

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 47

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
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Location: Broadbent Arena — Louisville, Kentucky

Results

A Tale of a Missing Mike

Match

The picture opens up to the Broadmoor Arena in Colorado Springs, spotlights flitting across the crowd, most of which are wearing some CWF-related merchandise and even a few Jace Valentine Memorial shirts can be seen throughout the fans. The camera swings around to the announce table, where Jim Gunt is standing, alone.

Jim Gunt: Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Evolution 47 coming to you live from Colorado Springs and if you are wondering why I am alone here, well, so do I! At this point in time I have no idea where Mike is and if I'm lucky it will stay the way it is. Anyways, this is the go-home show for our upcoming pay-per-view Vertigo, which is just one week away and I think to announce it as a "high flying" event is no exaggeration, in the Mile High State and every match related to something about heights.

Jim Gunt: But before we get to that, we have an exciting show tonight for you, with the twitter war between Duce Jones and Johnny Graves coming to a boiling point and Silas Artoria facing off against Ataxia in a hardcore match. But first--

The crowd suddenly gives a cheer and the picture cuts to the stage, where a somewhat disheveled Mike Rolash is lumbering down the ramp. As he arrives at the announce table, he is lobster red in the face, doubled over, breathing heavily and sweating profusely.

Jim Gunt: What on earth happened to you?

Mike Rolash: I got an - email telling me (panting) that the Wrestling - Inspector (exhales sharply) wanted to see me.

Jim Gunt: OK, and?

Mike is letting himself fall into his chair.

Mike Rolash: Made me go to a conference room - and nobody showed up.

He's emptying his water bottle in one large swig.

Mike Rolash: And the clocks in that room were set to the wrong time and when I realized what time it was, I barely made it...

Jim Gunt: Oh my...

He starts to snicker at first, but then breaks out laughing.

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: That was an April Fool's!

Mike Rolash: But it's the second!

Jim Gunt: Yes, you read the email a day late!

The crowd breaks down laughing and Mike's complexion that had normalized in the mean time changes to an embarrassed beet red.

Mike Rolash: First off we have Scourge versus The Crimson Ghost!--

Jim Gunt: Ooh, all professional now.

Mike Rolash: Shut up!

Jim Gunt: Over to you, Ray, I need to breathe.

On Higher Grounds

Match

But before Ray can say a word, a bunch of black feathers rain down into the ring and everybody's attention is diverted towards the rafters, where a burlap faced figure in a black tuxedo is standing, wearing his trademark feather coat, looking down at the ring and the crowd.

Ataxia: Oh how naive they all are. Stewart, St. James, Summers... All thinking that they are the ones pulling the strings and they are so sure in believing in their importance. And then there are the Forsaken.

His use of air quotes make his thoughts clear.

Ataxia: They thought there was a future for these misfits. They thought that friendship could exist in a group like that. HAAHAAHAAHAAAA! So gullible, so weak, so delusional. Just look at them. Dorian - gone. Mia - gone. Zach - he never was a part of them anyway. The Shadow -

The Shadow: Right here.

As Ataxia whirls around, losing a few more feathers of his coat in the process, the crowd lets out a loud cheer for the man, who aptly is standing in the shadows of the rafter section.

Ataxia: Hey, this is my spot here. I'll sue you for gimmick infringement!

The Shadow smiles and shakes his head.

The Shadow: I don't think anybody would want to infringe on your gimmick...

Ataxia: Yeah, right. Stay away from my snackbar, it's MINE!

Mike Rolash: He has a snackbar up there?

The Shadow: You can take your snackbar and... well, I guess you know where to put it.

Ataxia: Aaaw, that's so nice of you!

But immediately the tone of his voice gets serious.

Ataxia: But I'm not done with you. I want you at Vertigo. Falls Count Anywhere!

The Shadow: Ah, the free spirit in you breaking through again. Not wanting to be contained in the ring... You got it. Since you love it up here so much, let's start the match right up here in the rafters? It's called Vertigo after all...

Ataxia: You're on!

The crowd gasps at the announcement.

Jim Gunt: You heard it here first, a Falls Count Anywhere match starting all the way up in the rafters of the Pepsi Center, taking this to the ultimate height!

Mike Rolash: And maybe Vertigo will turn into gravity and splosh.

Jim Gunt: You are gross!

Scourge vs. The Crimson Ghost!

Match

Never gonna get me

Never gonna get me

Never gonna get me

"The Crimson Ghost" by The Misfits blasts throughs the arena. Red strobe lights mosh against each other, illuminating the crowd. The Crimson Ghost runs out to the ring at top speed, sliding under the bottom rope.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, hailing from Where the Wild Things are, THE CRIMSSSSONNN GHHHHOST!

Jim Gunt: And here comes The Crimson Ghost!

Ray Douglas: More like the Crimson Idiot!

The Crimson Ghost slam dances around the ring and the crowd eggs him on. Suddenly, the lights dim as the opening notes of Mourning Ritual's "Bad Moon Rising" ring out in the arena. The aisle fills with smoke... And Scourge emerges.

Mike Rolash: Over three hundred pounds of suffering, Jim

Jim Gunt: He's quite the specimen.

Mike Rolash: Stop talking about his specimen. Gross.

Scourge leaps to the apron and climbs over the top rope. He walks to the middle of the ring and points at The Ghost, who looks out at the crowd to see if they are seeing what he's seeing.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Jim Gunt: The Crimson Ghost starts out fast with a kick to the leg. And another. And another. He's got Scourge up against the ropes.

The Ghost runs to the opposite ropes.

Jim Gunt: Clothesline!

Scourge tumbles backwards over the ropes and lands on his feet. Ghost throws his arms up for the crowd.

Jim Gunt: The former tag team champion starting strong tonight!

Mike Rolash: I'm sure he'll find some way to screw this up.

Jim Gunt: That remains to be seen.

Scourge stalks The Ghost outside of the ring. Ghost tries to come for Scourge, but Denny Davidson holds him back.

Mike Rolash: That's right, Big Denny, give Scourge a chance to get back in.

Just as Big Denny pushes Ghost back to a corner, Scourge slides back in the ring. Ghost ignores the Denny, moving toward Scourge, but Scourge catches him with a boot gut. Then big forearms to the back!

Mike Rolash: See? I told you The Crimson Moron would find a way to screw this up.

Jim Gunt: Scourge sends The Crimson Ghost into the ropes...big boot! A cover.

ONE

TWO...

Jim Gunt: Kickout! Scourge lifts Ghost up. And puts him down with a pump-handle slam. Ghost is not a small man, but Scourge picks him up like he's nothing.

Mike Rolash: Scourge is a physical giant AND a mental giant compared to The Crimson Ghost.

Jim Gunt: I'm sure The Crimson Ghost has a plan.

Scourge has Ghost down, he bounces off the ropes. Leg drop. Scourge cover.

ONE

TWO

TH...KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: It sure looks like Scourge has a plan. He wants to get this one over with.

Scourge applies a full nelson. Ghost tries to fight out, but Scourge cinches in tighter. The Ghost's face is in agony. Scourge locks in even tighter. The Ghost's upper body starts to sink.

Mike Rolash: Scourge showing some veteran savvy here, wearing down The Crimson Ghost!

Jim Gunt: But now we get to put your theories to the test Mikey. Seems the fans have something to say about this match...

The fans can't stand to see it. They start clapping, giving The Ghost the energy to fight. His arms start to shake. Now his legs start. Ghost backs into the into the corner hard, but Scourge doesn't break the hold. The fans are starting to really rev up. The Ghost slams him again. And again. Scourge breaks the hold! The Crimson Ghost somersaults into the opposite corner and back to his feet. Scourge staggers out of the corner. The Crimson Ghost lets out a high-pitched moan and wipes his face like Curly from The 3 Stooges. He takes off...

Jim Gunt: Spear! Spear! The momentum in this matched has swung into the Bonehead's favor.

Mike Rolash: Momentum or no momentum, this guy is a fresh fool.

The Ghost plays to the crowd. He picks up Scourge. It's time to put this away.

Jim Gunt: The Crimson Ghost is about to have Scourge seeing red.

Suddenly, the lights go out.

Mike Rolash: I can't see ANYTHING now.

Declaration Of A Saint

Match

Suddenly, "Bank Account (Remix)" blasts from the speakers and the arena is cast in red and blue lights. The Crimson Ghost turns his attention up the aisle towards the entrance with sheer confusion on his face (or at least it can be assumed through the mask). Even Scourge - who begins to come to, though still not on his feet - turns his eyes towards the entrance. The fans throughout the Broadmoor World Arena begin buzzing in anticipation of the arrival of the Sin City Saint. Suddenly the lights return to normal and the music is cut off. As everyone's attention returns to the ring, Johnny Graves stands in the center of it, having slipped through the crowd and snuck his way under the bottom rope!

Jim Gunt: It's Johnny Graves! The Sin City Saint is in the ring!

Mike Rolash: Where the hell did he come from?

Johnny squats behind The Crimson Ghost, teeth clenched, silently begging for the man to turn around and face his fate. As The Crimson Ghost turns around he's immediately met with a boot to the underside of his jaw as Graves

connects with the Silencer. Crimson Ghost goes limp and his body collapses to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Silencer!

Mike Rolash: What a kick from Graves!

Quickly Graves turns his attention on Scourge who now realizes the situation and attempts to push himself back to his feet. But before he can get back to a vertical base, Graves is on him. He leaps into the air and drives the sole of his boot down onto the back of Scourge's head, driving his face into the canvas violently.

Jim Gunt: And an Epistomp for Scourge!

With both men down, Johnny looks around at his handy work seemingly pleased with himself. In an instant he suddenly seems like maybe he isn't done after all as he moves towards The Crimson Ghost again. Graves grabs him by the ears and pulls his lifeless body back up to his feet. Locking in a front face lock, Graves lifts him into the air before driving his knee into the face of the falling Crimson Ghost.

Jim Gunt: ...And a StarKiller from Graves! The Crimson Ghost is out cold!

Mike Rolash: He's not the only one, Jim. Scourge hasn't moved since Graves drove his face into the mat with that stomp!

Back inside the ring, Graves shoves both The Crimson Ghost and Scourge out of the ring with his boot, sending them falling to the floor below. He looks around momentarily before fixing his sights on the ring announcer and begins demanding he be given a microphone. Ray Douglas obliges and with mic in hand, Graves confidently backs his way to the center of the ring, a satisfied smirk curls his lips. Graves lowers himself to a seated position in the center of ring and crosses his legs looking out at the sea of buzzing fans with an amused expression on his face.

Johnny Graves: Tonight was supposed to be an epic night. Tonight, the suits in the back promised the best wrestlin' action you'll find anywhere. Tonight, the Sin City Saint was finally gonna be rewarded with the opportunity to flush the biggest piece of a s[beep]t floatin' around this company. And this is how they decide to kick off the show? Scourge versus The Crimson Ghost. I'm sorry, you probably all know them better as generic wrestler number one versus generic wrestler number seven thousand four hundred thirty two. You see... this is the problem with the Championship Wrestlin' Federation. This is the problem with the wrestlin' industry as a whole. Mediocre nobodies wish they could, comin' out here and puttin' on a good old fashioned rasslin' match that excites literally nobody. And yet you f[beep]in' idiots eat it up.

A roar of boos rises from the Colorado Springs crowd after hearing what Graves thinks of them. Graves lowers the mic from his lips and laughs as he soaks up the reaction from the crowd. As they finally settle down Graves would begin again.

Johnny Graves: Don't boo me. You people should be applaudin' me. You people should be singin' my damn praises. I came out here and gave ya'll more action than you would've gotten from these so-called talents if they were given an hour! I just elevated the quality of this damn show ten fold! Because that's what I do. Week in and week out I come out here and prove that I am the best thing this company has to offer. And week in and week out I am ignored, I am passed over, I am placed in meaningless matches against meaningless opponents. Sure, I walk to the back and get the old pat on the shoulder and an 'attaboy' from management. Honestly, if those sons of b[beep]es touch me one more time I'm gonna stomp their faces into the cement.

Again Johnny falls silent and basks in the reaction from the sold out crowd.

Johnny Graves: This business is sick. It's dyin'. And you f[beep]in' people are the reason for it! The CWF is the reason for it! The suits in their lavish offices, the pathetic excuses for athletes in the back, these out of shape slobbs behind the broadcast desk are the reason for it! You ride the jocks of lesser men and women. You build them up into

some kind of legend. You hail them as somethin' special, somethin' never before seen in the wrestlin' business. You turn peasants into Gods. And then... then you bear witness to true greatness, when you finally see someone that possesses true talent, you boo them. You take to Twitter and Facebook and you put those pudgy little fingers to work insultin' me? Bashin' me?

Another chorus of boos rise up from the crowd but this time Johnny won't wait for them to settle down.

Johnny Graves: Shut up, I'm not done! You people are the most ass backwards, spoon fed morons I have ever had the displeasure of comin' across. Two weeks ago I beat Freddie Styles in this ring. You all saw it. The boys in the back saw it. CWF Management saw it. Yet Freddie Styles comes out and starts runnin' his mouth, challengin' van Owen to an Impact Championship Match and what do I get? Nothin'! Freddie Styles couldn't beat me and yet he's gonna go onto Vertigo and get the opportunity at championship gold and I get to climb into this very ring and face his little boyfriend Duce Jones? And what happens next? I pin Jones in the center of this very ring and then he goes on to face Dan Ryan for the World Championship while I, what? Wrestle Iggy the Clown from Nova Scotia?

Johnny momentarily pauses as he shakes his head in frustration.

Johnny Graves: The bulls[beep]t ends today. Your futures? They. End. TODAY. The future of every competitor in the back ends today. The future of CWF itself ends today! I deserve to be in the main event. I deserve to be hailed as a champion. I deserve to take my rightful place at the very pinnacle of this company. So if the suits in the back aren't gonna give me what I deserve then I'm gonna take it. Right here, right now, I am demandin' that I receive an Impact Championship opportunity. Not in a few months, not in a few weeks, but right now! You people know I'm better than Freddie Styles and Zach van Owen. Management knows I'm better than Freddie Styles and Zach van Owen. And that scares the piss outta you, doesn't it? So there it is. I've said my piece. The ball is in management's court. Johnny Graves versus Zach van Owen at Vertigo for the Impact Championship. And if I don't get what I want, if my demands are not met... I promise you the CWF is gonna become a real dangerous place to work. Tick... tock... motherf[beep]as!

With that Johnny drops the mic with a thud as it collides with the canvas. "Bank Account (Remix)" begins playing from the speakers again, competing against the roaring boos from the crowd. Graves simply smirks his arrogant smirk and slowly pushes himself to his feet. He climbs through the ropes and begins backing his way up the ramp towards the entrance exchanging verbal jabs and insults with the fans on the aisle as he makes his way to the back.

Payback is a Bitch

Match

Payback is a Bitch

The scene opens backstage, directly in front of an innocuous stack of boxes. Suddenly, a pair of binoculars pokes out from between two flaps of cardboard and performs a sweep of the area, pausing when they sight the camera. Slowly, the boxes come apart and the face of Nathan Paradine appears. The Australian Submission Machine raises his finger to his lips, signaling for quiet, before melting back and away.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is Nathan Paradine playing at back there?

Mike Rolash: These Australians aren't right in the head, I tell you... first the Lost Boys, now Nathan Paradine. They're all kooky!

From the right of the boxes, Lindsay Troy steps into view. Her head is bent forward, fingers swiping across her cell phone screen. As she strides down the corridor, however, the boxes go flying as Paradine charges into view, a wide grin on his face.

Jim Gunt: Get someone back there now!

Mike Rolash: I think it's a little bit too late for that...

Troy has no time to react as his elbow connects with the back of her head, knocking her and her phone to the ground. Paradine wastes no time in driving several kicks into her midsection, and she manages a dull grunt of pain as she tries to get her bearings. Paradine, apparently satisfied, kneels down and seizes her face in his hand.

Nathan Paradine: Now, I want you to know I don't usually do this to a girl, but I figured I could make an exception. Stay the hell away from the ring when I'm in it, got it?

Troy's face twists in anger. She's about to fire back with a reply, or maybe even spit at Nathan, but Paradine simply rolls his eyes and releases her face, pushing it away from him as he stands up and walks away. As he disappears from view, Troy grabs her phone and climbs to her knees, an arm still clutching her midsection.

One thing is very clear; this attack has resolved nothing between the Queen of the Ring and the Australian Submission Machine.

PvP

Match

The action returns to ringside, where CWF Commissioner, Jon Stewart stands centre stage. With a microphone in hand he draws the attention to himself, signalling for a lull in the discordant buzz of the attending crowd.

Jon Stewart: It is no secret that the exciting pay-per-view, Vertigo, is fast closing upon us, and already the card is shaping up to be quite the event. But it's not yet complete, and I've come out here right now to organise another massive match, this one for the CWF Impact Championship. So Freddie Styles and Zach van Owen, I need you both out here please.

"U Don't Know" by Jay-Z plays and Mr. Ballgame is wasting no time, taking bold and broad strides down to join Mr. Stewart in the ring.

Jim Gunt: Not sure how I feel about this, it's almost as if Freddie is being rewarded for his bad behaviour.

Mike Rolash: Hey, Zach agreed to the challenge.

Jim Gunt: And what about Johnny Graves? After his bold demand just before I'm surprised that Mr. Stewart does not even mention him.

Jon Stewart: Excellent, we have our challenger. Now we need our Champion...

This time around Zach opts not to keep everyone waiting in suspense and a new orchestral piece, "One Winged Angel" by Nobuo Uematsu, hits the speakers. Zach makes his way down the ring to a restrained reaction.

Jim Gunt: There's still nothing about what happened to Zach after he was ambushed by all those Impakts. Not a word about his disappearance or what happened. But something clearly did cause he has returned a changed man.

Jon Stewart: Glad to have you back Zach, with you gone it left the Impact title in a rather precarious position...I for one am happy I didn't have to strip you of it.

Freddie quickly snatches away the microphone.

Freddie: Enough! I'm glad you didn't strip him of it just cause it means I get to take it from him. So get to the match.

The Commissioner stares death at Styles before motioning for the microphone back. Freddie relents with a glare of his own.

Jon Stewart: Very well, to business then. Freddie and Zach you both always seem to push things beyond their limits and take it that next step further so it seems only fitting your upcoming title match is a match fitting to the two of you. Come Vertigo Zach van Owen will defend the Impact Championship against Freddie Styles in a Cage Match. But!...

Jon pauses as the crowd erupts into an explosive fervour. Freddie Styles has a menacing grimace wide across his face, Zach seems nonplussed.

Jon Stewart: But! There will be no pinfall or submission victory in this cage match, literally the only way to win will be to escape the cold steel structure. So what do you think?

Jon looks to both Champion and Challenger. Zach is the first to motion for the microphone.

Zach: I guess I can afford a little bit of a grind against the Goomba before I move on to bigger and better things. After all it seems fitting for Freddie, constantly reaching beyond his means, but this time, when you fall Freddie. Do us all a favour and stay down. Cause this time, we're going well beyond the Hard Difficulty.

Freddie snatches the microphone away from the Game-Changer, ready to start their match right there and then.

Freddie: Boy I'm about ready to break you over my knee the way Elisha and Ouroboros broke you. You think you got us all fooled, but I know you for what you really are. A scared little boy currently having an Emo phase. And come Vertigo I'm gonna expose you and for you kid, it's finally Game Over!

Jon retrieves the microphone as the two competitors stand facing each other, nose-to-nose, and neither backing down.

Jon Stewart: So be it.

Mike Rolash: Now that's gonna be a match worth watching.

Jim Gunt: No love lost between Challenger and Champion, their rivalry once again reaching a boiling point. It can only mean one thing.

Mike Rolash: More blood and violence!

Jim Gunt: Afraid so. But I'm still not sure why he is completely ignoring Johnny.

Mike Rolash: Maybe he thinks that by not acknowledging his challenge it's going to go away?

Jim Gunt: He might think that, but going with Johnny's recent mindframe I really, really doubt that is going to happen. But moving on now...

Jimmy Allen (c) vs. Alex Aries vs. Ciara Kennedy

Match

Jim Gunt: My oh my, things are definitely heating up here tonight, Johnny Graves seems intent on changing CWF and is demanding an Impact championship match--

Mike Rolash: I'm still not over him calling us out of shape slobs.

Jim Gunt: --he surely is fired up and from the looks of it Nathan Paradine and Lindsay Troy are on a sure path to a match down the road, probably rather sooner than later.

Mike Rolash: I'm not out of shape!

He flexes his biceps.

Jim Gunt: But Ray is ready in the ring for our next match up!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen – the following non-title contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

The lights throughout the venue cut leaving the fans sitting in complete darkness. Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens pierce the silence. The heavy drums of "S&M" blasts from the various speakers throughout the arena. The fans rise to their feet in a thunderous response: half of them cheer while the other half boo. After several moments of anticipation the curtain pulls back and Ciara Kennedy steps out onto the small stage. Ciara moves to the edge of the ramp where she comes to a stop, her eyes taking in the sea of

screaming fans. She begins swaying her hips in a seductive dance that matches the beat. Finally she cocks her head to the side quickly giving an innocent look before bringing her hands behind her back. She then begins to skip to the ring, ignoring the outstretched hands of her fans along the aisle.

Ray Douglas: From Manhattan, New York, and weighing in at one hundred twelve pounds... CIARA KENNEDY!!!

Mike Rolash: FINALLY! A woman with some sense about her! This one doesn't look goody two shoes like MJ or kooky like Mia. She's... She's in the middle.

Jim Gunt: Right, and I'm sure you're letting her... "Credentials" speak for her.

As she reaches the ringside area she moves to her right circling the first ring post and jumps up onto the apron of the ring. She transitions onto her feet but in a kneeling position before slowly shoving her butt outwards and rising to a standing position, showing off her assets. She turns and leans back against the top rope, her outstretched hands grasping the rope as she once again sways her hips seductively. Satisfied with the knowledge that every male's gaze is on her, she squats down and enters the ring between the middle and bottom rope. As she straightens up again, her fingers once again intertwine behind her back and she begins skipping around the ring, basking into the response from the thousands of fans that surround her.

Jim Gunt: Goodness me that's... errr... that's quite the entrance from our newcomer there...

Mike Rolash: (vacant drooling noises)

Jim Gunt: Mike... MIKE!

Mike Rolash: Hngh... hmm... huh? What?

Jim Gunt: Will you focus?!

Mike Rolash: Oh I'm focused alright, focused right on...

Jim Gunt: MIKE!

'Ready for This' by All The Good Things hits the speakers, and before long, CWF newcomer Alex Aries appears at the top of the ramp. He spreads his arms wide, taking in the adulation of the CWF fans, before making his way swiftly down to ringside.

Ray Douglas: And our next competitor... he hails from Brampton, Ontario, Canada and weighs in tonight at two hundred twenty five pounds... 'THE ORIGINAL SYN' ALEX ARIES!!!

Jim Gunt: Our second competitor making their debut in this matchup, Alex Aries looks ready to make an impact here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Doesn't matter. Ciara, F. T. W. It means, "for the win," in case you weren't in the know...

Jimmy Allen walks slowly out onto the stage as "Cut the Cord" by Shinedown plays. He pauses there taking in the largely positive reaction from the crowd. He smiles a little, seemingly absorbing it all and getting energy from it, patting the title belt around his waist almost subconsciously.

Ray Douglas: And the final competitor in this triple threat matchup... from Dallas, Texas, weighing two hundred twenty seven pounds... he is YOUR CWF Paramount Champion – 'THE CATALYST' JIMMY ALLEN!!!

Sprinting towards the ring he leaps and dives under the bottom rope sliding to the center of the ring where he pops up to a standing position, raising his arms towards the mostly cheering CWF crowd.

Jim Gunt: The Paramount Champion looks fresh and ready to go!

Mike Rolash: He best be – coming out of this one with anything other than a dominant win will be nothing short of the

ultimate embarrassment. Imagine... the Paramount Champ getting upset by two unknown rookies!

Jim Gunt: Those 'unknown rookies' will undoubtedly have a bucket load of talent, Mike, and Jimmy will have t-

Mike Rolash: Ultimate! Embarrassment!

Jim Gunt: Sigh.

Back in the ring, and CWF official Nick McArthur has completed his pre-match checks, relieving the Paramount champion of his title belt and passing it to a ringside attendant on the outside.

Jim Gunt: Important to remind everyone at home that this match is not for Jimmy Allen's Paramount Championship. However, either one of our newcomers could stake a genuine claim for a title shot should they manage to come away with victory here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Something tells me a certain 'Psychotic Aristocrat' would have something to say about that...!

The three competitors in the matchup each back into a separate corner inside the ring, looking stoic and wary. Nick McArthur backs against the remaining turnbuckle, looking at each of the participants in turn, before calling for the opening bell. Almost immediately, Alex Aries makes a couple of determined steps across the ring towards the champ; he is cut off almost immediately, though, by fellow debutant Ciara Kennedy, who throws an arm out to stop 'The Original Syn.' Aries turns to face Kennedy, looking thoroughly put out; the two exchange words, before Alex Aries shoves Kennedy halfway across the ring. Ciara responds with a shove of her own, and a rather petty, pushing match erupts in centre ring.

Jim Gunt: What on earth is this? This is unbelievable. This is... this is borderline embarrassing. This...

Mike Rolash: THIS. IS. SPARTA!

Neither of the newcomers are able to gain advantage of the rather unorthodox test of strength... before they are interrupted by Jimmy Allen, who taps Ciara Kennedy rather comically on the shoulder. Kennedy spins around, looking furious... and is unceremoniously dumped over the ropes and goes crashing to the outside!

Jim Gunt: No nonsense from 'The Catalyst'. It's time to cut the crap, and wrestle!

Mike Rolash: Goddess! Are you hurt?!

'The Catalyst' makes a point of dusting his hands together, eliciting a little pop from the capacity crowd, before turning back towards Alex Aries... and straight into a roundhouse right! Aries rocks 'The Catalyst' with three more right hands, before backing him against the ropes and roughly whipping him across the ring. Aries dips his head, looking for a backdrop, but the move was telegraphed, and Jimmy is able to halt his momentum in time to grab the wide open target of Aries' head, wrenching it around and down as he executes a perfect swinging neckbreaker.

Jim Gunt: Alex Aries highlighting his lack of experience right off the bat in this one, ducking his head too soon and paying for it!

Mike Rolash: What a NOOB!

Jim Gunt: A... a noob? What the hell is a noob?

Mike Rolash: I'm surprised you don't know, Gunt, seeing as though you sound like such a NOOB yourself...!

Jim Gunt: As usual, I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about.

'The Catalyst' follows up with a couple of rough stomps to his fallen opponent, before dropping a leg across the back of Aries' neck. He roughly wrenches the newcomer to his feet, before depositing him abruptly back onto the canvas, courtesy of a picture-perfect dropkick. Jimmy then quickly measures the distance between the prone Alex Aries and the nearest turnbuckle, before heading for the corner with gusto and enthusiasm.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy taking a risk early on in this one...!

Allen ascends the turnbuckle quickly, pauses for just a second, before flipping forwards and nailing Alex Aries with an impactful flipping leg drop from the top rope!

Mike Rolash: Houston Hangover! Wow... I hate to admit, but that was impressive!

Jim Gunt: How can you not be impressed with the hangtime and the impact that 'The Catalyst' gets with that move?!

He slides down and hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO... SHOULDER'S UP!

No time is wasted after the unsuccessful cover, as Alex Aries is hauled to his feet once more. Jimmy Allen then whips him into the same corner he had ascended not two minutes before, 'The Original Syn' hitting back first with some force. Aries can barely register Jimmy Allen's flying form before 'The Catalyst' lands another telling blow, the Texas native nailing his trapped opponent with a flying stinger splash. Aries staggers out of the corner, looking groggy, and has his legs taken from underneath him by Jimmy Allen's leg sweep. 'The Catalyst' bounces to his feet, perpetual motion, before hitting a free-flowing standing moonsault to follow up.

Jim Gunt: Vintage Jimmy Allen! It could all be over right here!

Lateral press...

ONE...

TWO... CIARA BREAKS UP THE PIN!!!

The returning Ciara Kennedy flies in to break up the pin attempt with a double axe handle to the back of the Paramount Champion, whose knees buckle in pain. Alex Aries rolls rather limply out of the ring as Ciara follows up with a couple of vicious looking elbows right to the back of Jimmy Allen's head. 'The Catalyst' struggles gamely to his feet under the Kennedy onslaught, but the newbie is clearly fired up, letting out a single, animalistic scream as she lays into Jimmy's back with another hat-trick of well-placed elbow strikes.

Jim Gunt: Ciara coming in at the right time and saves this intense matchup, showing the Paramount Champion exactly what she is made of!

Mike Rolash: Jim, it's like you don't have faith in divine intervention. Ciara is a goddess among heathens, she might not NEED the help from the heavens, but why not give a goddess of beauty such as herself all the help one can give?

Jim Gunt: Definitely wouldn't want to see anyone get to the proverbial promise land using anything more than their good looks.

Ciara throws her arms back wildly, before linking them around the waist of 'The Catalyst', looking to hoist the Paramount Champion backwards with a german suplex. Allen, though, has not been sufficiently weakened by Ciara's blows, and stands there looking unconcerned as Kennedy tries once... twice... three times to wrench him back without success. Patience finally expended, 'The Catalyst' snaps Kennedy over his shoulder and into a seated position on the canvas, before nailing a devastating looking dropkick to the back of Ciara's head, which snaps forward with the sick impact of the move.

Jim Gunt: Good God... what a shot! Did you see Kennedy's neck snap forward...?

Mike Rolash: So much for Jimmy's call for redemption. Now he needs to look after my angel as she lies in a hospital bed, unable to move after the vicious and needles assault laid down upon her by this beast of a man.

The Catalyst appears to think about a cover attempt, but instead sticks to what he knows best, and ascends the

turnbuckles on the opposite side of the ring. This time, he waits for his opponent to struggle to their feet, measuring Ciara, before leaping high into the air and connecting with a flying cross body, squashing Ciara Kennedy between his own body and the canvas! He hooks the leg for the pin attempt...

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Ciara escapes... but there's no denying that neither of our newcomers have covered themselves in glory thus far – Jimmy Allen has been completely dominant!

Mike Rolash: Embarrassment avoided, Jim... so far...

Looking to continue his dominant display, Jimmy wrenches a struggling Ciara Kennedy to her feet, snapping off a couple of short overhand rights, before following up with a booming body blow. Kennedy doubles over in pain, letting out a guttural groan, before once again being sent crashing headfirst into the canvas, this time with a trademark double-arm DDT courtesy of 'The Catalyst'.

As ever, Allen bounces to his feet quickly, turning three-sixty and taking in the cheers of the crowd. He raises his arms in an 'X', before dropping them quickly downwards, signalling the end. He turns again, looking for a third different set of turnbuckles to leap off; unfortunately for him, the corner is occupied by a recovering Alex Aries. For a split second, their eyes meet, before 'The Original Syn' leaps into action, flying towards Jimmy Allen with unparalleled velocity...

Mike Rolash: Air Aries...

... Aries' leap, though, sends his head and neck straight into Jimmy Allen's outstretched right foot, as 'The Catalyst' responds in devastating fashion with an aesthetically pleasing inside-out crescent kick!

Mike Rolash: ... is grounded!

Alex Aries crumples sadly to the ground. Jimmy looks down, an almost sympathetic expression on his face... before he's interrupted by a leaping Ciara Kennedy, as the young debutant leaps onto the back of the Paramount Champ, looking to choke him out! Jimmy Allen staggers, struggles... before grabbing his opponent with both hands and manoeuvring her into a fireman's carry position. Allen pauses, barking out a single laugh, before nailing a Death Valley Driver!

Wasting no time, Allen once again ascends the turnbuckles, looking for the finishing blow. He pauses as he reaches the top rope, almost as if trying to decide who should be his final victim. In the end, Aries draws the short straw, as 'The Catalyst' flips and flies, nailing his patented shooting star fist drop straight to the head of the already barely conscious Alex Aries.

Jim Gunt: The Lone Star!!! I will NEVER tire of seeing that move!

Jimmy grits his teeth in a look of determination as he hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match... 'THE CATALYST' JIMMY ALLEN!!!

Jimmy raises to his feet, now smiling broadly, and allows his hand to be raised by referee Nick McArthur as he looks down at his two fallen foes.

Jim Gunt: An utterly dominant performance by our Paramount Champion here tonight! How's that for avoiding embarrassment, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Hmph... the only embarrassing thing I've seen there is the performance of these two no-talent hacks! I mean... who the hell hired these guys...?!

Jim Gunt: My money's on that waste of space inspector...

Mike Rolash: SACRILEGE! You take that back, Gunt!

The Final Hurdle

Match

Jimmy staggers around the ring as the exhausted man soaks in the applause from the crowd. He holds the ivory belt, his belt, high in the air and parades it around the canvas, nearly getting a mexican wave started before....

Boom

???: I love you....

Jimmy turns to the ramp.

Boom.

???: Show me.

The pianos of "Something's Got Me Started" ring around the arena as the crowd explodes in anticipation. Jimmy simply smirks and retreats to the opposite turnbuckle, as the aristocrat prances out of the entranceway and onto the mat, a briefcase in hand. Silas looks around and appreciates the view and noise, before he jigs towards the ring; bobbing his head side to side as his music hits the chorus.

He climbs into the ring and spins around in sheer joy, before he suddenly stops to look at a clearly unimpressed Jimmy. The former shoots a cheeky grin before the music dies down.

The two meet in the middle and simply stare at each other; Jimmy with a hardened demeanor and Silas with a relaxed expression. They say nothing, as the anticipation from the crowd is heard at a consistent volume, demanding at least one of them talk about their presumed match next week.

Jimmy moves first, and puts the Paramount title on the mat, proclaiming that he's ready to go. He even holds out his arms as if to say he wants to give it a go at this second, but Silas closes his eyes and chuckles. The theatrics are amusing to him, but the belt on the mat certainly isn't a prop in a theatre show. He gazes almost lovingly at the strap, then looks back at Jimmy.

Several seconds pass, and the crowd hasn't died down.

Silas holds a microphone to his mouth.

Silas Artoria: You want a match?

The crowd pick up again as Jimmy nods subtly.

Silas Artoria: Then my answer is...

Beat.

Silas Artoria: ...no!

Jimmy drops his arms out of sheer anticlimax as the crowd bellow their disapproval. His face is a mixture of confusion and sheer anger; weeks worth of his attention robbed from him.

Silas remains unfazed, and holds up one finger to command the audience to turn down their volume. He puts the case

on the mat.

Silas Artoria: But...

He walks towards Jimmy and brushes past him, not making any contact. He carefully walks towards the turnbuckle and begins to ascend.

Silas Artoria: ...if you want...

Beat.

Silas Artoria ...a ladder match...

The crowds mood shifts quick with desire, as the turned-away Jimmy Allen reacts with surprise. Silas reaches the top of the turnbuckle and turns to look down at Jimmy, whom himself turns to see a Silas above him, standing at the top with nothing supporting him.

Silas Artoria: ...then my answer is yes!

Jimmy gets riled up, and shakes his head in agreement almost angrily. Silas grins and jumps down and dashes for his briefcase. Quickpick, turn to Jimmy, and opens it up. A contract, with a bold "LADDER MATCH AGREEMENT" inside, and a pen inside. Jimmy picks up the pen and signs immediately, throwing the pen back inside before picking up his belt. Silas turns the case around and signs it.

He closes the case.

Silas Artoria: So it's agreed.

The two return to their first glare position, except with a more electric crowd.

Jimmy Allen: See you next week.

The two shoot each other wicked smirks, before Silas is the first to leave the ring. The camera follows him up the ramp, and noticing the equipment, opens the case to show off the contract.

Both names signed.

Stipulation agreed.

Champion Jimmy Allen vs Challenger Silas Artoria, Paramount Title Ladder Match.

And the challenger can't help but chuckle to himself.

No Go Moe

Match

Mike Rolash: There we have it, finally a ladder match! And the aristocracy will rise to the top...

Jim Gunt: Since when are you a Silas fan?

Mike Rolash: Since he's going against Jimmy, of course!

Jim Gunt: Figured. Ok, folks, tonight we've got a very special treat, possible something historic. CWF competitor "Go-Go" Moe Davis will be attempting to break the world record in the box jump. Let's go to Tara Robinson.

Tara Robinson and Moe Davis stand backstage. A small crowd of fans surround them. In the background, an official in a suit stands by a tall wooden box with the CWF logo on it.

Tara Robinson: Thanks, Jim. I'm here with Moe Davis and tonight he is going to attempt something that's never been done before.

Moe Davis: That's right.

Tara Robinson: Tell us what you're going to do.

Moe Davis: Well, I'm going to try to break the world record for the box jump. Right now, the record is sixty three and a half inches, about five feet, three inches.

Tara Robinson: Wow, that's like jumping over one of me.

Moe Davis: Haha, I guess so.

Tara Robinson: Why did you decide that you go for this particular record?

Moe Davis: I do box jumps almost every day. And when you practice at something like that, you get pretty good at it.

Tara Robinson: And this is the box behind you?

Tara and Moe walk over to the wooden box.

Moe Davis: Yup. This boxy is sixty five inches, which beats the world record.

Tara Robinson: What else do you need from me?

Moe Davis: Just give me a little space with the judge.

Tara Robinson: Alright, good luck. here we go. Moe Davis going for the world record.

Tara moves out of the frame. The crowd chants "GO!...GO!...". Moe faces the box, which is nearly as tall as him, and stares intently. The chants die down, as the spectators shush each other.

Tara Robinson: Whenever you're ready.

The room goes quiet....and just as Moe makes that record breaking leap, out of nowhere comes Freddie Styles, ramming Moe from behind into the boxes. Moe's face hits one of the corners and is busted open. Freddie starts to put the boots to Moe, then drags him to the top of the stack of boxes, before climbing up there himself. Freddie picks Moe up, and hits Ballgame! from the top of the stacked boxes, dropping Moe all the way to the floor, then before being pulled away by security, pulls the stacked boxes on top of Moe. Freddie screams "How DARE you think you could get over on ME!" as he's being pulled out of the room by security as the medics tend to Moe Davis.

Nathan Paradine vs. The Shadow

Match

Jim Gunt: Is it just me or are we seeing a lot of big confrontations here tonight?

Mike Rolash: Yes, definitely. And Freddie is all over the place, Zach, Moe, apparently also Graves, if he continues like this, he's going to appear in every match at the PPV!

The lights go out and the intro to "Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" by Primordial begins to play. Close up images of flickering torches appear on the tron and the ramp down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... accompanied by Myfanwy verch Owain, hailing from Calgary, Alberta, Canada and weighing in at two hundred and thirty pounds... THE SHADOW!

Jim Gunt: Last time we saw The Shadow, he was fighting Ataxia in the crowd! Can the former champ focus himself on the match at hand?

Mike Rolash: Let's face it, Nathan Paradine isn't in the same league as The Shadow. I don't think the Weaver of Dreams has anything to worry about here tonight.

As the main riff kicks in, The Shadow and Myfanwy step through the curtains, cold, blue light illuminating the wafting fog that surrounds them. Clad in their hooded robes they silently stand there until the lights go off again for a moment. When they come back on, they are in the ring, as stoic and unmoving as before.

Mike Rolash: I'm not gonna lie; it kinda creeps me out when they do that.

Jim Gunt: I didn't think you'd scare so easily!

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, the overhead lights reflecting off of his trademark sunglasses. He smirks as he surveys the crowd for a moment, thumbing the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards and approaching the ring.

Jim Gunt: Paradine is looking confident going into this match, but you have to wonder if he hasn't just painted a target on his back with his actions earlier this evening.

Mike Rolash: You'd have to think Paradine will be looking to try and build up some momentum after a tough few weeks, and a victory over the former CWF World Heavyweight Champion might just be the kick in the ass he needs.

Ray Douglas: Introducing the opponent... hailing from Melbourne, Australia and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds... he is the Australian Submission Machine, NATHAN PARADINE!

Paradine climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before stepping between the ropes. He observes the crowd once more before shrugging out of his jacket, passing it off to a stagehand and backing off into the corner to perform a few light warm ups before the bell rings.

Both Paradine and Shadow regard each other warily as referee Clark Summits calls for the bell and they waste no time in marching to the middle of the ring to initiate a grapple, both men twisting trying to gain the advantage but it's The Shadow who comes out on top, releasing one of Paradine's arms and driving a forearm into The Nomad's face before executing a swift go-behind. Paradine, stunned from the forearm strike, swings wildly at the air as Shadow wraps his arms around Paradine's waist and hits a German suplex. Pinning Paradine face-down on the mat, Shadow uses his forearm to rain strikes down on the back of his head and shoulders before Summits intervenes and pushes him back into his own corner. Paradine blinks and shakes his head, clearing out the cobwebs as he staggers to his feet.

Jim Gunt: And it's an explosive start to the match, with The Shadow gaining the early advantage!

Mike Rolash: Paradine has the height and weight advantage here, but I really doubt it'll be enough to put him ahead. He's going to have to get smart and think on his feet.

Shadow is immediately back on the offensive but this time Paradine is ready for him, catching Shadow with an elbow to the face before bouncing off the ropes and taking him down with a shoulder tackle. Paradine is quick to capitalise, grabbing Shadow's arm and wrenching it into a shoulder lock. Shadow grunts in pain, but he manages to get a knee up to leverage out the hold.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is fighting back against the submission hold!

Mike Rolash: This is where Paradine is at his most dangerous; he'll try to wear his opponent down limb by limb.

Paradine releases the limb and backs away, sizing Shadow up before charging forwards and hitting a knee to the former world champion's jaw. Shadow is down, and Paradine immediately hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO- No, KICKOUT!

Shadow throws his shoulder up and Paradine rolls away, backing into the corner to size Shadow up again. Paradine

charges, but The Weaver of Dreams catches him with a HUGE tilt-a-whirl slam, driving the Australian down onto the mat. Shadow looms over Paradine, however Paradine still retains enough cohesion to suddenly grab Shadow by the back of the head, looking for the Mark of Judas!

Jim Gunt: MARK OF JUDAS! Paradine has capitalised and could have The Shadow on the ropes!

Mike Rolash: Don't count The Shadow out just yet, look in the ring!

Shadow rains strikes down on Paradine, refusing to allow himself to be placed in the hold, and eventually Paradine relents and releases Shadow who slowly climbs to his feet, pulling Paradine along with him. Shadow places Paradine's head between his legs and plants the larger wrestler with the Gates of Hell, leaving Paradine motionless on the mat. Shadow covers!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!!!

Jim Gunt: I think it's fair to say that The Shadow is now comfortably in control of this match.

Mike Rolash: Putting Paradine on the defensive is a smart move, sure, but The Shadow had better have an endgame planned out or he might find that the tables have turned!

Paradine manages to get his shoulder up, and Summits urges Shadow to return to the corner to allow Paradine back to his feet. The Australian Submission Machine stands up and Shadow beckons for him to continue the match. Both men lock up again but it's clear that Paradine has been worn down and The Shadow easily manages to overpower him. The Shadow connects with a stiff right hand and follows up with a knee to Paradine's gut which sends the Australian Submission Machine reeling. Paradine totters back, flips over the top rope... and rebounds with SPARE CHANGE! Or at least he attempts to, as The Shadow ducks underneath his outstretched arm and connects with a superkick! The Shadow covers Paradine again!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE- NO!!!

Paradine manages to kick out!

Jim Gunt: I thought we were about to see the end of this match!

Mike Rolash: The Shadow has Paradine's number, The Nomad had better come up with a revised game plan quick if he wants to stand a chance of winning this.

Both men are back up now, Paradine bleeding from a small cut to his chin. He wipes at the blood dismissively and raises his fists, and The Shadow does the same. Both men circle each other before going for a third lockup, but a sudden outcry from the crowd distracts them both. They turn to face the entrance ramp... only for Lindsay Troy to suddenly slide beneath the bottom rope and vault effortlessly to her feet. For a moment all three wrestlers contemplate each other before Troy looks at Paradine, shrugs, and launches herself at The Shadow! Both men are back up now.

CRACK!

RAYNES OF CASTAMERE! Lindsay Troy hits a flying double knee strike to The Shadow!

Jim Gunt: What the hell is this!? Lindsay Troy attacked The Shadow... not Nathan Paradine!? It makes no sense!

Mike Rolash: Actually, if you watch... I think you'll see it makes perfect sense, Jimbo...

The former CWF Champion drops to the mat as Myfanwy looks on, stunned. Lindsay Troy evacuates the ring, while Paradine falls to his knees in horror at her actions. Referee Clark Summits wastes no time in calling for the bell!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, as a result of interference... your winner, THE SHADOW!

Paradine is still on the mat, his head in his hands. He bangs the canvas in frustration with his fist as The Shadow starts to stir behind him. Paradine stands up and approaches the rope, staring down at a smirking Lindsay Troy who is still backing up the ramp.

Nathan Paradine: What the hell was that!?

Troy laughs and lifts a finger to the corner of her eye, simulating a single teardrop running down her cheek. She mouths "payback's a bitch" before disappearing behind the curtain, leaving an angry Paradine to kick at the bottom rope. Behind him, The Shadow rises to his feet, pushing his long hair out of his face as he notices his opponent still in the ring. As Paradine turns around, The Shadow charges forwards and connects with the Hammer of the Gods, sending the Australian Submission Machine tumbling out of the ring to the floor.

Jim Gunt: Paradine can't seem to catch a break! Outsmarted by Lindsay Troy, then he eats a dropkick from The Shadow...

Mike Rolash: Can't say he didn't bring this on himself when he decided to pick a fight with Troy.

"Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" resumes playing as The Shadow leaves the ring escorted by Myfanwy, stepping over a motionless Nathan Paradine as he walks up the entrance ramp.

Saints and Sinners

Match

As the medics escort a clearly dazed Nathan Paradine from the ring area, "Yes" by LMFAO rings out and the fans are torn on whether they want to cheer for the boss, or boo. Who can blame the fans in all honesty though, one week the main lives up to his name and is nothing short of saintly. The next? He's a dick, pure and simple. With little pomp and mostly circumstance, C\$J heads to the ring with his designer shades on his face, a steel briefcase accents his blue designer suit perfectly, as his platinum blonde faux hawk reflects the lights of the arena.

Jim Gunt: Welcome back to Evolution everyone and don't adjust your sets! That is indeed C\$J walking down and getting into the ring as we speak. He isn't out here on Hostility business, he's here to have a discussion with a man that is a relative new body on our roster, "The Wrestling Inspector" Stan Summers.

Mike Rolash: I... I kind of don't want to say anything. If I do, I don't want to be fired.

Jim Gunt: Well, love him or hate him, C\$J has done the unthinkable. He's made my broadcast partner speechless for once.

The cameras cut back to C\$J as he enters the ring and smiles as his music fades. He sets his briefcase on the table in front of him before picking up one of the mics that has been set up on the table for him.

C\$J: Friends and enemies, welcome to MY show, Evolution, owned by the CWF, and second fiddle to the true CWF A-Brand, Hostility.

The fans rain down their boos, their decisions already made for them. Rolash seems to want to say something, but has enough wherewithal to bite his tongue. Barely.

C\$J: I kid. I kid. But you all have to realize one very important thing before we move onto much more... Pressing matters. I came to the CWF with one goal. To make you better. I fought with Milenko. I went to war for this brand to save it from his poisonous clutches. I invested a ton of money in and gave Evolution another brand to feed off of. A bar set for everyone here to not only look up to, but work on getting over it. That ladies and gems, was my vision. Look at

the production value since I've reopened Hostility's doors. Look at everything Evolution has accomplished. I've signed names like Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy. We've ADDED pay-per-views to the calendar. We have an incredible influx of new talent and even our mid card title pictures exceed anything that I could have EVER envisioned! Look at what the Paramount Grand Prix did for that division. So, do you see our champion every week, fighting to make that title prestigious? The Impact Title, even if our young champion hasn't been around to fulfil his contractual obligations to defend that title, is still a scene going strong thanks to one Freddie Styles, who has a vision, like me, and is doing anything and everything to turn it into reality. I am here to help. I am here to SAVE Evolution. I. AM. YOUR. SAVIOR.

The fans boo. Gunt and Rolash remain silent, neither wanting to upset the man who signs their paychecks, especially after comments made at last week's show.

C\$J: But I'm not here to get bitter because people don't know how to rise up and handle some competition. I'm not here to declare that I'm picking up my ball and I'm playing somewhere else. I'm out here, tonight, one week before Vertigo, for a contract signing. So, without further ado, let's bring out the esteemed, Inspector. And Stan? If I catch so much of a whiff of your enforcer, you will regret this day, you will regret coming to the CWF, and you will regret putting that obscenely big nose of yours in business that doesn't pertain to you. I don't know how much attention you pay to ReAwakened, but I happen to have enforcers of my own, they are all here, and they are ALL hungry for you to make that one mistake. So please, Stan, come on out. Bring your Enforcer, and see what happens if you do.

Tension mounts as silence engulfs the arena. Finally, the opening bars of 'Totentanz' boom out across the arena, accompanied almost immediately by boos and jeers as 'The Wrestling Inspector' Stan Summers appears at the top of the ramp. The Inspector takes a long, sweeping look across the crowd wearing a look of distaste, before withdrawing a pen from the top of his ring coat with a flourish and jotting something down on his ubiquitous clipboard, shaking his head slightly. The pen is replaced, the clipboard tucked under an arm, as Summers makes his way down towards the ring.

C\$J: Cut the shit Summers. Clipboard can be left on the ramp. Be glad I don't make you stick it where it belongs. I'm sure we can ALL come up with a place a bit more creative than a garbage can. But if you would like to test me, by all means.

C\$J makes a gesture to invite "The Inspector" into the ring, asking him to bring the clipboard as well. Stan thinks about it, but then decides against it, dropping it at the base of the ramp before getting into the ring and coming face to face with C\$J. Both men stare each other down. Neither budging, neither giving an inch, and both wearing a confident, shit-eating smirk that makes one want to smack them. In the face. With a chair. Repeatedly. Finally, C\$J backs up, allowing Summers to take a seat at the table. Mr. #1derful sets his briefcase on the table and opens it, never taking his eyes, veiled by his sunglasses, off of Summers, who only returns the favor. With a flourish, C\$J produces two separate pieces of paper.

C\$J: Summers, I don't like you and your presence in MY ring? It disgusts me. So here's what we're going to do. Before you I have two different contracts. You only have to sign one into effect. This one here...

He slides one of the papers over to Stan, who glances it over, his face telling a story of his own distaste.

C\$J: Oh yes. Sign this contract and at Vertigo, it will be "The Enforcer" Stew Fann versus...

He glances over at Stan who looks like he's about to explode.

Stan Summers: Scott Dann...

C\$J: As if it matters, "Inspector." Now as I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted. That contract you hold in your hands will put... Scott Dann against Quentin Scarboro at Vertigo, with my favorite stipulation EVER... Stan Summers BARRED FROM RINGSIDE!

The crowd pops. C\$J smirks and Stan looks like he's about to go nuclear. C\$J however, has more.

C\$J: However, I'm nothing if not fair. This contract Mr. Summers, provides the same match at Vertigo, Scott Dann versus Quentin Scarboro, this time without my stipulation.

With no hesitation, Summers laughs and snatches the contract from C\$J's hands, slamming it down on the table and signing it into effect.

C\$J: Fair enough. However, once again you didn't let me finish. While the contract that you signed into effect provides for you to be at ringside, you also just gave one Quentin Scarboro permission to choose a stipulation for his match against Mr. Dann at Vertigo, provided that Mr. Scarboro is cleared to compete by MY personal, medical team. I of course, want what is best for MY company and wouldn't want anything to jeopardize my integrity. So Mr. Summers, enjoy the fruits of your labor, and if you EVER decide to snub your nose at anything that has MY name attached to it; well, I'll make sure that the only thing that you're inspecting are the trash cans for your local park. After all, everyone needs to do their part to keep our world clean.

With a wink C\$J tosses his mic onto the table and exits the ring as "Yes" rings out.

PvP: Part 2

Match

The staff meandering backstage of the Broadmoor World Arena quickly leap to the sides of the corridors, out of the way, as Zach van Owen storms his way through. There is a new sense of menace and intensity about him, heightened by the hype of his title match at the pay-per-view. He steps out into the carpark when...

"Zach..."

He stops dead in his tracks. He recognises that voice all too well. Turning around the returned Impact Champion sees Leona Gainsborough, the Lioness of Philadelphia, standing there. Her expression is one of nervous apprehension, as if she doesn't believe what's she's seeing in front of her and doesn't know how to proceed.

Leona Gainsborough: It's really you?

Zach stands silent and motionless, he clearly also does not know where to go from here.

Leona Gainsborough: I was so worried...What happened?

Finally he manages to speak.

Zach Van Owen: Leona...

A car pulls up near Zach and from the driver-side backseat a figure appears. Leona gasps.

Zach Van Owen: Leona, I'm sorry.

"Enough! We don't have time for this."

Zach turns away from Leona and opens the passenger door.

Leona Gainsborough: But Zach...

Zach pauses, but keeps his back to his partner.

Zach Van Owen: Leona, please. Don't.

There is clear pain in the Impact Champion's voice.

"Get in!" The figure growls.

Without any further word or glance back the Game-Changer disappears into the car. The figure gives one final scowl at Leona who looks baffled and defeated, watching as the car drives off into the horizon. The figure is known to her, it's someone she never thought she would see in the same room as Zach, let alone working alongside him. That figure was none other than "Atomic" Adam Vaughn, Zach's own father.

Ataxia vs. Silas Artoria

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow! "Atomic" Adam Vaughn and Zach?!? That is an incredible development!

Mike Rolash: And poor Leona is left in the rain. Maybe I should take her in...

Jim Gunt: Don't you dare even try!

Mike Rolash: Whoa, you are fancying her?

Jim Gunt: No, but she would probably knock you out! Hm. Maybe you SHOULD try to take her in...

Mike Rolash: Oh good-- wait, wha--?

He is cut short by the flickering of lights and the trademark "AHAHAHAHHAAAAHAHAHAHA" sounding over the PA. "Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia enters the arena wearing his cloak of raven feathers, tophat, cane, and raven mask over his usual bag like mask to an immediately hostile reaction from the crowd. Ataxia spins the cane around and shakes his head at the fans as he walks down the ringside area. He leaps into the ring and whips off the cloak. He takes off the mask, hat and cane. A ring attendant grabs them as Ataxia awaits his opponent.

Ray Douglas: The next match is a hardcore match. First to the ring, hailing from Parts Unknown - he is the Messiah Pariah - ATAXIA!

Jim Gunt: Big news earlier today, with Ataxia and The Shadow facing off at Vertigo in a Falls Count Anywhere match and on top of that starting that match all the way up in the rafters!

Mike Rolash: Better than at the ring, at least we won't have the bagged freak and that Goth idiot right in front-- OUCH!

He wheels around and comes faces to face with Myfanwy, who is sitting on the barricade behind him, her emerald eyes shooting daggers at Mike.

Myfanwy: How many more times do we have to go over this?

Mike Rolash: No more times, ma'am.

He slowly turns back, tense as if expecting another slap, but as he turns back around, he suddenly comes face to face with The Shadow, who has taken a seat between Jim and Mike.

Mike Rolash: AAAAH! You will be my end!

Jim Gunt (under his breath): Hopefully...

Mike Rolash: What was that?

Jim Gunt: Nothing...

The lights go down as dark blue fog starts to billow out of the stage entrance. For the second time tonight Simply Red's "Something Got Me Started" begins and Silas Artoria struts out onto the stage with a satisfied smile on his face before gracefully making his way down the aisle, completely ignoring the fans around him.

Jim Gunt: Silas and Jimmy Allen just announced earlier today that they will be meeting in a ladder match for the Paramount title at Vertigo, I guess that's why he is wearing this smug look on his face. But welcome to The Shadow,

who is joining us for this match, what brings you here?

The Shadow: Thanks Jim. I'm keeping a close look on Ataxia, since he decided to make this personal. You the old adage, keep your friends close--

Mike Rolash: --and have them pay for you!

The Shadow turns to Mike with a pitying look.

The Shadow: So close, Mike, so close...

In the ring referee Scott Dean is bringing both combatants together in the centre of the ring and signals for the bell to be rung. Out of nowhere Ataxia jumps forward, pulls Silas into a hug and places a kiss on his forehead. The Canadian pushes Ataxia away immediately with a disgusted look on his face while Ataxia just cackles.

Mike Rolash: Oh my God, that was gross!

Jim Gunt: Anything to get into the mind of the opponent...

The Shadow: Let's be honest, how could something like this not throw you off your gameplan?

Silas is expressing his disdain with Ataxia's first "attack" by arguing with the referee, who tells him that this is a hardcore match, what would he expect. Ataxia utilizes this diversion of attention and using his body as a battering ram runs into Silas at full force and ramming him into the corner. Not wasting any time, he pulls Silas back out, whipping him into the opposite corner and following right up with a high knee to the face that has Silas fall down and roll out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: What is Ataxia's biggest strength? His unpredictability?

The Shadow: It's hard to say what his biggest strength is. His unpredictability, as you said, his willingness to show complete disregard to his own health or the high ring intelligence that he is hiding under his mad approach to things.

In the mean time Silas is slowly stirring on the ground and Ataxia is rummaging through the area under the ring.

Mike Rolash: There comes a table. And a chair. Another chair. Kendo stick. Garbage can. Is he bringing everything out?

Ataxia rolls himself under the ropes.

Mike Rolash: Just waiting for the kitchen sink.

At the mention of this Ataxia briefly stops and rolls himself back out of the ring. After a few moments under the ring he comes back out, looks at Mike and shakes his head. He then proceeds to set up a table in the corner, all the while checking on Silas, who is back on his feet. Without a warning Ataxia runs against the ropes opposite him and launches himself through the ropes with a suicide dive, but Silas sidesteps him, using Ataxia's momentum to propel him head first into the barrier.

Jim Gunt: Whoa, that must have hurt. And this shows what you just said, his disregard for his own body and this could cost him dearly as Silas has his cane in hand!

The Psychotic Aristocrat almost casually strolls over to Ataxia, flips his cane and brings the handle down hard between the Messiah Pariah's shoulders. He turns as if ready to walk away, but instead swings his cane the other way, hitting Ataxia in the ribs not once, but twice.

Mike Rolash: Good, show him what real pain is!

Myfanwy: I already feel it by just listening to you...

Jim Gunt: So Shadow, you won your match against Nathan Paradine just before after Lindsay Troy attacked you. What

is your take on this?

The Shadow: Well, it looks like these two have a rendez-vous waiting to happen and I just happened to stand between them. You never know, it could be love...

Grabbing a chair from under the ring, Silas lifts it high above his head and once again hits Ataxia right across the back, stifling any movement to get back into a vertical position. He tosses the chair back into the ring and then pulls Ataxia up by his mask before rolling him back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Silas is giving that table an oddly appreciative look. Do you think what I'm thinking?

Mike Rolash: If your thoughts contain Ataxia going through a table, hell yeah!

Jim Gunt: And indeed Silas is pulling Ataxia up, ready to whip him into the table, but REVERSAL! Silas crashes face first through the table!!

Mike Rolash: Noooo!!

With Silas temporarily incapacitated in the wreckage of the table, Ataxia takes a chair and sets it up in the middle of the ring.

Mike Rolash: What now? Is he going to take a break?

The Shadow: No, he is going to look into more damage to inflict.

Patiently waiting in the opposite corner, Ataxia is waiting for Silas to get back to his feet. He then runs up, jumps onto and over the chair, aiming directly for Silas!

Jim Gunt: He is going for the Reckoning!

But again Silas has enough wherewithal to let himself fall to the ground and Ataxia hits the remaining frame of the table kneefirst before his momentum takes him over the top rope and hard onto the thin mats surrounding the ring.

Crowd: Holy shit! Holy shit!

Mike Rolash: Woohoooo!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia could be seriously hurt after this crazy fall!

The Shadow: Most likely, but he will not let that stop him.

Jim Gunt: What do you mean?

The Shadow: Think back at how many times he has had his shoulders dislocated and still continued.

Silas is back out of the ring again, a kendo stick in hand. He brings it down hard across Ataxia's back again and again, almost as if riling himself up into a frenzy, only stopping when the stick actually breaks. Breathing heavily he looks down at Ataxia, a small dark stain now visible at the back of his burlap mask.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, he drew blood!

Jim Gunt: After the attack he just went through, likely.

Chuckling the broken kendo stick to the side, Silas goes under the ring, soon emerging with a 5 foot long metal chain.

Mike Rolash: And now it really begins!

Jim Gunt: He's swinging it, waiting for Ataxia to rise and there he goes! Ataxia caught the chain! Oh my God, he is pulling Silas towards him!

A clearly surprised Silas does not even know what is happening until it is too late. Pulling him forward quickly, Ataxia

does a quick spin and manages to wrap the chain around Silas' neck. Using it for leverage, he yanks him forward by the chain and straight into the ring post. As Silas flops around on the mat, trying to loosen the chain's grip, Ataxia beelines to the announce table.

Mike Rolash: Oh no, no, no, no, no, Silas is over there, do you see him? He's your opponent, you should be there, not here!

Instead of confronting The Shadow or assaulting Mike, though, he goes for Myfanwy, trying to put his arm around her. The fiery redhead, though, has none of it and before The Shadow can even intervene, a savage elbow to the side of the face has Ataxia staggering back before she brings up both of her legs and hitting him in the chest. Falling back he hits the edge of the announce table with the back of his head.

Myfanwy: Don't you ever dare try to touch me again!

Holding the back of his head, Ataxia gets back to his feet. Looking at his hand there is a stain of blood on it. He proceeds to lick it, causing several fans to look away in disgust, before turning to The Shadow, who is standing behind the announce desk now.

Ataxia: I like her, she got moxies! I love that in women.

The Shadow is about to jump over the table when the chain hits Ataxia in the side, sweeping him off his feet and Silas stands over him, blood seeping from a gash on his forehead. Ataxia is looking up at him, applauding him. As Silas looks at him with some bewilderment, though, Ataxia is bringing his leg up hard, hitting Artoria right between the legs. With a gasp he sinks to his knees and finally the ground.

Mike Rolash: Low blow! Ref, do something!

Jim Gunt: Mike, this match is under hardcore rules, there is no DQ.

Mike Rolash: Fine then.

The Shadow is with Myfanwy, making sure she is ok, but she gives him a reassuring nod. As he returns to his chair, Ataxia has grabbed Silas and rolled him back in under the ropes. Back in the ring himself, Ataxia takes the garbage can and brings it down on Silas, then a chair, another kendo stick and finally a table leg, while the bloodstain in the back of his mask is slowly, but steadily growing.

Jim Gunt: He's going for the pin!

Mike Rolash: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

ONE....

TWO....

THREE--

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Jesus Christ!

Ataxia sits up and stares at his opponent, near astonished as the crowd rains down their cheers for the battered and broken Silas. Ataxia looks at the crowd. None of them are fazed!

Jim Gunt: The crowd has truly turned against the Messiah Pariah as Silas keeps on fighting. Chairs, tables, whatever Ataxia had in store has not put him away, and he's running out of ideas quick!

Ataxia bellows out in frustration and storms out of the ring in search of another weapon and finds Silas' cane on the ground! He quickly returns to the ring and sees Silas on his stomach, trying to crawl himself to safety. Ataxia storms

towards him, raising the cane to strike!

Mike Rolash: What happened?

The Shadow: I think he saw something else.

Ataxia is standing there, the cane ready to bring down, but he is not moving! Instead he sees some barbed wire on the ground next to the ring. He looks at the crawling Silas, then the barbed wire, then to Silas.

Ataxia: Heh....hehehe....hehehe

Mike Rolash: Someone turn the ring microphone off quick! His laughter makes me roll in my grave!

Ataxia walks over towards the barbed wire, and picks it up with his hand. He quickly wraps the wire around the centre of the cane, tightening it to dig into the expensive wood. He walks back to Silas, stomping his back to subdue him.

The Shadow: This is going to hurt!

He squats on his back, lifts Silas's arm around his leg. He pushes Silas's other arm around the other.

Jim Gunt: Camel clutch!

Ataxia positions the barbed cane near Silas' head, and YANKS IT BACK! Silas' is screaming in wide eyed agony, as his mouth is bound by his opponent locking him in with the cane! He tries to push forward, but Ataxia yanks the cane back further!

Ataxia: TAP OUT! TAP OUT FUCKFACE!

Silas is trying to force Ataxia to nudge forward, but to little effect. Ataxia replies by SWINGING THE BARBED CANE LEFT AND RIGHT.

Mike Rolash: Good god, I can't watch this!

Blood begins to drip down onto the mat from Silas' mouth, shredded by the makeshift weapon.

The Shadow: He will not tap. We tried that. Never worked.

Frustrated Ataxia lets go of Silas, who slumps forward, now bleeding profusely from his mouth. Once more the Masked Menace exits the ring to search for something, but when he emerges with a baseball bat in hand, Silas is right behind him.

Mike Rolash: Whoa, where did he come from all of a sudden?

The unsuspecting Ataxia turns around, sensing something behind him, but before he can even see who it is, Silas brings down the barbed wire wrapped cane hard on Ataxia's head, hitting in the same spot that he had hit when he fell into the table after Myfanwy's push. The barbed wire is tangled in the burlap and when Silas yanks it away, the mask moves as well.

Mike Rolash: Oh my God, is he going to unmask him??

The Shadow: Maybe, but he can't see, this could be Silas' chance!

The mask is not coming off, but it has moved enough to temporarily blind Ataxia. Seeing this, Silas immediately takes advantage of it, raises his cane again and bringing the butt of the handle down on Ataxia's head with a sickening thud that makes Ataxia crumple to the ground immediately.

Jim Gunt: This could be it! He is rolling him back into the ring, Ataxia is still not moving, is he really done or is he just playing possum?

Scott Dean goes down as Silas hooks one leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall - SILAS ARTORIA!

Silas rolls himself off Ataxia, falling onto his back, exhausted. He slowly gets to his feet, looking down at Ataxia, realizing the feat he had just pulled off and raises his arms jubilantly, the crowd responding in kind, showing its appreciation for a very hard-fought victory for the Canadian Reaper.

Last Man Standing

Match

Tara Robinson is shown backstage approaching "The American Thoroughbred" Quentin Scarboro as he comes out of the medical offices grinning ear to ear.

Tara Robinson: So I suppose that is good news on your medical evaluation then? How is your knee holding up?

Q: My knee was always fine, Miss Robinson, it was just a case of Inspector Gadget reaching deep into his bag of tricks to keep me down. This medical physical wellness check or whatever they want to call it? It was just a formality. It was just a means to an end to get what I wanted. You saw St. James out there, he said I have a rematch coming up against Dann. The whole contract signing thing? See it is about time C&J took notice to how much of an asset I can be. It is time he bucks up and stops bending over backwards to accommodate this creep Summers. Now, like they say, I got 'em right where I want 'em, and it is a wonderful feeling.

Tara Robinson: So now the floor is yours, you get to decide the stipulation for Vertigo next week. You will be stepping back into the ring for the first time since your last match against Dann, which, it must be noted, was decided by some shady officiating.

Q: Every match I have lost since walking into this company has seen shady officiating, Tara, let's not kid ourselves. And I'll admit, I was starting to think St. James was complicit and responsible for these incidents. He has since assured me that he hasn't been directly involved in Inspector Summers affairs, and was not even responsible for bringing the man into the company. Inspector Summers is nothing but a fraud.

Tara Robinson: So your chosen stipulation?

Quentin smiles.

Q: I could pick anything, right? Anything my little ole country boy heart desires? Who wants to see Scarboro versus Dann in a hog tyin' contest? Whaddabout mud wrasslin'? Bull whips? Barbed wire and bloodshed...?! We could go on and on and on, couldn't we? Here's an idea. Since Inspector Bummings wants to chirp and chirp, how about we give him a bird's eye view? How about we get a little bird cage and we put the little man in there, and we hoist him up to the ceiling and he can get a real good view of the action while he takes his notes on his little clipboard.

Tara Robinson: I mean, I guess he would still technically be at ringside. I think that's a pretty clever idea.

Q: And while Summers is up there in the clouds getting his inspection on, that just leaves the two behemoths to put on a show in the middle of that ring. Scott Dann versus Quentin Scarboro, battling it out until the other man simply cannot stand up. No, a three count won't settle this, Dann. With Summers high in the sky, one of us will be suffering from the worst form of vertigo. The other will be the Last Man Standing....! And with that, I hope you have a good day, Tara.

Scarboro quickly steps away from the interview as Tara is awestruck with the developments.

Tara Robinson: There you have it folks! The much-anticipated rematch between Scott Dann and Quentin Scarboro will

feature a claustrophobic metal bird cage, from which 'The Wrestling Inspector Stan Summers will be suspended from the rafters! Meanwhile Scarboro and Dann will duke it out below under Last Man Standing rules! Only on pay per view, next week, right here in the CWF!

Now My Panties Are In A Bunch!

Match

The scene fades to a CWF backdrop as Tara Robinson stands in front of it, ready to go with a microphone in her hand.

Tara Robinson: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guests at this time! Byson Kaliban and Duce Jones!

The two brothers appear on opposite sides of Tara.

Tara Robinson: Duce, I was told that you specifically requested this time. I'm willing to bet that you have a few thoughts on your opponent tonight Johnny Graves.

Duce's teeth shine through the light as he smiles ready to give a few words.

Duce Jones: Indeed I do Tara, cause at dis moment. My spirit is disturbed...

Tara Robinson: What do you mean by that?

Duce Jones: Well y'kno' Tara, I decided t'kick back in my room and check out Graves' promo and boy, boy, booyyy! Tha disrespect is real. Only thang homie, make sho ya got ya facts straight befo' ya go spittin' dumb shit all ova' tha place.

Byson Kaliban: Well why don't you put em in his place?

Duce begins to get animated as he speaks.

Duce Jones: Don't worry I am, cuz see they say imitation is tha greatest form of flattery and right now potna'... (points at camera) you lookin' real familiar. So how bout yo' ass have a seat while I read you yo' rights.

Byson Kaliban: Get em!

Duce Jones: Who t'fuck are you? Seriously bruh who are you? Ya prance round here like ya God's Gift t'Earth when ya not even worth tha dirt he created yo' phony ass wit. My guy ya whole style is an infringement of a copyright and I'm gon need my nuts back. Cuz I feel like ya on em tough.

Byson Kaliban: Get em!

Duce Jones: On what planet is yo' delusional ass livin' own? Afta' Conflicion, where was I complainin' and bitchin'? Ya won't find footage nowhere cause I came back tha next night and maybe not have technically beaten Tax but still got dis chance. Demandin' anotha' championship opportunity! When? I'm still searchin' through tha recent three week archives t'find dat one! Homie... t'fuck is you talkin' bout? Sittin' here talkin' bout future World Champ... How? Yo' ass is out tha door befo' tha show's even ova'... and somethin' big comin'... Who gives a fuck ya still ain't gon be shit cause ya neva' was shit!

Byson Kaliban: Get em!

Duce Jones: I see now dat tha only thang you're gifted at is running dat dick sucka of yours! Talkin' bout future World Champ... Then dis guy has t'powers dat be retweetin' ya tweets like you're a serious threat... Fuck outta here, wanna make it round here ya gotta know facts! And as far as me comin' outta left field! Freddie's my brotha from anotha' motha' and if he's not round t'speak up fo' himself, ya damn right I'm gonna speak up! Dat's my brotha! You gotta problem wit him, you gotta problem wit me!

Byson Kaliban: Get em!

Duce Jones: And it's amazin' dat fo' somebody who thanks I'm a joke! It's crazy how you was one'a my first followers on Twitter as soon as I activated my account. You found me, I didn't find you... (begins shaking his head in disgust) Fuck all dis talkin' I'm takin' dis shit t'tha rang, I'm puttin' A.P.B out on my swag cause yo bitch ass done stole my identity! Let's go bruh!

With that, Duce and Byson leave Tara as they make their way towards the gorilla position.

Jim Gunt: That was more than a few words as Duce Jones had a mouthful of things to say, mainly directed towards Johnny Graves!

Mike Rolash: Well I know the hottest prospect to step foot in Championship Wrestling Federation is gonna take pleasure in shutting his mouth.

Jim Gunt: Duce has really gotten on your bad side as of late.

Mike Rolash: He's nothing more than a punk kid with no class.

Jim Gunt: Well let's hope, at least for your sake he didn't hear that!

Mike Rolash: One of these days, those muscle-head dweebs will all get what's coming to em for messing with me.

Jim Gunt: Well let's send it to Ray who's ready to get this match kicked off.

Duce Jones vs. Johnny Graves

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

The Colorado Springs fans are buzzing, but soon turn to a mixture of boos and cheers as a voice begins to speak through the PA system.

"And the whole world loves it when you sing the blues... Da. Da.. Da. Da. Da.. Da...."

The opening sounds of "Godspeed" by Don Trip begins to play as the stage begins filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones, along with Byson Kaliban slowly emerges through the fog, instantly inciting boos from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Byson Kaliban! Weighing in at two hundred fifteen pounds! From Memphis, Tennessee....DUCE JONES!!

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones ignores the cheers and jeers that the fans are giving as he soon makes it to ringside. Climbing onto the apron, Duce goes to the corner to his right, climbing onto the second rope and peering out into the crowd. Finally done, he jumps over the top rope, landing inside of the ring and removes his hooded vest. He takes a moment to adjust his protective mask as he prepares for action. Meanwhile Kaliban takes up position in Duce's designated corner.

Jim Gunt: The number one contender has a tall task ahead of him tonight, in the form of Johnny Graves.

Mike Rolash: Graves is gonna wrestle circles around Jones here tonight.

The lights throughout the venue cut leaving the fans sitting in complete darkness. Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sounds of police sirens pierce the silence. Suddenly the melody of "Bank Account (Remix)" blasts from the various speakers throughout the arena. The fans rise to their feet in a thunderous response: half of them cheer while the other half boo.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, making his way to the ring from Las Vegas, Nevada! Weighing two hundred eighteen pounds....JOHNNY GRAVES!!

After several moments of anticipation, the curtain pulls back and Johnny Graves steps out onto the small stage. Graves slowly moves his gaze over the sea of fans, a confident smirk on his lips. He drops down onto his knees he sits for several moments. Finally he pushes himself up to his feet and begins strutting confidently to the ring. The fans on either side of the aisle reach out looking to get a high five or anything from the passing Graves who ignores them completely, his intense eyes fixated on the ring, confident smirk on his lips.

Jim Gunt: Johnny Graves has been on an absolute tear since making his debut and he seems to have set his sights on the Impact Championship as well. But do you think he's met his match in the form of Duce Jones?

Mike Rolash: Not a chance Jimbo! The Sin City Saint is going to wrestle circles around Douche!

As he nears the ring he picks up his pace until he's in a jog. He slides into the ring feet first, sliding all the way to the center of the ring where he again sits on his knees. He slowly rises his right hand and points to the sky with his index finger!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! Duce Jones with a SUPERKICK to the kneeling Graves!

Mike Rolash: That cheating prick!

Summits calls for the bell as Jones recklessly kicks away at the downed Graves who tries to his best to roll away from the onslaught of kicks. Now grabbing him by his hair, Jones brings him to a vertical base where he nails him with a blistering knife edge chop. Graves stumbles back towards the ropes as Duce is quickly on him and whipping him across the ring. Rebounding off the ropes, Graves is able to avoid a clothesline attempt, grabbing his right arm and sliding through his legs, now hooking the free arm of Jones, Graves quickly flips and spins Duce through the air, dropping him backfirst across his knee!

Jim Gunt: Graves reverses with a pumphandle backbreaker! And now he's on top of Jones with Muay Thai open palm strikes!

Mike Rolash: That's right Johnny, pound his freaking face in!

Jim Gunt: Safe to say you're not going to be biased during this match!

Rolash ignores him as he watches on with a bloodthirsty look. Inside the ring, the Sin City Saint now works over Jones with elbow strikes. Duce tries his best to cover up but the shots are fast and precise. Finally Graves let's up, getting back to his feet before stomping down hard on Jones. Returning the favor of the brutal kicks that he received moments ago from Jones, Graves connects with a beautiful running shooting star press! Staying on top, Graves hooks the leg going for the pin as Summits is over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Jones is able to get the shoulder up, but Graves is staying on the offensive, bringing Duce back vertical by his locks. Hooking his arm across the chest of Jones, Graves drills him into the canvas with an Uranage Slam! Making his way to the corner, Johnny scales to the top and quickly comes crashing down into the mat with a double foot stomp!

Jim Gunt: Duce able to avoid the high impact maneuver as Graves hobbles around the ring a bit.

Mike Rolash: It's alright, he'll bounce back in no time.

Taking the moment to recover, Jones is back to his feet and trying to catch Graves off guard with a roundhouse kick! But he ducks as Jones does a three sixty turn, Graves goes for a jumping knee strike, but Jones is able to spin through, avoiding it, then attempting a leg sweep which Graves effortlessly evades with a backflip. Charging at Jones, he runs over top of Duce as Jones drops to the mat. Rebounding off the ropes, Jones leapfrogs over the incoming Graves who stood in his tracks. As Jones lands on his feet, Graves shoots a hard kick to the back of Jones' leg,

dropping him to a kneeling position. Hitting the ropes like lightning, Graves goes for a running knee strike, but Jones has the wherewithal to dodge and quickly roll Johnny up for the pin attempt! However Graves quickly kicks out at one as both men are to their feet, but it's Johnny who's first to strike, diving both of his feet into the chest of Jones as the crowd cheers in appreciation of the fast action!

Jim Gunt: Shotgun Dropkick by Graves and Duce goes sailing through the ropes and to the outside!

Mike Rolash: Damn the future Jim Bean, this kid is the here and now!

Jim Gunt: Well he's certainly backed up his words and TOPE CON HILO TO A RISING JONES BY GRAVES! And listen to these fans, they are enjoying every moment of this!

Mike Rolash: Love him or hate him, you have to respect the talent of Johnny Graves!

Jim Gunt: What about Duce?

Mike Rolash: What about him?

The Colorado fans are in a frenzy from the spectacular high flying move as both men are slow to get to their feet. Graves is the first to rise, taking in the reaction from the fans before he turns his attention back to Jones, grabs a hand full of locks. Graves brings his adversary up and slams him face first into the barricade as Summits begins his count.

ONE!

Duce stumbles along the barricade as Graves stalks him.

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Graves is looking to inflict some more damage as he Irish whips Jones hard into the barricade!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Beat his ass Johnny!

FOUR!

Making his way back over to Jones, Graves looks for another whip, but Jones reverses sending Graves crashing into the steel steps!

FIVE!

SIX!

Jim Gunt: Both of these men need to hurry up and get back in the ring if they don't want to be counted out.

Slowly rolling back inside of the ring to break Summits' count, the number one contender slowly gets to his feet as Graves rises on the outside. Finally gathering his bearings, Jones races towards the ropes, springing over the top rope and landing on the apron. With Johnny in his line of fire, Duce runs along the apron and leaps off, catching Graves with a knee strike to the side of the head! Both men going tumble to the floor as the nearby fans clamor to the barricade to see the action. Quickly to his feet, Jones runs to the barricade and leaps on top of it and hypes the fans up as they all cheer him on. Dropping down, he returns back to Graves, bringing him up and rolling him back into the ring. Following suit, he rolls Johnny over, going for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Johnny Graves able to get his shoulder off the canvas as Jones tries to figure out what he has to do to keep

the Sin City Saint down.

Mike Rolash: Duce is just biding his time until the inevitable happens. Like Graves stated earlier, he's a bonafide main event competitor.

Not letting up, Jones rolls Graves over and applies a front facelock, soon following it up with rapid fire knee strikes! But Graves is able to get his forearms up to block the shots. Waiting for an opening, Graves is able to reverse as both men roll on the canvas as now it's Johnny who fires knee strikes into the skull of Duce! Dazed and confused, Jones is unaware as Johnny is back to his feet and sending Jones with a face to mat meeting with the canvas, using his foot!

Jim Gunt: EPISTOMP BY GRAVES! HE SHOOTS THE HALF GOING FOR THE PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Mike Rolash: You've gotta be kidding me!?

Graves yells at Clark, instructing him to count faster next time as he rises to his feet. Going through the ropes and to the apron, he perches himself, waiting for Jones to get vertical. Stumbling to an upright position, Jones turns right into Graves' eyesight as he pulls himself to the top rope and springs off going for another knee strike. But Jones has the wherewithal to move as Graves lands inside the ring with a forward roll. Up to his feet, Graves is charging at Jones who catches him with a basement dropkick that leaves him straddled across the middle rope. Running across the ring, Jones rebounds as he comes full speed at Graves, swinging his knee through the ropes, he connects with a knee strike to the face of Johnny as he falls back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: NICE TO KNEE YOU! JONES WITH THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NOO!

Jones stares at Clark in shock as he shows him two fingers. The crowd are in a frenzy as Jones gets to his feet, doing his best to draw energy from them as he post up in the corner screaming for Graves to get up. The decibel levels are almost through the roof as the fans are cheering Jones as he continues to wait for his foe to rise. Johnny is slow to his feet, slowly turning right into Jones who comes running out! KRAYZED KNEE! THE FANS ARE GOING NUTS AS JONES CRAWLS TOWARDS GRAVES, THROWING HIS ARM ACROSS JOHNNY'S CHEST!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Mike Rolash: Yes! He kicked out!

Jim Gunt: You do know he was just talking about the both of us earlier?

Mike Rolash: I heard no such things!

The Colorado fans along with Duce Jones are in shock as he thought for sure that was it. On his knees, Jones looks down at the heaving body of Graves, nodding his head in admiration. Getting to his feet, Jones continues to nod his head as he looks to the crowd:

Duce Jones: DAT'S AIGHT! IT'S OVA' NOW!

Going back to Graves, Jones stoically brings him to a vertical base by the arm. Crossing Graves' arm across his chest, Jones ripcords him out looking to pull him in for a headbutt, but Graves reverses with a boot to the gut! Hooking Jones for a suplex, lifting him off his feet, he goes for a gourdbuster, however catches Jones with a knee strike as he falls to the canvas!

Mike Rolash: STARKILLER! STARKILLER! HE'S ABOUT TO PROVE DUCE FOR THE FLUKE THAT HE IS!

Graves shoots the half going for the cover, Summits sliding in to make the count as a hostile crowd boos furiously. Johnny nodding his head with each count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Yes! He did it!

NO!

Jim Gunt: No he didn't! Jones with the shoulder up at the last split second!

Clark Summits shows an infuriated Graves two fingers as he gets to his feet in an outrage, grabbing Summits by his shirt and complaining about the count!

Jim Gunt: Graves better cool down before he gets himself fined.

Mike Rolash: Are you blind!? That was obviously a slow count by Clark!

Summits warns Graves about the consequences if he goes through with what he's thinking about, causing the young man to calm down a bit. Trying to focus on the task at hand, Johnny makes his way back over to Jones, bringing him up and quickly lifting him up onto his shoulders in a torture rack position.

Mike Rolash: It's about time for Johnny to roll some sevens.

Jim Gunt: Graves spins Jones out looking for the Rolling Sevens! No Jones reverses with a modified Duce's Wild, driving Graves back first into the canvas! And now Mike, both of these men are down!

Mike Rolash: C'mon Johnny! Get up!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Both men begin to stir.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: Whoever is the first to reach their feet is sure to have the upper hand going forward in this match.

SIX!

Mike Rolash: It's gonna be Graves, I guarantee it!

SEVEN!

The roars of the Colorado Springs fans are through the roof as both men roll to their stomachs and push up to their

knees, now face to face. Summits stops his count as both men go head to head, slowly rising to their feet as the anticipation builds inside of the arena. Back to their feet a battle of hard kicks to the chest breaks out between the two as the face cheer Jones and boos Graves!

“YAY!”

“BOO!”

“YAY!”

“BOO!”

“YAY!”

“BOO!”

Both men are woozy from the kick exchange as the crowd are on their feet for this intense battle. Duce is the first to find energy, striking with another hard kick to the chest, he spins and connects with a backfist to Johnny's temple. Low kick to the knee, drops him down, D-TRIG... NO! GRAVES ABLE TO MOVE OUT OF THE WAY! SILENCER TO THE HEAD OF JONES AS HE GOES DOWN! GRAVES FALLS ON TOP OF JONES GOING FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NOO!

An irate Graves can't believe that wasn't it, getting in the face of Summits once again. Summits warns him once again, but Graves has had enough as he points at Summits, then at Jones as he goes back over to his downed adversary. Bringing Jones up by his locks, hooking him once again for the Starkiller however Jones twists out of the hold, with an arm wrench applied, he ducks an incoming clothesline attempt by Graves. With a ripcord applied, Jones spins Graves out, he pulls him near and connects with a vicious headbutt that has Johnny out like a light as he slumps to the canvas! Still with a hold of Graves' arm, Jones grabs his free arm, pulling an unconscious Graves back up to his knees as he just destroys Johnny's face with a hard knee strike! The Sin City Saint drops to face first to the mat.

Jim Gunt: DUCE OF CLUBS BY JONES! THIS COULD BE IT!

Jones struggles to shoot the half as he finally gets it, laying on top of Graves with a backpress!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Summits signals for the bell.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall! DUCE JONES!

Mike Rolash: What the hell? No!

Jones raises up off the prone body of Graves, exhausted from the contest as Summits is over to declare him the winner.

Jim Gunt: Both of these men gave it everything that they had, but in the end it was Jones, who was able to come out on top with the victory.

Mike Rolash: This is a travesty! Johnny was supposed to put Duce in his place.

Jim Gunt: Nevertheless, it's Jones who's able to build up some momentum as he heads into the I Quit Match against

Ryan for the CWF World Championship.

Mike Rolash: This has to be an April's Fool joke!

Jim Gunt: Sorry Mike but it's not, today is no longer the first, remember?

Time To Comply

Match

We swiftly return to a busy backstage area of the Broadmoor World Arena, where a furious-looking Stan Summers can be seen storming down the wide corridor, clipboard tucked firmly under left arm. In hot pursuit is premiere CWF backstage interviewer Tara Robinson, who looks flushed and out of breath as she hollers after 'The Wrestling Inspector':

Tara Robinson: Mr Summers... Mr Summers! Could I trouble you for a few words following CWF owner C\$J's latest groundbreaking announcement?

Without warning, Summers wheels around, causing a still-speeding Tara to collide with The Wrestling Inspector and bounce rather sadly backwards. Stan glowers down at Robinson even as she dusts herself off, before she raises the mic rather gingerly towards him.

Stan Summers: Groundbreaking? Groundbreaking?! I'd love to know, Ms Robinson, what exactly was so groundbreaking about the words of that pompous, pathetic, peacock of a man who continues to masquerade as an authority figure around here. Pray, tell us all!

Tara falters slightly under Stan's intense gaze, sounding wary in her reply.

Tara Robinson: Well... surely even you, Mr Summers, have to admit that C\$J managed to get the upper hand in the latest bout of mind games that the two of you have been engaging in...? Couple that with the fact that the contract that you just signed allows Quentin Scarboro to select any stipulation of his choosing for the upcoming rematch with your enforcer, Scott Dann, and it's pretty clear to me that...-

'The Wrestling Inspector' stops Tara in her tracks with a now trademark raise of his right hand. When he speaks again, the shouting has ceased, and has been replaced with a low growl dripping with menace and meaning.

Stan Summers: The only thing that should be clear, my dear, is that our glorious leader is beginning to see and hear the truth. He is finally beginning to understand, just as you all will, that I know precisely what I am talking about, and that the Championship Wrestling Federation isn't all it has been made out to be. This declaration... this... this posturing, is nothing but the desperate act of a helpless leader presiding over a crumbling empire.

Summers pauses, taking a long, sweeping look around his immediate surroundings, before returning his fiery gaze back to Tara.

Stan Summers: We are on a mission, Dann and I. A crusade, if you will. And we will not rest until the CWF has been thoroughly purged of anything and everything that is preventing it from realising its full potential. The case of Quentin Scarboro is merely one strategy point within that mission, a single battle within the wider war. And nothing... not the fruitless fervour of the CWF fans, not the empty threats of a bogus authority figure, and certainly not even this absurd match stipulation Scarboro's tiny little brain came up with, will be able to stand in our way.

Suddenly, Stan's eyes flick upwards, and the camera pans to allow us to see the huge, hulking figure of 'The Enforcer' Scott Dann, who has appeared at Tara Robinson's shoulder, and who now stands glowering down at the terrified interviewer. 'The Wrestling Inspector' smiles a sinister smile, as he looks at Tara for a final time, before staring directly down the lens of the camera.

Stan Summers: Tara, Quentin, Saint James... it is time to comply.

Finally, 'The Wrestling Inspector' turns on his heel and, with Scott Dann at his shoulder, vacates the area, leaving a still-shellshocked Tara clutching the microphone, looking nonplussed.

This Could Be The Start of Something Beautiful

Match

The scene cuts backstage to the door of Jon Stewart's office, where raised voices can be heard. There's some hesitation on the part of the cameraman before he opens the door to reveal a battlefield staked out by Lindsay Troy and Nathan Paradine and mediated by Stewart himself.

Nathan Paradine: Stewart, I demand you tell this bloody woman to stay the hell away from my matches!

A low table separates the two wrestlers; effectively no man's land. Paradine gestures in exasperation at an annoyed Lindsay Troy, who is not thrilled at being summoned to the Principal's Office. Stewart looks bemused.

Jon Stewart: I'd say interfering in your match is the least of what you deserve after your little sneak attack earlier this evening.

Lindsay Troy: Thank you. Bitmoji outfits don't just change themselves, you know. Thanks to this douchewaffle, mine almost ended up in a Yankees uniform.

Both Stewart and Paradine look at her.

Jon Stewart: Right. Anyway, you're adults, and you're wrestlers. How about you do what you're paid to do and settle it in the ring at Vertigo.

Paradine shoots Troy a hate-filled look. She returns his with one of ice.

Nathan Paradine: I demand a Submission Match!

Lindsay Troy: Great idea, steel cage then!

There's a pause as both Troy and Paradine realise they answered Stewart at the same time. They try again.

Nathan Paradine: I want her in the Lion's Den!

Lindsay Troy: Hardcore match. Anything goes!

Same result; they both speak at once. They scowl at each other over the low table, looking ready to come to blows.

Lindsay Troy: What's the matter? Scared of a little equal violence for all?

Nathan Paradine: No, I just don't want to beat that little face of yours too badly.

Lindsay Troy: Charming...to the last. But don't worry about hurting me, what you should be worried about is what will happen when I grab your-

Jon Stewart: ENOUGH!

Jon Stewart slams his fist down on the table, and both Troy and Paradine quiet immediately. Stewart takes a deep breath and looks from man to woman.

Jon Stewart: You can't pick a match? I'll pick for you.

Troy and Paradine exchange glances, suddenly unsure of what the mind of Jon Stewart will invent.

Jon Stewart: A ladder match. Above the ring will be a briefcase containing the stipulation to finish the match. It could be a submission match... it could be a hardcore match. It could be a goddamn Barbed Wire Exploding Glass Table Deathmatch for all I care, but I do know you're both going to compete. And one way or another, there's going to be a

winner. Agreed?

Both Troy and Paradine mumble their assent. Stewart, however, is unsatisfied.

Jon Stewart: Now, both of you shake hands and make the first ever CWF Mystery Box match official. Go on!

In the moment following his announcement you could hear a pin drop. Troy side-eyes Paradine before chuckling and, slowly, extending her hand. Paradine is hesitant.

Lindsay Troy: C'mon Nate. I don't bite. [A beat.] Yet.

Nathan Paradine: Ah piss off.

Jon Stewart: Come on, Nathan. This could be the start of something beautiful, you know?

Paradine shakes Troy's hand, very very quickly and with as minimal contact as he can manage. He looks supremely unhappy compared to Troy's cocky demeanour as the scene cuts back to the ring.

Dan Ryan (c) vs. Freddie Styles

Match

Jim Gunt: Holy mackerel, a Mystery Box ladder match?

Mike Rolash: Well, Paradine and Lindsay were kind of asking for it.

Jim Gunt: Fair enough. And I am still not trusting that Summers guy, there is something afoot and I don't like it.

Mike Rolash: What? He is just trying to make CWF a better place! And that stipulation is a travesty, suspending him in a cage, what is he? An animal?

Jim Gunt: No, but he meddles with everything.

Mike Rolash: So what? He's allowed to.

Jim Gunt: Why???

Mike Rolash: Because he is the Inspector! From W.I.R.E.!

Jim facepalms, but quickly regains his composure.

Jim Gunt: So one week from now, Vertigo will go live from Denver, Colorado and so far the matches are absolutely fantastic! Dan Ryan vs. Duce Jones in an I Quit match. Jimmy Allen vs. Silas Artoria in a ladder match.

Mike Rolash: Lindsay Troy vs. Nathan Paradine in a Mystery Box ladder match, Zach van Owen vs. Freddie Styles in a cage match.

Jim Gunt: Scott Dann vs. Quentin Scarboro in a Last Man Standing match with Inspector Summers suspended in a cage above the ring and Ataxia vs. The Shadow in a Falls Count Anywhere match that will start all the way up in the rafters. Now if all of this is not spectacular, I don't know anymore!

Meanwhile Ray Douglas is entering the ring.

Ray Douglas: The following match is scheduled for one fall, a non title match and is tonight's MAAAAIIIIINNN EVENT!

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.

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.

Hall of Fame Styles 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 arrival of his opponent.

Jim Gunt: Freddie is looking all business tonight, Mike, but one has got to wonder what trick he has up his sleeve this week.

Mike Rolash: He's going to need a good one going up against the World champ!

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: Taking Impulse's head off with a clothesline, smirking as he covers Bronson Box. His ascent through the Modern Warfare tournament, culminating in tapping out Zach van Owen. Defeating three men at Confliction to win the CWF World Heavyweight Title by placing a boot on Duce Jones.

Ray Douglas: Hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He is the reigning CWF World Heavyweight Champion, the Ego Buster....DAN RYAN!!

Ryan stands below the CWF Tron still displaying his dozens of accomplishments, a neverending smirk planted on his face as he looks down at the gold strap pulled around his waist. Sauntering down the ramp, Dan Ryan points to the title and then up at Freddie Styles, telling him that neither Styles or his boy Duce are coming anywhere close to it. The Ego Buster places the championship belt on the announce table, patting it twice as he respectfully nods to Mike Rolash, turning quickly back around ignoring the thousands of fans booing him to slide into the ring and get right into the face of Styles.

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, it doesn't look like Ryan or Styles are going to wait for the bell to ring to get this one going.

Mike Rolash: Don't worry Jimbo, Trent Robbins is a consummate professional, he has dealt with these types of situations hundreds of times...

CWF's head official tries to come between Dan Ryan and Freddie Styles as the two men continue lashing out at each other with verbal quips, one that offends the Hall of Famer more than he can handle, as he swipes a right hand and slaps Ryan in the face! The Ego Buster holds his cheek laughing, backing up to allow Robbins to finally officially start the match. Looking to take advantage of the champion, Styles comes in hot with a Rising Knee strike, a tribute to his Smokin' Aces partner Duce Jones that hits nothing but the top turnbuckle pad as Ryan is able to dodge out of the way!

Jim Gunt: Bad landing there for Styles, as the World Champion was sitting like a duck just waiting for a worm.

Mike Rolash: I bet you never miss the worm, do you Jim?

Ryan sideshifts behind Freddie Styles, lifting him up from behind quickly and popping him right back down with an atomic drop. He proceeds to grab the Hall of Famer, placing one arm around his waist and one on his shoulder before running him right into the corner! The Ego Buster yells out for Styles to get back up to his feet, but before he's even able to do so pulls him right back up, his hands snugly around him before tossing him high overhead.

Jim Gunt: Release German Suplex! Dan Ryan is in complete control as this match gets going.

Mike Rolash: The Ego Buster is once again putting on a wrestling clinique, Jimmy, proving he's not going to be just a flash in the pan champion like The Shadow.

Jim Gunt: The man went through the entire Modern Warfare Tournament as champion...

Mike Rolash: Doesn't matter, Jim.

Ryan swipes the left leg out from underneath Styles as he tries to get back to his feet, following through to grab ahold of said leg and twist it as he pulls the Hall of Famer up into the air awkwardly. Styles tries to fight out even as he hangs

upside down with his leg bent sideways, screaming as he punches out at the Ego Buster. At the count of four, Ryan finally lets go of Styles, letting him crash to the canvas right before Robbins disqualifies him. The champion pushes Styles disrespectfully to his back, going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles kicks out, and it looks like he's done messing around!

Mike Rolash: Can he even walk?

Stumbling around on what now looks to be a bad leg, Styles is still able to make it up to his feet and throw a right hand that catches Ryan in the jaw. The Ego Buster backs up, calling for another but this time he's able to catch the arm of Freddie as it comes in, simultaneously wiping his leg out from behind and catching him with a Stroke on the way down! Ryan with another cover, as the sold out fans boo aloud.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! Freddie kicks out again!

Jim Gunt: Styles looked like he may have mounted a comeback there, but it was all for nothing as Ryan once again took out his left leg.

Mike Rolash: All it's going to take is a knee bar and Freddie is going to be tapping like a baby.

Dan Ryan looks to be setting up for just that as he looks down at Styles almost salivating as he raises his hands in the air. But Styles rolls over onto his stomach and then back to his back, kicking his feet out in a spinning motion to somehow twist Ryan right off his feet. Freddie hurriedly mounts the champion, striking out with rights and lefts in such a quick fashion that Ryan is unable to block any of the shots!

Jim Gunt: Left, right, left, right, Styles is on fire!

Mike Rolash: But Ryan shoves him with all of his forearm, and now he's doing what any smart Champion would do, and taking a breather on the outside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: You would call him cowardly for that just a couple of weeks ago...

Mike Rolash: That's before my eyes were opened up, Jimmy.

Jim Gunt: Most would argue that your eyes are closed the entire broadcast, but that's beside the point. Ryan is back in the ring where him and Freddie Styles circle each other yet again, and as the minutes pass on this matchup, you have to wonder if either of them are trying to hold something back for their title bouts at Vertigo or if they'll go all out to get the victory here tonight.

Ryan grabs ahold of the injured leg of Freddie Styles but the Hall of Famer is ready for him this time, leaping up and hitting an Enziguri! The Ego Buster is rocked, and Styles continues on with a European Uppercut that leaves him reeling and looking for refuge, but Freddie is relentless; grabbing him in and spinning through to smash him right into the corner with a Belly to Belly Suplex! Styles grabs the leg of Ryan, the crowd giving him a mixed reaction as he pulls him away from the ropes and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Dan Ryan now with a kickout of his own, and this one continues. The fans here in the Broadmoor World Arena are showing their support despite neither men necessarily being crowd favorites, showing just how much Colorado fans love good wrestling!

Mike Rolash: Or maybe they're just high out of their mind, Jimmy? I did see Lucas Greene pandering around with the crowd earlier tonight...

Jim Gunt: Not sure about that one, Mike, but Styles is bringing the champion right back up to his feet, his arm tucked perfectly as he sends him right back down with a Snap Suplex!

Staying on the World champion following the snap suplex, Styles clutches him from behind with a sleeper hold. Dan Ryan fights right back to one knee and then to his feet, Freddie fighting with all his might until Ryan fires him into the ropes. Freddie Styles is able to duck under a hard clothesline from the Ego Buster, and Ryan turns around expecting him to bounce off the other set just to receive an unexpected Pele Kick!

Jim Gunt: Pele Kick from Mr. Ballgame! What a shot, and I'm telling you Styles is fighting his way back into this one! What would a win against a guy like Dan Ryan mean only one week away from Vertigo?

Mike Rolash: It would mean that all my kind words about Ryan are for nothing, so come on Dan...don't leave me with my foot in my mouth!

With the Colorado Springs fans starting to get behind Freddie Styles, he hits Ryan with a jab, claps his hands and cracks him with another. Styles turns his back to him, springing like a cat up to the top rope before immediately clutching at his left knee.

Jim Gunt: And there's the injury coming back to bite him, Mike.

Mike Rolash: And Ryan's about to bite him even harder, as he's made his way up to the top rope with Styles and has him hooked.

Jim Gunt: No, Freddie is fighting out! Hard elbow from Mr. Ballgame! Ryan has been knocked off the top rope.

A relentless Dan Ryan doesn't let up on Styles, heading right back for the top rope and immediately getting a kick to the face for his troubles. Ryan shakes his head, fighting through the pain to leap up to the middle ropes and use his head as a battering ram. Styles head rocks back on impact from the headbutt, leaving Ryan with enough time to get to the top and set him up for a Superplex. In mid-transition Styles uses his bad knee to hit Ryan in the face, falling back to the top rope as he yells out in pain. In a flash Freddie grabs ahold of the champion and goes for broke.

Jim Gunt: INVERTED SUPERPLEX! MY GOD, THAT WAS AWESOME!

The fans inside of the Broadmoor World Arena begin to chant the same thing but quickly stop as Styles hooks the right leg of Ryan, the crowd falling silent to listen to Robbins count aloud.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! RYAN KICKS OUT!

Mike Rolash: It may have been "awesome", Jimmy, but it wasn't "good enough". And last time I checked, in professional wrestling, that's all that matters.

Jim Gunt: Why do you have to be SO obnoxious EVERY week?

Mike Rolash: It's in my contract.

The Colorado fans stomp on the concrete floor below them trying to will both competitors to their feet, and it is Styles first who is able to get up with help of the ropes. He turns back around and lifts Ryan up his underarms, just to receive

a knee to the groin right out of official Trent Robbins view! Styles falls to his knees holding his jewels, but Ryan immediately argues with Robbins that he had anything to do with it. Ryan tells CWF's head official that he must have sprained his groin, shrugging his shoulders as Robbins admonishes him before stomping down on the back of Styles' knee. He writhes in pain, but is prone to attack as the Ego Buster drops down to apply a Knee Bar!

Jim Gunt: The World Champion is looking for what would have to be a match ending knee bar, but Styles is able to escape to the outside of the ring. Now what kind of compliments do you have for our Hall of Famer?

Mike Rolash: What do you mean...?

Jim Gunt: Oh please, you were all up on our champion's ass for escaping the ring earlier.

Mike Rolash: First of all, Jim, watch your language. There are children watching this program. Second of all, if you want me to say Styles is smart for running out of the ring to escape being placed in a knee bar? You're damn right, that was smart. If he would have stayed in the ring he would have been tapping, so at least he had the sense to get the hell out of that predicament.

Clinching as he walks gingerly on his damaged left leg, Freddie Styles does his best to "walk it off" on the outside of the ring as Ryan looks on in frustration and Trent is forced to begin counting him out.

ONE!

TWO!

Styles grabs ahold of the ring apron, thinking about re-entering the ring as he watches Ryan staring daggers at him just waiting for him to get back in.

THREE!

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: Freddie is apprehensive to get back into the ring, the Hall of Famer knows that Dan Ryan is like a shark in the water. His best bet is to take that advantage of the full ten count on the outside of the ring, as much as I hate to say it.

FIVE!

Mike Rolash: Too bad Ryan isn't going to let up on him so easily, as he just BLASTED Styles with a Baseball Slide Kick! And now the Ego Buster has ahold of Styles, whipping him right into the god damned steel steps! Now THAT was awesome, Jim!

Jim Gunt: Brutal, is what that was. And now head official Trent Robbins is counting out both competitors, but it's not going to last long as Dan Ryan picks Styles body off the steps and rolls him back into the ring.

Dan Ryan enters the ring, coming off the second rope to Springboard Legdrop Styles. The Ego Buster very roughly yanks Freddie back up by his neck and dreadlocks, placing him between his legs before whipping him high into the air.

Jim Gunt: HUMILITY BOMB! Styles put up one hell of a fight, but it's got to be over now!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall....DAN RYAN!!

Mike Rolash: And you're right, Jimmy!

Message Sent?

Match

Trent Robbins signals for the bell as “Zero” cranks back through the speakers. Retrieving the CWF World Championship from Douglas, Robbins hands it to it's owner as Ryan goes to a corner and raises the title high in the air to a jeering Colorado Springs crowd.

Jim Gunt: Ryan able to gain the victory over a very game Freddie Styles and now he's on the road to Vertigo where he'll defend his World Championship against Duce Jones.

Mike Rolash: And just like his boy inside of the ring, he's gonna be taught a lesson in humility.

Jim Gunt: And it looks like the champ isn't done yet.

Dropping from the corner, Ryan places his title on the top turnbuckle as he turns his attention to a recovering Styles. With a handful of dreadlocks, Ryan brings Styles up and places his head between his legs once again.

Jim Gunt: Dan Ryan looking to send a message to the number one contender, Mike.

Mike Rolash: This is gonna be awesome!

Ryan is set to once again hit Styles with his devastating finisher when “Godspeed” starts up as Jones comes racing down the aisle. With a smirk on his face, Ryan drops Freddie and calmly steps through the ropes just as Duce slides into the ring. Duce urges him to fight, but Ryan merely gives him a cocky smile as he grabs his title from the turnbuckle and dropping from the apron. With the CWF World Championship slung over his shoulder, Ryan walks around ringside totally ignoring Jones as he makes it to the aisle.

Jim Gunt: Jones coming to the rescue of Styles, saving him from a possibly bad situation.

Mike Rolash: Duce needs to learn how to mind his own business. Nothing inside of that ring had anything to do with him.

Jim Gunt: Well Freddie is a good friend of Duce and I doubt he would just let him be made a mockery of, but that's all for tonight's show folks and join us LIVE when we present Vertigo on the CWF Network!

Ryan stops at the top of the stage to raise the World title high in the air as Jones helps a recovering to his feet as both men stare the champ down as the show comes to a close.

Show Credits

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