

Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest: WFV Preshow

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: August 6, 2026
Location: DCU Center — Worcester, Massachusetts

Results

Welcome to Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest

Segment

The cameras burst to life with an aerial sweep of the DCU Center in Worcester, Massachusetts, the exterior wrapped from top to bottom in towering Wrestle Fest V banners featuring the biggest stars in the Championship Wrestling Federation. Thousands upon thousands of fans stream through every entrance, many already carrying oversized merchandise bags while others stop to pose beside giant championship belt displays and photo opportunities lining the plaza outside.

Inside, the building has been transformed into a celebration of everything CWF.

The camera glides through the massive convention floor where elaborate lighting rigs wash the venue in gold, crimson and white. One end of the building houses an elegant Hall of Fame stage draped in black and gold with enormous LED screens displaying the faces of the four inductees for the Class of 2026. Across the arena, another elevated stage has been constructed for live interviews, surprise appearances and special presentations throughout the night.

The tour continues.

Rows upon rows of autograph tables stretch across the convention floor, each decorated with custom backdrops featuring the superstars appearing there throughout the evening. Replica championship belts gleam beneath display lights. The Wrestle Fest Superstore is overflowing with exclusive shirts, jerseys, replica entrance jackets, posters, action figures, signed memorabilia, commemorative cups, trading cards, replica championships, and enough merchandise to make even the most dedicated fan wonder if they brought enough money.

Families gather around interactive exhibits where children practice entrance poses beneath giant LED titantrons. Fans line up to test their strength against wrestling challenges, climb into replica interview sets, step inside recreated locker room photo experiences and record their own CWF entrance videos. Elsewhere, rings have been set up for wrestling demonstrations and Q&A sessions while concession stands, food vendors and lounges are packed shoulder to shoulder with excited fans discussing tomorrow night's card.

The excitement is unmistakable.

The camera finally settles on the main presentation stage where standing alone beneath a Wrestle Fest V logo is a familiar face with a microphone already in hand.

Mike Rolash.

The veteran color commentator adjusts his jacket, glances around at the sea of fans and smirks.

Mike Rolash: Well...they actually did it.

He slowly spins in a circle.

Mike Rolash: They somehow convinced this many people to voluntarily spend an entire evening in a building full of

professional wrestlers.

A few fans laugh while others boo him affectionately.

Mike Rolash: Seriously...look at all of you. Some of you have been standing in autograph lines since breakfast. Some of you are carrying enough merchandise to refinance your homes. And I guarantee at least one of you has already gotten into an argument over who deserves to win tomorrow night.

He shrugs.

Mike Rolash: Welcome to Wrestle Fest season.

The crowd applauds loudly.

Mike Rolash: Good evening, everyone, and welcome to the biggest Fan Fest in Championship Wrestling Federation history! Tonight the DCU Center isn't just hosting a convention—it's hosting an experience. Every corner of this building has something happening. Autograph sessions, live interviews, exclusive appearances, fan games, exhibits, meet-and-greets, Hall of Fame festivities, merchandise that'll somehow convince you your wallet wasn't using that money anyway...it's all happening right here.

He gestures toward the elegant Hall of Fame stage across the convention floor.

Mike Rolash: And despite half this company wanting to murder each other on a weekly basis...for one night, we put all of that on pause.

Well...

Mostly.

The fans chuckle.

Mike Rolash: The war between Mia Rayne and Silas Artoria takes a brief timeout before they try to tear each other apart tomorrow night at Wrestle Fest V. Tonight, those two rivals stand together for something far more important as members of the Championship Wrestling Federation Hall of Fame Class of 2026.

A graphic appears showing the four inductees.

Mia Rayne.

Silas Artoria.

Shane Donovan.

The late Duce Jones.

The audience erupts into applause.

Mike Rolash: Four names. Four incredible careers. Four well-deserved inductions that we'll celebrate later this evening.

He begins pacing across the stage.

Mike Rolash: We've also managed to lure a couple of familiar faces back into the CWF spotlight. Charles State and Blake Church have returned home and they'll be roaming this convention floor all night long, sitting down with many of your favorite CWF superstars as they make their final preparations before stepping onto the grandest stage of them all tomorrow night.

Mike smiles toward the camera.

Mike Rolash: We've got interviews... surprises... Hall of Fame speeches... fan interactions... and knowing this company, probably at least one moment where security completely loses control of the situation.

The crowd laughs again.

Mike Rolash: So whether you're here to meet your heroes, grab that one last autograph, spend way too much money in the Superstore, or simply soak in everything that makes Championship Wrestling Federation special...

He spreads his arms wide as the camera slowly pulls back to reveal the enormous convention floor bustling with activity.

Mike Rolash: ...take a look around...

Have a little fun...

Because this...

is the WRESTLE FEST... FAN FEST!

The crowd roars as gold and white pyro erupts from the presentation stage. The cameras sweep once more across the packed convention floor before the Wrestle Fest V logo fills the screen, officially beginning the biggest Fan Fest in CWF history.

CvS Live: MJ Flair

Segment

We cut to a small stage, three chairs, and a makeshift ring setup: three sides covered with the fourth open for ease of viewing. Sitting in the outer chairs are Blake Church and Charles State, long time, returning, pundits specializing in the CWF's roster.

Blake Church: Good morning, CWF Universe, and welcome to Church and State - Wrestlefest V Edition! My name is Blake Church, and I'm here with my long time partner, Charles State. Charles, welcome back to the show.

Charles State: Thank you, Blake. It's good to be back at CWF FanFest, here in beautiful Worcester, Massachusetts!

A few of the passing fans give a cheer; several correct State's pronunciation.

State: Our first guest today has made their return to the sport after a four year absence and return to the CWF after... how do we even grade the three hundred year time jump?

Church: I suggest you don't worry about it. Please welcome, making her first appearance at Fan Fest since WrestleFest IV, EMM JAY FLAIR!

THAT gets peoples' attention; as well as the loud blast of "Frequency" by AL1CE as MJ walks onto the stage, shaking both mens' hands, and taking a seat in the middle. She picks up a microphone as she crosses her legs, and gives a wave to the people calling out to her.

State: MJ, great to see you again.

MJF: Thanks guys, great to see you. I can't help but remember, the last time we talked like this, things went really well for me at WrestleFest.

Church: Of course, that was WrestleFest IV, where you famously defeated Colton Mace for the vacant CWF World Championship at Madison Square Garden. I should point out that you were the final interview of the day for us back then, whereas you're first today?

MJ laughs.

MJF: It's that whole New York - Boston thing. No respect, I tell ya.

A few fans boo, but there is no real malice behind their reaction.

MJF: Seriously, though - I'm just glad to be here and happy that the fans remembered me, and were happy to see that

I was back for more than just one night. You know a lot of fans are like that: when you're gone, you get relegated to history. No shade on that, by the by: this business has to keep moving forward, and I get that.

She sits back and points to her ear.

MJF: But I could hear the difference, could you?

Church: I'm sorry, what difference?

MJF: The fans, Blake. The pop. First it was the nostalgia pop when my initials went up on the screen. Fine, everyone gets the nostalgia pop. And that's cool, sometimes you get credit for just not living in a van down by the river.

She pantomimes applause.

MJF: I got that, and that's cool. But then the match goes on, I toss out an Unstoppable, I help Caledonia with Loki, I send Jace's face to the third row, the reaction changes. Now it's, holy crap, she can still go.

State: We certainly saw that.

MJF: But it's not guaranteed with the nostalgia pop. You need to be able to move, to hit hard... to get hit and keep on going. I showed a little of it at Golden Intentions. I showed more at Infernalina Nine. Hopefully... even more tomorrow against Caledonia.

State: Speaking of—

MJF (interrupting): That's the question, isn't it?

State: Pardon?

MJF: What happens after Caledonia. That's the question, right? Am I staying? Am I going? I'm not a CWF employee, officially, on Sunday. Do I re-sign?

Church: Do you?

MJF: It depends on tomorrow.

Church: If you can get past Caledonia.

MJF: Not just that. Getting past her is going to be difficult enough. But let's say I do. Hell, let's say I don't. It's going to be a slog no matter what.

She looks at the gathered audience.

MJF: Am I wrong?

The fans all voice their agreement that it will, in fact, be a slog.

MJF: I can take the hits. Peacock Jerry and Florida Man hit pretty hard, too. But how do I feel on Sunday morning? Do the hits roll off as easily as they used to? Can I get back in the ring and still perform at the level I'd demand of myself? Is it worth it to put my real life on hold again in order to compete?

Pause.

MJF: I know my real life would be there, waiting for me. But I don't know if I want to wait for it. And I honestly won't know that until after this match is in the rear view.

MJ gives a small, apologetic shrug.

MJF: Sorry. I'm not trying to dodge the question. 'I don't know' is as honest as I can be right now.

Church nods. He locks eyes with State and checks the time.

State: Final thoughts, MJ. Any last minute message for Caledonia before tomorrow?

MJ smiles.

MJF: Hydrate, bitch. It's gonna be a wastey one.

They laugh, and the laughter spreads through the audience.

Church: MJ Flair, thank you for your time. We'll be back a little later on today with more guests and more questions.

The Perfect Cast

Segment

The camera wanders through one of the autograph areas where hundreds of fans snake through long lines waiting to meet their favorite stars. One table, however, has an especially healthy line.

The Regulators.

Lex Collins sits signing photographs while Adam Hansen chats with every fan that comes through, making each person laugh before sending them on their way. Standing behind the table, occasionally helping organize photos and merchandise, is Briar Bryne.

A young child walks away proudly holding a signed poster. Adam smiles.

Adam Hansen: "See? Told ya we'd spell your name right."

The kid beams.

Kid: "Thanks!"

As the family leaves, another figure quietly steps into line. Long black coat, top hat, and his trademark porcelain smile.

Alabaster Enders.

Neither Lex nor Adam notices him until he reaches the front. The Carolina Cowboy's smile fades just slightly.

Adam Hansen: "...Well."

Lex looks up.

Lex Collins: "You found us."

Alabaster removes a leather notebook rather than a screenplay this time.

Alabaster Enders: "Indeed."

He looks over the three members of The Regulators, not speaking. Simply...studying. Finally, he says one word.

Alabaster Enders: "Interesting."

Adam folds his arms.

Adam Hansen: "Can we help you?"

Alabaster nods.

Alabaster Enders: "I believe so."

He scribbles something inside the notebook.

Alabaster Enders: "I've been watching your work."

Lex chuckles.

Lex Collins: "Hopefully the good parts."

Alabaster looks up.

Alabaster Enders: "Especially the difficult parts."

Silence.

Alabaster Enders: "The war."

Adam's expression hardens.

Adam Hansen: "HOSTILITY."

Alabaster nods.

Alabaster Enders: "Fascinating villains."

Another note.

Alabaster Enders: "Persistent."

He turns another page.

Alabaster Enders: "But not nearly as interesting as the men who continue standing after every battle."

Briar finally speaks.

Briar Bryne: "We're not making your movie."

Alabaster slowly closes the notebook.

Alabaster Enders: "No."

A pause.

Alabaster Enders: "Not yet."

He politely tips his hat.

Alabaster Enders: "Best of luck tomorrow evening."

He calmly walks away.

Adam watches him disappear.

Adam Hansen: "...Every time I think he's getting less creepy..."

Lex never takes his eyes off the hallway.

Lex Collins: "...he gets creepier."

Jamie Finally Tells Tyler, Billy and Kyle

Segment

Jamie is seen walking inside of the arena excited to finally tell Tyler, Billy and Kyle about what she told Dakota and Stormee. She see the three of them talking, and goes over to them.

Jamie Bright Anderson: hey there is something that I want to tell you three, and it is time for you to know what I told Dakota and Stormee last week as well as Seth and Jasmine.

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: We are listening, so what is it baby.

Jamie Bright Anderson: We are going to have a baby.

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: OMG that is so wonderful news, and I can't believe that I am going to be a father.

Tyler just breaks down in tears as Kyle and Billy look at him as they are wondering what is going on.

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: Are you alright Tyler?

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: I am going to be a father, and I can't believe it.

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: That is amazing, and I know you two wanted this for so long.

Billy ends up crying as well, and Kyle just stands there as he is shocked more than anything.

"Nashville Prince" Kyle Bright: Oh wow this is really wonderful news, and congrats Tyler and Jamie.

Jamie Bright Anderson: Thanks for that, and yeah we wanted this as I couldn't believe when I took the test so the doctor confirmed it.

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: I can't wait to find out what we are having, and we will be great parents.

Tyler is still crying, and kisses his wife as he is so happy about becoming a father.

Hall of Fame

Segment

The Hall of Fame stage sits empty while technicians make last-minute preparations. Rows of elegant chairs wait patiently for tonight's ceremony. No fans are present yet.

Only one man.

Alabaster Enders quietly walks onto the stage. He studies the four bronze plaques.

Mia Rayne.

Silas Artoria.

Shane Donovan.

Duce Jones.

He stops before Mia's, and gently reaches toward it...never touching.

Alabaster Enders: "Leading lady."

He moves to Silas'.

Alabaster Enders: "Antagonist."

Then Shane.

Alabaster Enders: "Mentor."

Finally...

Duce Jones.

A much longer pause.

Alabaster Enders: "Legacy."

He nods to himself, satisfied. A production assistant suddenly notices him.

Production Assistant: "Sir?"

Alabaster turns politely.

Production Assistant: "We're not opening this area for another few minutes..."

Alabaster smiles.

Alabaster Enders: "Of course."

He gives one final glance toward the four plaques, then quietly walks away. The assistant watches him leave, looking completely uneasy.

Duce Jones Hall of Fame Induction

Segment

Across the convention floor, the celebration of CWF's history continues. Fans move between autograph tables, merchandise booths, interactive experiences, and appearances from some of the biggest names to ever step inside a CWF ring. The sounds of the convention remain alive around them, but as the cameras settle back on the Hall of Fame area, something begins to change.

The golden lights surrounding the stage slowly dim. The massive LED screens behind the podium fade away, and the music that had filled the area moments earlier disappears until the only thing heard throughout the DCU Center is silence.

Then...

A piano begins to play.

The CWF Hall of Fame logo appears across the massive screen before slowly fading into a black-and-white photograph.

A familiar face appears.

Duce Jones.

The reaction is immediate.

The thousands of fans gathered throughout the DCU Center rise to their feet, and the applause that follows quickly grows into a thunderous ovation for one of the most beloved competitors in CWF history. Fans raise replica championships above their heads. Old Smokin' Aces merchandise appears throughout the crowd. Some hold signs with memories of Duce's career written across them.

Then, from somewhere in the back of the convention floor, a chant begins.

"DUCE! DUCE! DUCE! DUCE!"

Within seconds, the chant spreads across the entire building.

FADE: A grainy video, possibly off a security camera pointing at a wrestling ring. Duce Jones is helped up by his father, Byson Kaliban, while a much younger MJ Flair and a much larger Eli Flair approach, and enter the ring.

MJ Flair (V/O): I wasn't used to having friends or allies at that point in time. I was a one-time World Tag Team Champion, partnered with a wrestler who hated my guts, and the feeling was mutual. Duce, though? We had a lot in common. Second generation wrestlers. Hungry for respect, desperate for validation that only victory can bring.

laugh

MJ Flair (V/O): Or a mutual hatred for Jace Valentine.

CUTTO: A black screen, with the voices audible but muffled, like they're having a conversation in a public place.

DUCE JONES (V/O): Oh well, he just became number one on my hit list, and I'll get the title back soon.

MJ FLAIR (V/O): Might be a bit delayed, y'know? When I win it.

DUCE JONES (V/O): Then I'll beat you and take it.

CUTTO: MJ Flair, standing in front of a Duce Jones Memorial billboard, advertising his induction into the CWF Hall of Fame.

MJ Flair: Professional wrestlers, we like to think of ourselves as immortal. And we kinda have to, in order to do what we do in the ring. Duce, though? He was a real one. And I'm grateful that, when the time came to show the CWF what I was all about, I was able to do so with Duce in the ring.

CUTTO: Footage from CWF Evolution 12, with Duce Jones vs MJ Flair as the headline match.

Near the climax of a hard fought back - and - forth, with MJ and Duce trading blows and the group The Eternals watching from the outside, MJ reverses a whip into the ropes, only for Alex Cain to crash a chair into Duce's back.

The boos are immediate and overpowering. Cain climbs from the floor to the ring apron and, just as Duce turns towards him, brings the chair crashing down on the side of his head. The former CWF World Champion crumbles into a pile, while we close up on MJ's face - her expression gives away nothing. The fans, however, are letting her and Cain, as well as the rest of the Eternals: Freddie Styles, Ryan Sunset, and then-Champion, Jace Valentine know their feelings on the turn.

Alex Cain enters the ring, and nudges the referee with his foot: the ref stirs ever so slightly. He rolls Duce Jones onto his back and gestures to MJ, clearly the sign of 'You're welcome.' MJ staggers to her feet, still apparently a bit winded from the boot to the stomach, and reaches out to Cain.

The boos manage to intensify as Cain shakes her hand. She pulls away after a second, however, and gestures to the chair. Cain laughs, understanding that she means to finish off Duce Jones once and for all before taking the win. As he hands her the chair, he turns back towards Duce and nudges him, ever so slightly, with his foot.

It's because of this act of disrespect that Cain didn't see MJ take aim, and didn't see her swing for the fences, crushing Cain in the face.

CUTTO: MJ, looking off camera like she's watching the footage with a smile.

MJ Flair: Our direct partnership was short, but it established two things. It got me close to a World Title, and it got Duce and Freddie Styles in contact as the Smokin' Aces: one of the best tag teams that this company ever saw.

CUTTO: CWF Conflicion; the Four Way main event for the CWF World Championship.

We start at the end, as MJ hits the Morning Star on Jace Valentine for the three count, the now-former World Champion kicking out a second too late. He leaves MJ Flair to soak in the cheers and adulation from the fans inside the United Center. With Duce Jones now back on his feet, he walks awkwardly over to the ropes and calls for the CWF World Title to be handed over.

The crowd watches on in amazement as Jones takes the title belt and places it hard into the stomach of MJ Flair, and then raises her arm in the air! Freddie Styles climbs to his feet, doing the exact same thing with her other arm.

CUTTO: MJ again, dabbing at her eye.

MJ Flair: Winning the CWF World Title for the second time in Madison Square Garden will always be special to me; it's my hometown crowd, it's people who literally watched me grow up... but if I had to choose just one CWF memory to take with me to the end of time, it'd be this moment right here. We built this alliance on very shaky ground, knowing we'd all be opponents in this moment. But he showed me what kind of competitor he was in this moment: the match is over, and he knew he'd get a shot as soon as I could give him one. Duce Jones deserves his induction into the CWF Hall of Fame... and the only thing about it I hate is that he isn't here to enjoy it.

The Hall of Fame ceremony continues, surrounded by the voices of fans who watched Duce Jones make history; who watched him become a champion, and who now gather to honor the man behind the character. Standing beside the podium is Mike Rolash.

The usual sarcasm and sharp humor that accompanied him earlier during Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest is nowhere to be found. Instead, Rolash simply looks out at the crowd, allowing the moment to exist. He waits until the chant begins to fade before raising the microphone.

Mike Rolash: "Ladies and gentlemen...our next induction is a special one."

The applause continues underneath his words.

Mike Rolash: "Because sometimes the Hall of Fame isn't just about championships."

Rolash turns his attention toward the photograph behind him.

Mike Rolash: "It isn't about how many matches somebody won. It isn't about how many times somebody stood underneath these lights holding a championship over their head."

The crowd grows quieter.

Mike Rolash: "Sometimes it's about something bigger."

A pause.

Mike Rolash: "Sometimes it's about the people who helped make this place what it became."

The fans respond with another round of applause.

Mike Rolash: "The next inductee into the Championship Wrestling Federation Hall of Fame Class of 2026..."

Rolash looks back toward the photograph.

Mike Rolash: "...is Duce Jones."

The DCU Center erupts once again.

Rolash steps away from the podium, letting the ovation wash over the stage. The fans continue celebrating as the camera focuses on the image of Duce Jones displayed above them.

Then, after several moments, the lights begin to shift.

The crowd slowly begins to settle.

A voice suddenly comes through the speakers.

"Hello everyone..."

For a brief moment, there is silence.

Then recognition.

The reaction that follows is immediate.

The camera turns toward the entrance of the Hall of Fame stage as the crowd realizes exactly who is standing there.

The son of CWF founder J. Rish.

The former heir to Championship Wrestling Federation.

Jaiden Rishel.

For the first time in this era of CWF, Jaiden Rishel stands before the fans once again.

There is no championship on his shoulder. No authority figure role to play. No storyline surrounding his appearance.

Just a man standing in front of a wrestling family that remembers everything.

Three hundred years of history.

A federation that disappeared.

A father whose legacy carried on without him.

A journey through time that brought him back to this exact moment.

Jaiden takes a moment underneath the lights, looking out at the DCU Center crowd. The reaction continues as he smiles, almost overwhelmed by the reception.

Slowly, he begins walking toward the podium.

The applause follows him the entire way.

When he reaches the microphone, he looks around the arena before speaking.

Jaiden Rishel: "Hello everyone..."

The crowd erupts again.

Jaiden smiles.

Jaiden Rishel: "Been a long time, huh?"

A laugh rolls through the audience.

Jaiden Rishel: "Literally three hundred years since I've seen you all."

Another laugh comes from the crowd.

Jaiden shakes his head slightly, taking in the moment before his expression becomes more serious.

Jaiden Rishel: "But I'm not here to talk about the 2326 era, the Amoralist cult or AnHellica, that all will haunt my father's federation and be the itch under my skin for as long as I live. I'm here to talk about something much more important. Something much more real."

The crowd quiets.

Behind him, Duce Jones remains on the screen.

Jaiden looks back toward the photograph.

Jaiden Rishel: "November 6th, 2017..."

The date appears on the screen behind him.

NOVEMBER 6TH, 2017

Jaiden Rishel: "...at the fourth episode of the show that started a new era for CWF, Evolution, from SSE Hydro in Glasgow, Scotland of all places...you made your debut in Championship Wrestling Federation."

The screen changes, beginning to show footage from Duce Jones' early days in CWF.

Jaiden Rishel: "A fatal fourway match against Kendo, Tristan Kancer, and Aphmau Enders that you won in short order, immediately staking your claim as no one to mess with in your debut."

The crowd applauds as highlights of Duce's debut play across the screens.

Jaiden Rishel: "Within months you held championships in CWF, and through the years you absolutely dominated

winning not only the Impact, not only the Paramount, not only the Tag Team titles on multiple occasions with Freddie Styles in one of..."

Jaiden pauses.

A smile forms.

Jaiden Rishel: "...scratch that...THE BEST tag team CWF has ever seen, the Smokin' Aces..."

The crowd immediately reacts.

Images of Duce Jones and Freddie Styles together appear behind him.

Jaiden Rishel: "...you were the CWF World Heavyweight Champion."

The fans cheer.

The screen changes again, showing Duce with the World Heavyweight Championship.

Jaiden Rishel: "You defeated the undefeatable in the legend Harley Hodge in the Modern Warfare tournament, taking the title from him and defending it through the tournament before losing to Jace Valentine in the final."

Jaiden takes a moment.

The championship images fade.

The photograph of Duce returns.

Jaiden Rishel: "But you know what..."

He looks toward the audience.

Jaiden Rishel: "I want to talk about the man behind the character."

The arena becomes silent.

Jaiden Rishel: "I want to talk about the man you were backstage."

Jaiden looks toward Duce's picture.

Jaiden Rishel: "The man I could rely on when I had tough times."

A pause.

Jaiden Rishel: "When things went south for my family, you were always there to pick up the pieces."

His voice softens.

Jaiden Rishel: "Chris...I will forever be in your gratitude and my fucking God do I think about you nearly every day and miss the conversations that we had."

The crowd remains completely silent, listening.

Jaiden Rishel: "You were a family man in every sense of the word. You loved your wife and your kids, and I know from up there somewhere in the clouds you still do."

Jaiden takes a breath.

Jaiden Rishel: "You achieved so much in CWF and I wish you were still here to take the stage and the honor that you deserve, but my friend, regardless...you deserve this."

The crowd begins applauding.

Jaiden looks back toward the screen.

The Duce Jones photograph remains displayed above the Hall of Fame stage.

For several seconds after Jaiden finishes speaking, the DCU Center remains quiet.

Not because the fans do not have anything to say.

Because they understand the weight of the moment.

The applause slowly builds, starting from scattered sections of the crowd before growing into another standing ovation. Jaiden remains behind the podium, looking up at the image of Duce Jones displayed across the screen.

He takes a moment to collect himself before looking back toward the audience.

Jaiden Rishel: "And I think I've probably talked long enough."

A small laugh moves through the crowd, breaking some of the emotion that has filled the room.

Jaiden smiles.

Jaiden Rishel: "Because there's somebody else who should be standing up here tonight."

The crowd begins to react, already sensing where this is going.

Jaiden turns slightly toward the entrance of the stage.

Jaiden Rishel: "Somebody who knows Duce Jones in ways I don't."

A pause.

Jaiden Rishel: "Because I can tell you about what Chris meant to me."

He looks back toward the photograph.

Jaiden Rishel: "But when you're talking about Duce Jones..."

The screen behind him changes.

The black-and-white photograph disappears.

In its place appears an image of Duce Jones and Freddie Styles.

SMOKIN' ACES.

The reaction is immediate.

Longtime CWF fans rise again, cheering as memories of the legendary tag team fill the screens surrounding the Hall of Fame stage.

Jaiden turns back toward the crowd.

Jaiden Rishel: "...there's one person who should probably tell you what it meant to stand beside him."

The lights suddenly go dark.

The DCU Center erupts.

For several seconds, the building is completely black except for the glow of phones throughout the audience.

Then a familiar silhouette appears at the entrance.

The reaction says everything before the announcement ever comes.

Freddie Styles.

Mr. Ballgame stands at the top of the entrance ramp, looking out over a crowd that has not forgotten him.

There is no elaborate entrance tonight.

No performance.

No attempt to make the moment about himself.

Freddie simply stands there, taking in the reaction while the giant screen behind him displays two words.

SMOKIN' ACES.

Freddie looks back at the screen.

For a moment, he lowers his head.

Then he begins making his way toward the stage.

Jaiden waits for him near the center of the Hall of Fame area.

The two men meet halfway.

They exchange a handshake that quickly becomes an embrace.

A quiet moment passes between them before Jaiden steps aside and allows Freddie to take the podium.

Freddie looks out toward the crowd.

He takes a deep breath.

Freddie Styles: "Hello CWF."

The crowd erupts.

Freddie shakes his head slightly, smiling at the reaction.

Freddie Styles: "I know it's been a minute since you've seen me and I wish I was here under happier circumstances."

The applause fades into a more respectful silence.

Freddie turns toward the photograph of Duce Jones.

For a few seconds, he does not speak.

Then he looks back toward the audience.

Freddie Styles: "Chris, I must say was the best Tag Team partner that I've ever had and probably the second best person I've ever collaborated with in this sport."

The crowd laughs softly at the familiar Freddie Styles honesty.

Freddie allows himself a small smile.

Freddie Styles: "When he approached me with the idea to tag with him, I must say you know I wasn't thrilled at first, but he grew on me as both a wrestler and a friend."

The screen behind him begins showing photographs from the Smokin' Aces' history.

Freddie Styles: "We had some wild times both on camera and off... if you were in the blue flame and Atlanta during our first tax title run if you know you know, but even when we parted ways, we didn't part on bad terms."

The crowd laughs at the memory.

Freddie smiles.

Freddie Styles: "We saw a need to do things on our own and it's funny that when we parted ways, we both had similar career arts."

Images begin transitioning between Duce's singles career and Freddie's.

Freddie Styles: "We both on top of the CWF. We both carried the mantle for the CWF."

The audience applauds.

Freddie looks back toward Duce's photograph.

Freddie Styles: "Chris had a mind for the business like few others."

A pause.

Freddie Styles: "I'll tell you the truth sometimes I'm being in all of watching the ideas that we couldn't bring to TV because of reasons I wish I could've had him when we were across the decades and dealing with the morals and all that good shit but you know why it takes us where it takes us."

A few fans laugh at Freddie's phrasing, but the emotion behind the words remains clear.

Freddie takes another breath.

Freddie Styles: "I will say I'm one of the few that spoke to him in those last days, even though we didn't know they were last days and his mind for the game was as sharp as ever..."

The arena becomes completely silent.

Freddie looks down for a moment.

Freddie Styles: "...and while we celebrate him today as he put his name and his legacy in the Pantheon CWF history for all time..."

The Hall of Fame logo begins appearing beside Duce's photograph.

Freddie Styles: "...I can't help but think of about three things..."

Freddie raises one finger.

Freddie Styles: "How proud his family and friends are of him not just the wrestler, but the man..."

A second finger.

Freddie Styles: "The wild times that we won't get to have going forward..."

Freddie smiles sadly.

Freddie Styles: "And how proud I am of him as a man as a wrestler, and most importantly is one of my best friends of all time."

The crowd rises to their feet.

Freddie looks toward the photograph.

For the first time during the speech, he is no longer speaking to the audience.

He is speaking directly to Duce.

Freddie Styles: "Congratulations my brother I love you. I miss you. You've earned this."

A pause.

Freddie Styles: "You've earned this."

The ovation grows louder.

Freddie Styles: "Thank you for taking me on when you didn't have to thank you for the ride that we had together."

Freddie's voice begins to crack.

Freddie Styles: "Thank you my friend."

He looks back toward the crowd.

Freddie Styles: "Thank you CWF."

A smile.

Freddie Styles: "Love you guys. Good night."

Freddie lowers the microphone.

The crowd continues applauding as he steps away from the podium.

Jaiden immediately meets him near center stage.

The two embrace again.

But as Freddie begins to step away, Jaiden reaches out and stops him.

Jaiden shakes his head.

Stay.

Freddie understands.

He nods and returns to stand beside Jaiden. Together, they look toward the image of Duce Jones. The crowd continues cheering.

The DCU Center remains standing as Jaiden Rishel and Freddie Styles stand side-by-side beneath the Hall of Fame lights.

Behind them, the image of Duce Jones and the Smokin' Aces remains on the massive screen.

For a few moments, neither man speaks.

They do not need to.

The fans understand exactly what this moment represents.

Jaiden eventually raises the microphone again, looking out at the crowd before turning his attention back toward Duce's photograph.

Jaiden Rishel: "I wish you were here tonight, Chris."

The crowd responds with applause.

Jaiden Rishel: "I wish there were three of us standing here."

Freddie lowers his head slightly, taking in the words.

Jaiden Rishel: "I wish you could walk onto this stage yourself, make some smartass comment about how long we talked, take whatever they give you, and tell us all we were making too big of a deal out of it."

A soft laugh moves through the DCU Center.

Even Freddie smiles.

Jaiden looks directly toward Duce's picture.

Jaiden Rishel: "But my friend..."

A pause.

Jaiden Rishel: "...you deserve this."

The screens around the Hall of Fame stage begin changing.

The memories of Duce Jones' career appear one final time.

The championships.

The victories.

The moments.

The history.

Everything slowly fades into a golden background until only one graphic remains.

CWF HALL OF FAME

CLASS OF 2026

DUCE JONES

The crowd erupts.

Every fan around the Hall of Fame stage is on their feet.

Jaiden looks toward Freddie, who gives him a small nod before turning back toward the screen.

Jaiden raises the microphone one final time.

Jaiden Rishel: "Duce Jones..."

He pauses, allowing the ovation to continue.

Jaiden Rishel: "...you are officially inducted into the Championship Wrestling Federation Hall of Fame Class of 2026."

The reaction is deafening.

Jaiden places his hand over his heart.

Jaiden Rishel: "I love you."

Freddie steps forward beside him.

Freddie Styles: "Love you, brother."

Jaiden looks back toward the photograph.

Jaiden Rishel: "I miss you."

Freddie Styles: "We all do."

Jaiden takes one final breath.

Jaiden Rishel: "Godspeed, brother."

The microphone lowers.

For several seconds, neither man moves.

Then the chant begins.

"DUCE!"

"DUCE!"

"DUCE!"

The sound grows louder with every second.

Freddie looks out across the DCU Center, nodding as the fans continue honoring his former partner and friend.

"DUCE!"

"DUCE!"

Jaiden turns toward Freddie.

The two men share one final embrace before turning together toward the enormous image behind them.

The cameras remain focused on the stage.

They do not cut away.

Instead, a tribute montage begins playing across every screen surrounding the Hall of Fame area.

Duce Jones' debut.

His first victories.

The Impact Championship.

The Paramount Championship.

The Smokin' Aces.

Duce and Freddie Styles standing together with the Tag Team Championships.

The Glass Ceiling standing side-by-side — Duce Jones, Freddie Styles, Jarvis King, and Jace Valentine.

Modern Warfare.

Harley Hodge.

The CWF World Heavyweight Championship.

And finally...

Duce smiling.

No championship.

No wrestling gear.

No character.

Just Chris.

Across the bottom of the screen appears a simple message.

CHRIS "DUCE JONES"

FOREVER CWF

Freddie places one fist against his heart.

Jaiden does the same.

Around them, thousands of fans continue applauding.

The moment extends beyond the Hall of Fame stage itself.

Fans who had been walking through the convention floor stop and watch the screens.

Wrestlers sitting at autograph tables stand and applaud.

CWF personnel along the edges of the floor look toward the stage.

For a few minutes, everything else disappears.

No rivalries.

No championships.

No Wrestle Fest matches.

No enemies.

Just one wrestling family remembering one of their own.

The camera returns one final time to the image of Duce Jones.

CWF HALL OF FAME — CLASS OF 2026: DUCE JONES

The ovation continues throughout the DCU Center as the Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest broadcast slowly fades away from the Hall of Fame stage.

CvS Live: Dangerous Dan

Segment

The camera cuts to the CvS Live stage set up near the center of the Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest floor. Hundreds of fans have gathered around the small ring, several already chanting "DAN! DAN! DAN!" as Charles State stands beside the familiar CWF interview table with a microphone in hand.

Charles State: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to CvS Live! Our next guest has spent the better part of the last four months proving exactly why he's one of the very best this company has to offer. Since defeating Byron Kaliban for the Paramount Championship at Frozen Over IX, he's defended that championship against everyone who's stepped up, including a series of open challenges that nobody has been able to answer successfully. Most recently, he turned back another familiar rival in Billy Anderson, and tomorrow night he'll defend the Paramount Championship once again at Wrestle Fest V. Please welcome... The Dangerous One...Dangerous Dan!

"Enemy" by Imagine Dragons echoes throughout the convention floor as Dangerous Dan steps through the crowd rather than from backstage, the Paramount Championship resting proudly over his shoulder. He slaps hands with fans lining the barricades before climbing into the ring and shaking Charles' hand.

Charles State: Dan, first of all, congratulations. Four months as Paramount Champion isn't something many people can say they've accomplished. Since Frozen Over you've defended this title against anyone willing to step up, from your open challenges on social media to Billy Anderson just last week. What has carrying this championship meant to you?

Dan glances down at the title before smiling.

Dangerous Dan: Everything.

He pats the championship.

Dangerous Dan: I've chased world championships my whole career. Some I've won...one still keeps slipping through my fingers. But this...

He lifts the Paramount Championship slightly.

Dangerous Dan: This has become part of me. Every open challenge, every defense, every fight...I've wanted people to know if they wanted this title, they weren't getting it because I had an off night. They were going to have to earn it.

The fans applaud.

Charles State: Tomorrow night may be your toughest defense yet. Jared Holmes hasn't exactly gone about earning your respect over the last several weeks.

Dan's smile disappears.

Dangerous Dan: No.

A pause.

Dangerous Dan: Billy Anderson earned my respect.

He nods.

Dangerous Dan: Every person that answered one of those open challenges earned my respect.

His expression hardens.

Dangerous Dan: Jared Holmes earned my attention.

The crowd reacts.

Charles State: It all started at Golden Intentions. You were moments away from another rumble victory before Jared shoved you over the top rope. Since then you've come up short against #BeachKrew for the Tag Team Championships, but you also played a major role in handing Jared and Wade Moor their first losses together. Does that give you confidence heading into Wrestle Fest?

Dan lets out a small chuckle.

Dangerous Dan: Confidence has never been my problem.

More cheers.

Dangerous Dan: Jared wanted to make himself part of my story. He could've stayed focused on the Tag Team Championships. He could've stayed in his own lane.

Dan points toward the camera.

Dangerous Dan: Instead...he decided to make it personal.

He taps the championship again.

Dangerous Dan: Tomorrow night's about more than this belt.

Another pause.

Dangerous Dan: It's about revenge.

The fans cheer louder.

Dangerous Dan: It's about proving that when the lights are brightest and the stakes are highest, all the games...all the shortcuts...all the distractions...

He shakes his head.

Dangerous Dan: None of it matters.

Charles smiles.

Charles State: Final question. Tomorrow night is Wrestle Fest V. The biggest stage CWF has ever presented. What's your message to The Peacock King?

Dan slowly raises the Paramount Championship onto his shoulder.

Dangerous Dan: Jared...

He looks directly into the camera.

Dangerous Dan: You've spent months building your kingdom. Collecting championships. Collecting followers. Collecting moments.

He steps toward the hard camera.

Dangerous Dan: Tomorrow...

His voice lowers.

Dangerous Dan: I'm collecting what's mine.

The crowd erupts.

Dangerous Dan: You wanted to make your name at my expense. Now you get to find out why people have spent twenty years trying to stop me.

He raises the Paramount Championship high above his head.

Dangerous Dan: Wrestle Fest...

A grin spreads across his face.

Dangerous Dan: I'm bringing an ENDD...

He points straight into the camera.

Dangerous Dan: ...to the Peacock King's reign.

Dan lowers the championship as the crowd chants "ENDD! ENDD! ENDD!" Charles waits for the ovation to die down before smiling toward the camera.

Charles State: Ladies and gentlemen...the reigning CWF Paramount Champion...Dangerous Dan! The title will be on the line tomorrow night at Wrestle Fest V! Don't miss it!

Seth & Dean Moxley Are Going To Make A Statement

Segment

The scene comes on the air, and it shows two guys that haven't been seen in a long time walking inside of the arena. They turn to look at the camera, and they get talking.

Dean Moxley: Hello you wonderful fans, and you probably don't remember us. We are the orgnial members of The Unsotppable Force. We handed Billy and Tyler our tag team name, and they have represented it very well. They became tag team champions and become Hall of Famers, and we had to come back with a new tag team name which my older brother will tel you all right now.

Seth Moxley: The tag team name that Dean and me are going to be known as is Fire & Ice, and we will help Billy and Tyler if they need it. We started The Unstoppable Force, and it is great hands now. Billy and Tyler are taking The Unstoppalbe Force to higher places by adding their Brother-In-Law Kyle Bright to the group making it a stable that is something we never got to do since our younger brother Roman wasn't with us when we started the tag team The Unstoppable Force, and it was a tag team now is going to be a stable which is alright with us since they asked us before they added Kyle to the group as we are happy to be back in Championship Wrestling Federation.

They walk down the hallway, and they are ready to get started.

Shane Donovan Hall of Fame Induction

Segment

The next segment of the Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest continues with the The Internet Icon, coiffed in a well tailored midnight blue tuxedo, looks askance at his cousin, The Most Canadian Man Alive, who wears a tuxedo-print t-shirt, with the CWF title clasped jauntily around his waist. Jarvis King sneers, but it is Gordy who takes up the microphone first.

Gordy King: "Well, time's come for the induction of, if you ask me, one of the sport's finest – ain't that right, Jarv?"

Jarvis King: "...first of all, never – I mean ever – call me that again."

Gordy King: "Jarv?"

Jarvis King simply glares at his cousin, who backs away from the microphone in a somewhat exaggerated, "who me?" kind of gesture that earns a laugh from the assembled crowd.

Jarvis King: "To say that Shane Donovan is amongst the finest that have ever donned a pair of boots undersells his contributions to the artform of professional wrestling. Tonight is not about me, but I bring this up to illustrate – in my career, I was a member and leader of several factions, understandings, and teams..."

Gordy King: "Pacts, if you will!"

Jarvis ignores his cousin, but a small vein clearly twitches above his right eyebrow.

Jarvis King: "Through my time, whether it was The Cyndicate, The Enterprise, The Entourage or any other, I was often surrounded by truly fantastic talent. But it wasn't until I was teamed with Shane Donovan that I found a peer. A paring like that is like a talent like Shane Donovan – exceedingly rare, and something I will cherish till my dying breath."

Gordy nudges in.

Gordy King: "Listen, I haven't known Shane as long or as well as you, Jarvis, but I can't help but take a second to agree, eh? Shane, bud, you're one of a kind!"

Jarvis, clearly tense, recomposes himself to finish his thought.

Jarvis King: "The CWF Hall of Fame would never be complete without the likes of Shane Donovan amongst its numbers. It gives me great pleasure and distinct honour to induct into the class of 2026, Shane Donovan."

The curtain parts and Shane Donovan walks through to an immediate mixed response before a few laughs are heard and then everything changes to all cheers. The MANMADEMONSTER smiles out to the audience before making his way up to the podium. He takes a moment while the cheers slow down before finally speaking.

Shane Donovan: "Well well, I guess Hell has finally frozen over, hasn't it? I know there's quite a few people out there that once upon a time said I didn't belong at one of these ceremonies (and by that I mean fuck all the way off Corey Page) and I'd be lying if I said such comments didn't bother me. After all, aren't all of us who climb between those ropes ultimately worried about how we get remembered at the end of the day? Fuck, for the vast majority of us it's not a question of how, but if."

Shane pauses for a moment, taking a deep breath before he continues.

Shane Donovan: "Life is chaotic, and this business is even more so. Especially in a place like the CWF, that locker room is one of the biggest collection of weirdos and whack jobs I ever laced my boots next to, and the business is better off for it having existed. I've made a lot of friends in this business. I mean, the obvious one is the man who inducted me in Jarvis..."

Shane gestures over to his long-time friend and CWF legend. Gordy looks on with an incredulous look as if to say

"what about me?".

Shane Donovan: "Then there's people like Vincent Kane, Danny Boy Vegas, Destiny Daniels, Casanova, Brad Jackson, Harvey Danger, Draco, Johnny Hitmaker, Lex Collins, and others who stood at my side during those prime years of me working to make a name for myself, the ones I spent all those hours, days, weeks, months, years on the road with. There's the people who have been lost, like Hecate, Tony Millennia, Duce Jones... because reality is cruel in that way. Then there's Nikita. No one else did more to help shape how my career went, for good and bad. We fought like hell more times than either of us can count, and have the scars to show for it. I wouldn't be here without the both of us having cursed our lives with the other's presence. Thanks for that."

Shane goes quiet, mentally redirecting himself.

Shane Donovan: "The past is, of course, why we are all here for this event, but the future has so much potential, doesn't it? CWF is still kicking and screaming at the rest of the wrestling world like the angry black sheep that it's always been. I've been able to surround myself with a great group of younger wrestlers that I truly feel represent what the business should be moving forward in Iconoclasm. Avalon is at my side. I can look at the boulder I've been pushing up the hill for the past twenty plus years and I can say that yes, I am happy. Thank you all so much for the honor."

With one last massive round of applause, Shane takes a bow and his HOF plaque and walks off the stage with a small smile and a slight limp.

CvS Live: Angelica

Segment

The cameras cut away from the busy convention floor of the DCU Center and settle on the familiar Church & State setup. A small interview area has been built inside a makeshift ring, with the CWF logo displayed across the table in the center. Fans are gathered around all four sides, eager to see who the next surprise guest will be.

Sitting across from each other are Blake Church and Charles State. Blake holds the microphone while Charles looks over a few notes, shaking his head slightly with an amused smile.

Blake Church: "Welcome back, CWF Universe, to another special Wrestle Fest V edition of Church & State. My name is Blake Church, joined as always by Charles State."

Charles State: "And Blake, I think at this point we've stopped trying to predict who is going to show up at Fan Fest because every time we think we've seen everything, CWF finds a way to surprise us again."

Blake laughs.

Blake Church: "That is certainly true. And our next guest might be one of the most surprising returns we've seen in the entire history of this company."

The crowd begins reacting.

Blake Church: "She was there near the beginning of Championship Wrestling Federation. She was the first woman to ever become CWF World Heavyweight Champion, and helped change professional wrestling forever by proving that the biggest championships in this sport were not limited by gender."

The crowd applauds.

Blake Church: "Then, hundreds of years later, she returned in a completely different form. She became the leader of the Amoralists. She became AnHellica."

A mixed reaction fills the area.

Blake Church: "A ruler. A conqueror. A woman who attempted to reshape an entire world."

Charles State: "A slight career change."

The crowd laughs.

Blake Church: "But after Ascension, after the time fracture changed everything, the woman underneath all of it returned."

He smiles.

Blake Church: "Ladies and gentlemen... Angelica!"

The crowd erupts.

Angelica walks onto the Fan Fest stage to a warm reception, smiling as she looks around at the fans. A few people are holding old AnHellica signs, and she laughs while pointing them out. She enters the interview area, shaking hands with Blake and Charles before taking her seat.

Blake Church: "Angelica, welcome back to CWF."

Angelica: "Thank you. It's good to be back."

She looks around the DCU Center.

Angelica: "And I have to say, this is much nicer than the last time I was walking around CWF. There were usually more screams, more fire, and significantly fewer people asking me for autographs."

The crowd laughs.

Angelica: "Although, I suppose that's progress."

Blake Church: "I feel like the first question has to be the obvious one. How do you even explain everything you've been through?"

The crowd laughs as Blake continues.

Blake Church: "You disappeared, came back three hundred years in the future, became the leader of a vampire cult, fought through an entire apocalypse, helped destroy reality as we knew it... and now you're sitting here in Worcester having a normal conversation."

Angelica smiles.

Angelica: "When you say it like that, it does sound slightly unreasonable."

She pauses.

Angelica: "I think the hardest part wasn't the fighting. It wasn't the battles. It wasn't even losing."

Her expression becomes more serious.

Angelica: "It was waking up and realizing that everything I fought for didn't exist anymore. Three hundred years is a long time to build an identity. A long time to convince yourself that you're exactly where you're supposed to be."

She looks down briefly.

Angelica: "And then suddenly you're back in a world where nobody remembers those battles. Nobody remembers the sacrifices. Nobody remembers the person you became."

A small smile comes across the CWF's True OG's face.

Angelica: "Although I will admit... explaining to people that you're from the future is a terrible conversation starter."

The crowd laughs.

Angelica: "Especially when the response is usually, 'Have you considered speaking to a professional?'"

Blake Church: "Before AnHellica, before the Amoralists, there was Angelica."

The crowd applauds.

Blake Church: "You were one of the people who helped establish CWF. You became the first woman to win the CWF World Heavyweight Championship and helped change the perception of what women could accomplish in this industry."

Angelica nods.

Angelica: "That is something I am incredibly proud of."

She looks toward the fans.

Angelica: "Because when I won that championship, it wasn't just about me. There were a lot of people who looked at women in wrestling and decided there was a ceiling. That there were certain championships we were supposed to chase and certain places we weren't supposed to go."

She smiles.

Angelica: "And I was never very good at being told where I belonged."

The crowd cheers.

Angelica: "That championship meant that the next generation didn't have to ask permission. They could just walk through the door."

Charles State: "Now, obviously, we have to talk about AnHellica."

The crowd reacts.

Charles State: "How does Angelica view AnHellica now?"

Angelica laughs quietly.

Angelica: "Honestly?"

She thinks for a moment.

Angelica: "She was exhausting."

The crowd laughs.

Angelica: "Very powerful. Very intimidating. Very dramatic."

She gestures around.

Angelica: "Every entrance needed a fog machine. Every conversation needed a threat. Every meal probably required some kind of evil monologue."

The crowd laughs.

Angelica: "I spent three hundred years becoming the scariest person in the room. But the funny thing is..."

She looks toward the audience.

Angelica: "I think Angelica was always the stronger person."

The crowd quiets.

Angelica: "Because AnHellica knew how to conquer a world. Angelica knows how to truly live in one."

Blake Church: "When you returned at Golden Intentions, everyone expected AnHellica."

He smiles.

Blake Church: "Nobody knew what version of you was showing up."

Angelica laughs.

Blake Church: "Then your music hit, and everyone realized the woman underneath it all was still there all along."

Angelica: "I think I surprised a lot of people."

She smiles.

Angelica: "Including myself."

She looks toward the crowd.

Angelica: "Because part of me wondered if that person was still there."

She pauses, looking around at the cheering crowd beginning to grow louder.

Angelica: "After everything I became, after everything I did, I wasn't sure if I could step back into that ring and still recognize myself."

She nods, the emotion beginning to get to her.

Angelica: "But when that music hit and those fans reacted..."

She smiles, taking a moment to let it sink in.

Angelica: "I remembered."

Charles State: "You made a very strong showing in that Rumble. You weren't just there for nostalgia."

Angelica nods.

Angelica: "No, I wasn't going to embarrass myself."

The crowd laughs.

Angelica: "I may have gotten older. I may have had the Amoralists on my side, and a thirst for CWF's blood."

She shrugs.

Angelica: "Which, by the way, is very inconvenient."

More laughter.

Angelica: "But I can still fight."

Blake Church: "How has life outside the ring been since returning to this time period?"

Angelica's expression softens.

Angelica: "Different...but good."

She smiles.

Angelica: "I think for a long time I forgot what normal looked like. I was always fighting something. A rival. An enemy. A future."

She looks toward the crowd.

Angelica: "Now I get to enjoy smaller things."

She smiles to herself.

Angelica: "A quiet morning. Spending time with my daughter. Watching her grow up."

She pauses thoughtfully, once again looking around her.

Angelica: "Those things are worth more than any championship."

Blake Church: "If you ever did decide to return to the ring, would bringing your daughter to experience that world with you be important?"

Angelica smiles immediately.

Angelica: "Absolutely."

She nods.

Angelica: "That is probably the biggest difference between now and then."

Angelica: "Before, wrestling was everything. Now, wrestling is something I love. But my daughter is everything."

She smiles.

Angelica: "And if I ever do step back through those ropes, I want her there. I want her to see what her mother did. I want her to understand why this place means so much to me."

Blake Church: "So why are you here at Wrestle Fest V?"

Angelica smiles.

Angelica: "Honestly?"

She looks around the Fan Fest.

Angelica: "To pay respect."

The crowd applauds.

Angelica: "There is an incredible roster performing tomorrow night. People who have earned their place here. This isn't about me coming back and making some grand announcement."

She shakes her head.

Angelica: "No schemes. No world domination."

The crowd laughs.

Angelica: "I swear...I've retired from those."

She grins.

Angelica: "Mostly."

Charles State: "So are you saying CWF fans should not expect Angelica to return to the ring?"

Angelica immediately shakes her head.

Angelica: "No."

She laughs.

Angelica: "I love wrestling. I always will."

She stops herself.

Angelica: "But right now? I'm happy. I love my daughter. I love my life."

She smiles.

Angelica: "And if I ever do return, I want to do it because I want to, not because I need to prove something."

Blake Church: "Final question. Tomorrow night you're going to be sitting in the front row for Wrestle Fest V. What are you looking forward to?"

Angelica smiles.

Angelica: "First of all..."

She points toward the camera.

Angelica: "I want everyone to know I paid a ridiculous amount of money for that ticket."

The crowd laughs.

Angelica: "Come on, Amelia. Seriously?"

The fans laugh harder.

Angelica: "We're back three hundred years from the future and somehow the ticket prices are still the real villain."

Angelica leans back.

Angelica: "But honestly, I'm excited. I want to see the whole show."

She grins.

Angelica: "I want to see Ripper and Gordy shit the bed in the main event and prove once again why two women could always do a better job."

The crowd whistles and cheers as Angelica laughs.

Angelica: "MJ Flair and Caledonia?"

She nods.

Angelica: "There's your money."

She pauses just long enough to let the crowd cheer again.

Angelica: "The history between them, a rematch eight years in the making... there is so much there."

Angelica smiles.

Angelica: "I can't wait to see who walks out on top."

Blake Church: "Angelica, thank you so much for joining us."

Charles State: "It's been great having you back."

Angelica stands, shaking both men's hands.

Angelica: "Thank you for having me."

She turns toward the fans.

Angelica: "Thank you, CWF."

The crowd applauds.

Angelica: "Goodnight."

She waves as she exits the interview area, leaving the fans cheering as Church & State transitions back to the Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest coverage.

Roll Camera

Segment

Later in the evening...

Fans laugh as they pose inside a replica CWF entrance stage. A booth allows attendees to recreate their favorite superstar entrances while cameras record them.

Off to one side...

Alabaster watches, completely still.

Children, parents, veteran fans: everyone smiling. One little girl runs off the stage laughing after pretending to win a championship. Her father thanks the employee running the attraction.

Alabaster quietly speaks to himself.

Alabaster looks toward the bustling convention floor. Thousands of people, thousands of stories.

Alabaster Enders: "Every great film requires an audience."

He pauses, his porcelain smile never changing.

Alabaster Enders: "This one already has one."

Without another word...he disappears into the crowd. The camera holds on the endless sea of Wrestle Fest fans for several seconds before fading to the next Fan Fest attraction.

CvS Live: #BeachKrew

Segment

The camera opens inside CWF Fan Fest, where the convention hall hums with fluorescent lights, vendor chatter, overpriced merch, and the specific desperation of grown adults waiting in lines for signatures.

One line is longer than the rest.

Above it hangs a banner:

MEET THE CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS #BEACHKREW

Someone has taped a crooked handwritten sign beneath it:

AUTOGRAPHS. PHOTOS. LIFE ADVICE. NO REFUNDS.

Behind the table sit Jared Holmes and Wade Moor. The CWF Tag Team Championships gleam in front of them. Jared wears shades indoors eating an ice cream bar, Wade is leaned back in a loud button down, Sharpie in hand, boots stretched beneath the table.

Blake Church steps into frame with a microphone.

Blake Church: Blake Church here at CWF Fan Fest, and I'm joined by the CWF Tag Team Champions, Jared Holmes and Wade Moor of #BeachKrew.

Jared Holmes: He says it like he's been hauled off to the fuccin gulag.

Wade Moor: Blink ten times if management made you do this, Blake.

Blake Church: Management did make me do this.

Wade Moor: See Blake? Healing begins with absolute honesty.

A fan steps forward with an old #BeachKrew shirt. Baphomet in shutter shades. Wade is hypnotized by the design for a moment, but then signs the collar. Jared signs directly over a stain that may or may not be part of the design.

The fan leaves thrilled.

Blake looks toward the line curling around the booth: shark masks, replica belts, vintage shirts, hand painted signs, people grinning like they've come for a blessing or a disease.

Blake Church: Clearly, the fans are excited. Does this feel surreal at all? Seeing #BeachKrew celebrated like this?

Jared Holmes: "dOeS tHiS fEeL sUrReAl" — have you *seen* my fuccin club, Church? Just because the freaks, fatties, and fuccbois wanna piss and moan doesn't mean the *meaningful* people haven't been slurping our spunk for a decade. *This* is **vintage**.

Blake Church: Surely you have to notice your reception within the Colosseum has been overwhelmingly negative.

Jared Holmes: You think these people are getting tickets to these shows so they can sit between some swamp-ass poindexter with his cum-stained Midgy shirt and a screaming family of three kids and toothless Uncle Phil? They're watching it on the big screens at the club or they're in the skyboxes eating hot wings with the cool pimps and pimp monsters. You think we give a **fucc** about the majority opinion?! The majority of voters in this country put the guy who shot a McDonald's commercial with Grimace in the White House and an actual Lich before that. This shit is *built* on being pure caviar, and if your bitch ass can't handle the taste, you're not eating the fruit trays either.

The next pair of fans walks up: a young adult woman and a teenage boy.

Jared Holmes: Is that your son?

Woman: No, that's my brother.

Jared narrows his eyes behind his sunglasses.

Jared Holmes: How old are you?

Woman: 19?

Jared leans forward to sign her shirt — he doesn't so much as look at the teenage boy with her, wearing a vintage Los Tiburones shirt. Jared leans forward to sign her shirt, taking his sweet time with it.

Wade's eyes drift past her and catch the teenage boy's vintage Los Tiburones shirt. For half a second, something old moves behind his face. The shark logo is faded. The teeth are cracked. The whole thing looks like it survived a house fire.

Wade does not say a word about it.

Nostalgia is a death trap. So Wade just signs the kid's sleeve without ceremony and slides the marker back across the table.

Wade Moor: Don't sell that online, that's history son.

The kid nods, thrilled.

Blake Church: That was almost sentimental.

Wade Moor: Shame, Blake.

Jared Holmes: He sees a human moment and tries to tranquilize it with journalism.

Blake Church: I'm literally doing my job.

Jared Holmes: So were the Reich you fuccin goon.

Blake Church: That doesn't even...

Wade Moor: It does if you don't interrupt it.

Blake looks into the camera like he is asking someone off-screen for help. No help arrives.

Blake Church: Can we please get one final thought before WrestleFest?

Jared finishes his ice cream bar, considers the stick, then signs it and drops it into Blake's breast pocket.

Jared Holmes: A souvenir.

Blake Church: I don't want this.

Wade Moor: Nobody asked what you wanted. That's why this segment's finally got some fucking spine, loser.

The crowd begins chanting again.

Fans: #BEACHKREW! #BEACHKREW!

Wade lifts the CWF Tag Team Championship onto his shoulder. Jared rises beside him, title in hand, sunglasses still on. For once, Wade lets the noise breathe before he speaks.

Wade Moor: Here's a final thought.

He looks into the camera.

Wade Moor: After WrestleFest, everything changes.

Jared Holmes: The room changes. The menu changes.

Wade Moor: The people who thought #BeachKrew was a joke, a little freakshow CWF could put on a poster and sell for weekend money?

He smiles.

Wade Moor: They change first. Anybody else standing close enough to feel important?

Wade taps the faceplate of the belt.

Wade Moor: Enjoy the world while it still looks familiar.

Jared raises his championship as the chant swells.

Jared Holmes: Because after WrestleFest...

Wade Moor: ...you're all living in ours.

The camera pulls back as #BeachKrew hold the gold high, the line still growing behind them, the crooked sign swinging beneath the banner.

AUTOGRAPHS. PHOTOS. LIFE ADVICE. NO REFUNDS.

Silas Artoria Hall of Fame Induction

Segment

The Hall of Fame stage is bathed in elegant white and gold lighting as the crowd buzzes with anticipation. A large banner hangs behind the podium displaying the four inductees of the 2026 CWF Hall of Fame class.

Shane Donovan, Duce Jones, Mia Rayne and Silas Artoria.

Mike Rolash stands off to the side of the stage.

Mike Rolash: "Ladies and gentlemen...our next inductee is one of the most decorated competitors this company has ever seen. Former World Champion...former Paramount Champion...winner of the Alpha & Omega Tournament...and the man with more victories than anyone else to ever lace up a pair of boots in Championship Wrestling Federation history."

The fans erupt.

Mike Rolash: "Please welcome...Silas Artoria."

Instead, "Somewhere In Hollywood" by Sixx A.M. suddenly echoes throughout the DCU Center. The crowd collectively gasps as purple lighting floods the Hall of Fame stage. A familiar figure slowly steps through the curtain.

Autumn Raven.

For the first time in years, the Beautiful Psychopath has returned to CWF. The crowd roars with surprise as Autumn pauses at the top of the stage, taking in the ovation before walking calmly toward the podium. The same dangerous smirk crosses her face, though age has softened none of the intensity in her eyes. She rests both hands on the podium.

Autumn Raven: "Didn't expect to see me, did you?"

A mixed reaction follows.

Autumn Raven: "Relax...I'm not here to start a fight...not today."

A few laughs ripple through the audience as Autumn looks toward the Hall of Fame banner.

Autumn Raven: "Back in 2018...people thought they understood what The Coalition was."

She shakes her head.

Autumn Raven: "They saw four troublemakers. "I saw four people who refused to settle."

She smiles.

Autumn Raven: "Dean. Sam."

She looks toward the entrance and briefly smiles.

Autumn Raven: "And Silas."

The fans applaud.

Autumn Raven: "Silas had this annoying habit of believing he was always the smartest man in the room."

She laughs.

Autumn Raven: "...Most of the time he was."

More laughter.

Autumn Raven: "He talked bigger than anyone. Worked harder than almost everyone. And when things didn't go his way..."

She smirks knowingly.

Autumn Raven: "...he worked even harder."

The applause grows.

Autumn Raven: "I watched him lose. I watched him fail. I watched him question himself. And then I watched him become everything he always promised he would."

Autumn nods proudly.

Autumn Raven: "Champion."

She gives another nod. With the crowd all abuzz with conversation and restless energy, two new figures approach the podium.

Dean Coulter and Sam Braxton, clearly uncomfortable, itching and fidgety, in his suit.

The Lost Boys.

Sam Braxton: "Alright simmer down you drongos."

The audience settles into a quiet lull.

Sam Braxton: "Look at you, carrying on like a pack of galahs. Struth."

Dean Coulter: "We are proud to stand here before you all today to have THAT talk. You know the one. And no Sam. I am not talking about the birds and the bees."

Sam Braxton: "There comes a time in most professional wrestlers lives where we have to sit you down and embarrass the bloody hell out of you by recognising all those years you worked hard yakka, flat out like a lizard drinking, to leave a mark on our prestigious industry."

Dean Coulter: "Prestigious? That's a big word there Sam. You practice that one in front of the mirror?"

Sam Braxton: "Fair dinkum. It was only a couple hours a day. Don't you come at me like that, otherwise we're gonna come a gutser."

Dean Coulter: "Alright ease up mate. We ain't here for that. Tonight we are here to recognise the contributions of a bloke who styled himself as Pro Wrestling Nobility."

Sam Braxton: "Yeah, nah. A self-styled Blue Blood who loved a good ol'e blue as much as the next wanker. I mean. He was always eating for two. He and his Dark Passenger were constantly looking for the next great challenge."

Dean Coulter: "We had the privilege of working alongside Silas Artoria for a time as part of the Coalition. Though in truth he truly shone when pursuing his own goals as an individual competitor. He was involved in some truly memorable feuds with some of the best talent the CWF has had to offer. Fighting until his very last. Even now he is involved in a tense feud with the incomparable Mia Rayne. Which could very well mark the end of his career here with the CWF. And that there should stand as testament to his abilities in the ring, to stand hard and fast against the veritable force of nature that is Mia. He is never one to shy away from a challenge and strives to always bring the best of his Psychotic nature."

Sam Braxton: "In a world full of Genetic Freaks, Nepo Babies, Mad men and Women and all them other drongos, Silas strived to prove himself Dinky-Di day in and day out. From day dot. He would always push himself that little bit further to prove himself a cut above the rest. A true bloody force of nature. Now I would say raise your glasses, but no one saw fit to give this thirsty true blue Aussie a bloody pint. I mean. Fair Dinkum!"

Autumn Raven: "He was a leader."

She pauses, the three members of the Coalition looking on as the crowd cheers in anticipation.

Autumn Raven: "And now he's a hall of Famer."

She smiles warmly.

Autumn Raven: "For everything we've been through, for every battle, and in the end proving that believing in yourself isn't arrogance when you back it up..."

She gestures toward the entrance.

Autumn Raven: "Please welcome..."

A smile.

Autumn Raven: "...my friend..."

The fans rise to their feet.

Autumn Raven: "...Silas Artoria."

"Lacrimosa" begins to play.

The crowd cheer as loud as they can as Silas Artoria steps through the curtain dressed in a tailored charcoal suit, Hall of Fame ring box already waiting atop the podium.

Standing nearby are Dean Coulter and Sam Braxton, who have returned home as well to honor one of their oldest allies and rivals. Silas smiles broadly as he reaches the stage, embracing Autumn first before sharing heartfelt hugs with Dean and Sam to another loud ovation from the crowd. The four former Coalition members stand together one final time. After a moment, Autumn, Dean and Sam step aside, leaving Silas alone at the podium.

The ovation continues for several seconds before finally settling. Silas smiles.

Silas Artoria: "Former champion...your favourite aristocrat..."

He glances toward the Hall of Fame banner behind him.

Silas Artoria: "...and now a Hall of Famer."

A grin spreads across his face.

Silas Artoria: "You're all never going to forget me now."

The crowd cheers. Silas chuckles.

Silas Artoria: "Quite frankly..."

He shrugs.

Silas Artoria: "...I'm not surprised."

A mixture of laughter and knowing cheers.

Silas Artoria: "Most matches in company history. Most victories. Former Paramount Champion. Alpha and Omega Tournament winner. And a former CWF World Champion."

He spreads his arms.

Silas Artoria: "I simply became the best."

The crowd applauds.

Silas Artoria: "Some people call that ego."

He smiles.

Silas Artoria: "I call it survival."

A respectful murmur rolls through the audience.

Silas Artoria: "When I walked into this company in 2017...I didn't know anybody. I wasn't recruited, I wasn't handpicked. I simply saw an opportunity...and I took it."

He nods.

Silas Artoria: "I started at the bottom, and I climbed."

The crowd applauds.

Silas Artoria: "Along the way...I met people who became lifelong friends."

He glances toward Autumn, Dean and Sam.

Silas Artoria: "...and lifelong enemies."

He smiles.

Silas Artoria: "Sometimes they were the same people."

The audience laughs. Silas grows more reflective.

Silas Artoria: "If I can offer one piece of advice to everyone backstage...don't be afraid to fail."

The room grows quiet.

Silas Artoria: "People remember the championships. They remember the victories. They remember the records."

He pauses.

Silas Artoria: "What they forget...is how many times I lost before any of those things happened."

The crowd applauds in appreciation.

Silas Artoria: "My first championship didn't come overnight. It took failures. It took missed opportunities. It took learning, and it took suffering."

He nods.

Silas Artoria: "And every single setback made me better."

Another ovation.

Silas Artoria: "Respect your opponents."

His expression becomes serious.

Silas Artoria: "Never call them worthless. Never pretend they don't belong. If you beat someone you spent weeks telling the world wasn't good enough..."

He shrugs.

Silas Artoria: "...what exactly did you accomplish?"

Several fans cheer.

Silas Artoria: "Tell the world you're better."

He smiles.

Silas Artoria: "...then prove it."

The crowd applauds again as Silas rests both hands on the podium.

Silas Artoria: "My career has grown alongside this company. I've watched CWF change. I've changed with it. The highs, the lows. The victories, and the failures."

He looks out across the packed DCU Center.

Silas Artoria: "Tomorrow..."

A loud cheer erupts.

Silas Artoria: "...another chapter begins."

The audience immediately begins buzzing, knowing exactly where he's headed. Silas smiles knowingly.

Silas Artoria: "And I fully intend to decide how it's written."

The crowd rises to its feet as Silas looks directly into the nearest camera.

Silas Artoria: "I'll see you tomorrow..."

A brief pause.

Silas Artoria: "...Mia."

The mention of Mia Rayne draws a loud chorus of boos from Silas' supporters and cheers from Mia's fans, creating a thunderous split reaction throughout the DCU Center. Silas simply smiles. He steps away from the podium as the Hall of Fame crowd gives him one final standing ovation.

Autumn, Dean and Sam return to the stage, embracing him once more before the four stand together for a final photograph beneath the 2026 CWF Hall of Fame banner.

The camera lingers on the image as the Wrestle Fest Fan Fest continues.

CvS Live: Caledonia

Segment

The cameras cut away from another portion of the Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest festivities and move toward the smaller interview stage set up on the convention floor.

Much like the traditional Church & State setup, a small makeshift wrestling ring surrounds the interview area, with three chairs positioned inside. The fourth side remains open, allowing fans gathered around the area to watch from all angles.

Sitting in two of the chairs are the longtime CWF analysts and interview hosts, Blake Church and Charles State. Blake holds a microphone with the Church & State logo attached while State looks through a few notes sitting on the table between them. The crowd gathered around the stage begins to quiet as the cameras go live.

Blake Church: "Good afternoon, CWF Universe, and welcome back to Church & State, Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest edition! My name is Blake Church, and as always, I'm joined by my longtime partner Charles State. Charles, we are getting closer and closer to the biggest weekend in CWF history."

Charles State: "That's right, Blake. Wrestle Fest V is almost here, and we've already had some incredible conversations with some of the biggest names in Championship Wrestling Federation history. Former champions, legends, returning stars... but this next guest might have one of the most unique stories of anyone walking into this weekend."

Church nods.

Blake Church: "A former CWF World Heavyweight Champion. The first World Champion of the 2326 era. A competitor who has already etched her name into CWF history, and now she gets the opportunity to write another chapter."

The crowd begins reacting, knowing who is coming.

Blake Church: "Please welcome... Caledonia!"

The fans respond as Caledonia makes her way onto the stage and into the interview area. She greets fans along the

way before entering the ring setup, shaking hands with both Blake and Charles before taking the center chair. Caledonia takes a microphone as the crowd continues their reaction.

Blake Church: "Caledonia, welcome to Church & State. It's great to have you here."

Charles State: "Especially on Wrestle Fest week, because tomorrow night you have one of the biggest matches of your career."

Caledonia settles into her chair as the crowd waits.

Blake Church: "Before we get to MJ Flair, I want to start with something that feels almost impossible to put into perspective."

He gestures toward the crowd.

Blake Church: "Your history in CWF stretches across eras. You became the first CWF World Heavyweight Champion of the 2326 era by winning the Infernal round robin tournament. You carried the company through one of the most chaotic periods in its history. When you look back at becoming the first World Champion of that era, what does that accomplishment mean to you now that CWF has returned to its 2026 roots?"

Caledonia: "It means a lot - though it might have meant more if Gordy hadn't beaten me for it not two weeks later! laughs. But in seriousness. This return was going to just be a one-shot tournament, and it's evolved into something much bigger. I'd like to think I was a part of that evolution, and it's a tremendous honor, especially given how much this company has meant to me over the decades."

Charles State: "Something else that has always stood out about your career is that you've never been defined by one moment. You've had championship success, but you've also been through some of the most difficult moments CWF has ever experienced. Do you think the struggles and challenges you faced after becoming champion helped shape the competitor who stands in front of us today?"

Caledonia: "You know, for a very long time I was squarely in my husband's shadow - still am, if one listens to Peacock Jerry."

The crowd laughs.

Caledonia: "Hey, he never gets MY name right! But it must be said - in the earlier incarnations of CWF, I was the supporting player. I had one match - a tag match, against Ripper and the Blue Scorpion, which I lost - and that was it. But then we came to the 2018 incarnation, and on a lark I decided to enter the ring once again - and so the Bright Young Things were formed. Eris and I dominated the tag team division in a way that no one did until Peacock Jerry and Florida Man. And then, just when things seemed to be going well... my husband's spine was broken in a battle with Elisha, and eventually he was taken to be a soldier in the war between Institute and Order. And I was left on my own, both within the CWF and outside it. To answer your question, Charles... yes. I think it was absolutely part of what forged me. Going through something like that - I'm not going to pretend that it doesn't have residual effects. That would do a disservice to all those who go through trauma and end up broken - not through any fault of their own, but because it was too much for anyone to bear. But having survived it... having gone through that crucible... yes. It made me stronger. It still does."

Blake Church: "Now, we have to talk about the elephant in the room."

The crowd reacts immediately.

Blake Church: "MJ Flair."

A mixed reaction comes from the audience.

Blake Church: "Eight years ago, back in 2018, you shocked the wrestling world when you defeated MJ Flair and ended

what many considered to be an unstoppable World Heavyweight Championship reign."

He looks toward Caledonia.

Blake Church: "At the time, people called it an upset. A changing of the guard. A moment where one era ended and another began. When you think back to that match against MJ Flair in 2018, do you view it as the biggest victory of your career, or is there another moment that means more to you?"

Caledonia: "You know... all respect to the Infernalia tournament, but yes. I do. Because before that... I still had some doubts about whether I belonged at the pinnacle. I had had a good run, sure... but I'd lost in the Modern Warfare tournament, and things were looking down on all fronts. But then MJ called me out, and that... "

She sniffs as her eye waters a little.

Caledonia: "Sorry! But it meant so damn much to me, and it was the moment where I stopped feeling like some dilettante playing at wrestling, and started to feel like someone who could actually BE the World Champion."

Charles State: "Because of everything that happened afterward, we never really got to see what the next chapter between the two of you would look like."

State looks toward the crowd.

Charles State: "Then CWF returns to 2026, and at Golden Intentions, MJ Flair appears."

The fans react.

Charles State: "She enters the rumble. She lasts over half an hour. She eliminates competitors. You eliminate competitors. And somehow, despite both of you being major threats, the two of you never actually collide. When MJ returned at Golden Intentions and you realized she was standing across the ring from you again, what was going through your mind?"

Caledonia: "Well, I imagine that my FIRST thought was the same as most of the audience, and - am I allowed to say the cuss word for feces on this channel?"

Charles State: "If we air this after 8pm, yes."

Caledonia: "Well, my first thought was essentially 'holy shit!'"

The crowd laughs.

Caledonia: "And then subsequently... 'ah fuck, this means I have to go through MJ if I'm going to win this.'"

Charles State: "... don't think you're allowed to say 'fuck'."

Caledonia: "You just did!"

Charles State: "Ah, f...iddlesticks."

Blake Church, moving hastily on: "One of the most interesting parts of that night was that, despite your history, there wasn't immediate hostility."

He looks between the notes and Caledonia.

Blake Church: "There were moments where you and MJ Flair were actually working together before the two of you were eventually eliminated by Danny B. Was there ever a moment during that Rumble where you thought about attacking MJ, or did the bigger picture take priority?"

Caledonia: "Well, look, as I just said I knew that at that point my road to Wrestle Fest went through MJ Flair. But to attack her? Leaving aside the fact that she was my... second-biggest ally in the match - sorry, MJ, but I'm married to one of the competitors! - can you imagine the poetry of the moment if it had come down to the two of us? A Golden

Intentions moment they would have talked about for YEARS!"

Charles State: "Now we arrive at Wrestle Fest V."

The crowd cheers.

Charles State: "No championship. No tournament. No outside stipulation."

He looks toward Caledonia.

Charles State: "Just two women with years of history finally getting the chance to settle something that has been waiting eight years. What does this match mean to you compared to the first time you stepped into the ring with MJ Flair?"

Caledonia: "You know... that's a hard question. Because as you say, there's nothing material at stake except bragging rights. We're not fighting for a title, or for a contendership, or in an "Advance Copy of Marielledonia: The Third Coming on a Pole Match"... it's just the two of us, vying to see who's better. But after eight years... that almost matters MORE, y'know?"

Blake Church: "A lot has changed since 2018."

He pauses.

Blake Church: "CWF has changed. You've changed. MJ Flair has changed. Do you believe the woman who walks into Wrestle Fest V is a different Caledonia than the one who defeated MJ Flair eight years ago?" Caledonia: "Look, I'd love to say that I'm NO different than I was, but the fact is, I'm thirty-seven - I'm not OLD..."

A handful of nerds in the audience who get the reference chuckle.

Caledonia: "But the fact is, the last time I fought MJ I was at my physical peak. Now, I'm in good shape, I've been training like hell... but I've also been through hell. You watched what happened in 2326, you saw the adversity I faced. As we discussed earlier, you don't come through that unscathed. But with all that... ... with all that has come more experience, more setbacks to overcome, more lessons learned. So am I the same Caledonia? It's complicated. I may not be the absolute same as I was. But I still have the same drive as I did. I still have the same respect for MJ that I had. At my core, the part beyond the crude matter of the physical... Yeah. I'm the same. "

Charles State: "MJ has made it very clear since her return that she doesn't want to simply be remembered as a legend returning for nostalgia. She wants to prove she can still compete at the highest level."

He looks toward Caledonia.

Charles State: "And you've been one of the people standing in her way since that return. What do you think MJ Flair is trying to prove by stepping back into this ring, and what do you think you need to prove by defeating her again?"

Caledonia: "MJ has said many times that this is - at least in part - about clearing the red from her proverbial ledger. Her loss to me was - if I may self-aggrandize a little - probably the biggest loss in her career. A dominant World Title run cut short, and the loss never truly avenged. I'd want to prove myself too. As for what I have to prove... Well, MJ's biggest loss was my biggest win. I've always wondered, in the back of my mind... was it a fluke? After all, I threw everything I had at her and she withstood it until the very end. I got an opening and I took it - and that takes skill on my part, absolutely - but also luck. MJ's older and wiser now. Will she give me the same opportunity again? Well. That's why we're doing this match, isn't it?"

Blake Church: "There is also the personal side of this rivalry."

The crowd quiets.

Blake Church: "Eight years is a long time. Careers change. Lives change. People change. Do you see MJ Flair as an

opponent you need to defeat, or someone who helped define a part of your own legacy?"

Caledonia: "Yes."

The crowd laughs.

Caledonia: "Look, both of those things can be true! My match with MJ really was the moment my career was made. And yes - she's my opponent. She's someone I'm gonna do everything I can to beat. But she isn't my enemy. There's a difference."

Charles State: "Final question before we let you go."

He looks toward the Wrestle Fest V graphics displayed behind them.

Charles State: "Tomorrow night, two careers collide. Two histories collide. Two versions of CWF collide."

He leans forward.

Charles State: "When the bell rings at Wrestle Fest V and you are standing across from MJ Flair again... what is the one thing you want her, and everyone watching, to remember about Caledonia?"

Caledonia laughs.

Caledonia: "Wow, save the hard one for last..."

She thinks.

Caledonia: "That win, lose, or draw... I left every follicle of my being in that ring. I didn't hold back. I didn't hesitate. And that if I lost... Then by God I made her work for it."

Blake Church: "Caledonia, thank you very much for joining us here on Church & State."

Charles State: "Good luck tomorrow night."

The crowd applauds as the interview transitions back to the Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest coverage.

Interview With Kyle Bright

Segment

Kyle is backstage after talking about his match, and his sister Stormee walks over to him as the interview starts.

Stormee Bright Anderson: Are you excited to be the third member of The Unstoppable Force?

"Nashville Prince" Kyle Bright: I am very excited to be the third member of The Unstoppable Force, and I am glad that Billy and Tyler asked me to join them turning the tag team into a stable. We will be serving justice to anyone that dares to cross us, and I can't wait until we actually work together on the same goal. No one knows what could happen, and we could attack as a pack any time so we are putting everyone on high alert as we aren't playing around we mean business. This will be making The Unstoppable Force an amazing stable, and three heads are way better than two. We will show what we are all about when the time comes, and believe me we buying our time waiting for the perfect time to strike as a stable so everyone better be sleepign with one eye opens when it comes to Billy, Tyler and me so they will never know when we might decide to come after them.

Stormee Bright Anderson: Thank you for your time bro.

"Nashville Prince" Kyle Bright: Your welcome sis.

Kyle hugs his sister, and walks down the hallway to The Unstoppable Force's locker room.

Method Acting

Segment

The Wrestle Fest Superstore is packed beyond the limits of reason and, at a glance, almost certainly the fire code. Fans browse CWF memorabilia ranging from replica title belts to resin figurines, T-shirts to tea cozies, as retail conscripts struggle to keep the shelves stocked that the wheels of commerce may turn unimpeded.

Near an endcap devoted to recent signings, an organic heap of Paul Freedom merchandise has formed. It is difficult to say how much has sold, but the sedimentary strata of cheap plastic and cloth that is also cheap plastic is at waist height and climbing.

Alabaster Enders meanders into frame, the Cheshire porcelain grin of his face looking as salient as ever. He pauses for just a moment to adjust the angle of his top hat, but that's all it takes.

Paul Freedom!: "This one's my favorite!"

The young legacy wrestler erupts from the pile of promising potential purchases pursuant to prêt-à-porter practicality, holding up to his own chest a T-shirt with a large Little Nero's logo and a tiny caption reading "Paul Freedom!" To the credit of the ice water running through his veins, Enders shows no reaction to Paul's sudden appearance. Paul leans in conspiratorially and stage whispers while staring directly at the camera.

Paul Freedom!: "Word to the wise, though. It goes best with the matching sweatpants."

A beat passes.

Paul Freedom!: "And hoodie!"

Alabaster offers three slow golf claps, inaudibly soft.

Alabaster Enders: "Always admirable."

Paul responds to the perceived compliment by what seems to be a reflexive process.

Paul Freedom!: "Um. Thanks!"

Paul's eyes immediately light up.

Paul Freedom!: "Oh, hey! I know you! You're Alabama Sanders!"

Alabaster smiles beneath the porcelain.

Alabaster Enders: "I assure you, Mr. Freedom, I am not."

Paul arches an eyebrow.

Paul Freedom!: "Oh, um, my bad! See, there was this bigshot movie type guy going around dressed like you with a mask like yours and a hat li-"

Mercifully, Alabaster chooses this moment to interrupt him. Alabaster Enders: "My name is Alabaster Enders, and it would appear that your memory falls short even of your acting ability." Paul points at himself.

Paul Freedom!: "Acting ability? Me?"

Alabaster tilts his head.

Paul Freedom!: "Wow, thanks! That's so cool, Mr. Enders! Have you figured out what you want me to star in yet?"

Alabaster considers it. Then...

Alabaster Enders: "No."

Paul deflates. Alabaster gestures toward the shirt.

Alabaster Enders: "Though I must commend your commitment to your current role."

Paul brightens again.

Paul Freedom!: "Thanks!"

Alabaster studies him for a moment.

Alabaster Enders: "You never stop performing."

Paul blinks.

Paul Freedom!: "I don't?"

Alabaster simply nods.

Alabaster Enders: "Remarkable."

He walks away. Paul watches him disappear. Looks down at the shirt he's hawking that barely features him. Looks around at his unsold merchandise. Gnaws on his lip for several beats before speaking.

Paul Freedom!: "I'm starting to think that maybe that guy wasn't trying to compliment me."

CvS Live: The Ripper

Segment

The camera cuts back toward the small stage area of the CWF Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest floor inside the DCU Center.

The crowd has gathered around the makeshift ring setup, the fourth side open to allow fans walking the convention floor to see the action. Three chairs sit inside the ring, with Blake Church and Charles State already seated across from one another. The CWF logo hangs behind them on the LED screen. Blake Church adjusts the microphone in his hand as the fans settle.

Blake Church: CWF Universe, welcome back to another edition of Church and State live here at Wrestle Fest V Fan Fest! I'm Blake Church, joined as always by my partner Charles State.

Charles State: Always a pleasure, Blake. And what a weekend this has already been. The biggest Wrestle Fest in CWF history is almost here, and tomorrow night from the TD Garden, we finally crown the next chapter of the World Heavyweight Championship.

A loud reaction comes from the fans.

Blake Church: Our next guest is the man who earned that opportunity. The only two-time Golden Intentions winner in CWF history. The man who outlasted thirty competitors to secure his place in the main event of Wrestle Fest V. Ladies and gentlemen... "The Ripper" Danny B!

The opening notes of "For I Am Death" by The Pretty Reckless hit through the Fan Fest speakers. The reaction is immediate from the CWF faithful. A mixture of cheers and boos spreads through the crowd as Danny B appears from the side of the stage. Unlike some of the other guests who have played to the audience, Danny walks with purpose. A fitted suit, sunglasses, and the same confident expression that has become synonymous with The Ripper.

He steps into the ring, shakes Blake and Charles' hands, and takes the center chair. Danny looks around at the crowd. A slight smirk crosses his face.

The Ripper Danny B: You know, I have to say...it's always interesting coming to these things.

He looks around.

The Ripper Danny B: Because you get to see the people who remember what you've done. And the people who are still pretending they don't.

A few fans react loudly as Danny leans back.

Blake Church: Danny, thank you for joining us. Obviously, the biggest question going into Wrestle Fest V is the opportunity in front of you. You have won Golden Intentions twice now. Nobody else in CWF history has accomplished that. What does it mean to be the only person to ever do that?

Danny smiles. For a moment, he almost looks proud. Then suddenly the expression changes.

The Ripper Danny B: It means I did something nobody else has been able to do. Which is great.

He nods.

The Ripper Danny B: It means my name is attached to something that nobody can take away from me. Nobody can rewrite it. Nobody can say it didn't happen.

Danny looks toward the crowd.

The Ripper Danny B: But let's not pretend I was given some golden path to get there.

A few fans quiet down.

The Ripper Danny B: Because that is the part that always seems to get ignored.

He leans forward.

The Ripper Danny B: Twice I entered Golden Intentions. Twice I survived everyone thrown at me. Twice I proved that when it comes down to the final moments, when everything is chaos and everyone is desperate...

A small smile.

The Ripper Danny B: I'm better than everyone else.

He sits back.

The Ripper Danny B: But the second time? They had to make sure they stacked the deck one more time.

Charles State: You're talking about entering at number twenty five?

Danny immediately nods.

The Ripper Danny B: Exactly.

He laughs slightly.

The Ripper Danny B: Isn't that funny? The people in charge thought they were helping me.

He shakes his head.

The Ripper Danny B: They thought, "Oh, let's make sure Danny B doesn't have to fight through everybody. Let's make sure he gets the easiest road possible."

Danny's expression hardens.

The Ripper Danny B: What they actually did was rob me. Because I didn't need a shortcut.

The fans react.

The Ripper Danny B: I didn't need protection. I didn't need to be handed the advantage.

He points toward himself.

The Ripper Danny B: I wanted the opportunity to walk into that ring, fight thirty people, and prove I was the best one standing.

Danny shakes his head.

The Ripper Danny B: Instead, they made a decision for me. They took away the chance to mix it up with some of the best this company has ever produced.

A bitter smile.

The Ripper Danny B: And then everybody wonders why I have a chip on my shoulder.

Blake Church: Speaking of that opportunity, tomorrow night isn't just about Golden Intentions anymore. It's about the CWF World Heavyweight Championship against Gordy King.

A loud reaction.

Blake Church: Your relationship with Gordy has become extremely personal over these last few weeks. From the Stanley Cup replica being taken, to the destruction of your Lamborghini, things have gone far beyond simple competition.

What was the moment where this stopped being about the championship and became personal? Danny is quiet for a moment, then he laughs.

The Ripper Danny B: That's an interesting question.

He adjusts himself in the chair.

The Ripper Danny B: Because according to Gordy King, everything is just a joke. Everything is a laugh. Everything is a "buddy" and a "bud" and a funny little story.

Danny looks directly into the camera.

The Ripper Danny B: But here's the thing about jokes.

He leans forward.

The Ripper Danny B: They stop being funny when somebody gets hurt.

The crowd reacts.

The Ripper Danny B: I took his trophy because I wanted to send a message. I wanted him to understand that the thing he values most can be taken away. And then he decided to destroy something of mine.

Danny shakes his head.

The Ripper Danny B: The difference is, Gordy doesn't understand what he did.

Charles State: He crushed your Lamborghini.

Danny looks over.

The Ripper Danny B: Yes, Charles. Thank you. I was there.

A few fans laugh. Danny smirks slightly before returning to his point.

The Ripper Danny B: But it's bigger than the car.

He looks down.

The Ripper Danny B: That car represented something.

He pauses, contemplating his words.

The Ripper Danny B: It represented everything I built. Everything I earned. Everything that came from years of being told I wasn't the guy.

Danny looks back up.

The Ripper Danny B: Gordy thinks he embarrassed me.

A deadly smirk comes from the Ripper.

The Ripper Danny B: He motivated me.

Charles State: Let's talk about the match itself. Hell in a Cell. Wrestle Fest V. The World Championship. The biggest stage CWF has ever had.

What happens when you finally step across the ring from Gordy King? Danny doesn't hesitate.

The Ripper Danny B: Reality.

The crowd reacts.

The Ripper Danny B: That's what happens.

He nods.

The Ripper Danny B: Because Gordy has had a wonderful story. Everybody loves Gordy King.

He shrugs.

The Ripper Danny B: He's funny. He's entertaining. He's the guy everybody wants to have a beer with.

Danny leans closer.

The Ripper Danny B: But tomorrow night isn't a comedy show.

The fans grow quieter.

The Ripper Danny B: Tomorrow night isn't about who can make the crowd laugh. Tomorrow night is about who can survive.

He points toward the camera.

The Ripper Danny B: And Gordy King is going to find out that there is a very big difference between being loved...and being the best.

Blake Church: Final question, Danny.

He looks toward the crowd.

Blake Church: Tomorrow night you have the chance to become a three-time CWF World Heavyweight Champion. After everything you've accomplished, everything you've fought through, everything you feel has been overlooked...what does winning that championship mean?

Danny sits silently for a moment. The arrogance fades slightly.

The Ripper Danny B: It means finally nobody can question it.

He pauses once more.

The Ripper Danny B: That's the thing people don't understand about me.

He looks around.

The Ripper Danny B: I don't need people to like me. I don't need people to cheer me.

Danny taps his chest.

The Ripper Danny B: I need them to admit they were wrong.

The crowd reacts.

The Ripper Danny B: Every single time someone said I wasn't the guy, I proved them wrong. Every single time someone thought somebody else deserved the spotlight, I took it.

Danny looks directly at the camera.

The Ripper Danny B: Tomorrow night, Gordy King gets to find out what everyone else eventually finds out.

A slight grin.

The Ripper Danny B: All you stupid blokes can make fun of the name all you want. The Ripper was never waiting for his moment. I was waiting for everyone else to get the fuck out of the way.

Danny stands. He looks toward Blake and Charles.

The Ripper Danny B: Thank you for having me.

He steps out of the ring as "For I Am Death" begins playing again. The crowd watches as Danny walks away, eyes locked forward.

Blake Church: The confidence of The Ripper Danny B on full display here today.

Charles State: Confidence or arrogance, Blake, depends who you ask.

Blake Church: Tomorrow night, though, there won't be any questions left.

The camera focuses on the Wrestle Fest V graphic behind them.

CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP GORDY KING VS. THE RIPPER DANNY B

The segment fades back to Fan Fest coverage.

Mia Rayne Hall of Fame Induction

Segment

The lights go down as "Die Die Die My Darling" by Metallica starts to play as a large black coffin lands onto the stage dead center. Smoke shoots up out of it as a crawling creepy figure emerges in a beautiful black tuxedo...and a burlap sack mask. Ataxia waves to the crowd gathered for the Hall of Fame as he makes his way to the podium.

Ataxia: "HAI FRANDS!!"

Crowd: "HAI ATAXIA!!"

Ataxia: "Cheeky lil bastards aren't you. Well...we are gathered here to speak ill of the dead...Danny B was a...oh wait...sorry wrong speech. You prepare for so many different things ahead of time you get confu...you know what. I...I can't joke at a time like this because in all seriousness she is phenomenal and to do corny jokes doesn't do her justice...of course I am biased...I am her husband. Tonight I am here to right one last wrong in CWF...The induction of my beautiful Mia Rayne into the CWF Hall of Fame!"

The audience applauds. Ataxia waits for them to die down.

Ataxia: "So what can I say about my glorious wonderful beautiful stupendous sexy and intelligent wifey? In this business you learn to be lonely and let's face it when you have a burlap mask on your face. I kind of figured I would always be alone. I know it's gonna shock some of ya'll, but I'm really not the "fit in" type. I had started a group with Shadow and Maniquin many years ago...and Maniquin left almost immediately. Rather than give up we decided to expand and one of our first prospects was Mia...and I kinda got smitten. It takes a lot to make me feel things...It takes a lot to make me into a better person, but after meeting her. I finally got something I never expected which was a family. And it's the best thing that ever happened to me. Better than any title reign is my family with Mia Rayne. To quote a

country song. Beautifullll...amazing...everything she does amazes me...the way that she dances...the way she takes chances...and wears her heart on her sleeve...yeah she's crazy...but her crazy is beautifulll to meeeeeee. And with that I'm going to break the rules. I was asked to do this solo, but I just couldn't get here without running into some old frands..."

Out of the coffin smoke starts to billow as Shadow rises from the darkness and the fans get on their feet. Ataxia lets Shadow get to the microphone and stands to the side.

The Shadow: "Well, well, well, CWF finally is doing something it should have done aeons ago. Bring Mia into the Hall of Fame. Better late than never, am I right?"

The audience cheers as Ataxia does the Aresenio Hall "Woop woop woop" behind Shadow who glares at Ataxia for a moment and he stops.

The Shadow: "So, for the uninitiated, Mia and I have had an... interesting relationship throughout the years, the good, the bad and the ugly, but that's also what has made her so special to me. You see, back when the powers that be decided to lump some of their undesirables into a tag team of sorts, they were trying to create a dysfunctional unit that would be cannon fodder to stoke their favourites' fragile egos in the best case or turn on each other in the worst case. Panem et circenses. However, that plan failed spectacularly, as out of this group evolved one of CWF's most influential groups ever: The Forsaken. We were the outcasts, the misfits, but as the saying goes, opposites attract, and we made our weaknesses out strength. Over time, we became a unit that stuck together harder than epoxy glue: Mia, Ataxia, Dorian and my humble self. I was a mentor, a confidante, a frand. But also an enemy, a thorn in her side, so to say that our time together in CWF had more ups and downs than many mountain roads would be an understatement."

The fans cheer again.

The Shadow: "However, despite being the Forsaken Psychotic, despite our relationship making some chameleons dizzy, Mia has always been very close to my heart. While her logic might terrify many, while her behaviour has been labelled as unhinged before, as unpredictable, there is no denying in her being one of the most dedicated, most passionate and most engaging people this federation has and will ever see. When she commits, she commits, for better or worse. She does not half-ass anything, she full-asses, even if some may not realize or appreciate it fully. Were it not for her, CWF would not be what it is now. The Forsaken would never have become this tightknit group with a bond that transcends this federation and that still holds tight to this very day."

The fans cheer again.

The Shadow: "Mia, my fractured sister, my immortal nemesis, and my truest friend... you spent years tearing through this ring like a tempest, refusing to be tamed by those who sought to break us. They handed us ashes and expected us to scatter; instead, you helped us burn their kingdom to the ground. They built this hall to honour legends, but tonight, they open its gates for a nightmare they could never control. Take your place among the immortalized. You've earned every inch of the shade you now reign over."

The fans cheer and give a standing ovation for a moment as Zach Van Owen suddenly leaps out of the smokey coffin and the fans cheer even more.

Zach Van Owen: "What...it's not a party till we all show up!"

The audience laughs as Zach takes his place at the podium. Shadow stops Ataxia from trying to smack Zach's butt and the crowd calms down. Zach begins to speak.

Zach Van Owen: "I may have styled myself as a Game Changer but Mia was always on a whole other level. Regardless of which version of Mia we would see, no one had a bigger influence or impact on the CWF than Mia. Be it story telling, their artistry in the ring, or just their constant drive to make the world, in or out of the ring, a better place.

Mia embodied the very notion of 'Epic.'"

The audience cheers EPIC MIA!!! clap clap clap clap . Zach continues.

Zach Van Owen: "Never backing down from a fight, she relished in new and greater challenges. No matter how many people doubted or misunderstood her. Mia would claw, scratch, bite you name it so she could stand tall above them all. A true champion in name and nature."

The fans cheer.

Zach Van Owen: "From all the highs and lows my big Forsaken sister has been there for me thru thick and thin, just like these guys. It's my honor to be here tonight. And I speak for everyone when I say it's about damn time!"

The fans cheer as the three stand together for a moment as Ataxia steps forward.

Zach Van Owen: "Best broskis right here. However...something just doesn't feel right. It's like something...well someone is missing. It's bittersweet that our fallen brother isn't here tonight to share this joyous moment with my beloved, but at least one of us had a bit of a braincell. Ladies and Gentlemen. I give you..."

A video starts on the screen behind the three Forsaken members. The picture looks as though it was converted from someone's old camcorder. Grey static rolls over the footage, further indicating the use of old technology. There's a timestamp in the lower corner, which seems surprisingly recent, the 2020-something visible, despite blinking in and out. The grainy image is slightly out of focus, coming in and out while the camera struggles to find someone, or something, to lock onto.

The colors are washed out. Even the brightest of whites bleed into the edges of the frame, while the darker colors eventually dissolve into murky shadows. Each movement seems like it leaves a faint trail, akin to what you would experience if you were visited by a ghost, which is quite appropriate as Dorian Hawkhurst enters the frame.

Dorian Hawkhurst: "If you're seeing this, it means two things have happened. First of all, it means I'm not here to congratulate you myself. Secondly, and more importantly, that means that you did it. Someone in charge saw your brilliance and put you into the CWF Hall of Fame."

Dorian sits down in a beat up wooden rocking chair and folds his hands in front of his face.

Dorian Hawkhurst: "I came into this company about the same time you did, trying to figure my life out while bringing my kid into this messed up business. Child Protective Services probably should have put Chloe in a foster home because of that. But, they didn't. Then, we came into the Forsaken, also around the same time. You all collectively welcome the kiddo and I with open arms, and I want you to know I always appreciated that."

Dorian lowers his hands, smiling warmly to the camera.

Dorian Hawkhurst: "Chloe looked up to you in a way that she never looked up to anyone else, myself included. I'm okay with that because when I look at you, I see a woman who stands her ground, fights for what she believes in, and lives her life as her true, authentic self, society be damned..."

Dorian leans back, his grin even wider.

Dorian Hawkhurst: "We need more of that in the world."

He slaps his hands down on his knees, and looks directly at the camera.

Dorian Hawkhurst: "Anyway, I think I've taken up enough of your time. Mia, you deserve this more than you ever could image. Now, come get your flowers."

Dorian stands up, moves off frame, and the video cuts out. We pan back to all three of The Forsaken members who are in tears. Ataxia leans forward.

Ataxia: "Ladies and gentlemen. The woman you've all been waiting for...A CWF Living Legend...And my wifey...MIA RAYNE!!!"

A showering of shiny, purple, blue, and green confetti showers the stage as slowly, a giant Mia pinata lowers itself. A screen is in the center of the pinata with a quick countdown already in progress.

3...

2...

...

The two lingers for a second longer before finally changing.

1!!!!

The pinata explodes in a shower of streamers to match the confetti, as the "One Woman Party Favor," the only member of the CWF roster to have ever lived up to being called "psychotic" bursts from the pinata and floats in the air. Gone are her usual clothing options and instead her hair lies flat on her head, shiny and blacker than a black hole, almost as if her long strands were absorbing the color around it to make it even blacker. It lies flat and falls down around her waist, but probably the most distinguishing feature is the dress that Mia is wearing. Silky and shiny, almost glowing a dark violet, or is it midnight blue? Everytime she moves, it's almost as if the color changes as the dress shifts. A radiant smile splits her face as she floats down to the stage and embraces her fellow Forsaken. Saving Ataxia for last, she lifts his mask slightly to give him a kiss, before lowering the burlap back over his face, as she takes her place at the podium.

Her smile falters as she takes it all in. The glitz, the glamor, the crowd waiting for her to speak, but probably the most important, her eyes meet with each of The Forsaken before she turns her attention back to the crowd.

Mia Rayne: "I... I honestly wasn't sure what to say. I almost considered just allowing the big man upstairs to put his massive finger on my back, let me take my bow, and then we could all be done with this.

But..."

She pauses and smirks. The fans fall silent, waiting for her to finish her thought.

Mia Rayne: "We all know that that's not how I do things. I don't bow, especially when someone who isn't me tells me that that's what I need to do. So then my thoughts turned to what I was going to say. Hiding in that pinata and listening to The Forsaken, I suddenly felt that my speech was going to write itself. I can almost see the words forming on some kind of screen as I say this...

So I suppose I should start by saying, thank you. Crazy right, what kind of 'psychotic' says 'thank you?' Well, it's this one. I have to thank each and every one of my fans, my Menagerie. Without you, there is no Mia Rayne. Throughout it all, you've all stayed with me through the ups, downs, lefts, rights... The b's and the a's, and finally select, and start to unlock unlimited time with yours truly. I appreciate you all for inputting the combo, more than I can ever put into words, because who would I be here for, who would I fight for, if not for all of you?"

Mia glances around at the arena, taking the massive space before her in. She reads the crowd signs that she can read, and a playful smile emerges on her face.

Mia Rayne: "Next, I have to say thank you to my opponents over the years. I've fought a lot of people, sure, but there are a couple other leading ladies that need to be acknowledged when it comes time to look back on my history and how I got to the present. MJ Flair and Caledonia. Two names synonymous with the CWF. Two legends in their own right. Two friends, foes, allies, and opponents no matter the situation. Tomorrow night for example, I'm just glad none of my personas volunteered to call THAT one down the middle..."

The crowd laugh but quickly fall silent as Mia continues.

Mia Rayne: Fighting shoulder to shoulder or against one another, these two have always pushed me to be a better version of myself. I've beaten them, they've beaten me but at the end of the day, the lessons I've learned from both of them, regardless of what is happening around us at the time, regardless of the situation, have pushed me to who I am today. No matter the outcome at da Fest, I can't wait to see it all happen in real time. No talk. No dancing. Just a pure contest to see who is better on that night, at that moment. This match is one for the ages, one that is unlikely to ever happen again, so I urge you all, no matter what happens, both of these leading ladies deserve a standing ovation, flowers, and all the accolades.

Now... As much as I consider those two as my closest friends, I consider The Forsaken so much more than friends, allies, 'just another wrestling stable.'"

She pauses to acknowledge each of the Forsaken still standing at her side.

Mia Rayne: "We're family and some of the hardest lessons, the most potent of feelings, come from when family fights. As Shadow touched on earlier, as successful as a tag team he and I were, as much as I consider him to be my mentor, the Splinter to my turtles, we also made wonderful opponents. To this day, I don't think that I've ever come out on top of these fights, but boy howdy did I learn some valuable lessons on what it meant to be the Mia Rayne you have all come to know and love. On the same night I won Golden Intentions, I also went to war against Ataxia. A violent and bloody affair that saw me win then as well, but the BIGGEST lesson was how far I'd go to make sure my loved ones are not in pain. Sure, physical pain was endured, but that shit fades. I'm talking emotional pain, the stuff that you FEEL deep down, like a cut that doesn't heal. No, The Forsaken are so much more than just another stable in a wrestling federation. We're more than a family. I personally don't know what you'd call us, but whatever it is, we're more."

Mia grips the podium as she bows her head, overwhelmed with emotion.

Mia Rayne: "So... I'll keep this brief. While Silas doesn't really deserve much more than a passing glance from me, I still feel that I need to give the devil his due. Silas, you are the very personification of everything that I stand against in this wonderful sport of ours. You're arrogant, egotistical, and... Determined to fight for your better tomorrow, regardless of what that tomorrow looks like for everyone else. As long as you're taken care of, who cares about anything else? You once claimed that I was overlooking you, that I wasn't giving your Dexter Morgan, 'Dark Passenger' enough attention. To be honest with you, whenever we existed on this roster at the same time, my eyes were always on what you were doing, after you asked me to join your Coalition. I say this, because I know that if I took my eye off of you at any point, you'd take that chance to try and give me murder by back stabbing. 'Fight for your happiness' Silas, I have it on good authority that one has to do that from time to time. Meanwhile, I'll be fighting to remove the toxic stain that you left on our federation, the CWF, long after you are forced to leave. Until we meet in the ring Silas, I hope you have a day that you so richly deserve."

Mia takes her hands off the podium, and balls them into fists, squeezing tight until her hands start to shake, and then finally relaxing. She puts her hands back on the podium as Ataxia wraps an arm around her waist. Mia briefly lays her head on his shoulder before continuing.

Mia Rayne: "I don't handle loss very well. Wrestling match, in life, whatever. Recently, the CWF lost one of our own, Duce Jones. Duce was one of a kind, member of the Smokin' Aces with Freddie Styles and was always one of my favorite people to come up against, or work with. He was a person unlike any other I have ever met, and I just wanted to take a moment to say, I'll miss you Duce. This one is for you.

With that Mia takes out a glass pipe, shakes a bag of green, leafy substance into it, lights it, and takes a deep inhale, holds her breath, and then lets it out. She waves her fingers and the smoke takes on a colorful hue, as it forms the words, "Cheers Duce. We will miss you." She looks misty eyed as the smoke dissipates into the air and she smiles.

Mia Rayne: "And who could forget about the Hawkhursts? If ever there was a daddy and daughter pairing that emulated familial love, THAT was it. Dorian was always my brother in arms and I remember the very first lesson those two taught me. Above all else, family comes first. That fake witch Cassandra wanted to harm a child and I still feel the sting of that skillet cracking against my back. I look down and what do I see though, that absolutely changed my world for the better? Little Chloe, ready to kick more ass. Dorian, you raised one hell of a daughter and you were a brother that will be sorely missed. Thank you for all that you gave not only me, but the rest of the lives that you touched."

Mia bows her head in silence as the rest of the Forsaken do the same. The crowd follows suit and a ten bell salute goes off in memory of the CWF members who have touched the lives of so many, in and out of the ring. She snuffles and raises her head after the tenth bell and everyone around her follows suit. She chokes out a small giggle, smiles, and continues.

Mia Rayne: "Enough with the doom and gloom though. I came to the CWF as a broken spirit and I stand before you today as not only Forsaken, not just 'psychotic,' but entirely and utterly, whole. That is a gift that I don't think I would have found anywhere else. Thank you to everyone who has been along with me on this journey! You are the sprockets that keep this psychotic turning, and I wouldn't have it any other way. Dorian, RIP, and the rest of you? Shall we make an after party somewhere that everyone in this room, not you Silas, are invited to? Yes, I think we shall..."

Mia smiles and snaps her fingers as envelopes fall into everyone's hand, a special invite to Mia Rayne's Hall of Fame Afterparty. With that, Mia winks and snaps her fingers. A cloud of deep purple fog rolls in and with another wave of her hand, The Forsaken disappear from the stage to the sound of a thunderous ovation.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite