

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 22

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: June 5, 2018
Location: TD Garden — Boston, Massachusetts

Results

Getting Our Bos(t) On

Match

Almost 20 thousand excited fans are on their feet in the TD Banknorth Garden in Boston, Massachusetts. A new faction is making its presence felt, calling themselves the Vassals of Artoria, who are in a face to bag staredown with the Ataxiarmy in a precursor to the non-DQ match for the Impact title later on. The camera moves over the crowd and towards the entrance, where Blake Church and Charles State look ready to go.

Blake Church: Hey! Howahyah, Boston?

Universal cheers for the Bostonian opening.

Charles State: Good evening and thank you for supplying us with the donut, so we can add the Boston cream of the crop here at Evolution 22! And the road to our Intentions is indeed paved with golden matches, Beat the Clock to be exact.

Blake Church: Really, Charles? Really?

Charles State: What?

Blake Church (massaging his forehead while shaking his head): Nothing, Charles...

After a deep breath he continues.

Blake Church: Five matches against the clock, whoever beats their opponent the fastest will come out last at our big rumble at Golden Intentions, which can be a huge advantage when everybody else already is tired!

Another big pop for the announcement of the spot being decided right here tonight.

Charles State: And if that was not enough, Ataxia will defend his Impact Championship against Silas Artoria and later on we will see the in-match debut of Eric Dane from Defiance wrestling, teaming up with MJ Flair.

Blake Church: And over here we have our dynamic duo, Jim Gunt in a one-on-one handicap match with Mike Rolash-

Mike Rolash: Blake, I'm warning you!

Blake Church: -in a Last Man Sitting match-

Mike Rolash: Don't make me come up there!

Blake Church: Now that would be a sight... Anyways, Jim Gunt, Mike Rolash - gentlemen!

The camera cuts to the commentator table, where Mike Rolash is still giving Blake Church the stink eye.

Jim Gunt: Yes, we have a lot of action on the menu here tonight and just the prospect of getting that last spot in the rumble will be exciting!

Mike Rolash: So let's get this show on the road, our two most mysterious men, even though for very different reasons, are up first, with Revenant facing off against Billy Anderson, so without any further ado I'll hand this over to- What the...?

Rise of the Forsaken

Match

Suddenly the lights go out. A drum begins to sound and a lone bagpipe starts up. Up in the stands in one corner of the arena a torch starts up, outlining a hooded figure. The rhythm picks up a bit and a second torch alights in the corner opposite the first figure. This repeats two more times until each of the four corners of the arena has one hooded figure with a torch. All of a sudden all four move, revealing that it was not a torch after all, but a burning arrow. Each archer shoots off their arrows towards the ring, where they simultaneously hit a large brazier, setting it afire, showing The Shadow, Ataxia, Mia Rayne and Dorian Hawkhurst around it.

The Shadow: We have been around for a while now, yet still we are seen like nothing but freaks, but outcasts. We are branded as evil, because we don't fit the usual paradigms, but what you tend to forget is that true evil has been right under your very noses for a long, long time. You can't even call it the "devil in disguise", since they had never really made any attempts to conceal their true colours, even though the recent shift both within CWF and also abroad has definitely made things clearer.

Like locusts they came over the land and the federation, trying to devour everything and everyone in their path, leaving a swath of destruction in their wake. Lives do not matter in their unquenchable thirst for power and domination, all in the name of Amorality, but other than their spectacular ruthlessness they are not any different than any other cult out there that tries to brainwash and coerce people to do their bidding. It is time to stand against them and stem the tide that is threatening to wash over CWF and all that are in it.

But they are not the only ones to have to make a decision which side they stand on. Coalition - you have been run over by reality more than once and are trying to salvage whatever you can, but while you do not want any part in the ongoing conflict, to stand against us, you side with them, you go against them, you stand with us. There is not going to be any escape...

Mia Rayne: The Coalition aside, there is a true... Poison circulating through the veins of a place I call home. I don't like this, I refuse to sit back and accept that "nothing can be done because reasons."

The Oreo Bowls have ran through the CWF unhindered for far too long. Recently, they took out the very personification of the word "hero" and didn't stop until they left him laying unconscious. They probably would have done more had they not been interrupted. Make no mistake, these are not actions of "the powerful." They are not actions of "the dominant." Most certainly they are not mysterious in nature. These are actions of the cowardly. These are actions of people who don't deserve the basic formalities of being called by their true names. I bid all who listen to this now, The Oreos are not to be taken lightly, but they no longer get to declare the rules. Names are power, don't give the AuraBees any of it. They don't deserve the right to be called anything more than the monsters they have revealed themselves to be.

Dorian Hawkhurst: The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse are not evil, just like we are not evil. They are cast in that light because people fear them, just as they are right to fear us. We aren't evil. We are pariahs because we choose to be who we are.

But you know something, man? We are still out there fighting the good fight. We do not bow to Elisha. We do not bow to anyone. We have done what has needed to be done to pull ourselves out of our own personal hells. How do you frighten a person who has looked their demons in the eyes and laughed in their face? The answer is you don't.

Ataxia: I'm going to apologize...

The other three look at Ataxia very oddly.

Ataxia: I'm sorry to this audience and to every fan in CWF. I could have done more. We could have done more. We will do more. This is my god damn fucking federation! Elisha thinks he's some kind of god! Him and his cult of lack of personality think they are going to crush us! Look at these three up here with me. A man who has faced down his demons and made them his bitch!

He points to Dorian.

Ataxia: A woman who despite her own problems stands tall and does what's right while the rest of the federation takes this as just another attack of the week.

He points to Mia who blushes a bit.

Ataxia: And this man. This man who has been through hell physically, mentally, and spiritually thanks to the machinations of this miserable macabre megalomaniacal morons! Who has mastered the darkness and made it his own...Together these three are unstoppable. Then you have little ol' me.

Ataxia bows.

Ataxia: These people think they can stop someone like me. You know, what's funny about this whole thing. Elisha is still, and always has been, just a thug. When you first came here and stabbed Elijah you couldn't finish the job with me. What makes you think you can do it now. The truth is you have changed Elisha. Then again...so have I. People say you are an "unstoppable force" here in CWF...well...meet the immovable object. Because there is one thing we all know. No matter how bad you beat me down! No matter how bad you hurt me! I'll get back up and I will laugh in your fucking face, you second rate L. Ron Hubbard! You and your little attempt at a flock of freaks are a poison...

The Shadow: We...

Mia Rayne: Are...

Dorian Hawkhurst: The...

Ataxia: Antidote...

Each of The Forsaken turns around and steps away from the fire. The lights come back on and they are nowhere to be seen.

Azrael vs. Revenant

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, just wow, what a statement from The Forsaken and as a group they now have taken a strong stance against Ouroboros and I would not be surprised, if we would still hear something back from them, Elisha usually is not someone to keep things unsaid.

Mike Rolash: They still give me the creeps and how they just appear and disappear, you never know when they will show up!

Jim Gunt: Speaking of which, hi Ataxia!

Mike Rolash (wheeling around): Where?

Jim Gunt: Psyche!

Mike Rolash: You are not funny!

Halestorm's "I am the Fire" hits and 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.

"Time of Dying" by Three Days Grace hits the PA and Revenant comes out and enters the ring, eyes solely focused on Azrael.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first standing in the left corner, weighing at 245 lbs, Azrael!

Azrael steps up and raises his hand.

Ray Douglas: Standing in the left corner...

Revenant takes the mic from Ray Douglas before he finishes.

Revenant: Yeah, yeah let's do this already. I don't have all day.

Revenant tosses the mic and Azrael looks at Revenant visibly pissed. Ray signals for the bell and the match begins. Azrael and Revenant start to circle each other in the ring waiting for an opening. Azrael goes for Revenant's leg but Revenant side steps and both quickly go back to their defensive positions measuring each other.

Jim Gunt: This is unusual for both of them.

Mike Rolash: They acknowledge each other's strength, after all they worked with each other in a tag team. Even if it was for one match.

Azrael again goes for Revenant's left leg and grabs it, but Revenant locks Azrael in a headlock. They both struggle to get the upper-hand. Azrael slowly pins him to the corner of the ring. The referee breaks them apart. Azrael and Revenant go back to circling each other looking for openings. Azrael again goes for the left leg but Revenant grabs Azrael from the waist and lands a Gutwrench Powerbomb. Azrael rolls on the mat in pain as Revenant starts laughing.

Mike Rolash: And there is the show of power from Revenant!

Jim Gunt: We are already five minutes into the match. Thank god something happened!

Mike Rolash: Looks like Revenant is done playing games...

Revenant picks Azrael up and goes for a chokeslam but Azrael immediately reverses into a cross-armbar. Revenant starts dragging himself across the mat with his other free hand with his sheer strength and finally grabs the bottom rope. Azrael is forced to let go. Azrael gets back on his feet not wasting any time and starts stomping on the damaged arm.

Jim Gunt: Azrael is more in his element now. He always had a ground and pound approach.

Mike Rolash: Problem with that approach is that it eats up time.

Jim Gunt: True, but I don't think either of them has that on their mind.

Revenant rolls out of the ring to catch a breath. Azrael ducks under the second rope to get to Revenant but Revenant punches him across the temple sending Azrael crashing down on the floor. Revenant then picks Azrael up on his shoulder and charges through the barricades!

Jim Gunt: Don't you think Revenant is taking this too far?

Mike Rolash: I think he is trying to send a message.

Both men are on the ground as the referee keeps counting. Revenant slowly starts to crawl towards the ring and Azrael follows suit. The referee count reaches 8 and both men quickly roll into the ring. They get to their feet and come face to face with one another. Revenant shouts "Is this really your best!" before pushing Azrael back and Azrael counters with a dropkick to Revenant's face. Revenant goes flat on the mat and Azrael quickly goes for a sharpshooter on Revenant.

Jim Gunt: Another submission hold! Is Revenant going to tap out?!

Revenant drags himself nearer to the bottom rope. Azrael notices and then drags him back to the center of the ring and locks the sharpshooter again. Revenant keeps grabbing thin air in pain.

Mike Rolash: Oh my god! Azrael is going to win it! Revenant has nowhere to go!

Revenant looks like he is going to tap. He raises his hand but instead goes for Azrael's right leg and starts pulling it. Azrael starts to lose balance and loosens his grip and Revenant quickly powers out. Revenant crawls to the corner but Azrael is already on him, delivering punches after punches at Revenant's face. Revenant is stunned. Azrael picks Revenant up for his signature move Angel's Wings but Revenant counters it with an RKO!

Jim Gunt: It's already edging around ten minutes into the match and they both look like they have met stalemate again!

Mike Rolash: Come on Revenant, go for the pin!

Revenant slowly drags himself across the ring and puts his hand on Azrael's chest for the pin.

ONE

TWO

Azrael kicks out!

Azrael slowly rolls away from Revenant and uses the rope to get to his feet. Revenant on all four, trying to get to his feet. Revenant finally stands up and turns around, but Azrael goes for his finisher FALLING APART! But Revenant pushes him off and Azrael turns around and Revenant delivers a kick to stomach and goes for his finisher, his Sit-Out Powerbomb! Revenant holds on for the pin.

Mike Rolash: It's all over folks!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-!!

Azrael kicks out! Revenant looks at Azrael in shock.

Jim Gunt: Azrael kicked out! Azrael kicked out!!!

Revenant stands up and looks at the referee and starts arguing about the count. Azrael slowly gets up and before Revenant could realize it Azrael delivers his finisher FALLING APART! Revenant bounces off the mat and slowly rolls out of the ring as Azrael desperately tries to grab him for the pin.

Jim Gunt: Revenant doing the only thing he can do to save himself from defeat- rolling out of the ring!

Mike Rolash: Even though the man may be dead, doesn't mean he's braindead, Jim.

ONE!

TWO!

Azrael stops the Trent Robbins' count by rolling out of the ring, but Revenant surprises him with a Drop Toe Hold out of nowhere! He brings Azrael into the ring after spiking his head against the turnbuckle twice, following him and wasting no time at all to put him up onto his shoulders and right back down for a nasty LAST BREATH! Revenant holds onto the cover with all his might as Robbins drops down.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: It's been nearly twenty minutes, Mike, is this one finally over!?

TWO!

THREE!

Azrael rolls his shoulder at the last second, but it is too late! "Time of Dying" once again hits at Revenant slides out of the ring with a smile shining right through the inside of his mask. His first victory won, and now he has set the time to beat.

Ray Douglas: Your winner of this match with a time of nineteen minutes and 12 seconds....REVENANT!!

Mike Rolash: Incredible match, but these guys really took each other to the limit, for a long, long time. You gotta think that somebody is going to be able to beat Revenant's time?

Jim Gunt: Time...will tell.

Mike Rolash: That was corny, Jimmy.

Fork You, Buddy...

Match

Somewhere else backstage.

CWF newcomer Eric Dane finds himself meandering around a back hallway of the TD Banknorth Garden. By the looks of him he has yet to find what he assumes would be his private dressing room. You can tell because he's not dressed to wrestle, rather suited and booted in a fine Italian three-piece and a pair of dragon-skin boots. Doesn't help that he's dragging behind him what looks to be a very expensive piece of rolling luggage.

He stops at an intersection, takes a moment to brush back a few errant strands of hair and then speak quickly and

quietly to a nearby stagehand. The stagehand jabs a thumb off in the other direction and The Only Star gives him a quick look of disdain before deciding that it isn't worth it and taking off in the direction given.

As he walks he pulls out an Android and starts tapping away furiously, paying more attention to his angry text than anything in front of him. It doesn't take long before he comes to a bend in the hallway, walks directly through it and slams unceremoniously right into the frolicking frame of one Mia Rayne.

He doesn't look up from his phone.

Eric Dane: Watch where the fuck yer goin', would ya?

Mia looks at him curiously, slowly spinning Lynk in her hands after stumbling backwards slightly at the impact. Her voice is cautiously light and airy, but ready to throw down if the need arises.

Mia: Says the zombie with his nose in his phone. You're lucky I can control Lynk, otherwise you would have run right into him.

To accentuate her point she uses a backhand swing and hits the wall with her skillet, sending a jarring noise through the hall. A noise that is abrupt and loud enough to force Dane to snap his head up and bring his attentions off of his phone. He whips his sunglasses off and narrows his gaze at Mia Rayne, still holding Lynk and ready for a fight, her muscles tightened and ready to spring.

Before anything can happen Mia's gaze softens in sudden recognition. Her arm holding Lynk falls to her side while her eyes widen in puppy dog excitement.

Mia Rayne: Holy shit! You're Eric Dane! I used to watch you all the fucking time! I....

She pauses and bites her lower lip, suddenly shy.

Mia Rayne: I'm something of a fan of yours...

She blushes and looks down. This is something new for Mia, she has never met a legend in the business before, especially one that she grew up watching. For his part Eric kayfables it up, going so far as to at least attempt to hide his eye-rolling from the obviously smitten grappler in front of him.

The End Boss quickly takes everything in, from the way she does her makeup and dresses to the way she's carrying a named skillet and just smashed a hole in the wall and decides that it'd probably make his day go a fair bit easier if he just placates this particular ten pounds of crazy in a five pound sack.

He juts out a manicured hand.

Eric Dane: And your name is?

Mia Rayne: You can call me Mia.

She beams.

Mia Rayne: You probably get this a lot, being the star that you are. I'm starting to get my own fan club growing and coming out of the woodwork that want their own Lynk. But there is only one and they are mine.

Eric coughs impatiently and Mia snaps out of her diatribe.

Mia: Listen, I just want to see it. Please?

She looks at him with her big puppy dog eyes, pleading silently that he lets her have it. His eyes go wide, not having been straight up propositioned like this in a good long time.

Eric Dane: Let.. you.. see it?

Mia: COME ON! I know you wanna show it to me. Just whip that muh-fucker out and let me see it!

Eric Dane: Um, kid, this isn't awkward, at all...

A millisecond passes before she drops and comes in low. For once in his life Eric Dane is completely speechless for just one moment. It doesn't last.

Eric Dane: WHAT IN THE NAME OF FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

Mia doesn't look up from her work.

Mia: I know you've got it! I WANNA SEE IT!

She unzips his \$600 boot and pulls it off, inspecting the inside. She comes up short and then makes to attack his argyle sock before Eric can put some space between himself and this crazed woman in front of him.

Eric Dane: STOP! Seriously!

She freezes.

Eric Dane: What is it that you want to see so goddamned badly?

She stares at him blankly for a moment before the lights come on and her sparkly smile regains its place plastered across her face.

Mia Rayne: The fork, man, THE FORK!

The lightbulb goes off above Eric's head, figuratively. He chuckles to himself for a moment. Mia looks at him strangely, curious if The Only Star is laughing at her. Before she can follow that line of thought he spins his luggage around and unzips one of the zippers.

Eric Dane: I don't keep the thing in my boots all of the time, only when I'm working. It's not exactly super comfortable...

He digs into the bag and pulls out one of his wrestling boots.

Eric Dane: Unless...

He pulls the boot open and pulls some slack into the laces. Reaching in he finds the hidden compartment he'd had sewn into the boot and he shows her how it works as he pulls out his trusty, somewhat rusty fork. This particular fork had gotten him out of more than a few tight spots in his day and could be considered his own signature weapon.

Just like Lynk was to Mia.

Mia Rayne: GIMME GIMME!

She takes the utensil from his hand and is quickly enamored with it. Eric takes a look at the Rolex on his wrist and taps his foot impatiently for a moment.

Eric Dane: Listen, kid, it's yours, alright?

Mia Rayne: ARE YOU FUCKING WITH ME?

Eric Dane: Absolutely not, but you can only have it on one condition.

Mia Rayne: Name it.

Eric Dane: I'm already late, ya gotta let me get going. I've got a Main Event to get ready for.

She looks at him, back to the fork, back to him...

Back to the fork...

...and she nods furiously. Eric takes this as his cue to leave and does just so. That is after taking a moment to put his wrestling boot back into his bag, and his walking boot back onto his foot. He doesn't make it very far before Mia

screams after him in her shrill falsetto.

Mia Rayne: GOOD LUCK TONIGHT, MISTA DANE! BREAK THEIR LEGS!

Eric continues on down the concourse, casually wondering to himself if she messed that particular colloquial up because she doesn't quite understand it, or if she genuinely was wishing him good luck in the act of breaking the legs of his opponents. The thought amuses him as he walks on down the hall, the shrill shriek of the fork against what can only be assumed to be Lynk following him for a moment before he made another turn.

Fade.

Inferno

Match

Choronzon and Judas, the former Dean Coulter.

Jim Gunt: The Forsaken had a lot to say about Ouroboros earlier tonight, looks like they're coming out to respond.

They make their way to the ring. One fan throws a can of soda at the group; Choronzon goes up to the fan, slaps him across the face, laughs as the fan - a boy, no more than twelve or thirteen - bursts into tears. They arrive at the ring, entering as one. Elisha gestures to one of the ringside staff for a mic.

Elisha: Good evening, one and all. We -

He stops, voice drowned out by boos and profanity from the crowd. He bows theatrically, Cassandra blows a kiss to the crowd, inviting further abuse.

Elisha: Thank you!

Earlier this evening you were subjected to a propaganda broadcast from the group known as the Forsaken. Shadow, Mia, Ataxia, Dorian. The Mourner, the Maniac, the Deviant, the Addict. Speaking nothing but hollow lies and empty promises, a crusade of righteousness on its way.

Others before you have tried. All have failed. Just ask James Skelton - oh, wait...

He is drowned out once more by the boos from the crowd. Elisha smirks, tossing the mic to Cassandra.

Mike Rolash: Mocking a dead man!? That's low even for this lot.

Jim Gunt: Rebel Ray Skelton was a legend in his day, I hate to think what he must be thinking if he's watching this.

Cassandra: Thank you for that warm welcome!

It seems we have ruffled a few feathers with our recent actions. Dorian - an addict is always an addict. And self righteousness is a hell of a drug. You are correct that we are not evil. We are so, so much more than that.

But not are we content to be mere pariahs, lurking in the shadows of society like rats in the sewer.

We are destined for greatness. One day, the four of you will grovel at our feet.

You will see. I have already seen.

She tosses the mic to Judas.

Judas: It's about time you all face the facts. And I'm speaking to the Forsaken and the rest of the CWF. Change is bloody inevitable. Be it Elisha and Ouroboros or some other Shadows-in-the-Dark, there was always gonna be some Tyrant wanting to intimidate and bully others for control. The sooner you can all accept that and move on the better it will be for all concerned.

It's not like we WANT to hurt and maim blokes like Zach. But if you keep getting in our way...well then it ain't exactly our fault.

He hands the mic back to Elisha, who stands smirking as he soaks in the hatred of the crowd.

Slowly, four figures begin to lower from the ceiling. As they descend, we can see that they are life-like replicas of the Forsaken. Ataxia, Shadow, Dorian, Mia, reproduced down to the tiniest detail. They are hung with nooses attached to thick black cables, hands cuffed together, heads bowed. They come to a halt ten feet above the ring, hanging ominously above Ouroboros.

Elisha: Forsaken. You are meddling with things you do not understand. Our plans for the world are far more grand than you will ever, ever comprehend.

Ouroboros will devour your flesh like fire, leaving nothing but ashes in our wake. Until then...

He raises his hand, clicks his fingers. On cue, a mechanism triggers in the chests of the four replicas. Acting as one, sparks begin to fly, clothing begins to smoulder, each replica turning into an inferno. We see the faces of the Forsaken melt away, their clothing burning away to nothing. Beneath the flesh are skeletons of gold, silver, bronze and iron, the feet made of clay that starts to crumble under the heat.

Elisha exits the ring, Cassandra, Choronzon and Judas doing likewise, the four burning effigies smouldering in their wake.

Autumn Raven vs. Dorian Hawkhurst

Match

Jim Gunt: Now that is what I would call an, uh, odd meet-up there.

Mike Rolash: No kidding... Now she has a skillet and a fork, do you start seeing a theme there?

Jim Gunt: She can always ask Shane Donovan, if she could have his fork, too...

Ray Douglas: The next match is another Beat the Clock match for the final entrant spot for the battle royale at Golden Intentions. The first contender, hailing from Los Angeles, California - she is the Beautiful Psychopath - AUTUMN RAVEN!

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song start to play, the tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with the name Autumn Raven fading in over it. The purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, walking to the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile.

Ray Douglas: And her contender, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania - the Forsaken Demon - DORIAN HAWKHURST!

"From the Pinnacle to the Pit" by Ghost comes over the PA as the lights dim down. Fog starts to waft out from the entrance and the Demon of Sobriety steps out, a grim look on his face and immediately zeroing in on Autumn in the ring. The Shadow, Ataxia and Mia Rayne are right behind him, looking as determined as their stable mate as he beelines directly for the ring.

Mike Rolash: This would have been perfect for a cage match!

Jim Gunt: Cage match? Why is that?

Mike Rolash: Raven, hawk, come on, man!

Jim Gunt: Alrighty then... Anyways, Revenant set the clock to 19 minutes and 12 seconds, so either of these two will have to beat that time in order to stay in the running for the final spot in the Golden Intentions rumble.

And Autumn does not waste any time and foregoes any pleasantries and lock ups and goes for a shoulder block right out of the gates, trying to take Dorian by surprise. But she probably would have had the same effect, if she had tried to move a wall backstage, because the Forsaken Demon barely moves an inch and just looks at her with an amused look on his face.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, that is not going to work...

Undeterred Autumn gives it another shot and Dorian now is laughing at her efforts, which just makes her mad and she gives it one more shot, this time with the assistance of the ropes, but her plan being highly obvious Dorian takes one

step aside, grabs her as she comes through and throws her right over the top rope and out of the ring.

Mike Rolash: Neither of the two have announced their entry into the Golden Intentions rumble yet, but it almost looks like Dorian is practicing already.

Jim Gunt: I see where you are coming from.

Knowing that he is under a time crunch to beat the time of Revenant's victory, he climbs out, picks up Autumn and rolls her right back into the ring. As he is up on the apron himself, ready to step back through the ropes, though, Autumn is going for another almost desperate attempt, pulling together her strength and making another run at Hawkhurst, ramming her shoulder right into him, sending him hard against the front of the commentator table!

Mike Rolash: Whoa, people, we're trying to work here!

Jim Gunt: This move did not just surprise Dorian here, but it looks like she saw this as her one chance to get the upper hand and keep herself in the match.

Mike Rolash: She hasn't been a very successful gal of late, so a win here, even if it's not the fastest, would probably do her good.

With Dorian still on his hands and knees, Autumn takes to the top rope and jumps off for a knee to Dorian's back, hitting him a bit off on the shoulder, while taking a rather nasty tumble herself. Mike stands up and looks over the edge of the table.

Mike Rolash: Maybe someone should tell them that beating the clock means to be faster than the rest, not go for an iron man...

ONE!

TWO!

Autumn is back on her feet, stretching her right leg that got hyperextended when she hit Dorian, who is moving but nowhere near a vertical base.

THREE!

FOUR!

A kick to the shoulder of a rising Dorian brings him back down, but Autumn still is having some issues with her thigh or hamstrings, because she winces as she puts her leg back down.

FIVE!

SIX!

Seeing that a countout would probably be one of the faster ways to win the match, Autumn rolls herself back in, breaking the count, but so far Dorian is barely on his hands and knees.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Instead of trying to strike the iron while it is hot and really be on Dorian while he is down, she is waiting in the ring, which I don't think is a very good strategy.

Mike Rolash: If Dorian gets counted out, then yes, but if not, she's just wasting a lot of time!

THREE!

FOUR!

And Dorian does not have any intentions of getting counted out, as he half walks, half crawls up the stairs to the ring. Autumn is hesitating, if she should strike and restart the count or wait, but given that the count has not proceeded far enough yet she goes for the strike, a dropkick at her opponent that is just going to climb through the ropes, but Dorian sees her coming and as her legs come through the ropes he grabs them and lets himself drop down from the apron, basically slingshotting her into the top rope and back down.

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, that was equally awesome and painful, Autumn's head is not in the game tonight and this can cost her dearly!

Mike Rolash: I agree, she seems hesitant and this hit probably does not help her brainwaves.

Dorian does not have any problems with being hesitant, though, climbing into the ring and bringing Autumn to his shoulders. With a short run-up, he sends her down to the mat with a blasting powerslam that shakes the whole ring. He brings her right back up and whips her into the ropes, leveling her with a shoulder block that looks like it could have broken her in two.

Jim Gunt: If this continues like this, then this will be a fairly quick match, but will it be enough to beat the clock?

As Dorian pulls Autumn back to her legs she pulls a desperate move to regain the upper hand.

Mike Rolash: Low blow! And the referee has not seen anything!

The Forsaken are right up on the apron, but referee Scott Dean has none of it. All the while Autumn has rolled herself out of the ring in an attempt to recover, but The Shadow taps Mia on the shoulder and together they heave Autumn right back into the ring, which leads to more discussions between the referee and the Forsaken.

Jim Gunt: This could be a game changer, because any momentum Dorian had is not thoroughly quenched.

Mike Rolash: And Autumn is trying to cash in on that!

ONE!

T-!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Wow, that was a kickout with authority!

Dorian is still writhing in pain, but is lucid enough to vault Autumn off him and into the middle rope, leading to both competitors on the mat right now.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: With every passing second here, the chances for either of the two competitors are dwindling away to beat

Revenant's victory here and keep their hopes for the much coveted final entry alive.

THREE!

FOUR!

Autumn has reached vertical base, while Dorian is on his hands and knees and with a burst of energy Autumn sprints across the ring and delivers a stiff kick to the Demon's side, followed by some vicious stomps to the head, trying to take advantage of Hawkhurst's "injury". With Dorian down, she climbs up the top turnbuckle, even though she still is a little wonky.

Jim Gunt: No, she isn't-

Mike Rolash: Yes, she is!

SWANTON BOMB! The crowd is holding its collective breath as she jumps off and gracefully sails through the air - right onto Dorian's outstretched legs!

Jim Gunt: Youch, what an impact!

Mike Rolash: I am surprised her head is still attached, that was a vicious jolt to her neck!

Clutching her neck, Autumn is rolling in pain, aiming for the edge of the ring, but the moment she rolls herself out, Ataxia and Mia send her straight back in.

Jim Gunt: I've seen lumberjack matches that were less efficient than this!

Mike Rolash: Yes, but now again we have two wrestlers on the ground, wake me up, when they continue.

ONE!

TWO!

Just as he says this, the lights go out for just a few seconds and when they come back up, Jim Gunt is gone!

Ataxia: Hi frand!

Mike Rolash: Good lord! You again? What do I have to do to get rid of you?

Ataxia: Hm. I don't think there is anything you can! Hug?

Mike Rolash: LET GO!

Ataxia: Aaaaaw, that's not nice. Jim, you can have him back, he's broken.

Jim Gunt returns from the timekeeper's section and takes his seat back, while referee Scott Dean is still counting both contenders.

FIVE!

SIX!

Dorian is leaning against the ropes, but not up yet, while Autumn is still down, holding her upper shoulder/neck area.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: And Dorian is up and I think he's looking to finish this one.

With a look of steely determination in his eyes Dorian walks over to Autumn and effortlessly picks her up. FALL FROM GRACE!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner with a time of 21 minutes and 17 seconds, he is the Demon of Sobriety - DORIAN

HAWKHURST!

His fellow Forsaken join him in the ring, each of them climbing one of the turnbuckles. Together they raise their hands and then forcefully bring them down. In that moment the lights go off and when they come back on moments later, the ring is empty save for Autumn Raven being tended to by the medics.

Jim Gunt: And he misses Revenant's time by a bit over two minutes, so Revenant so far is the leader in this little contest we are having here.

Getting it Done

Match

We cut backstage. We are in J Rish's office. He sits with his back to the camera, phone to his ear. Everything about him screams tension and stress.

J. Rish: Look, I booked the tag match last week, three of your most hated....yes I know they won but that's hardly my fault, how -

Pause.

J. Rish: If I keep doing it this way there'll be an uproar, people will start to -

Pause. The colour starts to drain from his face.

J. Rish: Of course not. I understand. We have an agreement and I will hold up my end of the bargain. Brother against brother, ally against ally. Rish out.

He puts the phone down, lets out a soft moan. Rish buries his head in his hands as we fade to black.

What do you see?

Match

We are in a hall of mirrors, reflection bouncing off reflection, light meeting light, distortion meeting distortion. Softly, we can hear a voice singing to the silence, quiet, barely audible.

"In the styes with all their backing

They don't care what goes on around

In their eyes there's something lacking -

What they need's a damned good wacking!"

Omega steps into view, reflected in the mirrors. She wears a red tank top, a black alchemical symbol in its centre. She carries a baseball bat in one hand. She makes her way through the hall, the camera following her, watching her reflection as it changes from one mirror to the next.

Omega: All that others can ever see is our reflection. Not us as we truly are, but a two dimensional copy, flat, distorted, an optical illusion giving the appearance of life.

We pass one mirror after another. One is lit brightly, giving Omega a radiance, her bright red hair flowing over her shoulders, eyes of deepest crimson staring out at the viewer. Another is tinted dark, low, foreboding with a sense of menace. One is curved, making some body parts huge, others shrinking to nothing.

Omega: The lover. The carer. The traitor.

Scattered through the hall are relics from Omega's past. Action figures and signed posters from 2010, letters of condolence after her lover's stabbing. A cookie sheet, bent nearly double, bloodstains mixing with crumbs. Group photographs from the Academy. A photo of James Skelton, stained with tears.

Omega: The leader. The teacher. The fighter.

She comes to a halt before a large mirror, a harlequin's hat placed before it.

Omega: The fool.

She raises the bat, pauses a moment, swings it at the mirror. It shatters, shards of glass exploding left and right. A few fragments remain, stuck to the frame, Omega's image now fractured and broken.

Omega: The time has come to abandon the reflection and embrace the reality. To give up the illusion and see each other as we truly are.

She blows a kiss. The camera turns to face Omega, in person not reflection, standing proud in the centre of a circle of broken glass. She is fearless, defiant. Proud.

Omega: Tell me. Amber. Caledonia. What do you see when you see me?

She takes a moment, staring into the viewer, probing, intense. We zoom in on Omega, on her deep red eyes, the song returning as we fade to black.

Mia Rayne vs. Sam Braxton

Match

The opening of "Committed" by One-Eyed Doll blasts over the PA as the lights all go out, plunging the entire arena into pitch darkness, save for one, lone, icy blue spotlight that shines bright on the stage. A lone figure comes dancing out into the spot light, skipping frantically to the beat and collapsing in the middle of the spotlight as the music crescendos.

Mia Rayne hops up to her feet and curtsies to the delight to most in the crowd. She skips down to the ring, her arms swinging freely at her sides and pauses once she gets to the ring, placing her hands on the apron and gazing up at nothing in particular with a mad expression in her eyes and a maniacal smile on her lips. She licks her lips savoring the moment and slides into the ring, laughing as she rolls under the rope and crawls over to the closest corner, rocking back and forth to the music and laughing at anyone who dares make eye contact with her.

Ray Douglas: The following match is another Beat the Clock Challenge Match! Introducing first, from Tonawanda. New York....MIA RAYNE!!

Jim Gunt: This was an odd thing there with J. Rish and this phone call, something is fishy there, very fishy!

"Slow Descent" by The Butterfly Effect hits and Sam Braxton walks onto the stage with a serious scowl on his face. He looks around the arena quickly before jumping off his feet slightly, throwing the hood of his jacket back and running down to ringside. He swiftly climbs onto the apron and leaps over the ring ropes into the ring. He ascends a nearby turnbuckle, raising his hands in front of his face, fingers interlocked, before back flipping back down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from Brisbane, Queensland, Australia....SAM BRAXTON!!

Jim Gunt: The third of five Beat The Clock Challenge matches tonight, do you think either one of these two competitors can beat the time of Revenant?

Mike Rolash: Hard to tell, but from what I have seen of Sam Braxton, the man may be on his own but he clearly has something to prove to both his old friend Dean, and the rest of the CWF roster.

Jim Gunt: Indeed. As a matter of fact, the words I believe he used was he was going to “burn CWF to the ground”.

Mike Rolash: Got any marshmallows?

Clark Summits is tasked with officiating this Beat the Clock Challenge match, and with a motion of his right hand he calls for it to begin. Sam Braxton doesn't waste a second of time to head towards Mia Rayne, putting a boot right into her stomach before she can even get into fighting stance. A Spinning Heel Kick follows, settling Mia Rayne up against the ring ropes. Sam measures her up, looking for one last kick to send her quickly out of her misery. He charges in, and Mia holds down the top rope to send him tumbling over to the outside!

Jim Gunt: Seems that Sam Braxton was looking to end this one as early as possible..

Mike Rolash: Well that is the strategy in these Beat the Clock Challenge matches, is it not?

Jim Gunt: I wasn't finished. As I was saying, although Braxton is looking to end this one early, he got caught by the very crafty Mia Rayne and is now recovering on the outside!

ONE!

Mia sees Sam Braxton pulling himself off the outside mats, and her brain goes into overdrive.

TWO!

With his back to the ring, Braxton uses his right hand to brush his forehead and shake his head back and forth, trying to shake the cobwebs away.

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Looks like Mia Rayne is about to fly, Mike!

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: Who in the hell would give her a pilot's license?

Heading towards the opposite side of the ring, Mia Rayne pulls herself into the ring ropes to gain as much momentum

as possible, using that speed to bring her towards the other side of the ring and over. AND SHE CATCHES THE BACK OF BRAXTON'S HEAD AND BUCKLES HIM OVER BACKWARDS DISGUSTINGLY FOR A REVERSE HURRICANRANA!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

ONE!

Jim Gunt: What an amazing maneuver there from the insane queen of the Forsaken, showing just what she is willing to do to come out of this match victorious and possibly get that final spot in Golden Intentions!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Yes, but now she has broken the count of the official and caused it to restart. So in a way, she gave Sam a little extra time to recover...

THREE!

Jim Gunt: I don't know about that, I think the extra pain she caused the former friend of Dean Coulter was worth it.

Laying in a heap, neither Mia Rayne or Sam Braxton has yet to move.

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: Either way, if one of these two wants to be the "person to beat" in this Beat the Clock thing, one of them is going to have to get in the ring and get this thing won!

Finally Mia Rayne starts to stir.

FIVE!

A right hand goes onto the apron, followed by a left, Rayne pulling herself to her feet and immediately entering the ring. She turns around to see Braxton still barely moving.

ONE!

Heavy breaths are inhaled and exhaled by Mia Rayne as she tries to recover from a reverse hurricanrana that damaged her as much as Braxton. But he surprisingly rolls back into the ring and tackles her to the canvas, striking down with furious right hands!

Jim Gunt: Holy crap, Sam is back and having an angry hissy fit!

Mike Rolash: Are you fair dinkum, mate?

Mia Rayne takes several right hands before grabbing the head of Sam forward and biting him right on the cheek! He screams out in pain as tiny trickles of crimson come from the spot of impact, Braxton rolling off of Rayne holding onto his bleeding face. She is right to her feet and in sprint- SHINING WIZARD KICK KNOCKS OUT BRAXTON! Mia goes right for the cover, trying to put away the former Lost Boy as quickly as she possibly can.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! Sam Braxton kicks out!

Jim Gunt: The former Lost Boy barely kicked out there, and as this match continues to go on longer and longer, the question is will one of these two be able to beat the Revenant's time or will they fall to the same fate Dorian Hawkhurst did earlier tonight?

Mike Rolash: But Mia is going right back for Sam, she isn't even going to let the man get up!

Mia Rayne mounts Braxton, pushing him down backfirst onto the canvas and laying into him with furiously quick right and left open palm slaps. Sam tries to shove her off but she changes it over to an elbow strike right to his jaw, and then begins choking the life out of him! The official pulls Mia off just moments later, admonishing her before going over to check on Braxton.

Jim Gunt: Mia Rayne showing off quite the feisty side!

Mike Rolash: Well she is dating that masked maniac Ataxia...

Jim Gunt: Wait a minute, what is Mia pulling out of her tights..?

Mike Rolash: That is Eric Dane's infamous fork! YES!

A woozy but standing Sam Braxton pushes off Summits, telling him he is fine to continue the match and immediately sidesteps a swing from Mia Rayne. He grabs her into suplex position as soon as she turns around, whipping her to the canvas. With the weapon still tucked into the palm of Mia, she awaits Braxton pulling her right back off the canvas to go for a second suplex. BAM! While in the air Rayne digs the fork right into the top of his head somehow out of the sight of the referee! Sam Braxton drops Rayne and she drops the weapon out of sight, out of mind. THE LAST LAUGH! Mia is the last one laughing as she goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall at fourteen minutes....MIA RAYNE!!

Jim Gunt: She did it, Mia Rayne wins this match and now holds the time to beat!

Mike Rolash: What the fork! Hah!

Greatness Has Arrived

Match

The fans inside of the TD Banknorth Garden are to their feet, enjoying the action so far taking place so far. The scene soon switches back to the commentators, Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash, who are ready to continue to call the rest of tonight's action.

Jim Gunt: What an incredible night it has been, Mike! And I know these fans are enjoying these Beat The Clock matches!

Mike Rolash: It's not often we agree on things Jimmirella, but this here we can agree on!

Jim Gunt: I wish you would quit with the nicknames.. But moving on Mia Rayne is currently holding the lead with a time

of fourteen minutes. But our next contest between Billy Anderson and Freddie Styles will see if either man can best that time.

Mike Rolash: Ha! Wishful thinking..

Suddenly, the lights inside of the TD Banknorth Garden go out.

Mike Rolash: Please don't be Ataxia...

Soon the tron has the words, "Greatness Has Arrived" sprawled across it as the opening tunes of "Won't Back Down" by Eminem behind to play throughout the arena.

Jim Gunt: Somebody has to be pulling a prank.

Mike Rolash: What?

A couple of CWF staff members, step out into the stage, rolling out a red carpet. The fans are too their feet cheering as the recognize the music as well. The staff members scurry to the back as the "Greatest Professional Wrestler of All Time" Clark Steele comes waltzing through the curtains. He comes to a halt at the start of the red carpet. His nose pompously raised into the air.

Jim Gunt: That's Clark Steele from the uWa, he's a highly decorated competitor. A seasoned veteran of this business, multiple time World Champion, Grand Slam Winner, you name it, he's done it! But why is he here in the CWF? I thought he was off competing in Japan with the KJPW company?

Mike Rolash: The word's out about CWF, Jimmy Dean. Everyone wants to be a part in some shape, form or fashion.

Clark Steele stands there as if he owns the place, his jet black hair slicked to the back, his face highlighted by the 5 o'clock shadow. He's decked out in blue jeans, black designer shoes, a maroon personalized "Man of Steele" shirt, covered by a customized silver and black leather jacket. Streams of pyro explode behind him as he casually makes his way to the ring, walking down the carpet. Many fans at ringside reach out to slap hands with him, but he only acknowledges a handful of them.

Jim Gunt: In my personal opinion, the Golden Intentions Rumble has really breathed new life into this company, and I for one am proud to be a part of it, Mike.

Mike Rolash: And you say I'm a brown noser. You make the shit look like art.

Clark Steele has finally made it to ringside, walking up the steps, he wipes his feet off on the tying apron before stepping through the ropes. The TD Banknorth Garden are rowdy, cheering the name of the legend.

Jim Gunt: These people surely know who this man is, I can barely hear anything.

Clark stands in the center of the ring after retrieving a mic that was placed on the ring steps before he entered the ring. His head slowly swivels from left to right, surveying all the Boston fans. After the fans die down a bit, he soon brings the microphone to his lips, before screaming.

Clark Steele: BEAN TOWN!!!!

The roof of the place nearly comes unglued as the place explodes with cheers.

Clark Steele: What a shithole..

With those words, Clark drops the microphone as the fans more begin to boo him for his comments. A smirk forms within his lips, as he climbs out of the ring and makes his way for the commentary table.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Clark Steele will be joining us here at ringside Mike!

Mike Rolash: At least now we will have some unbiased journalism..

Billy Anderson vs. Freddie Styles

Match

Clark Steele takes a seat next to Jim and Mike at the commentary table, throwing a headset on in the process. Soon "Cowboy" by Kid Rock hits, and Billy walks down the ramp. As he walks to one of the fans with a Billy Anderson sign. He takes it from them, and rips it up as he gets showered with boos.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a Beat The Clock Match. The time to beat is 14 minutes! Introducing first, making his way to the ring. From Rincon, Georgia, weighing in at two hundred twenty five pounds! BILLY ANDERSON!

He rolls his eyes, and laughs as he makes his way to the steel steps. He walks up them, and gets in the ring. He walks over to the turnbuckle, and climbs it. He throws his hands up in the air, and blows a kiss to the fans even though they still rain down boos at him. He gets down, and walks the middle of the of the ring where he poses for the fans as he ignores the boos, soaking in the hate he is getting.

Jim Gunt: On behalf of the CWF we would like to officially welcome you!

Clark Steele: Where are your credentials?

Jim Gunt: Excuse me?

Clark Steele: You are beneath me, why are you speaking to me?

Mike Rolash: Well.... That was harsh..

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, forming a diamond with his hands above his head as the opening riff hits...

You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing....

That's where you're wrong!

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.

I — will — not — lose

(You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing)

Put somethin' on it!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Atlanta, Georgia! He is ½ of the CWF Tag Team Champions! Representing Smokin' Aces... FREDDIE STYLES!

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

Jim Gunt: This is a rematch of sorts as Freddie beat Billy earlier last month. But tonight the stakes are higher Mike.

Mike Rolash: They might be higher but the results will likely be the same.

A timer of 14:00 is shown on the big screen as official Scott Dean calls for the bell as both men make a beeline for each other. Before Freddie is able to mount any offense, Billy quickly takes him to the canvas with a double leg takedown and viciously begin to reign down punches onto the skull of the Tag champion. Freddie tries his best to cover up but the Lunatic is going ballistic on Styles. Billy rises to his feet like a madman possessed, a lost look on his eyes. Anderson grabs a handful of Styles hair, bringing him up to his feet. Billy whips Freddie to the corner, no, reversal by

Styles! Anderson crashes into the corner as Freddie looks to capitalize!

Jim Gunt: Styles Splash! NO! Billy able to move out of the way!

Mike Rolash: Anderson looks focused here tonight.

Clark Steele: yawn...

Both men shoot each other a look, as Billy nails Freddie with a forearm in the corner. He latches on to Styles' head as he runs out of the corner driving Freddie face first into the canvas with a bulldog! He hurriedly flips Styles over going for the pin as Dean slides in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Billy Anderson going for the early upset! Knowing in the back of his mind, that time is of the essence Mike.

Mike Rolash: He has the right game plan, but it's still too early to count Freddie out.

Clark Steele: This bores me...

Billy screams out Scott, glancing up at the screen seeing that the time is at 12:39. Anderson stomps down on Styles before quickly snapping an elbow into his heart! Billy is back to his feet, pulling at his hair, pacing back and forth. Freddie slowly makes it to his feet as Billy comes at him full speed. He launches his body at Styles, taking him down with a Crossbody! Billy lays more punches into the skull of Styles, hopping off Styles, running towards the corner and climbing to the top, begging Freddie to get up! Freddie slowly does just that, rising to his feet... He turns directly into the path of Billy, who leaps off the top turnbuckle for a Diving Elbow Drop! However, Freddie manages to catch Billy! Locking his hands around Anderson's waist, then flipping him over with an Overhead Belly-to-Belly Suplex! Both men are quickly to their feet, Billy running at Freddie, who hooks him, and sends him flying this time with a T-Bone Suplex! Freddie is to his feet, letting out a primal yell as the fans cheer him on!

Jim Gunt: Freddie looks ready to kick it into second gear!

Mike Rolash: Things just never work out well for Billy Anderson.

Clark Steele: If this is what I have to look forward to at Golden Intention, then I'm very unimpressed.

Styles glances up at the clock which now reads 11:09. Freddie sizes Billy up as he uses the ropes to get to a vertical base. Wasting no time, Styles rushes towards Billy, who ducks down and sends Freddie up and over to the apron, where he lands on his feet! Billy goes for an attack, but Styles ducks down and drives his shoulder into the gut of Anderson, doubling him over. Now holding on to the ropes for leverage, Styles pulls himself over the top rope, grabbing Billy's head and driving it into the canvas!

Jim Gunt: SLINGSHOT DDT BY STYLES! HE'S GOING FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: How could you not be enjoying this action Mr. Steele!?

Clark Steele: I've seen better at a bingo hall.

Freddie can't believe he didn't get the pin. He glances at the screen, which now reads 10:32 as he gets back to his feet. Pulling up Billy in the process, blasting him across the bridge of the nose with a forearm! The impact of the shot, sends Billy stumbling backwards and through the ropes! However, he catches himself, pulling himself back into the ring and launching at Freddie with a Lunatic Lariat! No! Freddie ducks behind Anderson, hooking his arms in a Full Nelson! DRAGON SUPLEX! THE FORCE SENDING ANDERSON FLIPPING THROUGH THE ROPES AND OUTSIDE THE RING!

Jim Gunt: Oh my! Georgia's Favorite Son may be in big trouble right now, if Freddie can bring him into the ring and get the pin!

Mike Rolash: Freddie's from Georgia also, right? He's been more successful than Billy, wouldn't he be Georgia's Favorite Son?

Clark Steele: Mitchell, you humor me..

Mike Rolash: Who?

Rolling onto his stomach on the canvas, Freddie looks on in disappointment, as Billy lies on the floor. Styles rolls under the bottom rope, looking to grab Anderson and put him back into the ring. But Billy has other plans, grabbing Freddie by his tights, pulling him backwards, sending him crashing into the apron! Freddie coughs violently as Billy quickly gets to his feet, grabs Freddie by his hair and tights, and sends him face first into the post!

ONE!

TWO!

Billy smiles as he sees an opening, picking Freddie up off the floor and throwing him into the barricade!

THREE!

FOUR!

Billy paces around at ringside, deciding his next move as Freddie slowly begins to stir. Looking to put an end to that, Billy rocks the mid section of Styles with a kick.

FIVE!

SIX!

Bringing his opponent off the floor, Billy rolls Freddie into the ring, breaking the count! Billy rolls in after him, quickly hitting the ropes, returning to connect with Freddie's with a Leg Drop! He goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Billy looking to put the naysayers to rest, he's giving Freddie a run for his money here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Billy's motto has become, less talking and more walking these days.

Clark Steele: Mitchell, I don't know how you deal with Tim over there. He quite annoying..

Jim Gunt: My name is Jim..

Mike Rolash: Yes Tim is quite annoying, I've been begging for a new broadcast partner for years!

8:41 is plastered on the screen and continuously counting down as Billy searches for a way to end this match. He brings Freddie up to his feet, Anderson slings Freddie up over his shoulder, looking to hook his head for the Midnight Special! Freddie wiggles free though, sliding down the back of Anderson, flipping him over and going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Anderson pushes down on the head of Freddie, now having him in a pinning predicament!

ONE!

TWO!

Freddie shifts his weight so that he rolls into a seated position on top of Anderson with his shoulders pinned to the canvas!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Both men are quickly to their feet, Billy going for a quick lariat, but Freddie ducks behind him, rolling him up with a School Boy Pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The TD Banknorth Garden is on their feet as both men lie on the mat exhausted.

Jim Gunt: I'm sorry Mr. Steele but how can you deny the action inside of the ring?

Clark Steele: I've seen enough...

Nonchalantly, Clark Steele takes his headset off, and makes his way around ringside and up the aisle. Meanwhile, inside of the ring, both men are slowly willed to their feet by the cheering fans!

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, Clark Steele...

Mike Rolash: That guy was a dick..

Finally making it to their feet, Anderson is the first on the attack, grabbing Styles by the arm and whipping him into the corner! Billy charges in looking for an attack but Freddie catches him with boots to the face! Freddie leaps up to where he's seated on the top turnbuckle.. As if on instinct, Anderson surprises Styles with a rope assisted kick to the face! Billy hurriedly throws the legs of Freddie over each rope, Billy hooks Freddie, pulling him into position for a Superplex! He launches himself and Freddie off the top turnbuckle and come crashing down onto the canvas! Billy holds on though flipping over and pulling Styles to his feet looking for a Falcon Arrow! Finding new life from somewhere though, Freddie reverses connecting with a FALCON ARROW OF HIS OWN! HE HOLDS ON FOR THE PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! BILLY WITH THE SHOULDER UP!

Jim Gunt: Billy Anderson, showing great resilience here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Well there's 5:37 seconds left. One of these men have to go for the kill if they want that coveted fuck spot in the Golden Intentions Rumble...

Both men lie in a heap on the canvas and the arena begins chanting the name of Freddie Styles. Drawing strength from their admiration, it gives Freddie power as he slowly rises to his feet, feeling the energy. Meeting a rising Anderson, Freddie whips him off into the ropes.. Upon his return, Freddie sends him flying with an arm drag, Billy is quickly to his feet but receives the same result, another arm drag! Freddie is to his feet, bringing Anderson up as well, backing him into the ropes, shooting him off to the opposite set! Reversal by Anderson, but Freddie rebounds with a Flying Forearm taking Billy down! Freddie is first to his feet, calling for Billy to get up. Once Billy is to a vertical base, Freddie comes rushing at him again! Billy goes for a clothesline but Freddie ducks, jumping to the middle rope and springing backwards!

Jim Gunt: SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT, FREDDIE HAS THE LEG HOOKED!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Close but no cigar.

Freddie slaps the mat out of frustration, checking the clock once again. 4:09 is the time as Freddie gets to his feet, stomping down on the body of Billy. Freddie tells the crowd it's over, bringing Anderson to his feet. Freddie holds on to his arm pulling him on and spiking him to the canvas with DAT REMIX! Freddie rolls Billy over again going for another pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KICKOUT!

The crowd and Freddie are both shocked as Scott Dean assures him the count was two. Freddie tries to put it in the back of his mind as he drags Anderson's body towards the nearest corner. He looks over to the clock that now reads

3:37, Freddie then steps through the ropes and makes his way to the top turnbuckle. He measures Billy up, then comes flipping off the turnbuckle with the KING OF THE FALL!

Jim Gunt: Billy Anderson with the knees up!

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jim, what's it gonna take to keep this lunatic down.

Billy pulls himself towards the corner, still seated breathing heavily. He stares at Freddie who struggles to get up, coughing violently as he's to his hands and knees. Billy pulls himself to a vertical base in the corner, taking off full speed and blasting Freddie with a Running Knee Lift! Freddie lies face down on the mat from the impact, Billy however, collapsing from exhaustion. The clock now reads 2:46 as both men lie motionless on the canvas. Scott Dean has no other choice but to count then down.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The decibel level of the arena beginning to explode as neither man has yet to show life.

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

Billy begins to show signs of life as he slowly crawls to the nearest corner. Freddie soon doing the same in the opposite direction.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

Using the ropes, both men are to their feet breaking the count of Dean, the Boston fans applauding both men.

Jim Gunt: It's coming down to the wire and neither man is sitting signs of giving up right now.

Mike Rolash: Goes to show you how important that final spot is.

Both men move towards each other, Billy surprising Freddie with a boot to the gut. Hooking Freddie between his legs, Billy lifts him up for a Powerbomb! Billy gets a running start looking to throw Styles into the corner, but Freddie reverses with a Hurricanrana that sends Billy crashing head first with the middle turnbuckle! The crowd gives off a collective "OH!" as Billy's head let's off a sickening thud throughout the arena. Just now making it to his feet, Freddie stalks Billy, who is crawling with his head down out of the corner. This proves costly as Freddie seizes the opportunity, he gets a running start leaping up and driving Billy head first into the mat with the ATL STOMP! Billy is out on the mat, Freddie shooting the half going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Billy with the shoulder up! Freddie sits there in disbelief, checking the time, which is at 1:22, then up at Dean, who shows him two fingers. Freddie sits next to the body of Anderson, as he tries to catch his breath.

Jim Gunt: What is it going to take to keep this man down?

Mike Rolash: We might have to bring back Tyler.

Freddie slowly stands fully upright, staring down at Billy, trying to figure out how to keep the man down. Freddie goes to lift Billy off the canvas but he's nothing more than deadweight, giving Styles trouble. Trying once more, Styles gets more of the same result. Styles curses out loud, glancing over at the clock that more reads :54 seconds. A panic consumes the body of Styles as he now realizes he's cutting it close. With one last ditch effort of strength and power, Freddie dead lifts Billy to his feet and lifting him up onto his shoulders in a Fireman's Carry position. Springing to life, Billy falls behind the back of Styles, pushing him off into the ropes. When Styles returns, he drops Billy with a shoulder block, Billy is back up, but is dropped again with a clothesline! Anderson is once more quick to his feet, but Styles flips him over with a hip toss, cartwheeling into a standing dropkick! Freddie lays on top for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Freddie, seeing his chances slip away as the seconds tick down. With the clock now at :35, Freddie brings Billy back up, lifting him onto his shoulders again. This time pushing him up and off and face first into his rising knee!

Jim Gunt: BALLGAME! IT'S ALL OVER MIKE!

Mike Rolash: No! This impact sent Anderson stumbling through the ropes, and to the floor!

Cursing out of frustration once again, Freddie stands there in disbelief as he goes to climb outside of the ring, the clock now at :21. Freddie tries to lift Billy off the floor but he's dead weight yet again. Struggling with Anderson's body and the time, he's finally able to get Billy inside of the ring with :15 left to go. Following suit, Styles slides inside of the ring, going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: BILLY GOT HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES!

Anger finally sets in as Freddie slaps the canvas repeatedly. He stares at Dean, he pulls Billy to the center of the ring going for the cover once more!

ONE!

TWO!

BUZZER GOES OFF!

Scott Dean stops his count, informing Freddie that he's out of time. Freddie looks at him in disappointment as the official announcement is made.

Ray Douglas: The following contest has ended in a Time Limit Draw!

The fans inside of TD Banknorth Garden boo as Freddie can't believe he was that close.

Jim Gunt: Well Freddie gave everything he had tonight, but he just wasn't able to secure the victory.

Mike Rolash: I guess tonight, Billy Anderson was an Unstoppable Force.

The Fuck did you Say to Me?

Match

Backstage.

Again.

Adrian Evans is pacing.

Angus Skaaland is tapping away at his phone like a madman.

MJ Flair is off in the other room, getting dressed to work. Get your minds out of the gutter, we're not here for that. Adrian stops in his tracks and gives Angus a stare.

Adrian: You're sure he's here?

Angus does not look up from his phone.

Adrian: Hello? Earth to weird guy, are you even here?

The assistant to Eric Dane finishes his text, presses send, and then and only then does he spare a glance to his contemporary.

Angus: The fuck did you say to me?

Evans, a former wrestler himself and not one to take lightly the outright disrespect being shown to him of late by this petulant brat in front of him, does his best to hide the clenching of his teeth and force a smile. In his current position, Adrian knows he wouldn't be doing himself or MJ any favors by putting this dastardly little man into his place.

Adrian: I said: "Are you sure he's here?"

Angus: I told you he was here when he texted me, FROM HERE, forty-five minutes ago. Why can't you get that through your giant, thick head?

Again, Adrian holds his tongue.

Adrian: Because frankly, I tend to only believe in things I can see, and I have yet to see Mr. Dane on the premises tonight.

Angus: You've also yet to leave this room since you got here.

It's here that Mariella Jade enters the scene, one elbow-pad tucked under her right arm as she tugs the other onto her left. She is almost ready to go to war.

Adrian: I certainly did not!

MJ looks up, as if asking for help from above.

MJF: Guys. Mommy and Daddy love you both equally. It's just really really hard t'like you when you're always fighting. We've got ourselves a more important fight with some less important people coming up... and we all need t'be on the same team.

She crosses her arms.

MJF: Can we do that?

The Motormouth of Malcontent looks from Adrian over to MJ, smiles a toothy smile, and looks back toward his diminutive colleague. Grudgingly he sticks a hand out in an offering of peace. Adrian Evans hesitates, glances over at his charge who has the look of an expectant mother plastered across her face, and then reaches Angus's extended

hand.

Angus: SIKE! Too slow!

He pulls his hand and brushes it through his hair, very proud of himself.

Adrian: You see what I'm having to deal with here?

MJ rolls her eyes.

MJF: Look, we're good. Dane is here. If Angus says he's here, he's here, we have no reason to not trust his word. Besides, I've got other things on my mind and I don't need to pile on with anxiety.

Adrian: Absolutely.

MJF: Angus, text him back, tell him we're ready when he's ready.

Angus: Aye-aye, Cap'n!

He salutes before going back to his phone. Adrian and MJ share a sidelong glance as the shot fades out and transitions elsewhere.

A Clear And Present Danger

Match

A five hour drive from the show in Philadelphia in a local hospital we find Xander Haze just coming out of a CAT scan. Still in pain from his left arm because of the match with Billy Anderson.

Xander: So doc how does it look?

Doctor: Well Xander, your arm is going to be ok, you should be able to go back to work next week. That being said I really wish you would find other line of work, do you really want to have no use of both arms? If I have told you once, I have told you thousands of times as you grow older your right arm will grow weaker and weaker to the point where we will have to amputate it, so you are going to need your left arm to take care of yourself.

Xander stands up furious over what the doctor has just said to him, gets up into the doctor's face and hands him a scalpel.

Xander: Where you wanna cut it off? Go ahead, cut it off, it doesn't matter. Two arms, one arm, no arms, I'm not gonna stop, it doesn't matter what you or any one says. This is all I've got, if I'm not doing this, I might as well be a vegetable in one of your beds.

The doctor backs away in fear for his life and before he could call for security, Xander throws him face first into the wall. The doctor is knocked to the floor and unconscious. Xander then rips off the doctor's coat and steals his badge, picks up his clipboard and walks out the door and to the nurses station.

Xander: Excuse me, nurse.

Nurse: Yes, doctor.

Xander looks down at the clipboard.

Xander: I need your help, I can seem to find my patient, he must have been moved. His name is Zachary Vaughn.

The nurse looks through her computer.

Nurse: Oh yes, he is in room 204.

Xander walks out laughing to himself at how at how easy this was. As he approaches Zach's room, he first stops at the hospital pharmacy. The door is locked, so he looks around trying to figure out how to get in. There is scanner beside the door. Xander pulls out the badge that he stole from the doctor and swipes it through the scanner. The light turns green and the door automatically opens. Again he laughs at this hospital's security. He looks for the narcotics and after a few minutes he finds what he is looking for. He pulls a bag of liquid oxycodone and a syringe off the shelf and quickly leaves the pharmacy. He continues on to Zach room and as he arrives he finds an unconscious Zach. He pulls out the oxy and the syringe he then sticks 50 mg of oxy in to Zach's IV. Xander smiles.

Xander: Mr Kreeese sends his regards.

Xander takes the coat and badge and throws them in a garbage can and walks out of the room and begins to leave the hospital without even being asked a question. Before Xander makes it out the hospital, a voice makes an announcement over the speaker.

Speaker: Code blue room 204, code blue 204.

Xander smiles again and continues walking away.

Upper Limits

Match

We cut backstage to MJ Flair, walking the halls ahead of her main event match. A voice sounds from just off-screen.

Voice: MJ!

The camera swings around and we see the World Champion, Caledonia. MJ smiles.

MJF: Oh, hey champ. What's up?... wait, why are you here tonight? You're not booked, I'da thought you'd be continuing t'search.

Caledonia's smile falters.

Caledonia: Actually, that's why I'm here.

MJF: Oh?

Caledonia: I'm spinning my wheels. I know who has my husband, but I don't know where they are or where I can start looking. It's been weeks since I've gotten any new information; I've hit my limits.

MJF: What are you saying?

Caledonia: If you would be so kind, I'd like to meet with Adrian.

Christian Starr vs. Duce Jones

Match

Mike Rolash: Don't say that, he could be next to be roped in...

Jim Gunt: And Caledonia Highlander is here, ladies and gentlemen, but not in an official function, looks like the long arm of the McGinnis organization is going to be coming into play.

Mike Rolash (snickering): Long arm, good one.

The bell rings, bringing attention to Ray Douglas in the center of the ring.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is the final beat-the-clock challenge! Mia Rayne currently

holds the best time at 14 minutes even!

Jim Gunt: Former champion versus former champion; this one should be an absolute barn-burner!

Mike Rolash: Wait, what barn's on fire?

Jim Gunt: It's a figure of speech, Mike. It's not a real barn, it's an idiom.

Mike Rolash: Idiom Farm? Never heard of it.

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 out onto the stage.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Memphis, Tennessee! Weighing in at 205 lbs, he is The Kid Who Never Dies, and one half of the CWF tag team champions, DUCE JONES!

The fans cheer with admiration as Jones stands and admires the capacity crowd. He then strolls down to the ring slapping the hands of some of the fans who are sitting ringside, with a smile on his face. Climbing into the ring, he sprints to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope and begins looking into the crowd once again, as his music fades.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent!

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

The camera pans down to the entrance lamp where now a single spotlight shines brightly behind the former Paramount Champion.

HAAAAAIIIII TO THE KIIINNNNG!

The lights flare to an almost blinding intensity as Avenged Sevenfold's "Hail to the King" takes over the arenas P.A. system. As the lights adjust, there stands Christian STARR, a determined look in his eye and a grimace on his face.

HAAAAIIIIIII TO THE OOOONNNNE!

Starr turns around and starts backing his way down the entrance way with a clearly confident swagger to his step, as he fixes his eyes on the ring ahead of him.

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, and weighing in at 190 lbs. He is "The King of Wrestling", Christian STARR!

Jim Gunt: Christian STARR flying solo tonight, as PAYNE is nowhere to be found, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Christian STARR is The King of Wrestling, Jimbo. He doesn't need any help at all.

As STARR mounts the turnbuckle, throwing up a "too sweet" to the Boston crowd, a ringside technician sprints from the backstage area, handing a note to Ray Douglas. Douglas looks at it, confused, before calling referee Clark Summits over to confer. Summits shrugs as he reads over Douglas's shoulder, and exits the ring with the technician.

Jim Gunt: What's all this?

Mike Rolash: Hey, Summits! The ring's back there! You still have to earn your paycheck!

Ray Douglas adjusts his tie and brings the microphone to his lips as both STARR and Jones crowd around him to try to get some answers as to what the hold-up is.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, I've just been informed that this next match will have a SPECIAL GUEST REFEREE!

Boston cheers in anticipation, as the lights around the arena go dark once again.

Jim Gunt: Wow! An unannounced special guest referee, Mike! Who could it be?

Mike Rolash: I've got a bad feeling about this...

A single, bare lightbulb descends from the rafters, in the middle of the stage, and Boston comes unglued as the opening guitar riff of "Hello Timebomb" by Matthew Good Band starts to play.

I found me a reason...

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

Some men are born great

Some achieve greatness

But only one man is Jarvis J. King

The crowd explodes in rapturous acclaim, as the lights in the arena come back on with a bang. From the smoke emerges The Internet Icon, wearing the black-and-white pinstripes of a referee's shirt, and a wry smirk on his face. He raises his right arm and begins to saunter confidently to the ring, as Christian STARR shouts over the top rope at him, clearly upset that he's here at all.

Ray Douglas: Please welcome your special guest referee, he is the CWF Paramount Champion, JARVIS KING!

The crowd roars their approval as Jarvis slides into the ring, and rolls to his feet. As he gets to his feet, STARR is in his face, but Jarvis pays him no mind as he walks towards Duce while simultaneously pointing at STARR to get in his corner.

Mike Rolash: Oh, come ON! In WHAT universe is this fair, Jim?

Jim Gunt: Well, I'm receiving word that Jarvis King just got his referee's certification today and...

Mike Rolash: Wait, referee's certification? Is that a thing?

STARR reluctantly goes to his corner, not wanting to be disqualified before the match even starts, and stewes as Jarvis checks over Jones, doing a quick pat-down check for any foreign objects.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis being quite thorough.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, probably going over last-minute strategy! This is ridiculous.

Satisfied with his check of Jones, Jarvis shakes the tag champion's hand and walks across the ring to STARR, who is leaning in the corner, skeptical of his foe in referee's garb. Jarvis motions to STARR that he has to do the same check as Jones did, and after some argument, STARR relents and allows Jarvis to do his quick sweep.

King is much more thorough than he was with Jones. STARR protests, but Jarvis continues, thoroughly sweeping over

Christian's gear. As he finishes, Jarvis stands up, nods and smiles, and offers Christian a handshake as well. STARR raises an eyebrow, and slaps Jarvis's hand away, rejecting the shake! Jarvis looks down at his hand, a look of mock-hurt etched across his face. He turns around and starts to walk towards the center of the ring, before he bag-tags STARR, and calls for the bell!

Mike Rolash: Oh, COME ON!

Jim Gunt: Well, mess with the bull and you get the horns, I guess!

The bell rings and Duce doesn't look a gift-horse in the mouth as he quickly advances on the former Paramount Champion, hitting a big clothesline in the corner. STARR hits the turnbuckle hard and is given no time to recover as Duce quickly reigns in knee strikes to STARR's midsection. Jarvis counts the contact in the corner, and Duce gives a clean break on four. As the competitors separate, STARR stumbles forward, and is immediately hooked by Jones, who hits a big sambo suplex! Duce shoots the half and covers STARR, looking for an early cover as the big clock on the CWF Tron reaches one minute!

ONE!

TWO!

No, he kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Fair, even count from King as STARR gets his shoulder up at two!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, Jarvis King is a real fair ref, Jimbo. Get your head out of your ass.

Duce wastes no time getting back on the offensive. As Christian kicks out, he rolls to his stomach, giving Duce the opportunity to reign more knee-strikes down on STARR's ribs, causing the former Paramount champion to recoil in pain. Jones doesn't let up, and the current Tag champ essentially forces his foe into the ropes. Jarvis calls for the break, which Duce gives him.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King again getting the clean break from Duce Jones, calling the match down the middle, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, that nut-shot was right down the middle, Jimmy.

STARR starts to grab at the ropes, using them to steady himself before pulling himself upwards. Jarvis gets down to Christian's level, asking him if he wants to continue, but The King of Wrestling responds simply by spitting in The

Internet Icon's Face! Jarvis steps back, wiping the spit from his eye with a look of disdain on his face. Jarvis collects himself and shrugs before motioning that the two can continue the fight! Jones advances, and shoots STARR off into the ropes with an Irish whip.

On the rebound, Jones wraps his right arm around STARR's chin, locking in a sleeper hold! Christian struggles a minute before managing to pivot the pressure, forcing Jones to a side-headlock. Duce tries to wrench on the hold, but is lifted up by STARR, who attempts a back suplex! Jones has the move scouted, though, and manages to flip backwards, landing easily on his feet before running to the ropes. STARR stands slightly confused before turning around and being caught by a bicycle knee strike! STARR crumples to the mat and Jones immediately goes for the cover as the clock hits five minutes!

Jim Gunt: NICE TO KNEE YOU! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!!

NO!

Duce pounds the mat as STARR rolls away to create some separation. Conferring with Jarvis, Jones checks that the count was in fact only two. Duce gets to his feet, as STARR has managed to get to his knees in the corner. The tag champ advances on the former Paramount champion, grabbing at his head and neck to try to control him to his feet, but STARR manages to throw a thumb to the eye, causing the former World champion to recoil in pain!

Jim Gunt: Well, typical of Christian STARR, taking whatever shortcut he can!

Mike Rolash: YOU MESS WITH THE BULL, YOU GET THE HORN, JIMMY! GET HIM, CHRISTIAN!

STARR gets to his feet, and quickly bounds off the ropes, hitting a dazed Duce with a big slingblade! The former World champion hits the mat hard, as STARR quickly goes for the cover at 5:50!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Another even-handed count from Jarvis!

Mike Rolash: THAT WAS SLOW!!

Any unbiased party would agree with Gunt's analysis, but nonetheless STARR is apoplectic. The King of Wrestling gets into the face of the Internet Icon, motioning that he thought it was three. Jarvis gestures that his count was true, but that doesn't prevent him from getting shoved by STARR! Jarvis stumbles backwards from the unexpected contact, and thinks about retaliating, but he doesn't get a chance. STARR's lapse in concentration gives Duce a moment to recover, and hook STARR's leg with a schoolboy rollup! Jarvis gets into position and counts STARR's shoulders!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Christian manages to roll through the pressure, removing his shoulders from the mat, and quickly gets to his feet. Jones also stands, but is caught by a kick to the gut, doubling him over. STARR quickly grapples Jones, snapping him forward with a Snapmare Driver!

Mike Rolash: MAMMA SAID KNOCK YOU OUT!

STARR doesn't waste time going for a cover, instead he quickly positions himself to Duce's side, locking in the King's Cross!

Mike Rolash: IT'S ALL OVER, JIMMY!

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones is certainly in a bad way here!

Jones writhes in pain as STARR wrenches back on the hold. The clock ticks forward, reading just at the 9-minute mark, as Jarvis checks in on Jones, asking if the former World champ wants to quit. Duce shouts no, and claws at the mat, trying to pull both his and Christian's weight to the ropes.

Mike Rolash: Just tap, Duce! It's not like if you lose this match you'll be one or two in the rumble!

Duce doesn't relent, and manages to pull himself forward, inch by inch, before making one last desperate grasp at the ropes, grabbing the bottom strand of twine, forcing the break!

Mike Rolash: DAMMIT!

STARR refuses to release the hold, and Jarvis starts to count. Just as he gets to the four-count, King throws his arms up, and grabs at STARR's beard, causing the E.G.O.-centric superstar to release the hold. Jarvis lets go of STARR as he relents and backs off. Christian, incensed, gets to his feet and gets in the face of Jarvis, shoving The Internet Icon. Jarvis keeps his cool, alerting STARR that he was in danger of getting disqualified, but Christian is hearing none of it. STARR shoves the Hall of Famer again before turning to his opponent at hand.

Duce has barely had a chance to recover as STARR advances on him. Just as Jones gets to a semi-vertical basis, STARR is on him, hooking him in the suplex position before hoisting him upwards with a big falcon arrow! Jones crashes to the mat, as STARR checks the time – 10:02 – and goes for a quick cover.

ONE!

NO!

Jones pops a shoulder up quickly, but STARR is convinced he had done enough to put The Kid Who Never Dies away. He immediately pops up, getting in Jarvis's face, and gestures wildly that he believes that Jarvis has been counting slowly the whole match. King, for his part, keeps his cool as he illustrates that his count was true. STARR has no part of the reasonable conversation, though, and pie-faces the Paramount Champion, leaving Jarvis standing, stunned.

Jim Gunt: STARR is walking a tightrope here, Mike!

Mike Rolash: King's testing him with these slow counts, Jimbo!

Christian refocuses his attention on Duce, locking on another front-facelock, clearly looking for the Mourning STARR Driver! The King of Wrestling is unable to properly lock it on, however, and the small-package driver looks more like a standard small package. Nonetheless, STARR is able to keep the hold tight as he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—NO!

Duce Jones just manages to get a shoulder up at 11:01, and STARR can't believe it! Again, he gets to his feet and rather than focussing on his opponent, he immediately gets in Jarvis King's face.

Christian STARR: THAT WAS THREE!

Jarvis King: It was two man, sorry.

STARR doesn't take this perceived slight lightly, and rears back, hitting Jarvis with a big slap across the face! The Internet Icon reels as the Boston crowd boos. Jarvis checks his mouth for blood as STARR looks at hm, incensed. King looks down at his hand, seeing it stained with a bit of blood. Jarvis shakes his head before rearing back with a superkick that catches STARR right on the jaw! Christian stumbles backwards from the impact, and turns around to get caught with a flying knee from Duce Jones!

Jim Gunt: KRAYZED KNEE!

Mike Rolash: NO! JARVIS CHEATED!

Duce takes a glance at the clock – 12:12 – before shooting the half and hooking both legs with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jarvis quickly calls for the bell as "Smiling Faces" starts up.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner, and best time in the Beat the Clock challenge at twelve minutes and eighteen seconds, DUCE JONES!

Duce gets to his feet, and Jarvis raises his hand to uproarious applause from the Boston crowd.

Mike Rolash: Jarvis King just screwed Christian STARR out of the opportunity of a lifetime!

Jim Gunt: Well, Christian STARR pushed Jarvis King one too many times, and now Duce Jones has the coveted final

spot in the Golden Intentions match at the next CWF Pay Per View!

Jones rolls out of the ring and starts up the ramp, celebrating his monumental win with the Massachusetts faithful, as STARR lies motionless in the middle of the ring. Jarvis King paces the ring, obviously riled up, before stripping the referee's shirt off and tossing it ringside. He calls for a microphone, and Ray Douglas obliges as Jones makes his way through the curtain.

Jarvis King: Hey, Christian!

STARR barely stirs, clearly not conscious as King gets down to the mat, bringing his face inches from STARR's.

Jarvis King: Tough break, kid...but I've got some good news for you. Just because you didn't win this match doesn't mean that Golden Intentions is gonna be a night off for you, buddy. No, no...see, you're still gonna get the chance to go one on one with The Internet Icon for the Paramount Championship!

The crowd cheers this announcement, and Jarvis continues.

Jarvis King: That's not all, buddy! See, you're still in the Golden Intentions rumble...the bad news is, after I beat you up in our match, you're gonna have to come in at number one!

Mike Rolash: NO!

The Boston crowd clearly loves this idea and Jarvis stands up with a self-satisfied smirk on his face.

Jarvis King: Don't worry, though, Christian...you won't have to be in that match too long, since I'm going to come in at number 2 and dump your ass over the top rope before I go on to win the whole damn rumble!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god!

The TD Banknorth Garden comes unglued as Jarvis drops the microphone and "Hello Timebomb" starts to play again.

Jim Gunt: Not only do we get King versus STARR in a rematch for the ages, but we now know the first two and final entrants into Golden Intentions! And there's still more Evolution to come!

This is the nighhhttt...

Match

We cut to a close up of Ataxia and Mia sitting on a picnic blanket on a table somewhere. The lights are down low, but we see people in the background moving in the darkness. Ataxia is of course dressed in his suit and Mia is wearing a pretty black fancy dress herself. They look to be eating...Chef Boyardee?!

Mia Rayne: I love this romantic ideas you get.

Ataxia: Why thank you dear. I just love this little spot and I decided to book it for the evening...

???: Sooo thisss is the nighttttt...it's a beautifullllaaaaaaa niggghhhttt...

Mia Rayne: Awww...You know I love "Lady and The Tramp"!

Ataxia: Well you are my lady and I do have a tramp stamp...

???: And we call it bella notte...Look at the skies, they have stars in their eyes...On this lovely bella notte.

We pan back and we see Jim Gunt with an accordion singing the song!

Ataxia: I didn't know the place had a good dinner show...

Mia Rayne: I know! Go Jim!

We pan back further and see them having their date on the announce table and the lights come up and the audience is cheering and howling with laughter as Mike Rolash looks absolutely miserable.

Mike Rolash: WILL YOU TWO GET OFF OUR DESK!!

Ataxia: Aww...someone feels left out...

Ataxia, using the nose of his mask rolls a meatball towards Rolash who just looks absolutely disgusted.

Mike Rolash: I loathe you with all my being...

Ataxia: Emm...That's beefy!

Suddenly the screen is covered by the Chef Boyardee logo. The official pasta of CWF...

Mike Rolash: What?!

Jim Gunt: Oh this is the night...and the heavens are right!...On this lovely bella notte!

The fans are on their feet giving Jim a standing ovation.

Mike Rolash: ...I am having a hard time understanding reality anymore.

Ataxia pats Mike's head as Mike looks more infuriated.

Man Up!

Match

The scene picks up backstage as Duce Jones is seen walking towards his locker room. Beads of sweat drip from his face and chest, which he wipes off with a towel as he continues in stride. Duce soon finds himself walking past the office door of CWF CEO J. Rish. Drawing near he is soon taken aback swings open and out steps non other than....

Duce: Pops?

The camera pans over to show Duce's father, pulling the door to the office closed behind him. He notices Duce and instantly a sinister smile comes across his face.

Pops: Damn, you caught me..

Duce: What's going on Pops?

Pops: I wanted to surprise you...

A look of concern consumes the face of Duce, when he's suddenly sucker punched by his father. The punch sends Duce staggering back, his father catching him with another punch. Pops grabs Duce by the back of the neck and throws him head first into the nearest wall. Jones crumbling to the floor from the sickening impact. Duce struggles to

get to his feet as his father stands over him breathing heavily, a stoic look in his eyes. With a yell, Pops runs full force, punting Duce in the head, sending it crashing into the wall. Pops kneels beside his when son, grabbing him by the hair, bringing the two of them face to face.

Pops: From now on! Pops doesn't exist! From now on you can.... call.... me..... Krayzie!

With those words Krayzie mashes Duce's head into the pavement. He rises to his feet, and straightens his shirt... He glances down at Duce once more.

Krayzie: Ya know boy, I came here to talk to Rish about entering the rumble, and somehow ended up signing a contract. So I guess I'll be seeing you around. And hopefully, I can get you to stop acting like a bitch and Man Up....

Krayzie turns and leaves as a medical team shows up to check on Duce.

Jim Gunt: Let me get this right, not only is Duce's father making his intentions golden, but he's also signed a contract to compete full time with Championship Wrestling Federation? This is huge news!

Mike Rolash: As long as he's beating some sense into Duce, I'm down..

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, what a night this has turned out to be! And we're not done as we still have the Impact Championship on the line in a No Disqualifications Match as Impact Champion, Ataxia defends against the "Psychotic Aristocrat" Silas Artoria!

Mike Rolash: Mark my words Jimbo, that bagged freak is going down tonight!

Ataxia (c) vs. Silas Artoria

Match

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, the next match is for the CWF Impact Championship!

Despite all the fast paced action so far this evening, the fans are still hungry for more and give a huge pop at the mention of the title match.

Ray Douglas: It is a no disqualification match and-

Another big cheer from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: First to the ring is the challenger, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada. He is the Psychotic Aristocrat - SILAS ARTORIA!

The lights dim down as fog starts to billow out from the entrance. Dark blue lighting replaces the spotlights and "Arousal" from the "Dark Dreams Don't Die OST" begins to sound over the PA. He steps through the curtains out onto the stage in his coat and cane, looking all the aristocrat, barely acknowledging the crowd and its resounding boos. Where he used to sport a benign, yet condescending smile, his look is harder and more determined than ever as he gracefully glides down the ramp towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: And the defending champion, one part of the Forsaken - the Messiah Pariah - ATAXIA!

The lights flicker as we hear this over the PA System...

"AHAHAHAHHAAAAHAHAHAHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia enters the arena wearing his cloak of raven feathers, top hat, cane, and raven mask over his usual bag like mask, accompanied by his three fellow Forsaken. Ataxia spins the cane around and high fives fans as he walks down the ringside area. He leaps into the ring and waits...waving and blowing kisses at his opponent.

Jim Gunt: The Forsaken really are making an impact, no pun intended, on this show tonight, showing up in full force and all three of Ataxia's stable mates are here at ringside.

Mike Rolash: Yes, ready to interfere and cost Silas his chance at the belt! This is no disqualification!

Jim Gunt: So far they have not interfered in matches unless provoked or attacked, but we will have to see.

Ataxia flaps his arms like wings while moving back and forth in front of Silas, who just stands there, looking somewhat undignified and thoroughly unimpressed.

Jim Gunt: Silas has not had a very successful run the last few weeks and it definitely has had some major effect on his mood.

Mike Rolash: Well, I think it would put a damper on anybody's mood.

Referee Big Danny Davidson is holding the belt up before handing it over to the ring attendant and as Ataxia is taking off his mask and coat, Silas goes for an early attack, with a fast knee to the spine of the Messiah Pariah that sends him

into the ropes and right into an INVERTED DDT!

Jim Gunt: Whoa! Silas is definitely not taking any prisoners here tonight!

Mike Rolash: No, but why would anybody really want Ataxia as a prisoner? Would be a punishment to yourself...

Instead of going for a quick cover, Silas drags Ataxia back up to his feet and a quick SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH!

Jim Gunt: Wow, this could have been one of the shortest title matches in CWF history! I am not sure, if I have ever seen Silas this focused this early in a match, he clearly has something to prove!

Mike Rolash: Well, his goal is the Heavyweight title and at first MJ Flair losing to Caledonia thwarted that plan and now Caledonia is giving him the cold shoulder, so this could be one way to prove that he is ready for the big one.

Undeterred, Silas pulls Ataxia up another time and sends him into the ropes, but his attempt at a clothesline hits only air as the Masked Menace ducks and on the rebound gets hit with a flying body press that gets the Aristocrat down to the mat for the first time in the match. Wasting no time, Ataxia jumps off onto the middle rope and attempts a MOONSAULT, but Silas is already to his feet and meets his opponent with a high knee, catching him right in the gut.

Mike Rolash: There you go, get this freak out of here!

This comment seems to get the attention of Mia, who eyes Mike with a cocked head, but her focus shifts right back to the ring, where Ataxia is writhing on the ground while Silas is stomping away on him. Out of all people Dorian is right at the apron, yelling at Ataxia that he can do this, trying to channel some strength to overcome this early onslaught by the Canadian.

Jim Gunt: You know that any of the Forsaken could just go in and lay out Silas without having to fear a disqualification.

Mike Rolash: Yes, the bastards!

Jim Gunt: They haven't done anything!

Mike Rolash: Doesn't matter, I can see it in their eyes!

As Silas is not letting up with the kicks and stomps, Dorian finally has enough and reaches for his stablemate's foot and pulls him out of the ring.

Mike Rolash: See? See? I knew it! They are already cheating!

Jim Gunt: Relax, Max...

Mike Rolash (looking around frantically): Who's Max?

While Jim Gunt facepalms, Silas runs the ropes and SUICIDE DIVE towards Dorian and The Shadow, but they move out of the way just in time to see Silas sail between them and right into the barrier!

Jim Gunt: Ooh, ouch, that must have hurt!

Mike Rolash: So now both of them are out on the floor outside! This had such a great, fast start and now - this...

Dorian and The Shadow are heaving Ataxia back onto the apron, rolling him in and then proceed to do the same to Silas.

Jim Gunt: Looks like we have our own lumberjacks for this match again!

Both men in the ring are moving, but are slow to get to their feet, with Ataxia getting to a vertical base a second before Silas, but cannot cash in on this slight advantage as Silas manages to duck under the clothesline attempt and instead grabs Ataxia right off the ropes and into BACK BODY DROP, but Ataxia lands on his feet and SUPERKICK!

Jim Gunt: There we go, they are back!

Ataxia throws himself into the ropes again and SENTON! Cover!

ONE!

TW-

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Ouf, that was close, as much as I hate this guy, this was a beautiful sequence!

Jim Gunt: Where'd Mia go?

There is some movement under the ring, sounding as if someone is rummaging through a basement. Suddenly an exclamation can be heard.

Mia Rayne: THERE you are, you rascal, I knew you were hiding somewhere!

Mike Rolash: Who does she have down there???

Jim Gunt: I am not sure...

More rummaging, followed by a thud and a pained yelp, before Mia crawls back out from under the ring, with Lynk in hand, her trusted cast iron skillet.

Mike Rolash: Oh great, next thing she'll start cooking!

Meanwhile in the ring Silas has managed to get Ataxia into a side headlock, yanking and grinding away, but the Knight in Shining Burlap is twisting and turning to get out of the grip and finally manages to escape Silas, following it up with a push toward the ropes. Ataxia tries to take advantage by running the ropes himself and a drop kick to the butt of Silas sends the aristocrat through the ropes to the outside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: And Ataxia is going under the ring now, things are heating up!

Indeed a table and several chairs are flying out from under the ring and the table is the first thing to go into the ring. Ataxia climbs back in and sets the table up against the ropes, with the opened side over the top rope before backing up to the ropes on the other side.

Mike Rolash: What on earth is he doing?

Ataxia: Air Ataxia cleared for take off!

With this he runs off, up the table, leaping off for a SPRING BOARD SHOOTING STARR PRESS!

“HOLY SHIT!”

Mike Rolash: Even I must say holy shit... I've never seen anything like this!

Jim Gunt: Me neither, this looks like a tribute to Christian Starr there! But now he has to get the prone Silas into the ring and he is struggling!

Ataxia calls for Dorian and together they get Silas back into the ring. Cover!

ONE!

T-!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Took too long...

Mike Rolash: Yes, you have to strike the opponent while he's hot!

Jim Gunt: I'm not even going to ask...

Ataxia gets Silas back to his feet and attempts a whip-in, but a reversal sees him hit the table back first, knocking his breath out of him. With his opponent briefly incapacitated Silas straightens out with a mirthless smile and runs at Ataxia and jumps off with a CANNONBALL THROUGH THE TABLE!

Jim Gunt: It was just a matter of time before the table had to go, they never last.

Mike Rolash (in a sad voice): It is always the good that die young...

Jim Gunt: Say what now?

Silas is peeling himself out of the table first, holding his back, but stretching the pain away. He climbs out of the ring and throws in two chairs and a kendo stick.

Jim Gunt: Oh, the kendo sticks, Silas had used these quite efficiently on the Danger Boiz in the past and he seems to favour them.

Mike Rolash: Given his history in Japan, not surprising.

While Ataxia is still trying to get out of the crushed remains of the table, Silas goes into an attack stance and brings the kendo stick down hard across Ataxia's back, then twice and three times before the Messiah Pariah's attempts to extricate himself from the table cease. Artoria sets up one of the two chairs next to the table and, while prodding Ataxia with the kendo stick, begins to taunt him.

Jim Gunt: It has been a long time since I have seen Ataxia in such rough shape!

Mike Rolash: Yes, too long, it is about time someone does something!

Suddenly Ataxia grabs the kendo stick and, taking advantage of the moment of surprise, pulls it out of Silas' hand to the cheers of the fans. Silas tries to grab it back, but fails to catch a hold and as he attempts to kick Ataxia within the table's remains, he is greeted with the handle of the kendo stick in the groin, sending him stumbling back. This is all Ataxia needs to get back into the ring fully, but first thing he sees is the back of a steel chair coming for his head, connecting with a sickening thud, crumpling Ataxia in a heap.

Jim Gunt: Ever since Caledonia denied him a shot for her title, Silas is a lot harder and more brutal than in the past, I hope this does not mean that his Passenger is trying to take over the wheel.

Mike Rolash: If she's cute, I wouldn't mind to go on a drive with her.

Jim Gunt: This is wrong on so many levels!

Silas exits the ring once more to look for additional weapons.

Mike Rolash: Why doesn't he just finish off the bagged- AAAAAAH!

The crushing sound of solid cast iron on the commentator desk in front of him stops Rolash dead in his tracks.

Mia Rayne: Stop. This. Now. Or I will help you Lynk up...

Mike is white as a wall as the skillet had missed his hand by less than an inch, timidly looking at Mia as she shifts her attention back towards the ring, where Silas is circling Ataxia with his cane, waiting for the right moment to strike. He feigns an attack, then retreats and after several more fakes catches Ataxia right across the side of his head. After the third hit a little burgundy stain begins to show through the burlap, but if anything, Ataxia only gets madder as his body language changes.

Jim Gunt: Silas has to stop his taunting, as much fun as he has with it, because once Ataxia snaps, not even the Lord will have mercy with us.

Mike Rolash: Since when do you-

They are interrupted by a primal scream from the ring, which takes everybody in the arena aback as Ataxia has caught a hold of Silas' cane and is charging at the Aristocrat and spears him hard into the ring corner. As he takes a few steps back, referee Danny Davidson goes to check on Silas to see if he is ok. Ataxia takes a run-up towards the barely moving Artoria and jumps off for his double-knee hit, when Silas in a moment of clarity pulls Davidson in front of him and Ataxia connects hard with the referee, knocking him out completely.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: The ref is down, I repeat, the ref is down!

Mike Rolash: Now what?

Jim Gunt: Either we get a new ref or we have to wait until Danny is back up, but going with the impact there, he might be out for a while...

While Ataxia goes down on one knee to check on the referee, Silas takes his chance and strikes Ataxia with a high bicycle knee!

Jim Gunt: KNOCKOUT!

Mike Rolash: What is he doing now???

Silas hefts up Ataxia and taking a run, throws him over the top rope right into the other Forsaken, knocking them off their feet! Suddenly Autumn Raven and Sam Braxton appear out of the crowd, both with a chair in hand and hit Mia and The Shadow before they can react and avoid the impact, while Silas jumps out of the ring, hitting Dorian across the back with his cane after he had turned to face Autumn and Sam!

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, things have very quickly taken a surprising turn with the referee knocked out, Ataxia knocked out and Autumn and Sam having attacked the Forsaken after coming from the audience and now the three of them are raining down punches and kicks on the still knocked out Ataxia and Dorian!

The Shadow and Mia are finally getting to their feet and rush to get the Coalition off Ataxia and Dorian, but while they manage to give Ataxia some reprieve, the three against three matchup now turns into an all out brawl, where the ladies show particular viciousness against each other and slowly the six brawl their way up the ramp and through the entrance way into the backstage area.

Mike Rolash: Wow, that was quite the ending to this match, obviously Ataxia is still our champion, as much as I hate the bastard, medics are currently tending to the champ.

Jim Gunt: As far as we know, he has not regained consciousness yet, this was a quite harsh attack on him, there is some blood visible through his mask and one of the paramedics is trying to take off the mask to tend to- WHOA!

Suddenly Ataxia's hand shoots up, grabbing the paramedics wrist.

Ataxia: If you value your life, the mask stays where it is!

I fuckin' told you so.

Match

Backstage, but not very far.

Specifically the Gorilla Position.

One curtain separates MJ Flair and her current entourage from the entrance aisle, the fans, and the ring. She bounces back and forth nervously, dressed and ready to go but unable to shake the sneaking suspicion that she's been had, in one way or another.

Adrian Evans has a very smug and visible "I told you so!" look on his face as he eyeballs Angus Skaaland. Angus, for his part, seems oblivious to it all.

Adrian: Ms. Flair, this is a bad idea. We need a backup plan and we need it now!

MJF: Don't worry, I got this.

Adrian: Goddammit, MJ! You're gonna get hurt out there!

MJF: Maybe, maybe not. If I am, I'm takin' one'a them with me.

Evans glares at Skaaland.

Adrian: Anything to add, Mr. "he's here, I swear?"

Eyes roll.

Angus: "He's here. I swear."

And back into the phone he goes.

MJF: I told you, I got this.

The public address system rumbles to life around them with OTEP's "Smash the Control Machine." The former CWF World Champion takes a deep, calming breath. Adrian knows better to continue begging, and Angus has a satisfied smirk growing on his face.

???: That's our cue, kiddo, you ready for this?

MJ whips around and comes face to chest with her partner for the night. She looks up at him with more than a bit of annoyance and impatience in her eyes.

MJF: You're late.

Eric Dane: There was some business I needed to attend to.

MJF: Are you ready?

Eric Dane: I'm always ready.

MJF: Fuck it, let's do this.

The two of them turn and make their way through the curtain to a deafening pop from the crowd. Angus grins like the Cheshire cat.

Angus: I fuckin' told you so.

Cut to ringside.

Eric Dane & Mariella Jade Flair vs. Ouroboros (Cassandra & Dean Coulter)

Match

"Smash the Control Machine" by OTEP hits. Dane and Flair walk out onto the stage together.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, making his CWF debut, from New Orleans, Louisiana, weighing 240 pounds... ERIC DANE!

Reaction is decidedly mixed for Dane, with most fans not knowing quite what to make of him, but there is tumultuous applause from a few scattered pockets of people wearing t-shirts from indie feds (you've probably never heard of them, they're really obscure).

Ray Douglas: And his tag team partner: from Warwick, NY... MARIELLA JADE FLAIR!

And the crowd goes wild for the established fan favorite. Eric Dane smirks on the stage, like a father proud of his daughter, but also like a slightly annoyed older cousin. The two begin to walk down to the ring, slapping high-fives and hyping up the crowd.

Jim Gunt: A lot of history between these two!

Mike Rolash: Enough history to buy Dane a main-event debut, no less.

Twin purple searchlights begin to pan over the crowd, searching, seeking, finally converging on the entrance ramp. Cassandra stands, smirking, blowing a sarcastic kiss to the crowd before skipping her way down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing now, at 175 lbs, from the Epicentre...CASSANDRA!

"Hope" by Apocalyptica begins to play and the man formerly known as Dean Coulter sluggishly strides down the ramp. His every tread is heavy and he pays no attention to the jeers and comments of the audience as he gradually advances towards the ring, his eyes cast downwards.

Ray Douglas: And her tag team partner - JUDAS!

Judas climbs onto the apron and looks into the ring with an expression of lament and resignation clear upon his face before climbing between the ropes, telling the referee to get the match started and done with. Cassandra follows at a slight distance, and smirks.

Jim Gunt: And a decidedly shorter history between these two, but far from less storied. The things that these two have done together...

Mike Rolash: The things Cassandra's made Sam do, you mean.

Jim Gunt: That's Dean. And he's Judas now.

Mike Rolash: Right. And which one is Castiel?

MJ Flair and Cassandra begin in the ring, locking up and throwing knees at each other's stomachs. The World Champion gets the initial advantage, but the canny Cassandra is able to reverse the position at the last second, getting MJ into a corner and throwing vicious rights and lefts.

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair has been wanting to get her hands on Ouroboros for some time now - she's getting her chance tonight!

Mike Rolash: Wait, that's what she wanted? I thought she wanted Oreos!

Jim Gunt: Again with the goddamn fat jokes, Mike? One, she's not even fat; two, you shouldn't make those jokes anyway!

Mike Rolash: Stop trampling my freedom of speech.

Jim Gunt (under his breath): Unless you're threatened with arrest, freedom of speech isn't in danger...

Referee Scott Dean hauls Cassandra off MJ Flair, and Choronzon capitalizes on his distraction, jumping up onto the apron and hitting MJ in the side of the head. The crowd boos loudly, and Choronzon smirks as Cassandra charges back in with a running knee. The former World Champion is unable to defend as Cassandra's knee flies into her chin. She falls hard, and Cassandra kicks her in the ribs repeatedly. The referee pulls her off, and Cassandra makes the tag to Judas, who vaults over the ropes and grabs MJ before she can make it to her corner.

Jim Gunt: Judas has shown squeamishness in the past concerning some of Ouroboros' darker tendencies.

Mike Rolash: And this is his chance to show his commitment to the cause!

Jim Gunt: So not what we want!

Judas hauls MJ to her feet and whips her into the corner. He charges in with a clothesline, squashing the former World Champion. He whips her into the opposite corner and tries again - but this time, MJ is ready for him and ducks out of the way. Judas hits the turnbuckle at full speed and MJ counters with a Bulldog. She goes for the cover on Judas.

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Eric Dane offers the tag, but MJ seems to have found her stride and ignores him, waiting for Judas to rise and getting the crowd behind her. The increasingly-lost Lost Boy rises slowly, and is surprised to find MJ Flair waiting for him to begin a grapple. They begin to go back and forth, with Judas's strength advantage shortly playing in. MJ is able to throw him, however, and he lands face-first on the turnbuckle as MJ lands a drop toe-hold. Now MJ is ready to tag in her partner, and Eric Dane enters the ring.

Jim Gunt: Here we go! Let's see what Eric Dane can do.

Dane stalks Judas methodically, letting the Lost Boy find his feet before moving with surprising speed into position behind him, and throwing Judas in a German suplex. Judas lands hard, and Dane cracks his neck, satisfied with the suplex's delivery. He hauls Judas to his feet and whips him into the corner, following up with a series of knife-edge chops.

Mike Rolash: Seems to be able to do some classic stuff so far.

Dane smirks and whips Judas into the ropes. Judas dodges The Hardcase's initial coathanger punch, ducking underneath - but Dane is waiting with a high knee, catching Judas in the face! He goes for the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

If Eric Dane is annoyed, his face doesn't show it. He hauls Judas bodily to his feet - and the Australian uses the momentum for an arm drag! Dane is thrown across the ring - his face now betraying a sense of annoyance - and Judas waits for Dane to charge in before setting up the Blue Thunder Bomb! In spite of Judas' new associations, the fans begin to cheer for the rarely-seen and exciting move - but Eric Dane, through technical proficiency acquired from

decades of wrestling, counters before Judas can even begin to circle around for the slam. The crowd begins to boo.

Jim Gunt: Are... are they actually rooting for Ouroboros?

Mike Rolash: Let's be honest, they're rooting against Dane.

Eric Dane, used to boos of frustration, lets the crowd's annoyance roll off his back, instead tagging in MJ Flair. The scrapper from New York begins throwing rights and lefts at Judas, throwing him into a corner and going for a handspring elbow. Judas falls hard, and Cassandra tries to force her way into the ring. But while Scott Dean is distracted by the Prophetess, Choronzon jumps up onto the turnbuckle, grabs MJ by the back of the head, and pulls her face onto the ring post!

The crowd boos loudly and Eric Dane screams across the ring at Scott Dean, who turns around. Judas has risen to his feet and tags in Cassandra, who vaults over the ropes and struts towards the fallen Flair. Abruptly her calm demeanor vanishes as she begins raining down a vicious assault on MJ, throwing hard rights and lefts into the face of the former World Champion. MJ is able to muster enough counter-offence to throw Cassandra off her, but the Amoral Prophetess swiftly regroups, throwing MJ in a fisherman's suplex and applying a Muta Lock.

It takes all of MJ Flair's strength, but she makes it to the ropes, grabbing on and not letting go. Cassandra continues to hold the lock, but Scott Dean eventually forces her out of it, and MJ finally releases the rope, giving herself a few seconds to recover. She doesn't have long, though, because Cassandra hauls her to her feet and drags her to the corner, tagging in Judas, who knees MJ in the stomach, launching his Dangerous Association Law twin suplexes - first a vertical suplex, then a belly-to-back suplex.

Jim Gunt: This seems a bit more Judas' pace.

Judas pushes MJ into the corner, throwing hard right and left body blows until Scott Dean pulls him off her. Choronzon capitalizes on the referee's inattention to once again slam MJ's face into the turnbuckle. Judas sees it and a hint of annoyance flashes across his face.

Mike Rolash: Evidently that wasn't.

The crowd boos loudly, and it's unclear whether their boos are directed more at Choronzon or Scott Dean. The former merely smirks and the latter looks confused. Judas shakes his head and resumes his offence on MJ Flair. He begins stomping a billabong in the corner, and Scott Dean eventually hauls him off her, giving MJ time to roll outside the ring to recover. Judas is raring to get back in, with Scott Dean restraining him - and allowing one of the Chosen, seated at ringside, to get attacks in on MJ!

Jim Gunt: Jezebel!

Mike Rolash (smugly): Ah, now who's using slurs, Jim?

Jim Gunt: It's her name, dumbass.

Jezebel's ability to attack is limited, since she doesn't yet dare to cross the barricade. But she's able to get a solid punch to MJ's face, and adds insult to injury by throwing crumbled Oreos in MJ's eyes. MJ falls, and Judas heads outside the ring, continuing his assault as the crowd boos.

Jim Gunt: This is ridiculous! Any time the referee looks anywhere but directly at MJ and Dane, there's another member of Ouroboros popping up!

Mike Rolash: They are legion...

Jim Gunt: Oh, shut it, Mike.

The referee begins a count and reaches a count of seven before Judas throws MJ Flair back into the ring and tags in Cassandra. The Prophetess leaps onto the top rope and launches a modified Prophet's Lament, going for the pin!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Cassandra does not seem especially fazed. She hauls MJ Flair to her feet, and whips her into the ropes. Cassandra attempts a clothesline but MJF has the wherewithal to duck under it, going for a cross-body of her own - but Cassandra counters with a back-kick to the stomach! The crowd groans as MJ buckles hard. Cassandra strolls behind her and locks in the Beautiful Lie Dragon Sleeper.

Jim Gunt: Submission locked in!

Mike Rolash: Will MJ tap?!

MJ shows no signs of tapping, but she does show signs of losing oxygen. Scott Dean picks up the former World Champion's hand and lets it drop once... twice... thrice?! No! MJ clenches her fist and holds her arm up, preventing the knockout loss. The crowd goes wild and Eric Dane begins to rally MJ Flair, as she swings wildly to hit Cassandra in the face. The Prophetess keeps the hold locked, but MJ strikes again, and again - and Cassandra releases the hold!

The crowd roars as MJ Flair powers back into the fight, throwing hard rights and lefts before finally drilling Cassandra down with a DDT! Both women fall, and try to make it back to their corner, the crowd cheering wildly for MJ Flair as Eric Dane stretches out his hand.

Jim Gunt: Come on, MJ!

Mike Rolash: You're not even trying to hide your bias anymore, are you?

Cassandra makes the tag first and Judas runs across the ring - but with a huge burst of effort, MJ Flair makes the tag to Eric Dane! The crowd cheers as the veteran enters the ring, cracking his knuckles.

Jim Gunt: Here we go!

Eric Dane eschews his technical expertise, throwing hard rights and lefts at Judas. Judas fights back, but Dane's decades of experience show as he nimbly dodges Judas's attacks and clips him with a European Uppercut, knocking him to the ground. It is then that Dane locks in a chokehold, with the referee admonishing him to release the hold. He does, at the four-and-a-half second mark, and Judas is left in a coughing fit. Eric Dane stands ready, and hauls Judas to his feet. He launches into a German suplex, then another, then another - and goes for the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Dane is unfazed, and hauls Judas to his feet once again. He picks Judas up into a fireman's carry - and throws the Lost Boy over the ropes to the outside!

Jim Gunt: Oh man! Judas crashes hard!

But before Dane can capitalize, Choronzon leaps onto the apron, distracting the referee - and allowing Cassandra to sneak into the ring for a low blow!

Mike Rolash: Oh, that's gotta hurt.

Dane crumples, and Cassandra escapes the ring just as Choronzon jumps down. Eric Dane curses and swears loudly, and finally, in sheer frustration at Scott Dean's awful officiating, clocks the referee in the face!

Jim Gunt: Oh man...

Dane spits and curses... and realizes what he's done. Cassandra and Choronzon begin to double-team the Hardcase. MJ Flair makes to run into the ring, but she is grabbed from behind by Jezebel, who hauls her down and begins to brawl outside the ring!

Mike Rolash: And then all hell broke loose...

Eric Dane fights boldly, but even he cannot fight two against one when he's already taken a low blow after significant offense. Jezebel, having gained the upper hand against the already-tired MJ Flair, throws her into the ring, and the Chosen begin stomping on Dane and Flair. The crowd boos, but the Amoralists seem almost to feed off it.

Jim Gunt: God damn it!

Eventually, somehow, Eric Dane manages to land a heavy punch to Choronzon's knee, causing him to roll outside the ring. The distraction is enough for MJ and Eric Dane to rally, punching up and getting Jezebel and Cassandra off them! The crowd cheers as Dane throws Jezebel out of the ring, landing on Judas, while MJ Flair throws Cassandra out on a different side. The two look at each other and nod, and Dane whips MJ towards the ropes...

... as she nails a Suicide Dive, obliterating Judas and Jezebel.

Jim Gunt: Holy shit!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit!

The fecal chant continues among the crowd, as MJ Flair lies among the fallen Chosen, throwing half-hearted punches at Jezebel. Dane and Choronzon square off on the other side of the ring. Cassandra and referee Scott Dean remain down in the ring, and Choronzon pulls a hammer from beneath the ring.

Jim Gunt: Why do we have that under the ring?!

Mike Rolash: Construction purposes, duh.

Eric Dane's weathered face contorts into some combination of a grin and a grimace, and he reaches for the fork he keeps on his boot at all times - but it isn't there!

Jim Gunt: Oh no! He gave it away to Mia earlier in the night!

Mike Rolash: The one time he decides to give a fork...

Dane is thrown off his game for a fraction of a second, and it's all Choronzon needs. The Chosen slams his hammer into the side of Dane's head, and rolls him into the ring. Cassandra has recovered now to the point of being able to throw Dane in the Bitter Truth butterfly suplex, and go for the cover, with the referee being semi-conscious enough to make the count.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

The referee signals for the bell.

Jim Gunt: HIS FOOT WAS ON THE ROPE! HIS FOOT WAS ON THE DAMN ROPE!

A replay confirms that Jim is correct. But it's no good - the call has been made.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners - OUROBOROS!

Jim Gunt: DAMMIT!

Cassandra, Judas, Jezebel and Choronzon walk up the ramp, arms raised in victory. They turn back to face their fallen foes, and a smirk crosses the faces of all but Judas.

MJ comes to as well, hauling herself to her feet, before entering the ring and seeing to her partner. Eric Dane shoes

her off, signalling for a microphone.

Eric Dane: What the fuck was with the officiating in this match?

The crowd murmurs their agreement.

Eric Dane: That was basically a handicap match, and this asshole-

He kicks the not-yet-risen Scott Dean in the ribs for emphasis.

Eric Dane: - didn't do a damn thing to stop those assholes. What the hell kind of referees do you have in this place?

MJ Flair tries to calm the agitated Dane. It doesn't do much good.

Eric Dane: Rishel! I want an explanation. And I want this match continued. I had my foot on the ropes. And Cassandra hadn't even tagged in. I didn't lose this match.

As the crowd again murmurs their agreement, Justin Rishel appears on the big screen, sitting at his desk. A scowl is on his face.

Rishel (through his teeth): I see no problem with the officiating in this match. Your request is denied.

The crowd boos viciously, and Eric Dane scowls. MJ Flair similarly looks annoyed, but is less vocal about it.

Jim Gunt: Eric Dane and MJ Flair put up a hell of a fight - Ouroboros screwed their way to victory!

Mike Rolash: Scoreboard.

Jim Gunt: What the hell?

Mike Rolash: Maybe they did, but the history book is gonna show that Ouroboros won here tonight.

Jim Gunt: God dammit...

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