

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 8

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: December 26, 2017
Location: Alabama — Mobile

Results

Cold Open

Match

The camera pans over the crowd as another episode of CWF Evolution begins in grand fashion. As the pyro goes off, we zoom in on different members of the audience, holding signs for Harley Hodge, Caledonia, Amber Ryan. We pass by the front row, where a group of about a dozen people sit in identical grey suits, unsmiling, glaring as the camera passes them by.

Jim Gunt: Well...that's odd? Nevertheless, welcome folks to the eighth episode of CWF's flagship show, Evolution!

Mike Rolash: That's right, and tonight is very special night, as we start off the Modern Warfare tournament!

Jim Gunt: Thirty two of the best men and women in the entire world, battling it out for supremacy...and the CWF World Heavyweight Championship!

Mike Rolash: But for now I'm getting word that something is happening outside the arena!?

An Entrance

Match

The roar from the capacity crowd inside the Moda Centre in Portland becomes ever more distant as we find ourselves outside the imposing arena, sitting and glowing like a recently-landed UFO beside the Willamette River. Despite the fact that Evolution was already underway within the confines of the stadium, there was still a buzz and a bustle about the external concourse area, with several latecomers scurrying for the various entrances and turnstiles, hands thrust deep inside coat pockets to protect against the bitterness of the late December air.

Yet even amongst the scampering of a hundred feet and the glowing of a thousand neon bulbs, one character stood out. A character that was clearly doing his best to look inconspicuous in his relaxed gait and unremarkable, all-black attire was anything to go by. The illusion of subtlety, however, was rather shattered by his imposing height, the thick, incredibly coiffed facial hair perched atop his mouth, and the two menacing, burly men flanking him on either side as he approached the entrance identified as 'Corporate'.

Two venue employees, dressed uncannily similar to the two heavies who flanked the taller, mustachioed man, stepped forward. One spoke in a firm, calm tone.

Employee #1: Excuse me gentlemen, could I see your accreditation?

The taller of the three would-be visitors smiled, looking serenely around at his two companions, before addressing the employee in perfect Queen's English.

Man: Apologies my good man – I'm not used to all these rather... limiting rules and regulations. It appears I have not had the foresight to prepare the necessary documents.

The second employee, obviously keen to get in on the act, addressed the tall Englishman in front of him in a monotone, almost as if reading from a mental script.

Employee #2: Well, then I'm afraid you'll have to accept the apologies of all of us here at the Moda Centre, sir. You see, this is a VIP-only area strictly off-limits to anybody without the required...-

The as yet unnamed Brit cut the guard off with a dismissive, yet authoritative wave of his right hand.

Man: Please, my good man, spare me the laborious details. As I'm sure you will be aware, I am a busy man."

Employee #1: Well that may be the case, sir.

The first guard interjected.

Employee: #1: But without the necessary accreditation, I'm afraid you're forbidden from entering this area. Sir.

The guard withered slightly beneath the stranger's gaze, looking slightly confused as he began to chuckle.

Man: Aha. Don't get me wrong. I appreciate the need for policy and boundaries.

He flashed a sinister look in the direction of his desired destination.

Man: But it is also important to remember that there must always be ways and means to overcome any obstacle.

At this, the two men at either side of the speaker each took a purposeful step forwards, both glaring at the two 'obstacles' that stood in their way.

Man: Always.

The two guards each drew himself up to his fullest height, clearly not allowing themselves to be intimidated by these tactics.

Employee: #2: Now Sir, we don't want to cause any trouble, but...

Man: Trouble?

The tall Brit hissed malevolently.

Man: Oh don't worry. It'll be no trouble at all.

He clapped his hands together in a businesslike fashion.

The guards' hands twitched toward hidden weapons.

The tall stranger's two associates took another step forward.

And then... the tension was broken by the loud crackling of a walkie-talkie. Everybody jumped, aside the Englishman, whose expression remained languid as he watched one of the guards scurry off, talking surreptitiously into said walkie-talkie.

Moments later, he returned, and the two guards shared puzzled looks before the returning guard turned to face the three potential guests in front of him. Clearing his throat, he spoke:

Guard: On behalf of Sunset Productions, and all of us here at CWF, we welcome you to Evolution, sir.

The tall man flashed a toothy grin, the ends of his moustache twitching almost comically.

Man: Excellent! Thank you very much for your kind hospitality, gentlemen!

And with that, flanked by his two hired goons, the apparent VIP visitor strode purposefully inside the Moda Centre, leaving a pair of thoroughly flummoxed employees in his wake.

Fade.

Photo Investigation

Match

Harvey Danger sits on the floor in the backstage locker room area; one leg stretched out in front, the other bent underneath him. He leans forward stretching out his hamstrings while counting softly to himself. The Lost Soul, stoic and cool as a cucumber like always, sits behind him on the bench. His eyes narrow as he watches Harvey. His fingers slowly tap on a stack of polaroid photos as his patience thins.

TLS: Harvey, old... buddy? Got a minute?

Harvey: Maybe later. Gotta get these hammies limber for my match against Kaylan El.

TLS ignores him and thrusts the photos in his face.

TLS: So, I've got these photos here of the CWF roster... Think you can spare a second of your precious preparation time and point out who attacked you last month?

Harvey: Well, sure. Anything for my bestest friend in the whole wide world.

TLS: Yeah, we'll have to discuss that sometime too... but here. Look at these.

Harvey reaches up and goes through the photos one at a time.

Harvey: No, not Harley Hodge, my other bestest friend. Nope. No. Not the Moxley Boys. Nooo. Nope. Nu'uh. No. Not this Shadowy figure. Nope. No.

TLS: Lance! There! Look... What about Lance and Ash? It was them, right?

Harvey: Hmmmmm... Nope. Wasn't them.

TLS slumps over.

Harvey: No, not them. Not our new boss Mr. Sunset. Ma thinks he's a dreamboat... What do you think?

TLS: I think you should concentrate.

Harvey leaps to his feet nearly knocking his best and only friend over. He drops all of the Polaroid photos and thrusts one into TLS' face. The picture is of Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter, The Lost Boys.

Harvey: It's them! These guys!! They ruined my Mother's Thanksgiving!

TLS: The Lost Boys?

Harvey: Yes! Wait.. who?

TLS: The Lost Boys... Dean and Sam?. The new tag team from Australia?

Harvey: Australia?! I love Vienna this time of year! So pretty when they decorate for Christmas!

TLS: Ugh... Not even close. So it was the Lost Boys who attacked you?

Harvey: Well, I don't know who the Lost Boys are, but these two guys in this picture sure did!

TLS: The Lost Boys...

Harvey: No, these two.

TLS: Yes, the Lost Boys!

Harvey: (Growing agitated) NO... These two!

TLS: Harvey, these are the Lost Boys.

Harvey: I don't think so. I don't know who they are. I really don't know what to tell you but it wasn't the Lost Boys... It was these two. Boy when we get our hands...

TLS: We?

Harvey: Well, of course! These two guys are done for. Then maybe we can take on those Lost Boys?

TLS: BUT THESE ARE THE LOST BOYS!

TLS throws the picture up into the air and walks off frustrated. Harvey looks after him and then reaches for the photo. After studying it for a second he chuckles.

Harvey: I wonder who these guys are...

Fade.

Harvey Danger vs. Kaylan EI

Match

Harvey Danger and Kaylan EI are in opposite corners. As the bell rings, both come charging forward attempting a clothesline, taking each other out right with the first move of the match. The crowd is not sure what to make of this, as neither of them are moving much. Kaylan is the first to get to her feet, while Harvey is still on his knees, trying to shake the cobwebs from his brain. Taking the opportunity, Kaylan tries to dispatch him with a swift knee to the head, but Harvey is lucid enough to drop down to the mat and sweep her off her feet with a well aimed kick to her ankle. Marie Danger jumps up "That's my boy!", getting Harvey to turn around with a beaming smile on his face. Unfortunately this distraction is all it takes for Kaylan to get to her feet and hit Mr. Danger with a reverse hurricanrana that almost snaps him in two.

Mrs. Danger is still standing and now screams "That's my boy!!", even though she probably means it a little bit differently than before. Kaylan jumps onto Harvey and begins to pummel him with blows to his head until we see a purse fly through the ring, narrowly missing Kaylan, but succeeding in the sense that she is letting go of Harvey, who struggles to his feet. She comes running, going for a spear, but Harvey sidesteps her and she crashes into the middle turnbuckle, sending her down to the mat. He quickly follows up and lifts her up, hitting her with some well-timed elbows to the head, using the momentum to finally gaining the upper hand. In a desperate attempt to halt the barrage, Kaylan brings up her knee right into the crown jewels, still sore from Lance LaRusso's treatment the week before, drawing a breathless "Not...again" from Harvey's lips before he falls to the mat.

Mrs. Danger now is jumping over the barricade with a murderous look on her face, grabbing her purse and swinging it at Kaylan again "Leave my son's tinkle trunk alone or you will feel the wrath of the valkyries!" Kaylan EI backs away, stumbling over Harvey, who is still writhing in pain after her high knee. Just as Kaylan hits the mat, Mrs. Danger's purse sails right over her head and into the crowd, taking out a 300 lb guy with an extremely stretched "Kaylan rocks" t-shirt in the process. Harvey staggers to his feet, while Kaylan tries to finish him off by coming in fast, but with a great reflex he turns and hits her with his DANGER DDT, using her momentum to knock her out cold! As the ref counts her out, Mrs. Danger is shown rummaging through the excited fans, trying to find her purse.

HARVEY DANGER MOVES ONTO ROUND 2!

Punishment

Match

CWF CEO Ryan Sunset and the Moonchild Elisha are shown sitting in an office backstage. The same desk, the same chairs, the same layout that we have seen for weeks on CWF Programming. This used to be Jaiden Rishel's office, and the office of his father J Rish before him...Not anymore. Now it belongs to them. The other side. The darkness, the Eternals and all that is unholy. Sunset sits, radiating with glee. The Abandonment Clause lays beside him on the desk, printed out on a sheet of copy paper. He gleams with excitement as the hulking and menacing Stalker Knight approaches him. Ryan Sunset: Ah, my friend! The deed shall be done tonight, correct? Stalker flashes a look of uncertainty. Stalker Knight: Zara has... decided to take the match against Jace. He will not survive this battle. She is preparing for the match as we speak. Ryan Sunset: And if she were to fail? Stalker Knight: Then she shall be punished. Then Jace shall be punished, just like the rest of them. Ryan Sunset: Very good. Ryan reaches out his hand, offering Stalker a shake. Knight accepts with a firm grasp as Elisha shifts in his chair. Stalker begins to walk out of Sunset's office with an aura of confidence before he comes to a halt. Ryan Sunset: Just know that we don't take kindly to failure around here. Fade.

Good Luck

Match

Pandalike marches through the hallways of the Moda Center, heading towards the gorilla position. The intensity in his eyes beamed straight forward, focused on his bout with Kendo. He stops in his steps because none other than Duce Jones is standing in his way. Pandy halts as Duce approaches. Pandalike prepares for battle, but Duce quickly distinguishes the fire.

Duce Jones: Hey man, I'm not here for any of that. I just wanted to say at Frozen Over VI, you brought me to what I believe was my full potential. That was the hardest fought battle that ever been in. But I just wanted to say good luck in your match with Kendo. And good luck throughout the tournament!

Duce offers a handshake towards Pandalike. The disdain is very present upon his face, his eyes piercing through the soul of Duce.

Pandalike: Good luck? Do you think I need your luck? Tonight Kendo is going to get a beating to the likes of which he deserves. And how dare you offer me your hand to shake. You and me have unfinished business, but my main priority now is the Modern Warfare, and I got some trash to take out. So if you would get out of my way.

Duce politely steps to the side, nodding in agreement with Pandalike just said. Pandalike carries on his way, Duce stares at Pandy, a sinister smile forming. He turns and heads on his way.

Fade.

Pandalike vs. Kendo

Match

Kendo starts things off with a side-step kick and knocks Pandalike down. Pandalike get back up and Kendo goes behind and put Pandalike in a headlock. Pandalike struggles to get out of it. Pandalike slowly positions his head under Kendo and then hits him with a Jawbreaker. Pandalike is free and Kendo is stunned. Kendo turns around and Pandalike grabs him and hits him with a spinebuster. Pandalike signals to end this and goes up the turnbuckle and goes for the Panda Splash but Kendo quickly gets up and catches Pandalike in a fireman's carry and transitions to a

F5!

Kendo goes for the pin. ONE! TWO! THREE! Wait Pandalike's leg is on the bottom rope! The referee signals for a rope break and Kendo gets back up and drags Pandalike to his feet. Pandalike quickly knees Kendo in the stomach and then hits him with a DDT. Pandalike rolls out of the ring to catch his breath. Kendo slowly gets up and sees Pandalike catching his breath. Kendo quickly rolls out the ring and runs towards Pandalike with a clothesline. Pandalike is on the floor, dazed.

Kendo drags Pandalike into the ring, rolling him over for the pin. ONE! TWO! T-NO! Pandalike kicks out! Kendo gets frustrated and drags Pandalike to his feet and goes for the Rear Naked Chokehold!

Pandalike starts to look like he is fading... The referee checks to see if Pandalike has fainted. Pandalike slowly start pushing Kendo to the rope and finally breaks the hold. Kendo looks at Pandalike with surprise as Pandalike was on all fours trying to catch his breath. Kendo looked straight at Pandalike and then superkicks Pandalike's face and Pandalike drops on the mat. Kendo turns Pandalike over and goes for the pin. ONE! TWO! THR-NO! Pandalike kicks out!

Kendo looks at the referee with frustration. He shows three fingers at the referee signaling it was three count. Referee refuses to acknowledge and keeps saying it was two. Kendo gets back on his feet and looks at Pandalike confused. Pandalike was out of it. He looked dazed. Kendo slowly picks Pandalike up and shouts "Fuck the Pandas!" and picks Pandalike in a fireman's carry but Pandalike suddenly pushes off Kendo. Pandalike regained complete composure and looked visibly angry.

Pandalike hits Kendo with a drop kick. Kendo quickly gets back up but was at a receiving end of a shoulder tackle. Pandalike then kept delivering Release German Suplex again and again till Kendo got dazed and couldn't stand properly. Pandalike then kicks Kendo in the stomach and then delivers PANDAMONIUM!! Pandalike kept staring at Kendo with malicious intent. He then spits on Kendo's face. The crowd kept booing Pandalike. Pandalike picks Kendo up and then puts Kendo in the PandaLock. Kendo kept struggling but the PandaLock was tightened by every movement. Kendo finally taps out.

PANDALIKE ADVANCES IN THE MODERN WARFARE TOURNAMENT!

Maniacs

Match

A short advertisement runs through the commercial break featuring several beaten and malnourished panda bears. A woman begs and pleads for donations. Please save the pandas. The pandas need your care and support! We come back to CWF Programming where Sunset and Elisha are still seen sitting in the former office of Jaiden Rishel. Stalker Knight is gone, but we see another menacing figure approaching. A five time CWF champion. The standard bearer. The best this place has to offer, or has EVER had to offer. The Annihilator, Alex Cain. Elisha and Sunset stand to greet Cain as he approaches. Alex Cain: We have done what needed to be done. We have purged the CWF of the vile Rishel name, and we have restored the respect that this place deserves. Ryan Sunset: Everything is going swimmingly, my friend. Everything is flowing beautifully, like a current of a river. Stalker Knight has assured me that he will dispose of

Valentine. We have already vanquished the Rishels. The Second Phase is upon us. Elisha: The Second Phase is upon us. Alex Cain: Yes, Ryan. The Second Phase is upon us. You don't have to worry about Jaideen, you don't have to worry about Justin. They wouldn't dare show their faces around here while you have Elisha, Styles and myself lurking the halls. It would be career suicide for either one of them. We have made examples out of Elijah and Dan Highlander. Jace, Amber Ryan, Eris, Caledonia; whoever else it is that chooses to oppose us... they will get what is coming to them soon. Ryan Sunset: And the girl? She has been well taken care of, correct? Alex Cain: Cambria? Ryan Sunset: I believe that was her name. Alex Cain: Yes, she is being treated like an angel. Only the best for my darling child. She is being given everything that the Rishel man failed to give her. Ryan Sunset: Very good. Alex Cain: Now I am going to get a shower. I need to get this Oregon stench off of me. These people don't deserve to see me compete here tonight anyhow. They are filth. Ryan Sunset: Indeed they are. Except for some. Except for the Chosen. Alex Cain: You mean those maniacs in grey? Ryan Sunset: Yes. They may be maniacs...but they are MY maniacs. Fade.

Sam Braxton vs. Aphmau Enders

Match

Sam Braxton and Aphmau Enders are stood in the ring ready for the bell to sound indicating the beginning of their Modern Warfare tournament match up. Ding, ding.

Aphmau is quick on the attack with a swift arm drag to the approaching Braxton, who rolls right back to his feet but is taken back down by another arm drag. Back to his feet again and Braxton locks up with Enders, using his strength to push her back into the corner before driving his knee up into her gut, and again, and again. Enders is arched over in pain allowing Sam Braxton to club at the back of her head sending her stumbling forwards and falling to the floor.

Sam Braxton steps over the back of a recovering Enders, who is up to her knees now. He bends over and locks his wrists around her waist, heaving her up to her feet and holding her a few inches off the ground. Braxton arches his back into a German Suplex--NO! Enders flips over the Aussie and steps to the side. She wraps his leg with hers, pops her arm across his shoulders and hits a Russian Leg Sweep. Braxton holds the back of his neck as Enders rolls to her feet. She looks down at Sam Braxton who is recovering now and up to one knee. Enders bounces off the ropes, plants her foot on Braxton's knee and hits a step-up Enziguri, sending him stumbling up and backwards against the ropes.

Enders feels the momentum and she sprints across the ring, bouncing off the ropes and charging back at Sam Braxton, who is quick to sidestep the oncoming opponent and hit her with a stiff spinning heel kick sending her crashing to the mat. Quick pin! ONE! TW--Kickout.

Both competitors are back to their feet as Braxton swings a big boot into Enders midsection, forcing her to arch her body over in pain. He wraps his arm around her head, hooks her spare arm behind his neck and pulls her into the air, holding her vertically for a few seconds. Sam Braxton takes a few steps, the blood of his opponent rushing to her brain, before dropping her right onto her skull with a BRAINBUSTER!

Enders is OUT! Braxton gets back to his feet and looks down at her for a moment, then up at the top turnbuckle. He looks down at her again, then nods to himself and heads to the corner, climbing out of the ring and scaling the top turnbuckle. He looks down at Enders, who is still motionless, and signals for The Falling Star. Sam Braxton soars through the air, somersaulting and hitting a leg drop on Aphmau Enders! He rolls over, pinning her, and hooks the leg.

ONE! TWO! THREE!

SAM BRAXTON ADVANCES TO ROUND 2!

Bad Idea

Match

Sometime Earlier

Seth Moxley is going to get answers from Dean one way or another, but he couldn't shake the feeling that their former father did something to his baby brother. He confronts him wearing black jeans, a green shirt, black boots as Dean has on faded blue jeans, a black t-shirt and boots. He has his hair out of place by roughly taking his comb to it. He takes off his sunglasses, and puts them on his shirt. He has his forehead tightly bandaged from him head butting Scott. Seth is really worried about him, and he shakes his head as he looks up at him finally.

Dean Moxley: I am going to our childhood home, and confront Scott. I told you I would tell you what happened when he took me. He ran his big mouth, and beat me nearly to death, but don't worry I got some shots in.

Seth Moxley: Dean it is a bad idea to go there, and confront him you could get hurt more, and I can't allow that. Please let me come with you, and keep you safe.

Dean Moxley: No Seth, I have to do this by myself. I know you want to protect me, but I can take care of myself. Look I remembered something when he beat me, we might have lived there a few years before you got me out of there. If I don't do this then I won't be able to piece together the rest, and the nightmares are just giving me flashes there is more to it. I just know it. Karen is barely around anyway, so I can handle Scott. You worry way too much Seth, I know I can get the answers out of him if I go by myself.

Seth Moxley: Alright you can go over there, but call me if anything bad happens. I mean it Dean I have to know if your alright, and when you don't answer me or text me back it scares me. Your my baby brother, and we do need the answers, but something just doesn't feel right about this. I have to worry about you cause I took care of you, and you're right there is a reason you have the nightmares, maybe our scum of the earth father can help with it even though I don't trust him at all.

Dean hugs his older brother, and breaks it. He walks off, and gets in his 2017 red Chevy Camaro as he drives off as Seth can't help to think Dean going to their childhood home to confront Scott is a very bad idea still it seemed like something Dean just had to do because there has to be connected to that house and his nightmares, as flashes are good still don't get the full picture much. He worried about his baby brother, he was scared to death that Dean might come back in worse shape than he went in there.

Fade.

Motive

Match

Darkness, with the exception of the glow of two televisions. A man with a hooded sweatshirt on sits in a steel chair, directly in front of the monitors - with two remotes on his lap - and smokes a cigarette. One television is showing past footage of The Eternals - their damage, their presence. The other television seems to be playing the Highwaymen debut - over and over and over.

Harley Hodge: Purpose...

The Accelerator takes another drag of his cigarette - watching the likes of Chaolin Sahn, Elisha, Styles - and then a freeze frame of Ryan Sunset. Harley's eyes move from one television to then exit - clearly more conflicted than initially presented. He takes another drag.

Harley Hodge: What's the motive? What does he want out of me?

He then stops the Highwaymen loop and stares at it - taking another drag of his cigarette.

Harley Hodge: Do they need me?

"Why yes we do!"

The response, which comes from behind, startles Harley. So much so, he gets to his feet and throws the folded-out chair in the direction of the voice. He hears a groan, yanks on the chain that's connected to the light and ceiling fan, and is immediately taken aback by who it was.

Harley Hodge: ...Lance?

The new CWF Impact Champion, the Pansexual Playboy himself, now laying face first on the floor, simply raises his a thumbs up.

Lance LaRusso: You got me square in the nut. One nut, one li--[Lance gasps]-- life.

Harley grabs a hold of his head.

Harley Hodge: Jesus, Lance, you gotta know that I didn't mean to do that. You can't, you know, scream random things like that. You know what I've been through lately.

Lance LaRusso: For the record... [Lance starts to push himself up.] My response was purely relative, but I get it - you were in your web of deepness.

Harley cocks his head to the side.

Harley Hodge: Web of deepness?

Lance LaRusso: Yeah, man. You were in touch with your chi - I interrupted your moment of self-meditation, and deservedly took one or the team. This is what we Highwaymen do.

There's a pause.

Harley Hodge: Take a steel chair leg to the testicle?

Lance LaRusso: No -- No doubt. They've got the fried chickens trays out. I just wanted - God, I'm in so much pain.

Lance is now standing up, both hands cupped around his package.

Lance LaRusso: Chicken trays - you coming?

Harley glances at the television monitors which, strangely, are now off. Sleep mode, I suppose. Harley lets out a deep breath and then nods his head.

Harley Hodge: Yeah, bud. I'm coming...

Lance nods his head and then responds through a wounded whisper.

Lance LaRusso: Right on.

Fade.

Duce Jones vs. Chris Lee

Match

Both men stand in their respective corners as Clark Summits calls for the bell. They come towards each other and a huge fight breaks out. Both men swing punches back and forth between each other, neither man letting up. Chris Lee gains the advantage nailing a vicious discus elbow strike that sends Duce staggering backwards. Chris doesn't let up

connecting with a Mongolian Chop dropping Duce to a knee. Before Duce can manage his way back to his feet. Chris spins and lays Duce out with a Discus Punch! He goes for the cover.. Clark is over to make the count. ONE! TWO! Kick out!

Chris brings Duce up by his hair, he grabs Duce by his arm and sends him crashing back to the mat with a Short Arm Clothesline! He attempts a pin once again but is only able to manage another two count.. Chris looks over at Clark who confirms that it was only two. Chris makes it to his feet bringing Duce to his once more. Chris swings another punch at Duce who catches his arm. Lee tries to fight against it, but Duce nails a knee to the gut, he shoots a kick into the chest, spinning backfist, low kick to the knee dropping Lee to his knees. Duce then lines him up and blasts Lee with a Bicycle Knee Strike to the face, causing Lee to roll out of the ring after the combination of strikes!

Duce is to his feet once again waiting for Lee to get up outside. Once Lee is fully upright, Duce bounces off the ropes and comes flying at Lee like a speeding bullet, taking him out with a Suicide Dive! The crowd erupts with cheers, while Duce is back to his feet and throwing Chris back into the ring. Duce climbs onto the apron yelling for Chris to get up, which he soon does. Duce springboards off the top rope, flying into the ring blasting Chris with a Shining Wizard! He goes for the cover hooking the leg. ONE! TWO! T-NO!

The Academy Champion goes back on the offense bringing Lee to his feet, but Lee catches him by surprise latching on and flipping him overhead with a Belly to Belly Suplex! Duce crashes to the mat hard, as Lee comes over and Garvin Stomps his opponent on the canvas. Lee trash talks Duce after each stomp to his limbs. The crowd is split between the two competitors, some wanting more damage caused to Duce, while the others are trying to cheer him back into the fight. Lee brings Duce to his feet, blasting him with a European Uppercut, Duce stumbles backwards, he goes for a right jab which is countered. Duce goes on a frenzy again with his strikes, low kick to the thigh, roundhouse kick to the right shoulder, front kick to the chest, leg sweep, Sliding Knee Strike!!

The fans come alive as Duce kips up to his feet. Lee meanwhile has manage to use the corner ropes to get to his feet. Duce rushes in with a Yakuza Kick that turns Lee's lights off. Duce isn't done though, he whips Lee across the ring following him in with a Crossbody! Duce in one fluid motion is on the outside apron as Lee staggers out of the corner.. Duce springboards off the ropes and brings Lee to the canvas with a Zig Zag!! Duce runs to the opposite corner begging for Lee to rise, once he does though Duce comes rushing is, KRAYZED KNEE! He goes for the cover, as Clark slides in to make the count. ONE! TWO! THREE!

DUCE JONES ADVANCES ON IN MODERN WARFARE!

An Unkind Introduction

Match

We go backstage, to a busy and bustling communal area within the Moda Centre. Sleek black leather chairs and sofas contrast sharply with bright white strip lights above, whilst the buzz of the ongoing show is second in volume only to the insistent chatter of the many employees, performers, friends and family housed in the area.

Amongst the gaggle of CWF alumni, we spot three distinct female figures, sat ever so slightly isolated from the general hubbub in the room, but clearly together. Most prominent, and clearly dominating the conversation, we see the slight

and slender yet larger-than-life character that is Omega. Little Miss O is talking animatedly to her two companions, clearly recounting an extraordinary tale with great gusto, with exaggerated and occasionally erratic facial expressions and limb movements aplenty!

Also present is the more reserved figure of Amber Jaye Ryan, sitting quietly, clearly listening attentively to Little Miss O's saga, but also occasionally stealing furtive, almost suspicious glances at those in her vicinity. CWF's former Angel takes a sip from a can of soft drink, sharing a laugh with her long-time Insurgency stablemate, before turning her gaze to the third member of the group, a more serious look coming over her features.

Caledonia Summers. One half of the CWF Tag Team champions. A figurehead of the company, yet a lady who looks like she'd rather be anywhere else but at a Championship Wrestling Federation show right now. The English Rose appears distracted, nervous almost, as she gazes absentmindedly in no direction in particular, idly chewing on her bottom lip.

This continues for several protracted, drawn-out moments, until Cali appears to jolt into life slightly, almost as if startled by a wasp. We follow her gaze, through the cacophony of voices and bodies, across the other side of the room, to be met with the sight of our tall English 'VIP' from earlier in the night, who leans casually against a wall, muttering quietly into a cell phone.

Cali squints ever-so-slightly in the direction of the unknown individual, almost as if trying to work out where she'd seen him before. Amber looks over at Cali, mutters a quiet question; querying her wellbeing, perhaps? But Ms Summers is transfixed with the strange character now stood at the other end of the room; the cell phone has been pocketed, and the man is now scribbling firmly, almost frantically on a recently-withdrawn notepad.

Suddenly, the stranger's head snaps forward, and he meets Caledonia's gaze, staring her down intensely for a few seconds, before his face breaks out into the same toothy, malevolent grin as before.

Caledonia lets out a small gasp, drawing the attention of her two comrades.

"Cali...?"

Amber is the first to speak, a note of worry in her voice.

Omega: Lady Highlander The First, what is wrong?!

Omega asks in her own unique styling.

The voices seem to snap Cali back into focus, though she still looks somewhat dazed as she looks from Amber, to

Omega, and back across the room. Her look of confusion only intensifies when she realises that, no sooner had the strange man come into view, he had now disappeared completely.

Cali closes her eyes and lets out a deep sigh, brow furrowed, as her two friends continue to regard her with looks of concern and confusion.

Jim Gunt: Who is that man...?

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jim, but I don't like it a damn bit. This place just lately has been giving me the heeby jeebies! What happened to the old days, when we had normal people like Captain Blackheart and Bill Brasky walking round backstage?!"

Jim Gunt: Very good Mike, very good...

Mike Rolash: What.....?! I'm serious!!!

Jim Gunt: And I'm a Russian gymnast. Now can we please get on with the show...?!

Christy Chaos vs. The Shadow

Match

The Shadow stands menacingly in his corner of the ring and Christy Chaos bounces up and down on her side of the ring. The bell rings and the two wrestlers head towards each other. Shadow goes to grab Christy but she rolls out of the way and delivers a boot to Shadow's leg.

Shadow continues to stalk his prey as Christy remains too evasive for the bigger man and rolls the other direction giving another swift kick to the leg for his effort. She laughs and motions for him to come to her and he rushes forward. She delivers a kick to the gut as he rushes towards her and then drives him to the mat with a ddt and goes for the quick pin. ONE! TW-NO!

Shadow tosses her off of him and then gets to his feet quickly. She continues to dance around and Shadow gets closer and closer to her. She goes to roll to the left but Shadow stops her. She goes to roll to the right but he stops her again. Now he is in striking distance and she goes to escape from the ring. He catches her and pulls her inside. He delivers a body slam to the woman and then lifts her right to her feet. He tosses her into the ropes and delivers a vicious clothesline to the smaller opponent.

He pulls her to her feet quickly again and throws her into the corner back first. She hits hard and Shadow quickly runs towards her. She dives out of the way and he hits hard chest first into the corner. She runs back and then quickly forward and delivers a picture perfect Whisper in the wind to his back dropping him hard to the mat. She goes to ascend to the top rope.

But Shadow is up quickly. He sees her up there and she jumps over his head and rolls towards the other corner. Shadow turns around quickly, runs towards her and hits the Hammer of the Gods Running Dropkick sending her hard into the corner.

Shadow heads towards Chaos and grabs her by the hair, but is met with a low blow out of sight of the referee. He drops to his knees and she delivers a kick to his head knocking him hard to the ground. She goes and climbs to the top rope again, looking for her Star Struck shooting Star Press. Shadow gets to his feet but She goes for it anyway. He catches her upside down and walks towards the center of the ring - FORGOTTEN EPITAPH! And The Shadow hooks the leg for the pin. ONE! TWO! THREE!

The bell rings and Shadow gets to his feet looking at his fallen competitor. The referee raises his hand in victory and the slightest smile cracks his lips.

THE SHADOW MOVES ONTO ROUND 2 OF MODERN WARFARE!

Another Father and Son Moment

Match

Dean Moxley drives into the driveway of a red brick house with a stone roof with a chimney. It was like it was in his nightmare, and he realized maybe Seth was right, this was a bad idea. It was too late to back down now though, as the snow begin to fall from the sky at a rapid pace. There was about 3 to 4 inches already on the ground, as he looks on in wonderment while turning off his car. He opens the door, and walks to the front door where a Santa Clause and Reindeer in red and green wreath hung on the blue door as he knocks on the door.

He stands there in blue jeans, a short armed blue shirt with a Christmas vest over it, black snow boots. He has his snow gloves on, and a red snow hat as his father opens the door letting in him. Dean took the time to look around the house, a 12 foot Christmas tree with decorations on it booming in front of him, and he saw that it had pictures of Seth and him on it. This must be a dream?

He closed his dark blue eyes, and opens them again which showed him that it wasn't a dream. He walks over to the leather couch, and sits down with his father taking a seat in the chair. Dean removes his hat and his gloves, and stares at his father with daggers in his eyes. Scott laughed cause he just enjoyed the hateful looks that Dean kept giving him, and this isn't going to be a normal visit since he kidnapped his baby boy which he roughed him up pretty good. Dean bounced back from that, and is completely healed now as he stares at his father.

Scott Moxley: Ah I see you decided to come and pay your old man a visit Dean, and that is a good boy. I knew you would take the offer as your smarter than your older brother.

Dean Moxley: I am starting to regret my decision, and Seth told me it was a very bad idea cause I keep seeing little flashes of our childhood here as I don't remember any of being in this house. I mean seriously seeing the pictures on

the tree I guess you were there for us for a little while not sure when Seth took me from the house, but I do I was still a baby maybe 1 or 2 years old not sure which like that matters cause I am sitting here looking at the man that walked out of not just my life but Seth's life as well with our mother.

Scott Moxley: I didn't think you would remember much cause you and your brother got in a fight one night t, and you ended up hitting your head which caused you to have amnesia that would explain the memory loss. Your mother and you would have nightmares and have flashes of pieces that would send you to find out what happened. Come on Dean you're better than your older brother, and you are the true monster he is just standing in your way when you realize that you can make quite the impact.

Dean Moxley: Never insult Seth in front of me Scott, or I will send you flying to the floor. These flashes might have led me back to my childhood home, but this isn't my home. I live with Seth, and it is more of a home then this shit of a home we was in a very long time ago. I might not remember everything, but that will be a good thing. You just don't get it I don't need you or mom in my life, and I turned out way better.

Dean shuts his eyes, and another flash was showed. He opens his eyes, and he felt a hard smack upside his head. He looks up at his father, and narrowed his eyes. Now he remembered getting abused by his father when he was a baby for crying. Typical Scott Moxley wasn't a nice man, but loved Karen with all his heart. She was just as bad, but she drunk alot which means she would be passed out when the beatings happened. Scott punched Dean right on his jaw as it snapped back, and he held his face with his hand making it hurt.

Scott Moxley: This is what you get for what you did to me when I beat the tare out of you, and you are just to defiant. I try to bring you home where you belong, and you spit it right in my face. Dean, your mother and I miss our baby boy as we want you away from your older brother. He has made you soft, and that isn't who you are. If you could remember you would see that, and you make it so hard for yourself.

Dean spit up blood, and takes a hand, and punches his father in the stomach making him double over in pain. He laughed at that, and speaks again.

Dean Moxley: I remember you being abusive towards me, and mom would be passed out from drinking to even notice. You both are evil, and you don't know us. Face it dad you can't have me back cause you lost your chance, and I have a match to get ready for. This has been fun, but I got to go tell mom I said hi that is if she don't come home drunk again.

He gets up from the couch, and gets shoved back down hard. Scott stood in front of his 21 year old son, and keeping him from getting back up.

Scott Moxley: You can go when I say you can leave, and your going to sit there and hear me out rather you want to or not. I looked on the show, and it says that your first round match for the Modern Warfare Tournament Match is against Ataxia as you don't have a chance to get by this person so you better just quit now.

Dean Moxley: I am not a quitter dad, and unlike you I actually have a life. You see you can try to keep me here in this hell hole of a home all you want, but I signed up for this match cause I wasn't about to allow Seth to do it before me. You see I am doing way better then him, and your not going to stop me from getting to the arena. Let me up dad, and I am leaving to go to Portland, Oregon now your going to make me miss my flight.

He is stuck there, there is no way his father was going to let him get on that plane that means that Dean would have to get a late flight out. Not what Dean needed, his flight delayed because his father wanted to be a prick and stop him from leaving now as he knew his parents was hiding something from Seth and him as he will figure it out as he found out some information but he needed to know that way he can move forward.

Fade.

Ataxia vs. Dean Moxley

Match

The crowd dies down after the entrances of Ataxia and Dean Moxley long enough for the ring bell to be rung, signalling the start of another Modern Warfare Tournament Round One match. Immediately, the two competitors move to centre ring, engaging in a classic elbow and collar tie-up. The bigger, stronger Moxley immediately gains the upper hand, Ataxia's face contorting in discomfort and frustration underneath his mask as he is forced backwards towards the ring ropes. Dean pushes his undefeated foe against the ring ropes, using his momentum to whip him across the ring. Ataxia sprints across the ring and back towards Moxley, who aims a wild lariat at the masked man's head; Ataxia, though, ducks to avoid the contact, bouncing off the ropes once more. This time, Moxley aims a boot towards Ataxia's head, but once again Ataxia manages to evade danger, this time hurling himself underneath Moxley's outstretched limb and expertly sweeping The Lunatic's other leg from underneath, sending him sprawling to the canvas!

Ataxia, quickly looking to press his early advantage home, lays into Moxley with a succession of well-placed boots, before leaping up and off the nearest ring rope, nailing an impactful springboard moonsault onto his fallen foe. Ataxia opportunistically wrenches a leg back, looking for a quick pin. ONE! T-KICKOUT!

Moxley powers out of the pin, and the two competitors reach their feet in almost perfect synchronicity. In a whirl, Ataxia aims a standing spinning heel kick at Moxley; this time, though, The Lunatic is equal to it, catching Ataxia's flying limb and grinning menacingly at his stricken foe, before hauling Ataxia's left arm into an excruciating-looking position and following up with an impactful CAPTURE SUPLEX!

Ataxia rolls almost across the ring, writhing in pain, but is left little time to recover as Moxley nails one... two... three elbow drops squarely into the ribs of the masked one. A Moxley sleeper hold follows, The Lunatic jaw-jacking with some particularly vocal ringside fans as he grinds his forearms against the key pressure points affected by the manoeuvre. Ataxia, though, seems to fight against the disabling nature of the hold, struggling manfully to reach a vertical base. Moxley, though, is apparently in no mood to let his advantage slip, and as soon as Ataxia to his feet than he is sent crashing down to the canvas- COBRA CLUTCH BOMB! Moxley, still grinning inanely, slides into a pin cover. ONE! TWO! T-NO!

Ataxia rolls a shoulder off the mat, causing the Lunatic to pound the mat in frustration and place both hands on hips. He exhales deeply, before looking up at one of the turnbuckles. He flashes another trademark toothy grin, before jumping up to his feet and making his way towards the corner. He slowly, deliberately ascends the turnbuckles, before turning and facing his fallen foe, who is over halfway across the ring from Moxley's corner.

Ataxia slaps his head three, four times in succession, before raising hands and head up at the sky, apparently signalling for his favoured Suicide Dive. Time seems to stand still as Moxley becomes airborne, leaping high into the air and careering towards his fallen foe... except Ataxia is no longer fallen...! The Messiah Pariah now meets the flying Moxley in mid-air with a devastating flying dropkick square to the face!

Moxley collapses in a crumpled heap, but Ataxia clearly has more pain and suffering on his mind. He hauls a groggy Dean Moxley to his feet, positioning him deliberately a few feet from the same corner from which Moxley had taken flight just moments before, before ducking behind and grasping The Lunatic around the waist; a pause, before Ataxia wrenches back, sending the back of Moxley's head and neck into the top turnbuckle with hellacious impact!

Moxley's race is run, the Lunatic is flat-backed on the canvas, motionless. The Messiah Pariah, though, still desires to add the coup de grace, quickly ascending the turnbuckles in one of the corners of the ring, before turning and leaping in one graceful, fluid movement and nailing his patented version of the 450 splash – FALL OF ANGELS! The count is a mere formality. ONE! TWO! THREE!

The still-undefeated Ataxia rises to his feet, raising his arm into the air and cackling underneath his mask as he drinks in the jeers from the sold out CWF crowd.

ATAXIA HAS MOVED ONTO ROUND 2 OF THE TOURNAMENT!

Two Universes Collide

Match

Jay "Marksman" Mora is standing outside of his locker room, giving a last minute interview with an English TV station.

Reporter: How do you see your chances for your first round match in CWF's Modern Warfare?

Marksman: What kind of question is this? I'm from 4CW, one of the world's premier wrestling federations! They called me over here to guest, but they don't know what they started.

Reporter: What about your opponent, Dangerous Dan?

Marksman: Dangerous Dan, seriously, just look at the guy, he's a joke. The only thing dangerous about him is causing eye cancer with his stage clothes.

"Say what now?"

Dangerous Dan comes into view, trying to go nose to nose with Marksman, but falling a little short.

Dangerous Dan: I am a joke? A JOKE? I'm a three time CWF tag team champion here, buddy!

Markman: And that's supposed to impress me? Who did you win against? Statler and Waldorf?

Dangerous Dan: You really think you got the world in your hand, don't you? It's YOU who doesn't know what you got yourself into when you came over here and trash talking us will not help your case!

The reporter can't really do anything else but switch the mic from Marksman to Dan and back again, taken aback by the intensity of the exchange.

Finally Marksman has enough and holds Dan at arm's length, while he tries motions to the camera crew to cut it.

Fade.

Dangerous Dan vs. Jay Mora

Match

In the ring stands 4CW's Jay "Marksman" Mora and across the ring is CWF's Dangerous Dan. They both look ready for the match to start. Ding, ding!

Mora is the first off the mark, storming forward and locking up with Dangerous Dan, who is representing the pride of CWF tonight. Dan finds himself being pressed into the corner, but he is quick to slip under Mora's arm, locking his wrists around Mora's waist. Dan looks to be trying a release German suplex, but the larger Mora holds onto the top ropes and Dan falls away on his own, performing a backwards roll and hopping right back to his feet.

Dan charges at the cornered Mora, but Mora is quick to react, charging from the corner and smashing his opponent with a sit down clothesline which sends Mora rolling towards the ropes. Mora slips under the rope and walks around the ringside area, holding his head. It looks like Mora is about to leave, as he heads for the ramp. Dan sees this and runs across the ring, bouncing off the ropes, sprinting back towards the ramp side of the ring and flies through the middle ropes, hitting Mora with a flying headbutt! Both men collapse to the floor.

The referee instigates the count: ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR... The competitors are pulling themselves back to their feet now. Mora is the first to move, and he stomps Dan in the gut as they meet in the center of the ramp. Dan arches over a little and Mora takes the opportunity to Irish Whip Dan right into the ringpost! Dan flips through the air and lands face first on the floor next to the ring.

SIX... SEVE--

Mora rolls in and out of the ring, breaking the count, before heading back around the ring to find Dan. The referee counts again...

ONE, TWO...

As Mora rounds the corner Dan is running towards him. He hops up onto the apron and baseball slides along the apron, booting Mora backwards and into the guardrail. Dan rolls off the apron and eyes up Mora, who has his arms around the tops of the guard rail to hold himself up. Dan takes a few steps backwards and sprints towards Mora, aiming for a clothesline but -- NO! Mora ducks down and hurls Dan over the guardrail into the front row of the audience. Dan takes a few chairs out as he lands.

SIX, SEVEN...

Mora rolls into the ring and pops to his feet, his arms raised in victory.

EIGHT...

Dan is over the guardrail and dragging himself across the floor to the apron.

NINE, TE--

Dangerous Dan beats the count, just in time!

Mora looks to be taking aim as he stands in the corner, his legs bent at the knees. He is willing Dangerous Dan to his feet and as Dan gets up he hits him with his patented superkick -- BULLSEYE!

Dan is down, Mora is quick to cover. ONE, TWO, the leg is hooked for good measure, THREE! DING, DING, DING!

Mora climbs the turnbuckle and raises his fists victoriously.

MARKSMAN HAS ADVANCED IN MODERN WARFARE!

Eye for an Eye

Match

Alex Cain is shown backstage approaching his locker room. The door is closed. Cain hesitates, sensing something is wrong. There is no noise, no chattering, no talking or background music. The security guards are supposed to be keeping an eye on her. They are supposed to be keeping her busy, occupied, no time for idle thoughts to rummage their way through her brain. There is nothing but silence. Alarmed, Cain instinctively pulls open the door. The bulky bodies of four security men canvas the ground floor. Each one of them has a plastic bag over their face, seemingly rendered unconscious by some foreign intruder. A sense of worry floods the face of Cain. Who did this? Where is the child? Where is Cambria Cain????? Damn it. Whoever did this is going to pay. The face of Alex Cain tenses up as he realizes there is a note taped to the wall in front of him. He reaches out, snatching it off the wall with destructive force. He reads the writing out loud. Alex Cain: An eye for an eye, Alex Cain. Two wrongs to make a right. If you want her back, you'll meet me one on one in the ring. For the first time. For the last time. It's time to get revenge for my family. I'm going to take your ass out! -- Signed, Jaiden Cain casts the note to the floor, chuckling to himself. Alex Cain: Who the hell does Jaiden think he's fooling? If he's going to threaten me, he better step his game up. Fade.

Freddie Styles vs. Anubis

Match

The monstrous Demon of Death stands across the ring from the man who shocked the world at Frozen Over VI, putting the returning Amber Ryan once again through a glass table. Freddie Styles is no small man, but at seven foot one inch tall, Anubis hovers over any man. Once the bell sounds Styles immediately shows no fear, sending a right hand upward into the jaw of Anubis. He backs up and takes another hard jab, but remains unphased. The Demon of Death comes at Styles quickly, but he ducks under the big boot, leaving Anubis crotched over the ropes in the corner!

With the mighty giant Anubis prone on the ropes, Freddie Styles is quick to take advantage, leaping onto the second and then top rope and catching him with his legs- TWISTING HEADSCISSORS TAKEDOWN BACK INTO THE RING! A resounding cheer from a small section of the crowd as the Eternal's own Styles drops a few knees down on Anubis and heads for the top rope. Split-Legged Moonsault from Styles, and he hits it perfectly! ONE! TWO! Anubis kicks out right as the official goes to count to three!

Freddie Styles rolls off of Anubis, getting right back to his feet and heading up to the top again, looking to put the final nail in the coffin of the Demon of Death. But he's on his feet out of nowhere, his hand wrapped around the throat of Styles! Anubis' grip is tighter than a mother holding their newborn baby, CHOKESLAM OFF THE TOP ROPE! The Demon lays a boot on the chest of Styles. ONE! TWO! THR-NO!

The Demon of Death never loses his temper even as Styles kicks out, the dead pan look on his face unwavering as he goes to lift up his opponent. But Freddie Styles kips up and PELE KICKS HIS HEAD OFF! Anubis surprisingly stays on his feet! The impact is massive however, leaving Anubis a broken mess leaning against the ropes, where Freddie Styles runs at him at full sprint, a flying cross body zinging them over the top rope and crashing to the mats outside!

Both Styles and Anubis lay down for several moments, catching their breath as the official begins to count them both out. Finally they seem to get up at the same speed, Styles attempting to pull himself up with Anubis but the Demon of Death has other ideas, taking him by the face and nailing him with a nasty headbutt! He rolls Styles into the ring, heading in himself, lifting his opposition high over his head for a Gorilla Press. But Styles breaks out from behind, BRUTAL THROWING GERMAN SUPLEX! Anubis lands on the back of his head, a sick snap following! Styles is quick

to take advantage, pushing away the official that backs him up and leaps up- ATL STOMP! Seconds later he has the mighty Anubis in his fingertips, somehow placing him in the ADDICTION! Anubis tries his best, but is forced to tap out!

FREDDIE STYLES MOVES ON TO THE SECOND ROUND OF MODERN WARFARE!

A Look Into The Future?

Match

After the bell, Freddie Styles makes his way backstage. The roving reporter stops him before he can get to his locker room.

Reporter: Freddie...great win out there tonight. What are your thoughts?

Freddie Styles: I told you all that 2018 was gonna be the year of Mr. Ballgame. I just got it started a little early. Anubis was no real match for me. And whoever's next, whether it's Harvey Danger or Kaylan El, that person is gonna catch the business end of these boots as I ship their ass all over the ring. I am the future of...

He's interrupted by the sound of a clearing throat. Freddie turns around, and looks down into the face of a CWF newcomer, Mariella Jade Flair, who looks ready for her upcoming match in the same tournament.

MJ Flair: Aces on the confidence, but it's just the first round. Maybe... I dunno... see if you make it into the quarter finals before y'up and order the champagne?

Freddie looks Ms. Flair up and down with a bit of a sneer. He contemplates for a tick or two, then faces her.

Freddie Styles: You're new, so I'll pardon your interruption just this once. You don't know me. I don't know you. I know of your father. Daddy's little girl trying to follow in the family footsteps...but babygirl...you're way outta your league here.

Freddie's sneer is met with a slowly - forming smile on MJ's face.

MJ Flair: Am I? Well... we'll just see, won't we? Keep on winning, though. You know, if you can.

She points to her eye.

MJ Flair: The look on your face when I beat the arrogance off it in the finals? It'll be worth the ticket price, in and of itself.

Freddie cracks a wry smile, then stands face to face with Mariella.

Freddie Styles: The last woman to mention something about a face to me, left here with hers full of broken glass. I've already thru to the next round. How about you get there before you even think about stepping into that ring with me. You're just a baby trading on Daddy's good name. Fuck outta here...

MJ Flair: Big tough boy and his big tough threats. When the day comes -

She steps closer to him.

MJ Flair: - And it will - you won't have the stones or the opportunity t'make good.

Another smile.

MJ Flair: Pardon me while I go to the next round.

Mariella steps back a half step, and disappears down the hallway.

MJ Flair (Walking away): And the horse you rode in on, pretty boy.

Autumn Raven vs. Caledonia

Match

The two wrestlers are in the ring and the bell rings. Autumn Raven snaps her teeth at Caledonia who fires back glares of ferocity her way. They come together in the middle of the ring and hook up in a collar and elbow tie up. Raven easily overpowers Caledonia and tosses her to the floor hard on her back and into the corner before rushing towards her and screaming in her face. Caledonia holds onto the ropes and rolls under the bottom one to regroup. The referee holds back Raven as Caledonia makes her way back into the ring.

She gets back into the ring and the ref motions for the two women to come together again and again they engage in a collar and elbow tie up. This time Caledonia turns behind Raven holding her around the waist and runs towards the ropes. They bounce off the ropes and Caledonia rolls up Raven. ONE! TWO!

Raven powerfully kicks out and gets to her feet. Caledonia goes to kick Raven in the stomach but Raven catches her boot. But she wasn't ready for the other one as Caledonia nails her "Such is Life" Enzuigiri across the side of Raven's temple. Raven lay motionless in the center of the ring and Caledonia starts to ascend to the top rope. She lines up Raven and dives off with a perfectly executed Fall From Grace Shooting Star Press.

But Raven rolls out of the way and Caledonia lands hard on her stomach and writhes in pain on the ground. Raven then seizes this opportunity to climb to the top rope herself. She dives down with an Anti-Hero Swanton Bomb landing

perfectly across the midsection of Caledonia. Raven holds her stomach for a moment before rolling over for the pin. ONE! TWO! NO!

Caledonia kicks out and the match resumes. Raven gets to her feet first. She screeches at Caledonia who is struggling to get back to her feet. Raven grabs her and pulls her up by the hair. She grabs her in a head lock and sets up the Broken Future Twist of Fate, As she goes to spin Caledonia blocks it, spins it around again and hits her own Reverse the Polarity Twist of fate on her own laying out Raven hard onto the mat. She looks down at her opponent at then at the ropes.

The crowd begins to cheer as Caledonia again climbs to the top rope. She gets there and lines up Raven who is still motionless. She dives off with a perfect Shooting Star Press hitting the Fall From Grace Perfectly and hooks the leg immediately. ONE! TWO! THREE!

The bell rings and she gets to her feet. Caledonia is announced as the winner and the referee holds her hand high as Caledonia shows off her million dollar smile in victory.

CALEDONIA MOVES ONTO ROUND 2 OF MODERN WARFARE!

Thousand Fold

Match

The CWF Tron lights up, revealing Ryan Sunset making his way down a corridor backstage. In the arena, the crowd erupts in a chorus of boos. As we pan over the audience, we zoom in on the front row. The group of men and women in grey business suits now stand, cheering deafeningly, drowning out those around them; chanting Sunset's name and applauding manically.

Sunset is seen pacing past some people backstage, seemingly in a hurry. He rounds the corner, and we see CWF Superstar Pandalike standing next to Tara Robinson with a microphone in her hand. Sunset approaches Pandalike with a face full of excitement, cutting off the potential interview..

Ryan Sunset: Martin! Martin, my friend!

Pandalike turns towards Sunset with a blank expression.

Ryan Sunset: Why the down look, buddy? Don't you know who I am?

Pandalike: Sunset... Ryan Sunset.

Ryan Sunset: Yes! And that's CWF CEO Ryan Sunset now! I guess you could say that I am your boss now, right?

Ryan flashes Pandy an intimidating glare.

Pandalike: What is it I can do for you, Boss?

Pandalike speaks in a mocking tone. Sunset just responds with a sarcastic laugh.

Ryan Sunset: No, no. It's not about what you can do for me, friend. It's what I can do for you that matters here. Have you been watching Sunset Programming? We have been on a significant humanitarian relief campaign. I just want you to know that your efforts haven't been in vain. I want you to know that your message is getting across.

Pandalike: What???

Ryan Sunset: The Sunset Productions Television Channel has been airing advertisements for Panda relief funds for several days now. The amount of money we have raised to save the Panda bear has been incredible. Millions. Hundreds of millions. Your message is getting out, Martin. You should be proud. Lucy would be proud.

Martin snaps at the mention of his sister's name.

Pandalike: What do you know about Lucy???

Sunset just gives a sly smile.

Ryan Sunset: I know more than you think, Martin. I know your story... because I truly care about you, friend. I have chosen to spend my time and effort to assist you in your crusade to save this endangered species. All I expect in return is your respect. All I want is your time and effort in assisting me.

Pandalike: You want me to help you?

Ryan Sunset: You help me, I help you. However you want to look at it, buddy. You enter this business arrangement with me, and we will save all the pandas. The panda will be revered, the panda will be worshiped. If you were agree to this, I promise to amp up our humanitarian Panda rescue efforts a thousand fold.

Pandalike looks at Sunset, then at the floor, at Robinson and back to Sunset with an expression of pure shock on his face.

Fade.

Amber Ryan vs. Silas Artoria

Match

The bell rings, and the first round for Amber and Silas begin. Knockout--missed! Silas had immediately charged towards Amber, but a sidestep stopped the attack from connecting. He turns around to see Amber charge towards him. She pushed him to the ring post, and starts striking him. One! Two! Three! Four! Fi-- she stands back. She charges back, foot extended, Yakuza kick--counter! Silas moves and has Amber hit the ring post. He positions himself behind her, waist grabbed, she is thrown backward from a German Suplex, but she lands on her feet. Silas gets on his feet, turns around, Enziguri from Amber!

Silas drops to his knees, as does Amber from exhaustion, and the two look intently at each other. Time was ticking, and the two didn't waste time to charge at each other. Arm drag, Amber takes the hit but returns to her feet. Another arm drag, Silas this time and now back on his feet. Arm drag--Silas takes hold and forces Amber to her front. He tugs her right arm back. A Fujiwara Armbar! He kneels on her shoulder as he tugs further and further back, before jumping to his feet, and jumped on her shoulder with his heels.

Amber writhes and rolls over onto her back in pain, with Silas immediately going for the pin.

ONE! TWO! NO!

Amber kicks out, gripping her notoriously shoulder as her opponent stands back up. With little care, Silas literally walks over Amber, ensuring he steps on her shoulder as he passes over. Amber had made an effort to get a grip on his leg, but was unsuccessful. With his back to her, she got into position for another strike. On her front, aiming for his legs, and a very short charge.

She swipes his legs, forcing Silas on his back, and Amber immediately jumps on him and strikes him hard. Punch after punch after punch, elbow after elbow. Seconds past, but there wasn't much time. She drags the dazed Silas to his feet, his arms hooked in, leg extended and--

ORIGINAL SI--

No! Silas struggled to get out of the lock, knife chopped her right shoulder to force her back, before--

KNOCKOUT!

Amber slinks to the floor as Silas stands over her, looking down and breathing through his teeth. His arms strain as he pulls his hair in madness before--Knockout!--

No! Amber catches his leg and rolls over. Silas is back on his front, and Amber grabs his arms. Silas tugs her right arm with as much strength as he can muster, but Amber lets out a loud scream and pulls him back. Her foot rests on his shoulder before- SIGNAL 25!

Silas' face slammed onto the mat. And Amber runs to his front. She lifts him back to his feet, and hooks his arms. He stops her, and takes a swipe at her, but his dazed state causes him to miss her. Amber strikes his face, hooks his arms, and--

ORIGINAL SIN!

Silas is down, Amber rolls him over! ONE! TWO! THREE!

AMBER RYAN ADVANCES TO ROUND TWO OF MODERN WARFARE!

Amber rolls on her back and clutches her shoulder. The pain still stuck, but she won the day. Her opponent was down, and she was one step closer to the championship. She got up, basking in the glory as her opponent was still looking at the lights, and her left arm was raised in the air. She got back to clutching her right shoulder as she was handed a microphone.

Amber Ryan: "I'll admit, Mr Artoria, you certainly gave me a run for my money, and for that I thank you."

She returned her attention to the audience and camera.

Amber Ryan: "But you're not the only one to learn from rewatching old matches. Where I come from, it's vital to know your opponent, it's do or die on those tapes, and I've come out on top today. Now, we have all started, or ended, our journey to that championship, but if there's anything I have learned here, and from the past, it's this."

She leaned in closer to the camera.

Amber Ryan: "In Modern Warfare, you don't win matches, you survive!"

Amber drops the microphone as she climbs out of the ring, walking back up the entrance ramp as she clutches her shoulder. As she makes her way up the ramp she suddenly dodges, an empty beer can sailing right past her!

"FUCK YOU AMBER!"

The camera turns and we focus on the group in the front row, dressed in grey. Their faces are contorted by hatred, screaming obscenities at Amber, some of them throwing coins, bottles, drinks cans. One of the cans catches Amber on the arm and she lunges forward, going to attack them. Before she can make contact, a pair of security intervene, ripping objects out of the fans' hands and standing between her and them. They continue to mock her, laughing cruelly.

Jim Gunt: What in the hell?

Mike Rolash: Fans, if you're going to attend our live shows, remember - you're here to watch the show, not join it.

Jim Gunt: Truth.

We Interrupt Your Regular Programming

Match

Suddenly the commentators feed is cut and static cuts over the screen to where we see figures, hooded, in the dark.

???: The lies. The foolishness. The hypocrisy. "The Great Charade" is about to be lifted from your eyes. Ours is the darkness to your light. Ours is the fear to your courage. Ours is the hell to your heaven. How you think you know everything. How you can attempt to quell us. These are all illusions to the true power that we possess. You have forgotten us. You have betrayed us. You have dared to call yourselves warriors. You are all fools. Those who think they are in power can not even control these foolish mortals here. Thirty two warriors. One prize. It is the first of what we will take from you as you have taken everything from us. These foolishness stops here. The lies stop here. The truth will finally be shown and the ugliness of it will drive you to madness! We are "The Forsaken". Prepare yourself for the darkness to overtake you. Your light will be snuffed. Your courage will falter. Your heaven will be a hellpit of pure evil...and there is nothing you can do to stop us. Praise be to The Forsaken, for they are all you have left!

The transmission ends on a static screen.

Fade.

Davey Douglas vs. Mariella Jade Flair

Match

As the bell sounds, Mariella Jade Flair and Davey Douglas circle each other a few times. Douglas goes for a lockup, but is met by a boot to the gut. MJF wastes no time, sets him, lifts, and bring Douglas crashing to the mat with a FACEBUSTER! She goes for the quick cover. ONE! Emphatic kick out by Douglas!

Davey Douglas gets to his feet with Flair following right behind him. MJF goes for a clothesline but Douglas ducks under, turns and takes MJF down with a dropkick to the legs. Douglas quickly drops to the mat and locks in the Muta Lock! The ref checks to see if MJF submits, but clearly she doesn't. She uses all her might to inch closer to the ropes, then again. As she goes for a third surge, Douglas releases the hold. He gets up and immediately drops back down with a knee to the face of MJF. He looks to take advantage with a cover. ONE! TW-KICKOUT!

As Douglas gets to his feet, he pulls MJF to her feet along with him. Well he tried, but as MJF got a knee, she pushed off with all her might, and lunges practically through Douglas with a devastating Spear! Which she transitions into a Thesz Press, unloading rights and lefts on the downed Douglas. Douglas tries to cover up, blocking a few of the blows. MJF gets to her feet. She grabs the leg of Douglas, about to set up for something, but Douglas is ready and manages to push MJF into the ropes with his foot. MJF grabs the ropes to steady herself, as Douglas gets to his feet. Douglas charges, but MJF catches him with a kick to the gut, then follows with a DDT, knocking Douglas straight down to the mat. MJF drops to the mat and hooks the legs. ONE! TWO! TR-NO!

MJF wastes no time trying to lock in a sharpshooter again, but this time Douglas counters with a roll-up. The ref drops back down for the count. ONE! TWO! Kickout!

They both get to their feet at the same time. Douglas catches MJF off-guard with a headbutt, he bounces back first off the ropes, attempts a High Knee, but Flair catches Douglas and drops him with a modified Spinebuster!

MJF gets to her feet, she takes a few steps back and crouches down by the ropes. Douglas staggers to his feet, and MJF pounces, dropping Douglas with the MORNING STAR, locking in the hold until Douglas taps out!

MARIELLA JADE FLAIR ADVANCES TO ROUND 2!

Behind You

Match

Lance LaRusso is in his dressing room, carefully arranging a line of cocaine on the table. He seems a little nervous before his match with TJ Adams, but smiles at Ash, the only man who has been by his side over the past few years. Just as he is about to begin his pre-match ritual, there is a knock on the door.

As the Pansexual Playboy opens it, there is nobody there, but just as he is about to close it, he sees something on the floor – a black rose. He picks it up with trembling hands, looking left and right, but the hallway is empty. He closes the door and returns to the table, setting down the rose. Just as he is about to go for the cocaine again, there is another knock at the door. Warily he walks over and opens it just a crack to see and with a start takes a step back. The door slowly opens and a druid is standing right outside, holding out an envelope. Lance takes it and slams the door shut, locking it and pulling a table in front of it. With shaking hands he opens the envelope and all it says is “Look behind you”. His eyes go wide and he turns around.

Fade.

TJ Adams vs. Lance LaRusso

Match

The bell sounds to start the match and both competitors advance to meet in the centre. The more nimble TJ Adams ducks underneath the reach of the Pansexual Playboy and charges against the ropes, bouncing back with momentum, straight into a spinning back kick straight to the gut. The force of the swift and stiff martial arts kick has the Beach City bad Boy winded and down on his knees. Lance assists him back to his feet, only to set up and execute a wrist-lock short-arm lariat he calls the Facial. The cover attempt results in only a two count. Lance taunts his recovering opponent

by gyrating his hips right in front of TJ's head. In retaliation TJ takes his opponent by surprise with a jumping cutter. TJ goes for the cover. ONE! TWO! NO!

Instead of waiting for the Pansexual Playboy to recover, TJ bounces off the ropes and knocks Lance back down to the mat with a running meteora double knee strike. Another pin attempt. ONE! TW-KICKOUT!

TJ Adams takes the opportunity to ascend to the top of the nearest turnbuckle and motions for an impressive high-risk move. As lance gradually begins to stand, the Beach City Bad Boy leaps into the air, somersaulting as he comes down with his patented Dragonrana. Thinking quickly Lance LaRusso counters, connecting with the ORGASM BUTTON MID-AIR ON TJ ADAMS!

Both men are down. The impact of the backflip kick clearly wasn't flush as Lance seems to favour his ankle, needing the aid of the ring ropes to stand. Adams remains unmoving. Lance takes position on the apron and tries his best to ignore the pain of his ankle, connecting with a SPRINGBOARD LEG DROP! It's clear however his balance wasn't as stable as usual. He hooks the leg for a cover. ONE! TWO!

The Pansexual Playboy quickly pulls himself back to his feet, wanting to beat TJ to a standing base but is distracted as the lights around the big screen and entry way begin to flicker. It is hard to make out but a figure veiled by the partial darkness seems to sit down at the head of the ramp. TJ Adams surprised Lance by rolling him up for a school boy pin. ONE! TWO! THRE-NO!

Was mere milliseconds away from a three count, but Lance manages to break free. TJ Adams blocks the Walk of Shame, grabbing Lance by the foot and stomping down on the same tender ankle. He connects with a superkick and sets up the Pansexual Playboy in the Keep Beach City Weird finisher. Before Adams can connect with the match-ending move, Lance is able to shift his weight landing on his feet and breaking free from TJ's grasp, pushing the Beach City Bad Boy into a nearby corner post. TJ Adams staggers out, stunned by the impact with the cold hard steel and turns around into the Walk of Shame. Lance quickly crawls over to pin his opponent. This time TJ is down and out. ONE! TWO! THREE! All the while the darkened figure watches.

LANCE LARUSSO ADVANCES IN MODERN WARFARE!

An Exit

Match

The bowels of the building open up in the new scene before us. The corridor is dark, the atmosphere quiet and oppressive, the only sounds that of the echoes of screams and shouts from the CWF fans still safely seated in the main echelons of the arena.

Through the gloom, we catch sight of two figures stood close together, muttering quietly, illuminated only by the almost otherworldly glow of a nearby fire exit sign.

The first, with his back to a camera carried by a cameraman who is still far enough away that the figures are unidentifiable, is clearly an active competitor; the proud owner of an impressive physique, and carrying himself in a way that only wrestlers do. He stands tall, exuding an air of quiet and calm power even when viewed from the rear, and from this distance.

The second man, although tall enough to look the first dead in the eye, is less broad and less physically intimidating. His vocal tones come across as hushed, almost revered, and his head is bowed slightly, his eyes refusing to meet those of his companion's as the conversation goes on.

The CWF cameraman takes a few nervous steps towards the two individuals, the eerie glow of the light from the fire exit sign bringing their appearances into greater relief. As the darkness subsides, we are faced with a tall, almost lanky frame. A man dressed all in black. And the unmistakable facial hair of...

Mike Rolash: It's that weird guy again!!!

Jim Gunt: My God, you're right Mike! But what's happened to him? I don't want to sound clichéd, but the man looks like he's seen a ghost!

The tall stranger certainly did look different from the previous glimpses we've had of him; gone is the well groomed appearance and air of cool confidence, replaced by a pallid, sweat-stained complexion and a tense, edgy disposition. He nods fervently at his conversation partner, clearly not wanting to cause upset or anger, wringing his hands nervously.

Jim Gunt: Who is that man he's talking to...?

The question is a valid one, and the revelation comes sooner than expected; the cameraman slips, stumbles, the bulky recording equipment that he carries clattering and clacking against the nearest wall as he tries to steady himself. The tall stranger's head snaps up at the sound, a look of panic spreading across his face as he realises they are not alone. The other figure turns much more slowly, and calmly, his whole body twisting around until we are faced with an intimidating sight – that of the cold and calculating Elisha.

The Moonchild stares blankly for a moment, before a half smile creeps across his evil features. His tall, terrified companion shuffles his feet behind him, unsure, causing Elisha to turn his head.

"Go." He commands calmly.

The recipient of the order did not need telling twice, pulling his long coat more tightly around him before roughly opening the fire exit and hightailing it out of the building.

The metallic echoes of the closing door had barely finished reverberating off the concrete before Elisha turns to face the now doomed cameraman once more. The half-smile re-appears, but one can be pretty certain that it wasn't being returned as the sadistic CWF superstar begins to advance on the cameraman who now stood stock still, terrified of the monster that came ever closer, until the only thing that could be seen through the camera that he still, unbelievably, pressed close to his left eye, was a facial expression of pure, almost frenzied evil, before...

Fade.

Jace Valentine vs. Stalker Knight

Match

Jace Valentine is waiting in the ring, ready for Stalker Knight to climb up the stairs to face him for his first CWF match, but to everybody's surprise Zara actually is the one jumping up onto the ring apron and entering the ring, her eyes never leaving Jace's. Zara already is in a foul mood and Jace's mockingly raised eyebrow doesn't help her zen. As the Host with the Most saunters out of the corner, Zara begins to circle him and if looks could kill, Mr. Valentine would be in deep trouble right now. Stalker barks a "Go!" and she attacks him with the fury of the proverbial woman scorned after his remarks towards her.

Despite being at a clear size and height disadvantage, the sheer ferocity of her attack takes Jace by surprise, with 104 lb of pure unbridled anger barreling right into his mid-section, knocking him off his feet and into the ropes, bouncing right back and into her high knee. Angrily he shoves her away, sending her to the floor while trying to shake off the cobwebs. He looks at her with a new appreciation, but as he walks over, she knocks him off his feet again with a leg sweep and jumps right on top of him, pummeling her with fists to the head. Jace swats away her arms and bucks his lower body, unbalancing her before reaching up with his legs and taking her down. ONE! TWO! TH...! And she manages to kick out.

The Jace that runs the Place waits until she just comes to her feet and comes in with a lariat, almost taking off her head, but he is not done. He lifts her right up again, sends her into the ropes and catches her with a boot straight to the face as she crumples to the mat. Having regained his cockiness he saunters over to stand over her and taunting her, which proves to be a mistake, because all it takes is a well placed raised knee into Valentine's nether regions to tip the scales in her favour again. Jace stumbles back, but Zara has some trouble getting up. Suddenly Stalker is standing on the apron behind Jace, ready to interfere while the ref is checking on Zara, but the lights begin to flicker and go out for a moment. All that can be heard is a crash and when the lights come back on, Stalker is laying in a heap next to the ring, next to him a mannequin!?

The Host With the Most stares at the scene in utter shock, while Zara leaps to her feet, racing over towards Stalker. Just as she is about to climb through the ropes, Jace grabs her, hurls her over his head with a German suplex that leaves her stunned and then casually strolls over and puts her into CUPID'S CHOKEHOLD! She barely comes to to realize the predicament is in and trying to sneak a peek at Stalker she taps out. Jace let's off, picks her up and throws her outside of the ring onto Stalker. After taking a long look at the Mannequin, he slowly exits the ring.

JACE VALENTINE MOVES ONTO ROUND 2 OF THE TOURNAMENT!

Do Not Compute

Match

Dean Moxley is seen walking down the backstage corridor with his head down, looking rather upset after taking another hard loss. He looks up as he crosses the corner, and nearly walks right into The Robot.

Dean Moxley: Hey watch where you're going!

The face shield of the Robot slants from left to right as if he's eying up the Moxley brother. After a few beeps, a mechanical voice comes from within.

The Robot: Target Acquired- Dean Moxley from the infamous Moxley family. A pathetic loser, who just went out there and did what you do best, losing.

Dean Moxley: Excuse me!? Do you know who you're talking to?

The Robot: Dean Moxley, yes, I said that already.

Dean Moxley: Listen, I don't believe in vampires or werewolves or zombies, and I sure as hell don't believe in no human robots!

The Robot: Robot does not compute.

Dean Moxley: Huh?

The Robot: ROBOT DOES NOT COMPUTE!

The Robot pushes his way through Dean's shoulder, angering him even more as he walks away.

Dean Moxley: Yeah you better run, you stupid piece of scrap metal. Your time will come.

Fade.

The Chosen

Match

We cut to the entrance ramp. Marcus Maximus comes out, microphone in hand, expression nervous. He gets to the ringside area and approaches the group we saw earlier. A dozen people, six men and six women, dressed in identical grey business suits. As we draw closer, we can see that each of them has two small tattoos, one on each cheek. One

is the Maker's Mark, the other is the sign of the atom, tiny writing around its edges. Their eyes are wide, bright, piercing, glaring intensely at the world. Marcus Maximus pauses, unsure his to proceed.

Marcus Maximus: I, uh...you have attracted attention this evening, from performers and other fans, both for your appearance and your actions. In particular with Amber -

"THE BITCH"

They speak in unison.

Marcus Maximus: Right. I just...

One of the men raises a hand, beckoning him forward. Marcus Maximus approaches and hands him the microphone.

Man: You can call us the Chosen. Chosen by fate, Chosen by destiny. Chosen for greatness. Chosen to serve.

Marcus Maximus: Why are you here?

Man: That will become clear soon enough.

Marcus Maximus: You have the, uh...the Maker's Mark, are you something to do with the Eternals? I'm told some of you were seen in the crowd Elisha addressed earlier this week, could you -

Man: Enough!

The man shoves the microphone back at Marcus and turns away. The rest of the group do the same, blanking him completely. Marcus shrugs.

Marcus Maximus: I, well...back to you, Jim and Mike.

Elisha vs. The Robot

Match

The crowd is not quite sure about the man in the metallic suit that calls himself the Robot, while Elisha just stands there, stoic, no emotions visible on his face. Suddenly the Robot goes for a karate kick to Elisha's head, but he easily manages to dodge it, trying a leg sweep to catch the Robot off balance, but he manages to jump right over it. Instead he starts a barrage of chops and kicks that Elisha barely can keep up with and he quickly finds herself in the corner, slumping down. The referee tries to pull Robot away, who still seems to be in full attack mode and only lets off when

the referee forcibly pushes himself in between the combatants.

Elisha looks a little dazed from the onslaught and the ref gives him a moment to come to while keeping an eye on the Robot, who keeps inching closer, just to back up when he sees the referee's baleful glare. As Elisha gets back to his feet, the ref clears the match again and the Robot comes straight charging in again, but Elisha ducks away and the Robot crashes right into the top turnbuckle. As he turns around, Elisha hits him with a heart punch and he lays still, something that Elisha did not expect. He carefully comes closer and a brief twitch goes through the Robot's body before suddenly kipping up and taking up an attack stance. As he goes in, Elisha blocks every single move and the Robot's body language becomes agitated and frustrated. Elisha now is commanding this match, picking up the Robot and delivering a punishing Powerbomb that knocks the air out of the martial arts specialist!

Given his opponent laying there, unmoving, Elisha could have easily gone for the pin, but it is obvious that the man is not finished yet. He picks up the Robot again and goes for a second powerbomb, leaving the Robot in a heap. Once more instead of ending the match and having mercy with his opponent, Elisha lifts him up with ease and brings the Robot down with a thundering power slam that shakes the foundation of the arena!

Elisha drags The Robot to the side of the ring, propping him against the ropes, smashing him repeatedly in the face with a huge forearm. Elisha charges to the other side of the ring, bounces off the ropes, rebounds and hurls himself towards The Robot. At the last moment, Robot ducks, pulling down the top rope and sending the Moonchild tumbling to the outside.

The Robot follows suit, making his way out and nailing Elisha with a few solid boots to the back, before grabbing his head and smashing him into the arena floor.

Suddenly, the crowd erupts in a chorus of boos. The camera turns and we see that one of the Chosen has jumped the barrier and is trying to get in the ring, the referee doing his best to force her out.

Jim Gunt: For God's sake!

The Robot turns, distracted, and Elisha takes advantage to get back to his feet, grabbing Robot and smashing him face-shield first into the ring post, then hitting him with an Irish whip into the guard rail! He collides in front of the Chosen, who smash him with a succession of punches from all sides. Two of them hold the Robot in place as Elisha steps back, charging forward and crushing the martial arts master between his body and the guard rail!

The woman gets off the ring apron, getting back to the audience and taking her seat. Elisha takes the Robot and rolls him back into the ring.

He gets to his feet, looking at his opponent with equal disgust and a sadistic glint in his eye. After weighing his options to see, which way he could inflict more pain, he pulls the Robot to his feet, hefts him on his shoulders and climbs into

the top rope. Visibly having some balance issues in the top buckle, Elisha sets up the Robot and goes for an absolutely devastating avalanche GANSO BOMB that looks like it could have snapped his opponent in two! As he gets up and looks down on the prone body in front of him, a cruel smile appears on his face and he puts one foot onto the chest of his opponent. ONE! TWO! THREE!

ELISHA MOVES ON IN MODERN WARFARE!

The War Is On

Match

Elisha stands in the ring, breathing heavily, exhausted at the end of the match. He steps through the ropes and starts to make his way down the ramp.

Suddenly, the crowd erupts into deafening applause, a chant of "AMBER RYAN!" breaking out. The woman herself charges down the ramp and collides with Elisha, tackling him to the ground and pummeling him with a series of rights and lefts to the face.

Elisha struggles, dodging, managing to force Amber off him and dragging himself to his feet. He snarls, furious, his face halfway between a sickening smile and utmost hatred. Elisha and Amber start to trade punches and kicks, locking up, Amber going to sweep Elisha's legs out from under him. Elisha dodges, sending her to the ground, but she is up before he can capitalise, hitting him with a forearm to the side of the head. Elisha grabs Amber by the throat, his enormous hand choking the life out of her, before scooping her into the air and crashing back first into the side of the ring!

Jim Gunt: Good God! Somebody stop this!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, good luck with that.

The Painted Hurricane boots Elisha in the stomach, once, twice, three times, sending him reeling backwards. She smashes the Moonchild in the face with a series of punches, then shoves him, sending him staggering back into the guard rail!

Amber charges at Elisha, but at the last moment, he dodges, hitting her with a backdrop that sends her over the ramp and into the audience.

She lands among the Chosen. They descend on her like a pack of wild animals, ripping at her clothing, snarling at her, kicking and stomping at her on the ground. Two of the men drag her to her feet and hold her steady as the others scream profanity at her, slapping her across the face, spitting at her, clawing at her eyes.

Amber leans her body back, raising her feet into the air and booting two of the Chosen in the chest. The two holding

her let her go and she falls to the floor, pulling herself up, punching and kicking her way past. She takes out a few big they overwhelm her by force of numbers, forcing her to the ground

The audience begins to cheer as dozens of security, clad in black riot gear from head to toe, make their way down the ramp. They make a beeline for the Chosen, making their way through the crowd, forcing people to one side with baton and shield. Two of them grab Amber, pulling her away as she and the Chosen try to grab at one another. They take her away over the guard rail, some security forming a blockade in front of the Chosen, another group standing between Amber and Elisha, who just smirks.

Jim Gunt: Finally! Some kind of order is restored!

The security guards communicate quietly amongst themselves, before a group crosses back over the guard rail and begins to approach the Chosen, ordering them to leave. Before they can get any further, the CWF Tron lights up, displaying Ryan Sunset in his office.

Ryan Sunset: Security! Stand down! This situation has now been resolved. There is no need to inflame it further. Leave them be.

He disappears as quickly as he appeared, the audience erupting in boos.

The Lost Soul vs. Mannequin

Match

"Big" Denny Davidson calls for the bell. Both competitors circle the ring, sizing each other up and down. They tie up and a power struggle ensues, Mannequin, the larger of the two gains the advantage forcing TLS to the ropes. Mannequin whips him to the other side, upon his return, Mannequin attempts a clothesline that is quickly ducked. TLS bounces off the other side, on his return he is quickly dropped to the mat thanks to a Shoulder Tackle. TLS is to one knee eyeing Mannequin who stands there emotionless.

TLS finally makes it to his, Mannequin motions for him to bring it and that's exactly what he does. TLS shoots in with lefts, rights, and kicks forcing Mannequin back to the corner. TLS Irish whips him to the opposite corner, he follows Mannequin nailing him with a huge Stinger Splash! Mannequin stumbles out of the corner, staying on the attack TLS lands an Atomic Drop. He backs up a bit, runs towards Mannequin and takes him to the canvas with a Leaping Clothesline! TLS goes for the cover, but Mannequin hurls the veteran off of him after a one count. TLS is surprised by the strength of his opponent. Dictating his next form of attack.

As Mannequin tries to rise to his feet, TLS is on him like a pitbull. Clubbing blows to the back of Mannequin, grabbing him with a front facelock. TLS attempts to lift him for a Brainbuster, but being the stronger of the two, Mannequin overpowers it and sends The Lost Soul flying across the ring with a Snap Suplex! TLS crashes hard, Mannequin rising to his feet sees his opportunity and looks to take advantage. Mannequin brings TLS to his feet but quickly puts him back on the mat with a Backbreaker..

TLS squirms around the mat in pain, meanwhile Mannequin is looking to cause more damage. Bringing TLS up by his hair, Mannequin grabs him around his neck and launches him across the ring with a Biel! TLS lands hard again but scoots his way over to the corner, using the ropes to help him rise. Mannequin comes barreling into the corner going for something but TLS dodges out of the way. Mannequin crashes into the corner as TLS nails some hard knife edged chops to the chest of his opponent. The crowd cheers him on as they don't know exactly what to make yet of Mannequin.

TLS whips him to the opposite corner where he crashes hard. He rushes in going for surgery splash, but Mannequin catches him in mid air with a Big Boot! TLS hits the canvas hard, Mannequin waste no time though lifting his opponent off the canvas. He grabs TLS around his throat, takes him in the air and drives him back to the mat with a Sitdown Chokeslam! He isn't finish there bringing his opponent up once more, he hooks the veteran's head between his legs, lifts him up and sends him crashing back to the mat with THE CLOTHES RAIL! Mannequin placed a foot on TLS' chest as Denny slides in to make the count. ONE! TWO! THREE!

MANNEQUIN ADVANCES IN THE TOURNAMENT!

Step Into The Future

Match

Roid Rogers: Hey there beautiful, aren't you stunning tonight...

The scene opens and the camera focuses on the back of Roid Rogers muscular frame wearing his signature yellow shirt with horizontal torn streaks in the back. He turns around and sees the camera. Revealed behind him is a mirror.

Roid Rogers: Well look at we have here. A camera crew looking to interview the hottest act since 1983. This reminds me of the night that I headlined a Supreme Sunday card which opened with Suck Himoff defeating Steve Regal hyping up his Light Heavyweight title match against Speedo Graham. But I was in the World Heavyweight Championship bout that night brother, just like I've been in championship bouts my entire career, dude. I was a machine then. Back then I was not just an overdramatic fighting tool, I was a real tough dude then. You see, I do what I need to do to sell tickets and I learned last week in the ladder match that my old schtick won't work. I can't continue to rely on the old tropes that got me to the top to get me there again. It's going to take something else...

Voice from offstage: Well look at what we got here...

Roid Rogers: Well color me purple and shove a dildo in my butt, if it ain't my good friend "The Mouth on My South" Jimmy Parts...

A short mustached man wearing a yellow and red blazer comes in blaring into a megaphone.

Jimmy Parts: Well Roid Rogers, I never thought that I'd see you step into a ring again. I think you might be in need of

the assistance of a new manager. And that's why I'm here to offer my services. Times have changed, and you and I have been to the top before and I can take you there again...

Another voice from offstage: Hold on just a minute...

A short stocky blond man comes into frame.

Roid Rogers: What are you doing here, Bobby 'He Brains' Shemen, you ferret?

Bobby Shemen: I've been against you my entire career, Rogers. I vowed to take out Roidmania for good. I tried to with Earthqueef and Handre the Giant and Big Dong Bundy but I could never make it happen. So I've decided to allow you into the Shemen Family after all! You know what I always say...If you can't beat 'em... join 'em! And you were never able to beat me so...

He smiles a big smile and points to himself confidently as a slick looking black man dressed oddly reminiscently like a pimp struts into view speaking with a lisp.

Man: Why would he want either of you two to represent him when he can join the ranks of the "Proctologist of Style" Dick, Bro-tha! Haha...

Roid Rogers: Well listen here dudes...

Another fucking voice is heard from off stage and a skinny man wearing a khaki suit walks in.

Roid Rogers: Oh god, not Harvey Nippleman...

The man speaks in an oddly deep and raspy voice...

Harvey Nippleman: That's right, Rogers. All these guys have their hearts in the right place, but only I have my mind in the right place. I'm the man that tore the Ugandan Giant Camala Toe from the jungles of Africa and turned him into the star that you all know and love and RESPECT. Imagine what I can do with an established guy like you.

Roid Rogers: Well listen here, dudes. I never needed any of you before and I still don't. I didn't come to CWF to relive the past. I've come to step into the future, brothers. And this week I'm facing off against their Champion Harley Hodge and brother. I'm going to do whatever it takes to get that victory, dude. And I don't need any of you by my side while I do it. Don't make me put you in a headlock gimmick like I did to Richard Beltzer before the first Ultimate Tussle and hook in the crankarooski, brother. SO WHATCHA GONNA DO, WHEN ROIDMANIA GOES WILD... IN YOU! Now get

outta my way... I got a tournament to win!

Rogers storms off.

Fade.

Jazz Music

Match

CWF champion Harley Hodge is shown backstage, visibly chewing on some bubble gum as he is standing next to Tara Robinson. Tara has a microphone in hand, ready to interview Hodge.

Tara Robinson: First of all Harley, congratulations on retaining your championship in the Buried Alive match against the Ripper at Frozen Over. But at the end of the night, another challenger appeared. Ataxia. The man is a maniac, he's undefeated since the return of the CWF. What are your thoughts on the Messiah Pariah?

Harley Hodge: Ataxia...

Harley pauses, as Ryan Sunset has come into the scene behind him, firmly placing his hand on the champion's shoulder. He shoots a glare at Robinson, disrupting another of her interviews planned for the show.

Ryan Sunset: Tell me, Harley... Do you like Jazz music?

Harley Hodge: Excuse me?

Hodge is a little taken back, and a little annoyed, by Sunset's presence.

Ryan Sunset: No hostilities, friend! It just dawned on me back here that I know very little about you. You are our champion! You are our shining example! As your new boss, I have chosen to do things right. I have chosen to take a vested interest in my superstars.

Harley Hodge: Woah, woah. Let's back up a little here. Since when and in what world are the two of us friends?

Sunset snickers.

Ryan Sunset: In my world, you are a friend or you are a foe. You are an ally or you are an enemy. The lines have been drawn, war is upon us.

Hodge is clearly losing his patience.

Harley Hodge: I got my own damn problems, man.

Hodge takes a few steps down the hallway corridor which sets off Sunset seething mad.

Ryan Sunset: Don't you dare walk away from me you ungrateful bastard! I could ruin you! I could have you crashing back into that ditch that you crawled your way out of! You join me, and you would have it all! You join the Eternals and then not only are you the CWF World Heavyweight champion...you will be untouchable. But if you turn your back on me...you'll find a knife stabbed through it sooner rather than later."

Hodge just turns back to Sunset with a smile, chewing obnoxiously.

Harley Hodge: In that case, your answer is yes...

Hodge abruptly pops a gum bubble right in Sunset's face.

Harley Hodge: ...I do like Jazz music.

Sunset's face can be seen turning beet red as Hodge turns and walks away.

Fade.

Harley Hodge (c) vs. Roid Rogers

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is the final match in the first round of Modern Warfare and is tonight's MAAIIINNN EVENT! Introducing first...

"Eye of the Tiger" by Survivor begins to play loudly over the speaker system and Roid Rogers comes out in his traditional yellow and reds. The legendary superstar looks as ready as ever for his first CWF main event, as he motions his hand in front of his ear to listen in to the crowd that erupts into cheers. The Roidster heads down the ramp slapping hands and kissing babies.

Ray Douglas: From Mustache Manor, Long Island, he is....ROID ROGERS!!

The sound of "Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater sends the crowd into an instant frenzy. The World Heavyweight champion slowly makes his way out from behind the curtain, showing himself to be worse for wear after the Buried

Alive war with the Ripper at Frozen Over and the subsequent bombing by Ataxia. Harley Hodge stays atop the ramp as pyrotechnics brighten the sky, before finally making his way down and joining Roid Rogers in the ring. Rogers attempts to intimidate the champion but he ignores him, showing a blank state as he goes into his own corner.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent comes from Long Island, New York, the reigning and defending CWF World Champion....HARLEY HODGE!!

Jim Gunt: It's that time, Mike! Our champion Harley has been put in a clear disadvantage with this Modern Warfare tournament, as he basically has to defend his championship week in and week out until the tournament is over!

Mike Rolash: Oh cry me a river, Justin Timberlake. It's the nature of the game, and the Accelerator knew damn well what he was getting into becoming CWF champion! The target is painted on his back, and Roid may be about to pull the trigger!

Jim Gunt: We shall see. But I have to say that the Roidster would certainly make an interesting champion!

Head official Trent Robbins brings the two legendary figures to the middle of the ring, and Roid Rogers immediately calls for a test of strength as soon as the bell rings. Harley Hodge is glad to oblige, lifting his own arms into the air to meet that of Roid's. And the crowd are already on their feet, cheering aloud as the two men muscle each other around, neither getting a distinct advantage.

Jim Gunt: What happens when the unstoppable force meets the immovable object?

Mike Rolash: Ask your mom, Jim!

Jim Gunt: Okay enough with those petty your mom jokes, we're not in the nineties anymore.

Using all the strength he can muster, Roid Rogers' old body begins to shake as he pushes Harley down to one knee. The champion is not going to give up though, getting right back up and grinding at the fingers of Roid! He transitions into a headlock, but Roid pushes him out and sends him into the ropes, BIG BOOT! Sounds of jubilation from all around as Roid looks on with a smile, and then starts to twirk and grind his pelvis to the bewilderment of everyone!

Jim Gunt: Ohh boy, there is no one quite like Roid Rogers.

Mike Rolash: Really, Jim? No one at all?

Showing absolutely no amusement in the antics of his opponent, Harley Hodge gets to his feet and pushes him hard

against the chest. "Come on man, get serious", the champion tells Rogers, taking the smile right off the face of the legendary hero. Roid rears back for a hard right hand, but before he can Harley drives his shoulder into his stomach, sending him back into the corner. Roid spits out a deep exhale as the World champion drives shoulder block after shoulder block into the sternum of Rogers! Finally the dazed Roidster staggers out of the corner, into the waiting arms of Harley Hodge, THE CUCKOO'S NEST! The massive Scoop Powerslam into the turnbuckle leaves Roid breathless, and on his back as Hodge goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! ROGERS ROLLS HIS SHOULDER AT TWO!

Jim Gunt: I thought Hodge had him there, that Cuckoo's Nest is one sick maneuver.

Mike Rolash: You just can't stop Roid Rogers. IS ROIDAMANIA RUNNING WILD....IN YOU!?

Jim Gunt: I guess so?

Harley Hodge is back on his feet, awaiting his opponent to get to his, and when he does he takes Rogers up and shakes the canvas with a mighty Atomic Drop! Hodge backs up and zings in for a clothesline, but Roid ducks under, heads into the ropes himself, BIG BOOT-NO! Harley Hodge ducks under the boot, bounces back off the ropes, FLYING CROSS BODY! The impact surprises both men, as it lands both Roid Rogers and Harley Hodge through the ropes and to the outside!

Jim Gunt: Oh shit, I hope they're okay!

Mike Rolash: After everything these men went through at Frozen Over, I'm sure they're okay after a cross body to the outside. Idiot.

Jim Gunt: Hey you never know. Injuries happen in professional wrestling, and then sometimes your fellow wrestlers just blow you to smithereens in Ripper's case.

ONE!

TWO!

Trent Robbins begins to count out both competitors, but Harley Hodge is quick to pull Roid Rogers back to his feet, landing a jab right to the side of his head. Roid takes another right hand, but is completely unphased by them. A shocked Accelerator watches on as he goes for another right hand just to have it blocked, Rogers doing his trademark hand wave before having a blasting HEADBUTT CRACK HIS FOREHEAD OPEN!

THREE!

FOUR!

A trickle of blood leaves Roid woozy, but Hodge is not done with him, driving another right hand and then a spinning back fist into the face of the challenger! The champion is a house of fire now as he rolls him back under the ropes, bringing the fans onto their feet as he not onto rises onto the apron, but onto the top rope! Harley Hodge eyes up Rogers as he gets his footing- HOLY DIVER FROG SPLASH-NO!? ROGERS GETS HIS KNEES UP! And right into a rolled up cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge kicks out at two! That was close!

Mike Rolash: Close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, Jim.

Both tournament combatants are to their feet as quickly as their bodies will let them, and Rogers is first to go for a swinging right, missing entirely as Hodge dodges. The Accelerator grabs him in, Irish whipping him into the corner hard! Harley runs in a full speed looking for a body splash, but no one is home as Roid Rogers now uses his veteran ring sense to roll out of the way. As Harley Hodge staggers back around, Rogers rakes him across the back! Hodge turns around to meet his opponent, but the Roidster rakes him across the face now! A few laughs can be heard from ringside, but Hodge is not enjoying his opponent's antics one bit. He calls in his opponent, who dodges under a lariat from the champion, turns him around and lifts him high in the air, MASSIVE GORILLA PRESS SLAM! Roid goes right for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge survives! Another nearfall, but this match continues, Mike.

Mike Rolash: But the Accelerator is on his last legs. Could we see the crowning of a new champion in the first round of Modern Warfare?

Jim Gunt: It's very possible, Roid is a legend you know!

Mike Rolash: In whose mind?

Roid Rogers looks to keep the advantage on the champion, pounding on his chest and calling for another vaunted leg drop. Before he can even make it back across the ropes Hodge is back to his feet- OBLITERATING SUPERMAN PUNCH! Rogers is rocked, but not off his feet as the ropes hold him up. That is until Harley hooks an arm over his head, and snaps him down to the canvas with a Suplex. The hold on Rogers is held tightly, as Hodge pops his hips and is right back to his feet, another Snap Suplex rocking the canvas and causing the sold out crowd to go into an uproar! The Accelerator crawls over, going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Jim Gunt: Now Harley Hodge is on a roll here, he may be one Accelerator away from retaining the gold, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Wordplay, I like it.

Jim Gunt: No that's his finisher name too..

Hodge pulls Rogers right back to his feet, not letting the nearfall get to him as he slashes into his chest with a knife edge chop. Rogers comes right back with a right hand. Another hard chop from the champion! EYE POKE O' DOOM FROM THE ROIDSTER! And he's Roiding up! But Harley has had enough and swings for the fences- CLOTHESLINE FROM HELL TURNS ROID ROGERS INSIDE OUT! Instead of going for the cover, an incensed Harley calls for Roid to

get to his feet. ACCELERATOR DDT-NO! Rogers plants his feet and shoves Hodges back hard- right into the official!

Jim Gunt: Oh god! There goes poor Trent Robbins!

Mike Rolash: Don't feel bad for him, I heard the referees get paid a higher salary than most of the staff around here!

Jim Gunt: Regardless, the official in the wrong place at the wrong time, oh god what the hell is he doing out here?

The crowd begin to boo aloud as they see the Bloodletter head from out behind the curtain with a sly smile planted across his face. His presence is not yet known by the champion or tournament challenger, as reverses an Irish whip and pulls Hodge into a hard forearm smash. Rogers attempts a press slam, but Silas is in the ring, a KNOCKOUT KICK taking him out! FALL OF MAN! Hodge is back on his feet, unknowing at first of the attack but quickly attempts to chase out the intruder on his match. Artoria escapes before Hodge can do any damage to him, the grin on his face forever present as he waves a finger.

The Bloodletter soaks in all the boos as he heads up the ramp, letting Hodge have the downed Roid Rogers all to himself. He reluctantly pulls him to his feet tucked under his arm, taking a deep breath as he does so, ACCELERATOR DDT! Hodge hooks both legs, going for the cover as he shakes his head in Artoria's direction. Slowly coming to, the official crawls over for the count. ONE! TWO! THREE!

HARLEY HODGE ADVANCES ONTO ROUND 2 OF MODERN WARFARE!

Apocalypse Now

Match

Harley Hodge rolls off of another defeated opponent, his World championship still in tact as he slowly pulls himself to his feet and is handed his title belt. Rogers on the other hand rolls out of the ring, staggering and barely able to keep himself up but still determined to go after Artoria. With the squared circle all to himself, the Accelerator raises the gold high in the air, standing right in the middle of the ring as the crowd screams out in cheers and chants of their champion's name.

Suddenly, the lights die out, sending the arena in a feverish chill. An eerie silence fills the air, but as a bright red Heptagram is portrayed through imagining onto the ring below Harley, the strangeness grows to a fever pitch. The lights come back on, and three figures wearing cloaks with hoods draped over their heads sit cross-legged at three separate points of the heptagram!

Jim Gunt: What the hell is going on here!?

Mike Rolash: Your guess is as good as mine Jim, this is some scary shit!

The World champion himself shows complete fear, strange for the legend, but the sight in from of him is absolutely incredible. The bright red image remains on the ring, and before he can do anything about the three figures, one jumps to his feet and wraps his hand around the throat of Harley Hodge! Another figure now is right beside him, his arm also wrapped around Hodge's neck. They lift him up- DOUBLE CHOKESLAM...AS THE OTHER FIGURE LEAPS UP INTO A BACKSTABBER! HOLY FUCK!

Jim Gunt: That was sick! Who are these people, we need security out here!

Mike Rolash: It looks like our World champion has finally met his match!

With the World champion decimated beyond belief, the three men cloaked in evil stand over him. One at a time, they remove the hoods from their head.

MANNEQUIN!

THE SHADOW!

ATAXIA!?

Mother earth shakes in fear of the destruction in front of it. Not one fan in the sold out crowd is silent, as every one of them scream boos at the top of their lungs. With the Shadow and Mannequin to his left and right, Ataxia stands over the head of Harley Hodge, bending to a knee as he places his bagged head right beside his face and laughs his sinister, trademark laugh.

“AHAHAHAHAA”

Fade.

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