

Wrestle Fest: Wrestle Fest I

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: August 9, 2009
Location: Nassau Coliseum — Uniondale, New York

Results

Beginning of a Legend

Segment

--“The End of The Line” by Metallica plays in the background as a video package begins on your screen, displaying the past month of CWF’s existence and the brutal feuds that have begun. Angel and Abigail Starr have a brutal one on one match with each other, with Angel coming up out victorious, but still at each other’s throats. Chaolin Sahn gets ahold of a green liquid to knock out the son of Lionheart, using it as ammunition to get under his skin and defeat him in the World Title semifinals. “Vilespine” Joshua Monroe makes his entrance in CWF by decimating the living legend, Lionheart, and their hatred comes to a head tonight at Wrestle Fest. The bloody feud of Chris Xtreme and Elijah, not only over the CWF Impact championship, but it has become very personal. After seeing Chris Xtreme hung over the rope with barbed wire and screaming for his life, the camera switches to views of new CWF superstars James Clark and Jarvis King as they mouth final words of warning to each other as they make their debut tonight. Franklin Fredrickson pulling off pranks on the CWF locker room, even going as far as the pig sh*t magic trick, before his match with F. Matos for the Rising Star title was decided last week in their elimination match. And finally, the reason everyone sits in their sold out seats tonight, the World Championship match. Chaolin Sahn and Chris Andrews’ history is highlighted, showing the many battles that lead them to hate each other today. Chaolin Sahn taking out Andrews from the Impact title battle royal, stomping his arm into a folded chair and causing J. Rish to take a stand and disqualify Sahn too. Is this the beginning of the end tonight at Wrestle Fest? No, but perhaps the end of the beginning.--

=/=The Nassau Coliseum in Uniondale, New York stand on their feet and erupt in cheers as red, white and blue pyros shoot all around the ramp area, and out of all four turnbuckle tops. The camera zooms all over the arena, showing the CWF World Heavyweight championship hanging high above the ring with a beautiful sparkle, for tonight’s main event. The large and fancy “CWF Wrestle Fest I” logo plastered all the way across the ring canvas, and the steel pillars that hold up the larger than life CWF Tron above the center of the rampway. Fireworks continue to go off as the arena continues to be highlighted, zooming across the fans to show that every single seat in the building has been sold, and the ruckus crowd are already chanting “CWF! CWF!” aloud. The camera pans across several CWF fans throwing their hands and their signs high in the air, before coming back ringside and zooming on the Wrestle Fest announce table that sit’s the enthusiastic Jim Gunt, wearing a black CWF ball cap to cover his balding head, and a nice black and white suit. Mike Rolash, on the other hand, sits next to his broadcast partner with a small smirk on his face, his hair slicked back, wearing a high quality dark blue dress outfit.=/=

Jim Gunt: “WELCOME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN....TO CWF WRESTLE FEST !!!!!”

Mike Rolash: “We’re are coming to you LIVE and SOLD OUT here from the huge Nassau Coliseum in Uniondale, New York. It seems we have a very loud crowd on hand, and that is the perfect thing to keep me awake, as I have had quite a few last night in anticipation of tonight’s event, and I need something to get me out of this hangover.”

Jim Gunt: “Have you heard of an aspirin? Anyway, tonight we have an unbelievable lineup for you fans at home! You have seen the video package, a preview of each amazing match, highlighted by the bloody, personal battles between CWF legend Chris Andrews, and the sick Cyndicate founder, Chaolin Sahn. Tonight they settle their differences once and for awhile for the World championship, in a LADDER match!!”

Mike Rolash: "We also have great matches for both the Impact and Rising Star championships, and #1 contendership match lined up. Elijah and Chris Xtreme are ready to take each other's heads off going into their Impact title match tonight. But yet again, Elijah almost took off Xtreme's head with that disgusting display of hanging him last week with that barbed wire! How despicable, I'm growing to dislike that headcase Elijah, taking out one half of the best thing to ever hit CWF, Chris Xtreme from the Cyndicate!"

Jim Gunt: "I'm pretty sure he doesn't give a damn what you or all people think about him. Also tonight we will settle both the Joshua Monroe vs. Lionheart situation, and also Angel and Abigail Starr will finally get their chance for a one on one rematch. If you want to talk about personal, their feud has gotten BEYOND personal."

Mike Rolash: "Monroe has made a powerful statement here in CWF by attacking one of its founding veterans, and I have to admit, I can't wait to see him take Lionheart out for good tonight! Goodbye, you old f**ker!"

Jim Gunt: "I don't think anything could put down Lionheart for good, the man has gotten back up from everything that has ever knocked him down, he is a CWF hall of famer after all..."

≠/"Masterpiece" by Bayside hits the arena, and the Red and White lights flash all over the crowd. Pyros shoot up the ramp as CWF President J.Rish steps out onto the ramp way, he is holding a piece of paper in his hand. He walks up the steps and climbs through the ropes into the ring. He walks over to the ring announcer and takes the microphone from him. He stands in the ring waiting for the noise from the crowd to die down a little. He hold his hand up to calm the crowd, he takes the piece of paper from his other hand and holds it up to the crowd.≠/

J. Rish: "This is possibly the most important piece of paper that I have signed since the return of CWF. This contract signifies a massive change in the way things are run here. A couple of weeks ago I received a phone call from someone I didn't think I would ever hear from again. To say it was a surprise is an understatement, but he made me an offer I can't refuse, an offer that was financially acceptable to me and the CWF, and it just felt like it was the right thing to do. This man has a long history in the industry, and his knowledge and experience will prove invaluable to this federation. This man will be joining this federation as its new Commissioner, and he will be responsible for making major decisions, he will be responsible for booking the matches, and he will answer to one man and one man only, and that man is me! He is a CWF legend and hall of famer, a multi-time CWF World Champion, and most certainly one of the biggest names in the history of CWF. Without further ado, let's meet our new commissioner."

≠/The arena goes dark the roar of a bike is heard throughout the arena and the arena goes dark. "Crawling" by Linkin Park hits.≠/

Jim Gunt: "I know that music; My God do you know who this is!!!!??"

Mike Rolash: "Unfortunately yes.."

Jim Gunt: "It's CAIN!!! Cain is back in the CWF!!! I don't believe it."

≠/Cain rides out onto the stage on his tricked out Harley. He raises his fist in the air as the blue and red flames erupt along the stage. He surveys the crowd, and raises his arm into the air. The flames burst up and engulf the entire stage. Cain rides through the flames and down to the stage. The crowd are popping wildly at the return of the CWF Legend. He steps off his Harley and makes his way into the ring. He walks over to Rish who is still standing in the middle of the ring, and shakes his hand with a huge smile on his face. Cain then makes his way over to the turnbuckle and climbs it, raising his fist in the air. He repeats this to every corner of the arena.

Cain walks into the middle of the ring, and talks to J. Rish, their exchange is not audible, Rish hands Cain the microphone, the crowd are chanting his name. Cain smiles in the middle of the ring, looking around at the thousands of fans chanting his name. He puts his hand up to quiet the crowd down. They begin to chant his name louder. Cain laughs as J. Rish pats him on the back and then points at the crowd and then at Cain as if to say, this is all for you. Cain motions again for the crowd to quiet down, eventually they do.≠/

Cain: "Thank you, thank you, wow, it's been a long time since I have heard cheers like that. It feels great to be standing in the middle of a CWF ring once again. For the few of you who don't know who I am, CAIN IS BACK! I am a multiple time Tag Team champion, a multiple time Intercontinental Champion, and even a two time World Heavyweight champion in CWF's past. I was headlining main events in this company back when some of you weren't even glints in your mother's eyes. I was in some of the most heated feuds with some of the greatest wrestlers of their times, people like The Stunner, Big Sexay, hell I even tangled once or twice with Lionheart. I have the pedigree and the knowledge of this fed and the people in it to make it as great as it was when I was the top man here. I'm not here to try and relive those glory days, I know when its time to hand the baton over to some younger, hungrier guys, I've had my time and it was good, this is a new era of CWF with new faces, but i am here to remind those new faces that we will still be running with the pride and professionalism that we did in the old days!!"

=/=Cain stops talking as the New York crowd scream loud cheers at him, causing him to smile back at them, and walk around the ring a bit with the microphone, looking over at J. Rish as he continues.=/=

Cain: "I will not allow anyone to embarrass CWF. I'm hard, but fair, and I will do right by those that deserve the recognition of this old monster. It's strange to be standing here knowing I won't be wrestling inside this ring, instead I will be making decision that will be effecting what happens in this ring. Decisions that I'm sure some people in this fed won't like, but I'm not here to please, I'm here to try and make sure that everything in this fed happens fairly, that everyone in this fed behaves with honor. And if they can't do it themselves, then I will do it for them. Starting with tonight things will be a lot different here, as I have decided that the main event will have an added stipulation. Tonight the main event will go down cleanly; I have decided that if ANYONE in the CWF locker room interferes, or even comes down to ringside during the course of this main event, they will be FIRED! Thank you all, and let's get this history making night underway!"

=/=The crowd cheer knowing that possibly the most important match in CWF's history will now be a clean match with no interference. J. Rish however doesn't look too thrilled with the sudden decision, as he gives Cain an odd look, as if he wasn't consulted, and he walks over the returning superstar and talks animatedly to him. Cain waves him away and plays up to the cheering crowd. Rish looks very annoyed and walks backstage with a purpose whilst Cain milks the crowd a little bit more before, raising his fists in the air to their incredibly loud cheering, before making his way backstage.=/=

Jim Gunt: "Well I have to say I am absolutely shell-shocked at the return of Cain, but at least we will have someone fair and impartial making the decisions round here."

Mike Rolash: "Could you love Cain more? Rish didn't seem to look too happy with Cain already making major changes to his pay per view, without even consulting our president on them!?"

Jim Gunt: "Perhaps not, but that is for the two if them to discuss and work out. For now let's now let's go backstage with Elijah!"

=/=The scene opens with Elijah sitting inside a locker room. It is empty, closed to the outside world, the only light a flickering tube attached to the ceiling. It could be the middle of the day or the middle of the night. Elijah sits, his back to the wall. Beside him is a small television. Elijah speaks. When he does so, his voice is slow, soft, slightly rasping. His eyes are coldest blue, piercing, gazing through the camera and into the viewer. He is dressed in black as ever, a thin red belt around his waist, a red Omega symbol over his left breast.=/=

Elijah: "And so the night is here. Wrestle Fest, the end of the birthing period of this organization. Lines have been drawn, allegiances formed, rivalries brought into being. Tonight we see the crowning of a new king, the final match of the World Championship tournament. And we see two men do battle for the right to be Prince. Myself and Chris Xtreme, the Impact title at stake. This night has been a long time coming, Ace, and it will be one to remember. I promise you that."

=/=Elijah pauses a moment, his eyes unfocused.=/=

Elijah: "Wrestling is about performance, art and beauty, the aesthetics of violence. There is a certain elegance in its brutality, a sense of raw power, the blood, the sweat, the aggression. Wrestling is a portrait of man as his most heroic and most cruel, his most vindictive and most triumphant. We create modern epics each time we step into the ring. Violence does, after all, have its artistic side."

=/=Elijah presses a button on the television. It flickers into life; a video plays, showing a cricket moving through sand. It runs erratically, crashing into objects, seemingly without direction or purpose.=/=

Elijah: "Beauty can be found in the oddest of places. This cricket has been infested with a tapeworm, a parasite of sorts. But this parasite is quite astounding. Its larvae are consumed by the cricket through drinking water and remain inside it as the parasite grows, feeding off the insect and slowly destroying it."

=/=On the video, the cricket pauses, its head raised to the sky, antennae twitching. Suddenly it begins to walk forward, seeming almost determined, hurried.=/=

Elijah: "When the time comes for the tapeworm to escape its host, it manipulates the cricket with hormones and proteins. The cricket hurls itself into water, killing itself, and the now-adult tapeworm leaves its body."

=/=As Elijah speaks, the cricket on the video jumps into a pool of water. It thrashes around for a few moments, its limbs writhing against the pool. Slowly, the tip of something can be seen poking out of the cricket's body. It twists, turns, spins in the water, wrenching its way out. The tapeworm is enormous, two or three times the size of the cricket, dragging its way out into the water. Eventually it is free, and it swims away into the water, leaving the cricket's body behind.=/=

Elijah: "There is an elegance here, too, a sort of spiritual bond if you will. It is one thing to destroy one's prey, to kill without mercy. It is quite another to infest, to take them over from within, to feed from them until you are satisfied and then, not destroy them, but force them to destroy themselves. This is the sign of a true predator, a hunt with a form of grace. And grace is ever so lacking in this world."

I am a predator, Chris, do not forget that. I will work my way into you, dominate you, take from you what I will and bring you to the point of collapse. I will do all these things because I can and because they must be done, Ace, they must be done because you are already host to another parasite. Where I would destroy you, he would use you to destroy others. I speak of course of Chaolin Sahn. I have no doubt he will be present tonight, watching like the vengeful child he is. To Sahn, I say this: you saw what happened to Chris at Massacre when he involved himself in my business. You would do well to take the warning. Until then..."

=/=Elijah flicks off the television and gazes at the camera with the strange half-smile that never seems to reach his eyes.=/=

Elijah: "Be seeing you."

=/=Elijah slightly laughs, before getting to his feet and walking away from the camera. Wrestle Fest cuts back to the announce both where Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt are ready to begin the first match of the night.=/=

Mike Rolash: "Well that was strange, to say the least. Elijah using that sick metaphor to describe what he's going to do to Chris Xtreme? Get inside and destroy him from this inside? What the hell is wrong with this guy."

Jim Gunt: "I don't think there is anything wrong with him, Mike, Elijah seems like a very intelligent competitor to me. I think that maybe just maybe, Elijah is getting in the head of Chris Xtreme. Elijah warned the Cyndicate to stay out of his match, but we will have to wait to see if they take heed of his warning! For now, let's start this show off right with a great #1 contendership match!!"

Rising Star Title #1 Contendership Match- Jarvis King vs. "The Hero" James Clark

Segment

≠/="Break Down The Walls" by Adam Morenoff starts to play over the PA system, and James Clark steps out from behind the curtain to a mixed reaction. Some of the Nassau Coliseum boos him, but others cheer just because he's going against the already cocky, and disliked Jarvis King. James shrugs off the response, strutting his way down the ramp and slides into the ring. "The Hero" raises a fist in the air, and walks around the ring anxiously awaiting his opponent.≠/=

Ray Douglas: "Welcome New York to CWF WRESTLEFEST!! Our first bout of the evening is set to be a #1 Contendership Match, with the winner advancing on to a Rising Star title shot at a future date. The first competitor this evening comes from Chicago, Illinois..."THE HERO" JAMES CLARK!!"

≠/=As the beginning of "Cult of Personality" by Living Color sparks across the arena, Jarvis King comes out from behind the curtain with a toothy smile, spinning around with his hands open as the Nassau Coliseum boos him aloud. Jarvis points down to his black wrestling trunks, pointing at the word "KING" in bold white lettering, and then slapping his bare chest as he continues his way down the ramp. Jarvis King stops about halfway through, arguing with a fan who wasn't even yelling at him. The fan, a teenage boy, looks very intimidated and backs up with a reddened face. Jarvis laughs at him, and comes to the ring and slides in.≠/=

Ray Douglas: "And his opponent for tonight's opening match, he comes from Halifax, Nova Scotia...JARVIS KING!!"

≠/=The match begins as the bell sounds, and the two men lock up for position. James Clark grabs King's by the shoulder, whipping him into the ropes. Jarvis King comes running back into a flying shoulder block by James Clark, putting the match on a face pace very quickly. James bends his leg, bringing his knee down against the back of Jarvis King. King rolls out of the ring, brushing off James Clark and standing outside the ring with his arms crossed. The NY fans boo King as stands smiling back at Clark in the ring, the referee calling for a countout. "1!" "2!", James Clark rolls out of the ring to stop the count, but Jarvis King toys with him by sliding right back in the ring. King glares down at James Clark as he seems to get angrier and angrier, just causing King to snicker a bit at him, and taunt him by mouthing off to Clark. James Clark hurries back into the ring, but King takes advantage, hitting an uppercut right to the edge of Clark's jaw, knocking him back into the corner. Jarvis King climbs to the middle rope, putting his right hand high in the air, before bringing it down with rapid punches to the face of James Clark. King jumps back off the ropes, grabbing onto Clark around his waist, twisting him down to the canvas with a belly to belly suplex, King then goes for the cover.≠/=

Referee: 1.....2..SHOULDER'S UP!

Jim Gunt: "Both of these men are looking very impressive already here in their stay in CWF, but unfortunately I can't say the same for those that couldn't make it for this matchup!"

Mike Rolash: "Yeah...CWF has some cleaning up to do. Goodbye, jobber b*tches!"

≠/=Jarvis King comes to his feet, looking down at James Clark and hooking his legs for a Texas Cloverleaf. Jarvis latches on the painful submission, twisting and pulling back on James Clark as the fans boo the Sultan of In-Ring Success. Clark tries to inch his way towards the ropes, but King just sinks in even further, causing the pain to really flow through his body. Just as James Clark looks to be about to tap out, Jarvis King lets go of the Cloverleaf, strutting around the ring to taunt the already livid fans. Jarvis points down at James Clark and says something along the lines of "I'm BETTER than you!", before stomping down on the side of his opponent. Jarvis lifts up James Clark to his feet, and pulls him towards into a German Suplex, but Clark hits a blatant low blow back kick to the groin of King, right out of the referee's view. The ref looks on with a strange look as Jarvis buckles down to the mat in pain, but James Clark quickly pulls King right back to his feet, whipping him into the ropes, and catches King in a swift Olympic Slam. Clark now goes

for the quick cover.=/

Referee: 1.....2KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: "Come on King, get the hell up to your feet! I really like this guy Jarvis King, he seems to bring the cockiness and attitude that ever CWF wrestler should have. He's awesome and he knows it."

Jim Gunt: "Well he doesn't look so awesome right now, as James Clark has the advantage in this match! It's still anybody's ball game though, in this thrilling opening match for Wrestle Fest!"

Mike Rolash: "This is a wrestling match, not a f**king ball game, get your facts straight Gunt."

=/"The Hero" James Clark rolls off Jarvis, sliding out of the ring. James goes under the apron, pulling a steel chair out from underneath the ring. James Clark reenters the ring, but immediately the referee tries to pull the chair out of his grasp, telling Clark that he will be disqualified. Clark doesn't seem to care, yanking the chair right back from the referee, before coming in the direction of Jarvis King. Just as James Clark swings the chair, Jarvis King's foot flies into the air, crunching the chair right into the face of Clark with a sick Superkick. The referee kicks the chair out of the ring, but the damage from the chair has already been done. Jarvis King hit's a standing moonsault, flipping over right on the chest of James Clark, before going right into a set of pushups on the canvas. The Nassau Coliseum immediately begin to send loud jeers to the man they love to hate.=/

Jim Gunt: "What a cocky bastard, Jarvis King is in the middle of the first wrestling match of his CWF career, and he has time to do PUSH UPS in midway through the match!?"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know about you, but I call that multi-tasking!"

Jim Gunt: "You can call it whatever you want, I guess, but I do have to admit that King looks very promising here in this match. Whoever walks out as Rising Star champion later tonight is definitely going to have their hands full with one of these two great competitors sometime down the line!"

=/Jarvis King stands to his feet and runs to the ropes, bouncing off and coming back at James Clark with an dropping elbow. King lifts him back to his feet, but James Clark comes back at him with a hard chop. James Clark follows it up with another right hand chop, before grabbing the back of King's head, bringing him abruptly down on both of Clark's knees. James Clark walks over to the corner slowly, climbing up each rope until he gets to the top, but Jarvis is already on his feet. James tries to push King off, but The Internet Icon clubs him with multiple jabs to his chest, before grabbing onto him and throwing him off the top rope all the way to the center of the ring. Jarvis King stands above James Clark with a cocky smile on his face, moving around the ring to stand behind Clark as he arises. Jarvis directs a forearm shot to the back of James Clark, before hooking him, and locking up by holding Clark's crossed arms to his chest. King, in a split second, snaps his body backwards and hits an overhead German suplex, the trademark move he calls the Straightjacket Suplex. The back of James Clark's neck spikes against the canvas awkwardly, as Jarvis King holds on tightly, bridging the suplex into a pin attempt.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

Ray Douglas: "The winner of this matchup by pinfall, and becoming the new #1 Contender for the CWF Rising Star championship...JARVIS KING!!!"

=/"Cult of Personality" begins ringing out from the speakers once again, but is almost drowned out by the loud, screaming boos coming from the New York audience. James Clark dances and struts around the ring a little bit cockily, loving every minute of the hatred coming at him. Jarvis forces the referee to raise his hand in victory, arguing with the referee the whole time that he has King's arm in the air. Jarvis then signals around his waist that the title will be there shortly, before sliding out of the ring and slowly making his way back up the ramp.=/

Mike Rolash: "Jarvis King just proved out there what he has been saying all week, he is simply better than the entire

CWF locker room. One fallen foe at a time, mark my words this man is going to be World Champion before 2009 is over!!”

Jim Gunt: “I don’t know about that, this is only his first wrestling match here in CWF, but I do agree that he looks very skillful in the ring, a devastating suplex machine! Let’s head backstage where something is going on in Rish and new commissioner Cain’s office!”

Are We Clear?

Segment

=/=Camera goes outside J. Rish’s office, where muffled voices can be made out, sounding like Rish and Cain themselves. The camera goes into the office, with J. Rish and Cain sitting at his desk, Angel on one end of the desk and Abigail Starr on the other, staring each other down, ready to tear each other apart. J. Rish looks down at a piece of paper on his dark oak desk, looking frustrated and a bit angry.=/=

J. Rish: “Possession of illegal substances, two counts of assault, disorderly conduct, two counts of public disturbance? You’ve brought unwanted publicity to the company, you’ve put us all in a bad light, and right before our the biggest night in the companies history, WRESTLE FEST! Well this is it, you’ve been more disruptive then most of the roster combined these last few weeks but it all ends tonight. You two have to sort out your differences in the ring, I don’t care if you two kill each other out there cause this has to stop... Are we clear?”

Abigail: “Yes, mister president.”

Angel: “Yeah, sure whatever...”

Cain: “Listen, we mean it ladies, now that I have become CWF commissioner things are going to much different around here. Oh, and before you leave, you are not allowed to lay a single finger on each other before the match tonight or else you will be FIRED on the spot. Now, bring the house down tonight ladies, you can leave now.”

=/=Both ladies look at Cain, and then over to the CWF president J. Rish, who just shrugs his shoulders not knowing what to think. Rish eyes up Cain, as if he once again made a decision without his consultation. The women turn their attention to each other, staring a hole through each other.=/=

Angel: “See you out there... b*tch.”

=/=Angel blows Abigail a cocky kiss, but Abigail just shoots a dirty look back at her.=/=

Abigail: “Whatever, just wait till I smack that smile off your dog face.”

=/=The ladies stare each other down, neither wanting to make the first move but eventually Abigail does, her eyes never leaving those of her arch nemesis, as Abigail leaves the room to head to her locker room. Angel makes her move and stops in the doorway, looks over her shoulder and blows a kiss to the president and commissioner before walking out of their office, there are faint sounds heard inside as the door shuts.=/=

J. Rish: “What the hell are you doing man, trying to fire EVERYBODY tonight?”

=/=The camera man quickly hears this and switches the feed over so that the CWF president’s private conversation isn’t heard on national television. The camera now cuts to the locker room of Lionheart, aimed down at a piece of paper that lay on top of a compact disc. Scribbled across the folded piece of paper is “Pussycat”. The camera zooms out to see the Living Legend himself, Lionheart, step into the room. He notices the note sitting over on a stool near a small TV monitor.

Lionheart reaches down and open up the folded sheet of paper, which reads: “Dear Big Pussy, Earlier in the week I posed a question to you. I asked, quite simply, ‘How are you going to get up for this match?’ I was hoping you would dig deep and find that fire that once burned perpetually. I may despise you, but I want you at your best. I want the

strong, proud Lion that I have heard so much about. I want an angry Lion. To tell you the truth, though, I have come to believe that you have lost your edge. I don't think you were able to answer my question earlier in the week. I think you're here in Uniondale tonight, ready to take the plunge. Enjoy the DVD, old man, I hope it may bring some life back to your tattered body. Sincerely, Joshua Monroe. P.S. Send my regards to your son."

Lionheart's eyes narrow, he sets the note down and glares down at the disc. He quickly takes it out of the case and pops it into the monitor, hitting play. After a few seconds of static an image begins to make itself clear, coming through slowly. It is a vial of Joshua's "Vile Mist". He is seen carrying it down a deserted looking street in what looks to be Tokyo, Japan. Monroe winds his way to a house, or rather the remains of one. There amongst the charred rubble kneels a man cloaked in black, a hood covering his face. As Joshua approaches, the figure snaps to his feet and meets him at the threshold of the ruined home. A strange silence fills the air as the two men stare at one another for a few moments. Finally, Joshua tosses the vial high into the air. The cloaked man snatches it out of mid air and in one motion slides it into a pocket inside his robe. Another moment of silence follows, until the cloaked figure speaks.=/

Cloaked figure: "The lion's kingdom is crumbling, as we watch in wonder. This liquid, I assume, will strike down the prince like thunder."

=/The voice is unmistakable. It is indeed Chaolin Sahn. He nods his head and Joshua Monroe, who stands with his arms crossed staring back at the man known as "The Tormented Soul"=/

Joshua Monroe: "It is a non-lethal dosage, but it packs a f***ing kick. It will knock the young Hart out cold and give you plenty of time, he won't know what's hit him."

=/Joshua takes one step forward, moving into what would be the doorway of the home. He leans in towards Sahn.=/

Joshua Monroe: "I've done my part. Now you had better make sure that you do yours, if I am to face Lionheart at Wrestle Fest."

Chaolin Sahn: "Very good, Monroe, or should I call you the Vile Spine? You've done well, you are a friend of mine. You have been chosen by the Cyndicate, and we must follow it's procedure. When the lion finds his son, I'm sure the old man will have a seizure. I guess we've reached arrangement, the contract of compromise. Tom Hart will lay wasted, and I will continue towards the prize."

=/Joshua nods at Sahn and they shake hands, before he goes striding off into the Tokyo night. The video clip ends and the sound of a large commotion can be heard in the locker room. Before you know it the stool is knocked over, along with the monitor and Lionheart has stormed out of the room. The camera fades back to ringside where the crowd is buzzing from what they have just seen.=/

Jim Gunt: "Wow, so it has been revealed that Joshua Monroe was in on the kidnapping of Lionheart's son last week! And he apparently is the newest member of the vaunted Cyndicate!"

Mike Rolash: "Old man Lionheart didn't seem to like that very much, he looked to be on the war path after seeing that! But with the addition of "The Vile Spine" to the group, I wouldn't dare anyone to seek out the Cyndicate!"

Jim Gunt: "I wouldn't either, now that the Cyndicate has become a full trifecta, I'm not sure anyone or anything here in CWF can stop them! That being said, it is time to see who will become CWF's very first Rising Star Champion, let's go to the ring!"

Rising Star Championship- F. Matos vs. "Facetious" Franklin Fredrickson

Segment

=/"Bad" by Michael Jackson begins to play over the Nassau Coliseum and F. Matos steps out from behind the back wearing black wrestling pants with colorful sparkles and diamonds all over them, and pumps his fists in the air to the booing of the audience. Matos walks down to the ring and slides in.=/

Ray Douglas: "The following match is a one fall matchup, with the winner being championed with the CWF Rising Star title. Our first competitor comes from Providence, Rhode Island...F. MATOS!!"

=/=The artist formerly known as Frankie Matos stands in the ring, twisting his wrists around and cracking his neck to loosen himself up as "Lark On My Go-Kart" by Asher Roth begins to play. The loud rap bass thunders through the audience, as they bounce up and down in excitement, and "Facetious" Franklin Fredrickson walks out from behind the curtain. Fredrickson smiles at the audience, showing off the smiley face design lip ring, before pointing to the backstage area and saying "This one is for you mom!" aloud, causing the NY fans to cheer him even louder. Fredrickson slides into the ring, keeping his eye on F. Matos as he goes over to the corner and plays to the fans.=/=

Ray Douglas: "And his opponent in this Rising Star Championship bout, he is the former comedian, and now CWF's resident prankster. From nearby New York City, NY, give it up for...FRANKLIN FREDRICKSON!!"

=/=The bell sounds as the crowd cheering somewhat dies down for their home-state hero. Matos immediately comes into the face of Franklin Fredrickson, pushing him with both arms to Fredrickson's chest, shoving him back into the ropes as he yells obscenities at Fredrickson. Matos throws a right hand hook at Franklin Fredrickson, but Fredrickson sidesteps, before grabbing the tights of Matos and pulling him into a quick roll up attempt.=/=

Referee: 1.....2KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: "The Facetious one trying to pull a fast one over F. Matos, he did indeed say that the joke would be on him tonight!"

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, but doesn't he say that at the end of every promo? I think its what we in the wrestling business call a "catch phrase", ever hear of it, moron?"

Jim Gunt: "Oh f**k off, I'm not putting up with your bulls**t tonight!!"

=/=F. Matos gets up to his feet, stomping against the ring canvas in anger of Fredrickson trying to get the quick win. Matos backs Fredrickson into the corner with a shoulder block to his gut area, followed by another. F. Matos then pulls the hair of Franklin Fredrickson, smashing his head repeatedly into the top turnbuckle padding. Fredrickson blocks the fourth attempt, holding onto the top rope to stop the momentum, before hitting a back kick to Matos. Franklin turns around, hitting a clothesline to Matos to take him down, and then sits on top of F. Matos' back, pulling him back into a camel clutch. Franklin Fredrickson twists the skull of Matos, desperately trying to pull him into submission, but F. Matos yells in pain and attempts to inch his way over to the ropes, before finally deciding that poking his hands into Fredrickson's right eye would be an easier way out.=/=

Jim Gunt: "F. Matos taking with the cheap eye poke to Fredrickson, but I guess it was a smart move either way!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know if you can call F. Matos smart, I'd tell you what you could call him but we'd probably get kicked off the air."

=/= "Facetious" Franklin Fredrickson lets go of the clutch immediately, rolling over to his back and holding onto his eye as he yelps in pain. F. Matos pulls himself up to his feet, walking over to Fredrickson and stomping repeatedly at his face. Matos grabs Fredrickson and pulls him up, whipping him into the ropes, and catching him with a Samoan drop to the canvas below. Matos quickly covers Fredrickson.=/=

Referee: 1.....2...SHOULDER UP!

=/=The former Frankie Matos gets back to his feet angrily, spitting down on Franklin Fredrickson to get the Nassau Coliseum fans to boo him loudly. Matos lifts up Fredrickson, hitting him in the face with his right elbow. F. Matos locks up with Franklin Fredrickson, but Fredrickson knees him in the stomach. Matos buckles forward in pain, and the "Facetious" one grabs him around his head, swinging him around to the mat with a nice swinging neckbreaker, twisting Matos around and hitting him on his back. Fredrickson bends both legs, nipping up onto his feet athletically as the fans

begin to cheer him on. Franklin slowly walks over to the nearest turnbuckle, jumping high into the air and landing on the top rope, hands closed tightly on the top ropes for balance. Franklin Fredrickson points back to the entrance ramp again and mouths “I Love You” before bouncing off the top rope and doing a front flip high in the air before turning it mid-air into a beautiful Frog Splash attempt, moving Franklin’s hands in and out as he comes down. Unfortunately for Fredrickson, F. Matos rolls out of the way just in time, and Fredrickson’s “The Last Laugh” sends him flying against the ring canvas himself.=/

Mike Rolash: “Looks like the last laugh’s on you this time, Fredrickson! Haha!”

Jim Gunt: “Okay? Franklin Fredrickson flew through the air in perfect essence, the only problem was that F. Matos was ready, and rolled away from the devastation just in time!!”

Mike Rolash: “Now it’s anybody’s game, who will walk out tonight as CWF’s first Rising Star champion!?”

=/Fredrickson holds onto his chest and gut in pain after slamming down to the ring, and F. Matos climbs to his feet in hope that he can take advantage of the match. Matos slowly walks over to Fredrickson to pick him up, but exhaustedly falls into the ropes, holding himself up as he catches his breath. Matos lifts Fredrickson to his feet, nailing him with a stiff left to the face, followed by another left hook, knocking Fredrickson back into the corner. Matos places his boot to the neck of Franklin Fredrickson, choking the life left in him out. The referee pulls off Matos after four seconds, warning him of disqualification if he continues. Matos argues with the referee, before pulling Fredrickson’s dazed body to the center of the ring. F. Matos sets up Franklin Fredrickson upside down for a piledriver, but Fredrickson uses his elbow to smash the sides of Matos, before reversing the piledriver, flipping over and turning the maneuver into a Styles Clash attempt. Fredrickson holds the feet of Matos, falling forward with the “Standing Ovation” as the crowd goes crazy. Franklin Fredrickson hooks his leg with a huge smile on his face.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

Ray Douglas: “The winner and NEW CWF RISING STAR CHAMPION....“FACETIOUS” FRANKLIN FREDRICKSON!!!!”

=/Franklin Fredrickson gets to his feet slowly, and is handed the belt, having his hand defiantly raised by the referee with joy. “Lark on My Go-Kart” begins to play again, and Fredrickson waves towards the backstage area, as his beloved and newly cancer-ridden mother Christine Fredrickson comes running out from behind the curtain, and within seconds she slides in the ring and runs right into the waiting arms of Franklin Fredrickson. The NY crowd cheer loudly as Fredrickson raises his mother’s arm with one hand, and the CWF Rising Star championship in the other. F. Matos exit’s the ring with an angry and disappointed look on his face, and Fredrickson and his mother Christine play to the crowd some more as they raise their hands, before the camera cuts to top of the stage where Jarvis King stands with his hand on his chin, smiling back at his future opposition cockily. Jarvis walks back and forth on the stage, and Franklin turns his head to notice the #1 contender as the camera cuts back to the announcing team.=/

Jim Gunt: “What an amazing display of athleticism by both of these competitors, but Fredrickson comes out in the end with the Rising Star championship in possession! I’m sure by the looks of it, his mother is very proud of him.”

Mike Rolash: “His mother is proud of him? Let’s cut through all the sappy, gay shit and just say that Fredrickson deserved the Rising Star title after tonight, but with Jarvis King is obviously hot on the heels of Franklin, and what a matchup that will be sometime in the future, with King coming out the victor in the end I presume.”

Jim Gunt: “I don’t know how you doubt Fredrickson, as he has showed his amazing skill here every week now! But yes, that will be a great Rising Star championship match, now let’s go back to Rish & new Commissioner Cain’s office once again!”

Good To See You Back

Segment

≠/After a few seconds, the camera switches backstage where Chris Andrews walks into the office of CWF President J Rish. The door was open and he's not watching where he's going as he wanders right in and towards Rish's desk. He looks up just before bumping into Cain.≠/

Chris Andrews: "Oh, it's you! It's um... yeah it's good to see you back."

Cain: "That was genuine! Its good to see you too Chris."

Chris Andrews: "Well seeing as I've bumped into you I'd just like to thank you for adding the no interference stipulation to my match. I mean, I know you're not doing it as a favor or to tip the balance in my favor but it's great that the fans have a straight up and competitive match for the main event and for the title. If I lose fairly then that's cool, it wouldn't be the first time but I'd hate to be cheated out of a win again and the fans and the title deserve more."

Cain: "That's why I'm here, I don't intend to favor anyone except the fans, they came to watch two men battle each other to the brink of destruction, and that's what they will get."

Chris Andrews: "Oh and sorry for sounding like a broken record there too, considering how I came back to CWF along with the likes of you and Lionheart, it just all means a lot to me. I guess I've grown up a bit since the old days, hehe."

Cain: "I think we have all grown up a little bit Chris, that's why CWF is back and in better shape then it has ever been."

Chris Andrews: Yeah, you're right. But hey...you know what, you two look busy so I'll just get out of here. I can catch you some other time boss. Cain, seriously, it's good to see you back man."

≠/Chris Andrews shakes the new CWF commissioner Cain's hand, before opening the door and exiting the locker room. Rish and Cain glance over at each other, before the president gets up out of his desk chair and walks off camera shaking his head.≠/

Jim Gunt: "What is up with our president J. Rish tonight? He surely doesn't seem to be in the best of spirits here at Wrestle Fest, CWF's first big pay per view back into the wrestling business."

Mike Rolash: "Well, would you be happy? Cain is making a mockery of tonight, taking control for himself and ruining the whole show!"

Jim Gunt: "I wouldn't put it that way, Cain is just doing the job that J. Rish hired him to do, and that is to be the fair and just Commissioner here. And to be honest, he's doing a hell of a job! Oh...I'm hearing there is an attack going on backstage, lets get a camera back there!"

≠/The new CWF Rising Star champion Franklin Fredrickson is seen walking through the backstage area title in hand. He moves into an area where he is all alone, no one else around. A soft creak is heard and the champion stops still, listening, but continues on his way when he determines there is nothing. BOOM! Someone bursts out of a wooden crate to the side on the screen, attacking the new champion, battering him with punches, before using an imploder suplex on the champ, throwing him into another crate which smashes. The unknown man stomps at Fredrickson before speaking..≠/

Man: "I am The Ripper Danny B. Heed my warning, soon I will be the Rising Star Champion, and I don't care who I have to go through to get it. I may not be the first in line to rip this belt off your waist, but trust me, the belt will be mine in soon. Quote the Ripper: The time will come."

≠/And with this "The Ripper" turns his back on the camera and peers down at Fredrickson, before walking out of camera view.=

Falls Count Anywhere- Abigail Starr vs. Amber Ryan

Segment

≠/"Purple Haze" by Jimi Hendrix begins playing over the sound system as Abigail Starr steps out from behind the

curtain to a chorus of boos. Abigail wears a black top with light blue stars across it, and the same design tights, as she stands on the entrance ramp and laughs at the loud jeers coming at her. Abigail Starr is noticeably without her trademark funny cigarette, as she has vowed to defeat her nemesis without drugs. Abigail Starr flicks her highlighted hair back, before walking up the steel ring steps and bending over to show her cleavage as she goes through the ropes. Abigail once again raises her hands sarcastically to the booing of the NY fans, before awaiting her rival Angel.=/

Ray Douglas: "Fans, the next bout we have for you is a special treat, a dangerous Falls Count Anywhere match, where anything and EVERYTHING is legal! These two ladies have been at each other's throats since the very beginning of CWF, and tonight it will all come to a head in this brutal match. Our first competitor in this bout comes from Amsterdam, Holland, although she has vowed to come into this match completely clean-minded...ABIGAIL STARR!!"

=/Metallic silver pyros scream into the air off the sides of the ramp as "Our Truth" by Lacuna Coil begins to resound over the PA system. Angel steps out from behind the curtain to her new theme music, wearing a black ball cap and dark sunglasses, covering her face but still leaving enough room to smile brightly to the fans that get to their feet to cheer her. Angel slaps a few happy fans hands as she slowly makes her way down the walkway, staring at Abigail Starr the entire time. Angel stops still a few feet away from the ring, her metallic colored graphics sparkling off her wrestling outfit. Angel's eyes turn red with anger, as she slides into the ring and immediately tackles Abigail Starr, hitting a devastating quick flurry of right hands to Starr's face. The referee and ring announcer Ray Douglas come at Angel fast, pulling her off her competitor and to her corner.=/

Ray Douglas: "...And her opponent in this Falls Count Anywhere match, keep them apart, let's go! As I was saying, her opponent in this rivalry already has one singles pinfall over Abigail, and since then this personal feud has gotten even worse. Tonight only one woman will be left standing after this bout, and there will be only one winner. Our second competitor comes from Dallas, Texas, and is hoping to take Starr out for good here, Nassau Coliseum please welcome...ANGEL!!"

Jim Gunt: "Here we go, it's all on the line tonight for these two beautiful CWF superstars! Only one can walk away tonight with all the pride and glory of defeating their enemy one last time."

=/Abigail Starr holds onto the bottom of her jaw, glaring angrily at Angel as the two women circle each other. The sound of the bell can be heard, and Angel once again runs at Abigail Starr in anger, trying to tackle her but Starr sidesteps her and brings Angel down with a drop toe hold, keeping ahold of Angel's left leg and twisting back on it with a leglock submission. Angel kicks off Abigail Starr, hitting her right in the face with the heel of her boot. Angel comes to her feet, going eye to eye with the woman that has ruined her life and trashed her house all in the last week. Abigail Starr laughs at Angel's intensity, before slapping her right across the face, the sound echoing throughout the now booing NY arena.=/

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, slap that bitch and put Angel in her place! Angel has gone too far in this rivalry, and Abigail Starr is going to stomp her for good tonight."

Jim Gunt: "ANGEL has gone too far!? Abigail Starr went to Angel's house and trashed everything she possibly could, and even went as far as stealing her dog! I don't think you could possibly take it any farther than that."

Mike Rolash: "Well Angel did get her little "sweet" revenge by going to the airport and getting into a huge brawl with Abigail Starr, but from the sounds of Rish earlier he is DONE putting up with these broads bullsh*t, and tonight is the end of this heated feud!"

=/Angel shoots Abigail a look of hatred as she nurses her slapped face, but as she tries to go after Abigail Starr, Starr slides out of the ring and puts her hands in the air as if to say "What!?", shrugging off the angry looks from her rival. Abigail Starr laughs as the fans nearby begin to scream at her, but Angel is already out of the ring and hits Starr in the

face with a right underhook, followed by another left and then a right. Starr backs up, falling backwards into the steel barricade holding the fans back. Angel runs at Abigail Starr, but Starr grabs Angel and lifts her into the air. Abigail walks over, throwing Angel over the barricade with a body slam and back first hard on the concrete floor nearby the fans. Abigail climbs over the barricade, hitting a few quick stomps to the side of Angel before lifting her up. Abigail Starr places Angel's head in between her legs, and whips him up into the air, running swiftly with Angel in the air and crunching her head and back down to the concrete with one of the best running powerbombs ever performed. Abigail pulls Angel's leg up, and the referee quickly runs into position to count the pinfall.=/

Referee: 1.....2..KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: "My god, this match is ALREADY getting destructive, as Angel's back had to have suffered some major damage from the running powerbomb by Abigail Starr!"

Mike Rolash: "Well I guess we can always hope for the best, maybe a concussion?"

Jim Gunt: "Oh please, would you quit with the constant bashing of Angel. I know she almost whooped your ass, get over it for Christ's sakes. It's not the first time a woman has ever made you look like a complete idiot, and I'm sure it won't be the last."

=/Abigail Starr quickly gets to her feet, her hands on her sides as she stands disappointed that it wasn't enough. Abigail mounts Angel, hitting quick and swift right hands to the side of Angel's face. Angel takes about three shots, before pushing Starr off with her knees, and both women stand to their feet. Abigail comes at Angel with a clothesline, but she ducks down, grabbing Abigail Starr's neck and pulling it in for a dragon sleeper. Angel holds onto Starr's head, climbing the steps into the audience, going further and further from ringside. The referee runs after the two women, trying to make sure that a submission is not made. Once about twenty steps up from the floor area, the women get to a small flat platform where Angel pulls Abigail tighter into the hold, before bringing her down abruptly with a huge reverse DDT, causing Abigail Starr to fall back onto the steps, rolling from step to step, hitting her head on the steps as she falls all the back down to the standing room only floor with a thud.=/

Mike Rolash: "NOO! Abigail Starr's gorgeous face is going to be damaged after bouncing time and again as she fell down that flight of the steps after that sick Reverse DDT!"

Jim Gunt: "These women are willing to do anything and everything possible to come out the final victor tonight, I don't think either of these competitors will ever be the same again!!"

=/Angel runs down the steps, quickly going for the cover on Abigail Starr eagerly.=/

Referee: 1.....2....NO! KICKOUT!

=/Angel climbs to her feet, looking down at Abigail Starr and delivering a falling knee down across her face. Angel pulls Abigail to her feet, hip tossing her over the barricade and back to ringside. Angel hops over, dropkicking Abigail Starr right to her head. Angel smiles at the cheering fans, before grabbing the hair of Abigail Starr and pulling her all the way up the entrance, and through the curtain. Angel hits a few jabs to Starr's head, and then pulls Abigail face first through a nearby table full of coffee condiments, knocking down packs of sugar and creamers everywhere. Angel smashes the face of Abigail Starr against the concrete wall repeatedly, before grabbing the coffee pot off the table and throwing steaming hot coffee right into the face of her despised rival. Abigail screams aloud, desperately trying to brush the burning sensation from her eyes. Angel grabs Starr, and turns her behind her to set up for a Widow's Peak. Angel crosses her arms over Abigail Starr's throat, nailing the Sinner's Redemption, smacking Starr's face against the table as she comes down. Angel sees that Abigail appears unconscious, and calls for the referee to count her pinfall.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....3!? NOOO! KICKOUT!!

Jim Gunt: "It's NOT over yet! Abigail Starr may have lungs of death, but she has the heart of a champion!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh come on, pot is harmless. I've been smoking weed pretty much all my life, and I turned out fine didn't I?"

Jim Gunt: "...No comment."

Angel stands in complete disbelief, throwing over the table angrily, as the remaining condiments spill over. Angel places her boot on Abigail Starr's face, twisting her leg to grind her rival's face into the hard floor. She then picks Starr to her feet, irish whipping her, sending Abigail running down the hallway. Angel runs after Abigail, but she is ready for her, grabbing onto Angel's hair and pulling her swiftly down face-first with a running bulldog. Abigail smiles slightly as she sees a white "Ladies Restroom" sign, before pulling Angel up and smacking her face up against the concrete wall repeatedly on the way in. Three women, standing at the bathroom sinks, washing their hands and chatting away, see the brawl going and scream out loud. They run immediately out of the bathroom, as Abigail Starr pulls Angel throughout the bathroom stall, hitting a very hard kick to Angel's gut. Angel bends down, and Abigail quickly takes advantage and grabs the back of her head, shoving her down into the toilet water. Abigail takes the toilet seat, bringing it up and down repeatedly over the back of Angel's face, screaming as she attempts to break free of Abigail's grasp before she drowns.

Mike Rolash: "Boy you know this match has gotten interesting when they've come into the woman's bathroom! FLUSH HER! FLUSH HER!"

Jim Gunt: "Haha, yes this match has certainly been very entertaining. These two are taking it throughout the entire arena in attempt to one-up the opponent, what is going to take to finally put their female rival away?"

Mike Rolash: "Drown her!! She can't get back up if she's dead, YES!!"

Angel tries to use the back of her elbow, clobbering Abigail Starr to the side and stomach multiple times, finally breaking her grasp. Angel gets to her feet and flicks back her completely soaked hair, looking very disgusted at having just been face-first inside the toilet, and smashes Abigail right through the weak-hinged bathroom door with a huge spear, hitting her with repeated right hands to the face. Abigail rolls over, getting a few punches of her own in. Both women finally break it up, standing to their feet and staring each other in the eye, but not for long as Abigail Starr retreats outside the bathroom, attempting to make a run for it. Abigail runs down the hallway outside the bathroom, going through a set of double doors that takes her right to the Wrestle Fest parking lot. Abigail looks behind her, and Angel is quickly making her way a few feet away. Abigail Starr quickly looks for something, anything, and finally sees a fire extinguisher placed up against the wall. Starr rips it off just as Angel comes through the double doors, spraying white fumes at full blast right into the eyes of Angel. Angel clutches at her eyes, but does not stop her momentum, running at Abigail and grabbing onto her, lifting her high into the air and bringing her crashing down against the outside concrete ground right on her back with a AA spinebuster. Angel isn't done dishing out the punishment, as she lifts Abigail Starr to her feet and smashes her face against the hood of a green 2009 Kia Sephia. Angel attempts another, but Starr holds onto the car with her arms to block it, before using the back of her head to hit a sick headbutt to Angel. With Angel dazed, Abigail Starr pulls her up on her shoulders, arching to the side and flipping Angel over with a Death Valley Driver, right through the windshield of the Kia. Glass shatters everywhere as Angel comes down from the High Flyer, screaming as her back pierces through the car's windshield. Abigail jumps up on the hood of the car, calling for the referee and forcing him to count the pinfall.

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

Ray Douglas: "And the winner of this memorable, brutal Falls Count Anywhere match....ABIGAIL STARR!!!"

"Purple Haze" begins to play again inside the arena as the fans scream boos, Abigail slowly rolls off of her fallen foe, sliding down the car and getting to her feet. As Angel lays lifelessly half through the windshield, with blood starting to come out from behind her, Abigail Starr just looks at the destruction with a snicker, spitting right in the face of Angel.

Abigail takes one last look at Angel, before walking out of the scene. The camera zooms into Angel, as the CWF medical staff run into the scene to examine her and pull her away from the windshield. The announce table ringside is then cut into the scene.=/

Mike Rolash: "What brutality, what destruction, that was AWESOME! Angel finally got what was coming to her as Abigail sent her shattering through that Kia windshield with the amazing High Flyer!!"

Jim Gunt: "No human being, better yet a woman, deserves to have their body broken through a windshield! This may be over between these two for now, but I just get the feeling that we will get the third "tie-breaker" match sometime in the future of CWF."

Mike Rolash: "Let's go backstage with our groovy Rising Star Championship #1 Contender!"

Awkward Celebration

Segment

=/The camera goes backstage where the camera and Chester Taylor are awkwardly located in the midst of a celebration party. There are scores of women, champagne flowing and loud music blasting throughout the air.=/

Chester: "We're going to try and get a word with the number one contender for the Rising Star title, he won his match tonight defeating James Clark and now he is obviously celebrating his victory."

=/Jarvis King comes into view of the camera with a full bottle of champagne in hand. He is all smiles, until he sees Taylor.=/

Chester: "And here he is now. Jarvis, tonight you won your match, and, assuming Franklin Fredrickson can come back from that random attack from "The Ripper" earlier.."

=/Jarvis cuts Taylor off, grabbing the microphone out of his hands.=/

Jarvis: "Let me give you a huge pointer when it comes to these interviews, Chester. Shut up, get off camera, and let the people see what they came to see, yours truly."

=/Chester begins to walk off screen, looking quite downtrodden, but is shoved off the rest of the way by King. Jarvis then directly faces the camera and addresses the PPV audience.=/

Jarvis: "As it turns out, yes, I am now the number one contender for the Rising Star Championship, to the surprise of no one. I did exactly what I said that I would do. I made an immediate impact in the world of the CWF, and now I get to challenge Franklin "The Failed Comic" Fredrickson one on one for that title. I've got one for you...What do you get if you cross a hack comedian with mediocre wrestling skills? Jarvis King as the new Rising Star Champion."

=/Jarvis drops the microphone and downs a swig of champagne before the scene cuts to another area of the backstage area. Chester Taylor is making his way through the arena and manages to catch up with Cyndicate member and CWF Impact Champion, Chris Xtreme.=/

Chester Taylor: "Chris! Chris!"

Chris Xtreme: "What do you want, Taylor?"

Chester: "Tonight you're going against Elijah for the..."

Chris: "Damn right, I have a match. I'm going to get ready. Get out of my face."

=/Chris barges past Chester Taylor and down a corridor. Taylor and the cameraman follow him as he approaches a locker room. The door has the word "CYNDICATE" spray-painted on it in large yellow letters.=/

Chester Taylor: "In light of the incident at Massacre between you and Elijah, how..."

Chris: "Get lost!"

≠Chris Xtreme opens the locker room door. As he does so, something swings down

into view, nearly hitting him in the face. The camera zooms in: it is a coil of barbed wire, hung above the door. It is wrapped into the shape of a noose. Stuck to the bottom of the wire is a playing card. Chris Xtreme takes it and looks at it, turning it over in his hands. One side shows the Ace of Wands. The reverse is plain white, with words written on it in a plain, even hand.

"Be seeing you." ≠

Chester: "Is this further examples of..."

Chris: "I said, GET LOST!"

≠Chris Xtreme screams the last words as he tears the card in two and throws it aside. He snatches down the barbed wire and wraps it around his fist before swinging at anyone in sight. The camera feed abruptly cuts out as security rush into the shot. Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt come into camera-view, looking at each other before turning back towards the camera.≠

Jim Gunt: "Once again, apparently Elijah is STILL playing mind games with Chris Xtreme! How this effect there battle for the Impact Championship tonight, we'll find out soon!"

Mike Rolash: "Yes, but for now, let's go to the grudge match between Lionheart and the newest member of the infamous Cyndicate, Vilespine!"

Grudge Match- Lionheart vs. "Vilespine" Joshua Monroe

Segment

≠"Kiss Off" by the Violent Femmes hits over the Nassau Coliseum's speakers, and the fans immediately get to their feet to boo "Vilespine" Joshua Monroe as he steps out from behind the curtain. Monroe wears a dark Cyndicate t-shirt, and black wrestling tights with a spinal cord dripping green blood on each pant leg. Covering the new Cyndicate t-shirt is a long black silk robe that brushes against the ramp as Monroe makes his way down the ramp, the black of the robe saying "VILE" in bright green. Monroe echoes out a laugh as the screams continue to be directed at him, and takes off his robe outside of the ring, climbing into the squared circle by the steel steps.≠

Ray Douglas: "The following bout is a GRUDGE MATCH as this destructive rivalry comes to a head tonight! The first competitor in this match comes from Detroit, Michigan, at 239 lbs..."VILESPINE" JOSHUA MONROE!!"

≠"Won't Back Down" follows a loud lion's call, as the audience cheers aloud in anticipation of the Living Legend. Lionheart walks out wearing a dark red wrestling outfit, with the word "Hart" printed across it. Lionheart makes his over to both sides of the ramp, raising his fists in the air both times to massive cheers. Tom "Lionheart" Hart continues his way down to the ring with a determined look on his face, slapping just a few fan's hands as he quickly slides into the ring, ready to take out the man who planned and aided in the kidnapping of his son.≠

Ray Douglas: "And his opponent, he is a CWF Hall of Famer, truly an in-ring veteran. Coming from Indianapolis, Indiana at 250 lbs, give it up for...LIONHEART!!"

≠Lionheart quickly comes at Joshua Monroe as soon as the bell rings, lighting him up with quick chops to Monroe's chest. After the third, Lionheart whips Joshua into the ropes, pulling him back in and into a sleeper hold. Lionheart wraps his arm around Monroe's head, but he escapes quickly, throwing Lionheart towards the ropes, and catches him with a body slam to Tom Hart. Monroe turns around as the fans begin chanting "YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK!", laughing evilly back at them. Monroe grabs the hair of Lionheart, dragging him over to the bottom rope and sitting his neck right down on the rope. "Vilespine" Joshua Monroe uses his boot to push Lionheart down on the bottom rope forcefully, choking the life out of him for a few seconds before the referee scolds Monroe and warns him to keep the match

clean.=/

Mike Rolash: "Oh let him the hell alone referee, Monroe's not even breaking the rules!"

Jim Gunt: "I don't know what rulebook you've read, but choking your opponent is definitely illegal!"

Mike Rolash: "Hmmm...I think I got the book from your locker room, actually. It was called 'Color Commentating...For Dummies'?"

=/Joshua Monroe goes right back to the ropes, once again using his boot to push Lionheart's head into the ropes, but only for a few seconds as the referee once again pulls off Monroe from choking Lionheart, telling him that next time he will be disqualified from the match. "Vilespine" looks as if he is about ready to go right back to the choke, but thinks twice, pulling Lionheart to his feet and up into the air upside down. Monroe holds Lionheart for at least fifteen seconds, letting the blood rush to his head as he hangs upside down, before bringing Hart down with the "Drop Off" vertical suplex. Monroe hooks a leg of his opponent, attempting a pinfall attempt.=/

Referee: 1.....2..KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: "You could almost SEE the blood rushing to Lionheart's head as he was upside down there, as his face got ten shades redder! But the Drop Off just wasn't enough to put away the CWF hall of famer, and I'm not sure if ANYTHING will be enough to put him away tonight!"

Mike Rolash: "How about some Vile mist to his face, that sure did put away Lionheart's son William, didn't it?"

Jim Gunt: "You're right, it did. But I think that is just the reason that Lionheart will be at full force tonight, trying to exact revenge on the man who provided the Cyndicate with the green liquid that helped kidnap the young Hart!"

=/Joshua Monroe stands to his feet, pulling Lionheart up by his hair also. Monroe throws a right hand but Lionheart catches it into his own hand, twisting the Vile one down with an arm drag. Lionheart awaits Joshua Monroe to get to his feet, and once he does, Tom Hart clobbers him with a strong clothesline. The CWF Hall of Famer bends down, coming up with another huge clothesline across the chest of Monroe as he arises. Lionheart stomps around the ring, calling for massive cheers from the Nassau Coliseum to come at him. He smiles a bit at the love being shown, before hitting a standing leg drop across the head of Monroe. Lionheart goes for the pin.=/

Referee: 1.....2...NO! HIS FOOT'S ON THE ROPES!

Mike Rolash: "Joshua Monroe, with the same ring-sense to find himself close to the ropes, and use it to break the pinfall! A very smart man, he's going to be a great asset for the Cyndicate."

Jim Gunt: "If the Cyndicate have the nerve to stay in the back and let Monroe finish this match himself, I wouldn't be surprised at all to see Lionheart get the win here tonight at this massive event, CWF Wrestle Fest!"

=/Lionheart quickly pulls himself to his feet with help of the middle rope, walking over to the corner and climbing slowly to the top. Just as Joshua Monroe begins to get to his feet, Lionheart launches himself off the top rope and comes at "Vilespine" with a double axe handle right to Monroe's head. Lionheart once again goes for the cover.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....NOO! KICKOUT!

=/Lionheart, growing more frustrated as Joshua Monroe once again kicks out of his pinfall, pulls his opponent to his feet and lights Monroe up one more time with a knife edge chop right to the square of his chest, and "Vilespine" Joshua Monroe's momentum sends him flying over the top rope and to the floor outside. Lionheart sees this and once again goes to climb the ropes, finally getting to the top and leaps off the turnbuckle with a huge elbow drop, well it would have been huge if Monroe didn't roll out of the way just in time, Lionheart falling into a crump on the outside. Just as the referee begins his count to count the two men out, Monroe is back to his feet. "1!" "2!" "3!", Joshua Monroe kicks at the face of Lionheart, before rolling Hart back into the ring. "4!" "5!", Monroe himself reenters the ring, hoisting Lionheart up

on his shoulders. "Vilespine" runs with Lionheart, before bringing him crushing down against his knees with The Plunge backbreaker. Monroe goes for the cover, as the fans packed into the Nassau Coliseum boo aloud.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

Ray Douglas: "And the winner of this huge grudge match..."VILESPINE" JOSHUA MONROE!!!"

=/"Kiss Off" begins to play loudly again, as Joshua Monroe climbs over Lionheart, wrapping both hands around the CWF hall of famer's neck and choking the life right out of him. The referee and Ray Douglas try to pull off Monroe, but to no avail, as he continues his attempt to put out the legend for good. Lionheart's face continues to redden up like a tomato, every last breath being squeezed out of him. Joshua Monroe finally lets go of Lionheart's neck, but only just to lift him right back onto his shoulders, spiking Tom Hart down with yet another "The Plunge" backbreaker. The booing come down is now deafening, as Monroe stands to his feet to admire his destruction, before finally sliding out of the ring and making his way back up the ramp and through the curtain.=/=

Mike Rolash: "What a NIGHT so far! Joshua Monroe may have finally put a rest to the old fart Lionheart, I don't see him showing his shameful face around here ever again!"

Jim Gunt: "Oh give it a rest, Lionheart will be back at the next Massacre and will still be better than ever! This old dog never backs down from a fight!!"

Mike Rolash: "Maybe, you're right. But I think that is Lionheart's downfall, he is always willing to give the fans anything and everything they want to see, and he needs to worry about the well being of his family first. Let's go backstage!"

=/Chaolin Sahn is shown, lurking in the boiler room of the Nassau Coliseum. Sahn is lacking his robe, but he is fully dressed and ready to compete in the main event. Joshua Monroe comes walking into the scene, breathing heavily from the brutal grudge match he just competed in. Chaolin nods at Monroe as he walks into the room, before speaking.=/=

Chaolin Sahn: "So the Lion falls again, just as you would expect. You have a long way to go, old man, before you earn my respect. Cain, you think I need interference and assistance from my auxiliary? But no, you are wrong, and I will prove the contrary. I will break your hero, and send his aged body to hell. I'll take the title, then take his pride, just to rebel. Tonight, it is the addition of all the sums. Tonight, as we stand witness, CWF experiences Chaos Continuum."

A distant voice: "Chaolin!? You down here? I've been looking for you forever now. I'm in the Cyndicate now, right? I mean, I won last week and got into the Rising Star match..."

=/The voice can be quickly identified as that belonging to F. Matos. Matos walks into the boiler room, quickly scurrying past Joshua Monroe until he stands face to face with Chaolin Sahn. Sahn looks at him, the annoyance immediately intensified. Matos was quickly becoming an annoyance, but Sahn knew he could use him to his advantage somehow.=/=

Chaolin Sahn: "You did not win, Frankie, and my goals you did not meet. You are no rising star, you are simply the last to face defeat. This group is a fraternity of champions, and you just don't compete. I'll give you one more chance, Matos, one more trial you must go through. You must pass this test, if you ever want the Cyndicate to include...you."

F. Matos: "Okay, what do I have to do?"

=/Sahn leans in toward Matos, and whispers something in his ear. Matos doesn't seem to comprehend what Sahn is saying at first, but after a few moments he seems to understand what the task is at hand. Matos quickly turns away from Sahn, and heads out the boiler room the way he came in. He walks right past Monroe, who lets out a loud "BOO!" The noise startles Matos, who appears to be nothing but nerves around the Cyndicate. Matos just looks at him, then turns his head and keeps walking as the camera fades back to the announce table.=/=

Jim Gunt: "I'm not liking the look of that, what does the Cyndicate have planned for F. Matos and later tonight?"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know, but to be honest I think the Cyndicate needs to drop Matos on his head, maybe that'll knock some sense into the freaking moron."

Jim Gunt: "Haha, I don't know about that, but it is time for our Impact Championship match, let's go to the ring!"

Impact Championship Match- Chris Xtreme (c) vs. Elijah

Segment

≠/"Out Of My Way" by Seether hits, and the Impact Champion walks out from behind the curtain, red pyros shooting up all over the arena as Chris Xtreme raises his title high in the air to loud boos. Xtreme wears a pair of dark jeans, and a Cyndicate t-shirt that he takes off and throws into the jeering crowd. Chris Xtreme holds a kendo stick in his left hand, and raises it in the air along with his belt one more time, before sliding into the ring and stretching for his first defense.≠/(

Ray Douglas: "The following match is for the CWF IMPACT CHAMPIONSHIP!! This rivalry has been getting more and more personal, and destructive, as the weeks come along and tonight only one man will walk out as CHAMPION! The first competitor out here, is the defending Impact Champion himself, and an original member of the Cyndicate. At 215 lbs....CHRIS XTREME!!"

≠/Chris Xtreme holds onto the top rope, as the arena lights dim as the opening chords of "In the Air Tonight" by Phil Collins begin to play over the speakers. Gradually they all go out, while a single spotlight seeks out through the crowd. Eventually it settles on a man in black, making his way through the masses. He moves forward, his face cold, determined. Elijah makes his way to the guard rail and hops over it, sliding into the ring and perching on one of the turnbuckles. He gazes out into the crowd, before coming eye to eye with the Impact Champion.≠/=

Ray Douglas: "And his opponent in this one fall, singles matchup, he is the challenger in this CWF Impact Championship match. This man has laid a path of destruction leading into this match, even going as far as hanging his opponent tonight with barbed wire last week. Tonight he attempts to become a champion for the first time in his CWF career. At 220 lbs....ELIJAH!!"

≠/The bell resounds, as the two competitors battling for the Impact title begin circling each other. Elijah comes in for a lockup attempt but Xtreme pushes his arm's away. They continue to circle the center of the ring, keeping their eye right on each other. Chris Xtreme places his foot behind Elijah's leg, pushing him down and tripping Elijah down off his feet. Elijah gets back up angrily, as Chris Xtreme laughs and says "Who's playing the game's now?" Elijah sneers at him, before running at Xtreme and hitting him over the face with a big boot. Elijah mounts Chris Xtreme, hitting a flurry of rights and lefts before Xtreme rolls out of the ring to gain his footing. The referee begins the count, "1!" "2!" "3!" "4!", Elijah slides out of the ring running over to Chris Xtreme, who is attempting to walk away from the ring. Elijah grabs Chris Xtreme by the hair, and then brings him down face-first onto the bottom of the steel rampway with a Double-Arm DDT. "5!" "6!", Elijah pulls Xtreme up as he hears the count getting higher, and rolls Xtreme and himself back into the ring.≠/=

Jim Gunt: "Elijah definitely has the in ring smarts and talent to become CWF Impact Champion, but can he get the job done tonight?"

Mike Rolash: "I hope not, not only does the guy completely creep me out, he's also an a**hole."

≠/Elijah stands to his feet, falling down to the mat by hitting a standing dropkick to the face of Chris Xtreme. Elijah pulls Xtreme to his feet and goes for an irish whip, but it is reversed in mid move, sending Elijah himself flinging towards the ropes. When Elijah arrives back to the center of the ring, Chris Xtreme leaps into the air and latches onto his head with both boots, twisting in mid-air and bringing Elijah down with a nice headscissors takedown. Chris Xtreme pulls the tights of Elijah, going for a cheap pinfall.≠/=

Referee: 1.....2KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: "Chris Xtreme trying to pull out a cheap win by yanking on the tights of Elijah, but Elijah still had enough left in him to be able to get out!"

Mike Rolash: "How was that cheap? Chris Xtreme had to hold onto something to pull him into the pinfall, why not the top of Elijah's pants?"

Jim Gunt: "You're such a lost cause."

=/=Chris Xtreme gets to one knee, latching onto the hair of Elijah and bringing his head crashing against his rivals, a stiff headbutt to Elijah. Chris pulls Elijah to his feet, hitting a few left and right hands to his face, knocking him back into the corner. Chris Xtreme then takes his shoulder and drives it repeatedly into the gut of Elijah, taking the breath away from the challenger. Chris then grabs onto Elijah and sits him high on the top rope, hitting an uppercut to keep Elijah stunned. Chris Xtreme steps up onto the middle rope, and finally to the top. Chris grabs onto Elijah and turns him upside down, balancing himself with his other legs to stay on the top rope.=/=

Jim Gunt: "My god...is he going to do what I think he's doing!?"

Mike Rolash: "Piledriver that son of a b*tch right to hell, Xtreme!"

=/=And at that second, he does. With the Nassau Coliseum on their feet in anticipation, Chris Xtreme jumps off the top rope holding Elijah upside down in the air, and crashes down to the canvas, bouncing the top of Elijah's skull off the mat, with the sickest thud ever heard by mankind. Chris Xtreme himself lays down on the mat with his body sprawled out, taking a lot of pain himself, but nothing can describe the anguish on the face of Elijah as he holds the back of his neck screaming in agony. The referee comes over to Elijah, who is bouncing up and down on the canvas, twitching in pure pain, and makes sure that Elijah can still continue in the match. Chris Xtreme inches his way over, placing his right arm over Elijah.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....THR..SHOULDERS UP!!

Jim Gunt: "Can you BELIEVE IT!? Somehow, somehow Elijah found it in him to get his shoulder up there, I thought for SURE that Elijah was gone from this match, I thought he was unconscious!"

Mike Rolash: "Well I gotta give it to that loser Elijah, he is certainly putting everything on the line tonight to win the Impact Championship, his life and his future. But in the end Chris Xtreme will still defeat him!"

Jim Gunt: "If that devastating top rope piledriver wasn't enough, I'm not sure if anything is, to be honest. I think Elijah's instinct has kicked in, and he's running on auto now!"

=/=Chris Xtreme rolls over to his back, looking completely spent and surprised that the unbelievably dangerous Top Rope Piledriver still wasn't enough to put away Elijah. Chris Xtreme pulls himself up with the ropes, leaning onto the top rope as he stands in awe of Elijah's resiliency. Xtreme motions to the entrance ramp, and F. Matos comes running out of the back with a fairly small sack, tied at the top with a black rope. The referee notices Matos immediately, but he has the bag hidden behind his back so the ref cannot see exactly what it is. Matos jumps up on the apron, and Chris Xtreme turns around the referee and begins to argue with him as Matos tosses the napsack into the ring, Elijah slowly getting up to his feet still in pain. The referee turns back around after a few seconds, yelling at Matos and warning him to go backstage or the match will end in disqualification. F. Matos shrugs off the referee, and just at that moment Chris Xtreme shoves the arising Elijah right into the referee, and Matos holds the ropes open. The referee falls through the top and middle ropes, landing on the outside right on his side, knocking him temporarily out.=/=

Jim Gunt: "Oh what the hell is THAT!? This god damn Cyndicate can't ever keep things fair, they have to find some way to chea.."

Mike Rolash: "Give it a rest Jim, the Cyndicate is just doing ANYTHING to win their matches tonight, Monroe has already set a great example earlier tonight by taking out Lionheart, and now Xtreme and Sahn must take home the two

major belts in CWF!"

Jim Gunt: "But I'm getting sick of all this f**king cheating, where the hell is our new CWF commissioner Cain when you need him?!"

=/=F. Matos enters the ring, hitting a forearm to the back of Elijah's head, but Elijah is not fazed by him at all, grabbing the back of Matos & Xtreme's head, and smashing them together. Elijah then pulls in the former Frankie Matos, powerbombing him over the top rope and all the way into the steel crowd barricade. As Elijah throws Matos, Chris Xtreme has ahold of the bag, turns it upside down and small shards of glass drop down onto the squared circle. Elijah turns around to see this, jumping over the glass and spearing Xtreme down to the mat. Elijah exits the ring, pulling the referee up and rolling him into the ring. Elijah then pulls Chris Xtreme to his feet, and grabs around his head, running towards the ropes and springboarding off, bulldogging Xtreme's face right into the gory pile of glass pieces. After nailing The Descent, Elijah rolls Chris Xtreme out of the glass, revealing pieces stuck into his face and blood quickly pouring out through many different pores. Elijah shakes the referee, before hurrying to go for the pinfall of the Impact champion.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

Ray Douglas: "Your Winner and NEW CWF IMPACT CHAMPION....ELIJAH!!!"

=/= "In The Air Tonight" begins playing once again as the crowd erupts into huge amounts of cheers, and the referee calls over for the Impact title to be handed to him. Elijah puts his hands out, grabbing onto the Impact Champion with an emotional look across his face. Elijah places the title around his waist, raising his right arm in the air as the fans in the Nassau Coliseum begin to chant "ELIJAH! ELIJAH!" at the top of their lungs. Elijah goes over to the corner, and climbs to the top rope as he unhooks his Impact Championship, raising it one more time high in the air to the adoring fans. Elijah smiles back at them, before rolling out of the ring and making his way to the back after the biggest night of his career.=/=

Jim Gunt: "What a match! This night is most certainly turning out to be the very best event that Championship Wrestling Federation has ever, and could ever put out! Wrestle Fest is going to be remembered for a long, long time."

Mike Rolash: "And its not over yet, we still have the destructive World Championship Ladder Match! Speaking of the World title match, I'm hearing we have one of the competitors in tonight's main event in the back right now with Chester Taylor!"

Amazed? You Should Be.

Segment

=/=The camera pans backstage to Chester Taylor, wearing his thick oversized glasses and a CWF Wrestle Fest t-shirt. Chester adjusts his microphone, before looking at the camera with a strange look.=/=

Chester Taylor: "I'm here back stage with one of the title contenders in tonight's main event, Chris Andrews. Chris I..."

=/=Chester turns towards Chris Andrews and seems to be dumbstruck. It's only a few seconds before Chris walks into the show wearing an ill-fitting set of plastic toy armor complete with a shield and sword.=/=

Chris Andrews: "Amazed? You should be. Ni Hao Chester."

Chester Taylor: "I um... yes he... hello Chris."

Chris Andrews: "As the hippest man in CWF and coincidentally being named its hero, I thought my combined title as the hero of hip meant I should try and play the part. This is just my dress armor you understand, in the ring I'll be there as normal and not even the hero of hip would dare wrestle in a suit of armor as grand as this."

=/=Chris Andrews looks at Chester Taylor hoping for a response but finds none.=/=

Chris Andrews: "Do you not wish to ask me about my match tonight small crier? You know like a town crier?"

./=Chester Taylor seems to have been frozen into place by the oddness of what he's seen, Chris Andrews grows impatient, visibly so./=

Chris Andrews: "I see my work here is done then. Good bye small crier, I would be away now to fight even, right wrongs and hope that the next leap might be the leap home. Come patsy!"

./=Chris Andrews tucks a toy sword into his pants before he picks up a set of invisible horse reins and starts to trot off. Just as Chester Taylor seems to be regaining some composure a small unattractive man with a large rucksack walks past him, the man for some reason is clapping two halves of a coconut together. With an even more puzzled look than before Chester Taylor just looks into the camera./=

Jim Gunt: "Well, I don't really know what to say after that. But it is time for the main event of this evening, after a HUGE night so far! Let's take a look at how this match has come to be."

./=A video package highlights the past month of the World Heavyweight Championship rivalry. "The End of The Line" from Metallica, Wrestle Fest's theme music, rocks in the background, as the camera shows the different battles from Andrews and Sahn. It highlights the tag team match with Chris Andrews and Lionheart defeating Chaolin Sahn and Chris Xtreme when Andrews pinned Sahn to the mat, but was then followed by Chaolin Sahn sickly attacking Andrews after the match and stomping his arm in between a steel chair. The huge brawl that ended Massacre last week is then shown, with Chris Andrews and Chaolin Sahn standing eye to eye as the package ends./=

CWF World Heavyweight Championship Tournament Finals Ladder Match- Chris Andrews vs. Chaolin Sahn

Segment

./=As the beginning chords of "Famous" by Puddle of Mudd begin, the crowd immediately erupts in a monumental amount of cheers. White pyros shower all over the rampway, flicking high in the air as the fans anxiously await their hero, stomping on the concrete ground below them in great anticipation. After about a minute of "Famous" playing aloud, Chris Andrews finally brushes out from behind the curtain. Andrews stares at the sold out NY crowd, a huge smile on his face as he raises his hands in the air heroically, with both fists clenched. The CWF legend walks through the white showering pyros, and slowly down the ramp while clapping every purposed hand. Chris Andrews moves the long black hair from his face, as he wears black wrestling pants with interesting designs in gold along the legs. Andrews once again moves his head back and forth in awe as he hears the fans screaming his name at the top of their lungs. "Andrews! Andrews! Andrews!", Chris Andrews rolls into the ring, and stands on his feet and looks high in the air at the CWF World title with a smirk, awaiting one of the biggest nights in his long, storied career./=

Ray Douglas: "Welcome ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, to Championship Wrestling Federation's MAIN EVENT of the evening! This bout is the final match in the World Heavyweight Championship tournament, and will be a LADDER MATCH! The first competitor to climb the ladder and retrieve the championship, will become the NEW CWF World Champion. Our first combatant this evening comes from Boston, Massachusetts. He has been thus far undefeated, and has brought the company to new heights of popularity once again in his career, CWF fans please give it up for....CHRIS ANDREWS!!"

./=Chris Andrews steps backwards as the crowd once again begin chanting his name. Everything changes as the lights go completely black, and the arena go silent. "Ride The Wings of Pestilence" by From First to Last screams over the PA system, as dark red spotlights flicker from the stage, the only light in the entire Nassau Coliseum. A long line of robe figures begin slowly walking out from behind the curtain, seemingly in a dark chant as each one passes under the largest ladders on the way to the ring. Andrews looks on with a look of confusion as at least twenty hooded men begin climbing the steel steps and entering the ring. Chris Andrews slides out of the ring, as all the men have entered the

ring, beginning to form a dark and eerily looking star. An evil laugh can be heard coming from the ring, as the men standing around the middle figure continue chanting aloud, before "The Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn reveals himself as the centerpiece, taking his hood to his shoulders, and raising his hands in the air to a shower of blistering jeers. The red spotlights go blank, nothing but darkness in the air as the guitar solo begins to bust through the speakers. Suddenly the lights come back to normal, and Chaolin Sahn stands in the center of the ring with his eyes solely on Chris Andrews, a demented look on Sahn's face. Chaolin Sahn takes his attention off Andrews, looking outside the ring at the large amount of ladders around the ringside area, before taking off his black robe and throwing it to the outside.=/

Ray Douglas: "And his opponent in this huge Wrestle Fest main event, to determine the very first CWF World Heavyweight Champion. This man has laid a wake of destruction in path, taking out CWF wrestler after wrestler, a sick road of bloodshed, and pain. He is the creator of the feared and notorious group, The Cyndicate, and comes from Tokyo, Japan. He has promised to not only win the World title tonight, but to end Chris Andrew's career. He is...."THE TORMENTED SOUL" CHAOLIN SAHN!!"

Jim Gunt: "This is it Mike, the moment every single fan watching at home, and the thousands that packed the Nassau Coliseum have been anxiously waiting for. Are you ready to finally see who will walk out as the first CWF World champion!?"

Mike Rolash: "Yes, these two have been ready to tear each other apart for weeks now, and although they have been in tag team matches both opposing and tagging together, it is time for the real thing. Only one of these men can climb the ladder and become champion!"

Jim Gunt: "And now the new CWF commissioner Cain BANNED the CWF wrestler's from interfering in this match, or they will be FIRED! It will be very interesting to see who will come as champion Here we go! WOO!"

=/As the ring bell sounds to begin the biggest match in recent CWF history, the NY crowd stand to their feet awaiting the huge main event. Chris Andrews and Chaolin Sahn peer deep in the eye of one another, as their long running hatred finally comes to a head tonight. "The Tormented Soul" begins to laugh evilly at the veteran, his chest moving up and down and head shaking while laughing. Andrews takes advantage of Sahn's ignorance, straightening out his hand tightly and stiffly chopping the chest of Chaolin Sahn. Sahn yelps in pain, but Andrews comes right back with another knife-edge chop, knocking Chaolin back into the corner. The New York fans scream in approval as Chris Andrews snaps, hitting a flurry of quick right jabs to the skull of Chaolin Sahn, the final one knocking Chaolin Sahn to the mat, with his back leaned up against the bottom turnbuckle.=/

Jim Gunt: "Chris Andrews taking it to Chaolin Sahn as the match begins, coming like a house on fire at Sahn with those brutal punches!"

Mike Rolash: "A house on fire? More like a f**king retirement home!"

Jim Gunt: "Chris Andrews may be deep into his prime, but he is proving tonight that he still has EVERY bit of will, strength, and heart that he ever had! The man is STILL amazing!"

=/Chris Andrews rolls out of the ring with Sahn stunned in the corner floor, grabbing the nearest steel ladder with both arms, sliding back into the ring carefully with the ladder in hand. Andrews stands the ladder straight up, and sets it up near the center of the ring, not noticing that Chaolin Sahn has gotten to his feet until Sahn clubs him over the back of his head with a forearm smash. Chaolin takes the face of Chris Andrews, directing it towards the ladder, and brings Andrews' face-first into the outside of the ladder repeatedly. Chris Andrews loses his balance, falling to his knees after the fifth shot against the ladder. Chaolin Sahn leans Chris against the ladder, before running and bouncing off the ropes, coming back and hitting a flying knee drop to face of Chris Andrews, cracking his head into the ladder and causing it to topple over and land on the ropes.=/

Mike Rolash: "Chris Andrews probably just lost a few of this tiny amounts of remaining brain cells with that sweet flying knee right, busting his head into the ladder!"

Jim Gunt: "I'm sure Chris Andrews is a much more intelligent man than you'll ever be. That's why he's making thousands of dollars a night in the ring, and you're still sitting here complaining about your job all the time."

Mike Rolash: "Nah, I just love to be an asshole, that's just me. You should have realized that years ago."

Jim Gunt: "I have, but that doesn't make it any more pleasant to work with you! Now Chaolin lifting Andrews to his feet, oh he irish whips him face first into the ladder, wow, did you hear that!?"

=/=Chris Andrews face bashes against the rungs of the ladder, after being whipped into it by Sahn. With Andrews' back to Sahn, leaning against the ladder in pain, Chaolin Sahn bounces off the ropes and ducks down in attempt to spear Andrew's into the ladder. Chris seems to sense this at the knick of time, sidestepping just a few feet away as Sahn flies into the air to spear him, instead crumpling against the ladder headfirst. Chaolin falls to the mat, holding his head and face and yelling Japanese obscenities. Chris Andrews hit's a few stomps on the side of Sahn, before setting the ladder up in the center of the ring. Andrews climbs halfway up the ladder, and looks back down at Chaolin Sahn getting to his feet. Andrews kicks at Sahn, trying to get a good shot in to his head. Chaolin Sahn grabs Chris Andrews' leg, yanking him down from the ladder, but Chris Andrews latches onto Chaolin Sahn, and spins in the air, bringing Sahn harshly down to the mat with an Implant DDT. The NY fans begin chanting "ANDREWS! ANDREWS!" very loudly after the amazing showing of athleticism from their hero.=/=

Jim Gunt: "What a DDT!! Chris Andrews now with the perfect opportunity to climb the ladder and become the first CWF World Champion!"

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, but he is up against "The Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn. You know what they say about psychotic poets."

Jim Gunt: "Actually...no I don't."

Mike Rolash: "Oh, neither do I, I was hoping that you would be able to come up with something. I guess we'll have to fix this bit for the CWF Wrestle Fest dvd, screw it."

=/=Jim Gunt gives his broadcast partner a raised eyebrow and strange look, as the Nassau Coliseum attendance begins to stomp their feet loudly against the concrete with Andrews and Sahn both laying flat on the mat below. Chris Andrews is the first man to get up to his feet, and assists Chaolin Sahn to his feet, nailing with an uppercut. Andrews grabs Sahn's shoulder, pulling back on his arm and attempts to whip him into the ropes, but it is reversed. Chaolin Sahn grabs Andrews after he bounces off the ropes, right into the arms of Chaolin, who grabs onto Andrews and tosses him high in the air with an overhead belly to belly suplex. Chris Andrews' momentum continues, soaring him over the top rope and crashing down uncontrollably right onto the middle of a set up ladder, causing the ladder to buckle and fold on him, landing with a sick thud as Andrews' crashes down to the floor.=/=

Jim Gunt: "HOLY SH*T! That ladder is certainly no protecting padding folks, Chris Andrews just flew in between that set-up ladder, causing it to fold right down on the poor CWF veteran!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh boo hiss, Chris Andrews knew what he was getting himself into when he signed the contract for this match. Sahn is going to rip him limb for limb, I wouldn't be surprised to see Andrews retire after tonight!"

Jim Gunt: "I highly doubt that, Mike. Both of these men may need medical treatment after this match is over, but believe me when it comes to fighting for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship, nothing will keep that stop Chris Andrews. He is back in CWF, and what an unbelievable main event he has fought Sahn in so far!"

=/=The nearby fans flock to the steel barricade closest to where Chris Andrews fell dangerously in between the ladder, trying to catch a worried glimpse of their hero. "The Tormented Soul" laughs evilly in the ring as he sees the destruction

caused, before sliding outside. Chaolin Sahn kicks at the ladder's edges, causing the ladder to smash against the side of Andrews skull repeatedly. Sahn acknowledges the thundering boos from the NY audience with a demented smirk towards the audience themselves, before reentering the ring and grabbing ahold of the ladder already inside. Sahn stands the ladder in the center of the ring, noticing that Andrews is slowly arising. Chaolin steps on the bottom rung, and slowly climbs his way up, peering at the CWF World title with rabid eyes. The Cyndicate founder gets about halfway up the ladder, but at the same time Andrews has begun to climb the other side of the ladder at a very fast pace, meeting Sahn at the top with a huge punch to Sahn's forehead, nearly knocking him off the ladder. With the fans on their feet, Andrews grabs the head and neck of Chaolin Sahn, pulling both men off the top of the ladder with a huge diamond cutter, causing an erupting "CWF!" chant.=/

Mike Rolash: "God damn, even I have to give it up to Chris Andrews after that, did you see the hang time these two competitors got there? 5-STAR MATCH!"

Jim Gunt: "Indeed, this match will go down in the CWF history books as one of the best events we have had since 2002, but its NOT over yet! What will it take to knock the other man out enough to be able to climb the whole way up the ladder, and take the CWF World championship!?"

Mike Rolash: "Well if that asshole Cain didn't ban the Cyndicate and every other CWF wrestler from this main event then it'd be over by now, but Sahn has to get back into it here!"

=/The two World Championship contenders lay lifelessly on the mat with their arms sprawled out at full length, almost unconscious shells of their former selves. Chris Andrews slowly inches his way over to the ropes, pulling himself up to his feet with the assist of the middle rope. Andrews breathes heavy as he stares at the screaming fans yelling his name aloud, before sliding out of the ring and lifting the apron to look under the ring. Chris Andrews pulls out a wooden table, and then grabs onto another and yanks that second one out from under the ring also. Andrews looks into the ring and notices Chaolin Sahn just beginning to move, so the CWF veteran sets up one of the tables up. Chris Andrews hurries to grab the other table, setting the legs straight up and lifting the table to sit directly on top of the first. But Chaolin Sahn stands behind Andrews, and grabs ahold of his shoulders to hit the devastating "Fool's Flask" backstabber, rapidly bringing Andrew's back down across his knees, causing loud jeers to reign down on the Cyndicate founder.=/

Mike Rolash: "YES! That is exactly what I wanted to see, CWF's savior has awaken and hit the amazing Fool's Flask into the mid-back of Andrews. Now get in the ring and grab that belt!"

Jim Gunt: "Were you always this much of a suck up all your life?"

Mike Rolash: "Were you always this big of a flaming douchebag all your life? Let me answer that for you, ALWAYS!"

=/With the CWF commentators once again mindlessly arguing, the action ensues outside of the ring as "The Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn lifts Andrews up, kneeing him in the chest multiple times to knock out whatever life the veteran still has in him, before hitting a scissor kick to the back of Andrews, knocking him back against another ladder. Sahn folds the ladder up, bringing it at full force to the chest of Chris Andrews with loud shots. Chaolin Sahn swings at Andrew's face with the ladder, but Andrews ducks out of the way, and tackles Chaolin off his feet followed by a flurry of right and lefts to the face. Chris Andrews hit's a standing elbow drop to Sahn, and then lifts him to his feet, and climbs the first table with one foot, lifting Chaolin Sahn to his back all the way on top of the second table. With every single Nassau Coliseum fan on their feet, Chris Andrew hurriedly slides back into the ring and climbs to the top rope, peering at the fans as they begin to chant out loud. Andrews smiles back at the fans before launching himself off the top rope with a jaw-dropping moonsault, flipping through the air, and landing into an excruciating leg drop away onto the chest of Sahn, crashing both men several feet through the middle of both tables, falling into a sick crumple of human flesh and wood pieces on the outside.=/

Jim Gunt: "I have NO idea what is left to be said about this match! CWF legend Chris Andrews put his body completely

on the line, flipping into air with a moonsault into a legdrop, sending him and Chaolin Sahn down to hell through both tables!!”

Mike Rolash: “The devastation from this ladder match will be on the minds of everyone watching tonight for a long, long time.”

Jim Gunt: “And on the mind of Chris Andrews and Chaolin Sahn even longer! It is going to take a long time for either man to recover from this match, but only one man can leave with the CWF World championship for his efforts!”

≠/≠Ever fan claps aloud at the extravagant show being put on for them, as Chris Andrews slowly pulls himself out of the pile of wood rubbish and to his feet. Andrews stops to listen to his name being chanted like a loud echo throughout the entire arena. Andrews smiles as if the crowd’s love takes away all the pain in him, pulling “The Tormented Soul” Chaolin Sahn out from within the table shards, sliding Sahn into the ring. Andrews slides into the ring and immediately goes after the ladder, turning it upside down and driving the head deep into the back of the evil Sahn. Chaolin Sahn yells in pain, but Andrews doesn’t seem to notice as he directs repeated shots down with the ladder. Finally Chaolin turns around while Andrews raises the ladder, this time holding on desperately to the ladder in the air, stopping it from coming down across his chest. Sahn pushes at the ladder with all the life left in him, causing the leg of the ladder to dig right into Chris Andrew’s face, busting him open immediately. Andrews holds his gushing forehead in shock and pain, backing up as he screams in agony.≠/≠

Mike Rolash: “BLOOD! YES!! Now that Andrews is busted open, its only going to be a matter of time, the World title is coming home to the Cyndicate baby!”

Jim Gunt: “OHH! Sahn just nailed Andrews across that face with that folded ladder, brutal!”

≠/≠Chaolin Sahn holds the ladder in hand, swinging it at Chris Andrews’ face a second time, busting the steel against the bloody face of Andrews. Chaolin Sahn drops the steel ladder, and rolls out of the ring to grab an even larger ladder, looking to be at least twenty five feet tall. Sahn comes into the ring, setting the huge ladder in the middle of the ring, but doesn’t look like he is done as he positions the original ladder in the corner, using both sides of the ropes to lay the ladder on the top rope. Chaolin Sahn sees that Chris Andrews has gotten to his knees, and lifts back his foot at full length, before abruptly swinging frontwards and hitting a sick Japanese style kick right to the crimson waterfall otherwise known as Chris Andrews’ face. Chaolin lifts Andrews to his feet, peering over at the audience filling the air with large boos, and sends an evil smile, causing a distraction just long enough for Andrews to gain footing and hit a stiff chop to the chest of Chaolin Sahn. Chris Andrews pulls the Cyndicate founder onto his shoulders, and in agony walks over to the large twenty five foot ladder and begins to climb to the top of the ladder, holding Sahn so that he stands facing the opposite direction of the ladder.

With every one in the entire arena on their feet in anticipation, Chris Andrews leaps off into the incredible heights with Sahn in hand, coming straight for the folded up ladder in the corner. Andrews pulls Sahn towards him mid-air, and the smash against the steel ladder with Andrews’ unbelievable “The Breaker”, causing Sahn to smash into the ladder face-first, and a small trickle of blood begin to drip from Sahn’s mouth. The Nassau Coliseum begins a loud “ANDREWS!” chant as he gets to his feet with complete joy on his dry-bloodied face, setting up the giant ladder with the CWF World championship in sight. Chris Andrews climbs to the top of the ladder, but notices that the ladder is too far over to be able to grab for the World title. As Andrews attempts to climb down the ladder, the lights go off in the arena and for a short moment, everything is still and quiet. All of a sudden a man wearing the famous Cyndicate black hooded robe can be seen jumping out from the crowd, and slides into the ring. The lights come back on just as the man grabs onto Chris Andrews, pulling him off of the ladder into the powerbomb position. The man in the hooded robe throws Andrews in the air, turning the move into a Death Valley Driver, and spiking Andrews right on his head to the mat below, causing the livid fans to boo the mystery assailant at the top of their lungs.≠/≠

Jim Gunt: “OH COME ON!!? This is NOT the way this match is supposed to end, Mike! The new CWF commissioner

specifically banned everyone from the company from interfering in this match, and now THIS?! Whoever this masked assailant is, when they are found out they will be FIRED!"

Mike Rolash: "Shut the hell up, I love it! But where have I seen that move before..."

Security rushes into the ring, attempting to grab the masked assailant, but hops back over the barricade and quickly makes his way through the fans. "The Tormented Soul" pulls himself to his feet, just in time to see the black robed attacker disappearing through the audience, and Sahn looks on with a strange, almost confused look on his face. Chaolin sees the body of Chris Andrews crumpled together in a sick bloody mess, and pulls the ladder to the center of the ring, climbing rung for rung until he gets to the top. Chaolin Sahn looks down at Andrews still completely unconscious, and laughs evilly, pulling the CWF World Heavyweight championship off the brass ring holding it in the air. Sahn raises the World championship triumphantly to the resounding boos of the New York fans.

Ray Douglas: "The winner of this HUGE Main Event Ladder Match and the NEW Championship Wrestling Federation World Heavyweight Champion..." "THE TORMENTED SOUL" CHAOLIN SAHN!!!

Chaolin Sahn slaps the World title in happiness, before placing the belt around his waist and dropping off the ladder. "Vilespine" Joshua Monroe and Chris Xtreme run out from the back, sliding into the ring and posing with the Cyndicate founder as causing the jeering to get even louder in the Nassau Coliseum. They lift Sahn onto their shoulders, as pyros begin shooting off the rampway signifying the end of an unbelievable night. The screen goes black as the Cyndicate celebrates, and a CWF logo comes across your screen to end the biggest night in the federation's history.

Jim Gunt: "What an AMAZING Wrestle Fest this has been, a night we'll never ever forget. Through the pain and devastation, none of our competitors will ever be the same again. Goodnight CWF fans, cya at the August 18th Tuesday Night Massacre!"

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