

# Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 14

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** February 27, 2018  
**Location:** 2300 Arena — Philadelphia, PA

## Results

### Blackness Has Claimed Its Rightful Place

Match

Backstage, hustling and bustling, people scurrying every which way to begin the fourteen episode of CWF Evolution. Suddenly there is a commotion and people are scrambling out of the way of a cloaked figure racing through the corridors. The cameraman tries to keep up with the druid, his body language one of utmost urgency. As he reaches a locker room door, he briefly knocks and then bursts through, revealing an almost completely dark room, with candles the only source of light. Druid (out of breath): He is gone, he disappeared! As the camera comes closer, it shows "The Forsaken" on the door and Ataxia lounging on a couch in the far end. The Shadow is on his feet, facing the druid. The Shadow: Berardi?! What happened? Who is gone? Luciano Berardi (panting): Hodge! Someone went to check on him... and he's gone, there's no sign of entry, exit, nothing... Just gone...! The Shadow: What? I had a feeling something was going to happen, didn't expect this, but something was off from the start. Berardi: Walcott has mobilized everyone and they DID find something. The Shadow: OK, out with it! Berardi: There was a note scrawled on the sheets, which apparently looks like blood. It says "Nerezza ha rivendicato il suo giusto posto!" Ataxia: Ooh, I love French! The Shadow: Sérieusement, tête de sac? Berardi: "Blackness has claimed its rightful place." The Shadow: Nerezza... That's not good... Fade.

### Start of The Plan

Match

Billy is seen taping up his wrists when Adrian walks over to him, and they seem to be talking.

Adrian Thompson: The plan starts when you take on Jedidiah, and you show the lunatic side of you. You just got to tap into it, I know you can do it. Tyler isn't here to stop you, so you can go wild out there.

Billy Anderson: You know I am doing this because you won't give me the real reason that you're here, and you're right, though, Jedidiah won't see it coming. I can't wait to start showing that side of me that I have been hiding deep inside of me. I mean it, you do anything to jeopardize any of this, and it will be you that will know what kind of lunatic I truly can be.

Adrian Thompson: I am not going to do anything like that, you have my word, and I know you can go far with a different attitude about you. This is perfect, a singles match is what you needed to show this side of you off, and there was no way you could by teaming up with Tyler the whole time, now you get the chance to show that you are truly a lunatic.

Billy Anderson: You got that right, and no one will know what to think when I do this. If you're trying to control me like you did a very long time ago, you will not like one single bit, and I still don't trust you, just cause you're my

Brother-In-Law don't mean I am going to become your puppet. I did that a few times and that almost cost me my sibling bond with Tyler.

They keep discussing the match and the plan as Billy is still leery of Adrian.

Fade.

## **Ordo Ab Chao**

Match

We cut backstage. Ryan Sunset sits in his office behind a huge oak desk, the CWF logo behind him. He glares directly into the camera, clearly in no mood to mince words. Ryan: We are entering a new era of the Championship Wrestling Federation. At last, the company has a champion deserving of the name in Jace Valentine. Day by day, week by week, new stars step forward and prove themselves, out for gold and glory. And yet... He pauses. Ryan: We remain held down by dead weight, performers unworthy of the name who will be cast out sooner or later. And we remain subject to the whims of those without loyalty and who need to be reminded of their place in the pecking order. Ryan: Alex Cain. You were granted relief from the grips of addiction, given the ultimate honour of a place in the Eternals. And yet - your commitment is and has always been lukewarm, neither in nor out. It is time to be honest, to yourself and to the world, exactly where you stand. Which is why, at Confliction, it will be Alex Cain going in the ring against... Amber Jaye Ryan. Jim Gunt: Oh my God! Mike Rolash: Cain and Amber have a history going back nearly a decade, as stablemates, lovers and now finding themselves trapped on opposite sides of the Eternals. Ryan pauses, smirking. Ryan: There is a little surprise on its way, which should come clear later tonight. And as for that other upstart, Freddie Styles... I will deal with him soon enough. Fade.

## **Billy Anderson Vs. Jedidiah Mathis**

Match

Mike Rolash: Welcome, Ladies and Gentlemen, to Evolution 13, live from the Smoothie King Center in New Orleans, Louisiana!

Jim Gunt: There already has been a lot of action happening and while we were genuinely worried about Harley Hodge's whereabouts, this case is getting ever more interesting with someone or something called Nerezza having taken him from where he was held, will we get him back in time for Confliction?

Mike Rolash: Also Ryan Sunset, our beloved CEO is continuing to call the shots here, Cain vs. Ryan at Confliction! And apparently a surprise for Freddie Styles as well! That's what people get, when they bark up the wrong tree!

Jim Gunt: If you're a tree, you have to expect to get pissed on and on to our first match here, Billy Anderson, the older half of the Unstoppable Force seems to be pissed off about several things here, will he be able to capitalize on his rage advantage against newcomer Jedediah Mathis? Over to Ray!

Ray Douglas: The following match is tonight's opening bout!

Georgia's Relentless Son stands ready and raring to go in the ring, working the crowd firmly behind him as they chant "Billy! Billy! Billy!" as everyone eagerly awaits the debut appearance of his opponent.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first...BILLY ANDERSON!!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

Everyone watches and waits in anticipation, but nothing happens. There is no music, light display or anything. Silence falls profoundly over the arena, you could have heard a cricket sing it was that still and silent.

Jim Gunt: Any word on this Mathis guy? What's the go?

Mike Rolash: Does anyone actually know anything about this guy? Where he's from? What's he look like?

Jim Gunt: Nope. Nothing. YOU could be Jedidiah as far as we all know.

Billy looks to the referee then to the announcer and they all shrug.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring...JEDIDIAH MATHIS!!

The second urging from the announcer proves to have the same outcome as there still remains no sign of movement. The referee cranes his neck as he receives word from the management office in his earpiece. He nods in acknowledgement then seemingly carries the same message to the announcer and Billy Anderson, who looks more than a little disappointed.

Ray Douglas: It has been decided, due to being absent, Jedidiah has forfeited this match. Here is your winner, The Unbreakable One, BILLY ANDERSON!!

Mike Rolash: DE-Fault! De-Fault! De-Fault!

Jim Gunt: The fact you're inspired by Homer Simpson says a lot about you.

Billy Anderson stands in the ring raising his hands in the air, absolutely incensed. Suddenly he rolls out of the ring, grabbing a nearby fan and throwing him over the barricade! Anderson looks on at the surprised fan with an angry face and then smiles, backing up the ramp psychotically.

## **Be Careful What You Wish For**

Match

A darkened room. There's very little light in the bowels of the Smoothie King Center, but what little light there is betrays the wafting humidity, as the wet air dances visually in front of a stream of light casting through an air vent. The fan's shadow turns lazily, barely making a difference as it rotates with its physical counterpart. The camera pans over it, leading to a burning candle, illuminating a bit more space.

A figure walks slowly towards it, obscured by the darkness. He bends over, illuminated for an instant by the candle, and the masked face of the man wearing the Solstice mask draws boos from the Louisiana crowd. The masked man's eyes betray a cruel smile as he, through his mask, blows the candle out, obscuring the room in complete darkness once again.

We cut to ringside, where Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt sit, the latter visibly disturbed by the scene, while Rolash can't

hide a cheeky grin.

Jim Gunt: Well, as the man who's been taking on the mantle of Solstice sits in the back...

Mike Rolash: I dunno what it is, but I like that guy.

Jim Gunt: ...we are – would you shut up for once, Mike – we are joined by phone by lawyer, and former CWF wrestler, Ian King. Ian?

A promotional shot of Ian King, smiling with a suit on, flashes on the CWF tron and across the screen. This posed picture of a happier time is juxtaposed against a less happy image – that of Ian two weeks prior, attending to his Uncle Jack after being attacked by Solstice. On the bottom-right corner reads "LIVE VIA PHONE: IAN KING". Ian's voice crackles a bit but comes through the loudspeakers clearly.

Ian King: Hi Jim. Pleasure to be speaking with you. Mike, less so.

Mike Rolash: Cheeky son of a...

Jim Gunt: Ian, first of all, thanks for calling in to speak with us. We haven't heard from your family since two weeks ago, where your uncle, Jumpin' Jack King...

Mike Rolash: ...took a leap too far!

Jim Gunt: For the love of...don't you have any sort of filter?

Mike Rolash: I thought by now it was obvious that I don't.

Jim Gunt: Ian, I apologize for my...colleague.

Ian King: That's alright, Jim. I've met Mike before...Hey Mike, are you still obsessed with Jim's octogenarian mother?

Mike Rolash: ...

Ian King: Yeah, that's what I thought.

Jim Gunt: Ian, as I mentioned, the last time we saw you, it was after your uncle was brutally attacked by the man who has been wearing the mask of Solstice. First of all, how is your Uncle Jack?

The on-screen shot transitions to that of Jack King's body arching back in a Straightjacket Suplex from Solstice. Ian lets out an audible sigh.

Ian King: Jack...Jack is going to be OK. It's been a while since he was in a ring in any sort of physical way, as you well know, but he's cut from a different type of cloth. He will, without any doubt in my mind, rebound from this attack and be able to return to his normal quality of life.

Jim Gunt: Well, I'm just glad that you were there to stop it from getting any worse. I shudder to think what might have happened with that fork had you not arrived when you did.

A beat. Ian sighs again.

Ian King: Yeah...well...yeah.

Mike Rolash: Ian?

Ian King: Yes, Granny-boinker?

The New Orleans crowd clearly likes this one, as they let out a hearty laugh and cheer a bit before Rolash can continue.

Mike Rolash: ...that's inappropriate...

Ian King: What do you want, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I have to ask the question that's on everyone's mind. Your uncle was attacked by Solstice, and but for your intervention, he's wearing an eyepatch. Your brother was attacked by Solstice, and but for our usually inept security force, he's cosplaying as Jack Sparrow for the rest of his life. Now, you're a lawyer, and your brother knows who's behind the Solstice mask. What does an ambulance chaser like yourself do with that sort of information? Are you Kings seeking any sort of legal damages?

The screen changes again to footage of Jarvis, in the hospital. The CWF hall of famer is hard at work in this footage, rehabbing his knee which was struck at Modern Warfare by a tire iron. The Internet Icon is shown struggling to lift weights using only his bad leg, but through the struggle he finds some moderate success, making the heavy plates rise

and fall as hospital staff encourage and cheer him on.

Ian King: Well, first of all, Mike...I primarily deal with probate matters, and if you lip off to me again, I'm gonna suggest that you look into acquiring my services, because once I'm done with you, you're gonna need a will. Second, yes, Jarvis knows who Solstice is in this case, but he still refuses to tell me who he is

Jim Gunt: Ian, you're telling us that Jarvis still won't tell you who's behind the mask?

Ian King: I'm afraid not; he says that the man under the Solstice mask doesn't deserve his acknowledgement.

Mike Rolash: You mean to tell us that you have no idea who's behind the mask?

Ian King: I don't, I'm afraid. The only thing I know for sure is that the mask that Solstice is wearing is the genuine article.

Jim Gunt: What do you mean?

Ian King: Well, there were three Solstice masks made, Jim. One, Jarvis wore when he competed as Solstice. Another, I wore when I wrestled for the CWF as Solstice II. There was a third, that Jarvis had made to give to a friend. Whoever got that mask is the man behind these attacks. And Jarvis may not believe that it's worthwhile giving him the time of day, but I promise you, I intend to find out myself.

The video footage of Jarvis's rehab fades, and we're taken back to ringside where Mike and Jim sit. Rolash is clearly a bit perturbed by being put in his place earlier in the conversation, and wears an annoyed look on his face.

Jim Gunt: Well, thanks for joining us, Ian.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, Ian. Wish you were here.

Ian King: Well, Mike...be careful what you wish for.

Mike Rolash: What?

The crowd wakes up a bit and cheers.

Ian King: I told you, I intend to find out who's behind the Solstice mask. A big part of being a lawyer is doing your own research, Mike. I'm lead to believe that Solstice is in the building with you, so I'm in a car, coming from Louis Armstrong New Orleans International Airport as we speak.

The crowd cheers this announcement heartily.

Jim Gunt: You mean...?

Ian King: That's right. I'm coming to the Smoothie King Center. I should be there soon. And I'll be in the center of that ring, and at that time...Solstice? It's time for the sun to set on you.

The New Orleans crowd comes unglued at this announcement.

Jim Gunt: Well, we await what should be a blockbuster moment on CWF Evolution, later tonight!

### **Dongcopters Part One: The Donging Begins**

Match

We cut backstage. The Lost Boys are in their locker room, preparing for their match. Suddenly, their discussions are interrupted by a knocking at the door, the muffled sound of music coming through.

Sam gets up and opens the door - and ducks just in time to avoid being hit by a dozen flying, remote control penises.

Sam: Strewth!

GO GO POWER RANGERS!!!

The dongcopters hover around the room at head height, forcing the two to duck. Suddenly, they plunge all at once, descending on the Lost Boys' bags. The dongcopters scoop the bags into the air and exit the room, disappearing down the corridor as Sam and Dean watch in confusion.

Fade.

### **Anthony Ortiz Vs. Azrael Vs. Christian Starr Vs. Mia Rayne**

Match

Jim Gunt: What the hell was that?

Mike Rolash: Looks like MJ Flair didn't put away her toys last night!

Jim Gunt: Mike, you are disgusting!

Mike Rolash: Oh thank you, I'm happy you noticed!

Ray Douglas: The following match is a fatal fourway match set for one fall with the winner moving onto the Confliction pay per view in a Paramount Title Match!

"Knee Deep" by CKY hits over the speakers and the relative unknown Anthony Ortiz comes out from behind the curtain. The tattooed man raises his fists in the air and pounds them back and forth like a missile shooting through the air, garnering a few cheers from the crowd before heading down the ramp and rolling into the ring. Mr. Mayhem then begins testing the ropes, waiting on his opponents.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first from Oakland, California....ANTHONY ORTIZ!!

The arena lights cut out and the bright glow of the titantron draws all the attention of the crowd as the screen lights up with the words to "Kings Never Die..."

The camera pans down to the entrance lamp where now a single spotlight shines brightly behind two silhouetted figures. One a towering monster of a man, the other a man standing stoically in front, dwarfed by comparison.

HAAAAAIIIII TO THE KIIINNNNG!

The lights flare to an almost blinding intensity as Avenged Sevenfold's "Hail to the King" takes over the arenas P.A. system. The figures are now clear to see, the larger is Payne, who raises his arms into the air as the opening words ring out. In front of him is "The King of Wrestling" Christian Starr, his arms stretched open over his head allowing him to take in the thunderous reaction around him.

HAAAIIIIII TO THE OOOONNNNE!

Starr turns around and starts backing his way down the entrance way with a clearly confident swagger to his step, Payne follows close behind flexing and looking just all around menacing.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring next, from Los Angeles, California. He is "The King of Wrestling" ... Christian STARR!!

Payne climbs his way into the ring over the top rope as Starr high fives some of the lucky fans in the front row, he shoots his way up the ring steps and climbs the turnbuckle. Here he strikes a pose as Payne raises his arms high in

front of him, letting out a roar as he does.

"Time for Tea" hits the arena speakers and the lights die out, leaving the crowd in pitch black. Suddenly blue spotlights turn on to reveal Mia Rayne, hands behind her back, smiling and rocking on her heels. She starts to skip around in circles, her head bobbing to the music, the spotlight following her in an almost mesmerizing trance.

Without missing a beat she veers onto the entrance ramp and continues to skip down to the ring, to the beat of the music lightly giggling as she makes her way to the ring. She rolls underneath the bottom rope as Autumn's voice growls, 'it's....TIME....FOR....TEEEEEAAAAA!!!!!!'

This makes Mia collapse into a ball in the middle of the ring as the spotlight intensifies on her. She rocks back and forth as the music dies out and the lights turn off. As they fade back on she is already in her corner of the ring, twitching with anticipation for the beginning of the match.

Ray Douglas: Third to the ring from Buffalo, New York, she is....MIA RAYNE!!

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. Azrael slides into the ring and walks right past all three of his opponents this week, making his way up the turnbuckle and raising his arms into the air.

Ray Douglas: And finally, residing in his own personal hell....AZRAEL!!

Jim Gunt: An incredibly wide variety of competitors we have in this fatal fourway, wouldn't you say, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Those aren't the words that I would use, but these four are certainly a colorful bunch. Mia Rayne and Anthony Ortiz make their debuts tonight while Azrael and Christian Starr both look to show the newcomers that they can't walk right into their first pay per view and get a title shot.

Jim Gunt: Easier said than done though, Mike, as Ortiz and Rayne both look like very worthy and talented superstars!

Brand new referee acquisition Scott Dean is on the call, ringing the bell to start off the match as all four competitors come to the center of the ring ready to go. Christian Starr is immediately trash talking all of his competition, the undefeated upstart telling all three of his opponents that they may as well lay down at his feet. This angers Azrael who snaps at him with a huge right hand! The fight breaks loose as Ortiz grabs a hold of Mia Rayne looking for an Irish whip, but Mia reverses! HUGE clothesline doubles over Mr. Mayhem on his return!

Jim Gunt: The action is starting off fast and furious in this one.

Mike Rolash: That sounds like it would make a good movie title.

Jim Gunt: Ya think?

Starr is right back on the right with Azrael, taking his knee and driving it into the sternum of the mysterious one, before pulling him up and flipping him viciously right into the turnbuckle! Christian Starr is on fire and he knows it, strutting around the ring like his shit literally doesn't stink. But Mia Rayne is springboarding off the ropes and only catches his attention at the last possible second before she turns him inside out with a Flying Headscissors Takedown! And Rayne holds on for the cover, doing her best do use her weight to hold down Starr!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Azrael breaks up the cover!

Jim Gunt: It looks like Azrael isn't letting this match up to chance, he doesn't want to see another one slip out of his fingers!

Mike Rolash: You can't blame the guy, he has had a bit of a harsh unlucky streak as of late.

Jim Gunt: It only takes one win to rocket-launch a star into superstardom, Mike. If Azrael can win here tonight, imagine the fanfare he'll have behind him going into Confliction!

Stomping down on Mia Rayne just a couple of times to break up the cover, Azrael quickly turns his attention to Christian Starr and lifts him to his feet. Starr attempts to push him off but Azrael delivers a stiff knife edge chop. Starr pokes him in the eyes! Mia Rayne is back up and runs towards both men looking for a Shining Wizard, and the blinded Azrael turns around just in time for her to kick him down low!

The fast paced action continues as Christian Starr heads for the ropes himself, bouncing off and coming at Rayne just as she heads for him- SLINGBLADE TO RAYNE! But Mr. Mayhem takes a hold of Starr looking to make his presence known now, PURE MAYHEM! The Snapmare Driver spikes Starr hard, and Ortiz hurries for the cover.

ONE!

TW-NO!

Jim Gunt: Azrael breaks up the cover again!

Mike Rolash: Always the bridesmaid and never the bride as he says, Azrael needs to be one MAKING the cover, not breaking them up!

Jim Gunt: Oh pish posh.

As if on command Azrael busts his own skull into the head of Ortiz to break up the cover, and then headbutts him again just for fun! He lifts up Antony Ortiz onto his shoulders with ease, pacing to the center of the ring before sending him down with a thud. SPIRALING DOWN! And Azrael hooks both legs for the pinfall, looking to cement his spot in the Confliction pay per view.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Azrael had Ortiz there, but now it is Mia Rayne who has broken up the fall!

Mike Rolash: Not only has broken up the pinfall, but she's now having her fun with Azrael!

The crazed Mia grabs Azrael off of Ortiz and immediately runs him into the corner, and again. And again. AND AGAIN SHOULDER FIRST HARD INTO THE CORNER! And Mia Rayne bursts out in laughter, nearing doubling herself over! She pulls back on the shoulder and back of the now clearly damaged Azrael, but neither of them see Christian Starr heading for the top rope on the other side of the ring. The King of Wrestling shouts at his opponents to get their attention, and leaps off for a picture-perfect elbow drop into the entire crowd of three! Bodies flying everywhere, and the crowd is going absolutely crazy!

Jim Gunt: What a match, Mike! All four of these competitors have really showcased themselves well tonight, but only one of the four can make it to the "big show".

Mike Rolash: Big Show? That sounds like it'd be a good name for..

Jim Gunt: Oh, shut up already.

With all four competitors breathing heavily in the middle of the ring, it is Christian Starr and Azrael who begin to stir first, both men coming to their feet almost simultaneously. Azrael swings a wild right but Starr ducks underneath, bringing him down to the canvas with a neckbreaker. Azrael rolls a couple feet towards the outside of the ring and Starr helps him along the way, using his boot to shove him hard all the way to the outside. Payne immediately takes advantage of Starr's prone opponent, the big man lifting him to his feet and nailing him with the Apocalypse Now double chokeslam! SUICIDE DIVE FROM MIA RAYNE ONTO PAYNE SENDS THE BIG MAN FLYING!

Jim Gunt: Yes! You go Mia!

Mike Rolash: You go Mia? She has only pissed off the behemoth!

The six foot nine beast is right back on his feet pushing himself away from the crowd barricade, but Azrael holds Mia Payne back, telling her that both of them have a better chance against the beast. Christian Starr watches on with a smile inside the ring, cheering on his manager, until Anthony Ortiz turns him around and nails a Rolling Cutter! He calls for the DOA- leaping up for the Curb Stomp. NO! Starr moves out of the way just in time and climbs right to his feet and onto the ropes like a mad man- CORKSCREW MOONSAULT ONTO EVERYBODY!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: My god what a maneuver there Mike, I hope nobody got hurt!

Mike Rolash: Good old Jimmy, always worrying about the health of our competitors. That moonsault was amazing, but I think Starr forgot one man in the ring. Mr. Mayhem has the match won here if he can just get one of the competitors into the ring!

Mr. Mayhem looks to do just that, heading for the outside of the ring to go for either of the three opponents, but before he can even make it out of the ring Starr leaps up and dropkicks him right through the ropes! He wastes no time in rolling into and shooting his leg right at the drowsy Anthony Ortiz- SHOWSTOPPER! The Superkick hits flush and Ortiz is out! Starr with the cover as the official drops down.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner of this match by pinfall....CHRISTIAN STARR!!

Jim Gunt: Another bad night for Azrael, and a rough start for Mia Payne and Anthony Ortiz, but Christian Starr is on fire!

Mike Rolash: Azrael and Mia Rayne look like they may have formed some kind of alliance there towards the end, but it may have cost them the victory here tonight. Starr may be our next Paramount champion!

Jim Gunt: Not if Marksman has anything to say about it. And you damn well can be sure he definitely has something to say about it.

### **Dongcopters Two: Electric Dongaloo**

Match

We cut backstage. Sam and Dean are hunting all over the arena for their bags, increasingly confused.

Sam: I'm telling you, Eris is behind all this.

Dean: Maybe. After what you pulled last week -

Sam: Give it a rest! I said I was sorry!

They turn a corner, Sam nearly tripping as they come across their bags. A card is placed on one of them.

"Peekaboo! Eris xoxox"

The Lost Boys turn, and the feed cuts out just in time to see the two Australians knocked to the ground by a dozen airborne phalluses.

Fade.

### **A Message**

Match

We cut to footage seemingly shot through a GoPro. The date and time stamp show this is happening live. We are moving through a forest, passing over streams, pushing through trees and bushes. We are seeing this from ground level, looking up at the stars, from the perspective of something being dragged through the undergrowth. Suddenly, we

are in an open clearing, a familiar white building shining out from the gloom. We approach the Academy, the camera rocking from one side to the other as we cover the uneven ground. We reach the door of the Academy. A silhouetted figure can just about be made out, knocking loudly on the Academy's entrance then making a swift exit. The door opens. We see Omega step out, stare down at the shape at her feet. Omega kneels, undoing some string, opening something. Suddenly she screams. As the feed cuts out we can just about make out a familiar face, reflected in a pendant around Omega's neck. The unconscious face of Amber Jaye Ryan.

Fade.

## **Mutiny**

Match

Sunrise, Sunset hits the speakers. The audience rain down boos and profanity as the owner of the CWF, Ryan Sunset, makes his way to the ring. At ringside, the Chosen stand expectantly, but do not act. Jim Gunt: What does he want this time? Ryan steps into the ring, microphone in hand. He stops a moment, gloating as the crowd vent their hatred. Ryan: Thank you for that warm reception. I will not waste your time with small talk. Freddie Styles. I want to talk to you. There is a moment's silence, before "DemiGods" by Lab Rats/Slim Jim hits the speakers. Freddie Styles steps onto the entrance ramp and makes his way to the ring, eliciting a mix of cheers and boos - mostly cheers. He reaches the ring, steps onto the apron and through the ropes, not taking his eyes off Ryan for a moment. Styles: What do you want, Sunset? Ryan: An explanation, for one. He gestures at the CWF Tron, which cuts to footage of last week on Evolution. "Freddie Styles wearily enters the ring, looking like he may come to Valentine's aid at first but then smiling and raising his arms in the air. Freddie Styles walks over to the ropes, yelling out to the time keeper to give him a microphone. With him, MJ and Duce all standing over the fallen World Heavyweight champion, he begins to talk. Freddie Styles: At the Confliction pay per view March 4th, we will have one HUGE main event. Because the World Title will be on the line as myself, Duce Jones and MJ Flair all step into the ring one more time with you..."champ". Styles looks over at Duce and MJ who both look taken aback, but slowly begin to smile as they watch Freddie fall to a knee and place the microphone next to Jace's face for just a few moments and then back towards his own mouth. Freddie Styles: Unless my partner has any objections? Styles once again puts the microphone towards Jace's face, but this time blasts him with it! He picks the unconscious World champion off the canvas, BALLGAME! Mariella Jade Flair tells both of her male cohorts that it is her turn to get a shot in, and she grabs Jace By The Face-MORNING STAR! Valentine is dead and the crowd is loving it! All three of the competitors who will face the champion at Confliction stand over him supreme as another episode of Evolution goes off the air."Live in the arena, the crowd roars in approval at the sight of Jace Valentine being pulverised. Ryan Sunset on the other hand is clearly furious. Styles shrugs. Ryan: What in God's name do you think you're doing? Everything you have in CWF, everything you ARE, is down to the Eternals. Down to me! And this is how you repay us? Freddie: Give me a break. You know as well as I do that I was only ever hired muscle. And this hired muscle just chose to go freelance. Ryan: You have no idea what you are doing. We can destroy you and everything you love in a heartbeat. Freddie: Go to hell. Ryan: You first. Ryan turns to the Chosen, pointing angrily at Freddie Styles. Ryan: Get him! They remain still - tense, ready and waiting to jump the barrier, but not moving. Ryan glares at them in indignant exasperation. Freddie looks uncertain, readying himself to fight. Ryan: What in the hell are you waiting for!? GET HIM! Still the Chosen remain still, not moving an inch. Suddenly, the crowd erupts in fresh abuse as Elisha steps through the curtain onto the entrance ramp, surveying the crowd and the scene in the ring with evident approval. Elisha: Chosen, my Chosen! Stand down. This is not our fight. We were not put on this earth to fulfil the petty vendettas of a corporate sycophant. Styles. Future endeavours, etcetera, etcetera. I look forward to ruining your life with a wanton act of cruelty sometime soon. And Ryan? Elisha pauses. Elisha: Turn around. Ryan glares at Elisha in bewilderment before turning, just in time for Freddie Styles to catch him with a boot to the stomach. As Elisha turns away and the Chosen take their seats, Styles scoops

Ryan Sunset into the air, bringing him crashing down with a Ballgame! Jim Gunt: Oh my God! Is this the end of the Eternals? Mike Rolash: One can only hope.

## **The Coalition (Autumn Raven & Silas Artoria) Vs. The Danger Boiz (Crazy Chris & Dangerous Dan)**

Match

Mike Rolash: Today the big news just keep on rolling in, the rift in the Eternals is getting bigger and bigger, there are still very inappropriate flying objects harassing the Lost Boys and then the big one...

Jim Gunt: Amber Ryan is back at the Academy! How she got there, why she is there, nobody knows, we will try to get someone there as fast as possible!

Ray Douglas: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall!

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

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, making their way to the ring, at a combined weight of 345 lbs, Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven! **THE COALITION!**

Jim Gunt: These two have kind of been on a rocky slope, but maybe tonight they string together consecutive victories.

Mike Rolash: You know Jimmy, what do you get when you put two nuts together?

Jim Gunt: A very volatile situation.

Mike Rolash: No a ball sack, the fuck?

The lights go out once again in the arena as "Thunder" by Imagine Dragons begins playing. The New Orleans fans explode as one of their favorite tag teams make their way out. Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris walk from behind the curtains. They pose as the fans go insane. Crazy Chris takes off for the ring slapping the hands of the fans as he goes down the aisle. Dangerous Dan jogs behind him high fiving fans as well. Dangerous Dan slides into the ring as Crazy Chris has made a full lap around ringside before sliding in also.

Ray Douglas: And their opponent, at a combined weight of 445 lbs, from Smithville, Tennessee, Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris! **THE DANGER BOIZ!**

Jim Gunt: Here's a team that's been on a complete downward spiral as of late.

Mike Rolash: Hey, at least Crazy Chris was able to hold on to the Paramount title for a week.

Senior official Trent Robbins instructs both teams that one person has to go out to the apron. Dangerous Dan and Silas Artoria go to their respective corners as Autumn Raven and Crazy Chris start the match. Robbins calls for the bell as Crazy Chris and Autumn Raven circle each other. Chris goes for a lock up but Autumn ducks underneath, grabbing Chris with a waist lock.

Chris struggles to get free, he doesn't take long as he grabs Autumn's arm twisting it with an arm wringer. He maneuvers around Autumn's body taking her down with a side headlock. Autumn quickly grabs his head with her legs reversing into a head scissors. Crazy Chris kips out of the head scissors as Autumn is back to her feet too. The two come face to face before slowly backing up and tagging in their respective partners. Both Dan and Silas enter the ring as the fans anticipate the confrontation.

Jim Gunt: You would have to believe Dangerous Dan wants retribution more than ever against the Coalition as he was the one to take the brunt of the attack.

Mike Rolash: We really haven't heard anything from him since that incident.

The two men square up, Dan moves towards Silas, but he side steps out of the way. As soon as he turns around, Silas leaps up and connects with a dropkick to Dangerous Dan's jaw! Dan is back to his feet, trying for another attack but Artoria quickly catches him with a kick to the gut, and taking him to the canvas with a snap suplex! Silas throws his arms in the air yelling, "Is this the best you have to offer?"

He mockingly kicks at the head of Dan as he tries to make it to his feet. Silas kicks one more time but Dan catches his foot, rising to his feet. Silas hops around for a second, before jumping up catching Dan across the ear with an ENZUIGIRI!

Silas goes for the pin as Trent drops to the mat to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Dangerous Dan kicks out as Crazy Chris slaps the turnbuckle, trying to get Dan back into this match.

Jim Gunt: The Danger Boiz not their usual selves here tonight.

Mike Rolash: These guys haven't been the same since like 09.

Silas brings Dangerous Dan to his feet by his hair, taking him to his team corner. He let's off with a huge knife edge chop, before tagging in Autumn. She gets inside as Silas steps to the apron. She blast Dan with a forearm shiver, before snapmaring him to the mat and connecting with a hard kick to the spine! She laughs sadistically as Crazy Chris yells for Dan to get back into the match. She stalks behind Dan as he slowly makes it to his feet. As soon as he is upright,

Autumn takes him back down with a CHOP BLOCK! Dan drops to the canvas, as Autumn smiles with her tongue out towards Crazy Chris. She slithers her way over to Silas reaching up at him for the tag. As calm as he was on the apron, he comes in like a madman rushing full speed towards Chris knocking him off the apron. He turns to see Dan struggling to get to his feet. Autumn positions herself in the other corner as Dan is to his knees. Silas rushing in at Dan as Autumn takes a few steps herself. They both connect with Dan's head with a CLAW OF THE NIGHT/KNOCKOUT COMBINATION!

Jim Gunt: That's all she wrote..

Autumn takes off towards the Danger Boiz corner, flying through the ropes barely missing the post, but taking out a rising Crazy Chris with a SUICIDE DIVE! Silas signals for the end, picking up Dangerous Dan and lifting him onto his shoulders. He walks to the center of the ring, before destroying him with the FALL OF MAN! The fans show their disapproval as Silas mockingly covers Dan.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Trent calls for the bell as Silas begins to taunt the fans, Autumn slides back inside the ring joining her partner in victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winners, by pinfall....THE COALITION!!

They continue to taunt the fans, proud of their dominance.

Jim Gunt: The Coalition really are finding their stride now, a second win in a row and a big one on top of it and what the hell?

## **Reconciling and a White Envelope**

Match

The deed is done, and only a second goes by before the Lost Boys jump from under the ring. Sam grabs Chris, Dean grabs Dan, and Autumn grabs the kendo sticks as Silas leans against the ropes to bask in what is unfolding. He chuckles as the two Danger Boiz try their best to escape the Australian's grasp, before Chris breaks free and charges towards Silas.

SMACK!

Chris flunks to the ground as Silas leans back against the ropes, his knee having done the initial talking. Chris is dragged to the ropes, and alongside his partner is strung up like trophies. Autumn hands the Lost Boys their kendo sticks, before handing Silas his cane and microphone.

Silas laughs maniacally, as the audience shares their thoughts with a consistent tone.

Silas Artoria: Well...at least I know that our first victory wasn't a fluke.

He starts pacing slowly, with his cane swinging around and around alongside him.

Silas Artoria: I'll admit, I was starting to doubt myself for a moment there. I was starting to doubt the message we were aiming to send.

He points his cane to the Danger Boiz, both looking at the Canadian delivering his sermon.

Silas Artoria: But I have to thank the pair of you, for reigniting the confidence within us, and for that, I'd like to start claiming the interest to the debt you owe.

He nods to the three of them, who take their aim on the Danger Boiz's chest; Dean on Dan, Sam on Chris, and Autumn in between the two, ready to alternate.

Silas Artoria: You've given us the drive...

SMACK, and the Danger Boiz flinch and scream in pain.

Silas Artoria: ...the motivation...

SMACK, and more screaming.

Silas Artoria: ...and the inspiration to push us towards the completion of our goal.

SMACK, and the Danger Boiz start panting for breath, with Crazy Chris in particular giving off a dry sound with every passing gasp.

Silas turns around and faces the hard camera.

Silas Artoria: Tonight, we break down the walls that the old guard built to keep us out! Tonight, the Coalition acts as the harbinger for those coming into the company! We lead the expedition into a new world, and for that journey to take its first steps, we must first rectify some problems ever present in this company. Behold! Your heroes of past events!

The remaining members of the Coalition continue their attacks while Silas continues to laugh, getting louder and more maniacal as time went on, drowning out the twacks and the chorus of boos that the audience rains down on them. Soon, the Danger Boiz pass out, and Silas strolls towards the two.

SMACK, SMACK.

He hits both their faces, but there is no response, out cold. He softly tells the two.

Silas Artoria: Rest now, Danger Boiz, for your work has concluded for today. \*Back to the camera\* I would like to call out Harvey Danger, The Lost Soul, and the Bright Young Things to the stage opposite, for I have a few things I'd like to tell them!

It takes some time, but the music plays, and one by one they come out. Harvey and his mother, The Lost Soul. They line on the top of the stage, all within the Coalition's eyesight.

Silas Artoria: First, I'd to address Harvey Danger and his dearest mother. I'd like to sincerely apologise face to face for what happened last week. It was very unfortunate and while I did address Sam's actions a few days ago, I'd say the apology would carry more weight if I looked at you in the eye and delivered what was due. So, I'd like to make a proposal to both you and The Lost Soul -- and I am going to call you The Lost Soul -- I said Autumn and I would have a match against the pair of you but what we got was a handicap match that rang hollow by day's end. I said we'd face the

two of you, and I heard you weren't going to do anything at Confliction, so why don't we complete the agreement there and then. No interruptions.

Silas looks to Harvey and The Lost Soul.

Silas Artoria: So what do you say? Two versus two, one fall? Or do I need to ask your mother's permission before Little Harvey is allowed to come out and play.

Mama Danger steps forward. "You're a little shit, you know that!" she bellows. "My Harvey will not lay down for a snobby clown like yourself. You're on!"

Silas Artoria: Ahh, excellent. I look forward to our encounter Mr Danger. I'm sure it'll be grand old great time. And now, Caledonia and Eris. You both have had very successful singles runs since our last encounter, and I not going to appeal against them. You beat us fair and square and I'll not argue against that.

He steps backwards towards the middle of the ring.

Silas Artoria: But CWF logic dictates that there are at least three core ways you can get a shot of the title. Number one, win a number one contenders match to face the champions. Two, return from injury after vacating a title, since they never lost it in the first place. Three, beat the champions in a non-title match.

His arm drops.

Silas Artoria: You may have had singles success but we have a cheque from you that has yet to be cashed in, and the two of you don't appear to have any plans, so there's no better time to cash in than now.

Deep breath, Silas bellows: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. YOUR NUMBER ONE CONTENDERS FOR THE CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS. \*Wicked smile.\* REPRESENTING THE COALITION. \*Teeth showing.\* THE TEAM OF DEAN COULTER, AND SAM BRAXTON. \*Deep breath.\* THE LOST BOYS!

He drops the microphone, and as a unit the Coalition jumps the barricade. They pass through the archway, and disappear into the stadium.

Fade.

## **Shhh My Darling...It's Almost Over**

Match

We cut backstage to see Ataxia sitting on the black coffin that he use to carry around with him. He gently caresses the

oblong box as he almost sings to it sweetly.

Ataxia: Hush little darling...don't say a word. It'd be too painful to hear your voice right now. I know. I know what you want. I wish I could. Don't you think I wish it was so. That I could just do what I wanted instead of what I am destined to do. I have to do this. It's not that I want to. I would love to just enjoy fucking with these idiots heads, but my time for that is almost over...

Ataxia kisses the coffin.

Ataxia: It's coming. Soon it'll all be over...and then maybe...just maybe...you'll be waiting for me on the other side.

Ataxia slams his head over and over again into the coffin and then looks directly at the camera. Blood starts to trickle thru the mask.

Ataxia: You all don't fucking get it still...it was never about your plans...it was all about his...about mine...it's almost over...pray I let you survive...the secret will drive you mad...AHAHAHHAAHHAAHHA...A...

Fade.

## **The Moonchild and the Prince**

Match

We cut backstage. We are in Ryan Sunset's office, but it is empty, the floor littered with shards of glass, a cup hurled at the wall in rage. We exit the office, making our way backstage, following the sound of raised voices. We end in the catering area, where Elisha and Ryan Sunset stand inches apart, screaming in one another's faces. Ryan: What the hell kind of bullshit was that!? That Styles punk openly disrespected me, disrespected -Elisha: That's exactly the point, isn't it? He disrespected YOU. Not me, not even the Institute. Just you. My Chosen and I -Ryan: Shut the fuck up you Goddamn son of a bitch! They are MY Chosen! MY Eternals, MY Institute! You, all of you, answer to ME! All those years of conditioning, then being surrounded by ingrates and inferiors, seems to have rotted your brain. You need to remember your place -Elisha: My place is as Lord and Master of this godforsaken company. Ryan: Your place is to stay my subordinate and to do my bidding. I am Ryan Pierre -Elisha: So you claim. Funny how there's no birth certificate to -Ryan slaps Elisha across the face and the two of them go head to head, tearing one another to pieces. Elisha smashes Ryan in the face with a series of elbows, bone connecting with bone with a sickening crunch. Ryan strikes back, getting in a solid boot to the ribs of the Moonchild. As we cut, a small army of black clad security start to fill the room, forcing themselves between the two.

Fade.

## **The Party Begins**

Match

The live CWF crowd is ecstatic as video footage appears on the Tron. The scene opens and we see Jace Valentine with an enormous grin on his face. The bright, flashing lights of Las Vegas nightlife cut through the air behind him. A

line of people a mile wide, some with trumpets, drums and more. Jace slings the World Heavyweight championship over his shoulder flashing his pearly white teeth. Jace Valentine: A victory parade, a beautiful ceremony just for me. As soon as Ryan Sunset got his hands on a TRUE champion, he really has spared no expenses! While all you fools and imbeciles toil away fighting against second rate talents, I am here in Las Vegas getting a MUCH NEEDED getaway from it all. The Victory Party begins now. But no worries. I knew how bad the ratings of Evolution would tank and crater if Jace wasn't there. Without me, the people just wouldn't watch. So even though I am here and about to have the time of my life, I care. I care about the CWF. I care about putting on a good show. So to save you all from the completely miserable experience of missing the Jace Valentine Victory Parade, I will be providing live look is ALL NIGHT LOOOOOONG! Now let's take a walk on the wild side, shall we? We've got dancing chimpanzees! We've got armored fucking elephants! Peace out, dipshit, the party begins now! The huge crowd of people start chanting JACE, most of them clearly drunk off their asses. Jace Valentine: Jace will put on a show. If there is one thing Jace can do, he can put on a show. Las Vegas!? Can you party like Jace Valentine parties, even for one night???? Jace winks as the camera.

Fade.

### **"Marksman" Jay Mora © Vs. Stalker Knight**

Match

Jim Gunt: This is incredible stuff happening, Ryan Sunset and Elisha are coming to blows, while Jace Valentine is out gallivanting in Vegas, what is this place coming to?

Mike Rolash: And the Coalition is really making an impact now, with the Confliction card filling up, including a title match for the Tag Team championship! And thankfully our crews have been able to clean up the mess that these unspeakable flying machines of Eris had made, so we can continue with our only title match of the evening!

Ray Douglas: Our next match is scheduled for one fall, and is for the Paramount Championship! Introducing first, the challenger, weighing in at 321 pounds...STALKER KNIGHT!!

He enters through the crowd but not through the upper bowl of the arena like is common with other wrestlers. There is spurts of fog, not a blanket of it more akin to a steam vent about seven of them on his route to the ring. The arena lighting crackles and frizzles ala a lightning storm. He walks to the ring ignoring everyone between him and the ring. Stalker climbs over the ropes and waits in the corner for his opponent.

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: And his opponent, weighing in tonight at 215 pounds, he is the Paramount Champion....Jay "MARKSMAN" Moraaaaaa!!

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: Alright folks, we're ready to go here! This is probably going to be a great one between the champ and a man who's made some moves to be in this position, fighting for the Paramount title.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, whatever... They're both pretty goofy if you ask me. The bright spot being, at least one of these guys is gonna get their can kicked!

Jim: \*Sigh\*... Do you think you can get through the rest of the night without insulting anyone else?

Mike Rolash: Ummmm...does anyone include you?

Jim Gunt: Yes.

Mike Rolash: Ohhhh, ok... No. Let's go to the ring!

Mora and Stalker circle each other, finally locking up. Like two bulls, push and struggle for position. Mora gets the upper hand and latches on with a side headlock. Mora really wrenches down, but Stalker nails him with three rapid elbows to the gut! Mora loses his grip. Stalker sends Mora to the rope and nails him with a back elbow as he rebounds! Mora hits the mat and Stalker is right there to lay in the boots to him!

Jim Gunt: Stalker jumps out to the early advantage here.

Stalker pulls Mora up and whips him to the far ropes...but Mora reverses! When Stalker rebounds, Mora kicks him right in the gut! In one smooth, quick motion Mora locks Stalker and plants him with a huge DDT! The impact pops Stalker back up to his knees and then he falls to his back! Mora is right there for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Well, it's way too early to get that pin, but that early advantage you were talking about is gone now that Stalker just got his head bounced off the mat like a basketball!

Marksman pops back up and yanks Stalker back to his feet. Mora whips Stalker to the corner and he hits hard! Mora gets up a head of steam and flattens Stalker in the corner with a thunderous clothesline!

Jim Gunt: Good grief, what an impact!

Mora is all over Stalker! He whips him to the opposite corner and tattoos him with another clothesline! Stalker crumples in the corner as Mora steps back and surveys the damage! Mora pulls Stalker up again and sends him hard into the opposite corner again! Mora gets up another head of steam and charge...but he catches a boot in the mouth! Stalker gets the foot up and Mora stumbles back a step! Stalker jumps out and...\*CRACK\* (WHOOOOOO!!!) nails Mora with a knife edge to the chest! Mora tries to cover up, but Stalker is right on him and...\*CRACK\*, \*CRACK\* and lays in two more chop shots to the chest!

Mike Rolash: I think Stalker thinks Mora is the Chinese Mann's theatre! He's trying to leave his hand print on him!

Stalker doesn't let up, grabbing Mora's right arm as he faces him. Stalker yanks him in with the arm, going for the shortarm clothesline...but Mora ducks the shot and whips around him, turning to face the back of Stalker's head! Mora breaks Stalker's grip, drops him with a double knee backbreaker, and quickly moves to lock in a big Sharpshooter!

Jim Gunt: Mora had that clothesline well scouted! Now he is really grinding down on Stalker's back with that painful submission move!

The men are still near the corner and Stalker grabs a rope to try and break the hold, but Mora just yanks Stalker forward, breaking his grip! Mora pulls Stalker back to the center of the ring, the sharpshooter locked in like a vise! Mora wrenches down, bending Stalker like a rag doll!

Jim Gunt: Well it's obvious that Mora really wants this match. He has that submission locked and he isn't about to let go!

Mike Rolash: Absolutely not! Mora looks like a pitbull with a piece of steak, just ripping and tearing at Stalker...and it looks like Knight is out of this thing!

Jim Gunt: I think you're right! The ref looks like he's gonna lift the arm to see if he's still conscious. If his hand comes down three times, this thing is over!

Clark Summits takes hold of Stalker's limp arm and holds it up for a moment. He let's go and the arm falls limp!

Jim Gunt: That's one!

Summits lifts the other arm and lets go...it falls down lifeless!

Mike Rolash: That's two!

The ref grabs Stalker's arm one more time... The ref holds it up, announcing this is the last time.

Stalkers's arm is held up into the air ahead and...

Jim Gunt: Thre...NO!!! No, Stalker is still in this thing!!

Mora unhooks from Stalker, drops a vicious knee to Stalker's back, over and over, then re locks in the sharpshooter.

Mike Rolash: Mora basically just took the last bit of starch out of ol Stalker. He's done!

Mora wrenches back on Stalker once more, and finally Stalker relents, tapping out.

Ray Douglas: Your winner of the match, and STILL Paramount champion....JAY MORA!!

Jim Gunt: And looks like we have some more footage from Vegas coming in right now!

## **Titty City**

Match

The Vegas Victory Parade must have wrapped it up, but we still see Jace wandering the streets of Las Vegas. He is stumbling around, barely able to stay on his feet as he has obviously went a few drinks beyond his limit. He scratches at a patch of his moustache that is oddly coated in a white substance that would make even Lance LaRusso blush. Jace Valentine: I aaaaaaam the champion! I am the champion! No time for losers, cause I am the chaaaaampion! OF THE WORLD! Jace is singing to himself mostly, acting like the world's most obnoxious frat boy. He wanders into a convenience store nearby, still blitzed out of his mind and talking to himself. Jace Valentine: About damn time I find a strip club around here! With Ryan and the Eternals at Evolution, it is telling that Jace is all alone. No real family, no true friends. But at least he has that belt, at least he has the championship to be his companion. The drugs numb the mind and the thoughts of a lonely world. It's good to be on top of the game and this is the Sin capital of the world. Jace walks up to the counter, eyeing the candy bars with a disgruntled look on his face. The words are slurred as they come out of his mouth. Jace Valentine: I am the CWF World Heavyweight champion and I DEMAND to see some vagina! The short elderly man with snow white hair standing behind the counter just starts chuckling. Cashier: Excuse me? I believe you may be in the wrong place. Jace Valentine: What are you talking about? I bought a one way ticket to Titty City and I ain't leaving here until I see the finest broads this place has to offer! Cashier: Titty City? Last I knew, the slogan was 'Sin City'. Jace Valentine: WHAT? I swear I saw that on a coffee mug somewhere... So you are telling me there are no damn strippers around here? Cashier: There are PLENTY of strippers around here. For the best ones?

You just have to know where to look. Now, me? Lucky for you, I'm an old hound dog. I can tell you EXACTLY where to look!Jace grins and flashes a coy smile.Jace Valentine: Tell me more, my dude!The Tron turns to black.

Fade.

## **Fighting Fire With Fire**

Match

The lights go out and a low chant begins. Suddenly the flickering light of torches can be seen in different stairways around the arena, slowly converging towards the ring. As the camera zooms in, it shows hooded druids solemnly coming down the steps, their wordless chant rising in cadence as they get closer. They climb over the barricades and take their places around the ring, their torches' flames illuminating another figure standing in the centre of the ring, staff in hand.The Shadow: Elisha! Moonchild! Can you feel the sun set on your reign as the Privileged One? It is easy to hide behind the power that was placed into your lap, the power bestowed unto you by others. You have your mindless robots follow you like puppies follow the bag of treats and they will perform any trick you ask them to, but what power really lies in that? Don't you see your empire crumbling around you? The Eternals are falling apart, you lost your aura of invincibility, people are no longer trembling in fear just by hearing your name.As he speaks, commotion starts at one side of the ring and the druids are moving in unison, converging around where the Chosen have their seats. Suddenly the Tron flickers and a burning atom-in-ouroboros sign appears, gazing down on the arena like an enormous eye.A single trumpet sounds, deafening, harsh, somehow demanding attention. The arena erupts in boos as Elisha steps through the curtains and onto the stage. His expression is one of cold, calm loathing. He is clearly battered, drained from his confrontation with Ryan Sunset earlier in the night.The Shadow: Ah, there he is, the Childlike Empress...Elisha raises a single finger, gesturing silence.When he speaks, it is as if his voice is coming from far away, faint and distant.Elisha: The fifth angel sounded his trumpet, and I saw a star that had fallen from the sky to the earth. The star was given the key to the shaft of the Abyss. When he opened the Abyss, smoke rose from it like the smoke from a gigantic furnace. The sun and sky were darkened by the smoke from the Abyss.And out of the smoke locusts came down on the earth and were given power like that of scorpions of the earth. They were told to harm those people who did not have the seal of the Moonchild emblazoned on their soul. And the agony they suffered was like that of the sting of a scorpion when it strikes.During those days people will seek death but will not find it; they will long to die, but death will elude them.He blinks, draws a deep breath, his voice changing imperceptibly.Elisha: Good evening, Shadow. We approach the end, a confrontation the world can neither predict nor comprehend. It has been the quite the journey, one might say.You intrigue me, Shadow. A man of the light who walks in darkness, seeking personal salvation through occult forces you scarcely comprehend, yet continue to wield like a five year old who found his father's weapons cabinet.We are tied together, you and I, in past present and future. Call it an inkling.For now, we stand on the eve of battle. And why not start it off with a...bang!If looks could kill, the daggers flying from Elisha's eyes could have dismembered The Shadow right then and there. The Chosen are looking at their leader and at the word "bang!", with a curt movement of his hand towards the ring, they fly into action, throwing themselves against the barricades but the druids manage to keep them at bay by brandishing their torches like swords. One woman tries to take them by surprise and break through, but she is pushed back, her suit jacket catching fire. As she frantically tries to tear it off her body and the attention is shifted towards the altercation, The Shadow has slid out of the ring and is racing up the ramp, hitting Elisha with a hard spear, sending both of them through the curtains into the backstage area! With their leader gone, the Chosen suddenly relent and sit back, allowing the druids to quietly file up the ramp and backstage.

Fade.

## **Eye of the Tiger**

Match

The image of Jace Valentine lights up the Tron again, further documenting his adventures in Las Vegas. Except this time we see no flashing lights, no monstrously tall skyscrapers. In fact, it looks like our champion is lost in a thicket of trees. Jace is clearly frustrated, mumbling to himself. Jace Valentine: That old fucker said to take a left, then a left and another left. Shit, or was it four lefts? I don't know...its all such a damn haze....Fuck, I just wanna see some fine ass sluts and I am stuck out here with the damn bears and tigers! All of the sudden, Jace starts acting paranoid and skittish. Jace Valentine: Damn, there's not really bears and tigers out here are there? Fuck! I am the CWF World Heavyweight champion! A bear comes after me I'll fuck its whole day up! Their cubs and shit won't know what hit em! Jace starts frantically looking around. Jace Valentine: Damn! Is that a tiger!? Over there! That's a fucking tiger! Jace ducks behind a tree, clearly afraid for his life. Jace Valentine: What would happen if the CWF World Champion got ate by a tiger? They would have to give the belt back to that fraud, Duce! Nobody wants that! Jace whips a cell phone out of his pocket and punches a few numbers. Jace Valentine: Ryan????? Ryan Sunset: Jace! How is the Victory celebration going, friend? Jace Valentine: DID YOU SEE THE TIGER??? Ryan Sunset: Excuse me? Jace Valentine: That fucking tiger over there! At least tell me you saw the damn bear! Otherwise I gotta say this fucking cocaine is starting to get to me! From the other side of the line you can just hear an audible sigh. Ryan begins to speak but Jace just casts his phone into the dirt and runs away screaming. He sprints for about ten yards and suddenly he is in a wide open parking lot of a hotel complex. Wide eyed and bugging out, Jace looks back at the mass of gnarled bark which is actually like three trees and a fairly large bush. You can see a bead of sweat rolling down the face of the champion. Jace Valentine: Looks like the coast is clear...but I better get the fuck outta here before that tiger comes back. Fuck, I ain't messin' with no tiger....Fade.

### **Dongcopters Three: Dong Harder**

Match

"The Butterfly Effect" - A Slow Descent hits the speakers. The Lost Boys step onto the entrance ramp, now properly dressed having reached down their bags. They reach the ring, stepping into the apron and through the ropes.

Sam raises a mic to his lips to speak. Before he can get a word out, a remote controlled flying penis appears from out of the crowd and starts to fly inches above his head.

Sam goes to speak anyway, doing his best to ignore the distraction a few feet above his head.

Sam: Good evening. We -

Before he can continue, a second dongcopter comes out through the curtain, hurtling towards him with rapid speed and precision. At the last moment it pauses a moment, then pokes him in the tummy. Sam goes to bat it away in irritation but it dodges, joining its compatriot a little out of the reach of the Antipodean duo. The two dongcopters start to circle one another playfully.

Sam: We are here with a message for -

He breaks off as a third dongcopter pokes its way out from under the ring, charging into Dean and smacking him on the back of the knee. He sags, his face quickly furious, and nails the floating genitalia with a swift boot that sends it

crashing to the outside, to a chorus of boos from the audience.

Dean: Enough! Eris, Caledonia, I know you're listening and I know you're behind this. These childish little games don't mean a thing. Come Confliction, we'll see which team has what it takes where it counts. Until then -

He breaks off as the Power Rangers theme hits again. Sam and Dean look around the ring, Dean rolling his eyes in exasperation.

Jim Gunt: Look up!

Ten floating remote control penises descend from the heights of the arena, plummeting toward the Lost Boys. The Aussies go to dodge but too late, as the dongcopters advance on their target with precision.

As they approach, the devices pause to a halt a few feet above the Lost Boys' heads. There is a hiss and suddenly the Lost Boys are drenched in some unidentified substance, as the dongcopters rain down purple ejaculatory death on the duo.

Mike Rolash: Ugh, this is gross!

Jim Gunt: Wet clean up in aisle 1!

The CWF Tron lights up, suddenly showing Eris and Caledonia back at the Academy. Eris seems ecstatic, Caledonia, determined.

Eris: YESSSSSS! Fly, my pretties!

Caledonia: Tonight has been fun and games. At Confliction, it'll be all business. Believe me, I hope you're ready.

Eris: Toodles.

Eris blows them a kiss and the image disappears from the screen, leaving the Lost Boys glaring in fury.

Fade.

## **Elisha Vs. The Lost Soul**

Match

Jim Gunt: Looks like Mr. Valentine is having a few, uh, issues in Sin City...

Mike Rolash: Yes, someone send help, animal control, anything!

"Antichrist Superstar" by Marilyn Manson begins to blare through the speakers, drowning out the commentators and in turn drowned out by a full set of boos. As Elisha steps through the curtains and down the ramp, he is drinking in the crowd's reaction, relishing in the negativity flowing his way.

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall! First to the ring, hailing from...from...somewhere...EEELIISHAAAA!

The theme of "Friday the 13th" starts to play as the lights dim and The Lost Soul comes running out and flies down the ramp and into the ring in no time flat!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from...he's not from anywhere either! THE LOST SOUL!

The bell rings and Elisha lunges toward the Lost Soul, who understandably flinches back from the Monstrous Moonchild. Elisha pulls himself short, pleased by his successful fake out of his opponent. He motions for the Lost Soul to move in for the offensive, turning his head to expose the side of his head and offering Soul the free hit. To his credit the Lost Soul seems hesitant to take up the offer, expecting it to be another ruse. Bored of the games, Elisha rushes forward without warning, but the Lost Soul is ready and sidesteps to evade the lariat, dropping down and pulling on his opponent for the schoolboy pin.

Jim Gunt: There's been a sign of new life in the Lost Soul recently but that may all be for naught tonight in this match against Elisha. The Moonchild isn't known for leaving his opponents in one piece.

The Lost Soul is unable to drag Elisha down for the pin, with the Moonchild simply standing in place, unmoved and most unamused. The Moonchild stomps down on his opponent's upper chest/neck area, very nearly crushing him, before coming down upon TLS with a jumping elbow drop.

Mike Rolash: Precision point elbow drop from the madman Elisha.

Elisha drags the Lost Soul to the nearest turnbuckle where he lays into him some more with vicious series of mudhole stomps, finishing the barrage with a knee pressed hard up against the chest, neck and face, applying pressure until the last possible moment before the referee reaches the count of five.

Jim Gunt: Look at that dastardly smug smirk on the face of Elisha. This guy makes me sick.

Mike Rolash: Really that's your trigger? A smirk?

Jim Gunt: That and your voice.

With the referee's intervention the Lost Soul is given a grace period to recuperate and uses this break in the offence to catch Elisha with a standing dropkick. The Moonchild is caught off balance and staggers back, allowing TLS to hit a second dropkick, then a third, until Elisha is driven against the ropes. The Lost Soul comes charging off of the ropes and connects with a suicide lariat that sends both men tumbling over the ropes, off the apron and to the floor at ringside.

Mike Rolash: Dangerous place to be.

Jim Gunt: Anywhere is dangerous when Elisha is concerned.

Both competitors are to their feet and start trading thunderous stiff punches into the other's face as the referee makes the ring-out count. The Lost Soul blind-sides Elisha with a sudden knee into the gut and throws him face-first into the harsh, unmoving surface of the apron before rolling himself and his opponent back into the ring as the referee reaches the count of 9. The entire arena releases a breath of relief, no one wanted to see the match end that way. TLS throws Elisha into the ring, following only a few steps behind, handspringing into a cartwheel and connecting with a thunderous elbow.

Jim Gunt: Gotta give the Lost Soul his due, he's holding his own against the monster that is Elisha.

Mike Rolash: Elisha's just playing...Just you watch...

With considerable effort, TLS has the Moonchild seated precariously atop the turnpost, setting up for a superplex. The Lost Soul is set to lift his opponent but Elisha denies execution of the move, slipping free of his opponent's grasp and retaliating with a furious series of jabs, stunning TLS and leaving him unsteady and unbalanced in a precarious and vulnerable position. Unable to muster any responding defence and with nowhere else to go, the Lost Soul is helpless as Elisha takes him bodily back down to the ring with a second-rope chokeslam variation. The descent does not leave the Moonchild completely unscathed either as he delays in attempting a pin to recover from the fall.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

The Lost Soul Kicks Out!!

Jim Gunt: That impact could very well have put a whole in our ring. Can you imagine how TLS must be feeling after that?!

Mike Rolash: Well enough to kick out apparently...

Showing off his considerable strength Elisha lifts up the Lost Soul from the ground with a dead-lift into a powerbomb, but instead of dropping him back down to the mat, Elisha uses the powerbomb to throw TLS into the cold, unrelenting steel of the turnpost. A sickening crack reverberates throughout the arena.

Jim Gunt: He's trying to kill the poor unfortunate Lost Soul.

Mike Rolash: Whoa! Careful! Do you know how quickly Disney throws injunctions on people for implying trademark infringement? You want to get sued?!

The Moonchild pulls TLS away from the corner, giving him the move necessary to ascend to the top of the corner post. He comes down hard upon his opponent with the diving elbow drop. The Lost Soul does not seem to be moving.

Mike Rolash: Few things can stop Elisha when he's on a roll of pain and carnage.

Elisha grabs a tight handful of TLS' hair and drags him out onto the apron and raises him back to his feet, both competitors standing precariously on the edge of the ring. Elisha slowly drags his outstretched thumb across his throat then sets up his opponent for a sit-down piledriver, fully intending to jump OFF of the apron and drive the Lost Soul's head into the merciless ground that surrounds the ring.

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD! He wouldn't?!

Mike Rolash: Considering he threw Highlander off a Tower way higher than this, this seems like child's play.

The Lost Soul regains his senses and begins to fight back, struggling in Elisha's grasp, able to pry himself free and counters the Moonchild's signature move with a back body drop, sending Elisha careening from the apron and crash landing in a unceremonious heap on the floor ringside. Realizing he has his back to the referee the Lost Soul surreptitiously draws from his tights a set of brass knuckles and slips them on.

Mike Rolash: THAT CHEATING BASTARD!

Jim Gunt: Oh, and Elisha is the paragon of honour and rectitude.

The Lost Soul leaps off of the ring apron and drives his brass-knuckle imbued fist into the face of his opponent with the diving fist drop, quickly discarding the brass-knuckles before the referee has a chance to spot the use of the illegal object. TLS rolls Elisha back into the ring and sluggishly climbs to the top of the turnbuckle. He motions for the end of the match and leaps into the air, somersaulting, for the Souled Out.

Jim Gunt: Souled Out! The Lost Soul is looking to end it right here!

However Elisha is able to regain enough of his senses to move out of the firing line of the somersault leg drop and TLS comes crashing down to the ring mats, the impact clearly jarring his body as he writhes around. Despite this tragic misfire of the high-risk finisher and abrupt shift of momentum, Elisha is otherwise slow to act, using the nearby ring ropes as added support to pull himself back to his feet.

Mike Rolash: You may still be right, Soul may have ended the match, just not the way you thought.

Elisha charges forward with a brutal big boot and catches TLS in the head, knocking him clean off his feet. The Moonchild has eyes set on payback for the shot with the brass knuckles and has the Lost Soul back to his feet, shifting him over to the corner.

Jim Gunt: Elisha has that murderous glint in his eye.

Mike Rolash: I just thought that was the lighting rig.

Elisha steps onto the second turnbuckle, and once again showing off the strength he possess he lifts up his opponent, dangling him over the top of the corner post, ready to drive TLS head first into the metal with a variation of the patented brainbuster.

Jim Gunt: If Elisha hits this, it could very well spell the end of the Lost Soul's career.

Realising the dangerous position he is now in, the Lost Soul strikes out with a series of rapid fire knees to the temple of the Moonchild, this eases Elisha's grip enough for the Lost Soul to wriggle free, slipping down and behind his opponent. On the way down, TLS grabs Elisha, dragging him down with a 'super' schoolboy, taking everyone, especially Elisha, by surprise with the pinning technique. For added leverage TLS gets a handful of Elisha's tights.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....THE LOST SOUL!!

Mike Rolash: WHAT THE F-

Jim Gunt: FUCKING FANTASTIC! THE LOST SOUL HAS DONE IT! PULLED THE UPSET AND PINNED ELISHA!

Mike Rolash: The Lost Soul is a marked man. And Jim calm down, no one likes a gloater.

### **Better Off Dead**

Match

Mike Rolash: Wait a minute look up at the ramp.

Jim Gunt: It's those two guys that were chasing TLS earlier this week.

Mike Rolash: Looks like they're still trying to catch him.

The two men in dark suits stand at the ramp as TLS sees them. He grabs a mic and speaks angrily.

TLS: I know what you guys want. It's not happening. I'm better off dead.

The two men start to race down the ramp as TLS slides underneath the ring ropes and hops over the railing and into the crowd. A spotlight shines on him as he makes his way through the crowd and disappears through an exit.

Jim Gunt: I wonder where those guys are from.

Mike Rolash: And what the want with TLS.

Jim Gunt: Maybe it might have to do with that secret organization that TLS keeps talking about in his promos.

Mike Rolash: Yeah. You mean the one that killed his daughter?

Jim Gunt: Supposedly killed his daughter.

## Underneath

Match

Jace is shown in the parking lot of a giant flashy strip joint. He has even managed to retrieve his cell phone, presumably after the bears and tigers had sufficiently dispersed. He pulls the cell phone from his pocket, glancing at the time. 1:13 AM. Hell, the party is just getting started. The whole parking lot reeks of marijuana smoke and Jace has an awkward cough. He checks his phone again quickly. 1:14 AM. Okay, just wanted to make sure. Seven missed texts from Lillian Valentine. Three from a Vivian Valentine. Countless missed calls. Jace Valentine: Damn! Bug off! Can't you bitches see that I am trying to enjoy my Victory celebration? Can't you see that I have more important things to take care of right now? Fuck! Let's conveniently ignore the fact that some of those texts date back to 10 days ago or more, it doesn't fit Jace's narrative. The Host with the Most walks into the bar, his eyes squinted like a master panda sage. Plenty of beautiful women prance around the establishment, some scantily dressed and some not dressed at all. Jace grabs a redheaded girl by the arm. She is rail thin and covered in freckles, but has a pair of surgically constructed bazookas on her chest. She flashes him a forced smile and an awkward greeting. Red: Welcome to The Firepit, where only the hottest girls of Vegas are allowed to dance on our stages. Jace Valentine: You know, honey, I don't know what I want more right now...a damn margarita or your ass bouncing up and down on my lap! Jace winks. Red: A private dance is five hundred dollars. No refunds. Jace slaps her ass, hard enough to leave an obvious red welt. Jace Valentine: Put me on the tab for two of them, sweetheart. Red bites her lip, willing herself to ignore Jace's poor attitude. She begins provocatively rubbing up against Jace's crotch. Jace Valentine: I am the CWF World Heavyweight champion, you know. The stripper doesn't respond, just casually completing her obligation. Jace Valentine: It's actually the second time I have held the belt. Needless to say, I never actually lost the belt the first time. I am the best ever, I never lose. Red rolls her eyes a bit, quickly losing interest in Jace. Jace Valentine: I've also held the Paramount championship. Oh, and there was the run as Academy champion too. I'm a pretty big deal, held almost all the championships that CWF has ever had to offer... Red jumps up, abruptly halting her performance in a disgusted huff. Jace Valentine: Hey! What the hell do you think you are doing? Red: Your dick is not even hard! Jace Valentine: Well, you are not even hot! Red: I'm out of here. I get paid to dance, not stand around and have arrogant jackasses brag about their accomplishments. Jace Valentine: Brag? BRAG? Ugh! Excuse me, for your fucking information I am a very humble man! Red: Bullshit! Jace Valentine: I donate food to the hungry kids in Somalia every year! Red: Really? Can you even point out Somalia on the map? Jace Valentine: What? Are you kidding me? I don't have to. I just follow the tiny little voices that say 'FEED ME! FEED ME!' Red scoffs, clearly frustrated as she walks away. Jace shrugs, standing on wobbled legs as he approaches the bar. Jace Valentine: One fucking margarita please. On ice. The bartender begins to mix the drink as Jace takes a seat on the stool next to a middle aged man wearing a Fedora hat. Jace Valentine: Bitches around here must be crazy. The man beside him smiles, chuckling. John Mapother: Ah, I know you. Pleased to meet you, Jace. I am John Mapother, a dear friend of Ryan's and a very influential member within the Institute. We have great plans for you, my friend. I hope you enjoyed the performance just now? Jace Valentine: Performance? John Mapother: I am a musician, we just got done with our set a few minutes ago. Jace stops to think for a moment, trying to clear the haze from his mind. There was in fact music playing a few minutes ago, but that is about the extent of Jace's recollection at this point. Jace Valentine: This place is a buzzkill. Not all it's cracked up to be. John Mapother: This is truly one of the best cities in the world. You just have to know where to look. Everything worth finding is hidden underneath. Jace Valentine: Underneath? John Mapother: Tunnels. Underground clubs, places where you could get lost for months and come back out reborn as a new soul. This place has the power to change people, recreate them in the

Institute's image. Jace Valentine: Everything worth seeing is underground? Then fuck, come on, man. Show me the way. I am Ryan's friend, he is your friend, so fuck it. Did I mention that I am the CWF World Heavyweight Champion???

Mapother smiles. John Mapother: Indeed. Jace? In dealing with the Institute, sometimes it is worth looking beneath the surface. Remember that. Jace nods.

Fade.

## **Ask And You Shall Receive**

Match

The New Orleans crowd comes to its feet as "Starseed" by Our Lady Peace begins to blare over the loudspeakers. The CWF faithful cheer heartily as the youngest of the Kings comes through the curtain and looks out at the crowd. He takes his suit jacket off, and unbuttons the waistcoat underneath and begins to make his way to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome, IAN KING!

The crowd gives another round of applause as Ian waves.

Jim Gunt: Well, Ian is here, Mike.

Mike Rolash: He's a mean person. I don't like him.

Jim Gunt: Are...are you crying?

Mike Rolash: NO! I'M JUST ALLERGIC TO JERKS.

Ian walks up the steps to the ring, wiping his feet on the edge of the apron before stepping into the ring. He walks over and grabs the microphone from Ray Douglas, who exits the ring as the music cuts off.

Ian King: Alright. We both know how this works, Solstice. I call you out, you turn off the lights, and then we tango. So, can we just cut to the chase and get this done?

Ian drops his arms to his sides as the crowd cheers on in anticipation. The crowd comes unglued in anticipation as the lights indeed cut out.

Jim Gunt: Well, here we go.

Mike Rolash: Ask and you shall receive...

The lights come back on, and indeed the masked imposter stands across the ring from Ian King. The crowd cheers on in anticipation. Ian smirks, reminiscent of his brother, and brings the microphone to his lips.

Ian King: You know what the difference is between my uncle and brother and me?

Solstice tilts his head to the side pensively, and then shakes his head.

Ian King: My uncle and my brother...they weren't ready for a fight!

King drops his mic and launches himself at Solstice, hitting him to the ground with a shoulder tackle, as the New Orleans CWF fans come unglued!

Mike Rolash: IAN KING, YOU COWARD! GET HIM, SOLSTICE.

Jim Gunt: Weeks of frustrations are coming out here, as Ian King looks to avenge his brother and his Uncle!

The younger King scrambles a bit, hitting and elbowing at Solstice as he clammers towards the mask! Solstice struggles to stop him, and eventually throws a thumb to his eye, which causes King to recoil and get up. Solstice takes the opportunity to get to his feet and immediately gets behind Ian, crossing his arms across his chest.

Jim Gunt: Oh god...

Mike Rolash: YES! THE GREATEST MAN TO EVER DO THE STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX!

Jim Gunt: Wait!

Ian manages to wriggle an arm free, and manages to spin around. As he unfurls like a ripcord, he manages to lift a knee up, hitting Solstice on the side of the head and causing him to stumble backwards. Ian follows it up and, as Solstice stumbles into the ropes, Ian again launches himself at the masked man, clotheslining him to the outside and the ramp below.

With a wry smile, Ian looks down at his fallen foe, who starts to stir and get to his feet. Ian looks across the ring to the opposite set of twine, and turns to face the ropes, readying himself to run.

Jim Gunt: Well, Ian King always was an amazing high flyer...

The Young King runs to the ropes and rebounds off of them, and rushes towards the set that Solstice lies beneath. As Ian rapidly approaches, he pops up to the top rope for a springboard plancha! Solstice scrambles up the ramp and out of range, which causes Ian to stop, backflip back into the ring, and stand tall. Solstice scrambles to his feet and backs up the ramp with his eyes on the younger King. Ian grabs the microphone from off the mat and leans over the top rope.

Ian King: Yeah, you run now Solstice, but keep this in mind – I'm gonna keep on chasing you. I'm gonna find you. I'm gonna catch you. So why don't we make this easy on both of us? Next week, at the Pay Per View, we meet here in the middle of the ring. Not for a match, no. For an unsanctioned fight!

The crowd likes this idea, quite clearly, as the Louisiana fans cheer even louder as Solstice nods his agreement!

Jim Gunt: MY GOD! IAN KING AND SOLSTICE IN A FIGHT AT CONFLICTION!

### **The Forsaken (Dorian Hawkhurst, Ataxia & The Shadow) Vs. Duce Jones, Freddie Styles & Mariella Jade Flair**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is a six person tag team match set for one fall and is tonight's MAAAIN EVENT!!

"Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates plays and former CWF World Heavyweight champion Duce Jones leads Freddie Styles and Mariella Jade Flair out from the curtain, all three of them standing on the ramp for a moment to soak in all the cheers from the sold out crowd. The three challengers for the World Title heading into Confliction converse with each other on the way down the ramp, clapping a couple of hands before entering the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first....Freddie Styles, Duce Jones and MJ Flair!!

"After Forever" by Mea Culpa plays and the lights go out in the arena as the Forsaken's own Shadow and Ataxia appear in the ring out of nowhere! A dozen druids begin to come down the ramp, circling the ring.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, first...Ataxia and The Shadow!!

"Slow Suicide" by Scott Stapp hits and the new Impact champion Dorian Hawkhurst comes out to a huge ovation. He takes a deep breath and raises his title in the air, before coming down the ramp and making his way to his team's corner reluctantly.

Ray Douglas: And their partner from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, he is the CWF Impact champion....Dorian Hawkhurst!!

Referee Trent Robbins signals to both teams to choose one member to start the ring and Duce Jones steps forward, while Ataxia pushes Dorian forward into the ring. Duce shows no hesitation as he runs at the big man with a drop kick, but the Demon of Sobriety barely moves an inch. Duce picks himself up and goes for a second drop kick, but Dorian just swats his feet to the side as if he was dealing with a mosquito and as soon as Jones hits the mat, Dorian is right on him with a heavy elbow drop that clearly is taking the air out of the former champion. He picks up his opponent and whips him into the ring corner, putting his full body weight into it.

Jim Gunt: Ouch! He almost send Duce through the corner!

Duce bounces right back out and is levelled by a running clothesline that turns him inside out.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, Dorian really is not taking any prisoners in this match, this could be over before it even really started!

Hawkhurst drags Duce to his feet and delivers a second whipping into the opposite corner, making Jones fall to the mat, barely conscious now. Dorian doesn't waste any time and heaves Jones up onto the top turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: Oh no, he doesn't...

He climbs to the middle rope, he's a little shaky and suddenly he is down in the ring!

Mike Rolash: Ooh, Freddie Styles is still employing Eternals tactics, shaking the rope Hawkhurst was on was genius!

The referee is right over there, reprimanding Styles, who has his hands up as in that was an accident, claiming that he had slipped off the apron and just tried to hold on to the rope to steady himself. Meanwhile Duce is still precariously perched on the top turnbuckle and while Robbins is still arguing with Styles, Ataxia is sneaking over along the apron and just gives Duce a gentle push with his index finger, sending him crashing outside of the ring. All heads swivel and Ataxia is just standing in his corner, looking out over the crowd as if nothing ever happened.

ONE!

TWO!

The referee is starting to count and while Dorian is stirring lightly, Duce is out cold. Both Freddie and MJ are at his side, trying to get him to wake up and a few well placed slaps to the face by MJ seem to do the trick.

THREE!

FOUR!

Together they heft up their fallen comrade and heave him up onto the apron and roll him in, temporarily breaking the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: After a quickfire start, this has turned out to be a rather relaxing affair now...

THREE!

FOUR!

Dorian is up on one knee, while Duce is trying to get up using the ropes, but the cobwebs are thick. Both teams are trying to get their respective active wrestlers to go for the tag and Dorian is the first one to tag in Ataxia, who jumps through the ropes and runs up to Duce, who is about to tag in MJ, but Ataxia kicks Duce's hand up, thus making him miss the tag, using his momentum to elbow MJ off the apron in the same flurry of action. As he drags Duce back into the centre of the ring, the crowd showers him with resounding boos and jeers, but Ataxia being Ataxia just gives a little thankful bow and sends Duce back down to the mat with a few stiff chops to the chest. He brings up Duce on his shoulders and FALL AWAY SLAM! Right away he pulls Duce back to his feet and over into the ropes, but Freddie Styles manages to tag himself in as Jones sails by, jumping over the top rope and running at Ataxia, who quickly ducks the attack and follows Styles into the corner, but Freddie holds on to the top rope as Ataxia tries to pull him back into a German suplex, sending Ataxia into the middle of the ring alone.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, big boot to the face of Ataxia!

The Messiah Pariah did not expect this direct rebuttal from Styles and the former Eternal is following right up with a clothesline and an elbow drop. Tag with MJ and together they execute a very nice double elbow drop to the chest of Ataxia, eliciting a pained grunt. MJ with a double foot stomp to the chest and then she moves to Ataxia's legs, holding his feet and spreading them apart, looking at the crowd with a wicked smile. Encouraged by the cheers she delivers a headbutt right into Ataxia's family jewels, but she is not done!

Jim Gunt: A figure four leg lock! He is not exhausted enough to try this one just yet!

Mike Rolash: Well, you know, women just can't wait for things to happen naturally.

Jim Gunt: Mike!

MJ's attempt at an early submission hold is cut short by Ataxia grabbing on to her tights and pulling her right back and off balance. She crashed onto him butt first, but that's all Ataxia needs to throw her off, shoving her through the ropes. He runs over into the ropes on the other side and then leaps off...

Jim Gunt: Suicide Dive over the top rope!

He connects with MJ just as she is getting back up, but his momentum carries him into the barricade, knocking the air out of him. MJ is back on her feet before him and sends him into the steel stairs with a vicious whipping, following it up with a missile drop kick that pushes Ataxia back into the steps. She rolls herself back into the ring to stop the ongoing count and takes in the crowd's cheers. Ataxia is stirring on the outside, holding his back, The Shadow on his side, trying to help him back into a vertical position, but MJ is right up on the top turnbuckle and jumps off!

Mike Rolash: Drop kick to both Ataxia and The Shadow!

Jim Gunt: She is not playing around, that is for sure, and Ataxia might be in even bigger trouble now!

MJ drags him to his feet by his mask and sends him flying right into the commentators' table!

Mike Rolash: Hey, Missy, we're trying to work here!

She saunters over and leans over the desk getting right into Rolash's face: Try harder!

With that she grabs Ataxia and rolls him back into the ring, following right up with a kick to his side. He pulls him back to his feet and just as she is about to send him into the ropes, he just collapses.

Jim Gunt: Oh, Ataxia is down, I repeat, Ataxia is down!

MJ is looking at the downed opponent with some bewilderment, then at her partners, but that brief lapse of concentration is enough for Ataxia to sweep her off her feet and be right on top of her, banging her head into the mat repeatedly.

Mike Rolash: He played dead! He just played dead!

Jim Gunt: You should try that, too, some day.

The referee has to force himself in between Ataxia and MJ to separate the Masked Maniac from his dazed opponent. He gives her one last kick to the head before going over and tagging in The Shadow. The Weaver of Dreams pulls MJ to her feet and whips her into the ropes, following it up with a beautiful tilt-a-whirl slam into a backbreaker! He does not let go, though, and hoists her up on his shoulders into a torture rack!

Jim Gunt: Girl's in trouble! Samoan drop!

MJ is writhing in pain, holding her back, but The Shadow does not let up. Whipping and a flying shoulder block brings her back down and cover!

ONE!

TWO!

T-!

Mike Rolash: And she kicks out after being put through the wringer!

Jim Gunt: It is hard to believe, but despite all the action this actually is the first pin attempt we see!

The Shadow does not waste any time arguing, but pulls her back up and drags her over to tag in Dorian. He picks her up with ease and goes for a powerslam, but MJ wriggles free and slides down Dorian's back, delivering a kick to the back of his knee to bring him down. She manages to avoid his arm as she crawls by and tags in Styles again, who continues to target Dorian's knee right away. He alternates stiff kicks to both the knee and head, systematically wearing the big man down. He tags in Duce and Jones goes to the top turnbuckle. Styles whips himself into the ropes and they deliver synchronized drop kicks, Duce to the head, Styles to the back, trying to fold Dorian in half. Hawkhurst goes down like a bag of rocks, while the crowd goes wild:

"THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME!"

Mike Rolash: This indeed is awesome, there has been a lot of promise coming into this match and so far these six competitors are most definitely living up to it!

Jim Gunt: Absolutely, with the exception of earlier, this has been a non-stop roller coaster and there is no signs of stopping!

Duce tags Styles again and lifts Dorian into a sitting position as Styles jumps off for a snap mare!

ONE!

TWO!

THR---!

And Ataxia is there with a kick to the head of Styles, breaking the cover. Styles tags in MJ and she climbs to the top turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: Wow, Swanton bomb and the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...!

And again Ataxia is there, getting a serious talking to by the referee! MJ is up on her feet and goes right after Ataxia, who just holds out his arms, feigning innocence. While she argues, The Shadow has slithered away from the ring and is pulling on Hawkhurst, dragging him out of the ring. He grabs a water bottle from one of the fans in the first row and splashes the cool liquid into Hawkhurst's face, bringing him back to life.

Supporting his weight as good as he can, he tries to lead him around the ring towards their corner, but Freddie Styles and Duce Jones have other plans, going after the two with kicks and punches. Ataxia quickly makes sure to point that out to the referee, who whirls around and makes it clear to them to retreat into their corner or else. While this is happening and MJ argues with the referee about the repeated interference of Ataxia, The Shadow manages to roll Dorian into the ring and lift his arm just enough for Ataxia to tag himself in with a loud slap as signal to the ref.

Mike Rolash: Why can they be all over the ring and Styles and the others can't?

Jim Gunt: It's all in the timing, I guess.

Ataxia and MJ are standing face to bag in the middle of the ring in a staredown. MJ breaks the deadlock with a slap to Ataxia's face, but the Messiah Pariah just stands there, not moving. The Flair that doesn't Care goes for another slap and then a third one, but the effect is the same - none. Suddenly Ataxia doubles over and goes down to one knee as if someone just kicked him in the gut, taking MJ by surprise. He still is not moving, so she tags in Styles, going for the double team move, but all of a sudden Ataxia drops to his stomach and rolls out of the ring. He waves at the two of them and starts walking up the ramp.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is happening now? Is he quitting?

Jim Gunt: I am not sure, but this is weird, even for Ataxia!

ONE!

TWO!

Styles and Flair look at each other, clearly not having a clue about what is happening when Ataxia suddenly stops. He holds up one finger and brings it up to his chin. He slaps his forehead, turns around and runs back to the ring.

THREE!

FOUR!

Everybody, including his team mates, have looks of utter bewilderment on their faces, which do not ease up as Ataxia does not actually enter the ring, but slides underneath.

FIVE!

SIX!

As he emerges from the other side of the ring, he holds up a plush rat, its fur matted with years of (ab)use, holding it tight to his chest. He comes up the steel steps and through the ropes, holding out the rat to Styles, who turns away in disgust. With a shrug Ataxia hurls the rat into Styles' face and levels him with a short-arm lariat. He pulls him back up immediately, dragging him over into his corner. He tags in The Shadow, who goes for the top rope and flies off with the Hammer of Doom bringing Styles down!

Mike Rolash: Ooh, Styles might be in trouble now!

Jim Gunt: Or The Shadow, look!

The Chosen are on their feet, hurling bottles and other debris towards the ring, narrowly avoiding The Shadow and the other people in the ring, since they do not show any regard as to who is in their way. The druids are forming a tight wall between the Chosen and the ring, with the projectiles quickly aiming at them instead of the ring participants. The druids jump over the barrier, sending fans to the edges, while surging into the Chosens' ranks to break down the attacks. Security is racing down the ramp and the staircases to try to break up the battle in the ranks, when a big roar erupts and Dorian Hawkhurst charges over the barricade and into the fray, mowing down three Chosen in his path. Styles has, in the meantime, managed to sneak back into his corner and has tagged in Duce. Together they charge forward and hit The Shadow with a double clothesline, pulling all the way through to hit Ataxia in the process, who goes flying off the apron. As Styles retreats, Duce picks up The Shadow and goes for a power bomb! He goes for the cover right away!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Duce sends hard kicks to The Shadow's shoulders and back, then goes to tag in MJ, who has been impatiently waiting for another shot. She runs at The Shadow and goes for a spinning kick that sends him straight back down.

Jim Gunt: Dorian is still wreaking havoc among the Chosen, Ataxia is peeling himself off the ground over there and The Shadow is in trouble now!

MJ jumps on The Shadow's back, knee against the spine and pulling back his arms, making the Dark One scream out in pain, but he shakes his head when the referee comes over to check on him. He begins to bang his foot to the mat, trying to psyche himself up. Some of the audience actually join in, clapping and ever so slowly he manages to twist himself enough to slide MJ off his back. Eventually she lets go and The Shadow slumps down.

But the assault on the Shadow looks to only have begun as MJ tags Styles back into the match and the two of them prepare for a Double Suplex- NO! The Weaver of Dreams holds fast and instead launches both of his opponents into a MASSIVE suplex of his own! Ataxia goes to join in on the fun but Dorian holds him back, waving his finger at him. But the Shadow seems to be able to hold his own anyway, as he grabs ahold of Styles. NIGHTFALL! Shadow hurries to cover Styles as both teams look on.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: The unlikely trio of Dorian and the Forsaken have done it!

Ray Douglas: And your winners by pinfall....DORIAN HAWKHURST, ATAXIA AND THE SHAAADOW!!

MJ begins coming to just in time to see Shadow slithering away from Styles, himself and Ataxia backing up the ramp with the druids following them up. Dorian Hawkhurst slowly follows behind, shaking his head. The camera then shows the three challengers to the World Title at Confliction, all of them looking disappointed that they could not get the job done.

Jim Gunt: Well folks that was one hell of a great show once again, CWF is really the place to be!

Mike Rolash: You're damn right, Jimmy, we'll see you at Confliction. Goodnight!

Jim Gunt: Wait a minute...I'm hearing we have one more video of Jace in Vegas...

## **Loose Ends**

Match

*No content entered.*

## **Show Credits**

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