

# Infernal: Infernal — Ep. 10 - No Looking Back

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** July 24, 2026  
**Location:** Total Mortgage Arena — Bridgeport, CT

## Results

### Cold Open

Segment

The screen is completely black. No music, no narration, only the distant sound of thousands of fans buzzing with anticipation.

A single match strike.

SHHHHK.

A flame ignites. It slowly lights the wick of a stick of dynamite. The fuse begins burning.

Ssssssssssss...

Quick flashes begin appearing with every spark.

Dangerous Dan raising the Paramount Championship high over his head. Jared Holmes pointing directly at the title after pinning Crazy Chris. Danny B winning the Golden Intentions Rumble. Gordy King holding the World Championship over his shoulder following his victory over Mark Carlton and Ozric Mortimer. Caledonia and MJ Flair standing face-to-face after another classic. Esmeralda von Krauss smiling as she whispers...

"Justice."

The fuse continues burning.

Paul Freedom! celebrating his first CWF victory. Wade Moor planting an opponent through the mat. Azrael staring into the heavens. Blind Magic standing together beneath flickering lights.

The fuse races faster.

Billy Anderson and Dangerous Dan trading punches years apart...

One image from 2012, another from 2018. A rivalry spanning generations.

The flame reaches the end.

...

...

BOOM!

A deafening explosion of fireworks erupts from the stage as "No One Gets Out Alive" by From Ashes to New blasts throughout the Total Mortgage Arena. Red, orange and silver pyro rains from the rafters as nearly fifteen thousand fans leap to their feet. The giant screen flashes only five words.

CWF INFERNALIA: NO LOOKING BACK

The camera sweeps through the sold out crowd. Signs fill the arena.

"FINISH THE STORY, RIPPER!"

"PEACOCKS CAN'T FLY!"

"JUSTICE IS COMING"

"PAUL FREEDOM FOR PRESIDENT!"

"CALI FINALLY BEATS RIPPER TONIGHT!"

"HOUSE OF FUN = HOUSE OF PAIN!"

"THE ENDD IS STILL NEAR!"

"WE WANT CHAOS!"

Another blast of pyro erupts as Joey Garcia's voice echoes throughout the arena.

Joey Garcia: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WELCOME TO CWF INFERNALIA!"

The Bridgeport crowd erupts into cheers immediately. The cameras settle at ringside, where Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash stand ready.

Jim Gunt: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Bridgeport, Connecticut and welcome to Episode Ten of CWF Infernal...No Looking Back!"

Mike Rolash: "Jim...we are officially two weeks away."

Jim Gunt: "Two weeks from the biggest event of the year."

The Wrestle Fest V logo fills the video wall as the crowd cheers loudly.

Mike Rolash: "The road ends in Boston."

Jim Gunt: "August seventh. TD Garden. Wrestle Fest V."

Images begin flashing across the screen.

Dangerous Dan and Jared Holmes nose-to-nose. Danny B pointing toward the Wrestle Fest logo. Caledonia and MJ Flair shaking hands while a glint of something deep down remains between them. Esmeralda and Azrael staring one another down. Paul Freedom! standing opposite Wade Moor.

Jim Gunt: "The Wrestle Fest card continues taking shape."

The Paramount Championship appears. Dangerous Dan raises the belt. Jared Holmes slowly pulls on his golden mask.

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan has held the Paramount Championship since Frozen Over in April."

Mike Rolash: "Nearly four months."

Jim Gunt: "Open challenge after open challenge..."

Quick clips roll across the screen. Dan defeating challenger after challenger, the title raised over his head.

Jim Gunt: "...but now perhaps his greatest rival yet awaits."

Jared Holmes points directly at the championship.

Mike Rolash: "The Peacock King eliminated Dan from Golden Intentions."

A replay of Golden Intentions shows Jared pushing Dan off the top rope just as he was about to take flight. The shocked expression on his face as he landed outside.

Mike Rolash: "Since then they've been taking shots at each other every chance they've gotten."

Jim Gunt: "At Wrestle Fest V, Dangerous Dan defends the Paramount Championship against one-half of the CWF Tag Team Champions, The Peacock King."

The image shifts showing the new Chaos Championship. The four competitors set to battle for it appear one by one.

A twisted carnival house.

Jim Gunt: "History will also be made as the brand new Chaos Championship is decided."

Mike Rolash: "And Amelia somehow signed off on something called a House of Fun Match."

Jim Gunt: "Every fall in a different room."

Images flash showing a hallway, a kitchen, a child's bedroom, and a carnival mirror room.

Jim Gunt: "Every room with different rules. These images are previews but God only knows what's actually in store for us at Wrestle Fest."

Mike Rolash: "I already hate it, Jimbo."

The crowd laughs as the screen changes once more.

Years of footage rapidly plays. Old CWF, modern CWF. Tag matches, singles matches. Their massive triple threat with Loki Synn. Celebrations together, battles against one another.

Jim Gunt: "Friends."

Mike Rolash: "Rivals."

Jim Gunt: "A match years in the making."

Mike Rolash: "The rematch that has everybody putting down their house. The whole world is betting on this one!"

The audience cheers as The World Championship fills the screen.

Golden Intentions winner, The Ripper pointing toward the title.

Jim Gunt: "And Wrestle Fest's main event..."

The crowd immediately comes alive as images of "The Ripper" Danny B winning the seventh Golden Intentions rumble go across the big screen.

Jim Gunt: "Two-time Golden Intentions winner, The Ripper..."

Gordy King appears, World Championship over his shoulder.

Jim Gunt: "...challenges two-time and reigning CWF World Heavyweight Champion Gordy King..."

The championship shines beneath the lights as the Most Canadian Man alive smiles widely at the cheering fans.

Jim Gunt: "...for the richest prize in professional wrestling."

Mike Rolash: "That alone is worth buying Wrestle Fest."

Jim Gunt: "But before we get there..."

The Infernal logo returns.

Jim Gunt: "...we've got one final stop."

The match graphics begin rapidly appearing. First, Taylor Rayne and Blind Magic vs. The Unstoppable Force.

Jim Gunt: "Blind Magic returns to CWF for the first time since Golden Intentions, joining Taylor Rayne against Dakota Anderson, Tyler Anderson and Kyle Bright."

Jared Holmes vs. Mark Carlton.

Jim Gunt: "The Peacock King looks to regain momentum after suffering the first loss of his CWF career..."

A clip of Caledonia pinning Jared plays.

Jim Gunt: "...but Mark Carlton has revenge on his mind."

Paul Freedom! vs. Wade Moor.

Mike Rolash: "One guy finally got his first win."

Jim Gunt: "The other suffered his first loss."

Mike Rolash: "Now they meet before Wrestle Fest."

Esmeralda vs. Azrael.

Jim Gunt: "Another preview of the House of Fun Match as Esmeralda von Krauss battles Azrael Caduceus."

Dangerous Dan vs. Billy Anderson, Paramount Title Match.

Old footage appears showing battles over the years between the Danger Boiz and Unstoppable Force. Years of history.

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan must survive longtime rival Billy Anderson."

Mike Rolash: "Five wins for Dan."

Another flash, Billy raising a fist.

Mike Rolash: "Four for Billy."

Jim Gunt: "One of the greatest rivalries this company has ever seen."

The steel cage lowers across the screen and the audience erupts.

Danny B vs. Caledonia.

Jim Gunt: "And our main event..."

The cage slams into place.

Jim Gunt: "...Caledonia..."

The crowd chants loudly.

Jim Gunt: "...versus Golden Intentions winner Danny B..."

The cage door slams shut.

Jim Gunt: "...inside a STEEL CAGE!"

The Bridgeport crowd explodes.

Mike Rolash: "Caledonia has spent months trying to get past Danny B."

Jim Gunt: "Tonight may finally be her chance."

Another wall of fireworks erupts from the stage.

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Jim Gunt: "Bridgeport, welcome..."

Mike Rolash: "TO INFERNALIA!"

The crowd roars as one final explosion of pyro engulfs the stage as the cameras immediately cut backstage, ready for the opening contest of the evening.

## **Interview With All Three Members Of The Unstoppable Force**

Segment

The scene comes on to show Billy, Kyle and Tyler, the Unstoppable Force, walking inside of the arena together, and heading down the hallway. Stormee walks over to them, and she interviews the three of them.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "Now that the three of you are a stable, I have something to ask. What do you plan to do as a dominate stable?"

"Nashville Prince" Kyle Bright: "We are going to show the other superstars in the back that we are not to be messed with. Two was great, but three heads are better than two. We mean business, no one is safe from the three of us as we are ready to serve justice around here."

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "We will not be taken out that easily, our stable is going to run through the roster as we are a true family. Family will fight, but we will come together when we need to as nothing can bring us down in the end."

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: "The Unstoppable Force was great as a tag team, but we will be way better as a stable. The three of us all bring different fighting styles to this group, no one is ready for when the three of us start to work together for the same goal, that is to rise to the top as the most dominate stable of all time just many of the great stables of the past, we will do the same thing here in Champion Wrestling Federation. Everyone will find out that we are not to be underestimated."

Stormee Bright Anderson: "Well, thank your time guys."

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: "You're welcome baby."

They put their fits together to show unity as a stable, and walks off down the hallway heading to The Unstoppable Force's locker room to prepare for their match.

## **Nevermore!**

Segment

Darkness.

That is how we begin. Yet slowly the image of a random backstage office in the Total Mortgage Arena is shown. A flickering light bulb illuminates the room and then everything falls to blackness. A pair of bright green eyes peer out from the darkness, and when the bulb flickers on, Amelia sits atop the desk, cross legged and staring directly ahead.

Amelia: "Ooooo, Silas... She's coming to get you, she's out for blood, your blood, because you just couldn't push your ego to the side..."

As Amelia talks, the bulb grows brighter, the electrical hum slowly becoming louder with every word. Instead of the sickingly sweet, sing-songy voice that the CWF-verse is used to hearing, it is deeper, more grave, and there is a sick edge to it.

aMIAla: "You asked for a big time match at Wrestlefest, this is what 'the boss' is offering."

The bulb glows with a fierce intensity before an audible POP is heard and the room grows dark again. The glowing green eyes of Amelia disappear and suddenly a weird squeaking can be heard, the light returns and Mia Rayne is now sitting on the edge of the desk, her legs crossed at the ankle, and her arms crossed in front of her. The bulb finishes replacing itself and silence falls. Mia eyes a random camera that appears to magically appear before her, showing evidence that she's been recording the entire time, there is nothing up her sleeves.

Mia Rayne: "'The Psychotic Aristocrat' huh? More like a demon's bitch. That's all you are Silas. You THINK that because some kind of otherworldly force gave you an eyeliner pen and taught you the 'raccoon eye' trend, with a fancy contact lens makes you 'psychotic?' You believe that because all of a sudden, you're willing to commit such 'heinous' acts, without mercy, full of malice, that you earned anything close to what is mine?"

Mia pauses.

Mia Rayne: "I'm going to keep this short and simple, just for you. Mia Rayne versus Silas Artoria at Wrestlefest. If you win, I no longer get to claim any kind of moniker similar to what you claim to be 'psychotic.' The 'Forsaken Psychotic' will be no more and you can add that to your accolades. You defeated her, she's gone, she's toast, and she won't come back.

But if you lose?

Oh Silas! If you lose, not only do you get to be left to blissful unconsciousness for three seconds after being beaten to within an inch of your life by your's truly... But you leave the CWF. You're the one that is gone, toast, kaput, never to be seen from again. The choice is your's to make and the ball is in your court. However, I offer you this addendum, since I'm sure at some point, I'm going to hear about how the power is going to MY head. Can you imagine? MY head. No... This match is going to be a special match. A match of my own design, driven by... Not me, but YOU. We will start things off as a normal match Silas, but as someone who has actually been touched by insanity and not made into some demon bottom bitch, I know that things change. Things happen, and suddenly, the match ends and everyone leaves unsatisfied. You don't get it yet, but you will eventually. If you change the rules, try and dictate the match in any form, the rules change to fit what you're doing. Wanna attempt to make this about weapons? Suddenly, disqualifications go out the window. Put me in a sharpshooter? Suddenly this becomes a submission match. Choose wisely Silas, because at the end of the day, it won't matter what kind of game plan you come up with. Chaos ALWAYS has a tendency to win..."

Mia shrugs.

Mia Rayne: "Eventually. Now shoo. There are more important matters than some self important veteran who thinks he is owed the world... Quote the Silas, 'Nevermore!'"

With that, as any decent segment does, the picture fades to inky blackness, and the cameras cut back to Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt.

## **Taylor Rayne & Blind Magic (Blind Ambition & Magik The Gatherer) vs. The Unstoppable Force (Dakota Anderson, Tyler Anderson & Kyle Bright)**

Match

The camera pans around the Total Mortgage Arena, the Connecticut crowd already buzzing as the building prepares for another night of CWF action. The lights sweep across thousands of fans before finally settling on Joey Garcia standing in the middle of the ring, microphone in hand.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a Six Person Tag Team Match scheduled for one fall! Introducing first..."

Jim Gunt: "Well that was a rather unsettling interview with our boss lady moments ago."

Mike Rolash: "I don't think Silas has any idea what he's gotten himself into for Wrestle Fest, Jimbo..."

The lights inside the arena dim as a low electronic hum fills the building. Not music, a frequency. The crowd grows louder as the screen begins flashing with distorted images, old CWF footage mixing with strange flashes of cards, static, and soundwaves. "The Vengeful One" by Disturbed begins to play. The reaction is immediate, as a mixture of cheers and curiosity fills the Total Mortgage Arena. The last time CWF fans saw them, they were entering the Golden Intentions Rumble.

Now...

They're back.

Blind Ambition steps through the curtain first, headphones already resting over their ears. They pause at the top of the ramp, head tilted slightly as they take in the sounds of the crowd, not looking...listening. Behind them comes Magik The Gatherer, her deck of cards held carefully in one hand, a small smile crossing her face as if she already knows something nobody else does.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first...making their return to CWF after competing in Heroes & Villains Wrestling...Blind Magic!"

The crowd cheers louder as Blind slowly raises a hand toward the noise, almost acknowledging the frequency of the fans themselves. Magik looks around the arena before holding up a single card. A small fox illustration flashes across the screen.

Jim Gunt: "What an incredible reception for Blind Magic here tonight."

Mike Rolash: "I'll admit it, Jim. I didn't know what to expect when these two left CWF and signed with HVW, but you can't deny they have something special."

Jim Gunt: "They're not like anyone else in professional wrestling."

Mike Rolash: "That's one way to put it."

Blind and Magik make their way down the ramp, never breaking rhythm, never moving separately. They enter the ring and immediately move toward their corner.

The music changes as "Perfect Princess" by the Descendants 5 Cast hits. A bright pink and purple glow fills the entranceway. The crowd cheers as Dakota Anderson steps onto the stage. Young, energetic, and visibly excited, Dakota looks around at the CWF crowd before smiling and waving.

Joey Garcia: "Their partner...making her CWF debut...from Rincon, Georgia, weighing 110 pounds...the Georgia Peach...DAKOTA ANDERSON!"

Jim Gunt: "A huge night for Dakota Anderson."

Mike Rolash: "First match in CWF and she gets thrown into the deep end against Blind Magic. No pressure there."

Dakota slides into the ring and looks across at Blind Ambition and Magik, and gives a respectful nod. She knows exactly what kind of challenge awaits.

"Burn In My Light" by Mercy Drive hits next. Tyler Anderson walks through the curtain with his usual calm intensity. No flash or unnecessary movements, just pure focus.

Joey Garcia: "And her partner...from Rincon, Georgia, weighing 220 pounds...The Mysterious One...TYLER ANDERSON!"

The Unbreakable One walks down the ramp, slapping a few hands along the way before entering the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Tyler Anderson has been around the block. He understands these situations."

Mike Rolash: "And he's going to need that experience tonight."

Finally...the arena lights go dark as a heavy bass hits. "Last Man Standing" by Trailer Choir begins, the crowd murmuring and a few whistling as the 6'6" Kyle Bright steps onto the stage. The Nashville Prince slowly looks around the arena before making his way forward.

Joey Garcia: "And their partner...from Nashville, Tennessee, weighing 230 pounds...The Nashville Prince...KYLE BRIGHT!"

Jim Gunt: "The newest member of The Unstoppable Force."

Mike Rolash: "And probably the biggest problem standing across the ring from Blind Magic tonight."

Kyle enters the ring and stands beside Tyler and Dakota. Six competitors, two teams, one story. Referee Trent Robbins checks all six competitors before calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The match begins with Tyler Anderson and Blind Ambition starting things off. The crowd immediately gets louder, leading to Blind adjusting their headphones. Tyler raises his hands in the air and the two circle, finally locking up. Tyler immediately goes for power, attempting to drive Blind backward, but Blind slips away at the last possible second.

Echo Step.

Blind pivots around Tyler's momentum and cracks him with a sharp spinning elbow!

Jim Gunt: "That's what makes Blind Ambition so dangerous! They don't react like normal competitors!"

Mike Rolash: "Because they aren't watching the match the same way everyone else is!"

Tyler rolls backward, shaking out the cobwebs. Blind charges in a sprint, but Tyler catches them!

Inverted Backbreaker!

The momentum shifts instantly as Tyler tags in Dakota. The Total Mortgage Arena cheers as she enters the ring. Dakota looks across at Blind with excitement written all over her face. She charges forward with a dropkick!

Blind rolls away. Dakota lands on her feet. Blind tries a forearm. Dakota ducks!

Chick Kick!

Blind Ambition stumbles backward, immediately going to the headphones to make sure they stay in place.

Jim Gunt: "What a debut from Dakota Anderson!"

Mike Rolash: "She's not intimidated whatsoever."

Stiff DDT and Dakota goes right for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Blind immediately rolls toward their corner.

Tag!

Magik The Gatherer enters. The crowd reacts as she pulls a card from her deck. Dakota watches carefully as the Card Witch throws the card. She ducks, narrowly missing the flung card, just as Magik spins through with a heel kick!

Dakota falls!

Magik follows with a running meteora!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Magik smiles, like she expected it. She tags Blind back in, and the team of Blind Magic immediately begin moving together. A combination nobody else in the ring can match. Blind strikes, Magik distracts. Blind hits the ropes.

Bass Drop!

NO!

Kyle Bright catches Blind in midair! The crowd cheers the showing of strength from the newest Unstoppable Force member.

Jim Gunt: "THE POWER OF KYLE BRIGHT!"

Kyle throws Blind down with a huge slam!

He tags himself in. The Nashville Prince enters and grabs Blind by the arm to pull them upward. But Blind fights back. Elbow. Another elbow!

Static Overflow!

A rapid combination sends Kyle stumbling. Blind runs, leaping up in the air for a Superman Punch attempt. Kyle catches the arm.

CHECKMATE!

Spinning Bulldog!

Kyle covers.

ONE!

TWO!

MAGIK BREAKS IT UP!

The match breaks down, Taylor Rayne finally enters as Dakota tags her in, and the entire ring erupts into chaos. Taylor immediately goes after Kyle with a series of strikes.

Forearm! Kick! Another forearm!

Kyle absorbs everything and pushes forward. Taylor fires back with a running knee. Kyle falls into the ropes! She charges in, but once again Kyle shows his power by catching her!

Jim Gunt: "What strength!"

Kyle launches Taylor with a massive throw across the ring!

Dakota enters!

Lionsault!

NO!

Taylor moves, and Dakota lands safely. The rookie almost has it. Taylor grabs her from behind. German Suplex! No,

Dakota rolls through! Twist of Fate, but Taylor escapes!

Both women scramble back to their corners. Tags everywhere. Tyler enters. Magik enters. The two veterans collide.

Tyler with a clothesline!

Magik ducks!

Card Slice!

Tyler blocks!

Georgia Flame!

Magik drops!

Tyler covers!

ONE!

TWO!

BLIND BREAKS IT UP!

Blind hits Tyler with a sliding forearm smash. Tyler falls through the ropes! Magik rises and reaches for her deck.

Draw Phase.

She pulls the glowing card...But Dakota flies in from behind!

Chick Kick!

Magik drops like a sack of bricks! Dakota has changed the entire pace of the match.

Jim Gunt: "Dakota Anderson has been incredible tonight!"

Mike Rolash: "She belongs here, Jim."

Blind "sees" Dakota. The two exchange a look and Blind charges.

Echo Step!

Dakota swings, Blind counters.

Spinning elbow!

But Kyle is there. Spear attempt...no Blind moves. Kyle stops himself. Blind turns around just as Kyle rebounds.

SPEAR!

NO!

Blind moves again and Kyle crashes into the turnbuckle! The crowd erupts as Blind goes for Sound Barrier. But Taylor Rayne tags herself in. Kyle doesn't see it!

Taylor enters and spikes them him a Running knee. Kyle falls hard and Taylor quickly covers.

ONE!

TWO!

KYLE BRIGHT KICKS OUT WITH A-VENGEANCE, THROWING TAYLOR ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE RING!

But Taylor lands on her side of the ring, and Blind immediately tags themself back in!

Running Shotgun Dropkick...no Kyle sidesteps and yanks Blind down hard on the back of their head. The crowd erupts

as Kyle pulls Blind up.

Superman Punch!

Blind staggers as Kyle backs into the corner. The Total Mortgage Arena knows what's coming.

Jim Gunt: "KYLE BRIGHT IS SETTING UP!"

Mike Rolash: "This could be it!"

Kyle charges.

SPEAR!

Blind Ambition sidesteps at the very last instant! Kyle crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles. The crowd rises as Blind turns.

Sound Barrier!

NO! Tyler Anderson reaches over the ropes and slaps Kyle on the shoulder. Blind doesn't realize it. Tyler vaults into the ring.

Running knee!

Blind collapses as the Unbreakable One hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Magik The Gatherer storms across the ring and breaks up the count with a leaping dive. The match breaks down, as all six competitors spill into the ring once again. Tyler Anderson clotheslines Magik over the top rope. Dakota launches herself at Taylor with a flying crossbody. Blind catches Tyler with a spinning elbow. Kyle throws Blind halfway across the ring.

Bodies are flying everywhere. Referee Trent Robbins is struggling just to maintain control.

Jim Gunt: "This one has completely broken down!"

Mike Rolash: "Nobody knows who's legal anymore!"

Suddenly, a loud burst of unfamiliar music interrupts the chaos. The fans look toward the entrance as two figures sprint through the curtain. One in bright designer-inspired ring gear, the other carrying himself like he owns the building.

Jim Gunt: "...Who in the world is that?!"

Mike Rolash: "Wait a minute...I know those two!"

The crowd begins booing as Adrian Ward and Leyla Martinez, better known throughout Heroes & Villains Wrestling as The Brat Pack, race toward the ring.

Jim Gunt: "It's The Brat Pack! We've seen them making waves over in HVW!"

Mike Rolash: "What are THEY doing here?!"

Kyle Bright turns just in time.

CRACK!

Adrian blasts him with a vicious European Uppercut that sends the Nashville Prince stumbling backward. Tyler Anderson rushes over, just to eat a German Suplex! Adrian folds Tyler over his shoulders and plants him hard into the canvas. Dakota spins around in disbelief. Before she can react, Leyla Martinez flies in with a blistering Basement

Dropkick that sends Dakota crashing into the bottom turnbuckle.

The referee immediately calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING! DING!

The arena erupts into confusion.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen...the referee has called for the bell! As a result of outside interference...THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE HAS WON THIS MATCH BY DISQUALIFICATION!"

The boos grow even louder as Taylor Rayne quickly pulls Blind Ambition and Magik The Gatherer out of harm's way as officials rush toward the ring. Blind adjusts their headphones while watching the unexpected scene unfold. Magik simply smiles knowingly, almost as if another card in the deck had just been revealed.

Meanwhile, The Brat Pack aren't finished. Leyla grabs a microphone from ringside while Adrian casually kicks Tyler Anderson out of the center of the ring before standing over him. The pair soak in an absolutely deafening chorus of boos. Leyla doesn't seem bothered, as she smiles even wider.

Leyla Martinez: "Wow..."

She slowly turns in a circle.

Leyla Martinez: "I knew Connecticut had terrible taste..."

Another wave of boos.

Leyla Martinez: "...but this?"

She laughs.

Leyla Martinez: "This is impressive."

Adrian adjusts his jacket before speaking.

Adrian Ward: "Word travels fast."

He looks around the arena.

Adrian Ward: "We heard the doors were open for CWF's biggest event of the summer."

Leyla nods.

Leyla Martinez: "And when a door opens..."

She smirks.

Leyla Martinez: "...we don't politely knock."

She points toward the entrance.

Leyla Martinez: "We kick it wide open."

The fans continue raining down boos. Adrian slowly walks over to the Anderson siblings, who are recovering near the ropes.

Adrian Ward: "You three call yourselves..."

He gestures dramatically.

Adrian Ward: "...The Unstoppable Force."

He chuckles.

Adrian Ward: "Funny."

He points at Tyler.

Adrian Ward: "You looked pretty stoppable."

He points at Kyle.

Adrian Ward: "Especially you."

Leyla steps beside him.

Leyla Martinez: "See, we've already become the hottest..."

She raises one finger.

Leyla Martinez: "...fastest-rising tag team in Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

She raises another.

Leyla Martinez: "But honestly?"

She shrugs.

Leyla Martinez: "That got boring."

Adrian nods.

Adrian Ward: "We didn't come to CWF for a vacation."

He points directly at Tyler and Kyle.

Adrian Ward: "We came here to make an even bigger statement."

Leyla grins before looking straight into the hard camera.

Leyla Martinez: "So here's how this works."

She points toward the Wrestle Fest V logo displayed on the video wall.

Leyla Martinez: "August 7th."

Another point.

Leyla Martinez: "Wrestle Fest."

Finally she points back toward The Unstoppable Force.

Leyla Martinez: "You two."

Adrian finishes the thought.

Adrian Ward: "The Andersons..."

He pauses for effect.

Adrian Ward: "...meet The Brat Pack."

The crowd buzzes immediately.

Adrian Ward: "Let's find out if all that family chemistry is enough..."

He motions between himself and Leyla.

Adrian Ward: "...to stop the future of tag team wrestling."

Leyla places a hand on Adrian's shoulder.

Leyla Martinez: "Because the future?"

She smiles arrogantly.

Leyla Martinez: "You're looking at it."

The Brat Pack raise their arms as the crowd showers them with relentless boos. Kyle Bright has to be restrained by officials as Tyler Anderson helps Dakota back to her feet, all three glaring toward the ring.

Jim Gunt: "The Brat Pack have just invaded CWF!"

Mike Rolash: "And they've made one thing crystal clear—they didn't come here to make friends."

Jim Gunt: "They've just laid down the challenge for Wrestle Fest V! The Andersons versus The Brat Pack!"

Mike Rolash: "These two are as talented as they are obnoxious, and after tonight, I don't think The Unstoppable Force is going to let this go unanswered."

The Brat Pack continue celebrating their ambush in the center of the ring, soaking in every ounce of hostility from the Connecticut crowd as CWF officials finally restore some semblance of order. The challenge has been issued.

Wrestle Fest V just got even bigger.

## **Redux**

Segment

We cut backstage to where Caledonia is stretching ahead of her cage match against the Ripper. She sits, her legs wide apart and fully extended, leaning forward in an adductor stretch.

Female voice, offscreen: "Mind if I join ya?"

The camera zooms out to show MJ Flair, a grin on her face. Caledonia's face shortly bears the same expression.

Caledonia: "By all means."

MJ sits and matches Caledonia's stance, putting the balls of her feet on Caledonia's ankles. The two grasp each other by the forearms, and Caledonia pulls MJ forward, deepening the stretch beyond what one could do alone.

Caledonia: "Hang on... you don't have a match tonight."

MJF: "And?"

Caledonia: "So why come all the way to Bridgeport?"

MJF (Winking): "To see you, obviously."

Caledonia: "Knock it off, or you'll set the shippers off again!"

MJ laughs.

MJF: "I wish I knew how to quit you!"

Caledonia shoots her the evil eye, but the absurdity causes her to join MJ's laugh.

MJF: "No, they asked if I was free to do some local media since I wasn't preparing for an opponent. But I'm following the rules."

Caledonia seems momentarily confused, but suddenly, realization.

Caledonia: "Right. The first rule of a successful professional wrestling career."

BOTH: "You show up."

MJ: "Exactly. Plus I've got a lil' surprise in store for you later, and I wanted to see your reaction."

The two of them switch; MJ now pulls Caledonia forward.

Caledonia: "Oh?"

MJF: "Just a little somethin' I put together."

There is a comfortable silence between the two.

Caledonia: "Heh. I just remembered that we did this years ago. I can't remember quite when..."

MJF: "OH, I remember. You were trying to keep your flexibility when your arm was in a cast. Eris was out with an injury, and I was getting ready to defend my World Title against a whiny manbaby."

She pauses, mid-stretch, for a moment.

MJF: "I just realized that doesn't really narrow things down. Marksman was just the least talented of them."

Caledonia: "Well. The more things change... you were a damn good Champion."

MJF: "Thanks, Until someone took it from me..."

Caledonia: "Hey, you called me out!"

MJ laughs.

MJF: "That I did. And did again."

Caledonia: "And will again?"

MJF: "'The Third Coming' sounds more like a late nite Spectravision film than career goals."

Caledonia: "I note that you didn't actually say 'no'..."

MJF: "I've asked you twice, girlypop. Chase me for once."

Caledonia laughs. The two of them switch to a seated forward fold; MJ pushes into the small of Caledonia's back to help deepen the stretch.

MJF: "So. How you feeling about the match?"

Caledonia: "Ours, or the match later tonight where I give Ripper something to really cry about?"

MJF: "Either."

Caledonia: "Guess it doesn't matter. Answer's the same - pretty damn good - albeit for different reasons."

MJF: "Mm."

Caledonia: "And you? How're you feeling?"

MJF: "... about our match, or watching you humiliate Danny Boy in the cage later tonight?"

Caledonia: "You know, that time I specifically meant our match."

MJ stands up.

MJF: "It's been a long damn time, Cali. You're the only unanswered question I've got left from my previous life."

She smiles a wry half-smile.

MJF: "How am I feeling? One way or another, I finally get a definitive answer to my biggest What If."

Caledonia: "Well, even if I win... we can do this again in another eight years. Of course, at that point you'll just be beating up an old lady..."

MJF: "Pshaw, forty-five ain't what it used to be!"

Caledonia: "I'm going to tell your mother you said that, so she has it in her pocket next time you call her old."

MJ laughs. A production assistant comes into view.

Production Assistant: "Ms Highlander? They want you at Gorilla."

Caledonia stands up.

Caledonia: "Well. You heard the man. Thanks for the stretch assist - I almost said "champ". Old habits!"

MJ grins.

MJF: "Hey, never say never, right? I mean, they didn't think they'd get me for Golden Intentions..."

Caledonia chuckles. The two of them shake hands, and Cali turns to go.

Caledonia: "See you in Boston."

## **Jared Holmes vs. Mark Carlton**

Match

The camera returns from commercial to another sweeping shot of the packed Total Mortgage Arena. Thousands of fans are on their feet as Joey Garcia stands patiently in the center of the ring, microphone in hand.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first..."

The arena lights dim as an eerie electronic pulse begins filling the building. "obedear" by Purity Ring echoes throughout the arena. Golden light washes across the stage as the fans immediately shower the entranceway with boos. A procession of members of the House of Balloons emerge carrying shimmering gold balloons and streamers before stepping aside. Finally, The Peacock King appears, draped in his jeweled Versace robe with his ornate peacock mask concealing his face. Jared Holmes stands perfectly still beneath the spotlight, soaking in every ounce of hatred from the Connecticut faithful, his CWF Tag Team Championship rests arrogantly over one shoulder. He slowly raises his tattooed hand to his forehead, creating the illusion of a third eye with the emerald set into his mask before beginning his slow walk toward the ring.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first...from La Jolla, California...standing six feet two inches tall and weighing two hundred thirty-five pounds...one half of the CWF Tag Team Champions...THE PEACOCK KING...JARED HOLMES!"

Holmes ignores the fans reaching toward him, instead stopping at the announce table, he carefully lays the Tag Team Championship across it. He then takes his jeweled rings, necklaces, robe, and mask and very carefully places them beside it. When he removes his mask, Jared's piercing emerald eyes somehow become the calm blue everyone insists they always were. Holmes smiles, like he enjoys making people question what they just saw. He springs effortlessly onto the apron before slipping through the ropes and immediately climbing onto the middle turnbuckle. One hand extends outward, the other rests over the Eye of Providence tattoo on the back of his hand. The boos only intensify.

Jim Gunt: "Last time out was the first blemish on Jared Holmes' CWF record."

Mike Rolash: "Non-title match, Jim. Doesn't change the fact he's still one of the most dangerous men on this roster."

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous, yes. But I guarantee that loss to Caledonia and MJ Flair has been eating at him for two weeks."

The music fades. Moments later, "God Save The Queen" fills the arena. Mark Carlton walks onto the stage to decent fanfare. Dressed in a tailored entrance coat over his ring gear, Carlton surveys the audience with the detached

expression of a man attending a business meeting rather than a wrestling match. He buttons one sleeve, straightens his cuffs, then calmly begins walking toward the ring.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent...from London, England...standing five feet ten inches tall and weighing two hundred ten pounds...MARK CARLTON!"

Carlton climbs the steel steps deliberately before entering through the ropes. He never once takes his eyes off Jared Holmes. Holmes simply smirks. The two men slowly meet in the center of the ring. No words, just months of history. Former reluctant allies under AnHellica, former enemies, former tag opponents. The Highlander family vs. The Amoralists, some wars never really end. Referee Trent Robbins checks both competitors before calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Neither man rushes immediately. The Peacock King circles the ring barefoot with a cocky grin, Carlton keeps a tight stance, hands high. They lock up and Holmes immediately slips behind into a waistlock. Mark Carlton peels the grip away and transitions into a standing wristlock. Holmes rolls forward into a cartwheel, and right back to his feet. Arm drag. Carlton lands cleanly and immediately regains his footing as the crowd applauds.

Jim Gunt: "Beautiful chain wrestling to start us off."

Mike Rolash: "Neither one wants to make the first mistake."

Carlton steps back in and hits a hard knife-edge chop. Holmes answers with one of his own, and then another. Carlton fires back, the exchange echoes throughout the arena. The Tag champ suddenly changes levels, hitting a Dropkick. Carlton is knocked backward into the ropes, and Holmes kips up immediately. He spreads his arms wide as the crowd boos. Carlton responds by punching him square in the mouth.

Jim Gunt: "I don't think Mark appreciated the performance."

Holmes wipes blood from the corner of his lip. His smile disappears immediately as he charges in. But Carlton sidesteps, and brings him down with an arm wringer. A sharp stomp directly across Jared's elbow. Another. Carlton continues dissecting the arm with clinical precision. Hammerlock. Holmes reaches for the ropes, and Carlton releases immediately.

No wasted movement, Holmes shakes life back into his shoulder, but Carlton charges right back in. Holmes yanks the top rope down and the Highlander cousin tumbles onto the apron but lands safely. As he turns, Jared catches him with a cheap forearm through the ropes. The referee immediately begins admonishing him and Jared shrugs innocently.

Mike Rolash: "Now THAT'S vintage Peacock King."

Holmes drags Carlton through the middle rope before planting him with a smooth Butterfly Suplex, holding on for the bridge.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

Holmes slaps the mat in frustration. He looks right at Trent Robbins.

Jared Holmes: "That was three."

Robbins calmly holds up two fingers. Holmes rolls his eyes dramatically before stomping Carlton across the ribs. Again and again and again. He backs into the corner and charges.

Stinger Splash!

Carlton stumbles forward with his breath knocked out of him. The Peacock King sees his opportunity and scoops him up. Falcon Arrow, beautifully executed, plants Mark right on the canvas. Holmes doesn't let go, holding on for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Carlton gets the shoulder up again. An angry Peacock King throws his hands into the air.

Jim Gunt: "Carlton refuses to stay down."

Mike Rolash: "That's the Highlander stubbornness rubbing off."

That comment earns a glare from Holmes. He mouths something toward commentary that the cameras thankfully don't pick up. Carlton uses the distraction and hits a European uppercut. Another. Holmes swings wildly, but Carlton ducks underneath. Snapmare. Running kick directly into the spine of the Peacock King. Holmes grimaces, but Carlton stays on him. Short forearms, sharp kicks to the knee. Everything measured and efficient. Holmes finally creates space with a thumb to the eye hidden from the referee. The crowd erupts in boos.

Jim Gunt: "Oh, come on!"

Holmes shrugs.

Mike Rolash: "If the referee doesn't see it..."

Holmes bounces off the ropes and hits a Running Shooting Star Press! Perfect rotation before holding on for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Carlton somehow kicks out yet again. Now Holmes is visibly frustrated. He grabs Carlton by the face.

Jared Holmes: "You should've stayed with your family."

Carlton's eyes narrow. He explodes upward with a series of right hands. Left, right, another uppercut. Holmes stumbles into the ropes, and Carlton whips him across. Back body drop!

Holmes lands hard. The Peacock King staggers up.

Marquess of Queensbury!

The loaded right hand catches Holmes flush. The crowd rises as Carlton hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

NO!

Holmes barely survives. The crowd thought it was over. Carlton wastes no time, measuring his opponent as he slowly rises. Carlton charges for Kiss, Don't Tell, but Holmes catches the kick. He spins Carlton around and smacks him with a Superkick to the stomach. Carlton doubles over instinctively, and the Tag Team Champion doesn't hesitate. He hooks both arms and leaps.

SONG OF THE HYADES!

The Canadian Destroyer spikes Carlton into the canvas. He doubles him over with a half nelson, taking Carlton to his

back and immediately hooking both legs for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

"obedear" immediately fills the arena once more.

Joey Garcia: "Here is your winner...THE PEACOCK KING...JARED HOLMES!"

Holmes remains on his knees for a moment, breathing heavily. His first singles victory since suffering the first loss of his CWF career, the frustration from two weeks ago melts into smug satisfaction. He rises, demanding Trent Robbins raise his hand. The referee obliges, and after a few seconds soaking it in, Holmes retrieves his Tag Team Championship from the announce desk before stepping back into the ring. Rather than leave, he kneels beside the recovering Carlton.

Jared Holmes: "Tell fuckboi Dan."

Holmes pats him on the cheek.

Jared Holmes: "And Candy Cat."

Another pat.

Jared Holmes: "The Peacock King doesn't stay humbled."

Holmes stands and raises the championship high overhead as the fans rain down boos.

Jim Gunt: "An outstanding wrestling match between two men who know each other all too well."

Mike Rolash: "Jared Holmes needed this. After losing for the first time in CWF two weeks ago, he just beat a man who's been tied to the Highlanders every step of the way."

Jim Gunt: "Whether it's Dan Highlander...Caledonia...or anyone standing in his way...Jared Holmes just sent a message before Wrestle Fest V."

Holmes slowly backs up the ramp, never taking his eyes off the ring. Inside, Mark Carlton sits against the bottom turnbuckle, disappointed but defiant. The Peacock King may have won the battle tonight, but everyone in the Total Mortgage Arena knows the war between Holmes and the Highlanders is far from over.

## **Chaos Reimagined**

Segment

"Silver Blade, Steady Hand" by Katherine McDaniels and the Imperfect Eternity begins playing as Esmeralda von Krauss walks out to the booing of the fans. She is in an expensive shimmering black evening gown with a low, low cut. She waves to the booing fans as she walks down to the ring with a microphone in her hand. She steps through the ropes and stands in the center of the ring while the crowd quiets down.

Jim Gunt: "Is she going to lay down her challenge again?"

Mike Rolash: "Very likely. She wasn't answered last time."

Esmeralda von Krauss: "I just want to come down here to see my adoring fans."

The crowd boos her even more.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "I have not heard back from management about the Chaos Championship that I hear rumor

that I will be involved in. I will simply set the terms of the match here and now..."

Jim Gunt: "Can she do that?"

Mike Rolash: "I don't think so, but it sure looks like she's going to try it."

Esmeralda von Krauss: "I repeat my earlier challenge. Gauntlet match: all of the challengers stand outside of the ring as lumberjacks in a no-holds-barred match. Two people enter, one person leaves, and one person enters. Repeat until all that remains is the champion. Me. How does this sound? Better than anything they would come up with?"

She gets a mixed reaction from the crowd, though more cheering than boos this time around.

Jim Gunt: "The fans seem to be kind of behind this."

Mike Rolash: "I have to say, I'm kind of interested too."

"Me three."

The two announcers jump as Amelia appears beside them, a mic in hand and her eyes centered on Esmeralda von Krauss.

Amelia: "So toots... You have... Aspirations, and I can respect that. Gumption, that killer instinct to do whatever it takes to have your own way, even if it means losing sight of the logical in favor of anything that caters to your ego. That said, I love the fact that you want to come out here and make these demands, yet, according to your own words, you aren't even sure if you're in the match in the first place? Tell me, sweetness, what gives you the authority to make matches on a whim?"

Esmeralda walks over to the ropes and leans on them with a wide smile.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Well, I had issued a challenge last week, dahling. It seemed to me that management didn't care enough to respond, so I thought I would take on the duty myself. I am great enough that my presence alone makes me valuable enough to...how you say? Write my own checks."

Amelia looks toward the still bewildered announcers, back to Esmeralda, and then doubles over in laughter.

Amelia: "Ok then! Let's see how 'writing your own checks' works for you come next payday!"

Amelia's expression turns suddenly serious, the mirth now gone from her voice.

Amelia: "In case you didn't notice, weren't aware, or were too distracted by a shiny surface to notice, I had my hands kinda full last week. This week though? Here I am, this time is yours. I'll give you this much Essy, I like your crazy idea for a gauntlet match. So, you'll be happy to know that I'll take your option under consideration, and make this the first stipulation for you all to jump through."

She pauses at the confused look that everyone in her vicinity shares.

Amelia: "What's wrong? Did you think that a match to determine the fate of a championship of our own design would be decided in just one type of match? Tell me, how does your gauntlet match differ from anyone else's gauntlet match, hmmm? The idea that everyone starts on the outside and people enter randomly, as everyone outside is fighting just to be relevant in the match? Is it the weapons? It's different enough from most gauntlet matches that I'm willing to use this as match stipulation numero uno, but don't think that that's where this fun is going to end..."

Esmeralda stops leaning and gets out a black foot-long cigarette holder where she slots an imported Egyptian cigarette and lights it. She takes a long drag from the cigarette and blows the smoke into the air.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "I am intrigued. Anything to make the match more 'fun.' What did you have in mind?"

Amelia wags her finger in front of her.

Amelia: "Tsk, tsk, tsk wee one. All will be revealed in time, mainly when the end of your gauntlet match happens. There are four of you competing to be the inaugural Chaos champion, as such, there will be three stipulations to make your way through. When the first pinfall or submission is counted in the gauntlet, the person that failed to survive is eliminated. Then starts stipulation number two. The person that is the first to lose will be eliminated, and that brings us to the finale. The climax of a good display of fireworks. The survivor of this last stipulation, will be crowned Chaos Champion. Chaos is unpredictable. It's feral. You can't cage it, can't tame it, but one day, maybe you might be able to harness it. THAT is what this division is going to be about and if you feel that YOU are the most chaotic to rule them all?"

Amelia snickers as the Chaos championship belt appears in her hands. A violent purple strap with a silver plate on the front, "CWF Chaos Champion" is scrawled across in haphazard writing across the plate, and of course, the plate on the front spins. Amelia holds it up for all to see.

Amelia: "THIS is what you'll be fighting for. THIS is how you prove yourself amongst those that embody everything that chaos is. I, of course, will have a front row seat to the whole shebang, as of course, there is only one person that will be able to contain all of this... WONDERFUL, chaotic energy, while ensuring that we have one winner by the final bell, and of course that one and only, is Me. I hope you're as ready as you say you are Essy, I hope you all are..."

With that Amelia disappears, the Chaos Championship hanging in the air, taunting Esmeralda briefly by its existence, before fading away into a cloud of glitter.

## **Paul Freedom! vs. Wade Moor**

Match

The cameras return to ringside as Joey Garcia stands in the center of the ring.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

The opening notes of "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria echo throughout the Total Mortgage Arena as the lights dim to a deep sapphire blue. A lone spotlight shines onto the stage. Standing beneath it with an easy grin on his face is Wade Moor.

Jim Gunt: "Talk about a man who looks comfortable."

Mike Rolash: "That's because he is. Wade Moor doesn't walk into arenas wondering if he belongs. He knows he does."

Still wearing his open Hawaiian shirt over his ring gear, Wade slowly makes his way toward the ring. He slaps a few outstretched hands, adjusts his sunglasses, then casually climbs onto the apron before stepping through the ropes. He removes the glasses, folds them neatly, and hands them to the referee before stretching his shoulders. He simply smiles with two fingers curl toward himself.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first...from The Everglades, Florida...weighing in at two hundred forty-seven pounds...one-half of the CWF Tag Team Champions...GAWDNILLA...WADE MOOORRRR!"

The crowd gives the veteran champion a loud ovation.

Jim Gunt: "It was only two weeks ago that Wade Moor suffered his first loss since arriving in Championship Wrestling Federation."

Mike Rolash: "A non-title loss, Jim. Let's not act like the sky is falling. Everybody loses eventually."

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia and MJ Flair certainly earned it."

Mike Rolash: "Sure. And now somebody else gets to pay for it."

The lights cut once more. A highlight package begins playing across the video wall as the unmistakable opening

chords of "Help Save the Youth of America From Exploding" blast through the arena. Paul Freedom bursts through the curtain...and immediately freezes. The audience laughs as he stares at the video package playing overhead. Several awkward seconds pass as Paul blinks, finally shaking his head.

Paul: "Oh right!"

He suddenly sprints down the ramp at full speed.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent...from Boston, Massachusetts...weighing one hundred ninety-five pounds...THE ASTERISK...PAUL FREEDOM!"

Paul slides beneath the bottom rope before immediately popping back to his feet. Without hesitation, he offers Wade a handshake. The crowd cheers as Wade looks at the hand and then back at Paul before chuckling, then surprisingly accepting it.

Jim Gunt: "Sportsmanship before the opening bell."

Mike Rolash: "Or Paul's complete inability to recognize danger."

Wade pats Paul on the shoulder.

Wade: "Good luck, kid."

Paul smiles.

Paul: "Thanks! You too!"

The referee calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The two circle as the match begins, and Paul suddenly cartwheels, then cartwheels again. He points toward the audience and taps his finger against his temple as though he's just outsmarted physics itself. Wade simply watches, smiling.

Jim Gunt: "I'm...not entirely sure what that accomplished."

Mike Rolash: "It accomplished entertaining Wade."

Paul finally darts in.

DROP TOE HOLD!

Wade drops to one knee...then immediately stands right back up. Paul's eyes widen and the crowd laughs. Wade simply grins.

Wade: "Gonna have to hit that a little harder."

Paul nods seriously.

Paul: "Good advice."

He charges again.

Running bulldog—

NO!

Wade catches him in midair, like he's holding a child. Paul blinks back at him.

Paul: "Oh."

The Florida Man casually tosses him overhead with an Exploder Suplex. Freedom! flips through the air before crashing

across the canvas.

Jim Gunt: "That looked effortless."

Mike Rolash: "Because it was."

Paul crawls into the corner, and Wade Moor follows at his own pace.

Running corner clothesline!

CRACK!

Paul slumps forward, and Moor immediately wraps his mits around his waist.

RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!

Paul practically folds through the landing before rolling toward the ropes.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Paul throws an arm into the air. The crowd applauds, and Wade respectfully nods.

Wade: "That's better."

Paul slowly gets up, shaking out the cobwebs then suddenly charges. Rapid-fire forearms, a stiff kick to the leg, then another. Another. The bigger man finally gives ground as Paul bounces off the ropes.

SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT—

Wade catches him again!

The audience gasps as Paul hangs horizontally across Wade's arms.

Paul: "...This isn't ideal."

Wade laughs.

POP-UP...

SIT-OUT POWERBOMB!

The ring shakes.

Jim Gunt: "GOOD LORD!"

Mike Rolash: "That's what happens when enthusiasm meets gravity."

Wade doesn't even cover. Instead he kneels beside Paul.

Wade: "Still with me?"

Paul gives a thumbs up.

Paul: "...Mostly."

The crowd laughs again as the Florida Man pulls him back to his feet.

Rolling elbow—

NO!

Paul ducks underneath.

DOUBLE MULE KICK!

The kicks catch Wade in the stomach. Paul immediately somersaults away before throwing double peace signs. The audience cheers as Paul sees Wade stagger half a step. His eyes immediately light up as a smile flashes across his face.

Paul: "I got him!"

He sprints.

PAUL FLIP!

Paul runs up Wade's chest...

Backflips off...

...lands perfectly.

The crowd explodes as Paul proudly points toward himself. Tap, tap, tap.

Mike Rolash: "He's congratulating himself again."

Jim Gunt: "He did pull it off."

Mike Rolash: "He didn't actually hit Wade."

Paul turns around.

DISCUS CLOTHESLINE!

Wade nearly spins him inside out. The arena lets out a collective "OOOH!" as Paul crumples.

Jim Gunt: "That may have knocked the confidence clean out of him."

Wade Moor studies him, still smiling as he waits patiently. Paul slowly drags himself upright using the ropes, barely standing. Wade steps forward.

BLACKWATER KNEE!

The knee blasts into the back of Paul Freedom!'s head, dropping him to both knees. The veteran doesn't rush. He reaches down and hooks him, lifting Paul slowly and deliberately into the air.

THE DEEP END!

The Death Valley Driver plants Paul violently into the mat. No more time wasted, Wade immediately hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "Here is your winner...WADE MOOORRRR!"

The crowd applauds both competitors.

Jim Gunt: "An impressive victory for one-half of the Tag Team Champions."

Mike Rolash: "Paul Freedom kept firing away, but eventually Wade Moor reminded everybody why he's a Hall of Fame-caliber competitor."

Wade gets to his feet as the referee raises his hand. He takes a deep breath before looking back toward Paul, who is

slowly sitting up with a dazed expression. Without hesitation...Paul extends his hand, again. The crowd cheers as Wade smiles and grabs it, pulling Paul to his feet. He gives him a respectful pat on the shoulder.

Wade: "You're getting there."

Paul beams.

Paul: "Really?"

Wade nods.

Wade: "Just...maybe fewer backflips."

Paul actually considers it.

Paul: "...I'll think about it."

The crowd laughs as Wade exits the ring, still grinning, while Paul rubs the back of his neck before waving appreciatively to the fans. Wade reaches the floor, adjusting his Hawaiian shirt as he starts up the entrance ramp with another decisive singles victory under his belt.

## **Barristering and Soliciting**

Segment

We're brought backstage to an external door which flies open, showing a furious-looking Gordy King, the CWF title around his waist.

Gordy King: "Where the fuck is he, bud?!"

The CWF champion is cutting an absolute warpath as he plows through the backstage area, but he's stopped dead in his tracks by Ian Ambrose, who approaches with a microphone.

Ian Ambrose: "Gordy – sorry – what's going on, why have you arrived in such a state? You don't have a match tonight!"

Gordy King: "Ian -bud – we've been pals for literal decades, bud, but that's gotta be the stupidest thing you've ever said. I'm here to kick Danny B's crooked British teeth down his throat for what he did last show."

The Bridgeport crowd clearly approves as they roar from the ringside area.

Ian Ambrose: "Gordy...I'm sorry to say that this legal document was served on CWF's head offices today..."

Ambrose hands an official-looking envelope to the World's Champion, who tears it open and starts reading, grabbing a pair of half-moon reading glasses from a rear jean pocket.

Ian Ambrose: "Essentially it says that if you lay a hand on Danny B prior to your match at WrestleFest you..."

Gordy King: "Forfeit the title. Yep."

Gordy smacks the envelope and paper back into his friend's open hand and takes off his glasses.

Gordy King: "Seems to be all in order, bud...I've got some backup plans. See ya around the horn, eh?"

Gordy, completely changed in his demeanor, leaves a confused Ian Ambrose alone as we cut to a commercial break.

## **The Beach Gets A Little More Crowded**

Segment

The cameras remain inside the Total Mortgage Arena as Wade Moor stands at the top of the entrance ramp, raising one hand toward the crowd. Behind him in the ring, Paul Freedom is still sitting against the ropes, rubbing the back of his neck after the crushing Deep End. Wade turns around one more time, with a small smile and a nod, almost like a silent "keep going", then he starts walking up the ramp.

Jim Gunt: "A hard-fought victory for Wade Moor tonight, but I think we saw exactly why Paul Freedom continues to be such an interesting competitor here in CWF."

Mike Rolash: "Because he does things that make you question whether he's brilliant or just completely insane?"

Jim Gunt: "A little bit of both."

Mike Rolash: "Fair."

The camera stays on Paul Freedom as he finally gets back to his feet. He looks frustrated, but he isn't discouraged. The crowd gives him a warm ovation. Paul raises both hands and gives a small bow. Then suddenly, "obedear" hits the speakers. The Total Mortgage Arena erupts into boos.

Jim Gunt: "Wait a minute..."

Mike Rolash: "Oh no."

The curtain parts, and out walks "The Peacock King" Jared Holmes. The other half of #BeachKrew appears on the stage dressed in his extravagant beachwear, sunglasses on, one of the CWF Tag Team Championships resting over his shoulder. Jared meets Wade on stage before looking down toward the ring, clapping slowly.

Paul Freedom immediately points at him, looking confused. Jared just waves him off.

Jared Holmes: "No, no, kid. Not you."

The crowd laughs as the Peacock King walks down the ramp with Wade Moor in tow. As the Tag Team Champion climbs into the ring, Wade looks amused. Jared raises a microphone.

Jared Holmes: "Ladies and gentlemen..."

The crowd boos. Jared flashes a shark like grin.

Jared Holmes: "That's right. Let it out. I know what you're thinking."

He pats the championship.

Jared Holmes: "You're thinking, 'Wow. These two incredibly fucking sexy, insanely talented, unbelievably successful athletes just keep making this division look better and better.'"

Wade looks over at him and flashes a small grin.

Jared Holmes: "And you're right."

The crowd boos louder.

Jim Gunt: "There is the Jared Holmes we all know."

Mike Rolash: "The man lost one match and somehow became even more annoying."

Jared turns toward Wade.

Jared Holmes: "But tonight isn't about me."

He gestures toward Wade.

Jared Holmes: "Tonight is about my partner."

The crowd gives Wade another cheer.

Jared Holmes: "The man who walked away from this business. The man who could've stayed on a beach somewhere forever. The man who came back and reminded everybody that legends don't fade away..."

A pause.

Jared Holmes: "...they just get better with age."

Wade nods as Jared lifts his championship into the air.

Jared Holmes: "So let's celebrate properly."

Wade raises his own title as the crowd cheers. But suddenly, the arena lights suddenly cut. The cheers die down and the Total Mortgage Arena goes quiet. A completely unfamiliar song begins to play. "Re-Education (Through Labor)" by Rise Against.

Jim Gunt: "Wait..."

Mike Rolash: "I know that song."

The crowd begins murmuring. Nobody appears, nobody in the crowd or the ring knows what is happening. Jared lowers his title as Wade looks toward the entrance. Then...the curtain moves. A familiar figure steps onto the stage.

Lex Collins.

The crowd explodes.

Behind him comes Adam Hansen.

The Carolina Cowboy steps onto the stage beside Lex, and the reaction gets even louder.

Jim Gunt: "OH MY GOODNESS!"

Mike Rolash: "THE REGULATORS?!"

Lex and Adam stand at the top of the ramp, both holding microphones. Jared immediately looks confused. Wade's expression changes. Not fear, but definite interest. The Heroes & Villains Wrestling superstar raises his microphone.

Lex Collins: "Well..."

He looks around at the CWF crowd.

Lex Collins: "This is a little different than Tuesday nights."

The crowd cheers. Adam looks around, smirking.

Adam Hansen: "A lot less weird."

Lex looks over.

Lex Collins: "Give it time and another crazy bloodthirsty cult."

The crowd laughs. Jared Holmes is not amused, however, as he steps toward the ropes.

Jared Holmes: "Excuse me."

The crowd boos.

Jared Holmes: "Do you two mind explaining what exactly you think you're doing?"

Lex smiles.

Lex Collins: "Funny you ask."

He looks toward Adam.

Lex Collins: "Because we've been asking ourselves the same question."

Lex walks a few steps down the ramp.

Lex Collins: "See, we've been busy."

A pause.

Lex Collins: "Tuesday nights have been a little chaotic."

The crowd reacts.

Lex Collins: "We've been over at Heroes & Villains Wrestling helping The Sheriff knock the teeth out of a bunch of HOSTILITY wannabes who think they can walk in and take over."

Adam nods. The crowd reacts to the mention of HOSTILITY, the history with the federation and CWF itself running very deep.

Adam Hansen: "Turns out some people don't know the difference between making noise..."

He points toward the arena.

Adam Hansen: "...and making a name."

The crowd cheers as Lex looks back toward #BeachKrew.

Lex Collins: "But while we've been doing that, we've heard some things."

He tilts his head.

Lex Collins: "We've heard the rumors."

A step closer.

Lex Collins: "We've seen the headlines."

Another step.

Lex Collins: "Championship Wrestling Federation."

The crowd cheers.

Lex Collins: "The place where you go if you want to prove you're one of the best."

Adam raises his microphone.

Adam Hansen: "The place where you don't just show up. You make sure people remember you were here."

The camera cuts to Jared, his expression has changed. He knows where this is going. Lex points toward the championships.

Lex Collins: "And when we thought about making our first real statement..."

A pause.

Lex Collins: "When we thought about finding the team that would let everybody know The Regulators have arrived..."

Adam steps beside him.

Adam Hansen: "Well..."

He looks toward Jared and Wade.

Adam Hansen: "You two are standing right there."

The crowd erupts.

Jim Gunt: "NO WAY!"

Mike Rolash: "THE REGULATORS ARE CHALLENGING BEACHKREW!"

Lex raises his microphone.

Lex Collins: "Wrestle Fest V."

A pause.

Lex Collins: "The Regulators..."

He points.

Lex Collins: "...versus #BeachKrew."

The crowd roars.

Lex Collins: "CWF Tag Team Championships on the line."

Jared immediately starts shaking his head. He grabs a microphone from ringside.

Jared Holmes: "You two walk into OUR company..."

The crowd boos.

Jared Holmes: "...interrupt OUR celebration..."

He points toward the titles.

Jared Holmes: "...and think you're just going to walk out with an opportunity?"

Lex shrugs.

Lex Collins: "Pretty much."

Adam nods.

Adam Hansen: "Yeah."

Jared laughs sarcastically.

Jared Holmes: "You don't know who you're dealing with."

He points at Wade.

Jared Holmes: "This man is a Hall of Famer."

The crowd cheers Wade.

Jared Holmes: "A former world champion."

More cheers.

Jared Holmes: "And me?"

He spreads his arms.

Jared Holmes: "I'm the Peacock King."

The crowd boos.

Jared Holmes: "Together, we're the best thing happening in this division. Past, present, or future."

Lex smirks.

Lex Collins: "Then it shouldn't be a problem."

The crowd cheers as Jared simply stares back at him. He looks furious. He takes a look back at Wade, and for a moment, it seems like he's about to decline. The Florida Man simply watches Lex and Adam, then suddenly takes the

microphone. Jared immediately looks at him.

Jared Holmes: "Wade..."

Wade doesn't look away from the stage as a grin slowly appears.

Wade Moor: "You know..."

The crowd quiets.

Wade Moor: "I spent a long time away from this."

He looks around.

Wade Moor: "Didn't think I'd ever come back."

A shrug.

Wade Moor: "But if I'm gonna be here..."

He lifts his championship.

Wade Moor: "Might as well make it interesting."

The crowd erupts as Wade turns toward Jared, then back to the Regulators.

Wade Moor: "We're on."

Jared looks stunned as his partner hands the microphone back.

Wade Moor: "We'll see you at Fest."

Lex smiles, and Adam tips his hat. The Regulators raise their fists on the stage. #BeachKrew raises their championships high inside the ring.

Jim Gunt: "IT'S OFFICIAL!"

Jim Gunt: "Wrestle Fest V will feature #BeachKrew defending the CWF Tag Team Championships against The Regulators!"

Mike Rolash: "I can't believe I'm saying this, but this might be one of the biggest tag team matches CWF has ever seen!"

The camera focuses on the two teams staring each other down from opposite sides of the arena. Champions and challengers. Two teams built on completely different worlds heading toward the same destination. Wrestle Fest V.

## **Esmeralda von Krauss vs. Azrael Caduceus**

Match

The Total Mortgage Arena is still buzzing as the camera cuts back toward the ring.

Jim Gunt: "We are just two weeks away from Wrestle Fest V, and tonight we get another preview of one of the biggest matches scheduled for that event."

Mike Rolash: "The House of Fun Match is going to be exactly what the name suggests, Jim. Completely chaotic."

Jim Gunt: "Four competitors. No disqualifications. No rules. One winner. Paul Freedom, Wade Moor, Azrael Caduceus, and Esmeralda von Krauss will all collide at Wrestle Fest V."

Mike Rolash: "And tonight, two of those competitors get to test each other before they step into that madness."

The lights inside the Total Mortgage Arena dim as a low rumble fills the building. The opening notes of "Silver Blade, Steady Hand" by Katherine McDaniels and the Imperfect Eternity echo through the arena. The crowd immediately

erupts into a chorus of boos as Esmeralda von Krauss steps onto the stage. She takes her time, a stunning red dress draped over her shoulders, an ornate cigarette holder in one hand, Esmeralda slowly looks around at the crowd with a wicked smile. She raises the cigarette holder toward her lips, but doesn't light it; instead, she simply laughs.

Jim Gunt: "Esmeralda von Krauss has been one of the most unpredictable competitors we've seen since arriving in CWF."

Mike Rolash: "Unpredictable is putting it mildly. She walked out here last week and basically challenged the entire company to give her a Chaos Championship opportunity."

Jim Gunt: "And now she has a much different challenge ahead of her. Azrael Caduceus is no stranger to dealing with difficult opponents."

Esmeralda reaches ringside and steps onto the apron. She slowly lowers herself through the ropes, allowing the referee to take her dress. She looks at the timekeeper.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Find someone who deserves it, dahling."

The timekeeper looks extremely uncomfortable as Esmeralda turns away. She removes the dress, revealing her black singlet underneath. The smile disappears and the cold expression returns.

The arena lights shift and the crowd quiets slightly as a completely different atmosphere takes over. Azrael Caduceus makes his way onto the stage with a focused stare.

Jim Gunt: "Azrael Caduceus is an interesting competitor. He isn't someone who relies on intimidation or mind games."

Mike Rolash: "No, he just walks down here looking like he's about to dismantle somebody's skeleton."

Azrael enters the ring and never takes his eyes off Esmeralda. The referee checks both competitors and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Immediately, Azrael rushes forward. Esmeralda swings with a palm strike but Caduceus ducks. He catches her arm.

ARM TRAP!

He twists the wrist and immediately transitions into a shoulder lock.

Jim Gunt: "And that is exactly what Azrael wants to do. Slow this down and attack the joints."

Mike Rolash: "Against someone like Esmeralda, that might be smart. You don't want to let her dictate the pace."

The Fallen cranks on the arm. Esmeralda's expression barely changes as she rolls forward, escapes the hold, and lands back on her feet. Azrael charges forward steadfast.

JUDO THROW!

Esmeralda hits the mat hard. Azrael doesn't waste time, immediately grabbing her leg.

KNEE MANIPULATION!

Esmeralda reaches for the ropes, forcing the break. Azrael backs away immediately, no argument or frustration in his eyes. He simply nods at her, never taking his eyes off his opponent.

Jim Gunt: "A very calculated approach from Azrael."

Mike Rolash: "He's treating her like a puzzle."

Azrael moves back in. Strike combination. Body shot. Elbow. Palm strike. Esmeralda stumbles backward into the corner and Azrael charges in.

CORNER KNEE!

Esmeralda drops down hard but the Fallen pulls her right back up.

HIGH ANGLE DRAGON SUPLEX!

NO!

Esmeralda lands on her feet! The crowd reacts as Azrael turns around.

BACKHAND!

A thunderous strike from Esmeralda sends Azrael down to one knee.

Jim Gunt: "And just like that!"

Mike Rolash: "There it is. That's the danger with Esmeralda. She doesn't need much."

Esmeralda grabs Azrael by the wrist.

NIKAJO WRIST LOCK!

Azrael tries to roll through but she transitions.

OMOPLATA!

Azrael fights desperately, reaching for the ropes. He manages to shift his weight and escape. Both competitors rise as Azrael charges again.

STRIKE COMBINATION!

He lands several shots, staggering von Krauss backward. Azrael grabs her.

HALF AND HALF SUPLEX!

NO!

Esmeralda lands on her feet again. Azrael turns.

SUPER PALM STRIKE TO THE NOSE!

Azrael collapses backward to the canvas. The arena goes silent.

Jim Gunt: "That may have just changed everything."

Mike Rolash: "She hit him so hard he forgot what century he was in."

Esmeralda slowly walks toward Azrael. No celebration or emotion in her eyes, she simply looks at him calculating her next move. Finally, she pulls him upward by the head. A quick Irish whip sends Azrael toward the ropes. He rebounds as Esmeralda drops low. She launches upward.

JUSTICE!

THE PALM STRIKE TO THE CHIN CONNECTS!

Azrael falls instantly flat on his back. Esmeralda hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The crowd erupts in shock.

Joey Garcia: "Your winner by pinfall...ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS!"

Esmeralda rises slowly. The referee raises her hand, but she immediately pulls it away. She isn't interested in celebrating. She looks down at Azrael.

Jim Gunt: "A very impressive victory from Esmeralda von Krauss."

Mike Rolash: "Azrael had the right strategy. He had her in trouble. But the problem is Esmeralda only needs one opening."

Esmeralda walks toward the ropes and looks toward the Wrestle Fest V sign hanging above the arena. She points toward it, then back at Azrael. A message, two weeks; the House of Fun. The camera cuts to Azrael sitting up against the ropes, frustrated but composed.

Jim Gunt: "Azrael Caduceus may have lost tonight, but this story is far from over."

Mike Rolash: "Because in two weeks, there are no ropes to save anybody."

Esmeralda steps through the ropes, smiling coldly as she looks back toward the ring. The final shot is Esmeralda on the ramp, Azrael inside the ring, and the Wrestle Fest V graphic between them.

## **Family Matters Observed**

Segment

Backstage, away from the noise of the arena, the camera finds Stormee Bright Anderson, Dakota Anderson, and Jamie Bright Anderson gathered together in a quiet hallway. Their conversation is relaxed, almost intimate, the kind of rare moment the audience doesn't usually get to see from the Anderson family. Jamie keeps fidgeting with her hands. Dakota notices immediately.

Dakota Anderson: "You've been nervous all night."

Jamie smiles sheepishly.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "I know..."

Stormee grins.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "You've got that look."

Jamie laughs.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "What look?"

Stormee folds her arms.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "The 'I'm trying really hard not to blurt something out' look."

Dakota chuckles.

Dakota Anderson: "She's right."

Jamie exhales slowly, glancing down the hallway before looking back to the two of them.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "I wanted you both to know first."

Stormee raises an eyebrow.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "Before Tyler?"

Jamie nods.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "Before Tyler. Before Billy. Before Kyle."

She smiles warmly.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "I wanted to wait until after their matches. I don't want anybody going out there distracted."

Dakota nods in understanding.

Dakota Anderson: "Fair enough."

Stormee leans closer, practically vibrating with anticipation.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "You're killing me, sis."

Jamie takes one deep breath, then another. Finally...

Jamie Bright Anderson: "A few days ago..."

Her smile grows.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "...I took a pregnancy test."

Stormee's eyes widen instantly. Jamie continues.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "It came back positive."

Her voice begins to shake with excitement.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "I didn't want to believe it at first, so I went to the doctor yesterday..."

She wipes away the beginning of a tear.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "...and they confirmed it."

A huge smile spreads across her face.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "Tyler and I are having a baby."

Stormee immediately throws both arms around her.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "OH MY GOD!"

She squeezes Jamie tightly.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "Jamie, that's incredible!"

Both women laugh through happy tears.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "I'm gonna be an aunt!"

Dakota can't help but smile.

Dakota Anderson: "Congratulations."

She gives Jamie a genuine hug.

Dakota Anderson: "You two have wanted this for a long time."

Jamie nods.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "We really have."

Dakota smiles warmly.

Dakota Anderson: "Tyler's going to lose his mind."

Jamie laughs.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "Probably."

Dakota chuckles.

Dakota Anderson: "Billy's going to cry."

Stormee immediately nods.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "One hundred percent."

Jamie laughs even harder.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "Kyle will probably pretend he's too cool..."

Stormee cuts her off.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "...then cry anyway."

All three burst into laughter. Dakota smiles.

Dakota Anderson: "Seth and Jasmine are going to love having another little one running around."

Jamie wipes another happy tear from her eye.

Jamie Bright Anderson: "That's what I'm hoping."

A moment later, Jasmine and Seth wander over after being waved down by Dakota. Jamie kneels beside them and quietly shares the news. The children light up immediately. Jasmine hugs Jamie. Seth excitedly begins asking if the baby will like wrestling. Laughter fills the hallway. For a brief moment, the Anderson family simply enjoys being together.

Then, the camera slowly widens. Far down the hallway, almost hidden beneath the dim backstage lighting...

A lone figure stands perfectly still.

A long black coat, weathered top hat, with his hands folded calmly in front of him. The unmistakable porcelain smile.

Alabaster Enders.

He says nothing, does nothing. He simply watches, motionless. The joyful conversation continues in the foreground, completely unaware of the silent observer standing dozens of feet away. Alabaster tilts his head ever so slightly, almost...curiously. Almost...thoughtfully. The camera lingers. No words, only the distant sound of the Anderson family's laughter echoing down the hallway...while Alabaster Enders silently watches from the darkness.

## **Climbing Towards The ENDD**

Segment

The camera cuts backstage where the familiar sound of athletic tape being stretched fills the silence. Dangerous Dan sits on a wooden equipment crate, methodically wrapping his wrists. The CWF Paramount Championship rests beside him, polished enough for the arena lights to dance across its faceplate. His eyes never leave the tape. After a long moment, he speaks.

Dangerous Dan: "Tonight's about Billy Anderson."

He nods to himself.

Dangerous Dan: "The Unbreakable One."

A faint smile crosses his face.

Dangerous Dan: "I've known Billy for a long time. We've bled together... we've bled against each other... and every single time we've stepped into a ring, one thing's been guaranteed."

He finally looks up at the camera.

Dangerous Dan: "Neither one of us walks out the same."

Dan stands, rolling his shoulders.

Dangerous Dan: "Billy doesn't need shortcuts. Doesn't need distractions. Doesn't need somebody jumping a barricade to save him."

He pats the Paramount Championship.

Dangerous Dan: "That's why I respect him."

A pause.

Dangerous Dan: "He's earned this match."

Dan exhales.

Dangerous Dan: "Tonight, I expect one hell of a fight."

He picks up the championship and slings it over his shoulder.

Dangerous Dan: "But Billy...respect doesn't mean mercy. When that bell rings, I'm still the Dangerous One. I'm still the man who's carried this championship through every challenge put in front of him. And after tonight..."

He taps the title.

Dangerous Dan: "I'm still walking into Wrestle Fest with this."

Dan starts walking down the hallway before suddenly stopping. Something catches his eye. Leaning against a production crate...

A steel ladder.

Dan slowly turns toward it. His expression changes completely. The serious look fades, and a grin spreads across his face. He walks over, grabbing the ladder by one side before dragging it into frame.

SCREEEEEEEECH.

The steel scrapes loudly across the concrete floor. Dan stands it upright beside him. He chuckles.

Dangerous Dan: "Funny how life works."

He runs his hand across one of the rungs.

Dangerous Dan: "One month ago...I had the Golden Intentions Rumble won."

His smile disappears.

Dangerous Dan: "I could see it. I could feel it. Twenty years of fighting, another Golden Intentions victory..."

He slaps the side of the ladder.

CLANG!

Dangerous Dan: "Then a man who wasn't even in the damn match decided he wanted to become part of my story."

Dan shakes his head.

Dangerous Dan: "Jared Holmes...The Peacock King. Too good to earn it, too arrogant to wait his turn. So you shoved

me over the top rope while my back was turned."

He laughs bitterly.

Dangerous Dan: "Congratulations, you stole a moment. But now..."

Dan points directly into the camera.

Dangerous Dan: "You've earned yourself something much worse."

He circles the ladder slowly.

Dangerous Dan: "Then you found your old friend Wade Moor, and the two of you have continually wrapped yourselves in gold. You called yourselves #BeachKrew. And four weeks ago...you beat me and Chris."

He nods.

Dangerous Dan: "Fair enough. The better team won that night."

His eyes narrow.

Dangerous Dan: "But this..."

He pats the Paramount Championship.

Dangerous Dan: "This isn't about tag teams. This isn't about your little influencer kingdom. This isn't about Wade Moor. This is about you..."

He points again.

Dangerous Dan: "And me."

Dan grabs the ladder with both hands.

Dangerous Dan: "You wanted to make sure I couldn't climb to another Golden Intentions victory. So here's the irony..."

He lifts the ladder upright between himself and the camera.

Dangerous Dan: "At Wrestle Fest...you're going to have to climb one."

He smirks.

Dangerous Dan: "Jared Holmes...I'm done waiting. I'm done talking. I'm done wondering what would've happened if you hadn't stuck your nose where it didn't belong."

He steps around the ladder until he's standing directly beside it.

Dangerous Dan: "August seventh, Boston...Wrestle Fest."

He raises the Paramount Championship high.

Dangerous Dan: "You want this? Come take it. Not in a wrestling match. Not in a fight. In a..."

He slams his fist into the ladder.

CLANG!

Dangerous Dan: "LADDER MATCH!"

Dan's grin widens.

Dangerous Dan: "Let's see if The Peacock King can fly..."

He pauses.

Dangerous Dan: "When the only way down..."

He lightly taps the steel.

Dangerous Dan: "Is through this."

He throws the championship back over his shoulder.

Dangerous Dan: "Billy...I'll see you tonight."

Another pause.

Dangerous Dan: "Jared..."

His grin becomes almost sinister.

Dangerous Dan: "I'll see you at Wrestle Fest."

He begins walking away before stopping one last time without turning around.

Dangerous Dan: "The ENDD is near..."

The pause hangs in the air.

Dangerous Dan: "Can you feel it?"

Dan disappears down the hallway as the camera lingers on the ladder standing alone beside the Paramount Championship logo hanging on the arena wall before fading to black.

### **Dangerous Dan (c) vs. Billy Anderson**

Match

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL...and it is for the CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPIONSHIP!"

"ONE FALL!"

The Bridgeport crowd rises to their feet.

Jim Gunt: "Big time feel for this championship match, ladies and gentlemen. Dangerous Dan has been Paramount Champion since Frozen Over 9 back on April 3rd when he dethroned Byson Kaliban, and ever since then he's turned away everyone from locker room veterans to open challengers from social media."

Mike Rolash: "And now he's one win away from walking into Wrestle Fest V with that title still around his waist."

Jim Gunt: "Whether the championship is involved or not, Dangerous Dan is set to meet Jared Holmes in one of the most anticipated matches on the Wrestle Fest card. Losing the Paramount Championship tonight would completely change that picture."

Mike Rolash: "You don't spend nearly four months building a reign just to let somebody snatch it away two weeks before the biggest show of the year."

Jim Gunt: "And tonight's challenger may know Dangerous Dan better than almost anyone."

Mike Rolash: "Oh yeah. These two have been punching each other in the face for over a decade."

Jim Gunt: "Danger Boiz...The Unstoppable Force...tag matches, singles matches...their careers have crossed paths time and time again. Dangerous Dan owns only a slight 5-4 advantage over Billy Anderson all-time."

Mike Rolash: "Which basically means flip a coin."

Chris Jericho's "Don't You Wish You Were Me?" hits as Billy Anderson walks onto the stage to a loud ovation. He

soaks in the crowd before making his way toward the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Billy Anderson has had quite the night already. Earlier this evening he accepted the challenge from Heroes & Villains Wrestling's Brat Pack."

Mike Rolash: "Billy and Tyler Anderson versus Adrian Ward and Leyla Martinez at Wrestle Fest. Somehow Wrestle Fest just got even bigger."

Billy climbs the turnbuckles, throwing his arms wide before pointing toward the stage. The lights suddenly go dark. Red and blue strobes begin flashing.

"I wake up to the sounds..."

The crowd explodes as Dangerous Dan steps onto the stage with the Paramount Championship around his waist while Crazy Chris follows close behind.

Joey Garcia: "And introducing his opponent...accompanied by Crazy Chris...from Smithville, Tennessee...weighing 225 pounds...he is the reigning...defending...CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPION...THE DANGEROUS ONE...DANGEROUS DAAAAAN!"

Dan pauses atop the stage, raising the championship high before beginning his walk to the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Four months as champion."

Mike Rolash: "One of the most consistent reigns we've seen since CWF returned."

Jim Gunt: "Now the question becomes...can he survive one more before Wrestle Fest?"

Dan enters the ring and hands his title to referee Abigail Star. Billy steps forward and gives him a respectful nod. The referee raises the championship.

DING DING DING!

The crowd applauds as the two veterans circle one another. Collar-and-elbow tie-up, neither man budes. Billy muscles Dan backward into the ropes before giving him a clean break. Dan smiles and Billy smirks back at him.

Jim Gunt: "Years of history."

Mike Rolash: "They know every trick the other guy has."

Another lock-up and this time Dan slips behind into a waistlock. Billy grabs the wrist and rolls through, twisting into an arm wringer. Dan cartwheels through before answering with one of his own. Billy flips forward to relieve the pressure. The crowd applauds.

Jim Gunt: "Neither man giving an inch."

Billy suddenly surprises Dan with a deep arm drag before following with another. Dan rolls to his feet.

CHECKMATE!

The spinning bulldog plants the champion. Billy quickly drops down for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Dan kicks out at two. Billy wastes no time, driving a series of stiff forearms into Dan before connecting with a picture-perfect standing dropkick that sends the champion rolling outside. The Unbreakable One stands tall as the crowd cheers.

Mike Rolash: "Billy came ready."

Dan takes a deep breath outside the ring while Crazy Chris offers a few encouraging words. Back inside, Dan ducks a clothesline and answers with a beautiful leaping snap hurricanrana that sends Billy tumbling across the ring. The champion doesn't stop. Running forearm. Blue Thunder Bomb, and he holds on for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Billy powers out.

Jim Gunt: "Momentum changes just like that."

Dan whips Billy toward the corner. Billy vaults over the charging champion. Dan crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles. Billy explodes out.

SPEAR!

The arena erupts as the Paramount Champion flies across the ring. Billy crawls over, going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Dan barely gets the shoulder up.

Mike Rolash: "That was almost the upset!"

Billy signals as the crowd rises.

Jim Gunt: "Georgia Spike!"

Billy hooks both arms, but the Dangerous One backdrops free. He lands on his feet.

SUPERKICK!

THE ENDD IS NEAR!

Billy staggers but doesn't fall. Instead he fires back with a brutal Clothesline From Hell that nearly turns Dan inside out. Both men are down as the referee begins counting. The crowd rallies behind both competitors. They reach their feet at eight and immediately right back into it. Forearm. Forearm. Forearm.

Billy. Dan. Billy. Dan.

The pace quickens as The Unbreakable One catches the champion with a kick to the midsection before driving him into the canvas with God's Last Gift. He goes right for the cover once again.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—NO!

Bridgeport gasps.

Jim Gunt: "Billy Anderson was a heartbeat away from becoming Paramount Champion!"

Mike Rolash: "Dangerous Dan knows exactly how close that was."

Billy pounds the mat in frustration before stalking the champion. He measures him and sprints forward.

GEORGIA BLAST!

NO!

Dan sidesteps at the last second. Billy stomps nothing but canvas. The impact jars his knee, and the Dangerous One immediately capitalizes.

TWIST OF FATE!

The crowd explodes.

Both men remain down.

Jim Gunt: "That veteran instinct from Dangerous Dan!"

Dan slowly climbs toward the nearest turnbuckle.

The fans rise with him.

Mike Rolash: "You know what's coming."

Billy slowly reaches his feet.

Dan leaps.

NIGHTMARE ON ENDD STREET!

Top-rope Twist of Fate!

The ring shakes.

Dan crawls into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! TWO AND THREE QUARTERS!

Billy somehow survives, the crowd giving both men a standing ovation.

Jim Gunt: "What heart from Billy Anderson."

Dan nods respectfully before pulling Billy back to his feet.

Kick.

Hook.

Billy shoves free.

GEORGIA RIP!

The superkick catches Dan flush.

Billy immediately hooks him.

GEORGIA SPIKE!

Pedigree!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—NO!!

Bridgeport explodes as Dan barely lifts his shoulder. Billy can't believe it.

Mike Rolash: "How in the world?!"

Jim Gunt: "Champions find ways to survive."

Billy goes for one final Georgia Blast, but Dan collapses to one knee instead. Billy hesitates just long enough. Dan springs upward.

ENDD OF TIME!

Reverse Last Shot. Billy stumbles backward into the ropes as Dan sprints.

ENDD OF AN ERA!

The stomp connects flush. Billy falls perfectly into position as Dangerous Dan points toward the heavens. The crowd comes alive as he climbs and launches himself.

THE ENDD!

Swanton Bomb. He hooks both legs, looking out to the crowd as they chant along with the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "Here is your winner...and STILL CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPION...DANGEROUS DAAAAAN!"

The crowd roars as Dan remains on his knees, exhausted.

Jim Gunt: "Another successful defense."

Mike Rolash: "Billy Anderson pushed him to his absolute limit."

Jim Gunt: "That's why this rivalry has lasted as long as it has. Neither man ever has an easy night."

Dan slowly accepts the Paramount Championship from the referee before turning toward Billy. Billy pulls himself up using the ropes. The two stare at one another. After a long moment... Billy nods. Dan returns it. The crowd applauds as Billy exits the ring, leaving the champion to celebrate. Dangerous Dan climbs the second turnbuckle, raising the Paramount Championship high above his head as the cameras cut to a commercial break.

## **We Are The Fire**

Segment

The lights in the arena fade down, and the audience turns towards the CWFTTron. A vague guitar riff sounds, and bright white letters flash on a black screen:

TWO WEEKS

Female voice: "Missed ya!"

ONE RING

Different female voice, British accent: Missed you too!

A presently-inaudible chant begins to crescendo in the background as more words appear.

TWO WOMEN

The crowd's chant becomes audible.

Crowd: ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!

EIGHT YEARS IN THE MAKING

The screen shows MJ Flair in the ring.

MJF: "There's only one match at WrestleFest that I can think of that's worthy..."

We flash back to Golden Intentions. Caledonia and MJ Flair work together to eliminate Loki Synn; we cut to the two embracing.

MJF: "Caledonia."

Back to Golden Intentions – the two lock up in the middle of the ring as the crowd goes wild. We cut back to the following Infernalía.

Caledonia: "I don't know if you've been watching Infernalía for the last few months, MJ... but I've been going through hell."

Crowd: ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!

Caledonia: "You're on."

I Am The Fire by Halestorm begins to play in the background.

Am I brave enough?

Am I strong enough

To follow the desire

That burns from within?

We see Caledonia nail Esmerelda Von Krauss with the Queen's Gambit, as MJ Flair takes her down with a Missile Dropkick to the jaw.

To push away my fear

To stand where I'm afraid

I am through with this

'Cause I am more than this

MJ launches Jared Holmes directly at Caledonia, who lays him out with the Such Is Life enzuigeri. The two women stand in the ring together, arms raised in a joint victory.

I promise to myself

Alone and no one else

My flame is rising higher

I am the fire!

Caledonia: "In my time in CWF, I've fought enemies."

We cut to Unhinged 2018, with Caledonia and Elisha standing off on a platform a hundred feet above the ring.

Caledonia: "I've fought frenemies."

We cut to Golden Intentions the same year, as Caledonia throws Omega through a mirror.

Caledonia: "But in all of that time... this is my first time fighting someone who I consider a friend."

And forward to Paradise, as the two of them face off.

MJ Flair: "I've destroyed pillars."

We see MJ pin Jace Valentine in the Fatal Four Way at CWF Confliction to become the youngest person to ever win the CWF World Championship.

MJ Flair: "I've silenced critics."

We see MJ tap out "Marksman" Jay Mora at CWF Unhinged to retain that same title.

MJ Flair: "I've slayed dragons."

We see MJ claim a victory over Elisha, the Moon Child, Crown Jewel of the SSRI in her third match in the company.

MJ Flair: "You could argue I've done it all in the CWF."

Forward to CWF Paradise, as the two of them face off.

MJ Flair: "But maybe there's one more mountain."

I am the fire

I am burning brighter

Roaring like a storm

And I am the one

I've been waiting for

Screaming like a siren

Alive and burning brighter

I am the fire!

Back to Paradise 2018, the two women lock up in the middle of the ring as the music gets cranked to 11.

I don't believe I'll fall from grace

Won't let the past decide my fate

Caledonia cracks MJ in the head with the Such Is Life enzuigeri.

Leave forgiveness in my wake, oh!

Take the love that I've embraced

MJ launches clear across the ring and nails Cali with the Van Terminator.

I promise to myself

Me and no one else

I am more than this

I am the fire

Cali launches herself skyward in the Fall From Grace Shooting Star Press – and MJ counters.

I am the fire

I am burning brighter

Roaring like a storm

Caledonia runs up the rope and nails MJ with the Queen's Gambit roundhouse kick.

And I am the one

I've been waiting for

Screaming like a siren

Alive and burning brighter

Jim Gunt (voiceover): "Eight years ago, these two women went to war on the pier of Atlantic City!"

I am the fire  
I am the fire  
I am the fire!

Jim Gunt (voiceover): "The rematch is official – MJ Flair vs Caledonia!"

I am the fire  
I am the fire  
I am the fire!

The final visual is of the two women facing off a few weeks ago, gripping each other by the forearms and embracing.

Crowd: ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!

### **Caledonia vs. "The Ripper" Danny B**

Match

The camera pans around the arena before landing on Joey Garcia, pointedly not in the ring, but instead at ringside. As he brings the microphone to his mouth, the shot fades to an imposing look at the steel cage hanging high above the arena.

Joey Garcia: "Your main event this evening is a STEEL CAGE MATCH!"

The cheers at this announcement are bolstered by those of a crowd pleased to see one of their favourites as "Night and Day" by Billie Piper begins to play, bringing out a determined looking Caledonia Highlander to the stage.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, she is The High Priestess – CALEDONIA HIGHLANDER!"

Caledonia stands at the top of the ramp for a long moment, a determined look on her face as she acknowledges the screaming support. Highlander works her way to the ring, a confident gait in her walk, before she enters the ring and walks across, raising both hands in the air to a rapturous response.

Jim Gunt: "A positively monumental main event tonight as a pair of bitter rivals rekindle their rivalry tonight, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "Two competitors who are definitively looking to avoid damage, Jimbo; they both have HUGE matches at WrestleFest to think of."

The cheers turn to boos as Billie Piper turns to Pretty Reckless's "For I Am Death", signaling the entrance of The Ripper, Danny B. The Number One Contender wastes no time with the Bridgeport crowd as he, with little pomp or circumstance, makes a bee-line for the ring.

Joey Garcia: "Her opponent, The Ripper – DANNY B!"

As the Ripper enters the ring, the cage begins to lower and referee "Big" Denny Davidson takes position between the two competitors.

Jim Gunt: "Danny B looking extremely focused here tonight, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "I am not going to say anything bad about The Ripper, Jimbo."

The bell sounds as the cage settles around the ring and the CWF faithful at ringside buzz with anticipation. The Ripper, eyes wide, takes in his surroundings, whereas in stark contrast, Caledonia's glare seems to bore a hole into Danny B. Highlander makes the first move, dashing towards her foe with a fist cocked. Danny ducks and slides underneath and between Caledonia's legs, immediately attempting to scramble up the cage!

Despite a burst of speed, Danny doesn't get very far as Caledonia is able to grab him as he crests the top rope. The

former World Champion grabs the Golden Intentions winner by his tights and wrenches him back to the mat before quickly connecting with a right-left jab combination of strikes. The Ripper covers up, blocking the worst of the onslaught, before aiming a thumb to Caledonia's eye. The Ripper wheels around, trying to find the door to escape as Caledonia tries to regain her sense of sight. Danny's momentary lapse of ring awareness grants Highlander the moment she needs to regain her own bearings, as she rushes over, grabs Ripper's waist and flips over, landing a perfect sunset flip. As Caledonia adjusts her positioning to get maximum leverage, Denny Davidson drops to count!

ONE!

TWO!

No!

Jim Gunt: "Early offensive flourish from Caledonia – she clearly came to fight tonight, Mike, whereas Danny B is just trying to run scared!"

Mike Rolash: "I am not going to say anything bad about The Ripper, Jimbo."

Despite a high stack from The High Priestess, Danny B manages to power his way out of the pinning predicament and roll out of Caledonia's grasp. The Ripper doesn't have much time to rest, however, as Caledonia quickly follows up with a knee-shivering Shining Wizard to Danny B's jaw! The Ripper crumples, and Caledonia makes another cover.

ONE!

No!

Jim Gunt: "Danny B able to power out quickly there!"

The Ripper shoots a shoulder up as soon as his senses return to him. Caledonia, seemingly shocked at the quick kick-out, checks in on the count with Big Denny, allowing the Number One Contender a bit of separation. It is Danny B to his feet first, and he takes full advantage with a rake to the eyes. Rather than go for an early escape once again, The Ripper presses his advantage, grabbing Caledonia's head with his left hand and following in tight with a measured elbow strike. He maintains hold of Caledonia's hair as she crumples a bit from the impact, and sends another elbow to her temple, before thinking better of a third and instead running and subsequently ramming Caledonia face-first into the cage.

Jim Gunt: "Disgusting!"

Mike Rolash: "I am not going to say anything bad about The Ripper, Jimbo."

The Bridgeport faithful let The Ripper have it as he poses, hands out, with a shit-eating grin on his face, and, for her part, Caledonia begins to bleed from the impact as she collapses in a heap. Danny approaches, running his mouth at Caledonia, and drives his boot into the back of her head, grinding her face against the chain-link steel. Referee Denny Davidson admonishes The Ripper, to which the Number One Contender replies, perhaps less to Denny than to the universe at large, that he is a champion in waiting, by signaling that a belt will be around his waist soon.

Danny B grabs Caledonia by her blonde locks and lifts her to her feet. He turns side-long to The High Priestess and levels a knife-edge chop that knocks her to her back. Danny drops to his knees and makes the cover, grinding an elbow across her face nastily.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Despite the lost blood, Caledonia powers her shoulder up with a great deal of insistence. Danny B presses his

advantage and covers again.

ONE!

NO!

Caledonia kicks out with authority, shooting her right shoulder off the mat and rolling away to create a small bit of distance between her and Ripper. The Englishman laughs and flicks his hair back as he gets up with ease, allowing his opponent to expend energy getting up on her own. Danny stalks Caledonia, paintbrushing the back of her head lazily, before Caledonia spins round and lands a goal kick that would make the Spanish National Team blush, right between The Ripper's legs!

Jim Gunt: "HOLY TOLEDO!"

Mike Rolash: "No, I'm pretty sure we're in Bridgeport..."

Danny B begins to crumple to the mat, as Caledonia drops to a knee, before bounding back up to both feet and firing up! The former World Champ bounds off the opposite set of ropes and on the rebound hits a sliding lariat to the now kneeling Ripper. Danny collapses to the mat from the strike, but Highlander slides through, popping herself up to a vertical base before running at the now prone Ripper and hitting a standing shooting star press! Taking the momentum from the impact with her, she is quickly back to her feet and bounding off the ropes once more, this time springboarding off the middle rope to land a perfect lionsault!

Jim Gunt: "Unbelievable combination from Caledonia Highlander!"

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, but what the hell is she doing?"

Rather than going for the cover, Caledonia floats over The Ripper's stunned body, maintaining wrist control which forces Danny B to begin to stir to his feet. She measures, and then rushes to the corner, vaulting to the top rope for The Queen's Gambit. As she twists in the air, however, looking to make contact, The Ripper has regained his senses, leading to...

Mike Rolash: "RIPPER. KILL. SHOT!"

Jim Gunt: "Good god, right out of the air!"

Everyone is momentarily agog at the situation as The Ripper hits his cutter out of mid air, and while Bridgeport is far from in favour of Danny B, it's fair to say the spectacle of the situation garnered an appreciative reaction. The Ripper, still slightly loopy from the earlier onslaught of damage, laughs a bit to himself before he gets to his feet and points to the corner, indicating his exit is nigh.

Gone is the fans' appreciation for the high-impact RKS; Ripper's cocky attitude replaces that entirely with a chorus of outraged booing. Danny B, with a smug smirk on his face, slowly climbs the cage, mugging and posing as he carefully, deliberately, climbs.

Jim Gunt: "I mean, this is disrespectful. He should've just gone for the cover."

Mike Rolash: "I am not going to say anything bad about The Ripper, Jimbo."

Jim Gunt: "Again? That's like the fourth time you've said that EXACT sentence, Mike. This is pathetic."

Mike Rolash: "Sorry, Jimbo – I've just learned over the years that—"

Jim Gunt: "Wait, what the hell is that?"

Indeed, as the Ripper crests the top of the cage, he is compelled to sit atop the summit as the attention of the CWF announcers, the fans in Bridgeport, and that of Danny B himself is brought to the jumbotron as a live feed of the parking garage is shown, with Danny B's bright orange Lamborghini in centre-frame. A low whistle can be heard from

just out of the camera's view. The source of the sound doesn't remain a mystery long as the CWF Champion Gordy King appears, stage right, staring at the car.

Gordy King: "Y'know what, bud, you were right. Ole Stan really did chip up your paint somethin' awful, eh?"

Danny B (inaudibly mouthing): "Stay away from that, you cretin."

Gordy King: "Here's the thing, bud – the issue is less that you chipped your paint, it's more a question of body work. You got a pretty bad dent, bud!"

The CWF Champion shakes his head ruefully, but then something seems to occur to him.

Gordy King: "I got it, bud! I'll get you fixed right up here, don't you even worry about it."

Gordy rushes off screen, and rather than continuing down the cage, Danny B slips himself back into the ring and drops down into the cage. The shot of the parking garage cuts out, leaving everyone a bit confused.

Mike Rolash: "What the hell is that maple-soaked moron doing?"

Jim Gunt: "Wait – Caledonia's back on her feet!"

Indeed, Highlander is back up, and the momentary distraction is all that she needs to rush past The Ripper and vault up to the top rope, this time hitting a picture perfect...

Jim Gunt: "QUEEN'S GAMBIT!"

Mike Rolash: "She's up top again?!"

Jim Gunt: "FALL FROM GRACE! COVER!"

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The cage begins to lift back into the rafters immediately as "Day and Night" begins blaring over the arena's sound system. Caledonia rolls from out of the ring as soon as there is the separation available to do so, and Big Denny follows, raising her hand as The Ripper, shell-shocked, begins to come to his senses and sits up.

Joey Garcia: "Your winner, CALEDONIA!"

The jumbotron illuminates again, this time showing a close up of Gordy, clearly in the driver's seat of some sort of vehicle. The champ grins and mugs at the camera.

Gordy King: "Y'know what? I kinda like that tune. Now, that Billie Piper's no Celine Dion, but girl can sing, eh?"

Ripper, sitting up in the ring, looks at the screen with disdain.

Gordy King: "Now, Ripper, you ought to have a chat with your lawyer. I got the note that if I put my hands on your person before our match, I get to forfeit my title to ya. That's some quality soliciting and barristering, bud. Now, what they might not've told ya is that a part of my contract as champion is that I get to choose the stipulation to any match I have for the World Title at WrestleFest. That was a bit of work that yours truly made sure that I negotiated myself, bud."

The crowd clearly likes the idea of The Most Canadian Man Alive having this particular power.

Gordy King: "Now, maybe they knew that, maybe they didn't...but maybe, regardless, you're overpaying them for how good they are, eh? Like I said, a non-aggression clause? Smart work. The issue is, they didn't say nothin' about your property...and given that you did a bit of damage to something that means something to me, I figure I ought to do the

same your way.”

The feed cuts from the close-up of the World Champion to a wide shot, showing Danny B’s car, and next to it a gargantuan, monster truck-sized Zamboni, with Gordy King behind the wheel. The Most Canadian Man Alive turns the engine on, which roars to life to the delight of the fans and the dismay of The Number One Contender. The Ripper’s misery simply compounds as, predictably, after a few revs of the engine, Gordy King drives the massive zamboni overtop the Lamborghini, flattening it with a satisfying crunch!

Jim Gunt: “My god! Danny B’s lambo has been resurfaced!”

Satisfied with his work, Gordy kills the engine and drops out of the front seat, landing athletically next to it. He addresses the camera with a smile.

Gordy King: “So yeah, Danny...here’s the thing about Golden Intentions, eh – they’re kind of the best of intentions, aren’t they bud? Y’know what they say about good intentions?”

Gordy’s smile drops off his face.

Gordy King: “They pave the road to Hell...in a Cell.”

Bridgeport comes unglued at the announcement of the main event’s stipulation.

Gordy King: “See your happy ass at WrestlFest, bud. Keep your stick on the ice.”

The final image before Infernalía cuts to commercial is that of Danny B, on his knees, looking up at a glowering Gordy King with a mixture of fear, hatred and trepidation on his face.

## **Hate spelled C-R-A-Z-Y**

Segment

The opening screech of “Arousal” starts playing in the arena, and the crowd immediately respond with a rain on boos. Slowly, from Gorilla, a familiar figure emerges in the form of Silas Artoria. He takes a look at the crowd, and darkly chuckles to himself, before making his way towards the ring.

Jim Gunt: “Well, here comes Silas. I wonder if he’ll be discussing his reasoning for last week’s attack on Mia? Based on the reaction from the crowd though, I don’t believe they could care any less about what he has to say.”

Mike Rolash: “Give the man some respect Jimbo! Who cares what his motives were? He’s been dreadfully overlooked since he came back to CWF in 2326, and even still? He doesn’t owe a plebeian like you or these people here in... Wherever we are!”

Jim Gunt: “‘Plebeian?’ Really? Was that on your word of the day calendar today?”

Mike Rolash: “Actually I forgot to flip to today’s word this morning, and yesterday was leg day at the gym... I couldn’t skip leg day!”

The crowd don’t give the Aristocrat a moment’s notice, and they start to thunder boos down on the man. A man who returns the gesture in kind.

Silas Artoria: “Oh please, you’re all wasting your time. You think your little pantomime participation will have any effect on someone who has been doing this song-and-dance for the good part of two decades?”

He pauses for a moment.

Silas Artoria: “Pathetic, the lot of you.”

He cricks his neck.

Silas Artoria: “I won’t let Rolash or Gunt speculate, nor will I overcomplicate it for you dumb idiots at home. Yes, I

attacked Mia, and I have no regrets. In fact, I wish I had prolonged it for a little while longer and maybe taken out her fingers.”

His hands press against his heart.

Silas Artoria: “But that would be just so cruel of me to do that to someone who just took the boss’ seat. After all, someone needs to sign those papers. And I am a fair man above all, so it would be unjust not to allow them to at least strike back...”

His eyebrows are furrowed.

Silas Artoria: “...at least on some sort of equal footing.”

He turns back to the entrance ramp with one arm out.

Silas Artoria: “So here I am, Mia, right in the open! Are you going to stay behind that screen like a pathetic little wheesal, or are you going to come down here, look directly into my eyes, and have this discussion like real competitors? I’ll even tape my hands if you’re so insecure as to hide behind a video package of your proposal.”

“Boo.”

Mia Rayne appears behind Silas as the crowd explodes with excitement. She is here. She smiles as he slowly spins around and takes a step back.

Mia Rayne: “I’ve already given you the terms of the match earlier in the show. I’m sorry if you weren’t paying attention while getting eyeliner tips from your ‘fabulous’ Passenger, but I’m not going to repeat myself. You want to give your answer to my face? Here I am. Enlighten us all with more of your trademark wit and charm.”

The sarcasm and disdain Mia has for Silas drips with every word that she says. She doesn’t look angry, she looks annoyed at his posturing. Silas takes a long look at her before he raises the microphone to his mouth.

Silas Artoria: “My answer...”

He waits for a few seconds to pass.

Silas Artoria: “...is no.”

The crowd responds with a quick moment of surprise, before the boos start. Mia rolls her eyes, unsurprised, while Silas remains unfazed.

Silas Artoria: “Here’s a little reality check for you Mia, from the heart.”

He pauses for full effect, and an impatient Mia motions for him to continue.

Silas Artoria: “You have a serious control problem.”

Mia feigns shock. Who doesn’t have any kind of control problem nowadays?

Silas Artoria: “Allow me to elaborate. Ever since I came back here, since I decided to put my neck out on the line, even with all the reservations I’ve had when initially approached to return, it’s been nothing but complete emptiness and dismissal. “I can’t push my ego to the side”? Have you not observed the career I’ve had since you walked away?”

Slowly, his cadence increases in tempo, as the emotions bubble to the surface.

Silas Artoria: “If I listened to my ego, I would’ve walked away and never returned during the first year of my time in the CWF, but I stuck around and toiled and watched and learned, even after getting my backside handed to me week after week after week. Does that sound like someone who can’t keep their ego in check? Or is that statement another one of your fantasies to justify your behaviour against me?”

His tempo increases as his eyebrows further narrow, bordering on fury.

Silas Artoria: "You took something that belonged to me without permission, and you expected me to never address such a transgression? Regardless of its usage and the fact that I'm never getting it back, the sentiment still stands."

His eyes stay locked onto Mia's.

Silas Artoria: "And then you enter Golden Intentions and eliminate me, and you expected me to never respond to your actions? You expected me to just move one to something else and have me never address how my night ended?"

He takes a step forward.

Silas Artoria: "And you had the gall to taunt my unwelcome passenger?"

He blinks once, and his left eye suddenly goes red, with the skin around it turning jet black. It tries desperately to crawl on his skin further, but seems...unable to?

Silas Artoria: "YOU SEE THIS, MIA?!"

His voice bellows throughout the arena, rattling the foundations to an almost uncomfortable degree.

Silas Artoria: "I have lived with this for what feels like thousands of your lives. The passenger constantly beckons me to tear out your skull and feast on your remains, and for years, I have held those thoughts back, only allowing it to seep out on the occasions where it is truly impossible."

He blinks, and the unearthly complexion recedes.

Silas Artoria: "And yet you dismiss it like a simple fly."

Mia looks around her, unimpressed at the blatant display of perceived power.

Silas Artoria: "And now, here you stand, as the CWF head honcho, the 'Queen of the Ring,' one could say. Congratulations, Miss Rayne, you've made your way to the top."

He blinks again.

Silas Artoria: "But conquering is the easy part."

The Psychotic Aristocrat relaxes.

Silas Artoria: "The hard part is now you need to keep your subjects in line, for if chaos, as you say, tends to win, then it consumes you."

Beat.

Silas Artoria: "That is, unless you add order to it."

Mia checks her imaginary watch to see if it is her time to speak as the audience leans forward in anticipation.

Mia Rayne: "Are you finished with your monologue, are you going to accept the match or did you just waste my time with your 'neverending story'?"

Silas laughs.

Silas Artoria: "Oh Mia, dearest Miss Rayne. Even after what I said—"

His expression turns.

Silas Artoria: "—you STILL don't truly understand how to control the madness that infests this industry."

Mia snickers.

Mia Rayne: "Never claimed to know what I was doing. However, don't get it twisted AristocrASS, I AM the Madness that, as you put it, 'infects' this industry."

Silas Artoria: "It's difficult to have an iron grip in a world woven by madmen like us, so allow me to teach you something about leadership."

He blinks.

Silas Artoria: "Sometimes, you need to give to keep chaos from consuming you. So let me add some order, with consideration to your original offer."

He clears his throat.

Silas Artoria: "I find the wager you are proposing one of the most insulting things ever said within any company in the industry. A 'moniker vs employment match?' That's your terms!?"

The contempt can be heard in every word he speaks, even as his tempo increases as time goes by.

Silas Artoria: "If I took out a weighing scale and placed each of our wagers among them, I think you will find that it weighs heavily at one end rather than the other."

He stands closer to Mia, their eyes locked onto each other, desperate to kill.

Silas Artoria: "You offer three words from the dictionary against my career—just three measly words!? How can you justify that, Miss Rayne?"

Mia stiffens, her eyes narrow, and she slowly raises her mic to her lips.

Mia Rayne: "First. That 'moniker' you speak of... The next time you mention it, you had better put some respect on it. That isn't just some nickname that came to me out of the blue, much like 'The Psychotic Aristocrat' if I'm being completely honest. The 'Forsaken Psychotic' is who I actually AM. The Forsaken have been my family since I broke into CWF all those years ago. Do you remember who approached me first to join their ragtag group of neredowells? It was you, Silas. YOU came to me and asked me for help, and I turned you down so I could join The Forsaken. I shudder to think what would have happened if I hadn't joined them, and this match, Silas, gives you the opportunity to rob me of that. You want to claim to be 'psychotic' because you do some crazy stuff with your eye? Fine, ignore the very definition of the word, and rob me of that too. A moniker? No bitch, that is my very essence, and you dare scoff? You're either ignorant, or too entitled to see the forest through the trees. I don't care at the end of the day.

The audience roars at the acidic response; it was potent enough to potentially dissolve the ring, or maybe the stadium. Silas' eyebrows raise and he purses his lower lip. From what the cameras can see it looks like he's almost impressed with what he's heard. A camera cut to Mia's expression shows no change; no calmness to the fury just shown.

Silas Artoria: "You're too crass for my liking, but your soul burns so brightly."

Mia Rayne: "What are you, some kind of pretentious fortune cookie? I could give two shits about your opinion on me, or any of my doings. Anything that comes out of your mouth has ALWAYS been toxic. I'll give you one thing, and one thing only. You know how to attack someone from behind and take advantage of every little thing that you can."

Silas shrugs.

Silas Artoria: "Got your attention."

Mia rolls her eyes. She doesn't have to say it, her expression just reads, "Well obviously..."

Silas Artoria: "You want to know why I attacked you? It's because I knew you would only listen or entertain any notion of some form of clash if you felt personally slighted. Sending a letter or any form of missive would've been a waste of time. Would I be correct?"

Mia Rayne: "It doesn't take a genius to figure out your motivations, Silas. Spare the crowd as well as myself and give us all a modicum of credit. I just gave you a little taste of it, have you ever heard of a little thing called 'reciprocation?'"

There is a sinister chuckle from the Aristocrat.

Silas Artoria: "Oh, I'm more than happy to give credit where credit is due."

The eerie light-heartedness fades.

Silas Artoria: "You're a lot better at reading people than the people observing us right now."

He slowly walks back towards Mia.

Silas Artoria: "So I'm going to tell you something, without reservation. For the benefit of those who haven't caught on."

They're close.

Their eyes could kill each other in a moment's notice.

Silas Artoria: "I hate you."

The audience erupts.

Silas Artoria: "I fucking hate you."

Mia is unfazed, with only a blink coming from her.

Mia Rayne: "You want a truth bomb? You fuckin' hate me? Good. I NEVER liked you. Hell, one could say I fucking DESPISED you, still do in fact. I didn't trust you when you reached out to me as soon as I came through the door, I didn't trust you when you magically appeared in 2326 to try and save us all, but only illustrating that you always have to make everything about YOU."

The two are inches from each other, their palpable disdain for one another evident in their body language.

Silas Artoria: If you win, my ass is shown the door. My employment goes up in smoke, just like you wanted, right? That's what you proposed, right?

The corner of his mouth tilts upward, almost a dark smirk.

Silas Artoria: "And wouldn't that bring you such joy?"

Mia yawns and stretches her arms, backing up from Silas and jogging in place, checking her pulse when she is done. She startles herself to attention as she looks back toward Silas, making a 'hurry up' signal with her hand.

Mia Rayne: "Feel better? Did you properly address the elephant that you feel has been holding you back since you magically appeared, 300 years in the future, coincidentally, RIGHT when The Arcana needed an extra body. Yeah, you hate me, join the club. I hear if you join now, they'll give you a discount and a free fuckin' tshirt. You disagree with the terms of our match, well I have a question for you..."

She clears her throat. Her voice carries with it the same dangerous edge that it held before, her words having the power to corrode and destroy anything in their way.

Mia Rayne: "What exactly makes YOU think that you have any negotiating power to decide terms of our match? I never wanted this match, again, YOU attacked me. It wasn't the other way around. You want to bitch about Golden Intentions? The entire point of the match is to throw everyone else over the top rope. If you had the opportunity, you would have dumped me over the top, and if I had the opportunity to do it all again? I would, GLADLY dump you down to the floor, but THIS time, I'd make sure you land on that giant cloud of noxious gas you call a head, and MAYBE that will knock some humility into you. You want to call me out for being the boss? Fine, here's boss bitch Mia laying her boot across your neck until you get the facts through your thick skull. You're in no position to negotiate terms of this match. You want to walk before Wrestlefest? By all means, I won't stop you. Am I worried about the ten or so fans CWF will lose when you walk? I'm sure we'll make it up after we put on one hell of a show at Wrestlefest, so I'm not

TOO worried. You want a match against me, the terms have been laid out, there is no changing them. YOU get the power to dictate the flow of the match. Complete control, yours to be had, but you want to bitch about me making things about me?"

Mia starts to pace, a crazed, deranged, and rabid hyena, the look in her eyes not one of rage, but one of pure psychosis. It's a look that no one to this point has earned, and probably one that no one ever wants to see again. Suddenly, it feels that all the happiness in the world has been sucked out of it, and we're left cold, in a dark room, and wondering what the hell just happened.

Mia Rayne: "In case you're having trouble following, your 'counter offer' has been denied. You accept the match as it was laid out to you originally, or you don't, you get left off the Wrestlefest card, and I let you fade into obscurity. But don't you fucking worry Silas! You want your comeuppance for donating that stupid, fucking book to the cause? Go ahead everyone! Stand up and give a round of applause for Silas, because even with his help, The Arcana still lost, the book almost fell into the wrong hands, and that was WAY too much power to just give back to someone such as yourself. WE destroyed the book, cry a river, build a bridge, and get the fuck over it."

Mia spats the last sentence out as if it tastes bad, her eyes locked on her prey, Silas, as he watches her carefully. The frenzied movements of the crazed hyena haven't left Mia's aura, and it shows as she giggles into the microphone, freezing the moisture in the air, and causing everyone to shiver suddenly, before she speaks again.

Mia Rayne: "WE took over the CWF because no one else had the ability to do what had to be done. How many realities have you imploded in your career Silas? I'm up to one and you've collapsed how many again? A big ol' goose egg. That's what I thought. If and when someone better than myself comes along and we come to terms? Sure, maybe I'll put my place as boss on the line, hell, maybe I'll become a full time roster member again. Not right now though. Right now, the CWF needs a protector, like me, to keep plagues such as the name 'Silas Artoria' from spreading to the people."

Mia gets nose to nose with Silas, her gaze is fierce, every word, a dagger pointed directly at whatever constitutes a 'soul' within Silas' body.

Mia Rayne: "Sign on the dotted line and be the bitch boy we all know you to be. Or... Don't, leave with your tail between your legs, and accept the fact that your kennel needs to do a better job at keeping their bitchy passengers and vessels at bay. Here's the ball back, Silas. Take it to your court, and do what you will with it. I'll either see you at Wrestlefest, or I won't. Either way, it's going to be WAY too fucking soon."

With that Mia snaps her fingers and disappears, leaving Silas alone in the ring.

The crowd responds enthusiastically to the Forsaken Psychotic's words and actions, while Silas just stares at the empty space she used to occupy.

He whispers...

Silas Artoria: "So it's not just words..."

It's almost affectionate, almost sombre in its tone.

Silas Artoria: "...but the history and legacy attached."

He looks at the floor of the ring where Mia once stood. There sits a piece of paper.

Contract: Mia Rayne vs Silas Artoria.

The Psychotic Aristocrat slowly picks it up and gives it a read. Some of the standard legal flair, but within it, there's a multiple-choice section containing numerous match types. Some standard, some high concept, and some that look like it was concocted by a madman within an asylum.

Silas smirks before biting his thumb hard, drawing blood.

Silas Artoria: "If there's anything I've learned between the years we last saw each other..."

He presses his thumb on the paper.

Silas Artoria: "...it's that happiness has to be fought for."

He drops the contract on the floor and walks back towards the gorilla position as the camera looks down at the blood-stained page.

Wrestlefest.

Mia Rayne vs Silas Artoria.

Signed in blood. Endorsed by psychosis.

## Show Credits

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