks her head and drops her with a quick snap suplex!
COVER!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Not yet, Duce!

Duce hooks her and pulls her back up - MJ with a sudden reverse Atomic Drop! Duce staggers backwards into the corner, but MJ is still too winded to follow up: her entire next step is to roll under the bottom rope and take a breather on the outside.

Boos fill the arena, though not directed at the competitors.

Jim Gunt: What are they doing here?

Mike Rolash: Obvs, they're here to help out their new partner.

Jim Gunt: Obvs?

Mike Rolash: Totally obvs.

As Freddie Styles and Alex Cain of the Eternals emerge from the backstage area and walk towards the ring, the fans are booing like crazy. While their level of involvement or knowledge remains unclear, their group's continued association with Ryan Sunset and (by default) Jace Valentine has made them just as guilty - at least in the minds of the fans here tonight.

The referee counts three, and Duce Jones ignores his opponent and starts to jaw with Cain and Styles. They ignore him, however, as they split up and pincer MJ; though they stop at the ringpost on either side of her. She looks left and right, but they make no move.

Jim Gunt: This is different. Who's on whose side here?

Mike Rolash: If they weren't on MJ's side, they'd have knocked her ass out cold by now.

MJ slides under the bottom rope just in time to catch a boot to the side of the head from Duce!

Mike Rolash: Well, that's interesting. Maybe they made the same offer to Duce Jones, and he was smart enough to take 'em up on it?

Jim Gunt: You and your conspiracy theories...

Another boot to the head drops MJ back to the mat, and Duce scoops her up! He whips her into the ropes, and fires a side kick that - MJ DROPS TO HER KNEES! She manages to stop herself inches from the boot, grabs Duce's ankle, and takes him over with a single leg takedown! He's up in a flash, though, and they move towards each other again - MJ with a forearm to the face! Another! She backs Duce into the corner, and we've got a cross corner whip -

Jim Gunt: NO! Duce reverses! NO! MJ reverses - DUCE JUST SANDWICHED THE REFEREE IN THE CORNER!

Mike Rolash: Disqualify him!

Jim Gunt: You can see there on the replay, that was just poor ring placement for the referee: there was no ill intent on anyone's end. But the referee is down, and this match will continue!

Mike Rolash: Is she... smiling? Clearly this was all part of the plan.

Duce returns it with a smirk of his own. Right hand by MJ! Right hand by Duce! They're trading blows in the middle of the ring, clearly interested in the idea that there won't be a referee to break it up for a few minutes. Duce headbutts MJ, knocking her backwards into the ropes! He moves in - she grabs him by the hair and returns the butt! Duce holds his mouth - that's apparently where she got him as he spits a bloody loogie onto the mat.

Jim Gunt: We've seen it clearly in the past few weeks, MJ Flair is not afraid to spill some blood to make her point!

MJ rebounds off the ropes and attempts a baseball slide to knock Duce off his feet, but the former Champion steps over and through. He runs into the ropes himself as MJ pulls back to her feet, and she's immediately met by a shoulder tackle that knocks her to the mat! Duce scoops her and sends her into the ropes... SIDE KICK! He hits it this time and MJ doubles over and falls to her knees!

Mike Rolash: Is this all they're gonna do with no rules? Booooooring.

Duce pulls MJ up once more and backs her into the ropes... Irish whip, MJ reverses, but she falls back to her knees from the effort. Duce hits the ropes--

Jim Gunt: ALEX CAIN WITH A CHAIR TO DUCE JONES' BACK!

The boos are immediate and overpowering. Cain climbs from the floor to the ring apron and, just as Duce turns towards him, brings the chair crashing down on the side of his head. The former CWF World Champion crumbles into a pile, while we close up on MJ's face - her expression gives away nothing. The fans, however, are letting her, Cain, Styles, Sunset, and Jace know their feelings on this turn.

Alex Cain enters the ring, and nudges the referee with his foot: the ref stirs ever so slightly. He rolls Duce Jones onto his back and gestures to MJ, clearly the sign of 'You're welcome.' MJ staggers to her feet, still apparently a bit winded from the boot to the stomach, and reaches out to Cain.

The boos manage to intensify as Cain shakes her hand. She pulls away after a second, however, and gestures to the chair. Cain laughs, understanding that she means to finish off Duce Jones once and for all before taking the win. As he hands her the chair, he turns back towards Duce and nudges him, ever so slightly, with his foot.

It's because of this act of disrespect that Cain didn't see MJ take aim, and didn't see her swing for the fences.

The fans' reaction completes its turn: from contempt at the thought that MJ had made a deal with the devil, to elation at the realization that she had done nothing of the sort, and the chant of 'EM-JAY-EFF' fills the arena. The chair, dented from where it made contact with Cain's face, swings around to Freddie Styles on the outside of the ring. Styles, curiously, did not take part in the Pearl Harbor-ing of Duce Jones, and Styles puts up his hands, evidently not wanting

to claim responsibility.

Jim Gunt: Look out, MJ!

Mike Rolash: I'm so confused.

Seemingly out of nowhere, Duce Jones angrily pulls the chair out of MJ's grip and points it towards her, accusingly. She grabs it back from him and gestures to Alex Cain, and the two begin to argue in the middle of the ring over who is on whose side, who the real enemy is, if they understand what all is at stake, etc etc.

So into their argument, and pulling the chair back and forth - just in case, mind you - that they are both startled at the sound of the bell. The referee, looking haggard on his hands and knees, gestures wildly to the timekeeper.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has disqualified BOTH competitors--

Ray says more things, but they are completely drowned out in the immediate aftermath. To make matters worse, Alex Cain has come to enough to roll out of the ring, out of harm's way. Freddie Styles heads back up the entryway alone - only to come face to face with Ryan Sunset.

Sunset glares at Styles - and back towards the ring. He looks less angry than he does worried, however, and it's safe to see why.

Duce Jones and MJ Flair are standing next to each other in the ring. Not face to face... but side by side.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Miss Flair did not choose to follow into Valentine's footsteps, but continue to walk her own path and with Duce Jones by her side, this could spell a whole lot of trouble for the King Eternal!

Mike Rolash: And what a mistake she made with this, she will pay dearly for this!

Jim Gunt (rolling his eyes): Anyways, this is all we have time for tonight, thank you for joining us in another very eventful Evolution, where new alliances seem to have been forged, make sure to come back next week, because from what we could see here, it will be a scorcher! Have a good night!

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite