

# Infernal: Ep. 4 - The Culmination

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** March 20, 2026  
**Location:** The Collosium

## Results

### Unlikely Allies

Segment

The fourth episode of CWF Infernal opens up backstage to Caledonia's locker room. She and her cousin Mark Carlton are doing some light sparring exercises in preparation for her match against Ataxia, while her husband Dan observes their form and coaches. Abruptly, there is a knock at the door. All three sharply look at it, then at each other. A moment passes, and the men defer to Caledonia.

Caledonia: "Come."

Shoving the door open in a huff, his hair disheveled and pushed to the side is Jaiden Rishel, his black t-shirt with a rip at the bottom and spurts of blood all across it.

Caledonia: "You have got to be kidding me..."

Jaiden Rishel: "I... I don't have anywhere else to turn."

Dan Highlander: "Not our problem. Get the fuck out."

Carlton holds up his hands as if to placate the rest of his family, and wordlessly gestures for Jaiden to come inside and close the door.

Caledonia: "The fuck, Mark?"

Mark Carlton: "We ought to hear him out."

Dan Highlander: "After everything he's done?!"

Mark Carlton: "In case you haven't noticed, we're dangerously short on allies right now."

Caledonia: "And if he turns on us again?"

Mark Carlton: "I'll drink him."

Jaiden gulps. He's out of breath; clearly the hellacious future that AnHellica has set out for CWF is on his mind. He shakes his head as if shaking cobwebs loose.

Jaiden Rishel: "Look, I know we've not always seen eye to eye..."

Caledonia: "You've literally either betrayed or tried to kill each of us."

Dan Highlander: "Both counts, for me."

Jaiden ignores that.

Jaiden Rishel: "...But you've seen what AnHellica and her Amoralists want to do. The SSRI was bad enough – Mark, you and I both know how bad they were..."

Carlton is silent, remembering his and Jaiden's infiltration of the House of the Will.

Jaiden Rishel: "They need to be stopped. I need to stop them. For... for my father's sake. For everyone's."

His eyes glisten with tears at the memory of Rish, of what the SSRI's Operational Security Agency did to him. His jaw sets with grim determination.

Jaiden Rishel: "I can't change the past. But maybe, if we work together... we can change the future."

None of the other three speak; they stand, considering Jaiden's plea.

Jaiden Rishel: "Please. I can't do it alone."

More silence before finally Dan breaks it.

Dan Highlander: "Does this mean you have a plan?"

Jaiden: "No. That's... I've fought against these guys before, but let's face it... this was your fight. You, and Elijah, and Eris and the rest of them. If anyone can figure out a way to stop them, it's you."

Jaiden's face sets, a realization suddenly coming to him.

Jaiden Rishel: "You know what? I do have a plan. I know exactly what I have to do now. I have to make the Amoralists believe me to be their new Moonchild."

Caledonia, Dan, and Carlton look at each other, unspeaking. But their eyes say everything that they need from each other.

Caledonia: "Alright. Let's see what you've got."

Jaiden: "You got it! In fact... I think I have an idea..."

He runs out of the locker room.

Carlton: "Ten quid says he comes back with a missing limb."

Dan Highlander: "Nah, it's gotta be a broken jaw."

Caledonia: "You two are being mean."

They look at her expectantly.

Caledonia: "Ugh, give me a fiver on both."

## **Cracks?**

Segment

Backstage, Ian Ambrose stands, as uncomfortable as possible, amongst Moretti, Donovan and Jarvis - the Pact. King Jarvis I seems completely unaware of Ambrose. Meanwhile, Moretti looms aggressively over the diminutive announcer as Ambrose attempts to maintain a professional facade.

Ian Ambrose: "Uhm...Ladies and Gentlemen, j-joining me at this time, The Pact. Sh-Shane Donovan, tonight you've got the n-night off from in-ring competition as you remain undefeated in your block...that d-doesn't mean you're in for an easy night as y-you have to watch your team-mates wrestle in tonight's main event. Th-thoughts?"

Shane scoffs, obviously unimpressed by the question.

Shane Donovan: "First of all, "thoughts" is a terrible question. It's barely a question at all."

King Jarvis I: "A pedestrian interrogative from the mouth of a peasant."

Harlan Moretti: "Precisely."

Ambrose shrinks, almost melting from the force of the personalities surrounding him.

Shane Donovan: "What are my thoughts on tonight's main event? My two compatriots, two men I consider my equals, locking up? I'm excited. For once, one solitary moment in this tournament's group stages, there will finally be an expression of genuine competition. Finally, The Pact will face a challenge worthy of itself. Of course, it took The Pact to be a challenge to The Pact, but what else can you expect?"

Harlan Moretti grabs Ambrose's arm, bringing the mic up to his face.

Harlan Moretti: "Tonight's main event will be an actual treat. King Jarvis will actually be a challenge, and when I beat him it'll mean som—"

Moretti is cut off by the microphone slipping out of range of his mouth as King Jarvis I strikes Ian Ambrose and the small man crumples.

King Jarvis I: "What do you mean "When I beat him", Harlan?"

Moretti chuckles.

Harlan Moretti: "What, you think you're gonna beat me, little man?"

King Jarvis I: "Little man?! That is NO way to speak to your King!"

Donovan attempts to step between Jarvis and Moretti as the two men go nose-to-nose. The tension is palpable.

Shane Donovan: "Guys, guys...come on, this isn't what tonight is about."

The two main event competitors stare each other down for a beat more, before they separate, going in different directions, leaving Donovan alone, looking frustrated.

Jim Gunt: "Looking like The Pact has a few cracks starting to form, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "I...nooooooo!!!"

## **Overlooked**

Segment

We cut to a shot looking up at the Colosseum from the outside. By the sight of the sun still hanging in the sky, it's obvious that this particular reel was shot earlier in the day.

The shot widens as the camera drone pulls away from the house of Amoralist pleasure, dropping behind a man looking up at the palace of pain. The shot circles round until the pretty but grizzled face of The Ripper comes into full view. His emerald greens never once break their focus on the building before him.

Ripper: "You know, I have stayed pretty quiet here so far. I've shown up, I've put down whatever animal has been put in front of me, and I have left. This whole spectacle isn't really to my taste. I didn't want to be here, but I'm not stupid. This is all about survival, and I am a survivor.

So, I've kept my head down, done what needed to be done and got the fuck out of dodge before I could get roped in to some of the more... melodramatic shit that has been going on."

Ripper's blank expression began to contort, a familiar cocky grin taking hold as he looked down from the building and directly into the camera drone.

Ripper: "I've found my feet now, though, and so far. I have walked through every challenge put before me without having to stop for breath. I have assassinated every opponent to the pleasure of all who fill these seats, but I have noticed something quite concerning.

I'm still underestimated."

The grin widened as he lazily rolled his neck, loudly cracking the worn bones within.

Ripper: "This is the story of my life. I walk in, I take over and yet when I win this tournament, people will still be surprised and call it an underdog story. Take last week, for example. Everyone was talking about Elijah and Shane being undefeated going into their match, but so was I. When the show was done, the people were sucking the collective dicks of The Pact, crying over Elijah's failure and laughing at the King of England Bullshit. I'm not exactly patriotic, but come on.

That changes tonight. Elijah will fail again. He may once have bested me, but that was a very, very, very long time ago.

Now I shall grant the Poet a poem to describe his future.”

Danny takes a deep breath, placing his hands together and resting his chin on his fingertips, obviously enjoying his little mockery.

Ripper: “The Ripper will win  
The Pact consists of shit brains  
This is my game now.”.

Danny looks forward with a dead pan expression.

Ripper: “Yeah. I hawked that shit. Tonight the game changes. Danny B will win again. Then, at Frozen over, Danny B will win again. You all want to overlook me? Sure, go ahead. It’s your death sentence. Elijah, see you soon.”

Danny waves the camera away as he stalks towards the Colosseum. The shot cuts back to the live feed at the commentary desk.

Jim Gunt: “Ripper has made his statement, and you have to admit Mike, he certainly has conviction.”

Mike Rolash: “I don’t have to admit anything about that asshole. He’s got a lot of words, Jim. Maybe he should join us here if he wants to talk so much.”

Ripper: “Maybe I should, Mike.”

Rolash’s face drains of colour as Ripper, who has appeared behind Rolash, pats him on the head.

Ripper: “Don’t worry, Mike. This isn’t 2010. I’m not going to make it a personal mission to make you shit your pants on every show again.”

Danny walks out of shot, laughing to himself. Jim wrinkles his nose in disgust.

Jim Gunt: “Mike, did you just?”

Mike Rolash: “Go to a commercial, Jim. Go to commercials now!”

## **Children of the Moon**

Segment

Cutting to the backstage area, Lilliana Primrose is preparing herself for the Bloodbath Match to come. In a chipper mood, Primrose sits humming a tune to herself that only she recognizes.

Pulling her out of state of "consciousness" is her Jaiden Rishel, the Heir to CWF, sliding out of a vent onto a small pile of pillows in her secret abode underneath the Colosseum and closing the cover behind him.

He managed to navigate the insane maze one must endure to reach this place. Her lucid state melts away before she stares in wonder towards his direction. The tune she was humming before never falters during her shift.

Jaiden looks completely frazzled, his hair disheveled, his shirt torn; the man looks like a wreck. Lilliana pays his appearance no mind however, simply smiling at Jaiden as he comes in and sits down beside her.

Jaiden Rishel: "Lily, we need to talk. I just got back from having a candid conversation with Dan and Caledonia Highlander...and Mark Carlton. I know you really have little to no knowledge on who those people are, but trust me, they are of the utmost importance to us if we want to get to the middle of what's really going on around here and defeat AnHellica and these nasty Amoralists assholes.

Basically to make a long story short; this whole "future world" happened once before, in 2018 my father was sucked into a time lapse and in that time it was the SSRI controlling things, the former name the Amoralists went by. From then until now they've destroyed nearly all that have opposed them, but the point is the Highlanders may have the knowledge we need to put an end to all of this."

Lilliana Primrose: "Flowers die. More grow. Rinse, lather, repeat. They never last. Do what you must to hasten the cycle, but don't burn yourself to do it. Fire hurts and changes flesh."

Jaiden looks at Lilliana, a sense of calmness rushing over him as she places a gentle hand on his.

Jaiden Rishel: "You're right. You may be one of the most unconventional people I've ever met, but that's what makes you so interesting. And the advice is solid, regardless of the quirkiness added to it. I will say though, that in my talking to the Highlanders, the most grand of schemes crossed my mind.

Although the AnHellica and the Amoralists have shown their true cause for the world to see last week, that the blood of CWF's Last Warriors has kept them alive for all this time, the true meaning of the Amoralists and the SSRI has always been rooted in science. There have been many hypotheses and texts written in their name, the most important being that of the Moonchild."

A few small giggles escape her lips.

Lilliana Primrose: "First Moon's children sound silly."

Jaiden Rishel: "Yes, Moonchild. I get the name is straight out of a b-list sci-fi flick, but that is the term the SSRI used back then for their ultimate warrior. A being bred for war, a brainless fighting machine to do out all the dirty deeds that the SSRI couldn't do themselves without falling into an even more negative light in the public eye.

Elisha was the first Moonchild, the man raged all sorts of havoc in CWF's history until Dan Highlander was able to morph into the Starchild himself, taking everything in him to make that transformation, one that almost cost him his life and family but in the end the war was won and all of this was over."

Jaiden takes a breath, the dark history of CWF not one that he willingly recites on a normal basis.

Jaiden Rishel: "Or so we thought. With my father's Premonitions coming true, this all came to be yet again. And I've been going crazy these last few weeks trying to figure out how to stop this, Lily, and I think I finally found the key! I...need to become the Moonchild."

Lilliana Primrose: "Caged once more for crazy. Doors don't open easily. Other side has teeth and watches with rotting eyes. Might see inside you."

Jaiden looks at her, smiling.

Jaiden Rishel: "You're right, it's not going to be easy. Convincing AnHellica and the rest of her minions is going to be the hard part, but I have an idea. My father's friend Dez still has a heart left in his blackened chest, I just know it. If I can get him to let me have a sit down talk with our evil overlords, I think I've got the rest."

She ruffles his hair and places her head on his shoulder from the side while staring off at nothing.

Lilliana Primrose: "Don't be swallowed. Her ambition is hungry. Saw lies deep in her chest in raven gathering."

The camera cuts back to ringside.

## **Ataxia vs. Caledonia**

Match

Joey Garcia stifles laughter inside the ring as Rolash tries to get himself together at ringside. The camera shot widens to show that a massive glass roof has been built over the Colosseum, presumably to keep the relentless weather from ruining the Amoralist's proceedings.

Joey Garcia: "The following is a round four, b block matchup in the Infernalina Tournament!"

“Die Die Die My Darling” by Metallica begins to hum over the Colosseum, the lights dimming to a red hue as the Messiah Pariah slowly approaches the ring. He cackles as he watches several fans try to jump the barricade, none of them able to do so without failing. Ataxia nods his bagged head, the Watchers spreading to allow him to enter.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first, standing at 5’11 and weighing 225 pounds...ATAXIA!!”

Jim Gunt: “The Messiah Pariah comes into this one with a new fire lit under him, with his Forsaken brethren and sisterthren falling left and right lately.”

Mike Rolash: “I don’t think sisterthren is a word.”

Jim Gunt: “Regardless, shit pants, after failing to defeat the Ripper in a major rivalry matchup last week, this is sure to be the final chance for Ataxia in the Infernalia tournament.”

Mike Rolash: “Fuck off, Jim! I don’t think the masked maniac really gives two SHITS about the tournament, or the Amoralists. The only thing Ataxia’s ever cared about was inflicting his own personal kind of twisted violence. And unfortunately for Caledonia, she’s the one that violence will be directed towards tonight!”

“Day and Night” hits over the speakers as the lights flash. The crowd cheers as Caledonia Highlander emerges from behind the curtain, followed at a slight distance by her husband.

Joey Garcia: “His opponent, being accompanied by Dan “The Hammer” Highlander....CALEDONIA!!”

Jim Gunt: “Caledonia Highlander finally removed the proverbial camel off her back last week, picking up her first win in the tournament in a hard fought war over Byson Kaliban. With the look on Ataxia’s face as he stares at her through the mask, I don’t think tonight’s battle is going to be any easier.”

Mike Rolash: “I’d like to ride her like a camel.”

Jim Gunt: “Jesus, Mike! You’d think the Amoralists would’ve gotten you an “Adult” Bot by now with all the sexual innuendos you make out here...”

Caledonia’s face is set with grim determination as she walks down the ramp. Upon reaching the ring, she walks right past Ataxia and climbs atop opposite turnbuckles and poses. The fans in the Colosseum burst in cheers; children and adults of all kinds cheering the High Priestess on as she raises her arms.

Mike Rolash: “Double axe handle! Before Caledonia can even get down from the ropes, Ataxia attacks!”

Jim Gunt: "Neezletoe hasn't even been able to call for the bell yet!"

The resident troll of CWF does his best to shove Ataxia back as he stomps down on Caledonia, finally motioning for the artificial bell noise to sound over the Colosseum. Ataxia goes right back on the strafe, pounding down boots across the chest of Caledonia like bombs raining down. The Messiah Pariah cackles wildly, placing a boot right in the throat of Caledonia, but she latches onto his leg and snaps it sideways with a dragon leg screw, leaving him crashing down awkwardly on his right leg.

Backing up into the corner, Ataxia holds onto his leg wincing. Caledonia is not going to let him recover, however, running right into the corner and hitting a basement dropkick to Ataxia's thigh as he tries to move out of the way. The Messiah Pariah screams out, in both anger and pain, getting right back to his feet and shoving his gloved hand right into the gullet of Caledonia. BRIGHTNESS ADJUSTMENT!

The Mandible Claw is sunk in deep, but Caledonia fights back immediately, not allowing herself to go out as she strikes Ataxia with an uppercut to the jaw. He flails backward, but does not let go of the hold. Another uppercut! This time Ataxia falls backward into the ropes, his grip lost. Caledonia runs across the ring like a bullet, leaping up and taking the head of Ataxia with her to the outside.

Jim Gunt: "TWISTING CORKSCREW HURRICANRANA TO THE OUTSIDE! A HALF DOZEN WATCHERS JUST WENT FLYING LIKE BOWLING PINS!"

Mike Rolash: "Would you quit yelling!?"

Jim Gunt: "Would you quit shitting yourself?"

Mike Rolash: "I can't help it, Ripper scared me!"

The Watchers are bent over in all sorts of ways, the bodies of both Caledonia and Ataxia laying atop of them as they slowly come to, the crowd in the first few rows watching on intently, most of them cheering while a few look like they'd love to jump the barricade.

Caledonia is first to her feet, staggering slightly as she tries to regain her bearings, looking over to Dan Highlander who backs up from the action but still nods to her for support. Caledonia pulls Ataxia up by his burlap sack covered cranium, tossing him right into the steel steps!

A large "boom" is heard as the hip and side of Ataxia crashes against the steel, dislodging the top and bottom steps from each other as the top goes flying several feet away. Caledonia takes the back of Ataxia's head, an odd look

coming over her as she smashes the back of his head over and over again against the steel. Ataxia flails a wild right arm looking for a punch to stop Caledonia, but the fight quickly leaves him, Caledonia again and again driving his skull into the steel.

Ataxia falls unconscious.

Neezletoe attempts to leave the ring to check on the Messiah Pariah but Caledonia screams out at him, the look in her eye enough to leave the troll in the ring as she hoists the lifeless body of Ataxia up to a somewhat standing position. Suddenly Ataxia snaps to life, leaping up onto the apron and back at Caledonia before she can even regain her bearings.

Jim Gunt: "Peaceful Tolerance out of nowhere! That 360 leaping kick definitely caught Caledonia and everyone here in the Colosseum completely off guard!"

Mike Rolash: "How many times does this idiot have to come back to life before we finally get to kill him off for good?"

Jim Gunt: "Alright, Mike...settle down."

Ataxia, finding a second and third set of steam seamlessly, grabs the hair of Caledonia Highlander, looking back at her husband with cackling as he drives her eyes and nose first across the apron. He then harshly throws her back into the ring under the ropes, rolling right back in and taking her by the leg. Caledonia kicks back at Ataxia as he looks to put in a submission, using the bottom rope to try to get to her feet even as he holds on.

SUCH IS LIFE!

The Enziguri knocks the life right back out of Ataxia, connecting with the side of his neck perfectly and dropping him like a sack of bricks. Caledonia wastes no time in going for the cover as Neezletoe drops down.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: "Near fall there from the Such is Life kick, this one isn't over yet!"

Ataxia rolls his shoulder just as Neezletoe looks to make the three count, somehow the Messiah Pariah finding yet more life as he not only shoves Caledonia off of him but quickly pops right back to his feet. Caledonia is amazed, looking on as Ataxia does a twirling motion in the ring before calling her in for more.

She slowly approaches, the two of them jockeying for position as they measure each other up, finally Ataxia looking for a test of strength that Caledonia kicks away with a Roundhouse Kick.

No, Spinning Back Fist from Ataxia stops her in her tracks!

Chinlock!

Ataxia places Caledonia in a chinlock in the middle of the ring, pulling back on her as the crowd within the Colosseum begin to boo, remembering his words from SSRI tv. Caledonia fights back with an elbow to his gut, but Ataxia quickly changes gear.

Jim Gunt: "E.R Stat, right into the damned turnbuckle!"

Mike Rolash: "Goodnight Irene!"

Jim Gunt: "Her name is Caledonia."

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! Caledonia kicks out!

STF! Ataxia transitions the broken pin right into a modified headlock on the mat, but Caledonia is able to stop the attempt with a barrel roll towards the middle of the ring. Both Warriors are right back to their feet, the crowd cheering the battle they've put on as both duck under separate clothesline attempts from the other, charging against the ropes. Ataxia leaps up into the air for a big body splash on the way back, but Caledonia ducks low underneath.

Caledonia leaps up, springboarding off the middle rope to come at her opponent.

AG-OH-KNEES! The Codebreaker drives the breath right out of the lungs of Caledonia, the former CWF World Champion crumbling beside Ataxia, leaving the Messiah Pariah easy prey to turn to her back and immediately go for

the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE-NO! CALEDONIA KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: "That was insane! What a reversal from the Messiah Pariah, but it was still not enough to put away Caledonia!"

Mike Rolash: "Wait a second...what is going on here. Not again!?"

Ataxia is stopped in his tracks as he goes to pick Caledonia up for even more punishment, a radiating bright light all protruding all around her. Ataxia shrugs, mercilessly grabbing ahold of Caledonia anyway just to be sent flying back into the corner several feet away!

Jim Gunt: "The High Priestess has returned!"

Mike Rolash: "This is bullshit! Watchers, Forsaken, AnHellica, somebody. This can't be allowed!"

Caledonia's ring gear is somehow replaced with the blue and white flames of the High Priestess gear, and her attitude is completely changed as well. A new power seems to run through Caledonia as she springs right to her feet, dashing into the corner and leaping up. QUEENS GAMBIT! The Roundhouse Kick connects hard with the burlaped skull of Ataxia, dropping him instantly! Caledonia shakes her head, the light slowly dimming as she drops over Ataxia for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: "And the winner of this B Block Match by pinfall....CALEDONIA!!!"

Caledonia celebrates her victory as the shining light continues to dim around her, the female Caledonia looking somewhat frightened by the power running through her as she turns to her husband, Dan Highlander, who has entered the ring and helps her to her feet. The two of them raise their arms to a resounding applause from the Colosseum fans.

## **The New Moonchild**

Segment

The blood red door. Jaiden stands before it, tense as ever as he places his knuckles up to knock. Thoughts run through his head like a freight train, the conversations with Lilliana and the Highlanders all playing on repeat as he tries to steady himself, eyes on the door. Just before he can knock, a booming female voice can be heard coming from within.

AnHellica.

The Amoralist's true leader can be heard scolding someone from within their headquarters, the voice loud and as clear as ever.

AnHellica: "What do you mean it's not ready! I sent you to retrieve the books days ago, and all you can give me on your return is 'it's not ready'!? Not good enough!"

SMACK!

An explosion of sound can be heard from within, Jaiden wincing as he hears something get thrown aside, followed by what seems like a male voice yelping like a puppy dog. The Prince of CWF pulls himself together, knowing that time is as much an essence to him as the blood of the Last Warriors to the Amoralists.

Knock, knock.

The sound at the door startles those within, sudden movement and papers swishing together can be heard from within. After what seems like over a minute's time, the crimson door swings open to reveal AnHellica in all her pale flesh, her head snapping to the side as she smiles evilly at Jaiden.

AnHellica: "Well...what an unexpected surprise. Come in...Prince."

AnHellica says sarcastically as she waves her hand forward, allowing Jaiden to enter in, where he immediately sees Dez holding onto his jaw, already beginning to bruise as he rubs at it gently. There is a tenseness in the heart of Jaiden as he looks at his father's former best friend, but he instantly snaps out of it as he hears the laughter coming from deep within the evil head of the snake.

AnHellica: "Oh...excuse me, we didn't clean up too well, did we? I suppose we weren't expecting guests."

A pointed finger at Jace Valentine and Andy Murray and they immediately rush to the side of Dez, each man taking him by the arm and yanking him back to his feet. Dez doesn't even have the heart to look Jaiden in the eye, making quick eye contact with his Lord before looking down at the cold concrete below him.

AnHellica: "Now, it's been a pleasure seeing you again Jaiden."

AnHellica remarks, rolling her eyes even as she smiles back at him.

AnHellica: "But if you don't have a good reason to be here...we have much more important things to attend to at this time."

The smile is gone now as AnHellica turns away from Jaiden, her pale flesh almost cracking in the light above as she turns towards a wooden table set up in the corner of the room. Her chalice sits atop of it, filled to the brim with a thick, crimson liquid. AnHellica takes the chalice in both hands, but before she can drink Jaiden finally speaks.

Jaiden Rishel: "But I do."

A huff from the Evil Lord as she sits the chalice back down, turning to face Jaiden with her face contorted in rage.

AnHellica: "You do WHAT!?"

Jaiden stares back at AnHellica, unwavering.

Jaiden Rishel: "I do, have good reason to be here. Last week you removed the veil from my eyes, revealing the truth that not only yourself and the Amoralists but the world has been hiding from us for many centuries. The blood of humankind has always been used to fuel the strong. The battles that we all thought for so many years were fought out of honor, respect, and glory? They were all just a farce, blood sacrifice after blood sacrifice set up to keep you and your minions alive all this time. This was exactly the truth that my father was trying to warn me about. He had to have known all along the true meaning behind this, and he sent his only begotten son here to put an end to it."

AnHellica laughs once again, deep within her underbelly. Not laughter out of excitement, or happiness, but the scariest kind you can possibly imagine.

AnHellica: "And you truly believe after everything I showed you last week that YOU, Jaiden Rishel, have the ability to save all these people from us? To save these pathetic warriors from what is truly meant to BE!? Jaiden, you are pitiful, just like your father always was. You've always believed yourself to be the main character of the story, but I hate to tell

you child, this fairy tale doesn't have a happy ending."

Jaiden walks right up to AnHellica, the two of them staring at each other before Rishel does the unthinkable. He takes the chalice atop the wooden table, taking a deep drink from within. AnHellica gasps at the sight, taken completely aback as she watches the Heir to CWF wince, swallowing all of the liquid in one big gulp. Blood dripping down his chin, Jaiden looks right at her.

Jaiden Rishel: "I think you misunderstand my reasonings for coming here. You opened my eyes last week, AnHellica, and now that the veil is pulled out from under me, I finally see the truth. For this world to prosper, it needs leaders that are knowledgeable, strong, willing to get their hands literally bloody when the time is needed. I see now that the Premonition my father had was true; yes, but the reason he sent me here is not my true purpose. Instead of fighting a battle that will never be won, being a one man battalion against a neverending force of strength and depravity, I choose to do the smart thing in this situation."

The tone in AnHellica is completely changed now, a lightness coming back into her that hasn't been seen in years, even a sense of playfulness. She giggles lightly as she wipes the blood from Jaiden's chin, licking it with her own outstretched tongue.

AnHellica: "Oh, do tell."

Jaiden Rishel: "I choose to stand on the right side of fate. I stand with you, AnHellica, and the entire Amoralist army."

Swaying her head side to side, AnHellica smiles, waving on Jaiden to continue.

Jaiden Rishel: "And not only that; to show my true allegiance to you, I think I may have a lead on some information you may be looking for. The Book of Beginnings and Endings?"

AnHellica's eyes flash, jolting wide open.

AnHellica: "Yes?"

Jaiden Rishel: "I have been having visions, broken, but in them I've seen flashes of different artifacts all around what looks to be Anthropolis. I haven't yet been able to make out the buildings or structures around them, but I KNOW for a fact, that that Book is somewhere here in Anthropolis."

Jaiden takes a deep breath, steadying himself.

Jaiden Rishel: "And if these visions continue, I can help you retrieve your prized Book and then you'll have all the power in the world...right? You and your army will have full control over all of Anthropolis, and potentially even the power to stop these relentless storms."

This brings a raised eyebrow to AnHellica. Suddenly she feels uneasy. This feels all too easy, she's starting to think. Why is Jaiden Rishel even in here? Something is not right.

AnHellica: "What then, Prince, would be in it for you?"

Jaiden Rishel: "Nothing. Nothing but you're undying allegiance and your promise that my life will be saved. Oh, and one more thing I suppose..."

A nod from AnHellica.

Jaiden Rishel: "I want to be the Amoralist's new Moonchild."

Laughter once again. This time not from deep within AnHellica or from the evildoer at all, but from deep within the room where Freddie Styles and Lionheart come waltzing out, hearty smiles on their faces as they sarcastically chuckle at Jaiden.

Freddie Styles: "Are you kidding me, motherfucker? Who the hell are you to come walkin -."

AnHellica: "Freddie. Stop."

And just like that, Freddie stops.

AnHellica: "You have an interesting proposal, Jaiden, and one I will have to think long and hard over before giving you back my decision. But in the meantime, you seemed to have pissed off one of my little minions here; and that just won't do. So how's this for a deal for you? You want to be our new Moonchild? Prove yourself. Frozen Over - Jaiden Rishel vs. Freddie Styles...in an Iceberg Match! Since mother nature or whatever forces are fighting against us have been wanting to fuck with us the last few weeks, let's play that game. At Frozen Over, ice tables, ice sculptures, anything and everything your sick little mind can think of? Bring it with you to the Colosseum April 3rd, Jaiden, because you're going to need every advantage you can get."

Freddie saunters up to Jaiden Rishel, getting right in the Prince's face.

Freddie Styles: "I'll see you there, Moonbitch."

And with that Styles shoves an open hand pushing Jaiden's face to the side. Before Rishel can charge at him to do any damage himself; Alex Cain, Lionheart, and Jace Valentine all grab ahold of him and rush him towards the Amoralist's door.

## **When The Math Don't Math**

Segment

The droid cameras cut backstage to Caledonia's locker room, where she and her cousin Mark are intently watching the telecast of the show. Her husband Dan is sitting with a pen and paper, scribbling mathematical calculations.

Dan: "God damn it. I've never been able to get a handle on this round-robin crap..."

Caledonia: "What exactly are you working on?"

Dan: "A hunch."

Carlton: "Well, you keep scribbling, and we'll -"

Dan abruptly throws his pen down.

Dan: "I knew it! That bitch!"

Caledonia: "... okay, I'm pretty sure you're not referring to me, but since I don't know who you're actually talking about..."

Dan: "I'm talking about AnHellica! This little stunt of hers just screwed you out of your chance!"

Caledonia: "Wait, what?!"

Dan: "Yeah. Took me a minute - bloody round-robin crap - but... with the last round, you had a chance to make up ground from your early losses; without it, and with Donovan's bye this week, Ripper and Donovan never face each other, so neither of them ends up with a loss..."

Carlton: "... and so the final two are automatically those two. "

Caledonia: "Son of a..."

Carlton: "Well, I think "daughter" is more appropriate here..."

He rises from his chair and heads for the door.

Caledonia: "Where do you think you're going?"

Dan: "To have a frank conversation."

## **Elijah vs. The Ripper**

Match

"The Cruxshadows" by Sophia begins to play over the speaker system, the lights in the Colosseum dimming down to nearly complete darkness as Elijah slowly makes his way out from the back. A black overcoat covering his body with his lengthy black hair drenched in water, Elijah holds his head down before raising both arms in the air to a resounding applause.

Jim Gunt: "The Fist of God looking for redemption tonight after finally picking up his first loss in the Infernal tournament last week."

Mike Rolash: "That's...woah!"

The sounds of glass shattering interrupt the theme of Elijah, cutting the song off completely as the Prodigy falls limp, "The Ripper" Danny B standing over him with what's left of the glass window pane he brought down over Elijah's skull.

Within seconds the Colosseum is letting Ripper have it, screaming boos and obscenities at him, but Danny B shows them no mind and Elijah no remorse, picking his sworn enemy right up by his now crimson-slicked long hair.

Jim Gunt: "I knew Ripper was out for blood with Frozen Over and the finals of the Infernal tournament right around the corner, but now not at least let his opponent get in the ring first!"

Mike Rolash: "Ripper loathes Elijah, Jim. He's not just out for blood tonight, he's looking to put Elijah out for good."

Walking Elijah over towards the entranceway, Ripper takes him by the back of the head and smashes him face first into the digital screen. Elijah blocks the second attempt, placing his right arm in front of the screen and taking the brunt of the blow. This angers the Ripper, who pulls the arm in trapping it and Suplexes Elijah backward, spiking him right on the back of his head!

Jim Gunt: "Steel meeting skull there, Mike. And last time I checked, steel wins every time."

Mike Rolash: "Where's Danny going now?"

Jim Gunt: "Calm down Mike, don't shit yourself!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh would you shut up!"

Looking at screaming fans, Ripper stares for just a moment before having a hearty laugh, finally flicking all of them off and heading right for the curtain.

Members of the Watchers from ringside begin to make their way up to check on Elijah, the man still not having moved an inch since his skull smashed against the steel entrance floor.

Calling for a stretcher, one materializes immediately right beside Elijah, but is immediately thrown to the side by a returning Ripper!

Danny B carelessly overturns the stretcher in the opposite direction of Elijah, getting right back on his adversary and raining down a number of quick right hands to his already broken face. Blood spurts out with every blow, Ripper enjoying each one even more than the next before one of the larger Watchers finally has the gumption to grab ahold of him, pulling him off Elijah.

Jim Gunt: "Finally, some order here!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh, give it a break Jimbo! This is exactly what the Amoralists want!"

Jim Gunt: "If this is what they wanted, then why would they be pulling Ripper off him? Exactly, now shut up!"

Squirming, punching, and screaming, Ripper now has two Watchers on either side of him; the four of them struggling to get him back towards the curtain. Hip toss to the smallest. Back fist to the next.

One left on each side, the big man comes at Ripper from behind and receives a headbutt that splits his nose open. The fourth one and final Watcher on the ramp is scared as shitless as Rolash at this point, attempting to make a run for it just to get a cutter for their troubles!

The Ripper is salivating now, the down Elijah barely coming to and attempting to crawl away towards the ring. Danny

stomps on his back, stopping him in his tracks. He turns around towards the entrance curtain again, pulling out the bag of tricks that Auswellia had given him. A mix of cheers now from the crazed crowd as Ripper pulls out a pick, a hammer, a small bag of nails, and a makeup mirror?

Jim Gunt: "Quite the bag of weapons there, Mike, but I think Auswellia may have misplaced her mirror and dropped it in there?"

Mike Rolash: "Maybe not!"

A curious Ripper opens up the mirror, the magic in it coming to life instantaneously, a radiant gold hue shining so bright it blinds not only Ripper but everyone through the Colosseum, thousands of fans guarding their face in unison.

Suddenly, the light is done, replacing it and the mirror itself is a massive gold painted ladder! Ripper's eyes light up nearly as bright as the explosion of light before, grabbing both hands onto the ladder and testing its weight.

Ripper looks back and sees Elijah once again struggling to his feet, grunting angrily at this sight before going right back for the bag, taking the ball pin hammer and cracking the already profusely bleeding Elijah right in the back of the head with it!

"BOOO!!!"

Jim Gunt: "Come on, somebody do something!"

Mike Rolash: "Who the hell in their right mind is going to intervene with this, Jim?!"

A pool of blood now lies underneath Elijah's face, Ripper letting him sit in it for a moment as he stands over him drinking in all the hatred from the crowd. He pulls Elijah up, taking his dead weight and taking him over to the ladder.

Ripper smashes his head against the ladder once, twice, three times making the already out of it Elijah stagger backward, losing his footing if it wasn't for Ripper keeping ahold of him and dragging him and the ladder towards the side of the ramp.

Jim Gunt: "No..."

Mike Rolash: "Yes! I don't like either one of these idiots, let them both fall off the ladder for all I care!"

Rung by rung, Danny B climbs the ladder, struggling each step with Elijah hoisted up across his shoulders. Finally

making it to the top, Ripper takes a deep breath and hoists Elijah up over his shoulders, planting him right atop the ladder. Somehow sensing the danger he's in, Elijah snaps out of it and strikes Ripper with a hard boot to the face.

His fingers slip, but Ripper does not fall! Another kick from Elijah is side stepped, and Ripper takes his legs out from under him, the body of Elijah falling awkwardly and smashing sideways across his stomach and ribs on the way down, the former Prodigy barely hanging on to the upper rungs as he nearly crashes over twenty feet below. Before he can fully regain his bearings, the Ripper makes his final move.

Jumping up and leaping over the ladder in an unbelievable feat, Ripper somehow catches his legs on the ladder to save himself while equally destroying Elijah with a destructive Sunset Flip Powerbomb!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Sparks fly everywhere as Elijah crashes and burns right into a table full of electrical wires, digital screens and droids. Smoke rolls as the sparks dissipate, the body of Elijah broken within the wreckage. The Ripper stands atop the ladder, defiant as he looks on.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm getting word from our Amoralists that with Elijah no longer able to compete in this matchup, the winner of the B Block Matchup is...."THE RIPPER" DANNY B!"

Jim Gunt: "Well, I hope Ripper is happy. We need some REAL help out here!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh I think he's ecstatic, Jimmy! And why don't you go help him then?"

Jim Gunt: "Ugh, let's just head to the back..."

## **Meeting of the Minds**

Segment

AnHellica sits in her oversized chair as if it's a throne. Her presence dominates the room as she watches something that she perhaps should have kept a closer eye on before now. Her mood visibly darkens as she takes in various recordings of one Lilliana Primrose. Her fingers flex and open a couple of times before her commanding voice breaks the silence around her.

AnHellica: "Freddie, Alex, bring me Miss Primrose. I'd like a word."

Freddie Styles and Alex Cain immediately jump to follow her order. As they open the red door to carry it out, someone is visible on the other side of it. Blue eyes strangely peer into the room before she begins to walk in.

Alex Cain: "Uhm, my Lord, she's already here."

The Amoralist leader's voice snaps at him.

AnHellica: "What?"

There is no amusement in AnHellica's features as she quizzically watches the other woman enter. Lilliana's uneven steps appear to be almost a minimalistic dance as she moves about the room looking at things only she can see. Then she suddenly stops a few feet from AnHellica and begins to sway lightly back and forth. Her eyes staring somewhere over the powerful woman's shoulder.

Lilliana Primrose: "Whispers drooled your name. Stained my pant leg."

Unsure of what to make of this, AnHellica shifts in her seat.

AnHellica: "Right...Either way, apparently excellent timing on your part, Miss Primrose. We should talk."

AnHellica stands and takes a step towards her. Her imposing presence felt by everyone in the room except perhaps Lilliana.

AnHellica: "What am I to do with you? I don't know where you came from and frankly, I don't know what you are. My first instinct is to throw you in the deepest hole I can find. It would probably solve both of our problems."

Her fierce eyes glare at the odd woman. Lilliana, unfortunately, seems disconnected from the threat in front of her.

Lilliana Primrose: "Sticky red blood cup. Tastes good. Feels good."

Primrose's eyes roll forward and meet AnHellica's gaze while a weird smile plays at her lips.

Lilliana Primrose: "Your scent isn't that. It's pulsing black with silver streaks. Hidden truths within lies."

AnHellica shifts uncomfortably as she looks in the other woman's eyes, but stands strongly in place.

Lilliana Primrose: "Told no one have you? Must be lonely."

There's a slight shudder before AnHellica breaks their eye contact and yells at everyone in the room.

AnHellica: "Everyone out, now!"

Some strange looks are exchanged as everyone immediately files out and close the door behind them. She composes herself quickly, but eyes the woman in front of her uneasily.

AnHellica: "What is it that you think you know? I'm not sure what rock you crawled out from under, but you should have stayed there. Away from Mr. Jaiden Rishel. Away from here."

Liliana's smile brightens at the mention of Jaiden. Yet, her voice remains breathy and distant.

Lilliana Primrose: "My Jaiden."

She steps up to AnHellica and starts to trace a vein on her arm lightly with her finger. The revulsion in the powerful woman's face is obvious. She quickly pushes the hand away.

AnHellica: "Do not touch me again, you disgusting creature."

A giggle escapes the odd woman's lips.

Lilliana Primrose: "You talk funny."

Exasperated and disturbed, AnHellica waves her arm.

AnHellica: "Please leave, Miss Primrose."

Surprisingly, Lilliana listens to that. She quietly opens the door and wanders out like nothing happened. Unsettled, AnHellica takes a moment before deciding what must be done. She shouts to her subjects that she ordered out earlier.

AnHellica: "Someone fetch me Jace Valentine! Immediately!"

## **Fault Lines?**

Segment

Backstage, Harlan Moretti sits alone, quietly, on a bare, steel folding chair. He looks up and rolls his eyes.

Harlan Moretti: "What?"

Moretti stands as Shane Donovan joins him in frame.

Shane Donovan: "What do you mean, what? You two need to pull yourselves together. This is bigger than tonight - it's about the union, it's about The Pact."

The big man exhales a chuckle.

Harlan Moretti: "The union? Sorry, Shane, but that union's hit a fault line. Tonight, I'm gonna do what I always do - remove obstacles...and then at Frozen Over, I do the same thing to you."

Donovan cocks his head to the side, in a "is that how it is" kind of gesture before stepping back, shaking his head.

Jim Gunt: "Is the Pact over, Mike?"

Mike Rolash: "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO"

## **System Override**

Segment

The view opens into a dilapidated hallway that has monitors plastered on both sides of the walls. The usual Amoralist propaganda plays on the screen, stuck on an infinite loop. Suddenly, four men come marching down the hall, two on both sides of the hall, one behind the other.

The echoes of their footsteps reverberate throughout the corridor when they soon come to a halt at what appears to be a door to a holding cell. The head guard on duty waves his hand over an access pad which unlocks the door. Peering inside, a look of irritation can be made out under his helmet and shield visor covered face.

Guard: "What the hell are you doing? It's time for your match, you idiot."

With the view shifting inside of the holding cell, Byson is spotted sitting on a concrete slab. A sharp titanium plating is spotted in his right hand. He calmly sits there while red sludge runs down his arm into an open drain between his feet.

Kaliban ignores the guard but suddenly the monitors inside of the hall and also inside of the Colosseum begin to glitch. The propaganda is then replaced by the grainy footage of Byson sitting inside of the room.

Guard: "I don't know what the hell it is that you're doing but bring your ass on!"

With his eyes closed, Byson then speaks.

Byson Kaliban: "I wonder if your Redeemer feels that..."

His eyes pop open.

Byson Kaiban: "Huh, Redeemer!? Do you feel that? You may have updated the software, but you've forgotten that the hardware still remembers the original code."

Byson stands from the concrete slab, causing the guards to hit reverse out of the holding room. Kaliban smirks at the authority he commands at times. Heading for the door, Byson steps out into the corridor where our scene switches to that of a drone camera which was positioned outside of the room. The guards part, allowing Byson to walk in-between them. After centuries of imprisonment, perks are eventually granted. If you call it that.

Byson Kaliban: "For a prize that you declare.. 'Paramount'.. You've come to the conclusion that a Bloodbath Match would suffice.."

Kaliban snickers as he continues his walk up the hall. The guards pretty much allowed him to run off at the mouth. Byson's focus is on the camera as his image is plastered over every monitor, however the scene flickers as a glitch seems to happen.

We are then shown a flash photo memory of Byson from the past along with his brother as they hold tag gold high into the air after a victory.. Quickly as it comes the memory is gone, our attention drawn back to Byson.

Byson Kaliban: "Clever.. Fucking clever. Dressing up a harvest ritual as an opportunity for some trinkets is really cute. To think, I've been locked away for centuries.. Fight after fight, body after body. Blood shed to feed this Orb, to keep your elite strong through the lifeblood of the warriors who've been in and out of this cycle. You want Dan's 'legacy' and Lilliana's 'dreams.' You want the leftovers of a world you blew up."

Continuing down the corridor, he soon makes his way up some steps as the drone continues broadcasting him to the masses.

Byson Kaliban: "But look at what 'm giving you. That shit bitter, huh? It tastes like centuries of concrete and cold storage. Tonight, I don't fight to keep this sludge inside my body from being spilled. I'm fighting for if and when I do bleed, it's to clog your pipes because I'm the error that you can't fix."

At the top of the steps, making a right turn we can see that Byson is near to an area where a lot of executives who run the Infernal program are bustling about. None of them pay Byson nor the guards any mind as they keep it professional.

Byson Kaliban: "As for my opponents tonight. Billy... Frankie... Lilly.. Danny... you're all just walking juice boxes for a so-called goddess who doesn't know your names. Tonight, I'm not just winning a trinket. I'm going to show you that the only way to win in a slaughterhouse... is to be the one who breaks the blade."

Byson then makes his way towards the curtain of the entrance stage and begins to sway his hips in a rhythmic motion as he awaits for his music to play.

### **Billy Anderson vs. Byson Kaliban vs. Dangerous Dan vs. Franklin Fredrickson vs. Lilliana Primrose**

Match

Jim Gunt: "Big words there from Byson Kaliban!"

Mike Rolash: "I hope he backs up his words. I know a couple of idiots I'd like to see get slaughtered tonight..."

Jim Gunt: "Mike!"

Joey Garcia stands in the middle of a ring filled with all kinds of weaponry; from medieval to futuristic, from a simple steel chair to a spiked ball and chain. A small dagger, shining translucently aqua through the lights. Four burlap sacks tied shut with a rope, each placed carefully at the bottom of each corner. Garcia glances over the rest of the weapons quickly, shuddering before looking out at the crazed crowd.

They came to see a Bloodbath, and that's exactly what the Amoralists were going to give them.

Joey Garcia: "The following match is a BLOODBATH MATCH, a five person melee with no countouts, no disqualifications, no pinfalls or submissions. The only way to win this match is to be the last person left not bleeding! The Last Warrior to do so? Becomes the brand new CWF PARRRRAMOUNT CHAMPION!"

The holoscreens glitch. A localized EMP pulse groans through the architecture. The opening synth of Chaka Khan slices the air. The blast doors hiss open, pressurized steam venting. Byson Kaliban stumbles out with a manic, rhythmic twitch. He is lost in the music, snapping fingers in a way that feels deeply wrong in this cage of blood. Byson moves with dirty grace, licking his lips as he tastes the desperation of the crowd. He bites his thumb, smears a 'K' across his chest, and waits.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, standing at 6'11 and 195 pounds...BYSON KALIBAN!!!"

Billy Anderson comes through the crowd as "Last Man Standing" plays, the Watchers moving the cheering fans out of

his way as he makes his way down to the ring, posing as he gets to the ring.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponents, first, standing at 6'4 and weighing 225 pounds, he is the Unstoppable One...BILLY ANDERSON!!!"

Anderson picks up a steel chair, raising it in the air and poses momentarily before the lights go out. A strobe of red and blue begins flashing across the arena: "Enemy" by Imagine Dragon begins to play. Dan, accompanied by Crazy Chris, slowly walks onto the stage. He glances over the wild crowd both to his left and right.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponent, weighing in at 5'11, 225 pounds... DANGEROUS DAN!!!"

Dan slowly begins making his way down towards the ring with Chris behind him. Dan acknowledges several fans at ringside, though ensuring that his emotions are in check as well. Dan now climbs the steps into the ring, walking right past Byron and Billy and heads up to the turnbuckle. He raises his arms in a globe-like manner.

"Oh, the misery

Everybody wants to be my enemy

Spare the sympathy

Everybody wants to be"

He turns to look at the entrance area and lip syncs "My enemy (look, look, look, look)

(Look out for yourself) enemy ..." from his theme song lyrics.

Dan goes to slowly go down the corner but Byron attacks him immediately from behind, a vicious set of right hands coming down from the android as he rapidly pounds the face of Dan. Head official Trent Robbins is quick to stop the foray, grabbing Kaliban by his arm and scolding him for the attack. Kaliban simply licks his lips, humming a quiet tune as he looks back at the referee.

Jim Gunt: "Well Mike, things are already getting sticky in this match, and we don't even have all the Warriors out here yet!"

Mike Rolash: "Ha...you said sticky."

Jim Gunt: "Anyway, back to what I was saying. The bad blood between Byron Kaliban and Dangerous Dan has obviously come to a breaking point; will these two be able to contain themselves enough to focus on the rest of the

competition?”

Mike Rolash: “Well if you’d shut the hell up, maybe we could find out!”

"Lark On My Go Kart" by Asher Roth plays over the speakers, the fans in the Colosseum throwing eggs, bottles full of who knows what God awful liquid 2326 has in store for us, and all kinds of other dumb shit. Franklin and his new found friend the Jester pay the idiots absolutely no mind, making their way down the ramp and ignoring the ignorant. They look on at the ring, past the monks and hooded morons, it's time to go.

Joey Garcia: “And their opponent, accompanied by Jester...weighing a hefty \*snickers\* 355 pounds, and standing at 5'11...FACETIOUS FRANKLIN FREDRICKSON!!”

Mike Rolash: “Really, Joey?”

Jim Gunt: “That was a great call there from CWF’s own Joey Garcia.”

Mike Rolash: “Are you kidding me? Fat shaming? In 2326? What a fucking asshole.”

Jim looks at the somewhat bulging belly of his broadcast partner, shrugging before looking back towards the ring. “Runaway” by Emblem begins to play over the Colosseum’s high advanced speaker system. As soon as her music begins, Lilliana Primrose walks out and stops. Her head tilts to the side as she stares randomly at something. Once the vocals begin, she suddenly starts moving again. The whole time she is moving she seems to be trying to take everything in as if she’s never seen the world around her before and it is fascinating and confusing.

