

# Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 9

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** January 1, 2018  
**Location:** Brandt Center — Regina, Saskatchewan

## Results

### Takin' Care of Business Part I

Match

Sometime Earlier

Stalker is sitting at a big oak desk. He appears to be filling out some forms, and signing some paperwork before leaving for the show. We get closer to his desk and see the bills related to running a place the size and type as Indulgence. He is signing requisitions, releases, and contracts related to the installation of a new security system, although if you ever see the men he has working his security force you'd ask yourself who'd be stupid enough to even try? Inside a small glass case inside of a large iron safe is a stand with a single lock of child's hair. Some would call this a strange thing to keep in a safe especially since it is the ONLY thing in the safe. Stalker securely closes and locks the door. Zara comes bouncing into the room like a silly four year old who had that perfect imperfect balance of candy that they just can't sit still.

Zara Knight: Hey Daddy, it's time to get going or we won't make the show. It's already three in the afternoon.

Stalker at first doesn't pay any attention to her. He just keeps signing papers and such. After about five minutes he realizes she is still there.

Stalker Knight: Zara, what is it that you were saying?

Zara Knight: Daddy, we need to leave like like right now. We need to drive for years to get there and we only have a few hours. Ok ok ok?

Stalker relents and gets up from his chair. He walks out of his office and flanking the door is a pair of gargantuan men. On the right side we see a big muscular man, with braids in his hair and a decent beard. His skin is a darker tone. He is almost four feet from shoulder to shoulder. His hands are rather large and his eyes look like they could make you shit yourself just by looking at you. There is a phrase legs like tree trunks, well this man not only are his legs like tree trunks his arms are massive as well. He is wearing a black suit with a forest green tie. To the left side is a man standing seven foot tall, he appears to be of Hindu decent. He is also a largely imposing individual. His arms look like they could make a car surrender. His legs look solid enough to support a building and his overall frame looks more sturdy than some construction scaffolds. The man doesn't move as Stalker walks passed him, he is wearing a blood red tie. As Stalker gets to the stairway Zara runs back into the office.

Fade.

## Collusion

Match

"Sunrise, Sunset" blares over the arena's sound system and before long the CEO of CWF Ryan Sunset is seen standing on the entrance ramp. Sunset flashes a wicked smile but the crowd just fires back with a thunderous volley of boos. He is dressed in a gray business suit, each fold tucked and each blonde hair on his head slicked back. He scurries towards the ring like a sewer rat, calling for a microphone. One of the stage hands dashes forward, granting Sunset his request. Mike Rolash: Come on, Frankie! You don't want to keep the boss waiting! Jim Gunt: Then why didn't you stand up and volunteer your microphone, Mike? Mike Rolash: Please...I got a job to do out here. I'm trying to welcome everyone to Evolution. So welcome everyone...TO EVOLUTION! Sunset has finally made it to the ring as the Eternals; "The Moonchild" Elisha, "The Living Legend" Alex Cain and "Mr. Ballgame!" Freddie Styles are now lining the entry ramp. Ryan Sunset: Hello buddies, hello friends, welcome one and all to SUNSET'S CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING FEDERATION! The crowd erupts with boos again as Sunset stands silent holding the microphone. Ryan Sunset: We are turning over a new leaf here, working to set a new example. We are working tirelessly to undo the inadequate work of J Rish and his son Jaiden. See, under my watch the company will hold its competitors to a higher standard. We want true professionals, true role models. Wrestlers that our fans and our corporate sponsors can be proud of. "SCREW YOU, SUNSET!" One fan screams out before it devolves into an all-out chant. Ryan Sunset: You see, in the new landscape of CWF you will find we no longer have the room or the time for criminals, drug-raddled delinquents, liars, cheaters and filth. No, my friends, that kind of deplorable behavior will no longer be accepted in MY locker rooms. "SCREW YOU SUNSET!" Ryan Sunset: So I have come out here tonight to address one thing. I have had some very disturbing footage come to my attention, something that truly jeopardizes the integrity of the Modern Warfare tournament and the CWF as a whole. Jim Gunt: Footage? What do you think he's talking about, Mike? Mike Rolash: Shut up and maybe you'll find out! Ryan Sunset: As much as it pains me to admit it, I have found proof of two of my superstars committing collusion in an attempt to get an upper hand in this tournament. Modern Warfare is an eye for an eye, every man and woman for themselves. There is absolutely no room for collusion, I won't allow it!! Don't believe me? Check the footage!----

The footage begins, and we see the inner halls of the Academy. The sanctuary offered by Elijah and Omega to anyone who has lost their way.

Next, a rushed and motivated Jace Valentine can be seen, quickly making his way down those halls with a huffing and panting James Skelton lagging behind him.

Valentine breaks into the main hall, making an abrupt and brash entrance.

Caledonia is there, sitting at a table as she takes a break from her training to play a round of Chinese checkers with Amber Ryan. Her tag team partner, Eris, in the corner of the room tinkering with one of their drones.

Elijah sits on a red silk couch as Omega pours a drink. Jace walks right up to Elijah, standing over him in an attempt at intimidation.

James Skelton: I'm.... sorry.

Elijah grins.

Elijah: Pleasure...

Jace cuts him off.

Jace Valentine: What the hell is going on? You, prophet of bullshit with all the answers, tell me what you know. What are you hiding from me!?

Everyone in the room stops what they are doing, glaring at Jace.

Elijah: Excuse me?

Jace Valentine: I'm after that little bastard Sunset. I'm going to make him pay, in every way that I know how. I'm gonna put that silver spoon baby on a silver platter. Every time I go after him, the SSRI pops up. Spirit Science Research Institute or some bullshit.

A slight look of shock goes over Elijah. He shifts his composure, but remains silent.

Jace Valentine: Don't fuck with me, Elijah! They know you. They know Omega, they know ALL of you. I've seen it for myself, and I guarantee you know something about them. What does this have to do with Sunset and the CWF? What the hell is going on here! Give me the damn answers!

Elijah: I have no answers; at most, only more questions. I can tell you what I know about the Spirit Science Research Institute. I can tell you what I know about the Operational Security Agency - OSA. I was a part of the Institute. Several of the people you see walking the halls of the Academy have had their lives afflicted by that organisation in one way or another. But as far as I can recall, there was never a member named Ryan Sunset. None of the Sunset family, in fact. If it provides you the answers you seek, Jace, I hope you find comfort in our conversation. But I am afraid I cannot help you; I remain incapacitated by the attacks of the Moonchild. We are quickly losing this fight. I will do what I can, yet what I can is limited. Amber Ryan pushes the table out of her way in anger as she stands facing Jace and Elijah. The checkerboard hits the ground and pieces scramble everywhere. Caledonia looks up at her in mock horror. Amber Ryan: As long as I am still standing, we haven't lost the fight yet. If this has anything to do with that cunt Elisha or that slimeball Ryan Sunset, count me in. Whatever answers you're looking for, Jace, count me in. If I get to crack a few skulls of the Eternals or the Institute in the meantime, that's just a bonus. Elijah: I would advise you to not get involved, Amber. You have too much at stake. Amber Ryan: I would advise you not to try to tell me what to do, kid. Jace flashes Amber Ryan a skeptical look. Jace Valentine: You? What are you going to do? What do you know about what's going

on here? You've barely even committed yourself as a member of the CWF roster? If Sunset makes this place go down in flames, what do you have to lose? What are you going to be able to do to help me??Amber Ryan: Listen Jace Face, I might not be able to help you. But from where I am standing it looks like I'm the only friend you got. I wouldn't go burning any bridges, darlin'.Eris steps into the crowd of people, a flash of horror evident on their face.Eris: I... think the drones have been compromised.Static.

---Sunset begins to chuckle as the video footage on the CWF Tron fades to black.“SCREW YOU SUNSET!”Ryan Sunset: There you have it, friends. Jace Valentine and Amber Ryan have chosen to align themselves as the Modern Warfare brackets play out. We can't have that. We won't have that. I will not just stand back and watch this kind of collusion take place!Jim Gunt: That is bull crap! What about Shadow, Mannequin and Ataxia? What about Elisha and Styles? Aren't those guys 'colluding' inside the tournaments too?Mike Rolash: Good question, Jim! Maybe you should go up there and ask Sunset yourself!Ryan Sunset: So here is what I am going to do. I am going to prove to these vile little swines that actions now have consequences.“SCREW YOU SUNSET!”Ryan Sunset: Enough! Shut up and listen to me! I will sever any kind of friendship, business arrangement, alliance these two have dreamed up! Jace and Amber are two alphas, two egos too big to get along. I will prove that to them and to each and every one of you right now! I call the shots! I'm making an impromptu match, a late addition to the card. Jace Valentine will go one on one against Amber Ryan right here tonight!The crowd gives a favorable response to the announcement.Jim Gunt: My God! What a dream match!Mike Rolash: Keep it in your pants, Jim!Ryan Sunset: We will see how long their little friendship will last as the two of them are pitted against each other. Don't worry, their Modern Warfare Tournament match ups will still go on later tonight as planned, as Jace takes on Sam Braxton and Amber takes on the undefeated Ataxia. But before that happens, the tournament must take a back seat to... a lesson that needs learned. Hit the music, that match is next!Mike Rolash: That just goes to show you, ya don't piss off the boss!Jim Gunt: I don't have a good feeling about this! Jace and Amber are going to hit each other with everything they have! They won't have anything left, and they'll be weakened for their tournament matches!

## **Jace Valentine vs. Amber Ryan**

Match

"Shatter Me" by Lindsey Stirling and Lizzy Hale begins to play and the Painted Hurricane herself comes out from behind the curtain. Amber Ryan flashes scowls at the Eternals lining the ramp, confidently standing in front of the "Moonchild" Elisha and flipping Freddie Styles the middle finger. She runs down to the ring with the crowd roaring with applause.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, this is an Impromptu Match and has no bearing on the Modern Warfare tournament later on tonight! Introducing first, The Painted Hurricane....AMBER RYAN!!

Alkaline Trio's "We've Had Enough" blares over the sound system, and Jace Valentine quickly appears wearing his trademark sequined robe and a brace on his knee. He glances at Elisha first, then Cain, Styles and finally Sunset. He cautiously makes his way to the ring, mindful of the pack of hyenas at his back.

Valentine steps through the ropes, pandering to the crowd as they show a monstrous wave of affection for the Host with the Most and former CWF World Heavyweight Champion.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada, he is....JACE VALENTINE!!

Amber and Jace face each other in the ring, the looks of unease and unhappiness evident on both faces. They go for an elbow and collar lock-up, but end up pushing each other back, circling. Jace suddenly charges, but Amber ducks out of the way and hits him with a quick arm drag, locking him into arm bar. Crying out in pain, Jace tries to writhe himself out of it, but Amber has got him locked up good. He manages, though, to turn and twist just enough to get one foot on the rope and Amber reluctantly lets go. Massaging his shoulder, Jace comes up and out of the corner of the eye sees Amber storming at him. With a quick reaction he drops down, pulling the top rope in the process and Amber's attempt at a clothes line sends her tumbling out of the ring. Jace gets up and using the top rope launches himself over and lands a senton right onto Amber.

Jim Gunt: Oh, that was a nice combination from Valentine, he is not wasting any time now!

Mike Rolash: No, and that is a good tactic, he still has his big match against Sam Braxton coming up!

Jace indeed is not wasting any time as he lifts Amber up and rolls her into the ring. He drags her to her feet and whips her into the ropes, getting ready for a back body drop, but meets a high knee of the Australian instead, sending him into the ropes instead and upon return she executes a beautiful snap suplex. Jace jumps to his feet, rubbing his neck, looking at his opponent with a surprised look on the face. Amber flashes a quick confident smile and taunts him to come at her. He happily obliges and counters her attempt at a right jab with an arm block and sends a quick kick to her side before continuing the momentum and lifting her into a torture rack, trying to work the side he just placed the hard kick. She screams out both in surprise and pain before he sends her down with a Samoan drop.

The sound of clapping draws Jace's attention and he sees Sunset with an obviously satisfied look on his face, seeing his two antagonists beating the living hell out of each other.

This brief lapse of concentration is costing him dearly, though, because the next thing he sees is the mat after Amber plants one hell of a bulldog on the Jace that runs the Place, followed up by a quick elbow drop on the back of his shoulders. The headlock that follows is cut short, though, by him reaching the ropes and again Amber only reluctantly lets go. Jace looks at her with an angry look on his face and turns away from her, which Amber tries to capitalize, but it's exactly what Jace was expecting, hitting her with a quick elbow as she comes charging in, then flooring her with a DDT. He lifts her up into a fireman's carry, getting ready to send her down with a Wasteland, when a drop kick into the back sends him to the mat, Amber on top of him!

Mike Rolash: We should have expected this to happen, Sunset had no intention of making this a regular match!

Freddie Styles, Elisha and Alex Cain storm the ring, pounding away at Amber and Jace like there is no tomorrow. Styles and Cain whip Jace against the ropes and he rebounds right into a sickening clothesline by Elisha that almost snaps the neck of our Host with the Most. Styles is on top of Amber Ryan in a flash, raining down punches and choking the life out of her. Amber finally fights back, forcing Styles off of her but the numbers game is clearly not in her favor.

Jim Gunt: What a trap! What a sickening display! This is Ryan Sunset's idea of sportsmanship???

Alex Cain approaches Amber Ryan but she lashes out with a wicked quick spinning back fist, forcing him to stagger back. Elisha glares at her, releasing a primal hiss before diving in with a strong shoulder tackle, forcing Amber back into the turnbuckle. The Hardcore Bitch fights as valiantly as she can, but the three members of the Eternals quickly have her up on Alex Cain's shoulders for a huge Annihilator Powerbomb! Sunset is cheering on his men from outside of the ring.

Mike Rolash: They have Amber Ryan right where they want her!

Amber has fought back just long enough for Jace to catch his breath and ascend the turnbuckle, the entire group of Eternals unaware. Sunset screams to warn his warriors, but it is too late as Valentine flies into the scene with an incredible drop kick from the top rope! He hits Cain right in the side of the head, knocking Amber and all three members of the Eternals to the mat. This provides Amber a moment to regain her composure, and hit a second wind. The unlikely alliance of Jace Valentine and Amber Ryan lay punches into the rocked Eternals!

The crowd erupts in cheers as the fan favorites seem to have turned the tides!

Jim Gunt: Looks like the plan is starting to backfire against Ryan Sunset and the Eternals!

Mike Rolash: Damn! If only they could get out there and recruit a few more members! I would be willing to help them out!

Jace and Amber fly around the ring with a frenzy of rage. Vicious elbows, stiff kicks, Ego Erasure DDT on Elisha! The Eternals finally retreat to the entrance ramp as Sunset is throwing a tantrum fit for a spoiled kid in a candy store. Jace and Amber stand in the ring, backs to each other. Each one already worn out, sweating and aching from not only a battle with the Eternals but a battle against each other.

Jim Gunt: Sunset tried to be a driving force between these guys! It looks like their unlikely alliance is stronger than ever!

Mike Rolash: They're both hurt, Jim! And they both still have HUGE matches coming up later tonight in the Modern Warfare Tournament! It's going to be survival of the fittest tonight! You really think Amber and Jace will be able to outlast the others??

Jim Gunt: I sure hope so! Modern Warfare or not, these two are a dream team! I'd love to see them stick it to Sunset!

Mike Rolash: Keep it in your pants, Jim!

## **Takin' Care of Business Part II**

Match

Sometime Earlier

A vehicle speeds its way down the highway, inside are Stalker and Zara Knight. Zara's head is bobbing back and forth to what one could only assume to be teen pop music. We get closer and closer until we can hear Zara singing along with the music. It is Barbie girl.

Stalker Knight: Zara Marie Mannon Hanes-Worth, if you don't start behaving right now you will be quite severely punished.

Zara instantly gets scared and shuts up. She shakes a little in her seat. Stalker places his hand on her knee and even though she is still scared she smiles and stops shaking.

Zara Knight: Sowwie Daddy. I'll be good I promise.

She bends and kisses his hand. Stalker actually smiles and looks softer almost human. He goes back to paying attention to the road and driving. Zara drifts off to sleep. Once she is asleep Stalker changes the music and his body posture and his eyes change drastically giving him a nearly evil look. After a few minutes his eyes glaze over moments later they close completely.

Fade.

## **Stalker Knight vs. TJ Adams**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first..

Stalker Knight enters through the crowd as 187's "Master's Solemn Hour" begins to play, but not through the upper bowl of the arena like is common with other wrestlers. There is spurts of fog, not a blanket of it more akin to a steam vent about seven of them on his route to the ring. The arena lighting crackles and frizzles ala a lightning storm. He and Zara walk to the ring ignoring everyone between them and the ring. They climb over the barricade and walk up the steps. Zara perches herself on the ring post like a vulture while they await Stalker's opponent.

Ray Douglas: From Dublin, Ireland, he is the Knightshade....STALKER KNIGHT!!

"Downfall of Us All" by A Day to Remember begins to play and TJ Adams makes his way out from the back with a smile on his face, immediately waving to the audience who cheers back at him. The upbeat Bad Boy makes his way quickly down to the ring, leaping under the bottom rope and showing that he's ready to start the match.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Beach City....TJ ADAMS!!

Jim Gunt: This should be a very interesting first match, Mike, as Stalker Knight makes his debut after his lover Zara's failed attempt at Modern Warfare. He faces another man who fell short in the first round, TJ Adams.

Mike Rolash: This match should be telling of the future of CWF. Who has what it takes to come out on top?

The match of Evolution starts off rather quickly, as TJ Adams runs forward and leaps up into the air to nail Stalker Knight with a swift elbow! Knight staggers backward, surprised, but calls the Bad Boy in for more. TJ Adams is glad to oblige, coming at his opponent quickly once again and leaping into the air- but Stalker catches him, TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER! And Adams is writhing in pain, wiggling around the ring like a snake with its head cut off!

Jim Gunt: TJ Adams started this opening bout off hot, Mike, but the debuting Stalker Knight just put an end to that freight train!

Mike Rolash: Indeed. That train's been derailed.

Stalker Knight measures up the Bad Boy as he slowly gets back to his feet, just to receive an echoing kick to the back! Stalker now grabs Adams by the hair, whipping him across the ring like a ragdoll as the fans begin to let him have it. Stalker gives the sold out crowd a glare of death, before looking over to Zara pacing around the outside, a smirk finally coming across his face. The momentary distraction is enough for TJ to get to his feet however, and he springboards off the ropes just as Stalker turns around, spinning headscissors to the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Oh wow! The Stalker just went flying!

Mike Rolash: That didn't sound right, Jimmy.

Maintaining the fast pace, TJ Adams is right back to his feet, dropkicking Stalker as he gets to his. The Bad Boy follows it up by heading towards the ropes, bouncing off and leaping up for a crossbody block- but he's caught out of the air! Stalkers tosses TJ out of his arms into the air, catching him on his shoulders as he comes back down- NASTY SAMOAN DROP SENDING ADAMS FLYING SPINE FIRST INTO THE TURNBUCKLE! Stalker Knight pulls Adams away from the corner, going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: What is Stalker Knight doing here? He had the three count!

Mike Rolash: Playing mind games, Jimmy, something you would know nothing about since you're about as mindless as it gets.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, look who's talking.

The Knightshade lifts TJ Adams to his feet with a deranged look in his eyes, smiling as he looks wide-eyed at his opponent- BEFORE CRUSHING HIM WITH A KNEE LIFT! Adams is out cold as the knee struck him right in the jaw, but Stalker motions to the crowd that he has one more maneuver to put away the Bad Boy. He sets up him for a Torture Rack and turns it into a Rock Bottom- KNIGHT'S EPIPHANY! Knight ignores the boos starting to come at him, not even bothering to hook the legs of Adams as he goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....STALKER KNIGHT!!

"Master's Solemn Hour" begins to play again and Zara Knight joins Stalker in the ring, the two of them celebrating the first victory of Stalker's CWF career. He kicks the lifeless body of TJ Adams, before raising his arms high in the air to even more jeers.

## **Making Their Presence Felt**

Match

Stalker Knight makes his way up the entrance ramp, raising his arms in victory as Zara dances around him proudly. TJ Adams remains in the ring, exhausted. Slowly, he pulls himself to his feet, catching his breath resting against the ropes. Suddenly, the audience erupts in a chorus of boos. The Chosen are in the front row, six men and six women dressed in their identical grey business suits, and they jump the guard rail, storming the ring! Jim Gunt: What in the hell? Get these people out of here! Mike Rolash: Last week Ryan Sunset stepped in to prevent security kicking them out - it seems like they have free reign! The Chosen enter the ring, sending the referee tumbling to the outside. TJ Adams goes to leave but two of the Chosen grab him, dragging him to the centre of the ring, the remainder forming a circle around him. One of the group steps forward, a mask of the face of Amber Ryan in his hand. He straps it onto TJ Adams' head, steps back, considers a moment. Slaps him across the face. The Chosen descend on Adams like animals, kicking and punching him to the ground, scratching, clawing, stomping at his prone body, blood starting to flow. They flip him onto his stomach. One of them takes out a small bag filled with black powder and kneels, dipping her fingers into the bag. She writes the words "AMBER RYAN - YOU WILL SEE" on his back. Then stands, getting in

one last boot to the skull. The Chosen stand a moment, admiring their handiwork, then make their way back to their seats. Jim Gunt: The Chosen making their presence felt here - and sending a message to Amber Ryan in the process. Mike Rolash: Why Adams? He had nothing to do with any of this. Jim Gunt: You think these lunatics care?

## **First Edition Of The Moxley Asylum**

Match

Sometime Earlier

The scene opens up at the house of Seth and Dean Moxley, and it shows the living room decorated for Christmas. There was an 11 inch tree with different decorations, and there was even a Mr. and Mrs. Claus standing on both ends of the tree. The fireplace was on, and had two stocking holders as well as two stockings which had their names on them. Dean walks inside of the room wearing blue jeans, a Dean Moxley shirt, black boots. He sits down on the couch, and has the camera set up. He takes a deep breath, and hits record and begins talking.

Dean Moxley: Welcome to the first edition of the Moxley Asylum, and I am your host Dean Moxley. You see last week I lost the first round of the Modern Warfare Tournament, and I am alright about it. The best man won that match, and I want to say congrats my opponent that took me to my limit on the Episode 8 of Evolution. I did my best, but I will get a win one of these days that just wasn't the case that night.

He picks up his water bottle, and opens the lid. He takes a sip of it, and puts it back down. He adjusts his position on the couch, and looks back at the camera as he talks again.

Dean Moxley: After the match I was confronted by a human robot, and I have no idea what is this. I don't believe in such strange stuff, and a robot that comes to life isn't what I had in mind. It seems like this robot wants to start a feud with me, and this is going to be so funny taking out a talking robot. I wonder what is next for this feud to go, and I am telling this to The Robot: you're dealing with The Lunatic. You have no idea who you're dealing with, and you're not really going to like what is going to happen to you. You actually think you can stop me, then you must be out of your mind just wait until I do something you will regret coming up to me in the first place in the mood I was in.

He laughs evilly, and tilts his head a bit as he talks again.

Dean Moxley: That is all the time I have for today, so stayed tuned for another edition. This is Dean Moxley signing off.

Fade.

## **Roid Rogers, Dangerous Dan, Kaylan El & Dean Moxley vs. Silas Artoria, Davey Douglas, The Robot & Autumn Raven**

Match

One by one the competitors enter the arena through the entranceway. Roid Rogers descends with the chosen team close by, Dangerous Dan, Kayla El, and Dean Moxley. Various styles ready for action, as Roid Rogers looks at the camera and utters, "They don't know what happens when Roidamania runs wild!" The four position themselves on the

far corner of the ring, as the screech starts to ring down.

Slowly but surely, Silas, Davey, Robot, and Autumn make their way down the ramp. Silas absorbed the atmosphere, before he too looks at the camera. "Tonight, you at home are in for a treat." His smile widens, as the four of them ascend to the ringpost.

Time for one of them to enter. Roid's team is apprehensive, though Dan takes the lead. Silas' team is also apprehensive, though it boils down to Silas beckoning Robot to go first. He does, and the bell rings.

Robot and Dan lock up. Back and forth near their respective corners, before Dan twists himself around. Robot pushes him forward, Dan bounces back but keeps his grip on the ropes, making Robot essentially perform an arm drag on an opponent who does not exist. As Robot recomposes himself, Dan delivers a missile dropkick from the top rope.

The move throws Robot backwards, landing on his backside--

TAG!

Autumn tags in. She rushes towards Dan. Arm drag, onto the floor she goes. She gets back up and charges again. Another arm drag. Again she gets back up. She charges again. Arm drag, but no one is home. Dan gets back up and,

CLAW OF THE N--

No! Dan catches her foot, but--

ENZIGURI!

Her foot smacks Dan's head and forces him to stagger sideways. Autumn gets back up after her strike, seeing Dan leaning towards his team's corner.

TAG! Kaylan takes over, and the two women charge and lock in. They exchange blows, right hands repeatedly striking their opponent. They lock in a hold, and Autumn forces Kaylan towards the ropes. Kaylan is launched forwards, bounces off and returns, and she is met with a hard dropkick! Kaylan goes down, and Autumn goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Autumn Raven rolls off of her opponent, both women crawling towards their respective corners. Silas and Roid are tagged in, but the two stare intently at each other, Silas with the crazed look in his eye, and Roid restraining himself long enough. Suddenly, Roid swings. Silas ducks! And before Roid could turn around, Silas' knees find themselves around his neck and swing him back. Reverse Frankensteiner! Roid lands on his neck, and slowly rolls out of the ring towards his teammates. Kaylan, Dan, and Dean pulls him back to his feet, but Kaylan quickly notes Silas' familiar charge. She drags Roid to the side, with Dan following behind, but Dean gets caught in the move.

TWISTED VIRTUE!

Roid Rogers takes a swing but completely misses, and Silas Artoria back body drops him out of the ring! Silas follows but is blocked by Roid's teammates. And a massive brawl ensues! Eventually Roid and Silas get back in the ring, Silas nailing his opponent with a huge neckbreaker before going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Davey gets tagged in while Silas and Autumn take out the other team. Roid hangs on, but somehow reaches up and tags in Dean before he is forced to tap! Dean gets the hot tag, railing on everyone before trying to finish the match. Silas tags in. Silas grabbed Moxley's wrist, he throws him towards his team's corner. He collides with the padding hard, and is knocked back. His head and arms get locked in. Snap Dragon! Silas goes in for the pin, but the ref isn't counting?

Silas Artoria looks at the ref, but another athlete jumps onto Silas. It's Kaylan! She tagged herself in! Her arm is locked around his neck, she's trying to submit him with a Rear Naked Choke, but she can't lock in her legs! Silas staggers to his feet while the seductress keeps her grip on him. He tries to shake her off but no avail. He bumps her back into the nearby ring post, but she is still locked in. Silas keeps staggering--

CLAW OF THE NIGHT!

Autumn has tagged herself in, and her vicious kick narrowly misses Silas' head and makes contact with Kaylan! She slumps to the floor and loses grip on Silas. Autumn goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Roid runs back in--DISCUS CLOTHESLINE FROM SILAS KNOCKS HIM DOWN!

THREE!

Autumn has won the match for her team! But the action isn't over as Silas gives the downed icon several swift kicks. Silas keeps on kicking Roid again and again, with the sweat soaking his hair and crawling down his face, before being pushed back. Kaylan has recovered a little from her encounter with Autumn'sheel, and reapplies her submission to the rampaging aristocrat.

Jim Gunt: A rear naked choke by Kaylan!

Mike Rolash: Knock him out Kaylan! Then lock him in an isolated cell for the rest of his days!

Jim Gunt: Not a fan?

Mike Rolash: Not a fan!? Did you forget what happened to me at Frozen Over!??

Jim Gunt: Probably, after a while you become white noise to me Mike--

NEVERMORE! Autumn gets behind Kaylan and executes her devastating move! Kaylan let go of Silas as she is now locked into Autumn's dangerous submission. She reaches out for help, but nothing comes as Robot stands at ringside, almost mystified at the carnage unfolding. Kaylan starts fading, and fading, and soon her body becomes a lifeless ragdoll. Autumn releases the hold and stands on her hands and knees, breathing heavily at her victim. She raises to her feet before turning towards Silas, still clutching his neck after being released from the hold. The two look at each other from opposite sides of the ring, before walking slowly and intensely towards each other.

They stop, they look at each other as the two rivals from Frozen Over simply stand there, before...

"Enough!"

Robot has run into the ring and starts to act as a separator.

"Enough! We've won! We don't need to continue! Just leave them be--"

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD!

Robot slams onto the mat as Autumn executes her Claw of the Night and Silas executes his superkick. The heels of their feet send Robot crashing down.

Mike Rolash: No...oh god no!

The two perpetrators take a look at their downed teammate, before returning their sight to each other. Seconds skip by, before smiles emerge on both their faces.

Jim Gunt: Don't....don't do this Autumn....

Silas reached his hand out; his smile brightening as his invite was made very clear.

Mike Rolash: Please....please kick the man's face.

Jim Gunt: I don't think sh--

Mike Rolash: SHUT UP JIM!

Autumn maintains her faint smile as her look switches between Silas' face, and his hand. Soon, her smile widens, and grabs his hand.

Mike Rolash: No....dear god no! Don't please!

The two athletes bump shoulders before letting go. Silas takes a few steps back and leaves the ring, with Autumn following then a second later. The two make their ascent up the entranceway.

Mike Rolash: Oh Christ.

Jim Gunt: I don't know about you folks, but I think we've seen the birth of a new fo--

Mike Rolash: A birth? A BIRTH? Do you know what this could mean, Jim? Do you know what happens when you put two unrestricted, limitless, unhinged psychopaths together in the same building?

Jim Gunt: Do you?

Mike Rolash: No but just THINK, Jim. Have we seen THE BEGINNING OF THE END!?

The competitors left in the ring, battered and exhausted by the events, drag themselves towards the entranceway to witness Silas and Autumn finally exit, with Autumn briefly turning back to blow them a kiss goodbye.

### **Conflict of Interest**

Match

Duce Jones is backstage watching one of the TV monitors checking out the action unfolding tonight! Soon an advertisement for extinct pandas begins to play as Duce just stares into the monitor. The ad soon comes to an end as Duce just shakes his head in disbelief.

Duce Jones: Are they serious? Save the Pandas? What the hell is going on around here?

Suddenly, CWF interviewer, Marcus Maximus walks up to Duce. He has a mic placed firmly in his hand. Duce instantly rolls his eyes in pure disgust, from the sight of Maximus.

Duce Jones: What do you want?

Marcus Maximus: I'm here to get a few words from the Academy Champion is all.

Duce Jones: I mean, what is there to talk about? And didn't I tell you to tell Sunset to send Tara next time he wants an interview?

Marcus Maximus: I did but Mr. Sunset felt it would be a conflict of interest.

Duce Jones: Conflict of interest?

Marcus Maximus: Yeah. He said he doesn't like fraternizing amongst coworkers.

Duce Jones: I see. Well I'm sorry Mr. Maximus but I have a match to get to. And honestly interview with you would be completely pointless..

Marcus Maximus: But....

Duce leaves Marcus standing there with a confused look on his face. Marcus shrugs his shoulder really not fazed by Duce's actions and goes his way as well.

Fade.

## **Duce Jones vs. Lance LaRusso**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is another second round match in the Modern Warfare tournament!

The lights in the arena dim, as orange strobe lights move all across the venue. "Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates is blasting throughout the PA system as Duce Jones out onto the stage. The fans show their support, good or bad as he stands there and surveys the crowd.. He then strolls down to the ring slapping an occasional fan's hand if they reached out. Duce makes it down to the ring where hops onto the apron and climbs inside the ring.. He sprints to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope and begins looking into the crowd once again. Duce climbs down from the corner, turns around, and waits for his opponent.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Jonesboro, Arkansas, he is the reigning Academy Champion....DUCE JONES!!

"Spring Break Anthem" by The Lonely Island hits and the Pansexual Playboy makes his grand entrance with a shining blue robe gracefully placed over his frame. His newly won Impact championship looped around one of his biceps, LaRusso does one long spin before finally heading towards the ring. He awkwardly touches a couple of fans on the way down the ramp, before turning his attention to the ring. Lance LaRusso slides under the bottom rope, crawling a few feet before pulling himself up and raising his arms in the air.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California, he is the reigning Impact Champion... LANCE LaRUSSO!!

Jim Gunt: What a match this should be, Mike! It's not every day that we get to see the Impact champ go one on one with the Academy champ - actually this has NEVER happened in CWF history!

Mike Rolash: And for good reason, both of these two competitors have completely lit up their respectful divisions. But tonight only one of them can advance in Modern Warfare, who will it be!?

Jim Gunt: Let's go to the ring and find out!

The two champions of CWF come to the middle of the ring together, Clark Summits ringing the bell and watching on as LaRusso immediately open-palm slaps Duce Jones right across the face!

Mike Rolash: OHH! The Pansexual Playboy just bitch slapped ole' Ducey Baby!

Jim Gunt: I think that pet name for Duce Jones is reserved for Tara Robinson, Mike.

Duce Jones is appalled at the slap by LaRusso, but the Pansexual Playboy is enjoying every second as he watches steam literally come from the ears of the Academy champion. Jones charges at him for an angry clothesline, but LaRusso is too quick for him, ducking right underneath. Duce's momentum keeps him going into the ropes, and off, right into a beautiful standing dropkick from the Impact champion!

Jim Gunt: Lance LaRusso is looking great here tonight, Mike.

Mike Rolash: I wouldn't say he's looking great, he may take that as making a pass at him.

Jim Gunt: So what? I think you and Lance would make a cute couple.

Mike Rolash: Eww!

Mike playfully punches Jim in the shoulder as the action ensues. Raising his hands to call Duce back to his feet, LaRusso awaits, flinging him up into the air and back down with an Atomic Drop. RIGHT INTO A STINGING DDT! The momentum is completely on the side of LaRusso as he looks to have taken Duce Jones out of his element, hooking neither leg of the Academy champion as he crawls on top of him.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: That was a great variation DDT, but why would Lance LaRusso choose not to hook the legs?

Mike Rolash: It's called a nonchalant cover, Jim. Is this your first day on the job or what? Get with the program, man.

Duce Jones very easily kicks out of the cover of LaRusso, and is right back to his feet in seconds, sending a hard chop deep into the chest of Lance! The Pansexual Playboy takes one more chop before finally grabbing the oncoming third one, taking Jones over his shoulder with an arm drag. Jones fights his way to his feet even as LaRusso wrenches back on the arm, using his own momentum to flip over and send the Impact champ crashing to the canvas. Before he can

get to his feet, Jones approaches with wild rapid fire knee strikes! LaRusso doesn't know what hit him as he's barely able to block the stiff shots.

Jim Gunt: Put up your hands, Lance!

Mike Rolash: The Impact champion must not be used to blocking a load from hitting his face.

Jim Gunt: Oh god, enough, Mike!

One final knee leaves LaRusso creamed on the canvas, looking up at the lights as tweety birds fall across his eyes. Duce Jones screams for him to get off the mat, setting up for the KRAYZED KNEE! But as he charges in to put away the Impact champion, LaRusso maneuvers to the right, pulling him in leaving him falling face-first into the middle turnbuckle pad! Like a cat, the Pansexual Playboy springs towards the ropes using Jones's body like a rock climbing wall, before leaping up- DOUBLE STOMP TO THE BACK OF DUCE'S NECK!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, that was sick!

Mike Rolash: Cover him Lance, you nitwit!

But Lance LaRusso is still not content. He instead decides to head to the red eye district, going up top to make his final statement. MILE HIGH CLUB-NO! The final rotation of the Backflip Moonsault is one second too slow, as Duce Jones is able to get both of his knees up and absolutely crush LaRusso! The PansexualPlayboy holds onto his ribs as he shakes in pain, but moments later he finds himself on the shoulders of the Academy Champion. The Fireman's Carry is spun forward- FINAL TIC 2.0! The knee once again sends LaRusso to la-la land! Jones hooks both legs of his opponent, smiling wide as the official starts to count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner and advancing onto next week's quarterfinals....DUCE JONES!!

"Smiling Faces" once again begins to play, the crowd cheering on their Academy champion as he allows the official to raise his arm in victory. Duce nods his head along with his music, clearly in an upbeat mood and proud to be moving onto the final eight.

## **A Brotherly Battle**

Match

Roid Rogers, Dean Moxley, Dangerous Dan and Kaylan El are making their way backstage, Dean and Dan pretty much dragging Kaylan with them, who still is more unconscious than 'there,' when suddenly two black suited men appear around the corner, one of them carrying a mic.

"They are here in Sector B."

The three wrestlers look at each other with suspicious looks when Ryan Sunset comes around the same corner, cellphone on the ear, two more suits flanking him.

He looks up at the four wrestlers and seems to be in deep thought.

Ryan Sunset: Dean, Dan, I'm getting worried about your record, I cannot afford to have dead weight being dragged on. Now I have good news and bad news for you. Well, actually both. One of you will continue your streak, one of you will see it cut short!

The two look at each other puzzled.

Ryan Sunset: Next week on Evolution you will meet up with your brothers in a Falls Count Anywhere match, no countouts, no disqualification!

Astonished by this bit of news, Dan and Dean let go of Kaylan, who falls down hard. Roid immediately comes over to pick her back up, while Sunset returns to his phone conversation and leaves with his entourage.

Dean and Dan now are sizing each other up, all thoughts of helping their teammate off their minds.

Fade.

### **Sam Braxton vs. Jace Valentine**

Match

Mike Rolash: Now that is an announcement by the boss, a Falls Count Anywhere, no count out, no disqualification match between these two brother teams!

Jim Gunt: Yes, finally one of them will be able to pick up a win, so now it's getting interesting, who can get some momentum going?

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a second round match in the Beta Block of the Modern Warfare Tournament!

"A Slow Descent" by The Butterfly Effect blast throughout the Staples Center and Sam Braxton slides onto the stage. He looks around the arena quickly before jumping to his feet, throwing the hood of his jacket back and running down to ringside. He swiftly climbs onto the apron and leaps over the ring ropes into the ring. He ascends a nearby turnbuckle, raising his hands in front of his face, fingers interlocked, before back flipping back down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, weighing in at 202 lbs, from Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, one half of the Lost Boys....SAM BRAXTON!!

"We've had Enough" by Alkaline Trio takes over, and the crowd absolutely erupts for the Jace that runs the Place. Jace Valentine struts out in the most extravagant of robes, flashing himself across the screen as he spins. The Host with the Most raises both his arms in the air, taunting the cheering fans to grow even louder. He lowers his arms to his arms down, holding on to his damaged body after the impromptu match earlier. Valentine rolls into the squared circle and once again raises his arms in the air!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, weighing in at 235 lbs, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada! "The New Era of Arrogance"....JACE VALENTINE!!

Jim Gunt: This is not right, Mike! Jace Valentine was forced to compete earlier, and now must go one more time in the Modern Warfare tournament!

Mike Rolash: Life isn't fair, Jimmy. If you have a complaint, go see Sunset. Let me know how that works out for you.

"Big" Denny Davidson is the official on duty for this match, and he calls for the bell. Both competitors circle the ring, the New Era of Arrogance slower than normal, both men measuring the other up for an attack. Braxton goes for a tie up, but Jace breaks that up with a kick to the gut. Sam doubles over as Jace nails him with a hard clubbing blow to the back. Sam drops to a knee from the pain, as Valentine brings him back up only to send him back down with another shot to the back. The Host with the Most brings him to his feet again and irish whips Braxton to the ropes, Valentine attempts a lariat on Braxton's return but the Aussie ducks underneath. He bounces off the opposite set of ropes and takes Jace to the mat with a Spin Heel Kick! Braxton attempts a pin but is only able to get a one.

Jim Gunt: Sam Braxton looking for the upset here tonight Mike.

Mike Rolash: He's been looking good in this tournament Jimbo. But with Jace focus squarely on Sunset and the Eternals. He might have underestimated Braxton.

Braxton stomps on the downed body of The Jace that runs the Place a few times before bringing him back to his feet. Braxton nails a hard kick to the chest of Jace sending him staggering back a bit. He nails another one as he has Valentine reeling back towards the ropes. Braxton whips Jace to the opposite set of ropes, upon his return Sam goes

for a lariat of his own which is ducked. Jace bounces off the other side but is caught with a Cyclo-Rana, that sends Valentine sliding outside the ring trying to regroup. He doesn't get the chance though as the Aussie bounces himself off the ropes and takes Jace out with a Tope Con Hilo! The Staples Center comes to life after the high risk maneuver.

Jim Gunt: What a dive by Braxton, he's really trying to make a name for himself tonight.

Mike Rolash: He better be careful though Jace is nothing like Aphmau Enders, things can change in the blink of an eye.

Braxton quickly rolls Jace back into the ring attempting another pin. One! Two! No! Sam looks at Denny who reassures him it was only two. Braxton is back to his feet, allowing Valentine to get to a knees. Sam shoots kick after kick after kick after kick to the chest of Valentine! Braxton locks his target and let's loose with a Roundhouse Kick to Jace's head. The World's Greatest Advice catches the leg of Braxton, stands and twists his ankle into the Valentine Vicegrip! Braxton screams out in agony as The New Era of Arrogance twist and contorts his ankle. Braxton frantically reaches out for the ropes as the ref checks to see if he wants to submit.

Jim Gunt: And just like that, the Host with the Most has taken control of this contest!

Mike Rolash: He's gonna snap his ankle in half Jimmeroonie!

Jim Gunt: We are not doing this tonight man..

Sam stretches out for the ropes finally able to reach them. Davidson forces Jace to release the hold as Sam has a look of relief on his face. Jace quickly back on the attack, brings Braxton to his feet. He hooks him for a Fisherman Suplex, connecting and holding on for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jace brings his opponent up once more, whipping him to the corner, where he crashes hard and falls face first to the mat. Jace still not letting up, stomps on Braxton's body a few times before bringing him back up and pushing him back into the corner. Jace nails hard right after hard right dazing Braxton. Montreal's Pride backs up a bit feeding off the energy of the cheering fans. He rushes back in blasting the Aussie with a clothesline! Jace pulls him out of the corner, hooking him around the waist and flipping Braxton to the canvas with an Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex! Jace goes for the pin as Davidson slides in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jace doesn't waste time worrying about the count, as he sets up for something big, the Staples Center getting behind him!

Jim Gunt: Jace Valentine is setting up for the Ego Erasure!

Mike Rolash: Erasing egos since before time my friend..

Braxton is to his feet as Jace sends a boot to the gut of the Lost Boy. He hooks him for the Implant DDT! Sam sensing he's in trouble quickly reverses with a Northern Lights Suplex! And he holds on for the bridge!

ONE!

TW-NO!

Both men are to their feet rushing at each other, taking one another to the mat with simultaneous lariats! The crowd is on their feet enjoying this competitive contest. Neither man stays down for long though making it to their feet at the same time. Jace rushes at Braxton who baits him in and sends Valentine crashing into the corner. Braxton nails a hard knife edge chop to the throat of Jace, causing him to stumble out of the corner gasping for air. Jace falls to his knees still trying to catch his breathe as Braxton lines him up. Sam hits the ropes and makes a beeline towards Jace striking him with the WIZARD OF AUS! The shining enzuigiri leaves Jace laying face first on the canvas, Braxton shooting the half going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Braxton slaps the mat as the crowd cheers on the New Era of Arrogance to get to his feet.

Jim Gunt: Sam Braxton nearly got the upset Mike!

Mike Rolash: The kid is looking impressive here tonight, and Jim he's looking to end it right now.

The Lost Boy pulls Jace up by his arm looking to set him up for the Brax-Breaker! The Jace that runs the Place catches the Aussie off guard twisting around and blasting Braxton with a huge lariat sending Braxton twisting through the air. Jace is on Braxton quickly bringing him to his feet and shooting a kick to the gut. Jace has him set up for the Heartbreaker, Braxton the elusive one, reverses out of the hold sending his own boot into the gut of Valentine. He hooks the Host with the Most with a front facelock and runs towards the nearest ropes trying to score a Tornado DDT! Jace shoves him off in mid air with Braxton landing on his feet. Braxton tries not to let up looking to attack Valentine who kicks Braxton once again in the stomach, hooking him and spiking the Lost Boy head first into the canvas with the FROM MONTREAL WITH LOVE! The flip piledriver leaves Braxton dazed as Jace moves in locking the Aussie with the Cupid's Chokehold!

The crowd goes insane, Sam tries to fight against the submission as Denny Davidson checks for his response. Valentine squeezes tighter and tighter causing Braxton to pass out from the pressure of the choke hold. Denny checks to see if Braxton is conscious, which he isn't and immediately calls for the bell. Jace releases the hold as the Staples Center explodes in admiration.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and advancing to the next round....JACE VALENTINE!!

Mike Rolash: I told you Jimbella, Jace could end this contest in the blink of an eye!

Jim Gunt: You can't deny the intensity Sam Braxton brought to this match. The Lost Boys might be a team to watch in the coming weeks here in the CWF.

"We've Had Enough" by Alkaline Trio blast throughout the Staples Center as "Big" Denny Davidson raises Jace's hand in victory. The Los Angeles crowd is proud of the Host with the Most!

## **Thick-Headed**

Match

Backstage, Marie Danger zips down the hallway on her electric scooter. She rounds the corner at a fast clip and screeches to a stop at the feet of her sweet baby boy, Harvey. She beeps the electronic horn at him as he over-dramatically attempts to recover from his near death experience. Reaching over, he removes her finger from the piercing buzzer horn with a stern look.

Marie didn't care for that. Her eyes narrow and she guns the throttle and rams him in the shins with the front bumper of her Pride Jazzy scooter.

Marie: Where have you been, Harvey? The Lost Boys just assaulted me!

Harvey: (Rubbing his shins) Who?

Marie: Oh for Christmas' sake! Not this lame crap again... They are the big, bulging, beastly men that attacked you!

Harvey: Oh. Those guys? How do you know who it was if they were lost?

Marie: They aren't literally lost, you nincompoop. It's their ring name! Focus, angel.

Harvey: Right. Focused. So... who was it again?

Marie: The FUCKING LOST BOYS! They accosted me! Threatened to beat me up!

Harvey: The Lost Boys name doesn't ring a bell. Do they work here?

Marie: Yes, they certainly do, you dum-dum. They even taunted me with a photo of you laying there like a dumb botchagalooop all beat up and covered in my Thanksgiving turkey! They laughed at me! How could you do this to me, Harvey? If your poor Father was around to see this... How could you let them get near me!?

Harvey: Who got near you, Ma?

Marie: Aren't you listening?? The Lost Boys!

Harvey: The Lost Boys? Man, I love the 80's. What a great movie! Who didn't like those adorable two Coreys? One's a little weird now, but, I wonder what happened to the other one?

Marie once again rams him in the shins with her scooter. Harvey bends down to rub his shins again but his head is met with a lightning fast swing of her loaded purse. Harvey winds up on the floor as Marie zips down the hallway cackling like a maniac. Rubbing his forehead, he looks down at the ground. The photograph Marie was holding lays within reach. He scoops it up and studies it for a minute.

Harvey: Hey! Where did you get this?!

Fade.

## **Spooked I**

Match

Lance LaRusso is in his locker room, head bowed, disappointed after his defeat, his back to the door. He has a little bag with a white substance in front of him, but doesn't even seem to be interested in its contents. A knock at the door cannot even get him to look up, he just motions Ash to take care of it. The doorslamming closed makes him turn around, though, and all he sees is an empty room.

Lance LaRusso: Ash? Ash!? Are you trying to play games with me?

He gets up and walks over to the door, looking left and right, but the corridor is empty. Just as he closes it again, he catches a glimpse of something and bends down to pick it up. As he gets up, he is holding a black rose in his hand again and after a few frantic looks up and down the corridor, he closes the door again, locking it and moving a bench in front of it to make sure nobody could come in.

As he returns to his table in the back, he stops startled. A toy robot is standing right next to the bag that definitely was not there before. He picks it up to look at it and it looks somewhat familiar. Suddenly he begins to feel even more uneasy, he seems to feel the urge to look over his shoulder. Then he hears a whisper in his ear.

"Are you ready?"

Lance turns around, but there is nobody there.

Fade.

Jim Gunt: Whoa, that was creepy! The Robot is challenging Lance LaRusso?

Mike Rolash: I don't think so, didn't you see the black rose? That's not Robot, that's The Shadow playing with him.

## **Harvey Danger vs. Freddie Styles**

Match

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall and is also part of the second round of the Modern Warfare tournament! The first contender, hailing from Long Island, New York....**HARVEY DANGER!!**

"No Rain" from Blind Melon starts to play, with the entrance and ramp all striped yellow and black. Harvey Danger comes out and the crowd goes wild for the lovable goof, who shakes hands and does high fives all the way down the ramp. As he circles the ring, he makes to sure to stop by at his mother's spot in the firstrow. She gives him a thumbs up and he climbs up on the apron and through the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Atlanta, Georgia, member of The Eternals....FREDDIE STYLES!!

The lights go out and the silhouette of a man appears, twin pistols in front of his as the opening riff to Downstait's "Say it to My Face V2" hits. As the lights come up, flashing with the beat, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain, arms extended to each side, hands formed like pistols. He turns to the side as the camera focuses on him, points his arm toward the camera and pulls the trigger, screaming BALLGAME! The fans are not quite sure what to think of the man due to his involvement with the infamous Eternals, so cheers and jeers hold their balance as he comes down the ramp and enters the ring, his calm demeanour barely betraying the intensity he is about to unleash on his opponent.

DING DING

And they are off. They enter an elbow and collar lock-up that is not leading anywhere at first. Styles goes for a quick jump to get Danger off balance and it works, as he is able to push him into the corner, following up with some quick kicks to the stomach. He yanks Danger out of the corner and whips him out, running right after him, but as he is trying to hit him with a splash into the corner, Danger jumps up and back, accidentally, yet highly efficiently, hitting Styles square in the face.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, that was not planned!

Mike Rolash: Doesn't matter, probably way more effective than what he had wanted to do anyways.

Styles is on his back, writhing in pain and Harvey almost looks sorry, but an encouraging whoop by his mother drives him on and he climbs the turnbuckle and jumps off with a big elbow that connects with the chest of Styles. Slowly Harvey's confidence seems to be building and he tries to put Styles into a Sharpshooter, but is visibly struggling, taking long enough for Styles to put one foot on Danger's butt and push him right into and through the ropes. As Harvey crashes to the thin mats surrounding the ring Styles slowly manages to get to his feet, while the referee is starting to count out Danger. Styles struggles over to the ropes where Harvey had gone out, but before he realizes what is happening, a hand shoots up, grabs his leg and pulls him right out. Styles hits the back of his head on his way and is definitely dazed.

Mike Rolash: Harvey is putting the Dang into Danger right now!

Jim Gunt: Really, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Yes, Jimbo, really!

Harvey clotheslines Styles and then goes for the stairs, taking a leap of faith with an elbow drop, but Styles rolls out of

the way and under the ring! While Danger tries to recover from the impact, Styles appears on the side of the ring and out of nowhere levels Danger with a spear that completely knocks the wind out of him. He rolls back into the ring just as the referee reaches nine in his count out and plants a monstrous drop kick off the apron onto Harvey's chest, knocking him out cold. Styles goes back into the ring, raising his arms up for the crowd to cheer, but only a chosen few take him up on it.

Meanwhile Mrs. Danger is shouldering her way through the crowd to get over to where Harvey is lying prone on the ground, the referee slowly counting him out. She throws one fan out of his seat and puts her purse down, beginning to rummage around. As the referee hits eight again, she lets out an ear-piercing shriek and yells at the ref "You are on their side! You are counting way too fast!" taking the ref by surprise and he stumbles in his count. After looking around he blushes and starts counting again. This was just enough time for Marie to exclaim "Hahaa!" and pull out one of the flasks she almost had confiscated at the Wrestlemas party. She opens it and pours it right into Harvey's face, a purple liquid that looks and actually smells like grape Kool-Aid! Immediately his eyes fly open and looks at his mother, who points at the ring and he jumps up and in as if he just had received a super potion!

Mike Rolash: What on earth has just happened here?

Jim Gunt: The power of Kool-Aid is real!

Mike Rolash: By the gods, this is not the Harvey Danger we know!

Danger comes flying at Styles like a bat out of hell, barreling into him and knocking him into the corner. He runs into the opposite corner to run into him, but Styles is ready and executes a wonderful tilt-a-whirl slam that twists Harvey in ways a human body should not move. As Styles moves in to continue his attack, Harvey hits him with an upper cut and an all-out brawl ensues, where the two trade hits, punches, kicks and more.

Eventually Harvey backs Styles into the corner. He whips him across the ring, running right after him. Styles just lets himself fall to the mat and as Danger sails over him into the top turnbuckle, he turns, grabs him and delivers a devastating German Suplex! The impact leaves both men on the mat for a moment. Styles is the first one to his feet and goes for another whipping of Danger. But Harvey just slides out of the ring, trying to catch a break... which he is not getting, because Styles is right on the top rope and jumps off for a Trouble in Paradise! In mid-flight a flower-patterned purse hits him square in the face, knocking him out!

Mike Rolash: OH MY GOD! Marie Danger just knocked out Freddie Styles!

Jim Gunt: This is unheard of, this is a scandal!

Of course the referee immediately stops the match and jumps out to separate a very irate elderly lady from a very unconscious wrestler.

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by disqualification and moving on in the Modern Warfare tournament....FREDDIE STYLES!!

Marie Danger: If you think about doing this to my poor Harvey ever, EVER again, you will really feel the wrath of the Valkyries raining down on you and I will not let you off this easily!

Officials are right at the ring, both making sure that Freddie is ok and to calm down Mrs. Danger as we cut elsewhere.

## **A Clash of Legendary Proportions**

Match

Backstage, Tara Robinson smiles brightly with a microphone in hand, the World Heavyweight champion himself standing beside her. Harley Hodge glances from the title draped around his shoulder then to Tara, a smirk across his face as well.

Tara Robinson: Harley Hodge, thank you for taking the time to have a word with us this evening.

Harley Hodge: The pleasure is all mine. Go ahead.

She blushes slightly.

Tara Robinson: Well, champ, you seem to have quite the situation on your hands, wouldn't you say? First Ataxia and now the entire Forsaken group is after you, and on top of all that you have to weekly defend your World championship through the Modern Warfare tournament. How do you handle all the pressure?

Hodge holds his hands out for the microphone, and as soon as Tara lets it loose into his grasp, he immediately raises it to his lips. The Accelerator stares coldly at the camera, focused as ever.

Harley Hodge: Tara, pressure is my middle name. You don't cement a legacy such as the one I have without being able to handle the pressure. I don't give a damn if Ataxia goes to the circus and finds every failed freak show clown there, it's not going to make a difference. The Messiah Pariah? That masked son of a bitch is going to learn that this old man isn't so easy to put down.

"Is that so!?"

Harley and Tara Robinson both turn their heads to the left, and the sold out crowd scream a mixture of both cheers and boos as they watch the Living Legend appear on the CWF Tron! Alex Cain struts into view with complete confidence.

Harley Hodge: Well, look who it is. Speaking of "old men".

Alex Cain: Watch it.

Harley Hodge: Or what, Alex? Look man, I am not one to get in someone else's business but what you did to the Rishel family was wrong. Very wrong. And if it comes down to it, someday, it may just be you and I standing on opposite sides of the ring. When that happens, I will not be avenging J. Rish or anyone else. But I may just put you back into retirement.

The Living Legend's smile leaves his face in an instant. He goes to grab at Harley but stops.

Alex Cain: Don't get yourself all worked up, champ. I would hate to see you unfocused going into your tournament match tonight. God forbid you lose that title belt. Jesus, your whole life would unravel wouldn't it?

Harley Hodge: What are you trying to say?

Alex Cain: I'm trying to say that I've been in your position. Five fucking times, actually. I know what it's like to fight through the storm, to go through hell to hold onto that strap. But there is going to come a time, Harley, where that championship will be pulled from your shoulder. Whether it's Pandalike or someone else beating you in Modern Warfare, Ataxia, or even myself. Your time will come.

The Accelerator gets right into the face of the Living Legend.

Harley Hodge: Not anytime soon, old man. Now if you'll excuse me.

Harley pushes through Alex Cain, walking briskly down the backstage corridor. Cain looks back at him, then to Tara, then back to Harley. And snarls.

Fade.

## **Mannequin vs. Elisha**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is another first round match in the Modern Warfare tournament!

Coming down to absolutely no music, the lights dim as Mannequin slithers down the ramp. The crowd boo the newly Forsaken Mannequin as he slides into the ring, preparing for war.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from parts unknown...MANNEQUIN!!

“Anti-Christ Superstar” by Marilyn Manson and the war torn Elisha paces out from the back. His eyes are as cold as his heart as he ignores the hatred from the crowd, quickly entering the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Eastern Europe....ELISHA!!

The bell tolls to mark the beginning of the match and both competitors, Mannequin and Elisha circle the ring, eyes on the other, watching and studying. The distinct lack of features makes it difficult to read Mannequin, while Elisha it is plain and clear. He stares at his opponent with his usual predatory gaze. This stare-down lasts for a few moments before the Moonchild rushes forward aggressively. Mannequin is prepared for the attack and braces himself as Elisha connects with a running lariat. But Mannequin, with a slight height and weight advantage, remains unmoved. Elisha charges in for a second, to the same result. Then comes in for a third and Mannequin catches him full in the face with a powerful big boot!

The Moonchild will not stay down for long and barrels into Mannequin, slamming him bodily into the nearest corner and wailing on him with a flurry of the stiffest blows you would have ever seen. Elisha finishes off his rampage with a powerbomb on Mannequin INTO THE TURNBUCKLE! He pulls him towards the center of the ring for the cover.

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, that was sick, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Will it be enough though?

ONE!

TWO!

T- NO! KICKOUT!

Elisha rains down on his opponent with some stiff boots before setting up for a sit-down inverted piledriver but Mannequin blocks the execution of the trademark move and counters into a back body drop, swinging around Elisha for a thunderous german suplex. In place of a pin attempt Mannequin applies the bostoncrab submission. Elisha remains stoic in the face of the intense pressure from the submission and summons up all reserves of his strength to drag himself, and the added weight of Mannequin, towards the nearest ring rope. Realising what is about to occur Mannequin releases the hold and drops a double axe handle smash across the back of the Moonchild, leaving Elisha open- SIT-OUT CHOKESLAM! Mannequin hooks the leg for a pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! ELISHA KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: Another near fall there!

Mike Rolash: Indeed, these two are surprisingly very equally matched thus far!

Mannequin jilts his body strangely and pops himself and his opponent up to his feet, setting up for a second sit-out chokeslam. But Elisha snaps to his senses, swiftly wrapping his own hand around the throat of his opponent, setting up for his own chokeslam! There they remain, face-to-face, for a few moments, each hoping the other will buckle with applications of extra pressure on the throat. Finally they release each other and trade high impact forearms. Elisha gains the upper hand, having Mannequin reeling on the back foot and coming off of the ring ropes with an irish whip, into a ring-shaking powerslam. The Moonchild ascends the turnbuckle and descends upon his opponent with a diving headbutt. Elisha comes crashing down hard upon the ring, Mannequin moving out of the line of fire at the last possible moment.

The deranged Mannequin capitalizes on Elisha's dazed state and hoists the Moonchild up for the CLOTHES RAIL! Elisha has sense and strength enough to fight out of the patented match-ending move and takes Mannequin by surprise with a stun gun right into the top of the cold, hard steel post. Elisha sets Mannequin up on the turnbuckle and from the second rope lifts his opponent up for the brainbuster, dropping Mannequin on his head, onto the post. Satisfied with the damage caused Elisha makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell sounds as Elisha immediately gets to his feet, a savage grin planted on his face as he stares down at his defeated foe.

Ray Douglas: Your winner and moving onto the quarterfinals of the Modern Warfare tournament....ELISHA!!

**Surprise, Motherfucker!**

Match

Elisha makes his way up the entrance ramp, limping and breathing heavily, but once again victorious. He pushes his way through the curtain, making his way backstage.???: Surprise, motherfucker!Elisha turns, just in time to catch Amber as she leaps towards him, tackling him to the ground and pummelling him with a series of brutal fists to the face. He grabs her and forces her off him, sending her tumbling to one side. She rises to her feet and quickly ducks out

of view, down a corridor. Elisha: BITCH! Elisha charges down the corridor after her, taking a right turn through a door, onwards into a poorly lit and clearly disused locker room, a shower unit off to one side. As he enters, the door slams behind him, the sound of a bolt driving home. Amber's voice comes out of the shadows. Amber: Locked behind us. Your dozen little minions can't help you now. Just you and me. She charges at him, catching him without warning and sending him crashing face first into the wall. Before she can follow up he snarls and turns back, swinging an enormous fist in one motion. He connects with her face, blood starting to stream down her nose, and she stumbles back, clutching at her face and tripping backwards. Elisha advances on her, grabbing her and forcing her against the wall. Amber struggles, fighting to breathe, reaches round and grabs the head of the shower. She activates it, sending scalding water into Elisha's eyes. His grip breaks and she kicks him in the stomach, once, twice, three times, sending him reeling back. Amber: A good man once showed me round this place. He used to spend hours down here alone when we had shows. Sometimes I would join him. You know him as the Apostate. I know him as Elijah. My friend.

Fuck you, Elisha. Elisha: You never understood him, nor me. Tiny bitch with a tiny mind. The truth is so, so much more than you could ever comprehend. Amber: This Bitch kicked your ass once and she'll do it again. Elisha: Bring it. Amber goes to spear Elisha and catch him unawares but Elisha dodges at the last moment, sending her crashing face first into a set of lockers against the wall. Elisha grabs the door of one of them, ripping it from its hinges, raises it high and brings it crashing down on Amber's skull. Before he can do it again. She kicks out, sending him tumbling back. The door goes flying, taking out the one remaining light, plunging them both into darkness. We hear a series of crashes and bangs, screams and the sound of fist meeting skull before the feed cuts out too.

Fade.

### **Takin' Care of Business Part III**

Match

The camera cuts backstage to show Stalker Knight. His eyes are still closed as he sits on a bench backstage with Zara bouncing around him. The two leave the locker room and the camera cuts out momentarily.

Finally, "Master's Solemn Hour" hits the P.A. They enter through the crowd but not through the upper bowl of the arena like is common with other wrestlers. There are spurts of fog, not a blanket of it more akin to a steam vent about seven of them on his route to the ring. The arena lighting crackles and frizzles ala a lightning storm. He and Zara walk to the ring ignoring everyone between them and the ring. They climb over the barricade and walk up the steps. Zara perches herself on the ring post like a vulture.

Stalker Knight: Tonight, not only did we come here to fulfill our contractual obligation, but also to satiate our need for violence. So as of right now, I am issuing an open challenge. Any two people back there in that locker room are invited to come out here next week and TRY to do something to stop us from our path of domination.

Zara walks over and pulls the amulet from her pocket. She climbs up onto his back and places it around Stalker's neck.

Fade.

### **Mariella Jade Flair vs. Jay Mora**

Match

The lights dim as "Epidemic" by New Year's Day begins to play. MJ Flair walks out from behind the curtain with her head pointed downward, wearing a hooded sweatshirt with a Pagan Crucifix on the back. She quickly makes her way down the ramp, ignoring the cheering crowd who raise their arms out to her. Mariella Jade heads straight for the corner and stands on the second rope, staring out to the audience.

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and is another match in the Modern Warfare second round! Introducing first, from Bronx, New York....MJ FLAIR!!

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

Ray Douglas: Introducing her opponent, from Chicago, Illinois....Jay THE MARKSMAN Mora!!

The boos could be heard from outside the arena, the crowd showing the outsider no love whatsoever. Mora makes his way up the stairs with a smug smile on his face. He stops at the ring post to look right, taking time out to point to a fan and talk some trash before entering the ring and go face to face with MJ.

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, another very interesting pairing here in the second round of Modern Warfare!

Mike Rolash: You got that right, two of the most highly touted outsiders coming into this tournament, either one of these two could easily upset the entire field and head to the pay per view to become the new World Champion!

"Big" Denny Davidson wobbles around checking both competitors for weaponry and explaining the rules of the tournament to them one more time, before flashing his jiggly arms in the air to wave for the bell. The Marksman immediately calls for Flair to join him in the center of the ring for a test of strength, but when she approaches forward, she's surprised with a high dropkick! Mora looks to stay on the attack, taking the dazed MJ Flair and tossing her hard into the ropes. As Flair comes sprinting back, Marksman leaps up for another dropkick-NO! This time MJ has him scouted and catches him out of mid-air and brings him down hard-BACBREAKER TO AN OUTSTRETCHED KNEE!

Jim Gunt: Ouch! Did you hear the sound of MJ's knee nearly going through the spine of the Marksman!?

Mike Rolash: You're damn right, Jimmy, I think even the old ladies with hearing aids sitting atop the nose bleed section heard that one!

Holding onto his back as he pulls himself back to his feet, Mora is prone to a kickboxing array of front kicks, a straight punch, and then a spin kick! The Marksman backs up, woozy from the rapid shots and quickly trying to get out of the ring to escape. Marielle Jade has other ideas though, pulling him back in and slicing him up with a rising knee! Holding

onto him as she mounts the ropes, MJ Flair hops from one to the next in seconds- TORNADO DDT! Making sure her opponent is away from the ropes, Flair hooks Marksman's legs for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Jim Gunt: And Jay Mora is out at two! That was an incredible Tornado DDT from Flair, but she's going to have to do more than that to put away the Marksman!

Mike Rolash: I don't think MJ has it in her. All talk and no walk, just like all the rest of the women around here!

Jim Gunt: Ugh. You're such a sexist pig, I wish Sunset would get rid of you now that he's the new man in charge.

Mike Rolash: Like that'll happen. Sunset and I go way back!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, sure. I bet.

MJ Flair rolls off of her opposition and right back to her feet, heading towards the ropes for a legdrop that doesn't connect. It is Marksman who is able to roll over and up to his knees, PAYLAY KICK TO THE SIDE OF FLAIR'S HEAD! Before she can come to, the 4CW native has her in a vertical base, snap suplex to the canvas. But the Marksman holds on and comes right back to his feet for another suplex-NO! Mariella Jade Flair is able to break out after a knee to the top of Marksman's head, DROP TOE HOLD! MJ follows it up with not one but two elbow drops down across the chest of the Marksman. She gets to her feet with a smile planted on her face, raising her arms in the air to a sound response from the sold out crowd.

Jim Gunt: Los Angeles is loving them some MJ Flair here tonight, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Well, as much as I hate to admit, she does have some charm to her. But I still don't think she has a chance in this tournament. I mean, what does she weigh, a buck forty? Come on.

Jim Gunt: I'd love to see you try to get in the ring with MJ and see how you fare with the Second Coming!

Mariella Jade Flair looks to stay on the offense, picking up her second round opponent and whipping him hard into the

corner. MJ runs in for a big splash, but Marksman is ready for her, sidestepping just slightly as he launches her up even higher, crashing all the way to the outside! The crowd gasp as Flair lands very awkwardly, her hip and then left knee taking the brunt of the fall. Marksman sees the potential injury like an archer setting up to take his shot, a smile on his face as he escapes the ring!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR..

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, things are about to get messy.

Mike Rolash: Markman better get MJ back into the ring though, he can't put her away outside!

Jim Gunt: That's not true, he could potentially win by a countout.

Mike Rolash: Oh shaddup, you know what I mean.

FIVE!

Marksman plants a targeted kick down on the hip of MJ Flair, and then another, before picking her up to her feet and irish whipping her side first into the unforgiving steel ring steps! The Vegas crowd boo Jay Mora at the top of their lungs, but that only brings a smile to his face as he raises his arms in the air, the count still moving.

SIX! SEVEN!

Finally Marksman makes the move to bring Flair back in the ring, but a hard back chop stops him in his tracks!

EIGHT!

Grabbing the back of Markman's head, MJ blasts him face-first into the turnbuckle, hurrying to go under the ropes immediately after.

NINE!

Jim Gunt: It's over here! MJ Flair is moving onto the quarterfinals!

Mike Rolash: NOO!

TE-NO! At the last possible split second, Jay Mora slides under the ropes. MJ Flair is on her feet, questioning the official who raises nine fingers in her face to signify the match's continuance. A deep sigh leaves Flair, but she regroups as Mora begins to stir, VICIOUS CLOTHESLINE! She calls for the Morning Star, the crowd on their feet as she goes behind the Marksman. But as she goes to lock up with him, Mora somehow pulls her in by the neck and swings around her body- BLOCKBUSTER! The high impact shakes the ring, and leaves Flair stunned on her back, prone to a pin attempt from Marksman!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Just a two count there, the match continues!

Mike Rolash: Great action here so far though, I hate to say it but I may have to eat my words from earlier. These two are very equally matched athletes!

Jim Gunt: Turning another leaf?

Jim looks on at an embarrassed Rolash, who turns his head away from him. Inside the ring, a frustrated Jay Mora calls for MJ Flair to get back to her feet, but isn't going to wait for her to do so as he runs forward and kicks her legs out from under her. Flair lands on the bad hip! Marksman leaps on top of her but she front flips them both over in a massive tumble, Mora holding on though right into a Rear Naked Choke! The submission is sunk in very quickly, and Marksman has both of his legs doing double time as he wretches and pulls at Flair!

Jim Gunt: Marksman has MJ Flair in a precarious position here, as he attempts to exploit the injury from that fall earlier!

Mike Rolash: It's over here, Jimbo!

The second generation superstar does everything she can to pull herself out of the Rear Naked Choke, but it looks like the tournament may be over for her as Mora puts all he can into the submission. The life in Flair dwindles, but somehow she uses every bit of what she has left to push forward onto her feet! With the Marksman on her back, she somehow flings the much bigger opponent onto her shoulders, stumbling slightly as he jumps- ELECTRIC CHAIR DROP! But MJ isn't finished, as she once again goes for the Morning Star. She locks it in-NO! Stiff punch after stiff punch to the side of Flair's head, breaking it up. Marksman is on his feet in a flash, MARKED SUPERKICK! Flair falls like a stack of bricks, and Marksman hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: WHAT!?

Mike Rolash: MJ Flair kicked out at the last possible second. And Marksman is pissed!

Jay Mora slaps the canvas in a fit of frustration, pulling himself to his feet and immediately getting in the face of the official. The infuriated Marksman looks on as he flashes him two fingers, but just as he begins to blow a gasket he feels a tug on his tights. MJ Flair pulls Marksman down hard, rolling him up into a ball! "Big" Denny crashes to the canvas to make the count, not noticing that Flair has a handful of Marksman's tights!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair did it!

Mike Rolash: What a cheater!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall and moving onto the quarterfinals of Modern Warfare....MARIELLA JADE FLAIR!!

MJ Flair is up with a sly smile on her face, and angered and frustrated Jay Mora backing up in his corner, furious as he watches her leave the ring with her hands up in the air taunting him.

## **Spooked II**

Match

Lance LaRusso is on his way out of the arena, trying to explain to Ash what happened earlier with the robot toy.

Ash: How much coke did you do, for God's sake?

Lance: None!

Ash (scoffing): Yeah, right!

Lance: Well, at least at the time, it was weird, it was creepy, man!

At that moment The Robot turns around a corner, bumping into Lance. Lance looks up and lets out an ear-piercing scream, falls to the ground on his back and scrambles away on his fours.

Lance: He...he is alive! He... OH MY GOD!

He jumps to his feet and runs off.

Fade.

## **Caledonia vs. The Shadow**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is another second round match for the Modern Warfare Tournament. Introducing first weighing in at 230 lbs....THE SHADOW!!

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

Mike Rolash: Shadow won a hard fought battle last week to advance to the next round of this Championship tournament. And I can see he's got those demented eyes set on destruction tonight.

Jim Gunt: Doesn't he always, Mikey.

Day and Night by Billie Piper plays as Caledonia makes her way down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing his opponent, from London, England and currently residing in Atlanta Georgia, weighing in at 110 lbs....CALEDONIA!!

Jim Gunt: But don't count this little lady out. She may be giving up over twice her body weight but she's got fire and tenacity and a killer behind.

Mike Rolash: I wish I could argue with anything that you just said.

The bell rings and the match begins. Caledonia goes in for the collar and elbow tie up. The Shadow easily overpowers her and puts her in a headlock. He grinds it in and drops to a knee dropping her down too. She reaches feverishly towards the corner and barely gets her fingers on the bottom rope forcing the ref to break the hold. Shadow waits until the referee gets to a 3 count before releasing the powerful headlock.

Mike Rolash: She's not going to be able to match strength with the Shadow, she's going to have to outwit him.

Jim Gunt: Easier said than done. The Shadow is one of the most cerebral wrestlers in the entire CWF.

Caledonia rubs her neck as she slowly gets to her feet. Shadow stalks his prey coming towards her fast and she tries to roll out of the way. But The Shadow is too fast and catches her and tosses her into the ropes. He delivers strikes to the body, and to the head, alternating blows keeping her off guard as she continues to guard her exposed targets unsuccessfully.

The Shadow tosses her hard into the opposite corner where she hits hard back first and takes a few steps forward. He then runs forward fast and delivers a running dropkick to her chest sending her hard to the ground and out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: The Hammer of the Gods hit early here tonight. And he's going out of the ring to go on the chase.

Mike Rolash: Not so fast. The referee has stopped him and began a 10 count.

ONE...TWO...THREE...

Mike Rolash: And it seems like a good thing. Caledonia is rolling on the ground in agony. She may not get up.

FOUR...FIVE...SIX....

Jim Gunt: She's beginning to stir.

SEVEN...EIGHT..

Caledonia rolls to the apron as the referee gets to nine and Shadow makes his descent on his opponent! But she delivers a hard shoulder block to his midsection causing him to bend over. She then leaps over the top rope into the

sunset flip and the crowd counts along...

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Shadow kicks out with authority and Caledonia gets to her feet just as quickly. Shadow smiles as he rubs his hands together and stalks towards her again causing Caledonia to back into the corner. She faints one way and Shadow steps in the way. She feigns the other way and Shadow blocks her path again. He lunges towards her and she drops to the ground under the bottom rope. She gets in quickly from the other side of the turnbuckle and delivers stiff blows to his midsection before he recovers and she slides under the bottom rope again.

She runs to the other side of the ring and rolls under the bottom rope. She delivers a standing dropkick to Shadow knocking him off balance and she gets up quickly. She runs off the ropes and delivers a flying forearm knocking him hard against the ropes but he stays on his feet.

Mike Rolash: The big man is almost down. She's dishing it out as well as she took it earlier and The Shadow is absorbing every blow.

Jim Gunt: I miss absorbing every blow.

Mike Rolash: What? You were never a wrestler.

Jim Gunt: I know.

Caledonia sees The Shadow leaning on the ropes and she runs as fast as she can towards him. But he reaches out a powerful hand and grabs her by the throat.

Mike Rolash: He's got her. She's trying to break the grasp but he's got it too tight.

Caledonia swipes wildly at his arm but he refuses to release the grip. The referee starts to count and as he does he lifts her in the air with ease for a chokeslam.

But she squirms out of it and behind Shadow and locks in a sleeper hold.

Jim Gunt: That's the Bed of Roses!

She's got him locked up and he looks like he's fading, but stays on his feet. He falls back into the ropes but bounces off

and ends up in the center of the ring reaching for the closest rope.

Mike Rolash: She's got it but as long as he's on his feet he won't succumb to the hold. She's got to get him to the mat to really cinch it tight at start to stop passage of air through the larynx.

The Shadow drops to a knee and she wraps her legs around his back. She struggles to get to his feet but remains on one knee.

Jim Gunt: She's got him down. It's only a matter of time before he taps or passes out.

The Shadow powers through the pain and the lack of air and gets back to his feet. He runs backwards as fast as he can and crushes Caledonia between himself and the turnbuckles.

Mike Rolash: That's one way to break the hold.

Jim Gunt: It would be... BUT SHE DIDN'T LET GO!

He falls forward and Caledonia never relinquishes the hold. He runs hard towards the turnbuckles again and this time Caledonia lets go and drops to the mat. The Shadow goes to the opposite corner and drops to a knee again regaining his composure.

Mike Rolash: Look at these two competitors in their respective corners. The Shadow started this match on fire and seemed to have Caledonia's number. But Caledonia became a ball of fire and seemed to get The Shadow out of his zone.

Jim Gunt: If there's one thing that we know about the Shadow, and we don't know much, it's that he is formulaic. And once you break the formula it's the only way you can get an advantage on him.

Mike Rolash: Yes, this is true, but he's able to recalibrate given enough time and this might be the breather he needs to recoup and recalculate his attack.

Caledonia sees The Shadow on a knee and she runs over towards him ready to attack. But he gets to his feet and grabs her by the throat again. But instead of holding onto the choke he lifts her up and plants her with a vicious chokeslam sending her crashing hard to the mat.

He lifts her to her feet and Caledonia swings wildly landing one shot hard in The Shadow's midsection, but he acts as though nothing happened as he delivers a short arm clothesline to her again sending her hard to the mat.

Mike Rolash: Shadow seems to have her right where he wants her.

The Shadow lifts her up again and lifts her in a powerslam position.

Mike Rolash: He's setting up the Forgotten Epitaph!

She slides out of the move and ends up behind him and locks in her submission again. But Shadow is too close to the

ropes and crushes her hard between the turnbuckles and himself causing her to let go.

Jim Gunt: She's got nothing left, Mikey. She let go right away and Shadow is on the attack immediately.

The Shadow grabs her and slaps her across the face before throwing her into the opposite turnbuckles. She crashes hard and stands barely able to stay up with her back on the corner. The Shadow runs forward and delivers a running dropkick again.

But Caledonia leaps up to the top rope leaving nothing but air for the Shadow.

Mike Rolash: It was with a defensive maneuver but The Shadow has finally gone done!

As quickly as Caledonia got to the top rope she dives down with a Shooting Star Press.

Jim Gunt: FALL FROM GRACE!

She lands hard but can't get over to make the pin quickly as she tends to her own midsection. She starts to crawl over but sees The Shadow beginning to stir.

Mike Rolash: How is the Shadow moving...

Caledonia gets to her feet and runs to the opposite corner. She steps to the top rope and as The Shadow gets to his feet she delivers a perfectly placed 540 kick to the side of the Shadow's head and goes for the pin.

Mike Rolash: That's the Queen's Gambit! And that's it!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings and Caledonia rolls off of him with a victorious and exhausted smile on her face.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match and moving on to the next round of the Modern Warfare tournament....CALEDONIA!!

Mike Rolash: What an incredible bout by two incredibly talented wrestlers.

Jim Gunt: This tournament is getting harder and harder to predict and the competition continues to get more and more fierce.

Mike Rolash: Caledonia defeated not only The Shadow but all odds that were stacked against her showing for real that it's not the size of the dog in the fight, but the size of the fight in the dog.

Jim Gunt: I bet she wouldn't want to hear you call her a dog.

Mike Rolash: She's a pitbull. She's fierce and ferocious and tenacious and she's moving on in this tournament!

## **Disturbing An Angel**

Match

Amber Ryan is in her locker room, looking sore from her battles with Elisha but still trying to get ready to go against Ataxia. She opens the door confidently, and freezes right in her tracks. Two druids are standing to the left and right of the door, unmoving. She jumps out as far as she can, whirling around as she does so, to be ready for any attack they might have in mind, but they just stand there, faces hidden in their deep cowls.

Worried that she does not just have Ataxia to face, but with his involvement with The Forsaken she now has to look out for so much more. As she continues on, she keeps looking over her shoulder to make sure they would not sneak up on her, but they have not moved. Turning the next corner, there is another druid standing there and she is starting to become more and more unsettled. Again, the druid does not move as she passes by.

As the Painted Hurricane reaches the gorilla position, there are two more druids positioned to the left and right. While she tries to focus on her match, she can't help but shoot glances at the two hooded figures as she hurries through the curtain.

## **Amber Ryan vs. Ataxia**

Match

Ray Douglas: This second round match for Modern Warfare is scheduled for one fall!

The crowd chants "One Fall!"

Ray Douglas: The first opponent, hailing from Atlantic City, New Jersey....AMBER JAYE RYYYYAN!!

The tinkling of an eerie music box starts to sound and the lights go down, the big screens seems to crack one by one until shadows begin to dance across the shattered surfaces when the lyrics set in. A squealing violin cuts through the building tension, lights pulsing in red like an erratic heartbeat and then a female silhouette almost materializes atop the aisle drawing a mixed reaction from the crowd.

Dubstep violin leads Amber down the ramp, a few fans extend hands but receive little acknowledgement for their

efforts. She circles the ring before methodically and deliberately sliding beneath the bottom rope and crossing to one of the far corners. She takes a seat upon the top turnbuckle with hands clasped and elbows resting on her knees- that familiar Distorted Angel smirk ever present across her face.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from parts unknown - the Messiah Pariah....AAATTTAXIA!!

Metallica's "Die Die My Darling" starts to sound and the Misfits would be proud of the masked creature casually ambling down the ramp. He walks up the stairs and through the ropes, keeping his eyes on Amber the whole time until he reaches the far corner and just slumps down.

Amber is ready to go, trembling like a tightly wound spring, but Ataxia just apathetically sits against the middle turnbuckle as if he was still waiting for his opponent to arrive. Amber tries to taunt him, but to no avail, there is no reaction. She runs right at him, coming in with a dropkick, connecting right against his head and making him slump down even further. She looks down at him with a puzzled look, but suddenly her attention is diverted by a masked figure standing at the entrance of the ramp, looking exactly like Ataxia! Her gaze keeps shifting from one Ataxia to the other until a third one shows up in the middle of the crowd!

Mike Rolash: I hope that this is not a repeat of the Christmas party.

Jim Gunt: This world is not ready for seven Ataxias; it is barely ready for one.

The distraction is enough for the first Ataxia to jump to his feet and take advantage of the completely defenseless Amber, hitting her with a Running Bulldog! As she is still trying to figure out what happened, he goes for a series of elbow drops. She is completely stunned, so he does not waste any time and climbs up on the top turnbuckle for the Fall of Angels!

Jim Gunt: This could be the shortest Modern Warfare match ever!

As he is coming down, though, he is not meeting Amber's body as anticipated, but her stretched out foot, making his neck snap backwards that one would fear it could have snapped. He flies right back into the turnbuckle, holding on for dear life, while massaging his neck. Amber follows right in, hitting Ataxia with a barrage of knees, elbows and some well-timed kicks into the midriff, doubling her opponent over, then bringing him back up with a high knee. Eventually the referee steps in-between them to break them up. She briefly backs up, just to go back in, but as she tries to ram her shoulder into Ataxia's stomach again, he quickly brings up his knee breaking her momentum and pushes her across the ring before rolling out of the ring to take a breather.

Amber continues to taunt him to come back in, always looking around her to see, if there is any of the other Ataxias lurking close by, but they seem to have melted away. She decides to take the initiative and whips into the ropes and then launches herself over the top rope for a beautiful corkscrew plancha connecting right with the Messiah Pariah!

Mike Rolash: Wow, this match really has turned around!

Jim Gunt: Yes, Amber was on the defense very early in, but now she is pulling out all stops!

And indeed she is wailing away at the masked menace before going for a vicious whip into the steel steps, but Ataxia manages to reverse the move and the Jersey girl hits the steps hard with her right shoulder. The referee is counting the two of them out and has reached "SIX" by the time that Ataxia briefly rolls into the ring to break the count and straight back out. He goes on top of the steps and plants a drop kick right onto Amber's shoulder, sending her into the barricades, following right up with an arm twist over the barricade.

"ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR..."

This time Ataxia rolls Amber back into the ring and as she struggles to her feet he comes in with a springboard DDT. As Amber is on the mat, instead of covering her, Ataxia sits next to her, gently stroking her hair.

Jim Gunt: What is he doing?

Mike Rolash: Maybe he's in love? I know that I would...

Jim Gunt: Mike!

Mike Rolash: What?

As the two of them bicker, they are interrupted by Ataxia flying their way, blasted across the top rope by a vicious running drop kick of Amber. He hits the floor right in front of their table and Amber is right after him with a double leg stomp off the apron. She climbs back into the ring and suddenly is distracted by some commotion in the front seats on the other side.

Mike Rolash: Oh no, The Chosen are back!

Jim Gunt: These guys are creepy...

Amber sees them stare at her intently, all with the exact same look in their eyes, clearly making her feel very uncomfortable, but out of the corner of her eye she sees Ataxia climb back on the ring apron. She runs over to shoulder check him right back off, but he is ready and sends a shoulder of his own between the top ropes, sending her stumbling back into the ring. As he climbs back in, the two of them go into a stare down until a water bottle flies into the ring, narrowly avoiding the two combatants. Ataxia seems more distracted than Amber, which she immediately capitalizes on with an Enzuigiri, sending Ataxia crashing to the ground.

In unison The Chosen stand up and stare at Amber, looking like their encounter from last Evolution was not a one-off thing. She briefly looks over to Ataxia and makes sure he is still safely out of commission. As she looks back at The Chosen, the light flickers and a row of druids comes out from the back, followed by none other than The Shadow!

Mike Rolash: I think Amber is going to be in really big trouble now!

Jim Gunt: Yes, Ataxia, The Chosen and now The Shadow?

The druids and The Shadow slowly proceed down the entrance ramp and Amber doesn't know anymore, where to look between Ataxia, The Chosen and the dark procession coming her way as well. She gives Ataxia a quick kick into the side to keep him down and shifts her focus to The Shadow, a move that The Chosen take as a sign to start some action themselves, readying themselves to cross the barrier.

Mike Rolash: What happens, if these people interfere, be it The Chosen or The Shadow? Will Ataxia automatically lose?

Jim Gunt: That is a good question, maybe we...

Suddenly the druids move at lightning speed, positioning themselves between The Chosen and the ring!

Mike Rolash: What is happening here??

Amber looks just as confused and looks at The Shadow, who stoically stands there with his staff in his hand. With a sweep of his hand he gestures at the ring and gives a nod as if to let Amber know that it was safe.

Still not sure, if she should trust The Shadow and his druids, Amber decides to take a chance and focus on the match at hand. She pulls Ataxia to his feet and lands a nice reverse DDT, when suddenly a water bottle sails past her head, barely avoiding her. Her head shoots around towards The Chosen just to see two of the druids dragging one of the Chosen away through the crowd, leaving the rest of their group unsettled, not sure of what is happening.

Jim Gunt: The Forsaken are protecting Amber?

Mike Rolash: CWF will never cease to amaze me...

With an incredulous look on her face, Amber looks around, trying to find The Shadow, but he has vanished. She

shakes her head before putting the masked man into her Burning the Lot.

Mike Rolash: Oh my God! Is this it? Is the streak coming to an end?

Ataxia is already stunned from the DDT and the pressure on his shoulders is getting stronger as Amber is putting all of her body into the submission hold. And then the unthinkable is happening - Ataxia taps out!

The referee raises Amber's hand while the crowd is going wild!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by submission and moving onto the quarterfinals of Modern Warfare....AMBER RYAN!!

## **Making Friends**

Match

"Miss Flair, Miss Flair!"

MJ Flair stops her walk: she is showered and changed and has a bag over her shoulder, she appears to be on her way out. She stops, however, at the insistence of backstage correspondent Tara Robinson.

Tara Robinson: Congratulations on advancing in the Maximum Warfare tournament, Miss Flair. However, you did appear to make an enemy in Jay Mora as you clearly held onto his tights for the three count. What was going through your mind at that moment?

Mariella looks at her, deadpan, for several seconds.

MJ Flair: Just MJ, if you please. And... what d'you mean, what was going through my mind? Win my match, Tara. Isn't that what it's all about? Win and move on. Mora has a problem with it, he should've been smarter about it.

MJ's forwardness takes Tara back a bit, but she quickly recovers.

Robinson: Regardless of the methods, you did make it through to the quarter finals, as did Freddie Styles, a man you also had words with during Evolution 8. For you two to face off in the tournament, you would both need to make it to the finals. What do you think the odds are?

MJF: I dunno, man. I mean... I can only do me. I've got the chops t'make it; the wild card'll be my opponents from here t'there. Freddie Styles? He got taken out by his opponent's mother's purse tonight.

She stares into the camera, as if to break the fourth wall.

MJF: His opponent's. Mother's. Purse. Ain't no way he'll live that one down.

Robinson: Final question... by making it past Jay Mora this evening, you're set to face off against Elisha in Round Three, which means you'll also have the Eternals and Ryan Sunset to contend with. You seem to be making a good deal of enemies while not making many friends... how do you think this'll affect the odds at Evolution 10?

MJ smirks.

MJF: The odds are what the odds are. If I've gotta deal with a trio'a idiots t'pass up Elisha, then that's what I've gotta do and I've gotta be prepared for interference. If Mora or Styles decide t'choose that moment t'get their revenge for their shortcomings... I can't help that, though it'll certainly show their lack'a integrity.

Robinson: It's interesting to hear you talk about integrity when you won your match this evening with a handful of your opponent's tights.

MJF: Least I looked 'em in the eye while doin' it, Tara... I didn't need t'sneak up on anyone.

Robinson: Interesting point of view, MJ. Any final thoughts?

MJF: ...War is hell.

She winks and leaves the area, as we return to ringside for the CWF World Title defense.

Fade.

## **Last Chance Ultimatum**

Match

Harley Hodge is shown backstage, sitting backstage on a bench in the locker room. He is wrapping his wrists with tape in anticipation of his match coming up next. He pulls the long blonde hair away from his face with a smile before securing his boot. He stands, only to be face to face with CWF CEO Ryan Sunset as he slithers into the locker room like a snake.

Ryan Sunset: You know what I want, Hodge. I want a corporate champion and deep down, you know I will get what I want. This is your last chance. This is your ultimatum. You join my side and cement your status as top dog. Or you find out first hand how easy it is for me to replace you.

Harley scoffs.

Harley Hodge: Get out of my way, kid. I have a match to win.

Fade.

## **Harley Hodge (c) vs. Pandalike**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a second round match in the Alpha Block of the Modern Warfare Tournament! And it is for CWF World Championship!

"Gone Away" by Five Finger Death Punch begins playing throughout the Staples Center and the lights dim and Pandalike comes out wearing a Panda hoodie and a black and white face paint. He walks down the ramp and enters the ring. He climbs up the turnbuckle and looks at the crowd. Half the crowd chants Pandalike while the other half chants Panda sucks and then he stands in the middle of the ring waiting for the World Champion.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, the challenger, coming to the ring weighing 266 lbs, from China....PANDALIKE!!

The lights dim as a light blue hue takes over the stage, with "Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater beginning to take over. The fans inside the Staples Center begin to clap aloud with the beat of the music, before the Accelerator finally makes his presence felt. An explosion of both fireworks and cheers battle each other for sound decibels, as Hodge heads for the ring with the championship gold draped around his right shoulder. Harley Hodge shakes a few hands with the fans in the front row, before entering the ring. He hands the belt to referee Clark Summits, who displays the championship to Pandalike.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, weighing in at 215 lbs, from Brooklyn, New York! He is the reigning and defending CWF World Champion! He is the Accelerator....HARLEY HODGE!!

Jim Gunt: Mike we have Pandalike vs. Harley Hodge II. And I for one am ready for this one!

Mike Rolash: You got that right Jim, and even more important. Whoever wins has to defend the World title for the remainder of this tournament!

The Staples Center is electric, anticipating the action that's about to unfold. Harley Hodge offers his hand in respect, which Pandalike stares at before accepting. It's only a ploy as Pandy blasts Hodge with a devastating headbutt, sending the World Champion reeling backwards! He stumbles into the ropes where Pandy leaps up blasting Hodge with a Dropkick , that has the champ tumbling through the ropes and down to the floor! The crowd boos Pandy's actions, he doesn't seem to care though as he climbs through the ropes, stepping onto the apron.

Jim Gunt: Hell of a cheap shot by the challenger!

Mike Rolash: Pandy says he is going to win by any means necessary.

Jim Gunt: That might be true but he could have gone about it differently.

Pandy waits for the Accelerator to rise, he still stands on the apron. Harley gets back up to his feet as Pandy let's off with a Side-Step Kick, connecting with the face of the champ! Hodge drops to the floor as Pandalike steps off the apron to the floor himself. Bringing up the Accelerator by his hair, the Panda Master rolls his opposition back into the ring, following closely behind him. Pandy goes for the pin as Clark comes over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Pandy is back on the attack bringing Hodge up and hooking him for a Suplex. Pandy lifts the Accelerator and tosses him across the ring with a Release Toss Suplex! He doesn't stop there, running towards his downed opponent and connects with a Jumping Knee Drop!

Jim Gunt: Pandalike has become more aggressive in recent weeks Mike! Especially here tonight, you think his deal with Ryan Sunset has anything top do with it?

Mike Rolash: It might be Jim, I mean he's finally getting his message heard. It would only be right for him to win the World title, to complete his mission!

Pandy is on top of the champ reigning down punches. Referee Clark Summits warns him about the closed fist but Pandalike pays him no mind, bringing the Hodge back to a vertical base, Pandalike runs the ropes going for a Shoulder Tackle! The champ though, gaining his bearings catches the challenger in mid air, swinging him around and planting him into the canvas with the Borderline! The Staples Center explodes as the champ has turn the tides of this match. He stays on top of Pandy, going for the pin, Clark sliding in to do his job!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Despite not getting the early three count, Harley Hodge stays on top of the challenger unloading with left and rights! The crowd going nuts as the champ unleashes his fury. Summits starts the mandatory five count, with the Accelerator now letting up.

Jim Gunt: The Accelerator coming back to life in this contest! Almost seemed as if the World title was slipping from his grasps!

Mike Rolash: He might've come back to life in this match, but give him about two more weeks he'll be out of there.

Jim Gunt: Are you serious Mike?

Mike Rolash: I'm just saying Jim, the guy shared a dorm room with Moses.

Jim rolls his eyes at Mike, as meanwhile back inside the ring. Harley has Pandy back upright, he connects with knife edge chops that have Pandy reeling backwards towards the corner. Hodge strikes with one last chop before whipping the challenger towards the opposite corner where Pandy crashes hard. Harley follows him in running full speed, but Pandy uses the Accelerator's momentum lifting him and placing the champ on the top turnbuckle facing the crowd. Pandy climbs to the middle ropes looking to execute something. But Hodge nails him with a back elbow strike, that knocks Pandalike from the corner. The Accelerator springs to the top rope, flipping backwards looking for the Illumination Theory! Pandalike however turns, catching the champ out of the air and spiking him into the canvas with a Spinebuster! The crowd explode with "Holy Shit!" chants amazed at the incredible reversal! Pandalike quickly goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Jim Gunt: In my years of calling matches Mike, I've never seen anything as incredible as that reversal by Pandalike!

Mike Rolash: Pandy's holding nothing back here tonight.

Pandy slaps the mat out of frustration, he gets to his get feet and drags the limp body of Hodge towards the corner setting him up. The Staples Center show their disapproval as Pandy runs towards the opposite corner, he screams to the top of his lungs, "Save The Pandas!" He sprints full speed at the Angel going for his patented Cannonball! The champ though is barely able to move out of the way, leaving the challenger to crash back first with the bottom turnbuckle! Bringing cheers from the crowd, Hodge uses the ropes to get to his feet. He lifts Pandy back to his feet, hauling him up onto his shoulders. The Accelerator shows his strength as he takes off running with the prone body of Pandy, crashing into the corner turnbuckle with The Cuckoo's Nest! Hodge drops Pandalike to the mat attempting a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! PANDY KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: There is no quit in the World Champion here tonight!

Mike Rolash: I mean he might be old but he's proving why he's the World Champion!

The Accelerator now showing the effects of a man enduring a brutal battle is slowly to his feet. Hodge contemplates his next move, now headed to the corner and climbing to the top turnbuckle with his back to Pandy! He's finally to the top, flipping backwards and landing the ILLUMINATION THEORY beautifully hooking the leg for the cover! Clark Summits slides in going for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Pandalike kicks out bringing a collective "OH" from the crowd! With frustration beginning to show on the champ's face, Hodge brings Pandy back upright. Pandalike catches the champ by surprise though blasting him with open palm strikes that send the champion backing up into the corner! The Paw-Print leaves Hodge slumped in the corner as Pandy tries to catch his breath. He doesn't take long though unleashing with the Paw-Print once again knocking the Accelerator to a seated position.

Jim Gunt: These two men are giving everything they have in the ring! And I must say another classic being put on display by these two!

Mike Rolash: End goal, CWF World Championship, what better reason to give everything you got Jim?

Pandy quick as a cat runs to the opposite corner and comes flying in at Harley crushing him with a Cannonball! As if he's gained his second wind, brings Hodge up, turns him around, hooking him around the waist, and sends him flipping hard into the mat with a Release German Suplex! Pandy rushes over shooting the half and hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

The champ escaped at the last minute, the crowd goes crazy happy the champ is still in the fight! Pandalike shows his anger, arguing with Clark about the count. Clark assured him that Hodge's shoulder made it up in time. The small confrontation costs Pandy though as Hodge rolls him up from behind with a School Boy!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Pandalike quickly kicks out and is back to his feet. Meeting Hodge's face with another Side-Step Kick! The crowd is booing as he tells the fans here in California that it's over. He brings Harley up, setting him up for the Pandamonium! Pandy lifts the Angel up for the maneuver but Hodge surprises him with fist to the face! Harley flips backwards going for a Hurricanrana, but Pandy blocks it lifting Hodge back up and spiking him with the PANDAMONIUM! He holds on for the pin as the crowd show their disapproval.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

IT'S OVER! NEW CHAMP?

NO!!!

The crowd goes crazy as Pandy sits there in disbelief.

Jim Gunt: How did he kickout of that move, I can't lie I thought we had a new champ Mike!

Mike Rolash: Wow it's like the guy has a built in resurrection button inside his body!

The frustration now ever apparent on the challenger's face, Pandy drags the body of the champ to the middle of the ring. He doesn't waste any time, going to the corner and climbing to the top. Pandy eyes his target as he leaps off going for the Pandy Splash! However the Accelerator is able to get his knees up driving the wind for Pandy's body. Pandalike coughs in pain as Hodge uses the ropes again to become vertical. Pandy is soon back to his feet as well but the veteran blasts him with a Clothesline dropping the challenger to the canvas! Pandy is back up quickly though only to be put down with another clothesline. Pandy rises to his feet once more, as the champ attempts one more clothesline. The challenger ducks underneath it hooking the Accelerator for another German Suplex!

The champ quickly breaks his grip with a back elbow that has Pandalike staggering backwards! Hodge spins around and latches onto Pandy locking him in the Sleep to Dream guillotine choke! Pandy stays on his feet though trying to fight off the choke hold. Hodge squeezes tightly as Pandy stumbles around the ring with Hodge locked him like a pitbull! Pandy is soon able to move his arms over Hodge's neck and dead lifts him for a Suplex! The champ though twist in mid air falling behind the challenger, having Pandy's head locked in an inverted facelock.. In one swift motion he grabs Pandy by his tights, lifting him up and spiking him head first into the mat. THE ACCELERATOR! He makes the cover as the crowd counts along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Clark calls for the bell as the Staples Center go crazy!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner and still CWF World Champion....HARLEY HODGE!!

Hodge is breathing heavily on his knees as Clark Summits hands him his World title. He stares at it exhausted before kissing it. Harley Hodge raises the title high in the air as the fans give him his due.

### **Three As One**

Match

Sometime Earlier

Slowly the camera fades into a dense forest, moonlight filtering through the bare branches, casting its own set of shadows on the forest floor, here and there a stray critter trying to find some midnight snack. The sound of muffled footsteps can be heard from somewhere, followed by a low hum that rises in cadence every now and then, beginning to resemble some sort of chant. Through the trees' skeletons comes the flickering of flames and as the camera pans over and glides through the underbrush, it beholds a procession of hooded figures, each holding torches while making their way through the pathless forest.

As they pass by, they can be seen carrying a heavy, wooden crate, ornate carvings on its side and lid, big enough to require four of the figures to carry it, with two others bringing up the front and rear. Their low chant comes in perfect unison, too low to be intelligible, yet strong enough to convey this sense of dark purpose and power. As they continue on, the high flames of a bonfire come into view, their dance mesmerizing through the trunks. As they step into the clearing, three robed figures stand next to the fire, awaiting the arrival of the druids and the crate.

One of the figures steps forward and carefully opens the locks holding the crate closed. He lifts out a chalice, a sickle and a mortar and pestle, carefully placing them onto the lid of the crate, which looks to have carved indents for the placing of the tools. Going down to one knee, he holds out his arms, his head bent. The druids pick up their low chant again and with a strong, clear voice, the figure begins to incantate:

"Powers of high, listen to our plea,  
Three aspects of the Divine I invoke thee.  
This magic time, this magic hour,  
I ask you to lend us your power.

Bless these symbols with your love,  
Bless these symbols with your might,  
I feel you with me day and night.  
Hear our call, hear our plea.

Three as One, always with me!  
Three as One, forever be!"

Fade.

## **Tough Luck**

Match

Pandalike is shown backstage after the match is over, sullen and down on himself. He holds his arm at his side, frustrated by another loss. Harley Hodge passes through the same hallway on his way back to his locker room. He sees Pandalike seething out of the corner of his eye, as he turns to face his opponent.

Harley Hodge: Tough luck out there, kid. Keep after it.

Pandalike glares at him, a reaction showing he is both offended and enraged by Hodge's showmanship. Harley continues down the hall as Pandalike is behind him, picking up a steel chair. The steel chair crashes into the back of our World Champion, knocking him to the ground. Pandalike's assault continues for several minutes as his ambush lays waste to the Accelerator Harley Hodge.

Pandalike: You think you are so great? You think you are something special? This place belongs to Ryan Sunset. These halls belong to the Eternals. You want to turn down his offer? That's fine. But you should have realized how many competitors there are in this locker room that would kill for that opportunity you pissed away.

Pandalike gives the champ one more stiff kick in the head before spitting on him and walking away.

Fade.

## **Jaiden Rishel vs. Alex Cain**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a grudge match and is tonight's MAAAIN EVENT!

"The Broken" by Coheed and Cambria booms over the speakers and the former co-CEO of Championship Wrestling Federation storms out from behind the curtain, not even taking a moment to acknowledge the loud cheers coming from the sold out Los Angeles crowd. Jaiden is a ball of a determination as he heads for and enters the ring, immediately telling Ray Douglas to speed up the process to get the match on.

Ray Douglas: First, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the Redeemed Son....JAIDEN RISHEL!!

Mike Rolash: Where is Cambria? I thought the deal was if Cain agreed to this match that puke Jaiden would give her back?

Jim Gunt: Turnabout is fairplay, Mike. I bet Cain doesn't like mind games now they're the shoes on the other foot, does he?

“Crawling” by Linkin Park hits and the sounds of booing nearly drown out the vocals, the revving of a motorcycle can be heard before the Living Legend makes his presence felt. Cain swings through the curtain, the cycle going at full boar as he flies down, finally parking it beside the ring. Cain holds his hands in the air as he gets in the ring, but Rishel simply smiles back at him.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from London, England, he is the Living Legend....ALEX CAIN!!

As soon as the bell sounds, the sold out crowd quiets and watches as the two mega egos begin jaw jacking each. Cain very vocally says “Give me back Cambria, NOW!” Jaiden shakes his head, before connecting with a sudden right hand! Alex Cain shakes it off and locks up with Jaiden in the center of the ring, the Living Legend quickly gaining the upper hand and forcing Jaiden into a corner. He proceeds to lay waste to Jaiden Rishel with huge body-blow punches, and the Redeemed Son is forced to use an eye poke to escape!

Jim Gunt: A desperation tactic there by Jaiden Rishel!

Mike Rolash: Oh please. If I had told you a month ago that Jaiden Rishel would be fighting Alex Cain and used an eye poke, you wouldn’t have called it a desperation tactic, you would have called it cheating.

Jim Gunt: Shut up, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, that’s what I thought your retort would be.

Cain takes a moment to recover, backing away, and Jaiden attempts to burst into offence, bouncing off the ropes and into a cross-body - but Cain is ready for him and turns the cross-body into a spinebuster in mid-air! He goes for the pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Alex Cain looks unperturbed and stands up, waiting for Jaiden to rise. When he doesn’t immediately, Cain proceeds to drive his boot into the Redeemed Son’s face a few times, just to hammer the point across. The referee backs him off and Jaiden is able to rise to his feet, but Cain is already back on the offensive, bouncing off the ropes and delivering a massive clothesline! Jaiden is knocked back down but kips up, and manages to catch Cain off-guard with a European

Uppercut, staggering the big man back. Jaiden retreats outside the ring to recuperate.

Jim Gunt: A smart move by Jaiden, getting out of the way of those big rights and lefts that Alex Cain has been throwing.

The referee begins to count Jaiden out, and Cain stands at the edge of the ring, trying to grab Jaiden, but the Prodigal Son keeps ducking out of the way. Cain eventually rolls out of the ring himself - at which point Jaiden slips back in, runs to the other side of the ring, bounces off the ropes, and nails Cain with a baseball slide!

Cain keeps his cool and climbs up the steps to the ring, walking across the apron to re-enter the ring. He's over the top rope when Jaiden launches a spinning lariat, cracking Cain with the entirety of his left leg and knocking the Living Legend into the corner. Jaiden jumps up and begins raining down fists, but Cain grabs him with both hands by the throat and slams him bodily into the top turnbuckle. Jaiden's face is contorted with pain as Cain proceeds to stomp a mudhole into him.

Jim Gunt: Alex Cain completely unrelenting in his assault!

The referee is once again forced to pull Cain off Jaiden. Alex Cain lounges on the other side of the ring waiting for Jaiden to find his feet. Again, Jaiden slips outside the ring, but Cain simply waits for him this time, and Jaiden is forced to re-enter the ring at the count of eight. As soon as he does, Cain resumes his assault, grabbing Jaiden by the throat and hitting him with repeated clotheslines in his Vengeance is Sweet technique! The Redeemed Son is knocked to the ground and Cain stomps on him one more time for good measure before attempting the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! HIS FOOT'S ON THE ROPES!

Jim Gunt: Alex Cain beginning to show signs of frustration here! Jaiden Rishel is demonstrating considerable tenacity.

Mike Rolash: Someone gave you a word-of-the-day calendar for Christmas, didn't they?

Jim Gunt: That was you! And you know full well I'm Jewish!

Cain grabs Jaiden by the face and shoves the back of his head into the canvas before backing up. He beckons Jaiden up, waiting, poised to attack. Jaiden rises slowly, and Cain stalks him. As Jaiden turns to face him, Cain knees him in

the stomach and locks in for the Annihilator!

Jim Gunt: This could be it!

Cain hoists Jaiden up - but Jaiden uses the momentum to carry himself forward and locks his legs around Cain's neck - HURRICANRANA!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Despite his failed near fall attempt, Jaiden looks to have regained some of his momentum, and clambers up to the top rope, waiting for Cain to rise. When the Living Legend reaches his feet, Jaiden launches towards him, nailing a Tornado DDT! But he doesn't stop there, knowing that it'll take more than that to put down the five-time champion. He runs to the opposite corner and springs onto the top turnbuckle, leaping off in his Black Rainbow Frog Splash - but Cain counters by sticking his knees up! The Prodigal Son winces in pain and both men are left laid out in the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Oh man! Jaiden's offensive cut short by Cain.

Mike Rolash: The man's been wrestling since the Battle of Cartagena, Jim, he knows how to counter a frog-splash.

Jim Gunt: You mean you actually read the history book I got you for Hanukkah?

Mike Rolash: No, I just listen to a lot of Alestorm.

The referee reaches a count of eight before Cain sits bolt upright. As the Living Legend climbs to his feet, Jaiden Rishel kips up. The crowd begins to chant "JAIDEN! JAIDEN! JAIDEN!"

Jim Gunt: A chant I never thought I'd hear in the CWF!

Mike Rolash: I heard it coming from the bathroom of Jaiden's locker room once after Amber Ryan rejected him.

Jim Gunt: Whoa Mike! This show is PG!

Mike Rolash: No it isn't.

Jaiden seems to bask in the cheers, waving his hands to get the crowd chanting. Cain rolls his eyes and clobbers Jaiden with a big right hand, knocking the Prodigal Son to the ground. Jaiden springs to his feet and begins swinging for the fences, catching Cain off guard with a flurry of rights and lefts, backing the big man into the corner. He throws Cain with an Irish Whip into the far corner, and as Cain staggers forward Jaiden runs to the rope behind him, bouncing off and locking in a Dragon Sleeper! The crowd goes wild as Jaiden wrenches the hold, going for a submission!

Jim Gunt: I can't remember the last time I've seen Alex Cain tap out!

Mike Rolash: Looks like you won't tonight either...

Cain grunts with exertion, slowly lifting himself and Jaiden both! CRADLE PILEDRIIVER and The Living Legend drives Jaiden's head into the mat like a nail protruding into plywood!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! KICKOUT!

Jaiden is much slower in returning to his feet, and Cain hauls him up, throwing him into the turnbuckles and getting set to deliver a massive clothesline into the corner. At the last second Jaiden ducks out of the way and Cain is left reeling. Jaiden ducks outside the ring once again, taking a few seconds to recuperate. He doesn't wait too long though, and gets back into the ring before Cain has time to block his entrance. He ducks underneath a clothesline and nails Cain with a cross-body, but only manages a two-count before Cain throws him off. Jaiden remains determined, and bounces off the ropes once again, nailing Cain with a lariat as he stands up. Suddenly there are a chorus of boos!

Jaiden looks confused for a second, but then sees Stalker Knight and Freddie Styles walking down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Well, this had to happen eventually. The Eternals are here!

Jaiden takes a breath and mutters "Ignore them" under his breath. He sizes Cain up for another lariat, but this time the Living Legend ducks out of the way and nails Jaiden with a Big Boot as the Prodigal Son takes just a second too long winding up the lariat. Jaiden goes down hard and Cain capitalizes, whipping him hard into the corner and putting his boot to Jaiden's neck. The referee pulls him off after a four-count, and admonishes him - and Styles and Knight take advantage of the distracted referee, slamming Jaiden's head into the ring post!

Mike Rolash: Well, that had to happen eventually.

Cain hauls Jaiden to his feet, placing him in the corner and raining down rights and left. Rather than back off at the referee's count this time, he whips Jaiden into the opposite corner and charges in after him, completely squishing the Prodigal Son, who crumples. Cain walks away, and Stalker Knight sidles over to Jaiden - this time, though, the referee sees him and warns him to stay away!

Jim Gunt: The referee imposing some order on the Eternals!

Mike Rolash: For all the good it's doing Jaiden...

Indeed, in the ring, Cain has whipped Jaiden into the other corner and splashed him once again. Jaiden looks to be in a bad way, as Cain repeats the whip - but Jaiden manages to duck out of the ring before Cain can hit his third splash!

Cain waits a moment before getting out of the ring to follow Jaiden, and Stalker Knight moves in to attack. The referee slides out of the ring and puts himself between Stalker Knight and Jaiden - which leaves Freddie Styles free to put the Prodigal Son in a Full Nelson while Cain rains down body blows on Jaiden's unprotected ribs! Seconds before the referee turns around, Styles releases the hold, and Cain slams Jaiden's head onto the announce table.

Jim Gunt: This has basically become a Handicap match!

Mike Rolash: Cain and the announce table?

Jim Gunt: The Eternals, you asshole.

The referee nears an eight-count before Cain throws Jaiden into the ring and follows. He attempts the pin, but Jaiden kicks out after two. Cain once again begins to show signs of frustration that he cannot seem to put the young Rishel down. He grabs Jaiden by the throat and hauls him up into the air from prone, slamming him into the turnbuckles.

Jim Gunt: I'd forgotten just how much raw strength Alex Cain could bring to an encounter.

Cain winds up for another splash attack, but Jaiden is able to get a boot up, catching Cain in the chin! Jaiden realizes that he doesn't have time to recover given the presence of the two Eternals, and charges Cain, attempting to bring the big man down in the middle of the ring. He nails a Bulldog, knocking Cain to the ground, and falling to the ground

himself in the process. Both men are down in the center of the ring as the referee begins a count.

ONE...TWO...THREE...FOUR...FIVE...

The crowd begin to rise to their feet in anticipation of a double countout.

SIX...SEVEN...EIGHT - They're up!

The two men slowly rise to their feet, the crowd onceagain chanting for Jaiden. Jaiden seems to feed off the energy of the crowd, sizing Cain up and rushing him with a TORNADO DDT!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! CAIN KICKS OUT!

Jaiden is undeterred by the kickout, and proceeds to amp up the crowd while Cain rises. Stalker Knight and Freddie Styles trash talk Jaiden from outside the ring, but the Prodigal Son merely flips them off without looking at them, to the delight of the sold-out crowd of the Staples Center. As Cain reaches his feet, staggering somewhat, Jaiden grabs him and sets him up onto his shoulders - DELIRIUM TRIGGER!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit! Jaiden Rishel about to pull off the upset of the century here!

Before Jaiden can go for the pinfall, though, Styles and Stalker jump up onto the apron, clamoring and trying to get into the ring. The referee has his hands completely full trying to contain them - and completely misses Elisha, who has come through the crowd!

Jim Gunt: Oh come on! This is now a four on one match against Jaiden Rishel!

Mike Rolash: Five on one. Don't forget the announce table.

Elisha nails Jaiden with a massive Ganso Bomb, and ducks out of the ring. Cain is slowly able to rise to his feet, hauling Jaiden up and setting up the Annihilator once again. Jaiden punches him in the face, trying to fight his way out - but the continued assault by the Eternals has taken a toll on Jaiden, and his punches don't do enough damage to stop the Living Legend from driving the Prodigal Son down! ANNIHILATOR POWERBOMB! IT'S OVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner...ALEX CAIN!!

"Crawling" cuts out suddenly, and static fills the CWF tron. The fuzz gradually starts to clarify, revealing a bare lightbulb in an otherwise pitch-black room.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is this?

Jim Gunt: A...strange scene here.

Cain, takes note of the screen, obviously incensed by the interruption of his celebration, and leans on top rope, facing out at the screen. On the tron, a black, leather glove grabs the bulb, and pulls it back to reveal Cambria, tied up.

Mike Rolash: WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!

Jim Gunt: Cambria? I thought that Jaiden had her!

Cambria squints in the light, and a heavily distorted voice speaks up from behind the camera.

Voice: Read it.

Cambria swallows, tears streaming down her face, and begins to read from a script, apparently off screen.

Cambria Cain: Alex Cain. The Annihilator. The best of the CWF. How is it that after all of these years, you make the same mistakes over and over again? I would expect more of a man of your calibre. I'd expect more if I didn't know you so well.

Alex Cain, enraged, paces back and forth across the ring, but keeps his eyes locked on the CWF tron, along with the entirety of the Staples Center. Ray Douglas hands him a microphone.

Alex Cain: You sick son of a bitch, where is she? The deal was that I destroy Jaiden, I get her back!

The black glove lets go of the light bulb, and it swings back and forth. In the shadows, a figure drags Cambria out of view. The man behind the microphone, obscured by the lack of lighting, saunters in front of the camera. As the light sways, it reveals that he's wearing the same outfit that Cain wore at Frozen Over – all black, with a ski-mask.

Voice: Don't worry, Cain; Cambria is fine. She will be returned to you, safe and sound, when the time is right. Jaiden did not lie to you, you just drew your own conclusions about the truth. Think of her as... collateral.

Alex Cain: I'm losing my patience.

Voice: I suggest you find it. It may be the only virtue that you have, Alex.

Cain makes towards responding, but thinks better of it.

Voice: That's a good boy. So, why? Why am I here, addressing you? Why do I have Cambria in my custody?

A thought seems to come to Cain, and he replies.

Alex Cain: Justin? You idiot, I will end you just like I did your son.

Voice: Oh no, not Justin. Although, I was surprised when he called me. I'm no friend to the Rishel family, Cain. But when he told me that he needed my help at Modern Warfare...when he told me he needed my help dealing with you...I knew that I had to lend a hand.

The lightbulb comes to a stand-still and the man removes his ski-mask, his face still obscured by shadows.

Voice: So, Cain...how do you feel about making a deal? You, me, Modern Warfare on Pay Per View. I'll remind you – I have...collateral.

Cain: You? Whoever you are, I'll gladly Annihilate you at Modern Warfare.

The man laughs.

Voice: I was hoping you'd say that, Cain.

The distortion suddenly starts to drift off of the voice.

Voice: But really, was there ever any doubt? You're a vain man, Alex. I should know – my ego could probably fill the Staples Center. The thing is, I know you very, very well, old man. So even if Justin hadn't called me, I'd be chomping at the bit to do this. See, you and I...we've written a story or two over the years. Modern Warfare will be the scene of one of my greatest stories. And I've already written a story that stands in the annals of history at Modern Warfare. So, you've beaten the crown prince of the CWF? Well, this was always a job...

The man grabs the lightbulb, and brings it to his face, illuminating the sly grin of Jarvis King!

Jarvis King: ...for a King.

The Staples Center comes unglued as the returning Internet Icon laughs. Cain looks on, an expression of anger, shock and - is that a bit of fear? – creeps across his face.

Mike Rolash: Oh god...

Jim Gunt: JARVIS KING IS BACK!

Mike Rolash: I think I'm gonna be sick...

Jim Gunt: A FORMER MODERN WARFARE WINNER! THE FIRST MAN TO BEAT ALEX CAIN FOR THE CWF CHAMPIONSHIP!

King continues laughing, before stopping abruptly and looking in the camera with a look of steely determination.

Jarvis King: Alex, I'll see you in Minneapolis. Where you will bow down. Inside of a solid steel cage!

Mike Rolash: WHAT?!

Jim Gunt: WHAT A NIGHT OF ACTION! WHAT A SURPRISE! JARVIS KING VS. ALEX CAIN AT MODERN WARFARE. WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK, AS TOURNAMENT ACTION CONTINUES!

## Show Credits

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