Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 16

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: March 19, 2018
Location: Indira Gandhi Arena — New Dehli

Results

Hope Is A Futile State of Mind

Match

John Mapother and Vegas Phillips are shown backstage in a locker room area as the seventeenth episode of CWF's flagship show Evolution begins. Mapother paces back and forth while Vegas fidgets, seated on a bench.Vegas Phillips: What are we doing here, John?John Mapother: Our resistance to Ryan's rule will be coming to an end. He will fulfill the prophecy...Vegas Phillips: You can't be serious! After all that he's done to me? After all he's done to you?John Mapother: You don't understand. If this prophecy comes to fruition, what has been done so far will look like child's play. We are the only two left. Look what they've done to Dan Highlander. Caledonia, Eris. Jace...Vegas Phillips: Jace will come back! The last time he publicly spoke he said he would be looking for me!Mapother just laughs.John Mapother: Jace Valentine is probably dead, face down in a ditch somewhere with his eye balls cut out. And so will we, if we don't choose the right side. It is clear who is winning. Hope is a futile state of mind.Vegas Phillips: So that's what we are here for tonight? You're gonna kiss his ass and shine his shoes?John Mapother: I've been invited to perform Ryan's theme music tonight for his match against the supposed Moonchild, Elisha. Frankly, I find it an honor.Vegas Phillips: Frankly, I find your sudden change of heart repulsive.She says as she walks away.Fade.

A “Reasonable” Explanation

Match

The camera cuts to a dimly-lit brick wall, where the words “Monster Society” are spray painted onto the surface. The camera focuses on the words for a moment before a man steps into focus, wearing a heavy coat. The man has his back to the camera, and as the camera refocuses the audience can see that the coat has the face plates from a variety of wrestling championship belts stitched into it. A few moments later, the man turns around, revealing Shane Donovan.Shane Donovan: It’s time, isn’t it? Time for explanations... time for understanding. You all want answers, don’t you?Shane reaches into the pocket of the coat, pulling out a folded photo and unfurling it, looking it over before he holds it up to the camera, showing a picture of a younger Shane with Jarvis King.Shane Donovan: Let’s start with a history lesson since I realize the three Jarvis King fans out that were still in diapers when it happened, but once upon a time Jarvis and I were partners. We were a team. A great team.Shane crumples up the photo and tosses it at the camera before he continues.Shane Donovan: But then the CWF closed, and I was forgotten. As always, Jarvis King managed to persevere, to make something out of nothing... but I was left in the dust. When I was at my lowest during this, Jarvis was too busy to even come see his friend... and so...During the last bit of that, Shane reached into his pocket once more, producing the Solstice mask.Shane Donovan: So... I decided I’d make sure Jarvis couldn’t see any of his friends and family. That should have been it, really... it should have ended when I got that sweet cold taste of vengeance and yet... not so much. I didn’t count on Jarvis being so stubborn. I didn’t count on him hiding behind his knee and letting his family fight his battles!At this point Shane is livid, and the camera pulls out as the man shoves over several pieces of lighting equipment in frustration, causing the room to become dimmer in the process.Shane Donovan: Rather than give me the time of day, Jarvis allowed me to cripple his family. His own blood! All you had to do was acknowledge me, Jarvis! All you had to do was say you were sorry! But now... you can stick this in them, because they’re done.Shane pulls the fork he had tried to stab Jarvis with from his pocket, chuckling before letting it fall from his

hands to the floor.Shane Donovan: It’s time to stop hiding, Jarvis. It’s time you came out and paid me what you owe me. I’m here, Jarvis, and I’m waiting.With that, Shane stepped forward, shoving the camera man as the scene cuts to the arena.

Valuable Information

Match

John Mapother is shown again, this time approaching the corporate office of Ryan Sunset. He swings open the door with a sly smile on his face and makes his way inside.Ryan Sunset: Johnny, my friend! I see you got the invitation, and I'm glad you could make it, buddy!John Mapother: I wouldn't miss it for the world. To see what you've done...what you are capable of, it is truly an honor to represent you as you make your way down to that squared circle.Ryan Sunset: The imbecile Elisha will be removed in short order, just like the rest of them. Destruction shall come quickly to those that oppose the Institute, my friend.John Mapother: Speaking of which...I have some valuable information for you. It took me some time and a great deal of effort, but I have located the mole behind the SSRI Exposed accounts.Ryan Sunset: Interesting, buddy. Tell me more.John Mapother: Her name is Vegas Phillips.Ryan Sunset: Vegas...He smirks, and Mapother returns a confident smile.John Mapother: And she is in this very area...Ryan Sunset: Fantastic! Lead me to her, friend.The two of them waste no time leaving Ryan's office, making their trek down the hall. A few twists and turns and they come to a locker room with a closed door.John Mapother: Right in here...He opens the door, where you see the weathered bench and the pale yellow walls but...Ryan Sunset: She's gone...Fade.

Namaste

Match

The picture moves from the CWF Evolution logo to a full sweep of the sold out Indira Gandhi Stadium in Delhi, India. The crowd seems hyped up for CWF’s first ever stop on the Indian subcontinent and many have brought signs with them, from “Marry me, Mia!” over “Feel the Payne” to “I heart the Original Nobody 2.0”! It moves up the ramp towards the stage just before the curtain and the familiar faces from CWF’s Church vs. State are standing there in the spotlight, ready for tonight’s show.

Blake Church: Welcome Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome Delhi! Aapaka svaagat hai Evolution!

The crowd gives a big, welcoming cheer.

Charles State: Welcome to Evolution and our 25th show since CWF’s glorious return to the world stage!

Another cheer.

Blake Church: Tonight we will see the big 14-man battle royale to determine the 5th and last contender in the Triple Cage Briefcase match at Unhinged!

Charles State: Call it a warm-up for Golden Intentions or one hot mess of aspiring World Champions, it will be an intense affair for sure, pitting newcomers against old veterans and everybody in between!

Blake Church: Your commentators for the evening will be Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt, as usual, and what is your take on tonight, who will get the last place in the big Triple Cage match in Tokyo?

The camera cuts to our trusted dynamic duo, with Mike looking a little under the weather.

Jim Gunt: Thank you gentlemen, yes, it will be an exciting evening, I think that D.C. has a pretty good chance tonight! How about you, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I'd say Dorian, but I'm sure that Ataxia will find a way to throw him out one way or another, so The Lost Soul for me.

Mike is looking a little green around the edges.

Mike Rolash: Christian Starr is also defending his title against mysterious Azrael, the monster Nerezza is working against Duce Jones and then Ryan Sunset and Elisha will face off and I hope that the boss will show that creep where the hammer hurts the most!

Jim Gunt looks at Mike with an unsure look: What the hell was that?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, this traveling is killing me, was cold in Korea, here it's stupid hot and something I ate doesn't work with me either…

Jim Gunt: One of the seven plates at the buffet must have been bad…

Mike Rolash: Definitely!

Jim Gunt rolling his eyes: Anyways, there is a lot of action to take in tonight and I see that Ray Douglas and our 14 contestants are ready to rock, so over to you, Ray!

Ataxia vs. Billy Anderson, Colby Noble, Crazy Chris, Dangerous Dan, D.C, Impakt, Dorian Hawkhurst, Marcus Collins, Mia Rayne, Metrosupp, The Lost Soul, Tyler Anderson

Match

Ray Douglas: This match is a battle royal for the fifth and last spot in the Triple Cage Briefcase match at Unhinged. If a contender exits the ring over the top rope and both of his or her feet touch the floor outside of the ring, they are eliminated and no longer part of the match. The contenders are: The Messiah Pariah - Ataxia!

Even though CWF is in India for the first time, everybody has heard of Ataxia and while there are plenty of boos, one fan wearing an Ataxia mask is holding up a sign saying "My Messiah! We are your Pariahs!"

Ray Douglas: The Unstoppable Force - Billy and Tyler Anderson!

Fans in India love the Hall of Famers despite their losing streak, with several cowboy hats to be seen in the audience.

Ray Douglas: Colby Noble and Marcus Collins - The Dead Boys!

Being one of the brand new faces in the fed, the fans don't really have any opinion about them yet.

Ray Douglas: The Danger Boiz - Crazy Chris and Dangerous Dan!

The fans go nuts at the introduction of the long-time favourites, who are posing for the crowd.

Ray Douglas: D.C.!

Some cheers are forthcoming after his dramatic win in the four-way match in Korea.

Ray Douglas: Impakt!

A surprisingly big cheer for the newcomer, whose positive and respectful attitude definitely has left an impression within the CWF Universe.

Ray Douglas: The Demon of Sobriety - Dorian Hawkhurst!

A big pop for the current Impact Champion and a group of fans is holding up signs saying "DA - Dorianholics Anonymous"!

Ray Douglas: Mia Rayne!

The fan with the "Marry me, Mia!" sign is jumping up and down like a maniac and as Mia blows him a kiss, he looks like he is about to faint.

Ray Douglas: Metrosupp!

Three fans in the front row are dressed up in Captain America gear, but have painted over the American flag with the French one and are chanting “Vive la France! Vive la Revolution!”

Ray Douglas: The Kitchen Nightmare - Ramsay Gordon!

Dressed up in a black chef jacket, he briefly raises his arm and is greeted with a “You’re a Donkey!” chant, even though it is his first match for CWF.

Ray Douglas: And finally The Lost Soul!

TLS is getting some mixed reactions from the fans.

Trent Robbins signals for the bell and immediately absolute mayhem ensues with everybody going after everybody in a writhing mess of flailing arms and legs.

Jim Gunt: And off we go, this is going to be a busy match, right Mike?

Mike Rolash: Can you tell them to move a little slower…

Jim Gunt: Oh boy, this is going to be a long evening… Does someone have a bucket?

Amidst the chaos D.C. suddenly jumps over the top rope to the ground and after some choice words and a raised middle finger at Dorian stomps off up the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Wow, I did not see this one coming, D.C. eliminated himself and apparently is not a fan of Dorian out there, we will have to get the lowdown on this one, maybe we can get something a little later on!

Within the chaos Billy Anderson is wailing away on Metrosupp, Crazy Chris is in a lock-up with Impakt, Marcus Collins is delivering shoulder blocks into Ataxia’s mid-section, Colby Noble has a boot on the chest of Dorian Hawkhurst, Tyler Anderson is in a brawl with Ramsay Gordon and TLS, Dangerous Dan is coming flying onto Impakt as well, while Mia Rayne is sitting in the middle of the ring, rocking back and forth, quietly giggling at the frenzy around her.

Collins and Noble are whipping their opponents into the centre of the ring and Ataxia and Dorian are approaching each other at critical speed when Ataxia suddenly ducks under the larger man’s arm and they both plant thundering clotheslines onto the Dead Boys. When Ataxia sees this, he spontaneously applauds, point at Dorian and himself and gives a thumbs up to the Demon of Sobriety.

Jim Gunt: If we did not know better, you could bet that Ataxia and Dorian were a seasoned tag team! Oh, we might see the first elimination here!

Tyler Anderson is dragging Mia to the ropes and is trying to flip her over, but she is clawing and scratching to stay in this match, when Ataxia runs along the ropes and levels him with a flying shoulder block, letting Mia bounce back into the ring. Immediately upon landing he throws himself onto Tyler and executes a mandible claw!

Jim Gunt: Whoa, we haven't seen this from Ataxia! Wait, is he singing?

Ataxia: "When your butt does hit the ground,

You get the Hungarian Reacharound!"

Jim Gunt: I guess we know now what it is called, too, right, Mike? Mike?

Mike Rolash is sitting slouched over, his forehead resting on the commentator's table, just swatting away at Jim to leave him alone.

Meanwhile in the ring, The Kitchen Nightmare Ramsay Gordon is in a yelling match with Billy Anderson, while the Danger Boiz and the Dead Boys are trading blows left and right. Dorian is whipping Metrosupp into the ropes and just as he is hitting them, TLS pulls down the top rope and out goes Metrosupp!

Jim Gunt: Metrosupp is out! The French Revolution has been cut short!

The Frenchman is arguing with the referees on the outside, but is quickly convinced that his match is over. As TLS is looking after the eliminated contender, a double axe handle blow by Dorian snaps him back into reality. Mia is on the back of Impakt, hitting him with consecutive headbutts before he manages to shake her off with an elbow to the face that has her drop down to the mat. Ataxia is letting go of Tyler, who is choking away, and moves over behind Impakt.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is on the prowl!

He jumps Impakt and tries to go for the mandible claw, but the mask is stopping him. He lets go of the other masked man and just shoves him into the corner before turning around, looking for the next victim, but Ramsay Gordon takes him down with a dropkick right to the face, sending the Taxman outside, but through the ropes, so he is not eliminated.

Mike Rolash (chewing): Oh, Ataxia is down, but he can rest his bones for a bit, since he did not go over the top of the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Oh wow, welcome back! Feeling better?

Mike is holding up a samosa.

Mike Rolash: Hair of the Dog!

Jim Gunt is looking at the grease dripping piece of pastry with barely concealed disgust.

As Mike wolfs down the remainder of his samosa, the Anderson brothers are working on getting Dorian over the ropes, pushing and shoving, but without much success until TLS comes over and decides to join in. Together they manage to lift Hawkhurst's legs up, but as much they grunt and pant, they cannot elevate his centre of gravity enough to actually flip him out. Impakt takes advantage of the situation and lays into TLS' kidneys, which shows immediate success as he abandons the Andersons and turns to give Impakt the heave-ho.

Suddenly Ataxia pops up from in front of the commentator table, yelling "Hello Frand!", immediately leading to Rolash choking on the last bite of his samosa. While his green edge seems to have disappeared at least for the moment, it is quickly getting replaced by a rather unhealthy looking shade of purple now. The sensitive citizen that is Ataxia right away assesses the situation and performs a quick Heimlich manoeuvre that sends the lodged piece flying across the table.

Jim Gunt: Wow, that was amazing!

Ataxia: Anything for a frand, I should get your number, baby!

As Ataxia bounces back towards the ring, Rolash's eyes are following the Masked Menace, while turning white as a ghost. The Unstoppable Force still is working on the very Stoppable Dorian and Ataxia just gives a quick tug on each brother's pants to distract them, allowing Dorian to floor them with a double clothesline.

Jim Gunt: Again Ataxia helps Dorian, this is becoming a habit! What do you think Mike?

He looks over, but his partner's complexion seems to be taking a turn for the worse again, as Mike asks one of the helpful minions around the ring for more water, throwing another empty bottle onto a quickly growing pile.

Dorian and TLS are trading mighty blows in one corner, Impakt is cornered by the Danger Boiz, Mia his hanging off the back of Marcus Collins with Colby Noble trying to pry her off his partner's backside and Ramsay Gordon is just yelling at everybody in sight. Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris now are slowly lifting Impakt up when Ataxia does the same

little tug on them, giving Impakt a chance to slither out from between them, when the referee tells Ataxia in very clear words that he either goes back into the ring or can keep walking up the ramp.

He rolls back into the ring and bumps into Mia, who just let go of Collins. They both whirl around and Mia starts to hit and kick Ataxia, who oddly enough just accepts every one of them without defending himself. But elsewhere things are heating up with Dorian shoving TLS into the middle of the ring, where he stumbles over the two Andersons that are finally getting to their feet. They run at him with a double clothesline, dragging him to the top ropes and he flips!

Jim Gunt: Oh, Dorian is in trouble, he is going over the ropes!

But he can barely hold on to the top rope, legs dangling, and before the two brothers can regroup, he regains his footing, because TLS rings their bell with hard blows to the back. He is about to go for a second, when the Dead Boys tear him away from his newly found targets and whip him into the ropes, followed by a double super kick. With Dorian still on the outside of the apron, Tyler runs into the ropes, almost magically manages to get across the ring for a second time without hitting anybody and goes for a drop kick to finish Dorian off. His opponent, though, quickly grabs Billy, pulls him in front of him and ducks down while pulling the top rope with him and Tyler hits his brother full force, propelling him over the rope and Dorian, right to the floor below.

Jim Gunt: Oh no! Tyler just eliminated Billy, that is not going to help their relationship!

Mike Rolash lets out a ground-shattering belch and just says: Nope!

Jim Gunt: Mike, you should really see someone about this!

Mike Rolash: I can’t, she left me!

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: You said I should see...oh! Nevermind.

Billy is furious and is jumping up onto the apron, trying to get a piece of Tyler, who is trying to evade his enraged sibling. The referees are trying to calm him down, but he just kicks and punches like a maniac. All of a sudden a huge cheer erupts from the crowd as Payne is coming through the curtains, swiftly making his way to the ring. Billy is in such a rage that he does not even realize the big man coming up behind him, tapping on his shoulder. As he turns around he gives a start and starts yelling at Payne now. In all this commotion neither Anderson sees Dorian coming in at full steam, ramming into Tyler, who in turn sends Billy flying into the barricade before Tyler follows right suit, landing on top of his brother.

Jim Gunt: And both Andersons are out!

Mike Rolash: This is not going to end well…

A loud screech tears everybody's attention away from the Andersons just in time to see Mia Rayne deliver a devastating Shining Wizard to the head of TLS, who goes down like a log, but gives Mia the problem of being dead weight now. She still tries to lift him up and suddenly gets some help from Ataxia, who is assisting in throwing The Lost Soul over the top rope.

Jim Gunt: And TLS is gone! Ataxia is really helpful today, who is under that mask?!?

The Dead Boys are now trying to team up on the Danger Boiz, Ramsay Gordon is stomping Impakt, Dorian is lifting Mia over his head and Impakt is whipping Gordon through the ring, hitting Dorian, who loses his balance and together with Mia hits the mat, taking Crazy Chris with him, making it four people down at the moment. The Dead Boys are trying to take advantage and eliminate Dangerous Dan with a double clothesline, but out of nowhere Ataxia show up behind them and using their momentum shoves both of the Dead Boys over the rope with Dan!

Jim Gunt: Whoa! Triple elimination by Ataxia, he's really on fire tonight!

Meanwhile Chris is wailing away on Mia, while Impakt and Ramsay are at it again and Dorian and Ataxia are in a staring contest in the centre of the ring. Their little face to bag is cut short, though, by a yelp of Mia as Chris has somehow managed to get her over the rope. She is dangling by one hand and he manages to pry her fingers open and she falls to the ground. Ataxia holds up one finger into the face of Dorian to ask him to wait and he marches over to Chris, his body language indicating that he has the proverbial steam coming out of his ears.

Jim Gunt: Someone is in deep shit now!

Mike Rolash: Don't talk about shit, please!

Chris does not have any time to celebrate his little victory, because he immediately finds himself in the mandible claw of Ataxia, which we have learned is the mythical Hungarian Reacharound, leaving Dorian dumbfounded, not quite appreciating Ataxia just leaving him hanging. He walks over and yanks Ataxia away from Chris, breaking the hold, but Ataxia goes right back onto Crazy Chris, undeterred.

Dorian Hawkhurst: I know you're a few fries short of a Happy Meal, but this is a battle royale, not a submission match, man!

Ataxia reluctantly lets go and Dorian drags Chris to his feet and as he starts to lug him over the ropes, Ataxia puts his

hand on his arm.

Ataxia: Allow me, please.

And proceeds to hit Chris with a short-arm lariat that catapults the second Danger Boi over the top rope and out of the match. Ataxia gives Dorian a quick appreciative nod and then runs at him, pushing him back into a corner. In the meantime Impakt has Ramsay Gordon half over the rope, with the Kitchen Nightmare trying to power out, but Impakt proves to be too strong, getting one arm under his opponent and heaves him over and out as well!

Jim Gunt: Mr. Gordon is experience his first CWF Nightmare, I wonder, if he has to give his jacket to someone now…

Mike Rolash: This is not going to end well…

Jim Gunt: You are right, his temper is probably going to flare somewhere… And Danger Boiz are gone as well, so that leaves us with three final men in the ring - Ataxia, Dorian Hawkhurst and Impakt, two masked men!

Mike Rolash: This is not going to end well…

Jim Gunt: What are you tal… Oh boy!

Mike is pale as a ghost again, he is sweating bullets, and kind of swaying back and forth.

Jim Gunt: Peptobismol, stat!

Impakt runs at the two others entangled in the corner, hitting Ataxia in the back, but the Messiah Pariah just turns around and yells…

Ataxia: Excuse me, can't you see I'm busy?

...and goes back to Dorian. Impakt has none of that, though, and joins Ataxia in hitting Dorian with some hard hits. Together they whip the big man from one corner into the other and as he hits the corner, both men plant heavy dropkicks onto the Demon's chest. Dorian is staggering back into the ring and as Impakt goes to push Hawkhurst towards the ropes, Ataxia joins him and working together they manage to get Dorian into and over the ropes to the outside of the ring, where he hits hard and remains on the ground.

Jim Gunt: Ouch, that one must have hurt, right?

Mike is chugging a bottle of Peptobismol, hanging in his chair, not paying any attention to the match whatsoever.

Standing next to the ropes, the two masked men are looking at each other and Ataxia extends his hand for a shake that Impakt, after short hesitation, accepts, almost ready to be on the receiving end of some shenanigans, but nothing happens. Out of nowhere, though, Ataxia ducks down, picks up Impakt in what looks to be a Samoan drop and lets himself fall backwards over the ropes, letting the weight of Impakt's body take over. Just in the last possible moment he lets go of his opponent and grabs onto the rope as Impakt hits the floor.

Jim Gunt: What a move! Ataxia has won the battle and what a battle it was, now he will move on into the Triple Cage match at Unhinged for the briefcase, what an opener, right Mike?

He gives Rolash a jovial elbow onto the arm and his partner in crime just keels over onto the floor as the camera cuts.

On The Tip of Everyone's Tongue

Match

Backstage the camera comes into Tara Robinson chasing down a confident talking D.C. as he walks down the hallway. Cali Sawyer walking closely behind him as they seem to head toward a dressing room.

Tara: DC! WHY DID YOU JUMP OUT!?

She hollers at the superstar but he continues to march down the hallway. Cali reaches out, tapping him on the arm. DC whips around, looking at the blonde quickly before spotting Tara. D nods to Cali, and she stops the backstage interviewer, holding her arms out like she is going to fight her. Tara fumbles a little, and Cali snatches the mic from her just in time for the camera to catch up to the action. Cali stares down Tara, but as the camera gets nearer she smiles bright. Putting on that same fake smile that Tara would make. She walks up to DC, ready for the interview.

Cali: DC, obviously I know what just happened out there, but for those that do not understand it can yo-

D kisses her on the cheek quickly before snagging the microphone from her. He gets into the face of the camera.

DC: DO YOU THINK I'M THAT STUPID!? Dorian... Ataxia... Mia, Impakt, Ramsay, whoever, whatever... Do you REALLY think I was going to stand in that ring and fight all thirteen of you?

D cracks a smile like they should have seen this coming.

DC: My second week as a competitor in this federation and you really think I'm dumb enough to fight it out with thirteen other wrestlers, for a chance to kill myself in a triple cage match... NO... not gonna happen!

He cups the microphone in his mouth, pointing directly into the camera.

DC: "OH BUT HE'S AFRAID OF ME NOW! LOOK HE RAN AWAY! THAT MEANS I WIN! YAY I'M THE DEMON OF SOBRIETY!"

His eyes squint as he laughs into the camera.

DC: I am now on the tip of every single person's tongue. I have ALL the attention on ME. YOU gave that to ME. I don't NEED to win that match to stake my claim. I got a machine gun for a mouth and I make one hell of a fucking racket. I do what I want, when I want.

And what I don't do... is fight champions for free, Dorian.

He stares intensely into the camera, tossing the mic up in the air and it sends a crackle through the speakers when it hits the ground. Before he can turn completely around though, from the other side of the hallway comes walking the Paramount Champion, Christian STARR. He's smiling wide, chuckling as he nears DC. Payne follows closely behind. The two wrestlers come face to face again, with Christian shaking his head first.

Starr: What was that D? Too afraid to ge-

D gets into Starr's face but the King doesn't back down. The tension brews a little more as Cali tries to insert herself. But the big palm of Payne comes to her left shoulder, holding her back. D has two choices, and his breathing starts to intensify. Cali brushes off the big guy’s hand. Starr smiles wide.

Starr: Do what you gotta do D...

The Champion holds his ground as the hot headed DC takes a small step back, but comes back up quickly and pushes the Paramount Champion! Starr keeps himself from falling, drops the belt, and comes back pushing DC hard into the wall, causing a cluster of things to start falling and making a loud racket. D slumps a little bit but comes back up with fire in his eyes.

Cali: LET'S GO!

DC's nostrils are flaring, and Christian starts to psyche himself up as the two come head to head. Cali begs again for DC to listen to her. He turns to step away and runs into the mountain of a man Payne. The camera zooms in to show the size difference, and D slowly looks up, his breathing intense. Starr calms himself a little bit, his brow lowered as he

straightens his jacket and picks up his Paramount Championship from the floor.

Starr: FORGET IT... it's not worth it...

Payne looks down at DC, nodding in agreement with Starr's words. DC finally locks eyes with the giant.

DC: He's talking to you.

D remains standing, and the tension builds for a few seconds. But Payne just lets out a laugh, stepping around DC and down the opposite hallway. DC watches over his shoulder, the camera catching the look in his eyes as he turns and walks the opposite way with Cali close by his side.

Fade.

Standing At A Crossroad

Match

We see Caledonia walking the hallways, eventually arriving at Sunset's door. With what looks like a mix between confusion and trepidation, she knocks and walks in. She is somewhat surprised to see not only Sunset and Mapother, but also Elisha, Choronzon, and several other Chosen. The two factions appear to be glowering at each other, but Caledonia nevertheless goes into a defensive stance.

Sunset: There's no need for that.

Caledonia: I'm surrounded by several men who've tried to kill me or actively want to, I think I'll be the judge of that.

Elisha: What the would-be Prince means is that there's no need for that yet. We… have a favor to ask of you.

Caledonia relaxes her stance somewhat but remains tense. She seems more confused than anything.

Caledonia: Wait, why are you all in here? You're not on the same side anymore.

Sunset: Indeed. We stand at a crossroads. Elisha and I do battle tonight - and yet…

It is then that "Big" Denny Davidson and Dean Scott come into view.

Sunset: Tell her what you told me.

Dean Scott (clearly very uncomfortable): … we, um, well, that is to say…

“Big” Denny: Neither of us wants to referee this match.

Caledonia cocks her head to one side.

Caledonia: Why?

Dean Scott: It’s a match between our boss and a full-blown psychopath. If there’s the slightest accidental bias, we’ll either get fired, or taken to the House of the Will and tortured.

Sunset shrugs and Elisha grins. Caledonia looks more confused.

Caledonia: Okay… so what does this have to do with me?

Elisha: We don’t have a referee for our match.

Caledonia: … and what does that have to do with me?

John Mapother: Basically, little lady, they want you to be the referee.

Caledonia clearly cringes at the insulting diminution, and speaks to Sunset rather than Mapother.

Caledonia: Why me? Surely there’s somebody who doesn’t… you know, hate you both. And want you to die painfully.

Sunset: There isn’t. Most of the roster hates me in some capacity; most of the rest of the roster hates Elisha. You’re the only one who hates us both equally. In other words, you can be trusted to be unbiased.

Elisha: This was the agreement we came to.

Silence rings in the air.

Caledonia: Alright. Suppose I do this. What’s in it for me?

Sunset: An opportunity.

Fade.

I Am Fine!

Match

The camera is quickly moving through the catacombs of the Indira Gandhi Arena, swerving in and out of wrestlers, production assistants, guests and some people nobody knows how they got there. We are nearing the medical station, where a clearly shaken Mike Rolash is arguing with one of the medics.

Mike Rolash: I am fine, let go of me!

Medic: No, Sir, we need to check you out, you almost passed out during the first match. Please tell me what happened?

Mike Rolash: We went from Seoul to Delhi and it was really stupid hot here. When we got to the hotel it was so nice and cool and I hadn't eaten anything in the plane, because their food sucks, so then they had that buffet there. And they said that CWF is paying for it all, to go ahead, so I did.

Medic: OK, what or how much did you have?

Mike Rolash: Not that much actually.

Medic: How much is "not that much"?

Mike Rolash: I think I held back quite well and only had seven...

Medic: Say what? Seven?

Mike Rolash: Yes.

Medic: Good Lord, what did you have? A good balance of things?

Mike Rolash: Oh yes, I always balance well. I had some steak and some bacon, baked potato, a bit of pizza, macaroni and cheese, then I found the Indian section and there was so much!

His eyes glaze over a bit as he talks about the food, but one can see that his complexion moves a bit more towards olive.

Mike Rolash: I don't know what those things were all called, but there was something Masala and Vindaloo and Murgh something, goat, chicken, fish, all those sauces and stuff and then those samosas! With meat and cheese and onions and pasta and egg and fish and then...

He belches loudly again, followed by a groan.

Mike Rolash: And then the desserts, the chocolate cake and waffles, pastries and puddings, those fried little balls and the syrup and the ice cream...

Medic: You had ALL that?

Mike Rolash: Yes, I know, I should have taken more advantage of it.

The medic just shakes his head as Mike begins to breathe heavier and heavier before sliding off the chair he was sitting on.

Fade.

A Champion's Decree

Match

Jim Gunt: Well that was certainly a heated confrontation between those two, I think it's becoming pretty clear just what kind of history is D.C. and our Paramount Champion have, and it’s reaching its boiling point. And good to see you back with me.

Muttering under his breath he adds: Never thought I’d ever say that...

Mike Rolash: I can't wait for them to finally go at it in the ring, it's going to be a fucking riot Jimmy.

Jim Gunt: You seem to be feeling better...again, did you have any more of those samosas?

Mike Rolash: Are you nuts? One of those things was trying to kill me!

Jim Gunt: If only…

Mike Rolash: No, the guy gave me some sort of an injection and I feel as good as new!

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 ramp 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.

HAAAAAAILLL TO THE KIIINNNNG!

Jim Gunt: Speaking of our Paramount Champion it looks like he's got something to say, maybe he'll finally shed some light on what's going on.

The lights flare to an almost blinding intensity as Avenged Sevenfold's "Hail to the King" takes over the arena's 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, he throws open his leather jacket to reveal the Paramount Championship around his waist.

HAAAAILLLL TO THE OOONNNNE!

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: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome to the ring the Paramount Champion!

Payne climbs his way into the ring over the top rope as Starr shoots his way up the ring steps and quickly ducks under the ropes himself. He immediately heads towards Ray Douglas grabbing the microphone from his hand as Payne shoos him out of the ring.

Christian STARR: CUT THE MUSIC!

The music stops but the crowd doesn't let up, the Indian crowd is split on their opinion of the cocky superstar letting out a mixed bag of cheers and jeers. Christian is eating it up however, beckoning the fans to let him have it.

Mike Rolash: Look at this! I love it! STARR really is a champion's champion!

Jim Gunt: He certainly loves the attention it's gotten him.

The hot crowd finally begins to settle down, allowing Christian to bring the microphone up to his lips.

Christian STARR: Last week I made a statement. Christian STARR is the greatest Paramount Champion of all time, and all week people have been trying to tell me just how full of shit I am. How can I be the greatest champion when I only have one defense under my belt?

Christian turns and looks at Payne who's giving him a half-hearted shrug.

Christian STARR: Why don't you ask Crazy Chris that question? Just by beating one little Frenchman that could, I knocked him off the pedestal. When I made Metrosupp tap out I already knocked the first Paramount Champion of this era off the list and after I do the same to Azrael tonight I will tie Jay Mora as the longest reigning Paramount champion of the modern era and considering he's the man I beat to become champion in the first place. I already firmly stand alone as the single greatest Paramount Champion of the era!

The King of Wrestling reaches behind his back and unstraps the title from his waist, he slings it over his shoulder as his fans cheer him on for it. He takes holds the title out slightly and looks on at it.

Christian STARR: But that's not enough... Because with me as Champion this title is going to reach heights it hasn't seen in years. The last great champion to hold my title was a man you've all come to know and love as Jarvis King-

The entire crowd erupts at the name of the CWF legend being mentioned, Starr smirks for a brief moment but shakes his head.

Christian STARR: Jarvis King was the last true superstar to carry the Paramount Championship with any pride. He was the last man to treat the Paramount Championship as anything more than a stepping stone. But Jarvis, just like the rest of you will soon realize that there's only one King in this industry and you're looking at him. And this king is making the Paramount Championship the premier championship and he is going to take the bar you've set and shove it up your ass! Because i will FOREVER be your reigning, defending, undisputed, undefeated Paramount Champion..

He raises the championship above his head as the crowd sings along with his self indulging announcement.

Christian STARR: HAIL...

"TO THE KING!"

He tosses the microphone into the air and let's it hit the mat with a thud as he takes his place in the corner as he awaits the arrival of his next challenger.

Christian Starr © vs. Azrael

Match

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 walks to the ring with his head bent down with a hint of his head bobbing to the beat.

Christian STARR paces back and forth, his eyes ever on his opponent as he reaches the ring. When Azrael seems to make no offensive advance, the King of Wrestling scoffs and raises his hands as if challenging the Fallen Angel of Apathy to a test of strength.

Jim Gunt: If I was Azrael, I wouldn't trust Christian STARR one bit.

Mike Rolash: If you were Azrael, I'd be happy to have a different broadcasting partner.

Jim Gunt: Ouch.

Azrael is obviously hesitant about this challenge, knowing that he possesses both a height and weight advantage. Eventually he relents and moves to accept the challenge. Christian lashes out with a stiff toe kick, but Azrael was not fooled, prepared for such an underhanded tactic and blocks the intended strike, catching STARR's foot, spinning him around and knocking the current champion down to the mat with a stiff lariat.

Jim Gunt: You know, I don't think enough people give Azrael the credit he deserves…

Christian seems a little shaken and displeased by his failed trick and makes to regain his footing. Azrael will have none of it and floors the King of Wrestling with a knee strike to the side of the head, then an elbow drop and a hurried pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

Christian kicks out!

Mike Rolash: Just call it. Christian retains, Azrael defeated. Everyone can go home.

Jim Gunt: What match are you watching? Azrael has the advantage…

Christian scurries away from the challenger, crawling out onto the apron, using the support of the ring ropes to catch an aggressively advancing Azrael in the side of the head with a high kick that has the challenger staggering. Christian leaps up to springboard off of the ring ropes but Azrael moves quicker than expected, shaking the ropes so the King of Wrestling loses his footing and falls, off balance, ONTO the shoulders of his opponent, set up for Azrael to execute Spiraling Down!

Mike Rolash: Wait…When did this happen?

Jim Gunt: Are you watching porn on your phone again?

Mike Rolash: …No comment.

Azrael is unable to see the signature move to completion however as Christian STARR slides free from his grasp and rushing against the ropes, bouncing back in the blink of an eye and connecting with a variation of the Eighth Deadly Sin, striking his boot with all the strength he can muster onto the back of Azrael's knee. The larger challenger buckles, felled down to one knee. The King of Wrestling and current Paramount champion locks in a headlock, preparing for Mama Said Knock You Out!

Mike Rolash: Oh yes, give it to him.

Jim Gunt: Are you referring to the match or…actually no. Never mind.

Azrael uses his power advantage and pushes Christian away. The King of Wrestling once again comes bouncing back off the ropes while Azrael is still trying to recover, but not fast enough, as Christian blindsides him with a slingblade.

He hooks the leg for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Azrael kicks out!

Jim Gunt: This is the second week in a row that Christian is going to have to re-think his offence because of a weight and power disadvantage.

Mike Rolash: He’s still going to win though.

Jim Gunt: What, is he paying you or something?

Mike Rolash: No. I just don’t want to piss him off and have him send Payne this way.

Jim Gunt: Oh…good point…

Christian STARR charges at the recovering Azrael, connecting with a high-impact shotgun dropkick straight to the face. The challenger is rocked, careening backwards to collide with the middle turnbuckle. The impact rocks Azrael and he crumples, unmoving on the floor. The King of Wrestling quickly ascends to the top of the turnbuckle and comes down hard upon his opponent, driving his boots into the stomach of Azrael with a Near Life Experience! Another pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! Azrael gets his shoulder up at the last possible moment.

Jim Gunt: Christian STARR is getting fired up, but his arsenal seems unable to put Azrael away.

The current Paramount champion struggles to drag Azrael away from near the ring ropes, roughly to the centre of the ring and sets up for the King’s Cross, the same technique that put away the sizeable Metrosupp.

Mike Rolash: Azrael should just tap now.

Jim Gunt: The move isn’t even properly applied yet…

Unfortunately for Christian this week, Azrael denies the completion of the submission move, using his size and power and climb back to his feet, throwing STARR over onto his shoulders and before the champion has any chance of escape, connects with the Falling Down. The challenger opts not to attempt a pin, dragging the champion into place and following up one signature move with another, the Angel's Wings backbreaker variation.

Jim Gunt: Two powerful moves in quick succession, this would be the perfect time for Azrael to make the cover.

Azrael however does not follow Jim Gunt's advice and takes a stalking position, eagerly waiting for the moment to truly bring the match to an end and secure himself undoubtedly as the new CWF Paramount Champion. Christian is clearly affected by the consecutive offence and uses the ring ropes and corner posts for assistance to climb to his feet. He is none too pleased. The King of Wrestling turns around to bring the fight back to Azrael and walks right into the Falling Down.

Mike Rolash: What the fuck is this Out of Nowhere shit! He can't win!

Jim Gunt: AZRAEL MAKE THE GOD DAMN COVER! This match and title are yours!

Almost unbelieving that he connected with the finisher, Azrael drops down to make the cover, victory seemingly all but assured.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Out of nothing but pure instinct Christian STARR gets his foot onto the bottom rope, ending the pin.

Jim & Mike: HOLY SHIT!

Azrael shakes his head, both amazed and agitated that his victory was snatched away from him in such a manner. To compensate he drags Christian away from the ropes and sets up for yet another Falling Down. Suddenly Payne, who has been watching from the outside all this time, appears on the apron.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is he doing?

Mike Rolash: Don’t care as long as he’s nowhere near us.

Azrael takes a wild swing at Payne, Christian’s erstwhile companion simply leaning back to evade the strike. He and Azrael begin jaw-jacking, almost nose to nose. The referee hesitant to get in between for fear of falling victim to either man’s ire. While this is going on Christian STARR has crawled back over to a corner and untied the padding covering the a corner buckle, exposing the merciless metal beneath. Payne steps down, bored of his confrontation with the Challenger.

Jim Gunt: Oh come on! What kind of champion relies on such cheap, underhanded tricks.

Mike Rolash: Only the best!

Azrael turns back to refocus on the task at hand and charges at the champion. Christian uses this momentum to his advantage, tripping Azrael up with a drop toe hold, sending Azrael face first into the exposed steel turnbuckle. Azrael’s head jerks back suddenly, the sense knocked out of him, unable to fight back as Christian STARR rolls him up for the pin. Clark Summits never noticing the missing corner pad.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Bull-Fucking-Shit!

Ray Douglas: Your winner and STILL Paramount Champion….CHRISTIAN STARR!!

The SSES

Match

The camera cuts backstage, showing the sign on the door to the Dead Boys' locker room. We see a hand come into view knocking at the door. Colby Noble is opening the door with a questioning look at the visitor.

Voice from the off: Hi there, we are from SSES, Shadow Soul Extraction Services, and there has been a pick-up scheduled from this address.

Colby Noble: What the hell? What are you talking about? What are you supposed to pick up?

Voice: You.

Suddenly a whole group of robed figures is filing into the locker room.

Fade.

Hey Champ

Match

CWF's World Champion, MJ Flair, is shown backstage stretching before her big tag team match, in a seated position, pushing forward. Suddenly she stops and looks up. The camera zooms out to show Caledonia, the former tag-team champion.

Caledonia: Hi, champ.

MJF: Oh, hey champ.

Caledonia sighs and points to her cast.

Caledonia: Not anymore.

MJF: Eh. Y'got robbed. You've still got a legit claim in my eyes, y'know?

Caledonia: I appreciate that. Actually, that's why I came over here. Mind if I join you?

MJ gestures opposite her, and Caledonia sits. The two women each spread their legs, with the slightly shorter MJ putting the soles of her feet on Caledonia's ankles. The World Champion leans forward, with Caledonia assisting her by gently but firmly pulling her arms. MJ holds the stretch for ten seconds, and then they reverse.

Caledonia: Oh god. It's amazing how much flexibility you lose with a couple of inactive weeks.

MJF: Don't I know it.

MJ leans in again.

Caledonia: I also wanted to thank you.

MJ raises an eyebrow.

MJF: What for?

Caledonia: When we had to vacate the titles, there was a lot of mumbling and grumbling backstage. Silas had his grand speech at Confliction, saying… something. I can never quite understand his agenda. The “establishment” is out to get the newcomers, and yet, well…

She gestures at MJ’s championship belt. The World Champion nods.

Caledonia: Anyway. You were one of the only people standing up for Eris and me. I just wanted to say that I appreciate it.

MJF: Any time.

They switch to a different stretch, legs straight out, soles touching. Caledonia leans forward,

trying to touch her nose to her knees. MJ assists by pulling her hands forward.

MJF: So when do you think you’re going back after the tag titles?

Caledonia: I’ve thought a lot about that.

MJF: And?

Caledonia: I don’t know if I am. Partially Eris is still injured, and partially…

MJ leans forward in her own stretch. When she comes back up, she gestures for Cali to “go on”.

Caledonia: A few weeks ago, Dean Coulter said that it wasn’t what I wanted anymore - that my ambition was for monster hunting, taking out men like Elisha and Valentine… though you’d know more about that than anyone.

MJ laughs.

MJF: You seemed pretty pissed about it at th’time.

Caledonia: I was pretty pissed in general at the time. Sorry if it came out as anger at you.

MJF: No sweat. I’ve got some honest to goodness pains in my own ass right now.

Caledonia: Right, Marksman… I really hope you kick that guy’s ass.

MJF: Some asses just need a good kickin’, y’know?

Caledonia: Don’t I know it. And now you’re booked to team up with him, after he jumped you…

MJF: Long’s he does his job, I don’t care.

Caledonia: Yeah. I think just… between Marksman’s antics, Silas stirring shit up, and what looks like a brotherly brawl between the Andersons… the drama’s getting so bad that it’s like being back in high school.

Ryan Sunset, over PA: Caledonia Highlander, report to the Principal’s Office immediately.

Cali rolls her eyes.

Caledonia: Just like being back in high school.

Fade.

The Talk

Match

Vegas Phillips is shown one more time on the CWF Tron, this time she is outside of the arena, hightailing it out of there. She is running away as fast as her heels can carry her... until she runs smack dab into a figure in a hooded trench coat.The two slam into each other hard, each falling to the ground. The figure reaches up, removing the hood and his identity as former CWF World Heavyweight champion Jace Valentine.Vegas Phillips: Jace...Jace just looks at her with those lost puppy dog eyes. He considers for a moment grabbing her by the neck and planting one on her lips, or bending her over a nearby dumpster, for old time's sake...but no.Jace Valentine: Listen, Vegas. I've been looking for you for two weeks now, and I just want to say that I am sorry. I am sorry for everything I did to you. I am sorry for everything I've said to you.Vegas Phillips: Jace...Jace Valentine: I am sorry for what happened at the Academy. I am sorry for what happened to Eris and Caledonia. Every time life puts pressure on me, I crack. I wanted to be a good example for you. I wanted to be a man you could be proud of...Vegas Phillips: Jace...Jace Valentine: I lied to you, I treated you like you were a piece of property. I did everything I could to sabotage anything I had good in my life. I see

that now. I see how badly I need to make changes in my life...Vegas Phillips: JACE!The King of Canadian Controversy finally shuts his trap for half of a second.Jace Valentine: Yeah?Vegas Phillips: I was not completely honest with you either. Ryan had asked me to manipulate you and play you like a game. He promised me bigger opportunities than I could have ever dreamed about. He promised me the world. But ultimately, I got the same thing that everyone else that has dealt with the Institute has got...a lifetime of pain and suffering.Jace Valentine: Oh, Ryan's just a prick...Vegas Phillips: You don't get it, Jace.Jace Valentine: Get what?Vegas Phillips: Ryan wants it all to himself?Jace Valentine: Wants what?Vegas Phillips: The Tormented Soul. He believes it can be transferred. Him and Chaolin Sahn, they wanted me to carry Sahn's kin. They wanted me to carry his Moonchild. I refused. I ran for my life, almost a decade of hiding underground hoping that the SSRI would some day no longer be a threat to my well being. That day has never come.Jace winks.Jace Valentine: I will stop them.Vegas Phillips: If you want to win me back, that's exactly what you have to do. You need to stop Ryan. You need to stop Mapother, and Sahn and at any costs...you have to stop that prophecy from being fulfilled. The world depends on it.Fade.

Without Words

Match

Mia ached. But it was fun. So much... Fun. She loosens the lace holding her sleeve up and pulls it down, exposing her scarred forearm. With a frenzied snarl she makes several cuts, all going in different directions, all oozing blood. She giggles and drops the blade, adding a couple drops to her doll's arm.

Suddenly she senses him and whips around to come face to face with...

...

..

.

Ataxia.

He bows and holds a finger to Mia's lips, effectively shushing her. His eyes dart to the doll and Mia follows his gaze. Slowly she meets his eyes and with a bloodied finger, paints a smile around Ataxia's mouth, effectively putting a smile on his face.

The sound of their laughter is still said to be heard in the darkest corners of the collective mind of everyone who heard it that day.

Elisha Vs. Ryan Sunset

Match

Jim Gunt: There are a lot of things happening here tonight, folks, the Dead Boys look like they are in trouble, Caledonia is back with us, in even bigger news Jace Valentine has re-surfaced and he seems to be on a warpath and finally the identity of Mia Rayne’s secret admirer has been revealed and I am not sure the world is ready for this couple, it barely

is for them separately...

“Day and Night” by Billie Piper hits over the PA as the fans go wild for the fan favorite Caledonia. The English Rose emerges onto the stage, wearing the colors of a CWF referee, her arm-cast even painted to match the shirt.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, tonight’s special guest referee - CALEDONIA!

Jim Gunt: We weren’t expecting to see Caledonia at all tonight, much less in the ring!

Mike Rolash: Kinda surprised she took the gig.

Caledonia reaches the ring and briefly plays the crowd before her theme song ends.

Ray Douglas: And introducing first, from Montreal-

The lights in the arena go dark, and Ray Douglas’ mic is cut off.

Jim Gunt: Did… did we lose power?

A Shadowy Voice, on commentary: No. All is as it should be.

The lights come back up, and we see that the Shadow has joined the commentary team!

Mike Rolash: Holy fuck! Don’t do that! I - Jim just shat his pants!

Jim Gunt: That wasn’t me!

Mike Rolash: Fine, it was Elisha. You happy?

The Shadow: I doubt that Elisha has the capacity to make others happy.

Back in the ring, Ray Douglas looks somewhere between annoyed and confused.

Ray Douglas: Erm… and from Montreal, Quebec…

John Mapother walks onto the stage first, and begins to sing “Sunrise, Sunset” by Bright Eyes. Boos rain down on the Institute actor cum singer, and more rain down as Ryan Sunset emerges from the curtain onto the stage.

Ray Douglas: Being accompanied to the ring by John Mapother, weighing in at 177 pounds, he is the CEO of CWF - RYAN SUNSET!

Jim Gunt: The boss stepping into the ring for the second week running!

Mike Rolash: He got his ass handed to him by the World Champion last week, this week he’s throwing down with the most dangerous man in CWF!

The Shadow: Ahem.

“Antichrist Superstar” by Marilyn Manson hits over the PA. More boos rain down as Elisha and Choronzon step out onto the stage. It’s hard to say who this crowd hates more, Sunset or Elisha.

Ray Douglas: And weighing in at 250 pounds, representing Ouroboros, he is the Moonchild - ELISHA!

Jim Gunt: So, Shadow - do you think that Elisha is still sweating his loss to you?

Shadow: You misunderstand the Moonchild. He will not have forgotten our encounter, but he does not consider it a loss, and he will not be “sweating” it.

Sunset and Elisha face off in the ring, and Caledonia signals for the bell.

Jim Gunt: Some would say a distinctly unconventional choice for guest referee.

The Shadow: She is unbiased and not subject to intimidation. She seems a natural choice for impartiality.

Mike Rolash: Small words, Shadowman, don’t be so flowery in your language!

The Shadow: The breadth of my lexicon is integral to my perspicacity.

Mike Rolash:… what?

Elisha squares off, looking to grapple - the much smaller Sunset simply wags his finger, knowing that doing so can only end poorly for him. Instead, he circles the Moonchild, who makes minimal movements to follow Sunset's path, remaining in a fighting stance. Sunset occasionally darts in and out, but always seems to hesitate before actually attacking.

John Mapother jumps up onto the apron of the ring, and the momentary distraction for Elisha gives Sunset an opening to come in swinging - but the Moonchild simply tanks the clubbing arm, and responds with a massive right cross, knocking Sunset on his ass!

Jim Gunt: An attempt at a sneak attack backfiring for the boss!

Mike Rolash: Speaking of backfiring… my stomach doesn't feel so good…

The Shadow: That's your stomach? I thought they were performing construction work nearby.

Sunset scrambles to the corner to pick himself up, and Elisha is close behind. He grabs Sunset by the throat and pushes him bodily against the turnbuckle. Caledonia orders him to release Sunset, counting to four before pulling him off herself. As Elisha rounds on her angrily, Sunset takes advantage of the Moonchild's distraction, clobbering him over the back of the head with a double axehandle smash! Elisha stumbles, and Sunset kicks at the back of his knee, forcing the gigantic Elisha down momentarily.

Jim Gunt: Down he goes!

Mike Rolash (strainedly): Down I go…

Sunset looks highly confident as he bounces off the ropes, looking to finish Elisha off with a running clothesline - but the Moonchild is playing possum, and meets Sunset with a clothesline of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

The Shadow: Sunset was foolish to believe that the Moonchild could be so easily subdued.

Jim Gunt: Indeed… Mike? Get off the floor.

Mike Rolash: … damn vindaloo…

As Sunset rises slowly to his feet, Elisha stalks him, raising his hand in the air behind him. Sunset eventually reaches a standing position, and Elisha grabs him by the throat, raising him up and slamming him down in a massive Chokeslam!

He doesn't go for the pin, however, instead opting to point at Mapother and taunting the actor to enter the ring himself. Caledonia admonishes Elisha, who merely smirks at her.

The Shadow: Caledonia's restraint is admirable.

Jim Gunt: How do you figure?

The Shadow: In all probability, one of these two men is responsible for the kidnapping of her husband. Most would have a less… measured reaction.

Mike Rolash (groaning): You mean like summoning up demonic entities and abandoning their name?

The Shadow: Quiet.

Sunset groans and rolls out of the ring. Mapother runs around to him, bucking him up. Elisha grunts at Caledonia, who rolls her eyes, but begins the count nonetheless.

ONE…

TWO…

THREE…

FOUR…

FIVE…

SIX…

Sunset ducks quickly into the ring, resetting the count. Elisha scowls and follows him outside. The CEO runs over to the announcer's table and grabs Mike Rolash's (slightly smelly) chair - the commentator has collapsed to the ground,

clutching his stomach. As Caledonia intercedes to try and get her boss to drop the chair (without actually touching it herself), she doesn't see Mapother running up and punching Elisha in the back of the head!

Jim Gunt: Cali!

She wheels and sees the fallen Moonchild. She also sees Choronzon charging Mapother, who is looking like butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. She rounds on Sunset, furiously yelling that she'll damn well disqualify him if Mapother keeps interfering. Before she can make any further threats, Elisha pushes past her and grabs Sunset, throwing him onto the announcer's table.

Jim Gunt: Time to move!

The Shadow: Concurred.

Mike Rolash: Urgh….

Caledonia yells at Elisha to get back into the ring, but the Moonchild ignores her. Mapother runs over, followed closely by Choronzon. Mapother attempts to push past Caledonia to reach Elisha himself, but she proves strong enough to block him, and Choronzon clobbers Mapother in the back. Mapother turns around and clobbers Choronzon in the face, staggering the Chosen into the ring. Elisha takes advantage of Caledonia's distraction to plant Sunset through the table in a massive Ganso Bomb!

Jim Gunt: The boss sent right through our table!

The Shadow: Where is Mike?

Mike Rolash (smothered): Under Elisha's ass.

Jim Gunt: Words I never thought I'd hear.

In the ring, Mapother and Choronzon continue to brawl, while Caledonia attempts to eject them from the ring. The two are focused on each other, and do not heed Caledonia. She rolls her eyes, and begins to count out Elisha and Sunset. As she does, Mapother manages to knock Choronzon off balance with a big left hand, sending him facing Caledonia. She knees him in the stomach and loops her arm around his head. Just as Mapother begins to look smug (the time span to reach a count of 5) Caledonia runs up the turnbuckles, still clutching Choronzon, and leaps off, catching an off-guard Mapother in a flying headscissors, while planting Choronzon to the mat with a DDT!

SEVEN…

EIGHT…

Elisha has risen to his feet, and flings Sunset into the ring, as Caledonia clears the ring of minions. The rest of the Chosen suddenly appear, coming through the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Well, this was inevitable.

The Shadow: Indeed.

From under the ring, a dozen of hooded druids appear, matching the Chosen person for person. With Choronzon still down, the Chosen seem a little unsure how to proceed. Elisha, frustrated, attempts to pin Sunset by putting his boot on the CEO's chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-No! Kickout!

Elisha looks annoyed but unsurprised, stalking Sunset. Mapother jumps once again up onto the apron, and the Moonchild has had enough. He grabs Mapother by the throat with both hands, despite Caledonia's admonishments - and suddenly finds himself being rolled up by Sunset!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Kickout!

Elisha springs to his feet, annoyance now giving way to anger. He hauls Sunset to his feet, preparing to deliver a Brainbuster - but Sunset counters! He keeps the momentum going and grabs Elisha around the throat in a kata-hajime hold!

Mike Rolash (weakly): Bed of Roses! He has Caledonia's finisher locked in!

The Shadow: Good to see you're still with us.

Mike Rolash: Urgh-hurgh…

Jim Gunt: Elisha has never tapped out, not in his entire career! Could it be?!

Elisha is still on one knee, trying to power out of the hold, but to no avail - Sunset is gripping on with everything he has! All the great strength of the Moonchild cannot break Sunset's hold, and he seems to be losing consciousness! Sunset tightens the grip on the kata-hajime, and Elisha falls…

…into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Caledonia signals for the bell, and begins attempting to get Sunset to release the hold, before realizing that she doesn't care.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner...ELISHA!!

Sunset releases the hold almost out of shock. Elisha rolls out of the ring, victorious but barely conscious.

Jim Gunt: The boss held on too tight, he forgot that you can get pinned in a submission hold!

The Shadow: He appears unhappy.

Mike Rolash: Thas' anunnerstatemen…

Sunset is irate, demanding that Caledonia overturn the result. She shrugs, explaining that Elisha pinned him fair and square.

Jim Gunt: Say what you will, she called this one down the middle.

Elisha and Choronzon exit the ring. As they do, they pass Matthias Eddy, who locks gazes with Choronzon. The two death-glare each other before Elisha and Choronzon retreat. The Chosen follow suit, and the druids file back after them, the Shadow in the lead.

In the ring, Caledonia continues to square off with Sunset. Mapother enters the ring, and attempts to physically intimidate Caledonia. If she's intimidated, she doesn't show it.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh…

Mike Rolash (strained): Oh no…

Eventually Mapother loses his cool and sucker-punches Caledonia! Sunset nods in approval, and the two of them begin kicking the English Rose, as the crowd boos vociferously. Sunset puts a hand to stop Mapother, who grins and ducks out of the ring. Sunset continues to stand over Caledonia, kicking her when she shows signs of moving.

Jim Gunt: I don't like the looks of this…

Jim's trepidations are increased when Mapother goes under the ring and retrieves… a table wrapped in barbed wire!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit!

Mike Rolash (strained): Please don't say "shit"…

The crowd seems to echo Jim's sentiments, and continues the fecal chant. Mapother sets up the table, and Sunset hauls Caledonia to her feet.

Jim Gunt: Damn it! Caledonia's about to get brutalized for doing her damn job! There's nobody to help her!

"We've Had Enough" by the Alkaline Trio blares over the PA, and the crowd yells. Whether the yells are cheers or boos are unclear, but what is clear is that Jace Valentine is making a beeline for the ring!

The Host With The Most proceeds to beat the stuffing out of the thoroughly-surprised John Mapother, before rounding on Sunset, who promptly flees. Valentine throws the barbed-wire table after them, and stands at the edge of the ring. Behind him, Caledonia slowly rises to her feet. Jace turns to face her and nods.

Jim Gunt: The last time these two saw each other, he broke her arm…

Caledonia scowls and punches Valentine in the face. He ducks out of the ring, backing away slowly with his hands up. Caledonia screams at him from the ring, yelling about how he attacked her home and hurt her friends. Valentine can only respond “It wasn’t me.”

Mike Rolash (half-heartedly rapping): She even caught me on camera…

The shot lingers on the irate Caledonia.

A Forsaken Future

Match

The camera is walking down the backstage maze of the arena, looking left and right at every intersection as if searching for something in particular. Finally it arrives at a door that does not have the usual clean-cut name tag on it, but instead has a scrawl saying “Mia is here” scratched into it. A hand appears from off screen and knocks on the door.

Mia Rayne opens it up and cocks her head questioningly: “Yes?”

The hand re-appears and hands her a pitch black rose, lighting up her eyes and taking it, bringing it up to her nose. She curtsies and closes the door.

Cut to inside her locker room. Mia has her eyes closed while clutching the rose to her chest, when suddenly a voice from a dark corner comes, making her jump back in surprise: We have a proposition for you, Ms. Rayne, for a forsaken future…

Fade.

Taking Tyler Down

Match

Since he lost to the battle royale, Billy wasn't happy. He ignored the loss with an angry snort. He is heading down the hallway, and saw Tyler. He smirks, and runs over as he viciously attacks Tyler. He has fire in his eyes as he lays into him with boots to the ribs. LUNATIC DROP! He looks down at his baby brother with an evil smile on his face as he yells at him.

Billy Anderson: Everything is your fault, and I can't stand you anymore, Ty!

He goes back to attacking Tyler, and gets two steel chairs. He places one around Tyler's neck, and blasts it with the other over and over again until a sickening break is heard. He doesn't stop the assault there as he hits him once again

with Lunatic Drop! He’s busted wide open!

Blood is pouring out of Tyler’s head as Billy beats the living hell out of his baby brother. Refs showed up, and tried to pull Billy off Tyler. Billy Anderson pushes them off and throws Tyler against the wall. He continues his assault, and hitting his brother with repeated knees to the face. Refs finally break Billy away from Tyler, and EMT's tend to Tyler as Billy laughs like a mad man. He watches as they load Tyler on the stretcher, and roll him to an ambulance to take him to the hospital. Billy Anderson looks like a maniac as he licks his lips, walking away from the scene.

Fade.

An Owed Question

Match

Silas Artoria is walking around the perimeter of the stadium. His shoulder is still clearly bothering him, yet the bravado he lost last week has returned. He checks through security, before continuing his journey. Tara appears behind him, almost chasing him.

Tara Robinson: Excuse me, Mr Artoria?

He keeps walking.

Silas Artoria: Tara! How lovely to see you again!

He turns to her.

Silas Artoria: How do I look?

Tara Robinson: Better than you were yesterday.

He clasps his hands together.

Silas Artoria: Wonderful! Great to hear!

He turns back in the direction he was going, Tara quickly giving chase.

Tara Robinson: Silas, I tried to ask you and your comrades some questions but you were out of it and they were carrying you out of the building.

Silas Artoria: They had something more important to do other than answer questions; those brave souls did what paramedics couldn't and that was carry me out of a building inhabited by a living monster.

Tara Robinson: The one Duce Jones is scheduled to face?

He keeps the bravado going.

Silas Artoria: The very same man Duce Jones is scheduled to face!

Tara Robinson: Right.., anyway I have a question that I was unable to get an answer for last week.

Silas pops his mouth and points at the ceiling.

Silas Artoria: Shoot.

Tara Robinson: Well, you lost to Nerezza, Autumn lost to Amber, and The Lost Boys retained their tag titles, how does that make you feel?

Silas stops, and turns to Tara. His smile dropping to a frown.

Silas Artoria: Tara, I won't lie. I was very disappointed in myself and Autumn. We have developed our skills and refined out techniques, but in the end it just wasn't enough to conquer two brutal, extremely difficult challenges. Now, I can't

speak for Autumn, but I can speak for myself, and I can say that the fact that I am not going into Japan to compete in the main attraction of Unhinged is heartbreaking. I made a name for myself competing in a ladder match against the once-in-a-generation Hidetaka Ito; my athletic career was born there and baptised by Ito, and I am upset that I cannot do my birth-country proud!

His smile returns.

Silas Artoria: However, with setbacks and failures come new opportunities that you couldn't foresee! The Coalition are in the main event. The main event of Evolution, and that's were the most eyes will be focused on, especially since current and former champions will be facing off tonight. Tonight, we are going to show the world that we are not just tears in the rain, we are not some scoundrels who got lucky in a title match. We are the hardest working team in the damn world, building new structures while demolishing the old. Tonight, will be a message to the locker room, and for a certain demographic of people.

He looks at the camera.

Silas Artoria: You don't have the right to special privileges. If you face off against us, you better have earned that right, otherwise we'll ensure you stay in a medical facility long enough to not only miss the grad finale of the current season, but at least the next four seasons.

He looks back at Tara.

Silas Artoria: Now if you excuse me, I have a match to prepare with my comrades.

He pats her shoulder.

Silas Artoria: Have a wonderful time here in New Delhi, Tara.

He walks off frame, leaving Tara alone.

Fade.

Duce Jones Vs. Nerezza

Match

Jim Gunt: Looks like Silas is confident as ever to bounce back from last week's rather mixed results there!

Mike Rolash: Yes, but confidence never has been in short supply for him, just like his weirdness. (belches) And speaking of weird, Mia hooking up with Ataxia and now that black rose bullcrap…

Jim Gunt: It is kind of cute to…

Mike Rolash: Cute? Really? Next thing you'll say Elisha is cuddly...

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall.

The lights in the arena dim, as orange strobe lights move all across the venue.."Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates is blasting throughout the PA system as Duce Jones walks out onto the stage. The fans cheer with admiration as he stands there and surveys the crowd..

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, making his way to the ring weighing in at two hundred and five pounds.. From Jonesboro, Arkansas, USA… DUCE JONES!

He then strolls down to the ring slapping the hands of some of the fans who are sitting ringside. Duce makes it down to the ring where hops onto the apron and climbs inside. He sprints to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope and begins looking into the crowd once again. Duce climbs down from the corner, turns around, and wait for the bell to ring.

Jim Gunt: Here is a man, who says he's not gonna let fear get in his way here tonight. What do you think Mike?

Mike Rolash: I think.. *cough, cough* that Nerezza…. cough, is gonna kill Duce.

Jim Gunt: Well that remains to be seen.

The opening symphonic, ominous keyboards of Dimmu Borgir's "Progenies of the Great Apocalypse" start to play and a blood red graphic of the all-seeing eye appears on the tron. The lights dim and fog begins to roll out from behind the curtain, bathed in bloodred lights.

Ray Douglas: His opponent.. Weighing in at three hundred pounds! NEREZZA!

As Shagrath's hoarse rasps set in together with the both harsh yet lush melodic black metal sound, a monster of a man steps out, almost 7 feet tall, 300 lbs, clad in black pants and a black top with the same all-seeing eye emblazoned on it.

The fans do not really know what to make of it until the words "Nerezza" roll across the tron and they gasp, remembering the name, but the looks on their faces are even more shocked when the big man steps forward into the light to reveal his face. Shock and awe feel upon their faces as the monster formerly known as Hodge makes his way to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Would you look at Nerezza, this man has a face that anyone couldn't help but need afraid of.

Mike Rolash: He's gonna kill.. He's gonna kill Duce.

Jim Gunt: You look a little less green there, Mikey.

Mike Rolash: Ssshhht, don’t tell it, please!!

Jim has a look of concern on his face for his sick colleague. Meanwhile Duce watches Nerezza intently as he nears the ring. Nerezza finally approaches the apron, climbing onto it, and begins to step over the top rope. Nerezza has one foot into the ring, but Duce doesn't give him a chance to get the other leg into the ring, charging at Nerezza and knocking him down to the floor with a forearm shiver.

Jim Gunt: Duce looking for the early advantage.

Nerezza lands on his feet, fairly dazed from Duce’s surprise attack. Official Clark Summits tells Duce to allow Nerezza to get into the ring. But Duce brushes him off sliding under the ropes, blasting Nerezza with a hard right hand. Nerezza is caught in headlights as Duce unloads with right hands and chops, trying to get an early advantage on the monster. The Indian fans are going crazy as Duce blast Nerezza with shot after shot. Duce grabs the monster's arm, trying to whip him into the steel steps. This attempt proves costly as the beast known as Nerezza puts a halt to Duce’s efforts, pulling the Kid That Never Dies back to him, and drops him to the floor with a hard chop. Duce curls up in the fetal position clutching his chest in pain.

Jim Gunt: Duce looking to go for the early advantage, but looks like right now that was a huge mistake.

Mike Rolash: …..

Jim Gunt: Mike are you sure you're okay?

Mike is slumped over on the announce table, meanwhile back at ringside, Nerezza has brought Duce back to his feet by his hair. He lifts Duce up into a Military Press position before tossing him back into the ring over the top rope! Nerezza climbs into the apron and into the ring as Summits finally calls for the bell starting the match.

Jim Gunt: Well we have officially started this match and my broadcast colleague has passed out on me. Ladies and gentlemen, I think this is the greatest moment of my life.

Nerezza stalks over to Duce, who's on hands and knees, slowly trying to get to his feet. Nerezza allows Duce to get up, only to take him back down with an Overhead Chop! The fans let out a faint gasp as the strike sounds like a gunshot going throughout the Indira Gandhi Arena. The fans begin to boo as Nerezza snarls at them all, bringing a hush over the crowd.

Mike Rolash: He's… not….

Jim Gunt: Huh?

Rolash is passed back out on the table. Back in the ring, the monster has brought Jones to his feet yet again. He whips Duce to the ropes, but upon the return Jones slides through his legs! Duce is quickly to his feet catching Nerezza by surprise with a Leaping Palm Strike to the face of the beast! Nerezza staggers backwards as Duce goes on a tear with kick and strike combinations. He ends the combo with a Spinning Sole Kick that doubles the giant over! Duce runs the ropes, once he returns, he is stopped by the huge foot of Nerezza! Duce rolls out of the ring holding his face. Frustration begins to set in on Duce's face as he glances back into the ring at the mutilated one of Harley. Duce rolls back into the ring, but this proves costly as well as Nerezza displays his speed, pouncing on Duce with stomps to the body. Jones tries his best attempt to cover up but the demigod just keeps stomping and kicking Duce.

Jim Gunt: Duce needs to find a better game plan and quick or this beast is going to destroy him!

Nerezza steps on the chest of Duce, applying all of his body weight to his fallen foe. Nerezza grabs the nearby ropes for extra leverage. Clark administers the mandatory five count, but the monster growls at him, sending the official cowering. Nerezza brings Duce to his feet, using his hair only to slam him back down to the canvas with brute force. The concern is evident throughout the arena, as Nerezza steps on Duce's chest, mockingly going for a pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Duce barely rolls his shoulder off the canvas, as a menacing smile comes across the disfigured face of Nerezza.

Jim Gunt: I think I'm starting to become a little concerned for the well being of Duce Jones.

Mike Rolash: You should be..

Jim looks over at Mike, who looks worse for wear. As we go back to the ring, Nerezza has Duce positioned in a corner. Nerezza motions for the crowd to quiet down which they respectfully oblige. Nerezza shows a sinister smile, before letting another huge Overhead Chop off into the chest of Duce. Duce yells out in pain and agony, dropping down in the corner. Duce quickly retreats under the bottom rope, trying to put some space between him and Nerezza. The beast however climbs outside the ring on pursuit of Duce. Jones stumbles around the ring using the apron as leverage to hold him up, Nerezza slowly stalking behind him. Summit instantly begins his ten count!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: At this moment, there doesn't seem to be any escape for Duce Jones.

Duce comes to a halt, tired from trying to escape the demon hot on his trails. Duce turns towards Nerezza who has round the corner, locking eyes with Duce only mere feet away from each other.

THREE!

FOUR!

Duce looks on at Nerezza exhausted, and suddenly motions for him to “bring it”. Which Nerezza has no problem with doing. Nerezza bull rushes towards his opponent, however it's a trap as Duce catches him with a Dropkick to the Knee that sends the monster crashing right into the steel steps!

FIVE!

SIX!

Duce senses he might have a slight advantage as the energy from the Indian crowd is giving him strength. Duce quickly climbs onto the apron as the demigod slowly makes it to his feet kicking the steps out of anger. He searches for his opponent who has climbed inside of the ring, and is running the ropes. Duce comes flying at him like a rocket, SUICIDE DIVE! NO! Nerezza catches Duce in mid air and positions the body of Duce over his shoulder, taking a running start attempt to throw him like into the ring post. Duce the quicker of the two however slides down the back of

Nerezza, shoving him into the post instead. Official Clark Summits up to four on his count.

FIVE!

SIX!

Jim Gunt: Duce might be able to take advantage here, let's see what he does with this opportunity folks.

SEVEN!

Nerezza stumbles a bit, but gathers his bearings and turns towards Duce infuriated. He attempt a lariat which is ducked by Duce! Duce leaps into the guardrail and attempts a Moonsault! But the beast catches him once again.

EIGHT!

Nerezza has a sadistic look of ill intentions as he hauls Duce over his head in a Military Press position once more. He eyes a destination as he LAUNCHES DUCE JONES RIGHT INTO THE FIFTH ROW OF THE FANS!

NINE!

Nerezza smiles as he calmly rolls inside of the ring, the jeering fans displaying their displeasure of Nerezza's actions.

TEN!

Clark calls for the bell.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by countout….NEREZZA!!

Nerezza raises his arms in triumph as the fans display their dismay for the beast, who simply ignored them climbing out of the ring, heading toward the back as EMTs run down to check on Duce.

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen in my years of commentating I've never seen anything more brutal than what we just seen. I hope that Duce Jones is okay.

Mike Rolash: I… said he was… go to get destroyed…

Jim Gunt: I guess we all can't be psychic.

Second Sight

Match

Backstage, the head of security stops and does a double take. Pan down the hall, and a little boy is walking away from him, all by himself.

Security: Excuse me, little boy.

No response.

Security: Little boy! Little boy, where are your parents?

No response. The security head walks after him and quickly catches up.

Security: Little boy, you need to listen to--

He spins the little boy around, but comes face to face with the face of a grown man, complete with five o'clock stubble, an 'ALL ACCESS' pass around his neck, and a very pissed off look on his face.

Security: I'm sorry... I... I'm sorry, mister...

"Evans. Adrian Evans."

Adrian Evans stands at about three foot six, but the security head takes a step back as if he's intimidated.

Adrian: I'm looking for the womens' locker room, sir. I'm here at Ms. Flurstein's request, unfortunately, my flight was delayed and I wasn't able to meet up with her at the hotel.

Security: Ms...?

Adrian rolls his eyes.

Adrian: Ms. Flurstein. MJ Flair, your World Champion. I heard she was robbed in South Korea due to some lapses in your security, so I've been asked to vet everyone who tries to enter the womens' locker room as an added measure for

the ladies' peace of mind.

Security: Well, sir - that's privileged information.

Adrian: Have you worked in the New York area, sir?

Security: Of course -

Before he can finish, Adrian holds up his hand as he reaches into his back pocket for his wallet. He thumbs through several cards before selecting one in particular.

Adrian: In addition to my pass here, which should grant me all access...

And hands the card over.

Adrian: I'm an official representative of the McGinnis Management Group, and have Ms. McGinnis' ear on all matters. More to the point, she listens to me and follows my recommendations on who we work with and who we don't.

The security head feels the blood drain from his face. MMG is not the largest, but is - by a wide margin - the most influential independent promotional group in the New York area, and to fall out of favor with them is almost certain career suicide when it comes to working in any of the mid-range venues in New York. He looks at his watch, partly for information - but partly to give himself a moment's breath.

Security: Ms. Flair is going to be headed to the ring soon, so you're probably going to miss her if you try to find her. But you can keep down this hallway for about ten - maybe twenty - minutes, and take the first door towards the "Staging Area" - and you'll find it.

Adrian takes his card back, and offers his hand. Still flustered, the security head shakes, and watches the newcomer walk with purpose towards his goal.

Security: I just don't get it.

Fade.

Final Preparations

Match

In the backstage area, Sam and Dean of the Lost Boys are sparring with each other.

Dean Coulter: You ready?

Sam Baxton: Nearly.

???: Hey!

The Lost Boys stop sparring and look towards the off screen source. Two black pieces of clothing hit their chests, and rest in their hands. Sam takes a look at the two objects that hit him.

Sam Baxton: Gloves?

Autumn Raven comes into frame, wearing the gloves.

Autumn Raven: We don't let others do our work, we do it our way, boots on the ground, with our own two hands!

She smirked at the two as she punched her fists.

Autumn Raven: Put them on, we're up next!

She leaves the frame, leaving Sam and Dean alone. The two look at each other, before looking at the gloves before them.

Fade.

Sending A Statement

Match

The Marksman is warming up in his locker room by getting a rub down on his shoulders from two beautiful women. None other than Tara Robinson cautiously approaches Jay.

Tara Robinson: Mr. Mora, the fans are wondering…are you focused on this match tonight? Last time you and Mariella were in the same ring, you brutally attacked her ruining her celebration.

Jay looks up at Tara and stands.

Jay Mora: Jesus fucking Christ lady.

Tara is taken slightly back by this reaction. Jay grabs her microphone from her.

Jay Mora: Get the fuck out of my picture with that bullshit.

Jay shoos her away with his hand as the two other women exchange smiles. Mora directs his attention to the camera.

Jay Mora: I'm supposed to be a professional. I'm supposed to have my teammates' backs this week. We all know that is just not the kind of guy I am. There is nothing in it for me in this match tonight. There's nothing at stake. There really is no point in me even going out there. A win though is a win right? It becomes a dangerous path we start to walk when we stop caring about winning. You have to have that drive and that fire no matter what the stakes are in this business or you will start to slip.

At Confliction, I was concerned with the world championship match outcome. I was concerned with making my mark and letting the world know that I will no long sit idly by as I'm passed up each and every week for a main event spot. That deviation from the path of Paramount championship focus cost me my title…until it didn't.

Jay's face gets slightly closer to the screen and his muscles ripple and flex with every intense word he delivers.

Jay Mora: What that focus did was send a statement to the new champion and the entire CWF roster. NOTHING matters except for one thing and you all know exactly what the fuck that is.

Jay tosses the microphone aside at a downtrodden Tara as we go back to our live broadcast.

The Coalition (Autumn Raven, Silas Artoria, Dean Coulter & Sam Braxton) Vs. Mariella Jade Flair ©, Jay "Marksman" Mora, Freddie Styles & The Shadow

Match

Jim Gunt: Ooh, this should be an interesting match up, the Coalition seems to be all on the same page again, but Jay Mora is a completely different story!

Mike Rolash: Yes, I don't even think he's in the same book, let alone page, so that could spell doom for his team right then and there!

Jim Gunt: What are they doing to you backstage there? One moment you are looking death right into its eyes and the next you are all back to being your obnoxious self, can you pick one? Preferably the first...

"Dark Dreams Don't Die OST" by Arousal begins to play and dark-blue lighting shines over the rampway as fog begins to spout out. The Psychotic Aristocrat leads Autumn Raven and both of the Lost Boys, who sling their Tag Team Titles

over their shoulders, out from behind the curtain. The full formed Coalition may not be the most collected group at the moment, but they all seem to listen to Silas as he calls for them to follow him down the ramp and to the ring. Sam and Dean fall behind as they get to the ring however, talking amongst themselves as Artoria enters the ring.

Ray Douglas: The following match is a eight person tag team non elimination match and is tonight's MAAAIIIINNN EVENT! Introducing first: the tag team champions Dean Coulter and Sam Braxton, the Lost Boys, Autumn Raven, and Silas Artoria….THE COOOOALITION!!

Jim Gunt: Well Mike, it is time for yet another wild main event on CWF Evolution!

Mike Rolash: Wild is certainly one word for it, chaotic is another. There are going to be bodies flying everywhere in this one!

Jim Gunt: It's not like this is Golden Intentions or the battle royale from earlier Mike, only two competitors can be in the ring at one time.

Mike Rolash: And you seriously think these hoodlums are going to follow those supposed rules!?

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

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

This is my time, my grind

Promise I'mma do this right

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

This is not what you think

This is nowhere near a game to me

It's the air that I breathe...

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

BALLGAME!

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

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

Ray Douglas: Introducing from Chicago, Illinois, USA....Jay THE MARKSMAN Moraaaaa!!

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

“Apex Predator” by Otep cues up over the speaker system and the crowd immediately come to their feet to send a resounding cheer towards the CWF World Heavyweight champion. The Indian crowd begin a “MJF” chant as she comes out from behind the curtain wearing her trademark outfit and combat boots, the championship title tightly around her waist. Flair paces down to the ramp slapping just a couple of fans hands, her head down most of the time before she gets to the steps to enter the ring.

Ray Douglas: And lastly, from Warwick, New York, USA, she is your reigning CWF World champion….MARIELLA JADE FLAIR!!

Mike Rolash: So why is it that the entire Coalition stable had to come out with one entrance and the other team each got their own separate entrances, right off the bat I’m calling favoritism!

Jim Gunt: I don’t know, because one group is made up of an already formed set of people while the other were just paired up randomly? Or maybe the fact that the World champion is in said team?

Mike Rolash: Favoritism! Blasphemy!

Jim Gunt: Why would Sunset favor the side of MJF after she just embarrassed him last week, anyway? You’re an idiot, Mike!

A very confident Silas Artoria informs his team that he will start off the match for them, looking to make right the wrongs of last week’s Evolution. The World Heavyweight champion gets ready to begin things for her side but an over-anxious Freddie Styles talks things over with her, Flair deciding to head to the apron and allowing the veteran competitor to

start off the match. Head official Trent Robbins is on the call, and with a ringing of the bell this huge eight men and women tag begins with a loud cheer of the Indian crowd!

Jim Gunt: Here we go, this New Delhi audience has been an incredibly live one thus far tonight, and I expect no different with a main event with such stakes as this one! And while you've been incredibly inconsistent tonight, you seem to be feeling better again, how long is it going to last this time?

Mike Rolash: Oh just shut up, Jimbo! Eight competitors who are all looking to make a bold statement heading into the Unhinged pay per view. But if the Coalition can get it together and work as one they have the match in the bag!

Jim Gunt: We will see, right now Freddie has Silas in a Hammer Lock out of the collar tie-up, and Artoria is clearly getting angry quickly!

The Bloodletter looks like it may be seeping its way out of Silas Artoria already, but instead he front flips over the arm of Styles and takes the man down with an arm drag. Artoria tags out to Autumn Raven, the dark hearted individual teaming up with Silas to take Freddie Styles down with a double Suplex. Autumn looks to stay on Styles as Silas exits the ring, but as she lifts him to his feet his size advantage comes into play. Freddie drops out of her arms, SNAP DDT! Styles has the Indian crowd in the palm of his hands now as he waits for Autumn to get up and DRAGON SUPLEXES HER BACK TO THE CANVAS! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Rolling off his opponent, Freddie turns to his team looking to finally make the tag out. He reaches his hand out for the Shadow to tag in, but it is Jay Mora who instead tags himself into the match. The cocky son of a bitch gets into the ring, taking all the hatred from the fans with a smirk on his face. But Autumn hits him with a sudden dropkick! Mora backs up into the corner, taking a shoulder block from Autumn. She goes for a second one and he sidesteps, pulling her into the turnbuckle shoulder-first!

Jim Gunt: Oh no, Raven could have serious damage done to that shoulder there!

Jay Mora looks to target the injured shoulder of Autumn Raven, driving her down across his knees with a modified shoulder-breaker. Marksman stays away from his team's corner even as all three of his partner's raise their hands in the air for the tag, looking to get into the action themselves.

Mike Rolash: Marksman wants to do all the dirty work himself here, I love it!

Jim Gunt: But will it come back to bite him though, Mike?

Mora takes down Autumn with an arm drag, working on the shoulder even more. But with the crowd on her side Raven begins to pull herself to her feet, sending Mora into an irish whip with what strength she has left in her arms. TWISTING HEADSCISSORS TAKEDOWN! Raven crawls on her hands in knees over to her corner, leaping out and tagging in Sam Braxton. He runs into the ring like a house on fire, cross bodying the rising Jay Mora! Mora goes to get right back up to his feet but Braxton is bouncing across the ropes, dives into Mora who catches up but Braxton tilt-a-whirls over right into a DDT! Braxton turns Mora onto his back, looking to take advantage of the man's overbearingness.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! Mora rolls his shoulder!

Jim Gunt: Not a one of Marksman Mora's teammates even moved an inch to save the man, that must say a lot about the respect that he holds backstage with his peers?

Mike Rolash: Who gives a shit whether anyone respects or likes Mora, when he is holding the World Title and once again standing over the body of a broken MJF, then they'll all respect the man.

Jim Gunt: That remains to be seen, Mike.

Sam Braxton looks to stay on the World Title contender, stomping on him as he tries to get to his feet and then dragging him over to Coalition's corner and tags in his own partner in crime Dean Coulter. The more serious half of the Lost Boys gets into the ring, placing a front kick under Marksman's arm as Sam holds his arm up, before nailing a beautiful Northern Lights Suplex onto Braxton's outstretched knee! The Lost Boys take a second to taunt the half cheering, half booing Indian crowd, leaving Marksman enough time to tag out to the Shadow.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, I think things are about to get grim, Mike.

Mike Rolash: What the hell does that even mean?

Jim Gunt: I don't know, I think I've been hanging around you too much.

Jay Mora hurries to get out of the ring after being manhandled from the dominant CWF Tag Team champions, but the Weaver of Dreams doesn't seem to show a bit of fear as he gets into the ring to approach the both of them. Trent Robbins however stops Shadow in his tracks, telling Braxton that he must exit the ring. Dean Coulter looks to take advantage of the distraction of both the referee and the Shadow from the exchange, coming behind him and looking for a Bulldog. NO! The Shadow throws off the champ hard, right into the turnbuckle. And the Weaver of Dreams looks like a freight train now, running at full speed into the corner and hitting a big Body Splash!

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is on fire! Since losing the Impact championship to Dorian Hawkhurst, the Weaver of Dreams has racked up win after win lately, including one hell of a victory in the Moon and Shadow Match versus Elisha at Confliction.

Mike Rolash: But the man has to be losing steam already, I mean he is from the beginning of time. He can't have much stamina at that age!

Gunt simply looks on dumbfounded at his partner, as the Shadow shows in the ring that he isn't even close to losing his stamina by cracking the rising Coulter with a Superkick-NO! Coulter side-steps the superkick and pulls the Shadow in from behind, right into a school boy roll-up pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

As soon as he kicks out of the pinfall the Shadow is right back to his feet, throwing his arm hard towards Coulter but once again he is able to dodge Shadow's attack. The Shadow tries once more, a kick that Dean Coulter catches. ENZUIGIRI! Both men are on the canvas now, each of them crawling towards their partners. MJ Flair is in. Silas Artoria is in. And they go right at each other in one hell of a fist fight! MJ does not back down from the much larger Artoria, somehow getting in as many right hands as the Psychotic Aristocrat does. Eventually he is able to knife edge chop her right in the throat though, immediately garnering disdain from the sold out crowd who send in a chorus of boos towards the ring!

Jim Gunt: Come on ref, Silas could have damaged MJF's trachea there!

Mike Rolash: That is probably what the Psychotic Aristocrat was going for Jimmy, if you can't breathe you sure as hell can't wrestle!

Jim Gunt: That's dastardly!

Silas Artoria bellows out a laugh, knowing he finally got the better of the reigning CWF World Champion as she coughs and hacks, holding onto her throat. Trent Robbins checks on Flair, calling Artoria back as he does so and then warning him of disqualification. Artoria ignores the warnings completely, walking right around Robbins to go for MJF again. He raises a boot to the throat of the heroic champion, pushing her back into his own team's corner to choke the life out of her. CWF's senior official has had enough, waltzing over to Artoria to count him out for the corner choke. ONE! TWO! TH-Silas finally lets loose on his hold on MJF, but the damage is seemingly done as she drops to the canvas coughing up a line of blood!

Jim Gunt: Oh no, that cannot be good…

Mike Rolash: Haha, I love it!

The Bloodletter seems to be coming out of Silas as he begins to twitch in the ring, but before he can go into full transformation Autumn Raven tags him back out of the match. She enters the ring and whispers something into Silas's ear, calming the man down immediately as he takes in a deep breath. The two of them conversing is enough of a distraction for MJF to get away from them though, crawling her way over to her team's corner. She attempts to make the tag to Marksman, who drops down off the apron with his hands in the air!

The Indian fans are hating every bit of the cowardly Jay Mora walking up the ramp, abandoning his entire team as MJ lays in a crumpled heap. Finally Autumn and Silas go for Flair but it is too late, as Freddie Styles is tagged into the match!

Jim Gunt: Thank god, I don't think MJF could take much more damage. I really hope she hasn't injured her throat.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, poor thing won't be able to deep thr-

Jim Gunt: MIKE! God, I don't like to see people suffer, but it was so nice when you were laying on the floor...

Freddie Styles comes into the ring hot, immediately sending Silas Artoria up and over the top rope with a huge clothesline! Styles goes to turn back around but Autumn Raven is already on him like a wild cat, leaping onto the back of Styles and biting his ear! Styles yells out a visceral scream and attempts to whip Raven off of him, but she holds on swinging back and forth. Finally he uses the back of his head as a weapon, busting Raven with a headbutt to her face. Styles uses all his strength to throw Autumn Raven off his back and into the air- BALLGAME! Her spine snaps like a house made of toothpicks, and as Styles makes the cover the rest of his team put different parts of their bodies into the ring, daring the Coalition to enter the ring and take their wrath.

ONE!

Silas looks like he’s going to make a move to help Autumn, but Dean Coulter holds him back.

TWO!

Artoria begins arguing with the Lost Boys, who still will not let him enter the ring.

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles has done it for his team, and it looks like we have more trouble in paradise with the Coalition!

Mike Rolash: The Lost Boys were just using their heads for once, Jimmy, Styles and his team of common street thugs clearly had the match won there, I hate to say.

Ray Douglas: And the winners of this match by pinfall….MARIELLA JADE FLAIR, JAY MORA, THE SHADOW AND FREDDIE STYLES!!

As the winning team sanse Marksman celebrate the victory in the ring, Styles checking on MJF and making sure her throat is okay before their continue to taunt to the loving Indian audience. We see The Shadow, MJF and Styles celebrating on opposite corners.

Breaking Point

Match

Silas and the Lost Boys stay around Autumn Raven, sitting her up and getting her back into consciousness. Silas stands up and sees the ring clear of the victorious team. He sees them go behind the curtain one by one, visibly miffed.

Finally, Autumn Raven stands up, and she nods. It is time to go.

Silas purses his lips and starts nodding negatively. Autumn come up to him and pats his back. No improvement.

Silas Artoria: This was supposed to be our crowning moment.

Autumn Raven: We still have two more weeks Silas, we’ll keep building.

Silas hardens his mouth, before slamming one hand on the mat.

Silas Artoria: Let’s get out of here.

The four of them start their slow walk around the ring, but Silas keeps on muttering.

Silas Artoria: This was our moment, our moment to demonstrate what we were capable of on the main stage, yet another goddamn setback.

Dean Coulter: Another one to add to your mounting pile.

Silas stops in his tracks, before turning back to Dean. He starts approaching him.

Silas Artoria: What did you say?

Dean Coulter: I said ‘another one to add to your mounting pile?’

Silas starts approaching Dean, head tilting, but the latter doesn’t move an inch.

Dean Coulter: Aren’t you seeing a pattern here? Failure here, failure there, all you do is moan about your failures while none of them are on either Sam or me!

Autumn looks at Silas and Dean with concern.

Autumn Raven: Dean...I wouldn’t--

Dean Coulter: All you do is complain about how we lost when neither Sam or I ate a loss in our tag run. We got the damn belts that you couldn’t get, we held onto the gold while you lost your ticket to a championship spot!

The two are in each other’s faces.

Dean Coulter: You, Silas, are a whining complainer unable to accept their own losses!

Silas Artoria: And you are a spiteful, unappreciative little spider who never sees the bigger picture. Let’s not forget who stood alongside you two and whose presence rocketed you to the championship match!

Autumn Raven: Silas...!

Silas Artoria: Without me, you would've languished in midcard hell instead of showcasing yourself in the goddamn main event. So don't you dare call me a goddamn complainer, WHEN I AM THE ONE PULLING THE STRINGS TO KEEP THOSE TAG BELTS ON YOUR GODDAMN SHOULDERS!

SMACK!

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD WHAT DID DEAN JUST DO!?

Silas is knocked backwards, and his back makes contact with the floor. Sam and Autumn look at the Canadian, stunned expressions visible to the camera. Dean is breathing heavily with a stern expression plastered on his face. Soon, Autumn runs towards Silas while Sam pushes Dean back. Autumn starts lightly smacking Silas, while Sam mutters his angered response to Dean.

Mike Rolash: Dissention in the alliance of revolutionaries.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Sam is trying to find some answers. Why the hell would Dean roundhouse kick the man who brought them together!?

Mike Rolash: It seems the frustrations over last week haven't completely smoothed over.

Sam Baxton: What the hell is wrong with you? Why the hell did you do that!?

Dean points at the fallen Silas.

Dean Coulter: He's not trustworthy, Sam! He's not looking out for our interests! Do you remember last week!?

Sam Baxton: We sorted that out when we arrived, mate!

Dean Coulter: Well I'm not over it, Sam, and neither should you! Why should we trust him when we carry the damn titles!

Autumn starts picking Silas up, whom is recovering.

Silas Artoria: Dean?

He opens his eyes, and stares his bright, red iris at his attacker.

Silas Artoria: You've made a stupid mistake!

He launches forward towards Dean, with Dean doing the same charge, and the two start battering each other. Autumn and Sam launch onto the two men, trying to separate them, but they continue their scuffle. Dean soon pushes Silas away, and the two immediately start charging back to each other--

SMACK!

Jim Gunt: WHAT THE HELL!

Silas and Dean collapse onto the floor, having met the heels of Sam and Autumn respectively. They look at their downed stablemates, seeing the life in their eyes become pure haze, before slowly turning towards each other.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is going on with the Coalition?

Jim Gunt: I don't know, but I believe you're right when you said that the troubles from last week are reaching a boiling point.

Mike Rolash: I agree, there's no way any objections occurring in the ring will be resolved smoothly outside it?

Jim Gunt: So what does this mean for the Coalition?

Mike Rolash: It means that they are either no more, or that a very serious meeting with a councillor is inbound for these four.

Jim Gunt: Until then, I'm Jim Gunt, joined by my partner Mike Rolash. This has been CWF Evolution. That's it for today, be sure to join us next week for more exciting action in the run up to Unhinged! Goodnight, and goodbye!

The camera fades out as Sam and Autumn continue their stare-down, with Dean and Silas still writhing on the floor as another episode of Evolution goes off the air.

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