Joey Garcia: “And finally, standing at 5'10 and weighing 147 pounds...LILLIANA PRIMROSE!!”

Jim Gunt: “The in ring debut of the mysterious Lilliana Primrose, this is a moment I’ve been waiting to see for a long time!”

Mike Rolash: “Wow! You attended the Kleiner Institute as well, Jim?”

Jim Gunt: “Oh would you stop! Lilliana made quite the name for herself last week on Infernal, between getting in the head of Shane Donovan and royally pissing him off, to the interesting relationship between her and Jaiden. What we have yet to see, however, is how Primrose fares in the ring. Unfortunately for her and the other four competitors around her, this isn’t just any match to start off her CWF career!”

Trent Robbins calls for the bell, the sound inside the Colosseum deafening as the wild fans nearly jump over each

other in excitement. The booming noise of the altered “bell” doesn’t stop the crowd from cheering or the Last Warriors in the ring from springing immediately into action. Byson Kaliban and Dangerous Dan throw heavy right hands right out of the gate, neither man looking to pick up any of the many weapons laying around them, instead letting their fists do the talking for them.

Billy Anderson, still wielding the steel chair in hand, calls for Franklin Fredrickson to meet him in battle, slamming the chair against the canvas as he yells out to him. The older Anderson brother clearly incensed, Franklin runs as fast as his new body will allow it, somehow ducking under the wild chair shot from Anderson and running a dazed and confused Lilliana Primrose right over.

Mike Rolash: “Oh no, looks like your moment may never come, Jimbo! Primrose has just been hit by a Mack Truck otherwise known as Franklin Fredrickson!”

Jim Gunt: “But I think it was incidental though, honestly. Franklin was just ducking underneath the chair shot from Billy, did he really see Primrose there behind him?”

Mike Rolash: “Oh since when do you want to give the Facetious One the benefit of the doubt?”

Jim Gunt: “Because I do my God damned job, Mike. You should try it.”

A horrified Fredrickson actually breaks character momentarily, shock on his face as he sees Primrose down in the corner. When he approaches her, however, he’s smacked in the back hard with the steel chair! Anderson smiles wide as Fredrickson shakes his head angrily. Primrose looks on with a blank stare in her eyes, seemingly completely unaffected by the fall.

Danger Zone to a pile of tacks in the corner! Byson Kaliban is sent soaring through the air and crashes face first into the tacks that Dangerous Dan laid out, but as Dan turns him over, somehow no blood runs down his face! The crowd gasps as they watch on, as Franklin stops Billy Anderson from smacking him again with the steel chair, using all of his body weight to leap up just enough to come crashing down on him with a big body splash.

The Facetious One looks back over to Primrose who remains still in the corner, head swaying back and forth gently, and rolls his eyes, turning back to Anderson and taking the steel chair, smacking him over the skull with it.

Jim Gunt: “Still no blood! I don’t know if these Warriors tonight reinforced themselves with extra layers of skin...but damn!”

Mike Rolash: “AnHellica has to be furious watching this match from the back, Jimbo! She wants that blood!”

Franklin spits on the face of Billy Anderson, mumbling angrily as he places the steel chair beneath his head. On the other side of the ring Byson Kaliban has turned the tide on Dangerous Dan, backing him up into the corner and laying heavy boots into his gut. Standing dropkick! Dan crumbles in the corner, the upper half of his body falling through the top and middle ropes.

Stomping down on the head of Billy Anderson twice to keep his enemy down, Franklin looks up to the nearest corner and takes in a big gulp. He slowly but surely makes his way up the bottom then middle rope, looking for his trademark Hard Times Bonzai Drop. Just when he's about to drop the lead on the Unstoppable One, Lilliana Primrose rises in a flash.

Jim Gunt: "Holy shit, what the hell just happened!?"

Franklin Fredrickson falls lifelessly to the canvas, his entire body frame rocking the ring as he crashes, throat slit from ear to ear, facial expression one of utter shock.

Lilliana Primrose stands above him, a mischievous smile on her face and a long, pointed piece of glass digging hard into the flesh of her right hand.

Joey Garcia: "Franklin Fredrickson has been eliminated!"

Mike Rolash: "Eliminated!? She killed poor Frankie!"

The crimson flow of Fredrickson drips from his throat down to the canvas, the small steel grates within it draining every drop down to a vent system specially made by the Amoralists. Lilliana tilts her head to the side as she tightens her grip on the piece of glass, giggling as she skips around the body of Franklin. Trent Robbins stops her in her tracks, however, bringing Primrose to a halt when he notices that the glass in her hand that killed Franklin has also dug into her own skin.

Lilliana had taken herself out of the competition.

Robbins uses a gloved hand to make sure the hand of Lilliana is bleeding, the look on her face turning more tense by the second. He waves over to Joey Garcia reluctantly.

Joey Garcia: "Lilliana Primrose has been eliminated!"

Jim Gunt: "Oh come on, that's stupid! That's like someone accidentally going through a table in a table's match and then calling that a defeat. Lilliana used that glass as a weapon of offense!"

Mike Rolash: "Too bad. She killed poor Frankie!"

Snapped fully out of her stupor, Lilliana Primrose argues with Trent Robbins even after he's made his final decision. Primrose raises the glass up, slicing the head referee right across the cheek suddenly! Before she can do any more damage, Billy Anderson saves the day, smacking Primrose in the back with the steel chair. But she's unaffected! Stiff Roundhouse Kick to Billy!

She drags the Anderson brother over the pile of broken glass that she chose her favorite piece out of earlier, furious at this point as she viciously pulls him hair first right through the glass! Anderson is a crimson mess, but Lilliana is not done, placing him right in the Who Are You? Muta Lock!

Joey Garcia: "Billy Anderson has been eliminated!"

Mike Rolash: "Talk about stupid, THAT was stupid! Billy Anderson just got eliminated from someone who isn't even in the match any longer. Somebody get this bitch outta here!"

Jim Gunt: "Well Mike, looks like you have your wish, a number of Watchers have begun to rush the ring to break things up..."

Grabbing a hold of the crazed Lilliana Primrose from behind, two large members of the Watchers use all the strength in them to pull the flailing Primrose out of the ring and up the ramp. After receiving radio transmission from the back, even more of them grab the bodies of Fredrickson and Anderson and carry them to the back.

Two Warriors remain.

Two men who have been fighting back and forth, with everything in them, since the very beginning of the match.

Jim Gunt: "What a wild bout this has been thus far, but we're down to our final two! Dangerous Dan. Byson Kaliban. One of these two men will become the first Paramount Champion of the new era!"

Dangerous Dan strikes out a heavy right hand, hoping it's enough to bust the brother of Duce Jones open, but he simply hums, calling for another. Byson dodges the second attempt at an attack instantly, the new skin built just for the Dangerous One. Back Suplex and Dan goes down!

A sadistic look comes across the face of Kaliban as he takes hold of a long chain, at the end of it a large ball with spikes lining all across it. Kaliban turns back and swings the chain. But Dan moves out of the way just in time, leaving

the spiked ball only nearly wrecking havoc. ENDDING TO REMEMBER! Dangerous Dan runs across the ropes at superhuman speed, leaping up onto them and pulling Byson down right into some spread thumbtacks with a Diving DDT!

NO!

Somehow right before both men go crashing down, Byson Kaliban catches Dangerous Dan and stops both men's momentum! AIR RAID CRASH! Right into the tacks!

Byson doesn't allow Trent Robbins to check on his adversary, shoving the head referee aside and picking up the Dangerous One himself.

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan's back is bleeding! This one is over, Mike!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't think Byson cares though, he's looking to make a statement tonight!"

Taking a handful of tacks, Byson Kaliban bends a knee and shoves them right down the throat of Dangerous Dan. Hoisting him to his feet with the most intense look we've seen from him in months, Kaliban nails Dan with the BK's Way stunner, the tacks flying out of his bloody mouth as he lands on the canvas hard!

Joey Garcia: "Dangerous Dan has been eliminated! That means that the final Warrior left standing and NEW CWF Paramount Champion....BYSON KALIBAN!!!"

"Ain't Nobody" begins to play yet again as Joey Garcia brings over the newly minted CWF Paramount Championship, handing it over Kaliban. He slowly takes the championship into his hands, looking down on it as he remembers both his father and brother, finally raising it high in the air to a mixed but mostly positive response from the crazed fans. The Watchers pull Dangerous Dan from the ring after they've apparently gotten their fill from him, the new champion Kaliban watching him intently, ready for another battle with the Dangerous One any time he's willing to bring it.

## **A Grave Challenge**

Segment

A photo of Elisha is stuck to the wall, the light of candles or a torch, who knows at this point, flickering across it, making it almost look alive. Thwack! An arrow hits right between his eyes.

The Shadow: "What are you doing?"

Thwack! Another arrow, right on the nose.

Genevieve: "I'm bored."

Genevieve sighs.

Genevieve: "This whole place sucks. 2326 seems to suck as a whole, but this place sucks especially bad."

The camera turns to show Ataxia and The Shadow seated at a table, a candle to the side, each holding cards.

The Shadow: "Do you have an eight?"

The Shadow looks at Ataxia questioningly.

The Shadow: "You know we're playing poker, right?"

Ataxia: "You poke her if you want, but she got arrows, man."

Thwack!

The card Ataxia was just holding in his hand now is stuck to the crumbling wall next to him with an arrow right through it.

He drops his hand.

The Shadow: "Duly noted."

The Shadow throws his cards on the table, leaning back, looking at the ceiling.

The Shadow: "You'd think that with all the technology and pomp and circumstance, we'd get a changing room with more electricity and less biohazard."

Genevieve giggles.

Genevieve: "Guess it shows that they really don't like us. Maybe because we're a threat? Or, more likely, because Forsaken and things, and none of their nice, pliable puppets that won't question if they should jump but just how high."

The Shadow: "Very true, m'lady, I think our appearance here was doomed from the get-go. Or maybe they didn't like our plans to win the whole thing and then summarily execute their new head honcho?"

The Shadow muses while setting one of the playing cards on fire.

Ataxia: "...you know, they make ointment to prevent that now..."

The Shadow: "I would have hoped for Elisha to actually show his face."

The Shadow tosses the smouldering card to the side where it hits a puddle with a hiss.

The Shadow: "Because let's be frank, if I had the choice between this Infernal Tilapia tournament and beating the shit out of Elisha one more time, that bracket would have never seen me."

Genevieve takes an arrow, lifts it to her temple and makes a shooting motion.

Genevieve: "So, what now? Tournament pretty much done, this PPV thing coming up, why are we still here?"

Ataxia: "Apparently, I'm being frank..."

Ataxia says as he starts building a house of cards.

Ataxia: "But few people will get that reference. I, honestly, see very little point in sticking around as well. I know. Loyal soldier. Not so loyal when no one cares right. Ohhh...Queen of hearts. Mine's missing."

Ataxia puts the card in his lapel pocket.

Ataxia: "So, what do you think, Shad?"

The Shadow: "About the Queen of hearts? Sitting right over there."

Ataxia: "Hence why you are acting like a deuce to me right now?"

The Shadow: "I was more hoping to be the joker in the deck, but what do I know?"

Ataxia: "If we keep up these jokes there will be a lot of suicide jacks..."

Genevieve lazily notches another arrow, vaguely aims for the door and lets loose. Just this time, the arrow goes through the door and they hear curses from the other side of the door.

Genevieve: "Oh shit, that was not planned!"

The Shadow and Ataxia jump up and rush to the door, opening it, hoping Genevieve didn't just turn some official into an Amoralist shish kebab. Instead, they see Billy Anderson and his cowboy hat hanging off the opposing wall, nicely pierced by Genevieve's stray arrow. Tyler Anderson turns and glares at Shadow and Ataxia. Genevieve tosses the bow to Ataxia who catches it. Ataxia looks at Genevieve who smirks at him. Ataxia turns to the Andersons.

Ataxia: "Look...If I have told you once I've told you a thousand times...There can only be one cowboy in our Village People Cover Band..."

Tyler is not amused as he rushes forward and kicks Ataxia square in the jaw with a "Georgia Rip," while Billy pulls out the arrow and runs toward The Shadow.

The Shadow doesn't waste any time and runs at Billy, ducking just in time to hit him square into the stomach with his shoulder barreling him into the wall.

Within moments, security comes rushing in, shouting, tasers in hand.

## **Friendly Advice**

Segment

Deep within the Colosseum, Shane Donovan has sought out a moment's peace. The other members of The Pact are scheduled to face off, and Shane has spent the day caught up by the public and a barrage of questions. Everyone wants his thoughts on what would ultimately happen, and it is exhausting.

And so, Shane leans against a wall in a poorly-lit corridor, having a smoke to help settle his nerves. A familiar, but likely unwanted figure slowly walks towards him in her lavender cloak. She sniffs at the smoke in the air before talking as she approaches.

Lilliana Primrose: "There you are. You got lost."

Shane rolls his eyes when he hears that breathy voice, taking a deep drag.

Shane Donovan: "Disagree, I'm exactly where I want to be at this moment: as far away from everyone else as I can be."

She takes a spot against the wall next to him as if they are two friends hanging out. Though her worried eyes vacantly stare off at whatever.

Lilliana Primrose: "Danger coming. Are you sure? Could go badly."

Shane Donovan: "Place like this? That's just how it works, isn't it?"

There is a pause as he takes another drag, then flicks the remainder of the cigarette away.

Shane Donovan: "The trick is to be more dangerous than whatever is coming at you is."

Her head shakes insistently at his words.

Lilliana Primrose: "Not what you think. Worse. Whispers shriek meddling ends painful."

Shane Donovan: "What else is new? Such are the risks of meddling."

Shane dusts off his hands after pushing himself up off of the wall, turning to face her.

Shane Donovan: "I'm being the bigger person and not putting a round in your head like I threatened last time, but don't mistake that for me having any sort of trust in you and your little Cassandra act. This place is nothing but bad omens, yeah?"

Concern etches into her features as she bypasses his words and grabs his arm. The worry in her voice is almost sharp.

Lilliana Primrose: "Shane. Don't."

Shane glances down at her hand on his arm, pausing for a moment before responding in an even, almost unbothered tone.

Shane Donovan: "Too late, it's already done."

At that, he pulls away, shaking his head as he walks off. She sadly watches until he is no longer within view.

## **A Frank Conversation**

Segment

As we cut back to the main arena, Dan "The Hammer" Highlander is in the ring, holding a microphone.

Highlander: "I'm here for one reason and one reason only. AnHellica! Get out here!"

The Architect of Amoralism emerges with little ceremony. She smirks and responds.

AnHellica: "You know, Dan, not that I'm not down for a little roll in the proverbial hay, but I confess I thought you were a little more loyal to Cali than this."

Highlander: "Cut the crap. You're screwing over my wife."

AnHellica: "Straight to business, then. Dan, Cali's already demonstrated that she can't get it done against Ripper and Donovan. Why should she be handed a second chance, just like that?"

Highlander: "Because even Amoralist scum like you should follow your own rules. You crafted this busted-ass tournament system; and now you're throwing it out the window. And I think I know why."

AnHellica: "Oh please, do go on."

Highlander: "Your little bracket-shift conveniently cuts out any chance for Caledonia and Elijah - the two people I'm going to guess that you really don't want winning this title - to make their comeback. You're afraid."

AnHellica: "Nope. Just bored. Of this tournament and this conversation. So get to your damn point."

Highlander: "You're going to add a match to Frozen Over. Caledonia versus Elijah. Winner advances to the final."

AnHellica: "... and, why would I do that?"

Highlander's eyes seem to flash with fire, but perhaps it's a trick of the light.

Highlander: "Justice."

AnHellica laughs, loudly enough and long enough that it's unclear whether she's genuinely amused or being sarcastic.

AnHellica: "Oh, Danny boy... you really haven't been in 2326 all that long, have you? This is Amoral's world; Justice is what the strong will it to be and the weak accept as their lot."

Highlander: "So be it then."

AnHellica raises an eyebrow.

Highlander: "You will make the match. And I will forge my own justice."

AnHellica: "Oh?"

Highlander: "This is a quid pro quo world. You won't give unless you get something you want. And fortunately, I happen to know what you want. "

AnHellica: "Go on then."

Highlander: "You and your Amoralists want blood? How about the blood of the Starchild... if you can take it."

AnHellica raises her eyebrows.

Highlander: "You. Me. Frozen Over. First Blood!"

The crowd roars.

AnHellica: "... You're on. See you in hell, Danny boy."

## **Rift?**

Segment

Backstage, King Jarvis I sits, taping his fists. He looks up at the camera and stands as his - perhaps former? - Pact compatriot Shane Donovan enters the frame.

Shane Donovan: "Isn't this the part where you usually address the camera? Tell the people why you're going to win?"

Jarvis smirks and stands.

King Jarvis I: "Not today, Shane. Today isn't about simply winning a match, it's about addressing the rift that was inevitable from the beginning of this thing. Simple fact is, Harlan Moretti doesn't respect me. He doesn't reckon with the fact that his King is his equal...which makes me his better."

He pats Donovan on the shoulder.

King Jarvis I: "And what do you think that makes you?"

Jarvis walks off, leaving Donovan seething behind him. The camera follows him, and stops short as he does.

King Jarvis I: "You! Vile vampire. A word."

Mark Carlton: "Come on now... "Vile" is a bit much, isn't it?"

King Jarvis I: "I'll call you what I want. "

Mark Carlton: "You could say "Mark.""

King Jarvis I: "Whatever, you have information that I want and..."

Mark Carlton: "What I object to is that you automatically treat me like an inferior. Like you are my superior!"

King Jarvis I: "I am. I am a King."

Mark Carlton: "Oh, King, eh? And how'd you get that, eh? By besmirching the monarchy! By tacking on to a hereditary right that isn't yours, by blatantly ignoring the social and economic difference that give order to our society. If there's ever going to be any sense –

His Majesty is surprisingly taken aback.

King Jarvis I: "... look, just... tell me if it's true."

Mark Carlton: "What's true, your majesty?"

King Jarvis I: "...did my kin really die in a car crash?"

We cut back to ringside.

Jim Gunt: "Well, our main event is next and it certainly has all the makings of an absolute barn burner, right Mike?"

Mike Rolash: "..."

Jim Gunt: "...are you crying, Mike?"

Mike Rolash: "THE PACT IS FALLING APART JIMBO."

### **Harlan Moretti vs. King Jarvis I**

Match

Joey Garcia: "Your main event tonight is set for one fall! Introducing first, your special guest referee."

Jim Gunt: "Well, another late change; first the main event of Frozen Over sends the Infernal tournament into disarray, then Elijah vs. Caledonia for a chance to join the main event gets booked, and now this!"

"God in Extension" by Jack Daw booms over the speakers, the lights dimming as fog fills the entrance way. Shane Donovan stands at the center of the ramp, referee stripes flexing uncomfortably over his considerable biceps. The MANMADEMONSTER narrows his eyes and begins to walk to the ring with considerable purpose as Garcia makes his announcement.

Joey Garcia: "Please welcome, SHANE DONOVAN!"

The crowd, while still peppered with booing throughout, mostly mills in anticipation, interested in the proceedings.

Jim Gunt: "Well, if you're looking for an impartial referee, I guess you can't find one more impartial than this, Mike. What do you think?"

Mike Rolash: "I think this is cruel, Jimbo."

Jim Gunt: "Cruel?"

Mike Rolash: "Some sick individual is making Shane Donovan provide palliative care to the greatest faction this industry has ever seen."

Jim Gunt: "The greatest faction? The Pact barely existed and is falling off a cliff already!"

Mike Rolash: "Name one group with stronger ties, Jim!"

Jim Gunt: "I mean, The Cyndicate lasted several different incarnations, but maintained a core group amongst them..."

Mike Rolash: "Well--"

Jim Gunt: "I don't think that The Insurgency ever had any major fractures..."

Mike Rolash: "So--"

Jim Gunt: "Say what you want about Jarvis King, but he was at the forefront of a few different powerful factions - the Enterprise, the Entourage...MSX with the man in the ring!"

Mike Rolash: "Th--"

Jim Gunt: "Hell, The Unstoppable Force is literally comprised entirely of family!"

Mike Rolash is spared any further embarrassment at the hands of his co-commentator as "House of the Rising Sun" by Five Finger Death Punch begins to play. Abandoning his normal slow, methodical approach, he marches to the ring with speed, abandoning his heavy metal chain at ringside before he slides his large frame into the ring and takes his place in his corner.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing the first competitor. Already in the ring, standing 6'8" and weighing 335lbs - he is "The House" HARLAN MORETTI!"

Donovan approaches Moretti with an eye to give instructions before the match, but the big man waves him off.

Jim Gunt: "Moretti looking like all business here."

Mike Rolash: "That's the problem, Jimbo! He usually is all business, and so is His Royal Highness, but they've both let

emotions take over tonight!"

Donovan continues to try to converse with a brick wall in the shape of Moretti as the lights go down, plunging the Colosseum into darkness, save for a single spotlight, feet away from the entrance. The opening stanzas of Liszt's Totentanz begin to ring out, but instead of waiting for the music to swell, King Jarvis I marches forward, making no effort to pause for pyrotechnics. The lights normalize as he continues to make for the ring, his eyes fixed on Moretti with disdain.

Joey Garcia: "Representing his Vengeance, weighing 250lbs, KING JARVIS THE FIRST!"

Jarvis slides into the ring and takes his corner, ignoring the jeers of the Infernalina crowd and the instructions of his - perhaps former - Pact teammate. Donovan, recognizing that he will get as little reaction from King Jarvis as he did Moretti, gives up and calls for the bell.

Jim Gunt: "Standing here are three undefeated men, three men who are guaranteed three of the five slots in the Frozen Over main event."

Mike Rolash: "I can't watch."

Jim Gunt: "Here we go."

Matching each other's pace, Moretti and King Jarvis meet face to face in the centre of the ring, neither man giving an inch of perceived advantage. Moretti looms over Jarvis, but if the young King is intimidated, he shows it as much as The House does. Donovan looks on intently, and not one of the three men in the ring says a word to each other.

Jim Gunt: "Absolute intensity. The members of the Pact all said that tonight was the first time any of them would "feel" challenged during the Infernalina tournament. Perhaps those were happier days, but now that challenge is facing both Harlan Moretti and King Jarvis I with equal pressure."

Moretti and Jarvis step backwards a half-step in near perfect tandem, and the two men lock up into a tight collar-and-elbow. The House presses his leverage and weight advantage, but not without considerable counter-pressure from King Jarvis. Physics takes over, and it is Jarvis who gives up the first bit of ground, being shoved backwards. Moretti stands, imposing, waiting for his opponent to try again.

Jim Gunt: "Advantage to The House early on here, Mike!"

Mike Rolash: "I told you, I can't watch."

Jim Gunt: "...are you literally covering your eyes?"

The model of an impartial referee, Shane Donovan quickly swoops in to check on the young King. Jarvis, for his part, pounds the mat in frustration and gets back to a vertical base. Moretti stands unflinching, and as Jarvis joins him back in the centre of the ring, the two lock up again. Once again, The House imposes his superior height and weight on Jarvis, but this time the young King uses the big man's size against him, dropping to a knee and shifting his own grip, sending the big man over with a perfectly executed amateur-style fireman's carry.

Jim Gunt: "Very even in the early going here; neither man finding an obvious advantage."

Now it is Jarvis standing, unflinching, as Moretti is the one frustrated and joining his opponent in the centre of the ring. Even on points (a registered trademark of Larry Zbyszko), Moretti and Jarvis once again lock horns. This time, Moretti quickly gains ground, managing to push the King into the ropes, maintaining the collar-and-elbow. For his part, Jarvis manages to shift weight, forcing Moretti to also be alongside the ropes. Donovan taps both men on the shoulders, signalling they both should give a clean break. When none comes, he begins the count.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: "Donovan looking for the clean break."

TWO!

Jim Gunt: "Neither man willing to give an inch here..."

THREE!

Mike Rolash: "It's like they both said, Jimbo - they're equals, which is why this is a tragedy."

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: "Wait a minute, neither man is breaking! They might end up..."

FIVE!

Donovan calls for the bell; as it tolls out, King Jarvis and Harlan Moretti break the hold, both looking confusedly at the

guest referee. The MANMADEMONSTER crosses the ring, and whispers his instructions to Joey Garcia.

Mike Rolash: "What the hell happened?!"

Jim Gunt: "Well...I think we're going to get the official word from Garcia here..."

Joey Garcia: "Following a count of five on both competitors, neither King Jarvis nor Harlan Moretti would relinquish their hold on the other, therefore Special Guest Referee Shane Donovan has ruled that this match is officially a draw."

Jim Gunt: "Wait..."

Mike Rolash: "Oh, BRILLIANT!"

Jim Gunt: "I am going to be sick."

Gunt's reaction is perhaps well founded, as after making the call to Joey Garcia, all three members of The Pact break into large grins and meet, centre of the ring, for a group hug.

Mike Rolash: "THE PACT IS ALIVE AND WELL, JIMBO!"

Jim Gunt: "They're on the same damn page and probably were all night long. Good lord."

Moretti and Donovan share a hearty laugh as King Jarvis quickly exits the ring to take a microphone away from Joey Garcia. The self-styled monarch laughs into the mic as he slides back into the ring, addressing the hard camera.

King Jarvis I: "How many times do we have to call you people naive before you stop being such easily tricked sheep? We told you from the get-go, this grouping is a business arrangement, an insurance policy, a Pact amongst equals...yet, everyone, all of you, fell for the idea that we'd toss that away at the first opportunity."

Mike Rolash: "I never doubted The Pact!"

Jim Gunt: "..."

Mike Rolash: "What?"

King Jarvis I: "There is no ego amongst us..."

Jim Gunt: "Give me a break."

King Jarvis I: "And at Frozen Over, once we take care of the mutual, so-called, threat of Danny B and whichever circus clown makes it past the other fool between Elijah and Caledonia, the three of us will have a mutually respectful competition to determine the winner of this tournament...and then, we will stand together, united by the common cause that set us out together...because we are The Pact, and once forged, it can never be broken."

Jarvis flips the microphone over, but instead of The Pact's music, "For I Am Death" by Pretty Reckless begins to play, calling forth "The Ripper" Danny B, with a kendo stick in hand. The Ripper rushes for the ring, striking immediately with the Singapore cane, as "Day and Night" by Billie Piper replaces The Ripper's theme.

Jim Gunt: "THINGS ARE BREAKING DOWN! HERE COMES CALEDONIA!"

Before The Priestess can enter the ring, her music is stopped and replaced by "The Cruxshadows" by Sophia. Elijah is next through the curtain, and quickly the six competitors square off.

Jim Gunt: "ONE OF THESE SIX PEOPLE WILL BE CWF CHAMPION AT THE CONCLUSION OF FROZEN OVER!"

Jarvis and Danny B, Donovan and Elijah, all spill out of the ring in pairs, leaving the diminutive but defiant Caledonia face-to-face with the imposing Harlan Moretti. The Priestess doesn't back down, hitting several huge haymakers which are enough to slightly stun and stagger the big man. Sensing her opportunity, Caledonia bounds off the ropes to try to hit a knock-out blow, but is caught on the rebound, lifted into a huge sit-out sidewalk slam by Moretti!

Mike Rolash: "THE COLLECTION!"

Moretti pops up to his feet, almost bouncing up from the impact of his finishing move and smirks as Caledonia writhes in pain on the mat. As she rolls out of the ring in agony, Moretti soaks in the boos of the Colosseum. Soon, however, they're replaced by excited noises of anticipation, as The House is spun around and hit with the...

Jim Gunt: "RIPPER KILL SHOT! RKS FROM DANNY B!"

Danny B stands, apparently not finished with his attack, as he lines up the downed House for the Destin-knee, but as he rushes in, he's met with a boot to the gut from Shane Donovan! The MANMADEMONSTER hooks The Ripper's arms and hoists him up before crashing down with a DDT.

Mike Rolash: "MILLENNIAL DESCENT! HE HITS THAT AT THE PAY PER VIEW, YOU'RE LOOKING AT YOUR WORLD CH-WAIT!"

Donovan has no chance to appreciate his well-executed move, before he's caught with a bulldog from Elijah!

Jim Gunt: "MODIFIED DESCENT FROM ELIJAH!"

The philosophical fighter stands, looking down on Donovan in more ways than one, but is the next victim as he finds both of his arms crossed across his chest.

Mike Rolash: "ALL HAIL THE KING! STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX!"

King Jarvis stays seated after arching Elijah backwards, a grin across his young face.

Jim Gunt: "Will King Jarvis stand tall at Frozen Over? Will the young King follow in his ancestor's footsteps and leave the Infernal tournament as World's Champion?"

Mike Rolash: "WAIT!"

Out of nowhere, Caledonia slides in behind Jarvis and locks in the Bed of Roses! King Jarvis struggles, but each spasm of struggle causes Caledonia to lock the hold in ever tighter, her skin positively glowing with her augmented Priestess power. The camera cuts from a wide shot of the Colosseum's roof, the glass cracking slowly but surely under the weight of the relentless snow storm. Finally the droid zooms back in on Caledonia's face, her eyes aflame, as the scene gradually fades to black, bringing the fourth episode of the Infernal tournament to a close.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite