

# Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 60

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** August 20, 2019  
**Location:** North Charleston Coliseum — North Charleston, South Carolina

## Results

### A New Dawn Arises

Match

Darkness fills the screen, which is soon filled with words accompanied by the voice of a narrator.

"A New Dawn Arises."

A shot of a venue that previously held a CWF Evolution displays on the screen. The rowdy CWF faithful are then shown cheering to the top of their lungs.

"Competitors From All Over The Globe."

Action shots of Kyuseishu, Nathan Paradine and Autumn Raven flash across the screen.

"Have Set Their Intentions On One Goal."

We are then given a shot of the CWF World Heavyweight Championship looking glorious on display.

"Masters Of Their Craft."

We are now treated to visuals of warriors like JC, Jay Mora and Amy Jo Smith competing in a CWF ring.

"Ataxia.. The Messiah Pariah.."

We are shown highlights of Ataxia's career in CWF. Battles with The Shadow, Hawkhurst and Jones culminate the package.

"The Ripper.. Danny B."

Danny B highlights now invade the screen. Battles with King, Hodge and Ataxia make up just a few of his extraordinary moments within the company

"Duce Jones.. The Kid That Never Dies."

Highlights from Jones' infamous battles. Ryan and Steel just a few amongst it.

"Mister Ballgame... Freddie Styles."

Battles with Van Owen, Flair and Valentine cut across the screen.

"Twenty Warriors Will Go To Battle."

Silas turns someone's lights off with the Knockout!

"To Be Called..."

The screen fades to black once more as the narrator ends the monologue.

"Alpha & Omega"

We now come into a live shot of the North Charleston Coliseum, the host of the 60th edition of Evolution! The Charleston, South Carolina fans are in a frenzy as we quickly cut to ringside where our commentators for the evening,

Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are ready for tonight's festivities.

Jim Gunt: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the 60th episode of Evolution and Mike... what a night we have in store for these Charleston fans.

Mike Rolash: It's time for Alpha & Omega! Twenty of the greatest wrestlers do battle to eventually, down the road, crown a brand new World Champion.

Jim Gunt: That's right Mike, we've got a night full of action planned for you folks so why don't we send it over to Ray to get tonight's first match underway.

Mike Rolash: PJ Blake takes on the newcomer who's already in the ring with Ray.

## **PJ Blake vs. Darren Tarlton**

Match

The view switches to the ring where Ray Douglas is ready to get things going.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following is your opening contest and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, currently inside of the ring.. DARREN TARLTON!

Darren waves out to the fans but receives a lukewarm reaction at best. He slumps back into his corner, mildly upset that the fans don't recognize him.

Jim Gunt: Well this is our first look at Darren Tarlton, Mike...

Mike Rolash: What do we know about this guy?

Jim Gunt: From the notes that I have sitting in front of me... it says that he's been a fixture in the CAW Community...? And he's looking to break the glass ceiling..

Mike Rolash: CAW Community? Never heard of it but we'll see what he's able to do against a relative newcomer herself in PJ Blake..

"Light'em Up" starts to play and not long after, PJ Blake throws herself out from behind the curtain and launches a closed fist up towards the sky.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, weighing in at one hundred ten pounds! From Seattle, Washington! PJ BLAKE!

PJ makes her way to the ring with a smile on her face and rolls into the ring under the bottom rope. She kips up to her feet and proceeds to climb up on the middle rope of all four corners, throwing a closed fist to the sky.

Jim Gunt: If you're ever feeling down.. all you have to do is take one look at PJ's smile and everything will be just fine.

Mike Rolash: Yeah I just can't see how someone can be as cheery as this chick but I guess if it works for her.

Jim Gunt: See that's what's wrong with today's society. You try and be positive about something and then there's a gloomy Gus to bring your mood down.

Mike Rolash: Who freaking cares?

Senior official, Trent Robbins finishes up his check on Blake and signals for the bell. Blake and Tarlton circle the ring, both of them looking for an advantage. They soon meet with a lockup and jockey for position. Tarlton seems uncomfortable as he sits there engaged in the tie up with Blake. It's almost as if he's waiting for a button to be pushed. Blake takes notice and hurriedly latches on a side headlock. There's no struggle for Tarlton as he sits still, allowing Blake to take him over with a headlock.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is wrong with this guy? Why isn't he using his size advantage?

Jim Gunt: I have the slightest clue, this is a very unorthodox style by Tarlton.

Mike Rolash: Look at him! He's just allowing PJ to wrench the headlock on him.

Jim Gunt: It may be a feeling out process and just takes him a certain amount of time to get adjusted.

Blake continues to wrench on the hold but soon releases and gets to her feet. She seems a bit confused by the effort that Tarlton is putting in. Tarlton lies motionless on the canvas for a moment before finally getting to his feet. PJ tells him to bring it, Tarlton moves stoically towards Blake and they tie up again. This time Tarlton applies a side headlock but he sits there again, unmoving. Blake is once again confused but shoots him off into the ropes. He rebounds and Blake connects with a SUPERKICK! Tarlton collapse to the canvas, PJ stares down at Tarlton who simply lays there, blinking up at the lights.

Jim Gunt: Okay.. well this is an unconventional performance by Tarlton.

Mike Rolash: Yeah it's like the guy is waiting for somebody to control him..

Jim Gunt: PJ's going for the pin!

Robbins drops down to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Blake rises off of Tarlton who continues to lay there. She seems disappointed but smiles nonetheless as Robbins raises her hand in victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner via pinfall....PJ BLAKE!!

Jim Gunt: Well a less than stellar performance by Darren Tarlton but PJ Blake regardless of the fact is able to score the victory here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Less than stellar? The guy practically sat there! If that's how things roll in the CAW Community, he needs to wake up.

Jim Gunt: Maybe so Mike but Blake has either way pinned him in our opening contest.

Mike Rolash: Well here's high hopes that the rest of the night has better action than this.

## **Welcome To The Thunderdome**

Match

We are looking directly at the arena's rear entrance reserved for wrestlers and staff. The door opens up to reveal The Dreamcatcher, Ariel Shadows. As the scene is also being broadcast to the arena via big screen, a mixed reaction is heard throughout the building.

Jim Gunt: Ariel Shadows has arrived in CWF!

While the crowd, split between love and hate, continues to swell Ariel enters the arena, bag over her shoulder.

Jim Gunt: We've heard this name before! Our boss reached out to her to join this tournament, and she looks ready to go!

Ariel marches down the hallway...

Mike Rolash: I have heard a lot about this woman...some things good, some things not so good...but forget what you heard! Tonight, CWF is gonna see what the Dreamcatcher is really about!

Jim Gunt: I know she's a tae kwon doe expert, and she's well known for her kicks...I cant wait to see what she brings us against Starlight to kick off the Alpha & Omega tournament!

Ariel doesn't see her bag get caught on some items atop a table. She tries to keep walking, but is yanked backwards hard and slammed onto the floor.

Ariel Shadows: GOD DAMN IT!

The crowd responds to this with laughing, and a few gasps. We return to Jim and Mike at commentary. Mike has to cover his mouth from laughing, while Jim is barely straight-faced.

Jim Gunt: We have a lot of newcomers to CWF debuting in this tournament, Mike...

Mike Rolash: Yeah, bet they can't top that entrance though...

Jim Gunt: Let's get right to it with our next matchup!

## **Jeff Jackson vs. Konrad Raab**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. It is part of the Omega Block! Entering first...hailing from Halifax...he is "The Killer"..."The Originator of Violence"...The Extreme Legend...He is Jeff Jackson!

As the opening riff of Lynyrd Skynyrd's 'Still Unbroken' begins, the lights dim. When the main riff takes over, the lights power back on in time with the change. They reveal 'The Killer' Jeff Jackson standing at the top of the entrance way, arms outstretched in a T shape. As this happens, he let's out a guttural scream and the crowd goes wild. As he scans the crowd for a few seconds and begins to walk with a purpose to the ring, the lyrics kick in. Jeff hits his pose and scream again mid ring.

"But I'm not home, I'm not lost, still holding on to what I got.

Ain't much left, Lord there's so much that's been stolen!

I guess I've lost everything I've had, but I'm not dead, at least not yet.

Still alone, still alive, still unbroken. I'm still alone, still alive, I'm still unbroken!"

During the rest of the chorus, Jeff stands facing the hard camera and rocks out to the music, mouthing the words of the last line in particular. The music fades as Jeff warms up in one of the nearby corners.

Jim Gunt: This man comes into this tournament with a very impressive pedigree.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but considering who he's going up against there might be an issue or two with his nicknames.

Jim Gunt: Mike...that was actually pretty insightful. Are you referring to his opponent being from UGWC?

Mike Rolash: No. Have you seen Raab's face. If that doesn't kill your sex drive...nothing will...heheheh...

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...a multi-federational competitor...

Cold as Ice by M.O.P plays over the sound system as Konrad comes out through the curtain just wearing his blue and white mask with white hair along with his wrestling trousers with his nickname The Iceman on the front of them with Pit Bull Energy logos on the side of his trousers with black gloves on both of his hands with a side cross necklace on his neck with the blue and black yin-yang tattoo on his right shoulder, Iceman from X-Men tattoo on his back, Ice wolf on his left chest and ice bear on his right chest.

Ray Douglas: From Cologne, Germany, he is The Iceman....KONRAD RAAB!!

He then high fives the fans as he goes up the stairs before going in-between the ropes and does a holdup on each turnbuckle and everyone cheers him as he gets down from the turnbuckle and does a few boxing punches to the cameras before he looks at his opponent waiting for the match to start.

Jim Gunt: You sure you want to keep making fun of this guy Mike. He looks damn impressive.

Mike Rolash: Look at how old he is...He's fifty three years old! What's he gonna do. Sit down with me and talk about how awesome the cold war was? Get outta here.

Jim Gunt: I mean he is a multi-time champi...OHHH!!!

Jeff Jackson charges at Raab right as the referee calls for the bell! Jackson runs up and punches Raab from behind and Raab...doesn't move. He just turns his head to Jackson and returns with a punch from his right hand. Jackson pedals back to the ropes and bounces off. Raab catches him and hits him with a impressive dropkick that sends Jackson out of the ring!

Mike Rolash: ....

Jim Gunt: Still think he's to old?

Mike Rolash: He's insane!

Jim Gunt: I'm gonna regret asking this...but why?

Mike Rolash: He keeps doing that shit and he'll break a hip. He's doing this to get free medical coverage! Someone get the home on the line. Grandpa's off his meds!

Jim Gunt: When he hears this he's gonna kill you...

Raab gets out of the ring as Jackson tries to shake the cobwebs out from that shot. Raab grabs Jackson from behind and slams him onto the outside floor with a sick German Suplex! The fans let out an audible groan from seeing the pain of this. The ref gets up to a count of five as Raab, comes back in to break the count and then goes back out to pick up Jackson and rolls him into the ring. Raab decides to go up top. He waits patiently as Jackson starts to get up and then he leaps. Raab hits Jackson with a diving spear from the turnbuckle! Jackson lands hard and is clutching his ribs and his neck from the earlier shot. Raab gets up and picks up Jackson by his chin and hits Jackson with a devastating uppercut!

Jim Gunt: The Iceman is definitely showing that he is definitely a contender in this block of the tournament.

Mike Rolash: Yeah. I'm totally intimidated by a guy whose first name is Konrad.

Raab reaches down to pick up Jackson again and Jackson hits Raab with a jaw breaker! Raab stumbles back and Jackson darts forward clipping Raab's ankles from the front sending the big man down. Jackson quickly capitalizes by grabbing Raab's right leg and slamming the knee hard into the mat. Jackson, still a little woozy from the punishment, goes to the second rope and leaps off with a second rope legdrop onto the back of Raab's neck!

Jim Gunt: And Jackson is attempting to make a comeback.

Mike Rolash: Well yeah. Losing to an old man this early would be embarrassing.

Jim Gunt: Will you stop with that crap.

Mike Rolash: Do you think if I buy him some Heineken he'll tell me what the eighties were like in Germany?

Jim Gunt: You buy a real German a Heineken and he'll probably make you eat it.

Jackson gets up and grabs Raab and sets him up for a figure four leglock! He connects the submission move and Raab is in pain, but starts pulling himself towards the ropes. His large frame quickly makes it to the ropes and Jackson

is forced to break the hold. Jackson gets up and kicks the right knee he was working on before he heads up top again. Second rope elbow drop right to Raab's right knee again. Raab reaches for Jackson to grab him, but Jackson rolls out of the ring and heads around behind Raab. He waits for Raab to get up and chop blocks his right leg!

Jim Gunt: Jackson focusing on keeping the big man down, and it's a smart strategy.

Mike Rolash: Yeah he hasn't had his viagra yet so he should be limp.

Jim Gunt: ....

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: Mike. Just...stop...

Jackson grabs Raab's leg and puts it on the second rope. Jackson heads up to the second rope and leaps off hitting a legdrop right onto the right knee again! Raab is holding the knee as Jackson picks him up. Dropkick from Jackson right to the right knee! Jackson calls for the end of it and heads up top. He poses in his T pose for a moment as he calls for his "The Overdose" finisher. He starts to do the top rope sommersault senton and...Raab leaps up and catches Jackson by the throat with both hands...Double Handed Chokeslam Powerbomb!

Jim Gunt: A Double Handed Iceinator from Raab!

Mike Rolash: The whole damn arena shook from that!

Jackson is down, but not out as Raab gets to his feet and sets up Jackson for a Handspring Cutter... The Ice Storm! Raab connects, but decides to set up Jackson for a german suplex with a bridge, and hits it!

Jim Gunt: The Ice Pin! It's all over now!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner....KONRAD RAAB!!

Jackson almost kicks out at the last second but the victory goes to The Iceman who gets up slowly. He's favoring that right leg a little bit as he stands over his younger opponent. Jackson slams his fist down on the mat in frustration. Raab exits the ring as Jackson starts to get up. Suddenly from up in the rafters we see something descend from a climbing line. It's Ataxia!

Jim Gunt: Jackson! Look out!

Jackson turns right as Ataxia hits the mat and and hits "The Reckoning" on Jackson. He starts just slamming Jackson's head into the mat as security rushes at Ataxia. Ataxia see's all the security team rush into the ring and reaches into his jacket pocket...He pulls out a remote and...The lights go out and we hear the sound of something dropping.

Jim Gunt: What's going on?

Mike Rolash: It's dark and Ataxia is in the arena...I'm scared...

Ataxia: Want me to hug you and give you a kiss assbat?

Mike Rolash: AHHHH!!!

The lights cut back on and Ataxia is gone. The entire security team is covered in...water...in the ring we see evidence of water balloons. The ring crew rushes to the ring area to try and change out the canvas before the next match. Jackson is soaked and is mouthing off to security about our resident masked maniac.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia's doing hit and run attacks...this sounds like he was serious about destroying CWF.

Mike Rolash: He was a nutjob before and now he's freaking motivated. None of us are going to be alright unless someone puts him down!

## **Interview With a Legend**

Match

Backstage, CWF's resident interviewer stands with a smile on her face, ready to go as always.

Tara Robinson: Hi CWF fans! Tonight our main event will be pitting two former world champions against each other in block action as Duce Jones takes on my guest right now, "The Ripper" Danny B.

The shot pans outwards from Tara's face, but it isn't Danny B that walks into shot. A slim blonde woman, dressed in a purple pantsuit steps in, looking over the head of Tara.

Tara Robinson: Who...

The woman places her finger on the lips of Tara Robinson, before turning her eyes towards the camera and speaking.

Woman: Good evening CWF universe, my name is Regina Skye and I am the agent for the CWF Hall of Famer, "The Ripper" Danny B. I understand that you are expecting an interview with my client this evening, but I am here to inform you that as the top seed in this tournament, he has declined to appear early this evening, and in fact is not even here yet. I shall, however, answer any questions you may have had for him.

She removes her finger from Tara's lips. The veteran announcer looks annoyed but keeps her composure as she attempts to do her job.

Tara Robinson: OK... fine. So, the first thing I was going to ask was how Danny felt about what Duce Jones said about him in his promo this week?

Regina Skye: My client did watch the promo put out by Mr. Jones, however, my client and I were unable to decipher a lot of what was being said. We did ascertain, however, that his main sticking point was that the company closed immediately following both my client's world title reigns. He seemed to believe this was some kind of slight against my client, but seems to have missed the point that upon company closure, the lasting memory, that the one that allowed the revival in both 2010 and 2017 was the fact that my client being the previous champion ensured that more people returned to the product.

The same can be said for this tournament, without the announcement of my client, and the clever placement in the main event, this arena would not be sold out this evening.

Tara, still all smiles as always, was looking at this woman with one eyebrow raised. She did however, continue with her questioning.

Tara Robinson: It's been fair to say that Danny's last few appearances haven't gone to plan here. How does he plan to combat previous losses?

Regina Skye: Danny's last few appearances have been marred by many extenuating factors. While the Rishel family was wallowing in the shadows, Danny was out in the world, becoming the greatest superstar of all time. Upon his return, he discovered that his style had adapted beyond the scope of this company, and as such, he was hampered in having to tone it down. This is no longer an issue, he has now adapted and is ready to reclaim his throne.

Tara Robinson: Sounds like Ripper is ready then, any specific game plan going into this match tonight?

Regina Skye: Simple, be better. Danny is better than Duce Jones in a number of different ways, any viewing of their

promos this week should prove that to anyone. However, my client and I will be discussing a game plan once he arrives in the arena. Now if that is all, I have important things to be getting on with.

And without another word, she turns on her heels and walks out of shot, leaving Tara looking a little bemused.

## **Starlight vs. Ariel Shadows**

Match

The camera cuts back to the ring where Ray is ready once again with microphone in hand.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is an Alpha Block Match and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

Two random voices are heard speaking as if in demonic tones over the system, as the lights go out. The camera pans over to the top of the stage area where three red siren lights begin to spin. The voices continue speaking the lights continue to go.

"Yeah, Be prepared.

Yeah-heh... we'll be prepared, heh.

...For what?

For the death of the Queen.

Why? Is she sick?

No, fool-- we're going to kill her.

Great idea! Who needs a Queen?

No Queen! No Queen! la--la-la--la-laa-laa!

Idiots! There will be a Queen!

Hey, but you said, uh..."

Then a loud scream is heard, as she begins cackling over the system. Then the final line is spoken as a tall woman steps out from behind the curtain. A gas mask covers her face as her long raven hair falls to one side. She is holding a microphone looking up at the crowd her red eyes glowing with the sirens.

"I will be Queen!"

She cackles as she drops the microphone lifting her arms up the sirens cut out. Poor Unfortunate Souls by Jonathan Young begins playing over the system as her arms go above her head in an X as her hashtag appears on the screen.

Ray Douglas: Making her way to the ring.. weighing in at two hundred sixty four pounds! From Aokigahara, Japan! STARLIGHT!

#Queenslayer appears as blue spotlights appear on the ramp. She walks down the ramp letting her coat flow behind her as she drapes her arms to her side. She looks at the fans as she reaches the bottom of the ramp, She turns then raises her hands and the lights come on, she goes over to the steps slamming her hands down on them hard as she looks into the ring. She growls as she climbs up the stairs standing on the outside of the ring, she climbs through, taking the gas mask off looking at her opponent laughing as she climbs the turnbuckle, placing her hands above her head in an X once more as she drops down turning towards the entrance, awaiting her opponent.

Jim Gunt: Goodness... Where did they find this woman?

Mike Rolash: I don't know but she's giving me some bad vibes man.

Jim Gunt: Well this may not be our first look at Starlight, it seems her and Ariel Shadows may have some real history.

Mike Rolash: From my understanding, Shadows cheated to beat her once before. So I'm willing to bet she's looking for some form of revenge.

The opening line to "Inna Gadda Da Vida" begins to play, but it sounds somewhat different. It turns out to be "Hip Hop Is Dead" by Nas, and the crowd not only boos this but also the appearance of the Dreamcatcher from behind the curtain.

Ray Douglas: Her opponent.. weighing in at one hundred forty six pounds! From Anchorage, Alaska! The Dreamcatcher... ARIEL SHADOWS!

Throwing up a sarcastic peace sign with an evil grin, Ariel struts down the ramp to the crowd's jeers. Before entering the ring, she removes her glasses and sandals; electing to wrestle barefoot.

Jim Gunt: Here is quite possibly one of the most hated women in professional wrestling.

Mike Rolash: I'm starting to see why.. who the hell wrestles against someone the size of Starlight?

Jim Gunt: Obviously someone confident in their abilities.. Shadows has made major noise in other promotions.

Mike Rolash: Well I hope she can back up the hype.

Ariel slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope, then does a quick push-ups like move to bounce up to her feet. Ariel runs the ropes a couple of times, opting not to pose. After a couple of bounces off the ropes, she does a couple of stretches in the corner, and a high kick putting the foot above her head. She then simply awaits in the corner for her opponent for the official, Clark Summits to come over and do his check. Finally done, he signals for the bell and both women step forward from their both corners.

Jim Gunt: These two women are newcomers to CWF but are well known in the wrestling world. Starlight formerly under the name Queenslayer Legion and Ariel Shadows for her questionable reputation.

Mike Rolash: Who the hell cares what happened in the past? We're looking forward to the future and it looks bright!

Starlight stomps towards Shadows and reaches out for her. Ariel ducks underneath her clutches and races towards the ropes. She jumps and springs off the middle rope, twisting through the air. Starlight turns in Shadows' direction and receives a bionic elbow to the head. Starlight staggers back and Ariel quickly scales the corner to the top turnbuckle. She leaps off, driving both of her feet into Starlight's chest!

Jim Gunt: Missile dropkick by Shadows but Starlight is still standing!

Mike Rolash: I'm starting to see why she cheated the first time.. how else is she going to get this massive woman down?

Jim Gunt: That is a fair assessment and Ariel in the early goings, trying to use her quickness to her advantage.

Mike Rolash: Starlight outweighs her by a hundred freaking pounds!

Back to her feet and charging towards the ropes again, springing off the middle one and twisting towards Starlight for a crossbody. She's caught! Starlight stalks around the ring with Shadows in her clutches. She soon military presses The Dreamcatcher high above her head, before driving her into the mat with a slam! Shadows arches her back in pain, Starlight stalking over her downed body. She snatches her foe up by her bright hair and clutches both of her hands around Shadows throat, lifting her high into the air! Summits is right there for the mandatory count, Starlight releasing at four, sending Ariel crashing to the canvas, coughing violently.

Jim Gunt: And things are starting to become a bit bleak for The Dreamcatcher as Starlight looks to slow down the pace.

Mike Rolash: You know Jimbo, I thought when Mia left.. we had seen the last of the crazy chicks but this Starlight is far

out there.. Did you check out her promo, she's got like seven personalities!

Jim Gunt: The mental capacity of a competitor should be the least of your concerns

Mike Rolash: Well as long as she doesn't pop up on me like others have in the past.

Starlight brings a still coughing Shadows back upright and biel tosses her into a corner. The Dreamcatcher crashes hard as Starlight takes a few steps back and charges in at her. In a last ditch effort, Ariel quickly ducks between the middle and top rope. She lands on the apron as Starlight nails the ring post shoulder first! Regaining her bearings, Ariel slingshots over the top rope, pulling her larger opponent down to the canvas with a sunset flip! She holds on for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Starlight boots Shadows in the face, forcing her to release her hold. Rolling backwards to her feet, Shadows runs at Starlight just as she sits up and punts her across the bridge of the nose!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! Did you hear the impact of her foot striking Starlight in the face?

Mike Rolash: Man it sounded brutal but it looks like Shadows may have hurt her foot with that kick.

Shadows limps around the ring, trying to shake some feeling back into her foot. Starlight rolls out to the floor, shaking away the cobwebs. Climbing to the apron, Shadows runs along it and leaps off catching her with another dropkick! Starlight is down to a knee as Shadows pops back up to her feet. The fans are jeering her like crazy, but she shrugs her shoulders, choosing to try and get Starlight back into the ring. It's a struggle, the massive size of her opponent making it extremely difficult.

Jim Gunt: I don't know what Ariel is thinking, there's no way she can lift Starlight into the ring.

Mike Rolash: Yeah she must've smoked some killer weed, because she's obviously baked right now.

An elbow to the back drops Ariel to the floor, buying Starlight some time to recover as she rolls back under the bottom rope, stopping Summits count at five. She uses the ropes to get to a vertical base. On the outside, Shadows is back up and walking along the apron. Choosing to slide in when there's a fair amount of distance between her and her opponent. Both women are up and moving towards each other. The quicker of the two, Shadows connects with palm strikes to Starlight's face and body.

Jim Gunt: Shadows relentless with her strikes as she now nails Starlight with a spinning heel kick!

Mike Rolash: The heel of her foot caught Starlight square across the jaw..

With the larger Starlight down to a knee, Ariel grabs her arm and tries to apply a Fujiwara Armbar. She powers out, sending Shadows crashing down to the canvas. Rolling back through to her feet, Shadows doesn't let up as she moves in on Starlight yet again. But she's caught in Starlight's clutches as she spikes The Dreamcatcher with a Spinebuster! She stays on top for the cover, Summits coming in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Ariel raises her shoulder at the last millisecond. The crowd boos the call as they thought that was it.

Jim Gunt: This woman has a lot of fight in her.. the way her body smacked off the mat! I thought it was over.

Mike Rolash: I don't care what these fans think about her, she's earned my respect here tonight.

Starlight sits beside Shadows aching body as she rolls away. Starlight slowly gets back vertical, stalking Shadows as she tries to crawl away. Starlight grabs Shadows by the back of her hair just as she reaches the corner and lifts her up onto her shoulders with a torture rack. Sensing that she's in danger, Shadows rakes Starlight's eyes. She stumbles around with Ariel on her shoulders but Shadows reverses and lands on her feet. Still having Starlight's head hooked, Ariel drops her with a modified hangman's neckbreaker! Both women are down on the mat! Before Summits is able to begin his count, Shadows rolls to her stomach and crawls towards the corner, using the ropes to help herself get upright. Slowly, she climbs up to the top rope with her back still to Starlight. The fans rise to their feet as Shadows is perched and leaps off with a beautiful moonsault. She crash lands on Starlight, bouncing a bit into the air before dropping back into the pin attempt. Clark races over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Starlight uses sheer strength as she tosses the lighter Shadows off of her and halfway across the ring. Ariel, almost like a cat, lands on her bare feet. She positions herself in a corner and waits for Starlight to rise to a vertical base.

Jim Gunt: Ariel looks to put an end to things here as she looks primed for The Kicker!

Mike Rolash: This chick is a fighter, I didn't expect much given the size of her opponent but she's definitely bringing it.

Jim Gunt: Starlight is back to her feet and Ariel comes twisting out of the corner for The KICK..... BLACK MIST SPEWED BY STARLIGHT!

Mike Rolash: What the hell?

With her face completely black, Shadows stumbles blindly around the ring. She's soon doubled over with a boot to the gut. Starlight rebounds off of the ropes and drops the dazed Dreamcatcher with a corkscrew neckbreaker!

Jim Gunt: Starlight connects with her patented Starlight Drive as she now goes for the cover!

Summits is confused about where Starlight produced the mist from but still makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Summits signals for the bell as Starlight raises up off of Shadows. She snatches away from Clark as he tries to raise her hand in victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner via pinfall... STARLIGHT!

Jim Gunt: Well Mike, I guess you can call that a measure of revenge as Starlight is able to defeat Ariel Shadows here tonight.

Mike Rolash: I must say it was an impressive showing but Starlight pulled that black mist from out of nowhere, blinding her and stealing the win.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, hopefully she doesn't take this defeat to bad.

Mike Rolash: From what I saw here tonight, she's a fighter. Besides, it's just the first match, there's nine more to go to reach the finals so it's not how you start. It's how you finish.

## In Hoyt We Trust

Match

The lights fade low to a dim white lighting, as a loud humming can be heard coming from the back. Suddenly marching through the entrance, wearing big white and purple robes is a massive choir of about 40 church goers clapping and humming as they surround the ring.

Jim Gunt: What is this?

Mike Rolash: It's the Charleston Revival Tabernacle Choir.

Jim Gunt: How do you know?

Mike Rolash: I have my sources Gunt. You should do some show prep.

Jim Gunt: Please.

The choir starts clapping in unison to a familiar tune.

Choir (singing): YOUR OWN PERSONAL JESUS.

Jim Gunt: Oh no.

Mike Rolash: Not a Depeche Mode fan?

Jim Gunt: I like them, it's Hoyt I can't stand.

Mike Gunt: So, he's right when he calls you fake news?

Jim Gunt: Hardly.

The lights go fully off as the choir starts clapping and humming, "Personal Jesus". A single spotlight shines to the roof as hanging above the ring in the rafters is Hoyt Williams. He spreads large white angle wings with a nimbus shining above his head. Besides that, he's in normal street clothes: Nikes, Blue Jeans, a shirt that reads, "Kyuseishu is Omega" showing off his well-built body while making a statement. Your Kyuseishu slowly sinks as the wiring lowers him down. He flaps his wings as if he's flying smiling and waving to all the sinners below. The crowd who was clapping along with the choir now are starting to jeer.

Mike Rolash: It's a miracle! All faith in Kyuseishu!! Hoyt Williams is back!!!!

Mike Gunt: It's rigging, not a miracle.

The choir breaks into the old religious classic of 'Hallelujah'. Already standing in the ring is Hoyt's business manager Karen, who is yelling at the choir director. Looking up to the sky watching Hoyt is the 7-foot Japanese powerhouse bodyguard Daisuke Daiki; whom is holding the leash to Hoyt's emotional support cat Meowru Suzuki. The cat is wearing a specially fitted Duce Jones shirt and doesn't seem happy about it as he seems to be biting at it to take it off.

Mike Gunt: This is a long show, and this isn't helping.

A ring announcer in a tuxedo is also in the ring smiling a million-dollar smile.

Reverend Ring Announcer Ray Rockafeller: Amen. Ladies and Gentlemen your Kyuseishu has arrived!! The star of the show is here!! The Alpha and the Omega has returned. The king of Kings. The Pontiff of the Piledriver. The SAVIOR OF THE SHOWWWWWWWWWWW. Your KYUSEISHUUUUUU!!! MR. HOYT WILLIAMS!!!!!!!

Just as the announcer finishes his introduction Hoyt's feet hit the mat and the large bodyguard helps unstrap his wings. Once free he shakes hands with his ring announcer, looks up the skies to thank god, and takes the microphone from the man who quickly exits the ring. The choir stop singing but remain surrounding the ring.

Hoyt Williams: Can I get an AMEN!!!

The crowd jeers but the choir yells, “amen” over them.

Hoyt Williams: Oh, heavens yes, it’s great to be back to save this show. It’s great to be in my ALPHA and OMEGA tournament. It’s great being saved today!!! Somebody, give me an amen.

Choir: AMEN!

The crowd starts a “you suck” chant which Hoyt simply ignores.

Hoyt Williams: I took some time off to reflect on some of the roster leaving in my honor. I thank them and wish them luck in their future endeavors. Martyrs of the mat, stepping away, giving me a clear path to be YOUR WORLD CHAMPION. How thoughtful of the weak minded, and weak willed who not only respected me but also feared me.

Crowd: Go away-go away-go away.

Hoyt Williams: Oh I WILL go away one day and when I do it will be to the kingdom of heaven. You people will simply die and rot soulless, unsaved, and turned into crotch dust for the angels to powder their loins on hot sticky July heaven days.

Jim Gunt: What is the point of any of this?

Mike Rolash: You need airtime to spread the good word Jim.

Hoyt Williams: I am here to save the CWF. I am here to be your world champion, and you must BOW down to the savior. You must accept my greatness. But I’m not here to talk about me, I’m here to talk about oppression.....

A small section of the crowd is chanting Hoyt’s name. They are young 20 something white frat boy looking dudes. One of them is holding a sign that reads, “Hoyt’s Witnesses”. Your Kyuseishu stops and looks out at the crowd and the men cheering for them. He angrily marches over to the ropes.

Hoyt Williams: How ignorant are you sinners to disrupt me when I am speaking? I know in the total sum of all your lives you’ll never be given a microphone to speak to so many people. But even in your ignorance, simple manners are not that hard to understand. How would you Sinners like it, if in the middle of giving a speech a group of nobodies start chanting your name?

One of the men have already turned on Hoyt and are yelling something at him but before it can be heard Hoyt starts chanting mockingly.

Hoyt Williams: Bob...Bob...Bob. Now make like a monk and take a vow of silence while on continue.

The entire crowd jeers as Hoyt turns his back to the “fans” and finds the sweet TV spot in the center of the ring to talk to the camera like the seasoned vet that he is.

Hoyt Williams: As I was saying...I have faced persecution and religious oppression.....

Crowd: We want BOB \*Clap Clap\* We want BOB \*Clap Clap\* We want BOB \*Clap Clap\*

Once again, the Kyuseishu stops and is highly agitated. He starts yelling at his manager Karen who reaches into her purse and pulls something out handing it to him. It’s an airhorn and he blows it loudly again and again until finally he kills the crowd chant.

HONNNNNNNK HONNNNNK HONNNK

Hoyt Williams: What I am trying to say is the CWF has seen enough lawsuits and I’m here to make money, so despite not headlining every show in the OMEGA BLOCK. Not headlining ANY SHOWS in the oMEga block. CLEAR oppression and disrespect happening to me in the OMEGA BLOCK; I will drop all my lawsuits. But I WILL make CWF libel for the violence and destruction I’m about to unleash.

Choir (singing): In Hoyt We Trust.

Hoyt Williams: I've said it before, and I will say it again I'm here to hurt sinners.

Choir (singing): In Hoyt We Trust.

Hoyt Williams: I'm here to make evil bleed.

Choir (singing): In Hoyt We Trust.

Hoyt Williams: I'm here to make sure everyone has two choices: follow me or be buried. I don't care which you pick.

Choir (singing): In Hoyt We Trust.

Hoyt Williams: I will break the necks of the unholy.

Choir (singing): In Hoyt We Trust.

Hoyt Williams: I have the experience, the training, the strength, and the faith to win a tournament named after me. So, accept it for it is my will.

Choir (singing): In Hoyt We Trust.

Hoyt Williams: For tonight is the Alpha, and when I headline the final show that will be the Omega, with nothing but victims in between. Eager faces wanting to beat a legend like me. Bring it on. How "Duce" is the hands-on favorite to win this thing is insulting and SOOOOOO wrong. How can you have a champion that can't speak the lords English?

Choir (singing): What What What?

Hoyt Williams: He learned a lot from his father, but speaking wasn't one of them. I hate him as much you sinners do. So lets forge ahead, as the crusade is upon us, and tonight the dullard Silas Artoria meets his maker.

Choir (singing): In Hoyt We Trust. TRUST TRUST TRUST!! FOR THE KING IS HERE!! FOR THE TIME IS NOW! FOR THE Savior Speaks. For all to Follow.

Jim Gunt: Like him or not he's fired up for this tournament.

Mike Rolash: HIS tournament Jim, his tournament.

## **Ataxia vs. Bubba Love**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Omega Block Match scheduled for one fall under a thirty minute time limit!

Richard Dawson's voice comes from the speakers, screaming, "Who loves you? Who do you love?!" The crowd jumps to its feet cheering and applauding as "What is Love" by Haddaway booms out of the speakers. Bubba comes from the back, smiling, waving and greeting everyone he can as he enters the arena. Shaking hands, signing anything he can quickly, and just making everyone's star fantasies come true. He gets out to the ring and sets his hand on the apron, using it to help him jump up to the ropes. Standing smiling and waving at his adoring fans, Bubba reaches down and goes underneath the top rope and enters the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Day, Minnesota, he is the Love Removal Machine....BUBBA LOVE!!

Jim Gunt: We've seen a little bit of Bubba Love back in the days when Hostility was unsuccessfully trying to get things going again, let's see if he will fare any better tonight when he makes his official CWF debut in the Alpha and Omega tournament.

Mike Rolash: I'm not sure about this guy, but he's gotta be better than his opponent..

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

"AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

Mike Rolash: AHH!

Jim Gunt: You were saying?

Mike Rolash: I don't even remember. That gets me every damn time.

"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. Ataxia spins the cane around and strangely stares daggers into a couple fans as he walks down the ringside area. No hand slaps, no pictures with babies, nothing. 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 waits...before blowing kisses at his opponent. Bubba Love isn't quite sure how to tell the "love" from his opponent.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from the great unknown, he is the Messiah Pariah....ATAXIA!!

Jim Gunt: The Hall of Famer is in his rarest form tonight, and he looks ready to go what should be another great match in the first week of this tournament!

Mike Rolash: I'm surprised that Ataxia is in such a great mood, being that all his Forsaken buddies hit the deck.

Jim Gunt: You heard it from the masked maniac himself, Mike, Ataxia is taking back what is his in this tournament.

Mike Rolash: We'll let Bubba Love be the judge of that, thank you.

Nick McArthur calls for the bell and another match from the Omega Block is underway. Bubba Love sizes up his opponent right from the get go, his hands placed halfway in the air as he rotates around Ataxia looking for some sort of test of strength. The Messiah Pariah looks to oblige, but instead jabs his gloved fingers into his right eye.

Jim Gunt: Well so much for this one starting out on the technical side.

Mike Rolash: Has Ataxia ever been in a technical wrestling match?

Ataxia waves to a cheering portion of the fans, going right back to Bubba Love and driving his head down to his uplifted knee. The Messiah Pariah hurries into the ropes but Love is ready for him this time, Spinebusting him down to the canvas. Love goes right for the submission on Ataxia, grabbing one of his arms and pulling it to his back to place him in a Hammerlock. Ataxia attempts to fight out with his free arm but Love is able to bend it backward into an armbar, trapping the masked one completely.

Jim Gunt: How impressive is this!? The Love Sponge has Ataxia tangled up more times than the soft pretzel I baked last night.

Mike Rolash: I don't know what's more disgusting...you using the term "love sponge" or the fact that you baked last night.

Jim Gunt: Thanks, dickhead.

Ataxia yelps out a strange noise before twisting to his side, attempting to push himself back to his feet as Bubba Love continues on with the submission. Love looks on in astonishment as Ataxia continues to fight his way back to his feet without the use of his arms, finally the Love Machine letting go of the hold and throwing him hard into the ropes. Ataxia ducks under a fast clothesline from Bubba, turns quickly around and leaps up to hit him with a Reverse Snap Rana! The South Carolina crowd let out a brief cheer before quieting as Ataxia goes for the first cover of the night.

ONE!

TW-KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Not even close there, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: No, but Ataxia is now in clear control, which is quite surprising the way he was just twisted up only minutes ago.

Ataxia waits for Love to begin to get back to his feet before running full speed at him.

Jim Gunt: PENNNALTY KICK!

Mike Rolash: Alright Jim, it was just a kick. Don't give me another headache.

The Messiah Pariah doesn't go for another cover, however, choosing to lift Bubba Love back to his feet instead and shove him back into the corner. Love is driven back again and again as Ataxia drives his shoulders into his gut. The Love Removal Machine is able to lash out at Ataxia with several right hands to his back, finally slowing the Messiah Pariah down. Love crawls up to the middle rope as Ataxia actually shouts at him to "bring it."

Jim Gunt: SPIINNNINGG ROUNDHOUSE KICK!

Mike Rolash: JIM! What did I say!?

Jim Gunt: Sorry Mike, I think somebody spiked my energy drink this evening.

Mike Rolash: What in the hell...White Claw? You know that's not an energy drink Jim...

Jim Gunt: It's so good!

Bubba Love now calls for the end of the match, the Charleston fans watching on as he picks Ataxia up to his feet just to have the Messiah Pariah quickly move behind him and pull him in. Love's eyes go wide for only a second before being tossed violently backward. E.R. STAT! The sick German Suplex leaves Bubba Love crunching hard against the turnbuckle pads in the corner. Ataxia drags his lifeless opponent away from the corner, dropping down to cover him.

ONE!

TWO!

T-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: No! At the last second, Bubba kicks out!

Mike Rolash: And Ataxia isn't happy about that, as he's already in the face of Nick McArthur!

McArthur waves two fingers in front of Ataxia who just looks back at him through his blood red eyes shining through the bagged mask. The Messiah Pariah backs the official up into the corner, the Charleston fans now beginning to boo him as he places a hand around the throat of McArthur! Bubba Love is back up to his feet behind Ataxia though, waving and gerating his body around before finally tapping Tax on the shoulder. Love shoulder blocks him and sets him up for the Love Removal Machine, attempting to irish whip him into the ropes. The Messiah Pariah shakes his head at him angrily, and charges towards him.

Jim Gunt: The Reckoning! Ataxia's with that leaping knee drop to the collarbone of Love...ouch!

Mike Rolash: Taxi's got no love for Love...

Jim Gunt: Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall and picking up two points in the Omega Block....ATAXIA!!

## Zolton vs. Nathan Paradine

Match

The camera cuts to the ring where Ray Douglas stands inside with Scott Dean. The fans are getting hyped as it's been a jam-packed night full of Alpha & Omega tournament action!

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

As the opening of "Rise" hits the speakers, the arena goes dark with fog filling the entrance area. Upon the CWF Tron, a video montage begins to roll of Zolton standing atop a mountain and behind him is highlights of what he has done in a wrestling ring. As the song begins, Zolton himself steps out onto the stage area among the smoke. The crowd begins to boo loudly. Zolton relishes in the dissatisfaction of the crowd with an arrogant grin. His long leather trench coat gleams off the now bright spot light shining down upon him.

Ray Douglas: Making his way towards the ring.. weighing in at two hundred sixty five pounds! Residing in Yakima, Washington! ZOLTON!

He now begins to make his way down the ramp toward the ring. Refusing to acknowledge the crowd as he passes them. Reaching the ring he steps up the ring steps slowly, his arrogant smile plastered all over his face. He then jumps to the top turnbuckle of the corner of the ring. He calls it his throne as the arena lights return to normal and the song fades to silence. Zolton ignores the crowd as he lets his trench coat slide down off his shoulders to the floor.

Jim Gunt: Well Mike, this is our first official look at Zolton as he's set to face the Australian Submission Machine.

Mike Rolash: This dude is massive.. Nathan should tread carefully against this guy.

Jim Gunt: It's no secret that Nathan's one of our heavy hitters. Standing toe-to-toe with some of the top names in our company.

Mike Rolash: Yeah and he's made a number of em tap.

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.

Ray Douglas: His opponent.. from Melbourne, Australia! Weighing in at two hundred forty pounds! "The Australian Submission Machine" NATHAN PARADINE!

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. He 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.

Jim Gunt: Did you see that Nate didn't even realize that he was scheduled to compete here tonight?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I caught that.. I'm sitting here talking about the guy and he might not even be prepared for that massive human sitting on the turnbuckle across from him.

Jim Gunt: Paradine's a world class athlete, why would he not be prepared?

Mike Rolash: Hey, you're the one who brought up the fact that he didn't know he was supposed to be here tonight.

Rookie official, Scott Dean finishes his mandatory check of Paradine before moving across the ring towards the still perched Zolton. Zolton drops down and allows Dean to do his job. Both men maintain eye contact, sizing the other up. Dean steps back and signals for the bell, officially starting this contest. Both men move towards each other, each of them with their guard up. Zolton swings with a right hook but Paradine ducks, nailing a punch to Zolton's gut before dodging behind him. Zolton quickly spins around, not allowing Nathan to take advantage. He nods in acknowledgement

of his older foe's quickness. Nathan advances, catching a left jab thrown by Zolton and attempts to flip the bigger man over his shoulder. Zolton holds his ground, repositioning his arms around Paradine's waist and throws him backwards violently with a German Suplex! Nathan smacks the canvas hard, tumbling over and landing front first on the mat.

Jim Gunt: He just flung Paradine across the ring like a child!

Mike Rolash: Wanna know my first impression of this Zolton guy?

Jim Gunt: What's that Mike?

Mike Rolash: This guy could be a problem for the Alpha Block.

Paradine pushes up off the mat as Zolton moves on him. Snatching him up, Z tosses Nathan into the nearby corner and unloads on his body with fast strikes. Paradine tries his best to cover up but the onslaught is fast and furious! Zolton lets up and Nathan slumps, Z brings him back up and whips him across the ring where he crashes against the buckles and falls back to the mat. Using what strength he has, Nathan drags himself from the corner. Feeling he has things well underhand, Zolton confidently strolls over to Paradine and stomps down hard on his lower back. Nathan screams out in pain!

Jim Gunt: Zolton is in firm control now after that brutal German Suplex and he looks to be focusing on the small of Nathan's back.

Mike Rolash: Smart strategy by Z, he knows that Nathan has to have full strength in his back to properly apply the Mark of Judas.

Jim Gunt: And Zolton brings the boot down onto the Australian Submission Machine's back, yet again.

Mike Rolash: Nathan has to find a way to get back into this thing. Two very precious points are on the line in this match and I'm sure neither one wants to fall behind early.

Grabbing control of Nathan's wrist, Zolton pulls him to his feet before pulling him in and dropping him back down with a short-arm clothesline. Zolton drops down for the cover as Dean comes in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Paradine as he rolls the shoulder. Deciding not to argue the count, Zolton brings Nathan vertical by his hair. Forearm to Nathan's jaw has him staggering backwards and leaning into the ropes. For his mammoth size, Z moves quickly on Paradine, grabbing him by his legs, lifting him off of his feet and slamming him into the canvas. Nathan's back arches in agony.

Jim Gunt: Man, this guy is really taking it to Nathan right now and seems Zolton wants to lock him in The Descension!

Mike Rolash: What kind of hold is that? I've never seen it done inside of a ring before.

Jim Gunt: Well in mixed martial arts, the hold is known as a Peruvian Necktie.. a very deadly submission hold.

Mike Rolash: Peruvian Bowtie? Anything that sounds like that, can't be good..

Gunt can only shake his head at Rolash's mispronunciation of the hold. Meanwhile back in the ring, Paradine struggles against Zolton's clutches, doing whatever he can to not be locked in the signature hold. Before Zolton is even able to cinch in the maneuver, Paradine lays flat on his stomach and uses his legs to work his weight and Zolton's until his opponent now lies flat on his back. Nathan pushes down on Z's arms and escapes the hold but not before having Zolton hooked in an Anaconda Vise!

Jim Gunt: Nathan able to escape and latch on with his own submission hold!

Mike Rolash: That was damn fine mat work by Paradine but do you think he has enough in the tank to make Zolton tap?

Jim Gunt: I have the slightest idea but it's a start on slowing down Zolton's offense.

Mike Rolash: Indeed..

Nathan squeezes with all might but Zolton shakes his free hand in denial whenever Scott Dean asks him if he wants to submit. Where most guys would panic after being trapped in a Paradine submission, Zolton is oddly calm. It must be the years of training in mixed martial arts that have taught him this demeanor. Nathan tugs and pulls, screaming at the top of his lungs for Z to tap. But he doesn't, instead he uses his size to his advantage, managing to roll over on his free side and toss Nathan off. Both men are too their feet, Paradine being the quickest charges at Zolton. He displays great awareness as he catches Nathan with a sole kick to the gut. The Australian Submission Machine stumbles backwards and almost falls through the ropes but he catches himself and springs forward back at a turning Zolton, destroying the big man with a lariat!

Jim Gunt: SPARE CHANGE BY NATHAN AND HE GOES FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Nathan slaps the mat in frustration as Dean displays two fingers clearly for him to see. The fans rise to their feet trying to give Paradine the 'home field advantage'. And like a true soldier, he feeds off of their energy. He gets to his feet, soon bringing a groggy Zolton up by his hair. Nathan cracks him an european uppercut that staggers the outsider back. Moving forward, Paradine blasts him again with another vicious european uppercut that has Zolton reeling in the corner. Using what strength he has, Nathan lifts Zolton up on top of the top turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: Nathan looks to be going for his signature Hanging Cutter as he throws both of Zolton's legs over the top rope.

Mike Rolash: If he hits this, Nathan will be one step closer to putting Zolton away.

Jim Gunt: He has Zolton hooked for the cutter as he drags him along the ropes!

Mike Rolash: Oh shit!

Zolton manages to get his feet free from the ropes and lands on them inside of the ring. Catching Nathan by surprise, he has Australian Submission Machine off of his feet and trapped in a Standing Triangle Hold! Nathan fire off elbow shots to Zolton's temple and he's dazed. With his opponent's grip loosened, Paradine lands on the canvas but still has Zolton's wrist bringing him down for the Mark of Judas! At least that's what he thought was gonna happen as Zolton stands his ground with Paradine hanging upside down from his massive frame. He hauls Paradine back up but he quickly slithers down his back. Nathan shoves him off into the ropes where he bounces back with a lariat. Nathan ducks underneath and rebounds off of the same ropes himself. Right into Spinning Roundhouse Kick to the head! Nathan slumps to the mat..

Jim Gunt: This guy is an amazing athlete! Did you see how fast he was with that kick?

Mike Rolash: Poor Nate didn't know what hit him..

Jim Gunt: Zolton looks to put Nathan away as he has him hooked between his legs!

Zolton hoists Paradine up onto his shoulders in a crucifix before slamming him back down into the canvas with the Powerbomb or as he likes to call it, The Pearly Gates.. Zolton folds Nathan's legs over his head, making sure his

shoulders are secured to the mat, Dean sliding in to make the count..

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Dean signals for the bell as Zolton lets Paradine's flop back to the canvas. He stands to his feet arrogantly as the fans shower him with boos.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner via pinfall.. ZOLTON!

The fans continue to boo as Zolton doesn't wait for Dean to raise his hand in victory, instead choosing to exit the ring and head for the back.

Jim Gunt: Impressive victory by Zolton who earned his first two points.

Mike Rolash: Nate gave him a fight that he'll never forget but I think the newcomer was just a bit more prepared for this match.

Jim Gunt: Well moving forward is time for...

## **Rising From the Ashes**

Match

The lights in the arena go out as the tron illuminates. We see a pink haired woman smirking as the camera pans to show some empty cages behind her.

"The cages behind me are simply for saving the weak. I am here in CWF to provide a Haven for those who are in need of one. My means of this may be seen as odd or possibly a little morbid but it teaches all who follow me that we have necessities that without them we shall perish. Thankfully I provide said necessities when you are good."

The woman laughs maniacally.

"What shall become of us all is inevitable. Who am I? I am Phoenix LeStrange. Join us while you can. Let me save you. Let me offer you a Haven."

She laughs again as the tron shuts off and we return to the show.

Mike Rolash: What the hell was that shit?

Jim Gunt: Apparently it's a new superstar who's offering some form of Haven for those who seek one..?

Mike Rolash: Whatever that means... and here I was thinking that this era of CWF wasn't going to be creepy but I see I was wrong.

Jim Gunt: Well my opinion is still on the table about this Pheonix LeStrange.

## **JC vs. Autumn Raven**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is schedule for one fall and is an Omega Block match...Introducing first...From Carnage Wrestling and hailing from ...He is "The Answer" JC!

"I'M FINALLY HOLDING ON TO LETTING GO!"

"Unsainted" by Slipknot kicks in and blue pyro blasts from the sides of the stage and JC comes out wearing his trenchcoat, staring out at the audience. Lights start to flash in the arena as he makes his way to the ring to the sounds of the chorus.

JC slides into the ring and climbs up on the middle rope of the side with the hard camera, raising his arms up and down to try to pump up the crowd. He jumps down and walks over to the same side before doing the same thing. JC then moves to a corner and tosses his trenchcoat to the outside before stretching before the match.

Jim Gunt: He's back! This man made a great impression the last time he was in CWF.

Mike Rolash: Oh great. More Carnage trash...

Jim Gunt: I would be very careful insulting them...

Mike Rolash: Why's that? What are they gonna do?

Jim Gunt: They might send over Johnny Vegas to cut a promo...

Mike Rolash: I TAKE IT ALL BACK!!!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song start to play, the tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name fading in over it. As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances out at the crowd with a smirk on her face as she starts down the ramp slowly.

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

"What the hell,

This ain't no way to treat the living dead

Is this something from a novel that you read

It's time to cut the cord and say goodbye

Cause it's the only thing that hasn't happened yet

And when it does I wished we'd never met

I did the best I could."

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

"The sun is shining

But everything's dying

Your stars burned out for good

Somewhere in Hollywood

I swear it's only

Cos you be my lies

Guess I'm misunderstood

You were my deadlihood"

She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Jim Gunt: A lot of people would look at this match as a lamb to the slaughter with the size difference between Autumn and JC, but she is a former CWF Impact Champion and has held her own with larger opponents before.

Mike Rolash: Kick his ass girl!

Jim Gunt: Wow...you really don't like this Carnage guys do you Mike.

Mike Rolash: If you've ever been in DC traffic you would understand why I hate anything from Baltimore...

The match starts and the two lock up with JC easily overpowering Autumn and shoving her onto her back in the ring. JC waits for a moment to let her get back up and Autumn locks up with him again. For a second time JC tosses her back with little effort. Autumn motions to try it again. JC shakes his head and they go to lock up only for Autumn to grab one arm of JC and take him down with an armbar! She quickly gets into a vertical position holding the arm straight up while JC is still face down on the mat and...SHE KICKS JC RIGHT IN HIS ARMPIT!

“OHHHHHHH!!!!”

Jim Gunt: That's one of the bodies major pressure points. Dear God that must have knocked the wind out of JC.

Mike Rolash: YES!!

JC is gasping for air, and holding his arm as Autumn lets go of the hold. She rushes to the ropes and comes off dropkicking JC in the back of the head sending him face forward onto the mat. Autumn goes to the outside and runs around the ring. Coming back in she hits a baseball slide right into JC's head! Autumn heads up top and leaps off with a diving fist drop to the back of JC's head.

Jim Gunt: The strategy of Autumn seems to be to keep JC down, possibly those head shots to keep him disoriented long enough to not have that big boot of JC's come into play.

Mike Rolash: Either that or Autumn did a google search like I just did. Did you know JC has had a history of concussions?

Jim Gunt: You don't think she's doing this to...

Mike Rolash: He works for Carnage...she can't damage his brain anymore than it already is.

Autumn gets up and waits for JC to get up. She seems to be signaling for the “Claw of The Night” superkick, as JC finally gets to his feet. JC is trying to get his focus back as Autumn charges at him. She goes for the kick, but JC side steps it and goes to backhand Autumn, who grabs JC's arm...Crucifix pin attempt! She barely gets a one count before JC kicks out and rolls out of the ring. Autumn gets up and rushes towards the ropes and flies out of the ring hitting a suicide dive onto JC sending him back first into the ring barricade. Autumn and JC are both down after that shot as Robbins starts his ten count.

Jim Gunt: It's taking everything Autumn's got to keep JC down.

Mike Rolash: Quick somebody call that idiot in charge of running Carnage...

Jim Gunt: Why?

Mike Rolash: Well if you want to hold a wrestler down, all you gotta do is tell their boss to do it, right?

Jim Gunt: You are reallyyyy trying too hard tonight, man.

Trent Robbins gets to a six count before the two start to stir on the outside. Autumn rolls into the ring to break the count and heads to the top rope. She leaps over trying to hit a moonsault on JC, but he catches and runs Autumn backfirst into the turnbuckle post! The crowd hushes at this point as the camera gets a shot of JC. And he looks pissed!

Jim Gunt: Uh oh...

Mike Rolash: I take back everything I've said tonight and in the future to come.

JC grabs Autumn and lifts her up over his head and tosses her like a ragdoll into the ring. JC gets into the ring and grabs Autumn from behind and lifts her up. Rolling german suplexes...one...two...three...and the fourth one shoots Autumn back first into the turnbuckle post. JC gets up and grabs Autumn and sets her up for a fireman's carry and then drops her into a spinebuster.

Solitaire Unraveling!

JC picks her up again and slams her into the mat with a powerbomb, but doesn't release. He just picks her up with the hold still on and powerbombs her again! JC is fuming and screaming in the ring and then...he shakes his head for a moment and looks like he's calming down a bit. He looks down at Autumn and lifts her up. He runs to the ropes and appears to go for the "Big Boot of Death". As he goes to hit it Autumn quickly hits "Claw of the Night". Superkick meets Big Boot...and both wrestlers fall when these moves connect. The referee begins his ten count again.

"That was awesome! That was awesome! That was awesome!!"

Jim Gunt: This could be a double knock out! This could drastically affect the outcome of the tournament!

Mike Rolash: Come on Autumn...get up! Don't let that Carnage trash get one up on you!

Both wrestlers crawl to the ropes.

FIVE!

JC pulls himself up in the corner.

SIX!

Autumn pulls herself up in the opposite corner.

SEVEN!

Both wrestlers charge at each other. Autumn going for a superkick again, while JC goes for the big boot. Both wrestlers dodge each other and hit the ropes. Autumn goes for the superkick while JC ducks. Ropes again for both. JC goes for the big boot. Autumn ducks. Ropes again for both. Autumn charges and JC catches her and...PACKAGE PILEDRIIVER!!! JC hits "Schism"! Autumn is down and JC quickly goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by pinfall and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament.... "The Answer" JC!!

Jim Gunt: What an awesome match! The fans are on their feet giving both stars a standing ovation.

Mike Rolash: Damn it! That was way to close...

The fans stand cheering as JC holds up his arms in victory. Autumn gets up and the fans cheer for her as well. Both wrestlers head to the back as we cut back to the commentators.

## **Freddie Styles vs. Tom Marrow**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Alpha Block Match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

Red and Blue lights begin flashing with sirens going off. The theme song from Cops begins to play, as the Game Warden makes her way to the ramp. She is holding a leash with Benji on the other side. After whipping Benji once, he comes up to two legs, staring straight through his BDSM mask as he walks straight to the ring.

Ray Douglas: First, from Florida, Ohio, he is....TOM MARROW!!

Jim Gunt: Poor Tom has had a rough week leading up to tonight's show, being locked in a basement by his own lady and her "driver".

Mike Rolash: Amanda the Game Warden certainly has a strange way of getting Benji ready for his matches, but if what we seen on CWF Wired is any indication, she is not happy with the way Tom Marrow has been competing as of late. And she's willing to do whatever it takes to get him to be the monster she knows he can be.

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, bouncing side to side as the bridge hits...

"Heavy is the crown  
Only for the weak..."

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. The North Charleston fans cheer on the Hall of Famer as he 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. Styles eyes up Benji from the other side of the ring, awaiting the beginning of the match.

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

Styles brings the crowd to another level, raising his hands up and down in his corner as he has the North Charleston fans in the palm of his hands already. Tom Marrow remains calm in his corner, listening to the words of the Game Warden as she whispers them in his ear. Summits finally calls for the bell after checking up on both men, and they meet each other in the center of the ring with Styles looking for a test of strength. Benji simply snarls at him from his mask, and leaps up to take him down with a Lou Thresz Press and a fury of right hands that Styles can barely block!

Jim Gunt: It looks like the Game Warden's plan may have worked, Mike!

Mike Rolash: We've certainly got a more ferocious dog on our hands tonight, but let's see if his bite matches his bark.

Jim Gunt: Styles uses his legs to launch Marrow off of him, catapulting him from his stomach! Now both men are back up to their feet, Styles comes in looking for a cannonball- but Marrow catches him!? Oh my god...BUCKLE BOMB!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit, Freddie's gotta be out!

Amanda the Game Warden is ecstatic, trying to stop herself from literally jumping up and down and injuring the baby growing inside of her. After a vicious turnbuckle powerbomb, Tom Marrow drags the lifeless body of Freddie Styles to the center of the ring and places only one paw on his chest to go for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-

Jim Gunt: Styles kicks out!

Mike Rolash: Must've been by pure instinct, because Styles was lights out there following that Powerbomb.

Jim Gunt: Well Marrow looks to be looking for the finish anyway, as he's just called for the Ankle Bit submission!

Mike Rolash: Not wasting any time here tonight.

Benji grabs the left leg of Freddie Styles, but Mr. Ballgame quickly rolls back to his back and uses his free leg to kick Marrow off of him. Styles kips up to his feet, meeting the oncoming Tom Marrow with a high dropkick. The Hall of Famer turns to the Game Warden, winking at her and eliciting a cheer from the North Charleston crowd, before turning around and scooping Benji up just long enough to slam him back down with a Double Arm DDT.

Jim Gunt: The complexion of this one has completely changed!

Mike Rolash: Ole' dog Benji should have just went for another buckle bomb, that "ankle bit submission" is just stupid.

Jim Gunt: Oh come on, Mike...

Mr. Ballgame lifts Marrow up again, this time from behind placing both hands around his to lock him into a Full Nelson. Benji tries to fight him off but the more experienced Styles is easily able to float over and Full Nelson Suplex him to the canvas. It is Styles now who calls for the end of the match, but when he bounces off the ropes the Game Warden hits him in the back with Benji's studded dog collar unbeknownst to the official!

Ray Douglas: Ten minutes have elapsed!

Mr. Ballgame is furious as he turns around and shouts at Amanda, giving Marrow just the time he needed to get back to his feet, turn Styles around and lift him right off his feet.

Jim Gunt: BULLLLDOG! The Running Powerslam of massive proportions hits, and now this one has GOT to be over!

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Styles shoves Marrow hard off him, getting back to his knees and flipping him off with both hands!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit, Styles kicks out, and just gave Benji the bird!

A furious Tom Marrow comes running at Freddie Styles but he leaps up in perfect timing. BALLGAME! Marrow crashes to the canvas as does Styles, pushing his opponent over to his back and hooking both legs for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament...FREDDIE STYLES!!

Jim Gunt: Tough loss there for Tom who was dominating for most of this match, but when you're in the ring with a living legend, and hall of famer like Freddie Styles, you gotta be prepared for anything at anytime.

Mike Rolash: Two big points for Styles though, and I'm sure Marrow will be another lashing coming out of this one!

## **Kyuseishu vs. Silas Artoria**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit!

"Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red begins to play over the sound system as the lights dim to a midnight hue and fog fills the stage. Silas Artoria emerges from backstage, followed closely by his mentor Hidetaka Ito. Artoria pauses for a moment halfway down the ramp to drink in the reaction from the crowd. Artoria shrugs off his jacket and hands it to Ito, who folds it over his arms as his young protege slides into the ring beneath the bottom rope.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Toronto, Canada and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds, he is the Psychotic Aristocrat... SILAS ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: Folks, last time we saw Silas Artoria step into the ring with the Holy Samurai it ended in a decisive defeat. With a head of steam following his victory over Nathan Paradine last week, can Artoria channel that momentum into

another win here tonight?

Mike Rolash: Maybe the spooooky Passenger will make an appearance!

In the ring, referee Denny Davidson performs the customary patdown of Artoria. Seemingly satisfied, the referee backs away and Artoria adjusts his lace cravat before stepping back into the corner, clutching the top ropes as he watches the entrance ramp intently.

Ray Douglas: And introducing the opponent... from Tokyo, Japan and weighing in at two hundred and seventy five pounds... he is the Holy Samurai, KYUSEISHU!

The arena lights go off as "Bastard Samurai" starts to play while the rampway fills with purple smoke. The crowd waits before the drums kick in, and out enters Kyuseishu under a single white spotlight. Behind him march 11 red suited kabuki masked wearing disciples. Kyuseishu's jet black hair pulled back in a bun in is in the all to familiar traditional samurai hair style, and wearing a men's blue and black Kimono he raises his arms in a pose of the cross.

Jim Gunt: The sheer arrogance of this man... using such sacrilegious iconography, it's a mockery to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mike Rolash: Uh, Jim? You feeling okay buddy?

Jim Gunt: Yeah, for a moment there it's almost as if I was possessed by the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit one by one.

Mike Rolash: Just don't start speaking in tongues on me, alright?

Kyuseishu soaks in the jeers from the crowd before clapping his hands together and bowing towards the ring. The battle is upon him as he slowly walks to the ring hands out and palms up looking to the skies focused only on his battle. Kyuseishu says a small prayer before entering the ring removing his Kimono and mask showing off his powerful body as he looks with one eye through a triangle formed by his hands.

Denny Davidson calls for the bell, and this match is underway!

Kyuseishu and Artoria circle each other slowly before locking up in the middle of the ring, the smaller Artoria quickly finding himself in a headlock in a repeat of their previous encounter. Artoria throws his elbow out several times and batters his way free before throwing out the elbow a fourth time and connecting with the side of Kyuseishu's head. The Holy Samurai takes a step back from the blow and Artoria follows it up with a dropkick to knock him down to the mat. Artoria pounces onto Kyuseishu looking for the early pin, but the Holy Samurai throws the shoulder up with ease!

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria is looking to put Kyuseishu away early, but I think everyone here knows it'll take more than a dropkick to keep him down.

Mike Rolash: Heh, maybe Silas is hoping for a little divine intervention of his own tonight?

Silas rolls away and sizes up Kyuseishu as he rises to his feet. Artoria charges, looking for his trademark bicycle knee... but Kyuseishu scouts him, and turns it into a vicious powerslam, driving Artoria into the mat with authority! Artoria clutches his back, gasping in pain, before Kyuseishu grabs him from behind and applies a headlock. The crowd cheers as Kyuseishu works over Artoria before yanking him to his feet and hoisting him into the air for a back body drop... but Artoria topples backwards, flips and lands on his feet! Kyuseishu spins around and gets several knife edge chops for the trouble, but they don't stop him from grabbing the Bloodletter and judo tossing him flat onto the mat! Kyuseishu drops his elbow over Artoria before climbing to his feet and assuming a "T" pose to a chorus of boos.

Jim Gunt: As much as I hate to say it, it seems like this could very well go the same way as the match at Paradise.

Mike Rolash: I'm ready to accept Kyuseishu as my lord and savior. Did you know he's written nearly a dozen self-help books?

Jim Gunt: Uh, I didn't know that actually.

Mike Rolash: He just couldn't help himself!

Jim Gunt: Look out, Silas is back on his feet!

Looking a little unsteady, Artoria rises to his feet and motions for Kyuseishu to continue the match. Kyuseishu grabs his opponent and whips him into the opposite ropes, but Artoria slides underneath Kyuseishu's outstretched arm, vaults to his feet, rebounds... AND HITS THE KNOCKOUT! This time the high bicycle knee connects, and Kyuseishu is down! Artoria covers!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: The thwack heard 'round the world... or at least here in the North Charleston Coliseum, but it still isn't enough to finish off the Holy Samurai.

Mike Rolash: I think Kyuseishu should be more revered than Jesus. After his grudge match it took him three whole days to get back up again, Kyuseishu did it in two seconds!

Artoria pounces onto Kyuseishu and begins to dish out a series of forearm strikes, but the bigger wrestler pushes him away with a rough shove. Artoria scrambles to his feet at the same time Kyuseishu does, encouraged by Hidetaka Ito on the outside of the ring. Kyuseishu lunges forwards, wrapping Artoria in a bear hug before planting him back down onto the mat. Kyuseishu mounts his opponent and drives a forearm down into his face, bloodying his mouth. A final shot bounces Artoria's head off the mat and Kyuseishu methodically places his hands on Artoria's shoulders for the pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!?

NO!

Denny Davidson holds up two fingers, to cheers from the crowd!

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu is a man who thinks before he acts. Climbing on top of Silas Artoria, delivering those forearm shots... each one was calculated, each strike intended to injure.

Mike Rolash: Well you know what they say... if you aren't out there prepared to win, expect to lose.

Jim Gunt: ... what?

Kyuseishu pulls a groggy Artoria to his feet, right into another blow to the face. Artoria staggers away, blood trickling from a split lip, before Kyuseishu seizes him from behind looking to finish the match. Artoria throws his head back and catches Kyuseishu on the chin, stunning the Holy Samurai momentarily but it's all the opening Artoria needs. Artoria bounces off the ropes and connects with another Knockout, but it's still not enough to floor Kyuseishu! Artoria spins, DISCUS ELBOW! Kyuseishu doesn't know where he is as Artoria hoists him onto his shoulders and with a roar delivers the FALL OF MAN! Artoria grabs the leg of Kyuseishu!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

“Something Got Me Started” resumes playing as Silas Artoria rolls out of the ring groggily, suddenly fatigued from the closing moments of the match.

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament...SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria pulls out the victory here tonight and avenges his loss to Kyuseishu at Paradise!

Mike Rolash: What a showing from both men, but I think we can both agree that this victory was a fluke... say, when's the rubber match?

## **Post Match Interview: Artoria vs Kyuseishu**

Match

Silas Artoria walks down the concourse towards a small area. The CWF was trying a few new things, alongside the tournament, and decided to dedicate a small area for athletes to talk to the cameras. It certainly saves time, since Tara and the camera crew no longer had to hunt them down.

Silas stands in front of the white sponsor board with two cameras and Tara pointing a microphone at him. Ito-san stands behind the exhausted and heavily breathing canadian.

Silas Artoria: Did you see that?

He points back where he came from.

Silas Artoria: Did you all see what transpired?

Quick spit on the floor before facing back towards the cameras.

Silas Artoria: That's called sticking to your word and making a hot headed opponent humble.

Sharp exhale.

Silas Artoria: You see, when you defeated me at Paradise, Kyuseishu, you let that victory go to your head and decided that by default you would be placed above me on the card.

He points to the camera.

Silas Artoria: But you grew complacent, and ended up doing nothing new.

Artoria points to himself.

Silas Artoria: And I exploited your idiocy and made you fall at the first hurdle.

Tara Robinson: Does the victory put you at ease?

Silas is quick to look at Tara.

Silas Artoria: Do I feel better? Of course. The ice is broken. Do I feel the pressure is off? No. If anything it's going to get heavier from here.

Sharp exhale through the teeth.

Silas Artoria: If you make a mistake early in the tournament, you have plenty of time to recover. But if you fail late in the tournament, it could be too late to fix the damage. This is the first match, it's too early to draw conclusions.

He turns to leave.

Tara Robinson: Any last words?

Silas stops, and turns back to Tara, with conviction in his eyes. Two fingers.

Silas Artoria: Two...points.

One finger.

Silas Artoria: One down, eight to go.

He walks off frame, towards his locker room as the screen cuts to a graphic of Artoria's next match in the Omega Block, against former stablemate Autumn Raven.

## **Amy Jo Smyth vs. Pandalike**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Alpha Block Match set for one fall, under a thirty minute time limit!

"Clozee-Koto" hits and for a few moments nothing happens on the stage, as the North Charleston fans just watch on in anticipation. Finally the former CWF superstar Pandalike leaps out from behind the curtain, falling down to one knee with his hands touching the steel rampway as it shines a blue hue on him. Pandalike looks up with a serious look on his face, making his way down to the ring quickly.

Ray Douglas: First, from London, England, he is the Panda King....PANDALIKE!!

Jim Gunt: So good to see Pandalike return here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Is it, Jim? Is it?

Jim Gunt: It is for me, this guy is so much fun!

The lights lower and the remaining lights turn to a golden color. "Shoot to Thrill" by Halestorm hits. Most of the crowd who know this theme explode into cheers. Amy Jo Smyth steps out onto the stage, her back turned to the crowd, head covered by the hood of her jacket. The golden lights change and simulate a cascade of glitter over her. Smyth spins around on her toes and faces the crowd as a single spotlight falls on her. She slowly makes her way to the ring, a smile on her face as she eyes up the sold out crowd.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Dirty Jersey, the Good Doctor....AMY JO SMYTH!!

Jim Gunt: And here is a girl, excuse me woman, who made her debut in the SUPERwoman battle royale what seemed to be forever ago now.

Mike Rolash: Indeed. And although Smyth was unable to win said battle royale, falling short to Stacy Jones just like the rest of the field did, she has a chance at some major redemption here tonight.

Jim Gunt: But CWF veteran Pandalike is going to be a tall task for the Good Doctor.

"Big" Denny Davidson is almost ran over by Amy Jo Smyth as soon as he calls for the bell, Smyth wasting not a second of time to rush over to Pandalike and hit him with a jumping high knee strike. The Panda King staggers back into the corner where Smyth is able to have her way with him even further, delivering quick shoulder blocks to the gut of Pandy. The much bigger competitor is able to overpower her, however, bending over to grab Smyth around the waist and hoisting her high over his head.

Jim Gunt: Here comes the Running Powerbomb...

Mike Rolash: But Smyth slipped out from behind, schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: It could have been over as quick as that, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Could have, but it wasn't! And now Pandy is going to make Amy pay!

An angry Pandalike comes after Jo Smyth but she is able to dodge out of the way of his Paw Print palm strike. Pandy goes for another Paw Print but Amy is too fast for him, this time leaping up and kicking him in the face-no Pandalike catches the boot of Jo Smyth.

Jim Gunt: ENZIGURI! And the Good Doctor lands right back on her feet! Amy Jo Smyth is impressive tonight!

Mike Rolash: So she's athletic, big whoop.

Following the smooth landing, Amy Jo Smyth grabs ahold of Pandalike and drops him down with a Jawbreaker. She then reaches down, deadlifting the Panda King all the way from the canvas up and into the air. Death by Glitter deadlift vertical suplex! The Good Doctor calls for the end now, dropping down and wrapping her legs around an unknowing Panda's head before he can do anything to stop it.

Jim Gunt: Eat Me Out!

Mike Rolash: What!? I'd rather not...

Jim Gunt: Erm, that is the term Amy Jo Smyth uses for her finishing submission move...and Pandalike is tapping out!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by submission and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament...AMY JO SMYTH!!

Pandalike starts to get up in the ring, exhausted from the match when out from the crowd comes a fan in street clothes wearing a hoodie. Before security can rush him, he gets in the ring and he's got...a cinderblock! He runs up as Pandalike is standing up and slams the block into his knee! Pandalike goes down like a sack of cards as AJS gets out of the ring. The fan turns to the camera, but it's no fan...It's Ataxia!

Jim Gunt: He's at it again!

Mike Rolash: He just chop blocked Pandalike with a cinderblock!

Security rushes the ring and Ataxia pulls out a remote and pushes a button causing the lights to go haywire and random pyro to go off in the rafters. By the time the lights come back on all that's left in the ring of Ataxia is the mask. He's obviously gone out thru the crowd in the confusion. EMT's rush to the ring to get Pandalike to the back.

Jim Gunt: This war isn't over yet.

## **Bryan Ford vs. "Marksman" Jay Mora**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is the final Omega Block Match for this evening set for this evening, a one fall match under a thirty minute time limit!

Mike Rolash: Doesn't Ray get tired of saying that nearly a dozen times tonight?

Jim Gunt: Well he DID switch up the introduction a little bit this time, Mike...

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

Ray Douglas: Introducing from Chicago, Illinois, the Marksman....JAY MORA!!

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

trash before entering the ring.

Mike Rolash: Speaking of switching it up, I'm happy to see a change of pace around here. No longer do we have to put up with seeing MJF every damn week, instead we're graced with the presence of the Marksman!

Jim Gunt: Ohhh she would SO slap you for that one, Mike.

Mike Rolash: She would, if she were here. But Mora is, and he is my pick to take this whole damn tournament!

Jim Gunt: Really?

Mike Rolash: I said it so it's true!

"DNA" by Kendrick Lamar blares over the speakers as Bryan Ford strolls out onto the stage, Rolash trying to quietly look behind him to make sure MJF or anyone else doesn't pop out and slap him. Ford remains on the stage with a shit eating grin glued onto his face as he mouths off to the fans. He makes his way down the ramp and leaps onto the apron before slingshotting over the top rope, rolling into Indian style sitting position. Jay Mora eyes him up from the other side of the ring, Ford paying him no attention until....

Jim Gunt: Running Busaki Knee!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit, where did that come from!?

Following the running knee strike, Jay Mora mounts Ford and just pummels on him, laying waste to the Innovator of Greatness with heavy right hands. Referee Scott Dean makes his way over to the action as quickly as he can but Ford has already taken a major beating by that point, unable to block any of the shots as Mora laces into him with the hardest right hands he can muster. Dean is able to pull Mora off but a large red mark already begins to appear below the right eye of Ford as Mora smiles wide at the damage.

Jim Gunt: This is bullcrap, Jay Mora absolutely destroyed Ford before this match even begun!

Mike Rolash: Looks like Bryan Ford should have came more prepared!

Jim Gunt: Well it looks like referee Scott Dean is asking Ford if he can continue, and it appears...yes...somehow, somehow Ford has agreed to start this match!

With his hands raised in the air, Dean holds back Marksman who seems to be salivating in his corner, waiting for Bryan Ford to fully get back to his feet. The official asks him again if he wants to continue, and after yet again getting a "yes", he calls for the bell.

Jim Gunt: MARKED SUPERKICK!

Mike Rolash: Ha! It's over, Jimmy!

Ford slumps down to the canvas immediately, Jay Mora taking in thunderous boos as he stands over his body for just a second, eventually dropping down to cover Bryan.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament...."MARKSMAN"  
JAY MORA!!

Jim Gunt: Unfortunate showing there from Bryan Ford, who probably should have never been allowed to even compete following that attack from Mora.

Mike Rolash: Shortest match in CWF history! Ha, I love it!

## **The Ring Awaits**

Match

Danny B can be seen walking through the backstage area, hood covering his head. Two women walk with him, flanking him on either side. One is Regina Skye, the other an unknown brunette.

Regina: Right, we've been over this OK, you know what you need to do in this one. Time to raise your stock once again. Emma, any last advice?

The second woman squeezes a silent Ripper on the shoulder.

Emma: Remember, he can watch all the tape he wants, but he doesn't know everything you have that you can throw at him. Every step of the way we gaining baby, focus on the weak spots, use the moves he can't counter, and this is yours before you've broken a sweat.

Danny unzips the training hoodie and removes the hood. Regina passes him a bottle of water which he uses to douse his long blonde hair.

Danny: He doesn't have a clue what he's in for. Alright, let's do this. Make sure you two have the champagne ready for afterward.

Danny removes the hoodie completely, hands it to the woman known as Emma and rubs his hands together, bouncing on the balls of his feet. After a moment, he clubs himself on the chest a couple of times, lets out a roar and heads of towards the stage.

## **Danny B vs. Duce Jones**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is the final Alpha Block Match and tonight's MAAAAIIINNN EVENT!

The fans are buzzing, 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...."

The opening sounds of "Godspeed" by Don Trip begins to play as the lights inside of the arena turn a crimson hue color, soon the stage filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones slowly emerges through the fog, instantly inciting cheers from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred fifteen pounds! From Memphis, Tennessee....DUCE JONES!

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones smiles as he claps hands with some of the sold out crowd, soon making 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 as he prepares for action.

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones made a huge statement two weeks ago at Evolution 59, when after being endorsed as the top runner in this tournament by our CEO Jaiden Rishel, he delivered a knee right to his face!

Mike Rolash: Yeah talk about the ultimate form of disrespect. That's always been Duce's M.O though, so no surprise there.

Jim Gunt: You say Tom-Ato and I say Tom-Marrow, Mike. From this guy's vantage point, Duce is one of the most respectful competitors that have ever step foot in a CWF ring.

Mike Rolash: Whatever.

A large golden spotlight shines over the center of the stage as “Dragon Rider” by Two Steps From Hell begins. A blast of pyro, and “The Ripper” Danny B makes his presence known. The legend pushes his way out of the apron, standing in the center of the golden spotlight as the North Charleston fans watch on and mostly boo him.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds. He hails from Brighton, England, The Ripper....DANNY B!!

Danny smirks at the announcement, slowly making his way to the ring as Jones just watches on cracking his neck back and forth. The Ripper paces around the ring, placing his gear on the announce table and telling Rolash to make sure Gunt doesn't touch anything.

Jim Gunt: Why would I touc...

Mike Rolash: Hands off, Jim.

Finally entering the ring, the Ripper allows Trent Robbins to do his obligatory check for weapons before coming to the center of the ring to meet Duce Jones, neither man backing down as the head official goes over the rules of the match-up. Duce and Danny both nod at the ref before he turns around, waving his hand to signal the bell to ring.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, it's finally that time!

Mike Rolash: We've seen some classic matches in this first week of the Alpha and Omega tournament, and dare I say a few surprises, who do you have in this one Jimbo?

Jim Gunt: It's way too early to tell, ask me in about five minutes...

Mike Rolash: What a cop-out!

Locking up immediately, neither Ripper or Duce want to let the other man show them up. Danny B seems to get the upper hand in the test of strength, using his slight weight advantage to shove Jones back into the ropes. But it is Duce Jones who shows his ring savviness, using his left leg to wrap around that of Ripper's and push him backwards to trip him hard to the canvas! Danny B sits on his ass for a second, looking up at Jones who simply laughs at him.

Jim Gunt: The face of Danny B is getting redder and redder by the second, he's clearly embarrassed!

Mike Rolash: Wouldn't you be if you were just shoved on your ass?

Jim Gunt: You've got a point.

After having his fun with the CWF legend, Jones motions for Danny B to get up, backing up to allow him to do so. The Ripper does get back to his feet, but as soon as he makes his way over to Duce spits right in his face. The fun and games are over for Jones as he wipes away the saliva from his face, his smile now gone as he swings a right hand. The Ripper takes the shot, and delivers one of his own. Duce now with another right hand, and Danny B with a second one that knocks him to a knee. Ripper charges forward, and Jones rises up to catch him with a quick release Belly to Belly Suplex into the corner!

Jim Gunt: There's those lightning like reflexes of Jones, dude is like a freaking cat in the ring!

Mike Rolash: Better than a dog, Tom Marrow didn't fare so good earlier.

Jim Gunt: Ha, that's true. Danny's coming out of the corner woozy, clearly taking a hard fall from the suplex...let's see if he's able to get his wits about him to continue this thing.

Duce Jones allows Ripper back to his feet only to deliver a swift kick to his ribs. He moves in towards the corner but receives a brutal elbow to the jaw. Another big elbow. Danny B grabs ahold of the dreadlocks of his opponent, laughing as the North Charleston fans boo him aloud. Duce fights back with a kick to the Golden Warrior's stomach however, before hip tossing him down. Being Introduced! No, Ripper is able to sidestep the first of what is sure to be many

knee strikes, and is right back to his feet.

Jim Gunt: KAMEHAMEHA KICK!

Mike Rolash: Hemahema whatta kick?

Jim Gunt: It's just what Ripper calls his Superkick, now shut up and let Trent Robbins count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Guess Ripper should have came up with an easier to pronounce Superkick, because that one wasn't enough!

Jim Gunt: Jesus, Mike...

Danny B rolls off of his opponent, pulling himself quickly back to his feet and turns around just to see Duce is also already back to his feet. The two men stand face to face, eye to eye with each other as the North Charleston fans lose it, cheering the battle of champions on as Jones and Danny B once again lace into each other with heavy right hands.

First both men trade slow and methodical shots, allowing the other to land right hands before they hammer down with quick right hands at the same exact time. Ripper and Jones both fall to a knee, but neither one will relent on the attack on the other. Finally it is Jones who is able to leap up from his position with a D-Trigga Knee! The Golden Warrior crashes to the canvas, but Jones does as well, unable to capitalize!

Jim Gunt: We are ten minutes into this match up now, Mike, and both these men have exhausted themselves already!

Mike Rolash: There's a lot on the line here tonight, both men are well aware of that.

Finally rolling to his side, Duce attempts a cover on Ripper but instead is bashed in the face with another hard elbow. Danny turns and grabs the middle rope, assisting himself back up to his feet. The Ripper uses those same ropes to springboard off, leaping from the ropes back onto the body of Jones with a picture-perfect Moonsault.

Jim Gunt: You know for not having seen Danny B since Golden Intentions, the man is in tip top shape here tonight.

Mike Rolash: You're damned right, Jimbo. Ripper knows that Alpha and Omega is a game of attrition, and he's not about to let these young bucks show him up!

Jim Gunt: And now he has Jones back to his feet, both arms locked. TRUE SIN! Could that be it!?

Following the Double Arm DDT, Danny turns Jones onto his back with a slick smile on his face, only hooking one leg as Robbins drops down to count.

ONE!

TWO!

T-KICKOUT!

\*SLAP!\*

Danny B's hand slapping the canvas out of anger reverberates around ringside. Trent Robbins looks down at Ripper as he pulls himself to his feet, the official showing a sense of fear as Ripper approaches him. Danny can see out the corner of his eye Duce beginning to pull himself up though, so he turns back around and runs at him at full speed, crushing him with a Hidden Blade running elbow strike to the back of the head! Jones goes back to the canvas like a ton of bricks, and Ripper is quick to once again roll him back over and go for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Jones kicks out again!

Mike Rolash: WHAT IS IT GONNA TAKE!?

Jim Gunt: You should know by now, Mike, Duce Jones is one tough cookie!

This time Danny doesn't make a move on Trent Robbins, instead taking a deep breath in and out, turning back to Duce Jones who still lays on his back barely moving. The Ripper gets back onto the chest of his opponent, one right hand nearly knocking his head so far to the side that it breaks his neck. Robbins hurries over to check on Jones, but Ripper shoves him away, landing another right hand to the prone Jones that pops him open.

Jim Gunt: Things are getting out of control now, as Duce has just been cut open by another brutal right hand from the Ripper.

Mike Rolash: Trent Robbins is going to be very lenient in this match, Jim. There is a lot on the line here in this match, between two points in the first main event of the Alpha and Omega tournament, and the only match in the entire lineup pitting two former World Champions. These idiots would riot if Trent called for the bell.

Jim Gunt: He's going to have to do SOMETHING to get control!

Danny looks over at Trent Robbins as he pulls himself back to his feet, almost half expecting to get disqualified but the CWF official simply sighs and waves for him to continue. He turns back to Jones and gets bit in the face! Ripper wiggles and shakes as Jones bites his cheek hard, only letting loose once Ripper rolls off of him. Duce now mounts Ripper, landing a stinging elbow of his own! The Kid That Never Dies climbs up to his feet, bounces off the ropes with full speed. SHINING WIZARD KNEE STRIKE! Duce barely shoves Ripper over, making the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

RIPPER ROLLS HIS SHOULDER!

Jim Gunt: Duce is finally scoring some nice offense, I think he may have turned this one around.

Mike Rolash: We'll see, Jimmy, the Shining Wizard Knee wasn't enough so Danny could very well get right back into this match now...

Jim Gunt: I don't know, looks like Duce is setting him up for the Final Tic 2.0!

Lifting Danny B up onto his shoulders, Duce attempts to spin the Fireman's Carry around but Ripper slips out and lands on his feet. Jones swings at him but Danny is able to catch the arm, snapping him over with a Capture Suplex. Both men are right back up to their feet, but neither one is quick on the attack this time, retreating to their respective corners.

Jim Gunt: Both Danny and Duce now taking a breather, but they don't have much time to waste as we are eighteen minutes into this one now, nearly two thirds of the way to the time limit.

Mike Rolash: Time to turn things up, Jimmy!

After taking a long moment to rest, both competitors come back to the center of the ring at a quick pace. Duce leaps up into the air, but Ripper does as well.

Jim Gunt: Double Cross Body Block! Both men were thinking the exact same thing!

Mike Rolash: That was crazy!

Holding their guts in agony, Duce and Danny roll to their sides to recover further. Danny grabs ahold of the ropes, taking a breath before turning around to get back to his feet. Unfortunately for him Jones is already up and rushing at him, but strangely leaps up onto the middle rope and over, hitting a Nice to Knee You on the apron! The swinging knee lift hits Ripper flush, but Duce is unable to protect himself on the way down, his knee bouncing hard off the thin mats outside. The Kid lets out an agonizing scream, pulling his knee pad down and checking on the damage as he rolls around in pain.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, Duce could have done some serious damage to his left knee there, as he was unable to protect himself from the fall after the Nice to Knee You there!

Ray Douglas: TWENTY MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! Ten minutes remain!

Mike Rolash: Time is ticking down, and neither Duce or Danny can get to their feet. Is this one going to be a draw, Jimbo?

Jim Gunt: I sure hope not, and I'm sure the thousands of fans here in the North Charleston Coliseum hope not either. We all want to see a definitive winner here tonight!

After checking on Duce Jones on the outside of the ring, head official Robbins decides that he's healthy enough to continue on, so he rolls back inside the ring to count him out.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Danny B's still laying in a heap in the ring following that knee lift, and Jones isn't doing any better on the outside.

THREE!

Danny rolls to his side, rubbing his head as he begins to climb slowly up to his feet. Jones attempts to do the same, but his knee doesn't hold, leaving him crawling towards the steel steps in pain.

FOUR!

FIVE!

The Ripper waits for Jones, smiling as he sees him struggling to get up the steel steps, every move from the Kid that Never Dies injuring his knee even further.

SIX!

Jim Gunt: Oh, Ripper not waiting for Jones now, pulling him up through the ropes into a DDT position. DDT right to the top of Duce's through the ropes! My god!

Mike Rolash: Cover him Danny, this one's over!

Confident in his cover, Ripper doesn't even pull Jones away from the ropes as he drops down to pin him.

ONE!

TWO!

DUCE PROPS HIS LEFT LEG ONTO THE BOTTOM ROPE! An angry Ripper gets right to his feet, leaping up to hit a spinning leg drop right through Duce Jones' injured left knee! The Charleston fans are letting Ripper have it now as he drags Jones away from the ropes by his left leg, before twisting it downward for a leg whip.

Jim Gunt: The Ripper doing some serious damage to the knee of Duce, which if you think about it really works two-fold

for him in this match. Not only is he injuring his opponent, he's also hindering him from being able to do most of his offense as well, since we all know Jones offense is incredibly knee-based.

Mike Rolash: And now what is he doing, Jimbo?

Jim Gunt: Ripper has Duce's legs stretched out as he's heading to the top rope. Curse of Anubis Corkscrew Moonsault-NO! Duce gets both of his knees up, and for better or worse just creamed Ripper with them!

Mike Rolash: Ha, and now Jones is SCREAMING in pain! That had to have hurt him worse than it did Ripper!

Ray Douglas: Twenty five minutes have elapsed! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!

Mike Rolash: Come on Ripper, come on Ripper!

Jim Gunt: No way, let's go Duce! I mean...Duce is getting back to his feet, and he's calling for the finish, Mike!

Hopping around on one leg, Jones uses the ring ropes to inch his way closer to the Ripper. He drops down to lift the Golden Warrior up by both of his arms. Holding Danny in place, he launches his head right at him.

Jim Gunt: Ripcord Headbutt hits! And you know what's next, Mike!

Mike Rolash: NO!!

Jim Gunt: DUCE OF CLUBS KNEE STRIKE!

Mike Rolash: But look at the damage the Duce of Clubs did to Jones, Jimmy! He's unable to capitalize, laying next to Ripper once again yelling out in pain!

Slapping the canvas and then moving up to his knee to slap it several times, both trying to get the feeling back into it and out of frustration, Jones finally is able to crawl over to Ripper and lay over top of him for the weak cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! RIPPER GETS A SHOULDER UP RIGHT BEFORE THREE!

Jim Gunt: My god, the Duce of Clubs wasn't enough!

Mike Rolash: It very well could have been, Jim, but Duce wasn't able to make the cover right away. He's clearly damaged goods at this point, all Ripper has to do is get him in some kind of knee bar and this one will be over!

Doing his best to move quickly, knowing time is an asset at this point, Duce struggles back to his feet. He moves towards Ripper, thinking as he moves on what will put away the Golden Warrior, and is suddenly pulled in by the veteran who indeed puts him right into a triangle lock knee bar!

Jim Gunt: Looks like your words are prophecy, Mike! Anything else you can tell us about the future, like is Duce going to tap here? Will I ever hit the lottery? Who DID kill Kennedy?

Mike Rolash: I sure hope so. Hell no. And Lee Harvey Oswald, you idiot.

Ray Douglas: ONE MINUTE REMAINING!

Mike Rolash: Tap Duce, tap!

Danny B is beside himself as he hears the announcement of Ray Douglas, only one minute remaining after twenty nine of the most excruciating minutes of these men's career have already passed. Duce crawls his way towards the ropes as much as he can, but the agonizing pulses shooting through his knee are too much to take. He reaches out to the canvas, the thought of tapping out running through his mind like a volcano at this point.

The Ripper twists the knee of his opponent as hard as he can, screaming at Duce to “tap the fuck out”. Jones looks to do just that, the pain too much for him to handle. He raises his hand in the air ready to give it all up.

\*DING DING DING!\*

Ray Douglas: THIRTY MINUTES HAS ELAPSED! This match has been ruled a TIME LIMIT DRAW!

“BOOOOO!!!”

Jim Gunt: Well the fans here tonight are not liking that decision, but the rules of these tournament matches state that there is a thirty minute time limit. At least both Duce and Danny B come out of this thing with one point a piece now...

Mike Rolash: That’s a buncha bullshit, Jim! Get Jaiden out here and let’s get this thing restarted!

Danny B is on his feet, ready to attack Trent Robbins who knowingly quickly rolls out of the ring with his hands in the air. An irate Ripper stands with his hands on his hips.

Jim Gunt: That’s not the way it’s going to work, Mike. Our time is up for this week, we’ll see you next week for Evolution sixty one and the second week of the Alpha Block matches!

Mike Rolash: God damn it!

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite