



The show opens with plenty of pyro, then the camera pans to the ring where Casimir Laska is already sitting in a chair in the centre of the ring...

Casimir Laska: Welcome everyone, to Keys 2 Success!

His Cheshire grin turns to a more serious expression...

Casimir Laska: You like ultraviolence? Well then, welcome to the shitshow!

As Casimir stands up, the lights come back up to full effect. Then as he touches the ring's ropes the lights go out again. A spotlight shines down on the entryway stage where now sits the piano that Casimir played on Mayhem. A few more lights illuminate the way from the ring to the entry way; Casimir climbs out of the ring and walks up the ramp towards the piano. As he gets close, it starts playing an old familiar tune ALL ON ITS OWN! Casimir takes a couple steps back in surprise! Suddenly the lights go out again as the piano music continues. Then the lights come back on and a figure in ragged clothes stands on top of the piano with an old fashioned guitar in hand and playing a harmonica in harmony with the piano!



The figure switches to the guitar as he starts singing...

COME GATHER 'ROUND PEOPLE, WHEREVER YOU ROAM
AND ADMIT THAT THE DARKNESS AROUND YOU HAS GROWN
AND ACCEPT IT THAT SOON YOU WON'T BE IN CONTROL

Suddenly the piano bursts into flames! The figure keeps playing and signing as the fires
grow all around him....

IF YOUR LIFE IS TO YOU WORTH SAVIN
THEN YOU BETTER START LISTENIN;
OR BURN IN HELL ALL ALONE

The figure rips off his mask, and to Casimir's shock, the figure looks at him WITH HIS OWN FACE!!

OH THE TIMES, THEY ARE A CHANGIN'!!!!

Fisher: What the hell is going on here?!

James: I bet you this is Solom Noctourne's doing!!

The figure laughs as he continues looking at Casimir while the flames slowly begin to envelope him. Then a deadly serious expression overtakes his face, and the figure speaks:

RUN!!!!

Suddenly fire completely engulfs the figure and the lights go out again. We hear a small explosion, then Solom Noctourne appears on the tron screen. He's standing in a cemetery somewhere...

Solom Noctourne: A new era begins...TONIGHT!!

The tron then abruptly goes black, and the lights come back on. The figure is gone and the piano has been reduced to a big pile of charred rubble. Casimir Laska too, is gone.



John Blade vs Raymond Lefavure

[The bell rings, signaling the start of the match. The powerhouse John Blade and the technical savant Reynold LeFevre circle each other in the ring, each man sizing up the other. The tension is palpable as they lock up in the center of the ring, both trying to establish dominance early on.]

Mike Fisher: “And here we go! Two contrasting styles clashing right here! The brute strength of John Blade against the precision and finesse of Reynold LeFevre!”

Scott James: “LeFevre is gonna need all the finesse in the world to overcome the sheer power of John Blade!”

[John Blade quickly takes control, overpowering LeFevre and slinging him into the corner. With a thunderous roar, Blade charges in and smashes LeFevre with a devastating clothesline, nearly flattening him against the turnbuckles. Wasting no time, Blade lifts LeFevre and slams him down with a massive sidewalk slam, going for a quick cover.]

“ONE...!”

“TWO...!”

[LeFevre kicks out just before the two-count, but Blade isn't done. He lifts LeFevre up, but LeFevre, ever the scrapper, fights back with a series of rapid body shots. Each punch lands with a sickening thud, and Blade is momentarily staggered.]

Mike Fisher: “LeFevre's not going down without a fight! Look at him go!”

Scott James: “Yeah, but it's like trying to punch down a brick wall, Mike!”

[Reynold LeFevre, with a burst of energy, charges at John Blade, but the hulking figure catches him mid-stride with a massive boot to the face, sending LeFevre crashing to the mat. Blade bounces off the ropes and drops a thunderous leg drop across LeFevre's chest, crushing the air out of him before going for another cover.]

“ONE...!”

“TWO...!”

[LeFevre just manages to get his shoulder up in time, causing the crowd to erupt with cheers for his resilience. But Blade is unfazed. He picks LeFevre up by his freshly shaved head, dragging him to the corner before repeatedly driving his massive shoulder into LeFevre's midsection, each blow making the ring shake.]

Mike Fisher: "Blade is just manhandling LeFevre! Dr. Skull must be ecstatic with how his creation is performing!"

Scott James: "I'd be too! Blade looks like an unstoppable force tonight."

[With a menacing glare, Blade lifts LeFevre up onto the top turnbuckle. He wraps his enormous hand around LeFevre's throat, and with terrifying strength, he chokeslams him from the top rope down to the middle of the ring. LeFevre crashes to the mat with a sickening thud.]

Mike Fisher: "What a chokeslam! Blade is in complete control!"

Scott James: "LeFevre's gotta be regretting ever stepping into the ring with this beast!"

[John Blade stands tall over his fallen opponent, his eyes cold and calculating. He stalks LeFevre, who is struggling to get back to his feet. Blade scoops him up effortlessly, lifting him high into the air for a suplex. He holds him there, showcasing his raw power, before slamming him down into the mat. He doesn't let up, stomping viciously on LeFevre, each stomp driving him deeper into the canvas.]

Mike Fisher: "This is getting hard to watch! Blade is just decimating LeFevre!"

Scott James: "Blade's sending a message to the entire locker room: he's here to dominate!"

[Blade grabs LeFevre by the throat, lifting him up with ease. The crowd is on their feet as Blade hoists LeFevre up and drives him down into his knee with a brutal backbreaker, executing his finishing move, *The Kruncher* (Chokeslam Backbreaker). LeFevre's body crumples to the mat, his eyes rolling back as he lies motionless.]

Mike Fisher: "That has to be it! No one's getting up from that!"

Scott James: "I think LeFevre's done for, Mike. His eyes just rolled back into his head!"

[John Blade hooks both of LeFevre's legs, and the referee drops down for the count.]

"ONE...!"

"TWO...!"

"THREE...!"

[The bell rings as John Blade stands victorious, towering over the fallen LeFevre. He raises his arms in triumph, the crowd roaring in a mix of awe and respect for the sheer dominance displayed.]

Alice Goldier: "Here is your winner by pinfall, John Blade!"

Mike Fisher: “An absolutely dominant performance by John Blade! Reynold LeFevre never stood a chance!”



[Scene opens backstage in a dimly lit locker room at the arena. Crush, the reigning ECE and IWW World Champion, sits on a bench lacing up his boots. His brother, PG-13, stands by the door, leaning against the wall, arms crossed. Bryan and Andrew Huttman, his cousins, sit nearby, the tension clear on their faces. The family has gathered to discuss the impending main event match.]

Crush: Alright, listen up. We all know what's on the line tonight. Solom is a monster, I get that. But I'm the champion for a reason. I've been through wars before, and tonight's just another one of those battles.

Bryan, the more outspoken of the cousins, pushes himself off the bench, his voice filled with frustration.

Bryan Huttman: You shouldn't have to do this alone, Crush. Solom's dangerous. We've all seen what he's capable of. After everything he's done to this family—kidnapping your wife, putting us through hell—there's no way we're letting you go out there without backup.

Andrew nods in agreement, his eyes burning with determination.

Andrew Huttman: He's right, bro. We've always had each other's backs, and tonight shouldn't be any different. Solom's gonna pull every trick in the book. We're not just gonna stand back here and watch him try to take you down.

Crush finishes tying his boots and stands up, towering over his family. He places a firm hand on Bryan's shoulder, his voice calm but commanding.

Crush: I appreciate what you're saying, but this is different. This isn't just about me. If any of you step out there tonight, even for a second, I'm stripped of both my titles—ECE and IIW. And I'm not losing what I've worked for because of some family pride.

PG-13, standing in the corner, pushes off the wall and steps forward. His demeanor is a mix of concern and frustration.

PG-13: Aaron, we're not talking about pride. We're talking about survival. Solom's not like anyone else you've faced. You know how dangerous he is. You've seen what he's done to people, to families. He doesn't care about titles or honor—he just wants to destroy you.

Crush squares his shoulders, meeting PG-13's gaze head-on. There's a brief moment of silence before Crush speaks again, his voice unwavering.

Crush: I know who Solom is, Mike. I know exactly what he's capable of. But I've beaten monsters before, and I'll beat him too. I'm not walking into this blind. I've seen the darkness he brings, and I'm ready for it.

Andrew looks at his brother, then back at Crush, shaking his head slightly.

Andrew Huttman: We're not doubting you, man. You're the toughest guy we know. But what happens if Solom pulls something out of nowhere? What if he has backup? He's not someone who fights fair.

Crush's jaw tightens, his frustration beginning to show as he steps closer to his cousins.

Crush: I don't care what Solom has planned. I'm the IIW World Champion and the ECE World Champion because I don't let people like him dictate what I do in that ring. Tonight, I'm going out there alone. No interference, no distractions. If any of you step out there, it's over. You do not work here.. Do you realize that? I had to use EVERY ounce of pull I had just to get you backstage. I'm not risking having you guys at ringside. Do you understand?

Bryan clenches his fists, clearly not happy with the decision. He paces a little before finally turning to Crush.

Bryan Huttman: So what, we just sit back here and watch you go into war on your own? After everything we've been through as a family, you expect us to stand by while you face that psycho?

Crush takes a deep breath, his tone softening slightly as he realizes the toll this is taking on his family.

Crush: I'm not asking you to do nothing. I'm asking you to trust me. Trust that I know what I'm doing. This isn't the first time I've been in the ring with someone who wants to tear me apart. But I've survived every single one of them, and tonight's no different.

PG-13 shakes his head, stepping forward again, clearly frustrated but trying to keep his cool.

PG-13: Aaron, we're not worried about whether you can handle yourself. We know you can. But this is Solom. He doesn't fight like anyone else. He doesn't stop, and he's got nothing to lose. You might be walking into something you can't come back from.

Crush turns sharply to face his brother, his expression intense but filled with conviction.

Crush: I will come back from it. Solom thinks he's invincible because he's got everyone scared of him. But I'm not scared. He's just another obstacle, and I've knocked down bigger and badder ones before. Solom's mind games? His tricks? They don't work on me.

Bryan steps in closer, his voice almost pleading.

Bryan Huttman: We're just saying... let us have your back. You don't have to fight alone, not tonight. Not when we're all here, ready to go to war with you.

Crush's expression softens slightly as he looks at Bryan, then Andrew, and finally PG-13.

Crush: I know you all want to help, but this isn't the time. I have to do this on my own. If Solom wins because you interfered, if I lose everything because of that... it'll destroy everything we've worked for. I'm not putting that risk on you guys. Not tonight.. I need you guys to trust that I have a plan. I never walk into any situation unprepared.

The room falls silent for a moment, the weight of Crush's words sinking in. Bryan, Andrew, and PG-13 exchange glances, knowing there's nothing more they can say to change his mind. Finally, PG-13 nods, albeit reluctantly.

PG-13: Alright. We'll stay back here. But just know, we'll be watching. And if anything goes sideways—if that bastard tries something dirty—don't expect us to just sit here and do nothing.

Crush smirks slightly, his confidence showing through as he gives his brother a nod.

Crush: I wouldn't expect anything less. But tonight? I'm walking in that ring, and I'm walking out still the World Champion. Solom can bring whatever he wants. I'll put him down just like everyone else.

Andrew stands up, walking over to Crush and offering his hand.

Andrew Huttman: Just make sure you come back with that title. We'll be right here, waiting.

Crush clasps Andrew's hand firmly, nodding in appreciation.

Crush: You know I will.

As the family shares a tense but understanding look, Crush grabs his championship belt, slinging it over his shoulder. He walks toward the door, pausing for a moment to glance back at his family.

Crush: Stay back here. No matter what.

With that, Crush leaves the locker room, the door shutting behind him with a soft click. The camera lingers on the remaining members of the Huttman family, their faces a mix of concern and pride, knowing that their brother and cousin is about to face the fight of his life.



[The bell rings, and the match between Casimir Laska and Johnny Stylez is underway. The two men circle each other, the tension palpable as they look for an opening. Johnny Stylez, the brash and arrogant competitor, dives in to lock up, but Casimir Laska is ready. He cuts Johnny off with a swift kick to the midsection, doubling him over. Wasting no time, Laska grabs Johnny by the hair, yanking him up and smashing him back down with a vicious headbutt. Johnny staggers back into the ropes, and Laska takes advantage, throwing him across the ring and nailing him with an inverted atomic drop.]

Mike Fisher: “Laska wasting no time here, taking the fight straight to Johnny Stylez!”

Scott James: “Johnny better get it together, or this will be over quick!”

[Johnny doubles over in pain, clutching his groin as Laska grabs him by the back of the head. With a burst of energy, Laska charges towards the corner, looking to slam Johnny’s face into the turnbuckle, but Johnny gets his foot up in time, stopping the momentum. Johnny Stylez spins around, catching Laska off-guard with a sharp elbow to the jaw, staggering the bigger man. Seizing the opportunity, Johnny explodes out of the corner, leveling Laska with a powerful running lariat that sends him crashing to the mat.]

Mike Fisher: “What a lariat from Johnny! He’s back in this match!”

Scott James: “Never count Johnny out, Mike. He’s got a trick or two up his sleeve.”

[Laska quickly scrambles to his feet, but Johnny is ready. He hits the ropes and comes back with a Lou Thesz Press, taking Laska down and unleashing a flurry of hard strikes. The referee starts his count, reaching four before Johnny reluctantly backs off. He grabs Laska by the arm, hauling him up and attempting to whip him into the ropes, but Laska reverses it, sending Johnny flying across the ring and meeting him on the rebound with a devastating Yakuza kick! Johnny crumples to the mat, and Laska quickly covers.]

“ONE...!”

“TWO...!”

[Johnny kicks out just in time! Laska doesn't let up, grabbing Johnny by the hair and yanking him to his feet. He plants him back down with a snapmare and follows up with a stiff kick to the spine, causing Johnny to arch his back in pain. Johnny pulls himself up using the ropes, but Laska charges in, looking to capitalize. Johnny, however, manages to land a desperate kick to Laska's midsection, stopping him in his tracks. He follows up with a hard right hand before quickly scooping Laska up and dropping him with a vicious brainbuster!]

Mike Fisher: “Johnny Stylez just turned Laska's lights out!”

Scott James: “That was a nasty brainbuster, Mike! Laska's head bounced off the mat!”

[A dazed Laska rolls away, trying to avoid the pin, but Johnny is relentless. He grabs Laska's ankle and twists it, locking in a painful ankle lock! Laska cries out in pain, desperately reaching for the ropes. The referee drops down beside Laska, checking for any sign of submission, but Laska grits his teeth and slowly drags himself across the ring. It takes what seems like an eternity, but he finally grabs hold of the bottom rope, and the ref orders Johnny to break the hold. Johnny reluctantly lets go, backing off with a frustrated look on his face.]

Mike Fisher: “Great resilience from Laska! He barely made it to the ropes!”

Scott James: “Johnny's got to stay on him, though! You can't give a guy like Laska an inch!”

[The referee checks on Laska, and as soon as he gives the nod to continue, Johnny charges in again, but Laska is ready this time. He jabs Johnny in the eye with a thumb, momentarily blinding him. Laska follows up with a kick to the midsection and drops Johnny with a DDT! Laska quickly tries to lock in a chokehold, but Johnny rolls away, grabbing hold of the ropes to prevent Laska from securing the submission.]

Mike Fisher: “Great ring awareness from Johnny Stylez!”

Scott James: “He knew he had to get out of there quick, or it could've been over!”

[Laska backs off at the ref's request, but as soon as he turns his attention back to Johnny, Johnny pulls down the top rope, sending Laska flying to the floor outside with a heavy thud. The referee begins his count as Laska struggles to get back to his feet. Just as he gets up, Johnny flies through the ropes with a baseball slide, crashing into Laska and sending him hard into the security barrier. Johnny, not missing a beat,

slides out of the ring and starts stomping down on Laska before throwing him back into the ring. He hops up onto the apron, climbing to the top rope as Laska lies prone on the mat.]

Mike Fisher: “Johnny Stylez going high-risk here!”

Scott James: “This could end it right here, Mike!”

[Johnny leaps off, crashing down across Laska’s chest with a leg drop from the top rope! He quickly hooks the leg for the cover.]

ONE...

TWO....

[Laska kicks out at two! Johnny slams the mat in frustration before dragging Laska up and throwing him into the ropes, looking for a clothesline. Laska ducks under and comes back with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker that leaves Johnny writhing on the mat in pain. Laska wastes no time, hitting Johnny with a stiff kick to the middle of the back before quickly locking in a Crossface!]

Mike Fisher: “Laska’s got that Crossface locked in tight!”

Scott James: “He’s wrenching back on it! Johnny might have to tap here!”

[Johnny has no choice but to tap out as Casimir Laska picks up another dominating victory and continues his run in IIW]

Fisher: ...Casimir is victorious, but I don’t think he’s done with Johnny Stylez!

Casimir grabs Johnny by the hair, but he’s interrupted!

Solom Noctourne: Casimir!!

Distracted, Casimir looks up and sees Solom Noctourne up on the tron, walking in the cemetery we saw him in earlier...

Solom Noctourne: Tell me, Casimir, do you recognize this place? You put on this façade that there is nothing in this world that you truly care about; but we both know that isn’t entirely true, now is it?

Solom approaches one grave in particular. The camera pans to get the headstone fully into frame, and it bears the name of Casimir Laska's *MOTHER*. Suddenly we see the headstone shatter into pieces from the force of a sledgehammer, followed by maniacal laughter.

Solom Noctourne: Stylez! That was a bit excessive...

Je\$TyR SeRyOu\$: Sorry! HUAHAHAHAHA!

Solom Noctourne: You may have loved her; you may have loathed and hated her. Either way, to you she means something, and that something still haunts you. That which haunts you, the Master of Darkness can command!

Johnny drops the sledgehammer and he and \$yNN pull an old wooden casket up from the dirt. Johnny shoves a shovel down into the wood, which cracks loudly on impact. The lid of the coffin comes up, obstructing from the camera the activity behind it. We can see Solom reach in, then show

his taped up hand to the camera, now holding a set of dusty old pearls.

Solom Noctourne: You see, Casimir, you need to learn a harsh lesson.

Solom slowly wraps the pearls tightly around his hand and wrist, then his hand coils into a pearl-wrapped fist.

Solom Noctourne: Get a good look, Casimir. Every time you see me, you will see the relics of that part of you that you try in vain to excise, and you will be reminded of the power and influence I possess. You don't run this show anymore, I DO!! The Nebula of the Night is both your salvation and your damnation. Which of those you are granted; is entirely up to you. Choose your actions wisely. In the meantime, tonight the Archfiend of Anarchy will dye these old pearls *RED* with Crush's *BLOOD*! So sit back, Casimir, and watch as I ascend to the Black Throne of IIW!

The tron goes dark, and the lights go out! The lights come back on and Casimir Laska is left none too pleased! He turns around, and Johnny Stylez is gone!



[The match begins with a palpable buzz in the arena, as TJ Alexander challenges Ryan McCann for the ILLW Hollywood Championship. The bell rings, and TJ wastes no time, sprinting across the ring and catching Ryan off-guard with a running dropkick that sends the champion crashing into the corner. TJ doesn't let up, following up with a series of rapid-fire kicks to Ryan's midsection, forcing him down to a seated position. TJ takes a few steps back, charging forward and hitting Ryan with a brutal running knee to the face, leaving the champion dazed.]

Mike Fisher: "TJ Alexander is on fire! He's not giving Ryan McCann any breathing room!"

Scott James: "Ryan wasn't expecting this kind of onslaught! TJ's come in with a point to prove!"

[Ryan slumps against the turnbuckles, trying to shake off the cobwebs. TJ grabs him by the arm, pulling him to his feet before whipping him across the ring. Ryan stumbles on the rebound, only to be met with a perfectly executed overhead belly-to-belly suplex from TJ that shakes the ring! The crowd erupts as TJ gets to his feet, signaling for the end early.]

Mike Fisher: "TJ Alexander is looking to end this quickly! He's not here to play around!"

Scott James: "If Ryan doesn't wake up soon, he's gonna lose that Hollywood title in record time!"

[TJ stalks Ryan as he slowly gets back to his feet. He grabs Ryan, lifting him high and slamming him down with a vicious scissor kick that sends the champion sprawling to the mat, gasping for air and clutching his chest. TJ immediately goes for the cover, hooking the leg.]

Alice Goldier: "ONE!"

Alice Goldier: "TWO!"

[Ryan kicks out just before three! TJ doesn't look frustrated, though; he's focused and determined. He lets Ryan stumble to his feet, only to catch him with a deep arm drag that sends Ryan sliding across the ring. Ryan scrambles up, clearly disoriented, and TJ is right there to meet him with a stiff roll-through clothesline that flips Ryan inside out! Ryan pounds the mat in frustration, clearly out of his depth against the relentless challenger.]

Mike Fisher: "Ryan's struggling to keep up here! TJ Alexander is in complete control!"

Scott James: "This is the most dominant I've ever seen TJ! He's not letting Ryan catch a break!"

[The crowd is on their feet, roaring in approval as TJ springs up and nails Ryan with a flawless standing moonsault, driving the air out of the champion's lungs. He quickly straddles Ryan, raining down punches until the referee steps in, warning him about the closed fists. TJ backs off, a smirk on his face, as Ryan rolls to the outside, clutching his ribs and trying to recover.]

Scott James: "TJ Alexander is proving why he's a top contender here, Mike! He's got the champion on the ropes!"

Mike Fisher: "Ryan needs to figure something out fast, or he's going to lose that Hollywood title!"

[TJ slides out of the ring, not giving Ryan a moment to recover. He grabs the champion by the hair and slams him face-first into the steel ring post! Ryan stumbles, dazed, and TJ rolls him back into the ring before climbing up to the top rope. With the crowd on their feet, TJ leaps off, hitting a picture-perfect flying elbow drop right onto Ryan's chest! TJ hooks the leg again.]

Alice Goldier: "ONE!"

Alice Goldier: "TWO!"

[Ryan kicks out again, but he's clearly in trouble. TJ doesn't waste time arguing with the ref; he's back on his feet, pulling Ryan up and signaling for his finisher. He hooks Ryan's arms, lifting him up for 'Game Over' (Double Underhook Piledriver), but Ryan fights out, dropping to his knees and catching TJ with a desperate low blow as the referee's view is obstructed!]

Mike Fisher: "Come on, ref! That was blatant!"

Scott James: "Desperate times, desperate measures, Mike! Ryan's fighting for his title!"

[Ryan, still woozy, tries to capitalize, pulling TJ in for his own finisher, the 'Hollywood Lock' (Crossface Chickenwing). He's got it locked in tight, but TJ fights, using every ounce of his strength to roll through and break the hold, sending Ryan face-first into the turnbuckle! The crowd explodes as TJ gets back to his feet, adrenaline surging through him. He grabs Ryan, setting him up for a devastating 'Game Over' and this

time, there's no escape! TJ drives Ryan's head into the mat with a sickening thud, and the crowd goes wild!]

Mike Fisher: "He's done it! TJ hit the Game Over! This could be it!"

Scott James: "Cover him, TJ! The title is yours!"

[TJ drapes an arm over Ryan's chest, hooking the leg as the referee drops down for the count.]

Alice Goldier: "ONE!"

Alice Goldier: "TWO!"

Alice Goldier: "THREE!"

[The bell rings, and the crowd erupts as TJ Alexander rolls off Ryan, raising his arms in victory. The referee hands him the IIW Hollywood Championship, and TJ clutches it close, a look of pure elation on his face.]

Alice Goldier: "Here is your winner, and NEW IIW Hollywood Champion, TJ Alexander!"

Mike Fisher: "What a performance! TJ Alexander just dominated Ryan McCann to capture the Hollywood title!"

Scott James: "He said it was his time, and he proved it tonight! What a match!"

[TJ stands on the turnbuckle, holding the Hollywood Championship high above his head as the crowd chants his name. He looks down at Ryan, who's still out cold on the mat, and nods with a satisfied smile. TJ Alexander has finally conquered his kryptonite and claimed the Hollywood title in convincing fashion, cementing his place as one of IIW's top stars.]



Keys 2 Success 6-man Ladder Match
Mark Zout vs Trent Darby vs Malboro Man vs Jack Me Hoff vs Travis Walker vs Synn

Goldier: Ladies and gentlemen, it is now time FOR THE 6-MAN KEYS 2 SUCCESS LADDER MATCH!! Hanging above the ring are TWO keys, each granting a title match for IIW WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP! ANYTIME. ANYWHERE.

Fisher: Oh boy, this is gonna get BRUTAL!

James: Here we go!!!

Goldier: Introducing the participants... FIRST, from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at 175 lbs, MARK ZOUT!

UNBREAKABLE by Fireflight hits and Mark Zout comes out with some kind of miniature wrestling ring. He sets it down on the stage, puts one leg in it, then kicks off riding it down the ramp! IT'S A MIINI-RING SKATEBOARD!

James: What the hell?!

Fisher: I kinda like it!

Zout gets off by the ring. He starts looking for weapons under the ring and starts throwing things into the ring!

Goldier: next, from Baltimore Maryland. Weighing in at 200 pounds, he is the “Last honest man in professional wrestling”, TRENT...DARBY!

Voices in my head again

Trapped in a war inside my own skin

THEY'RE PULLING ME UNDER

GO!

With the heavy guitar of Motionless In White kicking in, the lights around the arena darken for several seconds, until finally from the shadows a figure can be seen

almost lurching out onto the stage. Taking a slow look around out into the sea of the paying audience, a man obscured in darkness, carrying an axe handle, shakes his head before he starts his slow approach to ringside.

The crowd murmurs, and Trent Darby appears to take recognition of it, his head has remained bowed the entire length of his weary trip down the isle towards ringside and it remains that way until he reaches the ring. Glancing from side to side for a moment, Trent reaches up towards the middle rope and takes a seat on the ring apron, lowering his head once again as the chorus of his theme song echoes around the arena before, with a quick sweep of a hand to brush the hair away from his eyes he rolls underneath the bottom rope away from Mark Zout and into the ring, pulling himself to his feet with the ropes as he gets ready to compete.

Goldier: next, from Richmond, Virginia, weighing in at 230lbs, THE MARLBORO MAN!

GHETTO COWBOY by Bone Thugs hits as the Marlboro man with a lit cigarette in his mouth.

Fisher: Doesn't this guy know there's no smoking in here?!

James: You gonna tell him?!

Goldier: Next, from Hollywood, California, **sigh** by way of your mother's house...weighing in at **sigh** 5 lbs, 2 oz., he is your BRAZZERS CHAMPION, JACK N MEHOFF!

"I TOUCH MYSELF" by the Divinals starts to play over the sound system and the fans instantly start to boo loudly. Jack Mehoff comes out the entrance flanked by his entourage with a cocky smile on his face. As he starts walking down the ramp several officials stop him, and order his entourage back out of the ringside area! Mehoff is irate!

James: What the hell kind of BS is this?!

Fisher: This match is going to be chaotic enough without Mehoff's idiot millennials in the mix too!

Still pissed, he walks down the isle with his arms in the air ignoring the fans yelling at him until he sees a hot girl sitting ringside. He tries flirting with her, but she doesn't seem interested. He steps on the ring apron and puts on leg through the ropes, stops, humps the middle rope a few times, and then steps into the ring.

Fisher: This jackoff shouldn't even be in this match dammit!

James: Hey, Osh Vaughan tried to screw him; he just played the game and won!

Fisher: That's bull jive!

Goldier: Next, from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 265 lbs, "THE HUNTER" TRAVIS WALKER!!

THE HUNTER by Adam Jensen plays over the speakers and the lights darken as the Word The Hunter appears on the big screen in bold red letters and then smoke appears on the stage as The Hunter Travis Walker appears with a smirk on his face.

Travis walks down the ramp with a fiery fuscous look on his face, walking pass the fans and then running up the steel steps and stepping inside the ring and immediately climbs up the turnbuckle to over see the crowd and then shoots a brown an arrow at his opponents, he then jumps down and waits for the match to start.

Goldier: AND FINALLY, from Anchorage, Alaska, weighing in at 145 lbs, representing the Dark Dominion and one half of the IIW WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, \$YNN!!!!

YEN by Splipknot hits. The arena goes dark and a mist begins to engulf the landscape.

***"YOU'RE THE SIN THAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR
THE HANDS AROUND MY THROAT***

IT'S ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT

THE SMELL OF SWEAT AND BLOOD"

SYNN walks out onto the ramp, a deadpan expression as she stares at the ring, tilting her head side to side. She shoves a huge cart full of weapons down the ramp and it slams into the side of the ring.

She slowly walks to the ring like impending death, before sliding into the ring under the ropes and slithering to the middle. She licks her tag team title belt; this is the first time we see a smile, a twisted and demonic one. The demon pops up and goes to the corner and licks her lips at her opponents.

Fisher: HERE WE GO FOLKS!

James: \$ynn already has a lightbulb tube in hand!

As the bell rings to start the match, \$ynn smashes the lightbulb tube right over Jack Mehoff's forehead!

Fisher: I hope Mehoff has a good plastic surgeon!

The Marlboro Man and Mark Zout step up to each other, Marlboro shoves him back into a corner against the turnbuckles, and with his arm against Zout's throat he SHOVES THE LIT CIGARETTE INTO ZOUT'S ARM!! Zout screams in pain! Meanwhile Travis Walker and Trent Darby stare each other down, but Trent has that axe handle, the stick of truth! Trent wastes no time and tries to nail him in the ribs with it, but Walker traps his arm! Walker responds with a headbutt while he has the element of surprise for a split second! Trent staggers, then Walker seizes the opportunity and takes him down with a big SPINEBUSTER! Walker grabs the axe handle and tries to crack the downed Trent in the head with it, but Trent manages to roll out of the ring! Walker chases after him, but Trent grabs for something under the ring. It's a STEEL CHAIR wrapped in BARBEDWIRE! Just as Walker gets his head through the ropes while climbing out after Trent, TRENT CRACKS HIM IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD WITH THAT CHAIR!! Walker flies down onto the ringside floor on his back!

Marlboro Man is pounding away on Zout, but Zout gets in a big sucker punch, knocking the Marlboro Man backwards! There's blood coming down the side of his face; he wipes some off and looks at his hand in disbelief!

James: WHAT THE HELL?!

Fisher: Zout rips away some of the tape on his fists....SPIKED BRASS KNUCKLES!! He's got em taped on BOTH fists! Zout knew he was one of the smaller competitors in this match, AND HE CAME PREPARED!

James: I know this is anything goes, BUT COME ON!

Mehoff is pissed about getting his face cut, but before he can do anything about it, \$ynn delivers a LOW BLOW KICK TO THE JEWELS! As he leans forward in pain, \$ynn jumps up and throws him through the ropes to the outside with a hurricanrana! \$ynn leaps over the ropes towards Mehoff, but he found a lightbulb tube and smashes it in \$ynn's ribs! He's still pissed and he kicks away at \$ynn while she's down. Mehoff sees a big cart full of lightbulb tubes and who knows what else. He gets a sadistic look in his eyes!

Fisher: Oh crap, I think we're about to see a whole different side of Jack Mehoff! He must be really pissed about his face!

Mehoff grabs \$ynn by her hair and screams in her face, "YOU FREAKY BITCH!" He pulls her up then throws her WITH A 68 COMEBACK SPECIAL INTO THAT CART OF LIGHTBULB TUBES!! There's a big explosion of glass as \$ynn crashes down inside the cart! Suddenly a large figure leaps over the nearby barrier and catches Mehoff with a german suplex from behind!

James: IT'S JAY VAUGHAN!! WHAT THE HELL?!

Fisher: He's delivering a little karma to the prick that took his spot in this match! Vaughan starts stomping away at Mehoff! He grabs a nearby steel chair, folds it up, and slams it on the ringside floor! Then he scoops Mehoff up and POWERBOMBS him down on top of that chair!! Meanwhile \$ynn has gotten herself out of that cart, her arms and midriff are bloody, but she's holding up a METAL baseball bat WRAPPED IN *BARBEDWIRE*!! Vaughan picks Mehoff back up, spins and lands another SPINEBUSTER on top of that chair! Vaughan and \$ynn look at each other; \$ynn has a real sadistic grin as she points to Mehoff. Vaughan lifts Mehoff's legs and spreads them apart!

James: NO!!!! DON'T DO IT!!!! NOOOOO!!!!

\$ynn swings that metal bat down HARD on Mehoff's crotch! She just snaps and starts beating Mehoff over and over again with that metal barbedwire bat to his crotch!!!

James: THEYRE GOING AFTER HIS LIVELIHOOD!!! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH THEM?!

Fisher: Karma sure is a bitch sometimes, ain't it?

Mehoff is in a lot of pain, and the beating finally stops when all 3 of them notice THERE'S *BLOOD ON THE BAT*! \$ynn just laughs, Vaughan is wide eyed, and now Mehoff writhing in pain and in a panic! He looks down at his crotch where his gear is shredded, mangled, and *bloody*! Several officials rush between Mehoff and his two attackers, while medics check on him! Mehoff covers his crotch with his hands, officials and medics help him up and they rush him stumbling all the way to the back for some much needed medical attention!!

Fisher: Did Mehoff just take himself out of the match?!

James: What kind of TRAVESTY did we just witness?!

Vaughan looks around, then sees the Brazzers championship belt that Mehoff left behind near the timekeeper's area! Vaughan grabs the belt and throws it onto the

ringside floor. He looks for something under the ring, and pulls out A
SLEDGEHAMMER!!!

James: Now what's he going to do?! As if he hasn't done enough already!

Vaughan starts bashing away with the sledgehammer at the faceplate of the Brazzers title belt!! He finally throws the sledgehammer down on the floor and picks up the Brazzers title belt. He holds it up to the camera to show his handiwork, the faceplate is all dented, scratched, and scuffed! "F### YOU MEHOFF!!" He throws the belt back down onto the ringside floor and spits on it!

Fisher: Wait, who's that?!

A crazed man with big physique comes out of the crowd nearby and grabs Vaughan from behind! The two start brawling and exchanging punches!

James: That's Mehoff's psycho friend, SNAKE RIDGE!!!!

The two men continue brawling back into the crowds and out of the ringside area.

Fisher: So is this a 5-man now???

Walker grabs one of the ladders around ringside and slides it into the ring. Then he grabs another one, and as Darby tries to grab the ladder in the ring, Walker drives the second ladder through the upper ropes, nailing Darby in the side of the head! On the other side of the ring \$ynn throws a couple more ladders into the ring! Now she starts pulling TABLES out from under the ring and starts setting them up all around the ring! Meanwhile Zout is still throwing haymakers at the Marlboro Man with those spiked knucks. He finally has enough, scoops Zout up and powerslams him RIGHT ON TOP OF A LADDER!! Zout arches his back in pain, with his face now very bloodied the Marlboro Man looks down at him.

Travis Walker comes in the ring right behind the Marlboro Man and drops him backward onto another ladder with a back body drop! THE LIGHTS GO OUT! They come back on and **Je\$TyR SeRyOu\$** JOHNNY STYLEZ is now standing right in front of the announcers' table! Stylez is heavily bandaged up after the brutality he suffered at the hands of Casimir Laska including bloody bandages covering his left eye! He steps aside to reveal to the camera SIX steel chairs setup holding SEVERAL SHEETS OF GLASS and LIGHTBULB TUBES over top, threaded through the backs of the chairs!

Fisher: Oh hell, whoever goes through that stuff is going to be in A WORLD of
HURT!

James: I don't know how this psycho is even out here after what Casimir Laska did to him earlier, but I think this match is about to get a whole hell of a lot *CRAZIER*!!

Stylez goes around setting up more tables, while \$yNN charges into the ring with two big burlap sacks! She looks all around at the crowds with a wide open mouth, then dumps the contents out all over the ring: THUMBTRACKS! And lots of them!!!

The Marlboro Man slowly gets back up with the help of the nearby ropes, but then Walker rushes towards him and hits him with a BAIL OUT sending both men through the ropes to the outside!

Fisher: Now this lunatic Je\$TyR SeRyOu\$ has a couple of big gasoline canisters, and he's dumping gasoline all over the damn place on tables and everything else!!

James: My god, this match is about to get way out of hand...

Trent Darby is able to get back up and nails \$yNN with a MOONSHOT BLITZ from behind head first into the thumbtacks!! Darby grabs a ladder and sets it up. He starts climbing!!! Darby gets near the top, but then Zout gets back up and leaps to the top of the ladder! Zout starts pounding away at Darby with those spiked knucks!!

Fisher: Darby is losing his grip on that ladder!!!!

Darby's face gets bloodier and bloodier; finally he can't hold on any longer and falls backwards, his back slamming down into all those thumbtacks!

Fisher: Zout is all by himself, just a couple feet away from those keys!!!

Zout sees the world title shot within reach. He races the rest of the way to the top of the ladder and reaches for one of the keys, BUT THE KEYS GET PULLED AWAY EVEN HIGHER!!

Fisher: Oh what the hell kind of bull jive is going on here?!

James: Divine intervention, buddy! Who really wants to see that scrawny joke anywhere near the world championship?

Fisher: Those keys must be like 25 feet up in the air now, *AT LEAST*! Zout is *PISSED*!

Zout looks up at the keys, now much farther away. His blood begins to boil as he then looks down at everything going on below. \$yNN is now on top of Trent Darby pounding away at him; she grabs handfuls of thumbtacks and rakes his already bloody face with them! Darby shoves her off of him, but then Mark Zout leaps off the

top of the ladder with a SWANTON BOMB onto Darby! All in the same motion Zout rolls out of the ring and looks under the ring. He starts pulling out a MASSIVE 20 foot long ladder!

On the other side of the ring, Travis Walker gets back and looks around. He then grabs the Marlboro Man and starts dragging him around the outside of the ring, heading towards the announcers table. Once he gets near there he looks at the announcers table, and then looks at the horrific construct of steel chairs, sheets of glass, and lightbulb tubes. However, his indecision gives the Marlboro Man an opening! He found a kendo stick and cracks Walker in the ribs with it! The Marlboro Man gets back to his feet and cracks Walker in the back with the kindo stick. Wait, there's a steel chair sitting on the floor there... The Marlboro Man grabs Walker in a headlock, hooks the arms, and drops him with a double-armed DDT head first into that steel chair!! With Walker down, the Marlboro Man pulls out a lighter and cigarette. With the cigarette in his mouth he lights it, puts away the lighter, takes a few puffs then throws the lit cigarette at the announcers table, making it BURST INTO FLAMES!!! It must have had gasoline splashed on it earlier!

Fisher: OUR TABLE'S ON FIRE! OUR TABLE'S ON FIRE!!!

James: I DON'T GET PAID ENOUGH FOR THIS SHIT!!!

Marlboro Man's smoking distracted him away from Walker, who has time to get back up and crack the Marlboro Man across the back with the steel chair! Marlboro Man turns around while favouring his back, and Walker grabs him by the throat. CHOKESLAM THROUGH THE FLAMING ANNOUNCERS TABLE!! The monitors, wires, and whatnot snap, crackle, and pop amidst the chaos!

Fisher: I DON'T THINK WALKER'S DONE YET!!!

Walker looks over at the glass and steel chairs setup, and then he grabs the Marlboro Man and grabs his cigarettes! He shoves the whole pack into the fire to light it up, then throws the fiery pack of cigarettes onto the glass and chairs!! THEY BURST INTO FLAMES!!! Walker sets Marlboro Man up with his head between Walker's legs. Walker puts one finger in the air and yells "POWERBOMB!!!" He scoops him up, POWERBOMB THROUGH THE LIGHTBULB TUBES, GLASS, AND STEEL CHAIRS!!!! THE GLASS EXPLODES EVERYWHERE!!!

Fisher: THERE IS ABSOLUTE BEDLAM RIGHT IN FRONT OF US!!! WE NEED SOME HELP OUT HERE DAMMIT!!!

Workers rush in with fire extinguishers and EMTs wait through the chaos to check on Marlboro Man...

Walker climbs into the ring where the massive 20 foot ladder is now setup. Darby and \$yNN are fighting it out while Zout is just about to start climbing the ladder, but Walker cracks him in the back with a steel chair! Zout goes down to his knees then

Walker turns his attention to Darby and delivers a HEAD SHOT to Darby from behind!! Darby goes down, then \$yNN delivers DIRTY PRETTY spewing that black mist into Walker's face!! Walker is blinded and \$yNN takes advantage, locking him in a cloverleaf, then delivering BRAM STOKER sending Walker FACE FIRST into a pile of thumbtacks!! \$yNN looks up and sees Zout slowly climbing the ladder! She starts climbing up the outside! \$yNN and Zout both get pretty close to the top of the ladder! Suddenly they stop climbing because a weird siren starts blaring inside the arena!!

Fisher: WHAT THE HELL?!

A pimped out purple ambulance drives into the ringside area and goes right up to the side of the ring!! The driver's side door opens, and...IT'S JACK N. MEHOFF!!!! HE'S BACK!!! He climbs on top of the front hood of the ambulance!

Fisher: Seriously?! HE WASN'T EVEN SUPPOSED TO BE IN THIS DAMN MATCH!!

James: Wait, what the hell?! Does he have KEVLAR SHORTS on now over top of his wrestling gear?!

Fisher: Looks like he's all taped up under there too, there's so much bloody tape that some of it's hanging out the back of his pants!!

James: He's also got one of those protective clear masks strapped to his face!

Fisher: And bandages under that too!

Walker has had time to get back up. He sees Mehoff, and he sees blood! Walker charges through the ropes attempting another Bail Out but Mehoff dodges it and Walker CRASHES THROUGH THE AMBULANCE WINDSHIELD!!!

Mehoff: ...and that was real glass folks! Cry me a freaking river! *wink*

Fisher: ...what an absolute douchebag...

Mehoff charges into the ring and rushes up the ladder right behind \$yNN, as he gets close to her, THE LIGHTS GO OUT AGAIN!

The lights come back on, and now there's a SECOND huge ladder right outside the ring parallel with the 20 foot ladder in the ring! Another ladder has been wedged flat over top like a bridge. Standing on top, closer to the second ladder is Je\$TyR SeRyOu\$ JOHNNY STYLEZ!!!

Zout gets on top of this insane ladder setup, and goes towards the middle of the makeshift "bridge." \$yNN and MeHoff get up right behind him! Zout looks around, and he's got 3 people with bad intentions staring at HIM!

Fisher: Oh man, this does not look good for Mark Zout!

Stylez points behind him at a big stack of tables! It's a construct of absolute HELL: SIX tables stacked into three layers, wrapped heavily in barbedwire, reinforced with more sheets of glass, a pile of STEEL CHAIRS on the tables in the middle, and the bottom two tables ARE METAL! In addition, there's a big pile of lightbulb tubes on the floor under the bottom tables and the whole damn thing IS ON FIRE!!!

Zout starts throwing heavy punches with those spiked knuckles at his three attackers, but they start overwhelming him! Zout goes for a desperation move, he charges towards Johnny Stylez and he hits a SPANISH FLY flipping both himself and Johnny Styles off the top of the ladders AND DOWN THROUGH THE STACK OF FLAMING TABLES, GLASS, AND METAL!!!

Fisher: DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN, THOSE TWO JUST GOT THEMSELVES KILLED!!! HOW CAN ANY MAN POSSIBLY SURVIVE ALL THAT FROM A DAMN NEAR 25 FOOT DROP?!

The crowd goes quiet and \$yNN looks down in reserved horror as workers with fire extinguishers, security and EMTs all rush the massive conflagration to look for the two men! After a few minutes someone finally pulls Mark Zout out of the massive debris field and they get him on a stretcher where he doesn't move as multiple EMTs work on him. They put an emergency neck brace on him and an oxygen mask as they quickly assess what ever other injuries he may have sustained. Other workers keep looking for Johnny Stylez, but he's nowhere to be found...

Mike Fisher:

"We are down to the final two competitors! It's Jack Me Hoff and \$ynn, and they're both within reach of those Keys to Success!"

Scott James:

"After everything we've seen tonight, I'm amazed anyone is still standing! But it's all about those keys now, and both of these competitors want them badly!"

[Jack Me Hoff, battered and bruised but still full of determination, begins to climb the massive 20-foot ladder in the center of the ring. He looks over his shoulder and sees \$ynn, slowly recovering from the brutal attack earlier. She shakes off the pain and grabs the opposite side of the ladder, starting her own ascent.]

Mike Fisher:

"Both of them are going for it! This could be a dangerous situation!"

Scott James:

"Everything they've endured tonight is about to come to a head! Who's gonna grab the keys?!"

[Both competitors climb, the crowd's anticipation building with every step. As they near the top, they begin to exchange blows. Jack Me Hoff rakes his hand across \$ynn's face, but she retaliates with a stiff headbutt that leaves Jack reeling. They continue to battle, teetering at the top of the ladder, both reaching desperately for the keys just out of their grasp.]

Mike Fisher:

"These two are fighting tooth and nail for those keys! One mistake, and it could all be over!"

[Jack Me Hoff manages to momentarily daze \$ynn with a punch to the ribs. He glances up, the keys tantalizingly close. Summoning all his strength, Jack reaches up and grabs hold of one of the keys, pulling it free from the hook. The crowd erupts as Jack holds the key high above his head, a triumphant smirk on his bloodied face.]

Scott James:

"JACK ME HOFF HAS GOT ONE OF THE KEYS! HE'S SECURED A TITLE SHOT!"

Mike Fisher:

"But this isn't over! There's still one more key left!"

[With one key in his possession, Jack Me Hoff tries to kick \$ynn off the ladder, but she clings on, refusing to go down. Jack, still holding the key, shoves it into his pocket and tries to push her again. This time, \$ynn hooks her arm around the ladder and with her free hand, she nails Jack with a brutal elbow strike to the jaw, causing him to lose his balance.]

Mike Fisher:

"\$ynn's fighting back! She's not giving up!"

[With Jack momentarily stunned, \$ynn climbs one rung higher and delivers a vicious headbutt that sends Jack Me Hoff crashing down to the mat below. The

crowd explodes as Jack hits the canvas hard, writhing in pain. \$ynn steadies herself at the top of the ladder, looking down at Jack before gazing up at the final key.]

Scott James:

"Jack Me Hoff is down, but he's already got his key! Now it's \$ynn's moment!"

Mike Fisher:

"She's just one step away! Can she do it?!"

[The crowd is on its feet as \$ynn reaches up, her fingers brushing against the dangling key. With one final push, she grabs hold of the second key, yanking it free from the hook. The audience erupts in a deafening roar as \$ynn holds the key high above her head, a victorious grin spreading across her face, her body battered and bloodied, but victorious nonetheless.]

Alice Goldier:

"Here are your winners, securing the Keys to Success: JACK ME HOFF AND \$YNN!"

Mike Fisher:

"They've done it! Jack Me Hoff and \$ynn have both secured themselves a shot at the IIW World Championship, anytime, anywhere!"

Scott James:

"What a match! This was absolute carnage, but they've both earned those keys! Jack Me Hoff and \$ynn are now guaranteed a shot at the most prestigious title in IIW!"

[As \$ynn descends the ladder, she holds the key close, her eyes filled with a dark satisfaction. Jack Me Hoff, clutching his own key, slowly gets to his feet outside the ring, still recovering from the fall. Both competitors, beaten and bruised, stand victorious as the crowd showers them with a mix of boos and cheers.]

Mike Fisher:

"It was a brutal journey, but they survived and conquered! Congratulations to both Jack Me Hoff and \$ynn!"

Scott James:

"The question now is: when will they cash in their keys? Who will they target? This is going to change everything!"

[The camera pans over the wreckage around the ring, highlighting the carnage and the chaos that has unfolded. EMTs are still tending to Marlboro Man, Travis Walker, and others, but all eyes are on the two victorious competitors.]

Jack Me Hoff and \$ynn each hold up their keys, a look of triumph and determination on their faces as the show fades out, leaving the crowd buzzing with excitement for what's to come.]



The arena plunges into darkness as # THEME FROM THE FOG # echoes throughout the arena. A low, eerie chant reverberates through the crowd as a red glow begins to illuminate the stage. Suddenly, fire bursts from the stage, and through the smoke and flames steps the towering figure of Solom Noctourne. Solom's presence is as intimidating as ever, dressed in his signature black gear and adorned with a skeletal mask. His movements are slow and calculated, like a predator stalking his prey. Solom scans the audience, his eyes burning with intensity.

The crowd showers him with boos, but Solom remains unfazed. He's here for one thing—to destroy Crush and leave with the IWW World Title around his waist. Solom walks slowly down the ramp, his imposing frame casting a shadow over the ring. He pauses at the bottom of the ramp and revealing a sinister smirk. The arena lights flicker as Solom steps into the ring, raising his arms in the center of the ring as fire erupts from the corners. The crowd continues to boo as Solom waits, completely focused, for his opponent.

The lights go out again, and the crowd roars in anticipation. The sound of a guitar riff thunders through the speakers, growing louder and faster until # KINGDOM # hits, and the entire arena erupts into cheers. Crush steps onto the stage, nothing but seriousness and adorned with both the ECE World Championship in his right hand and the IWW World Title strapped around his waist. His presence is commanding as he stands at the top of the ramp, soaking in the adoration of the fans.

Crush lifts the ECE World Title above his head with one hand, a symbol of his dominance. With a determined expression, Crush strides down the ramp, eyes locked on Solom. The tension between the two men is palpable. Crush slides into the ring, hoisting both titles high into the air before handing them to the referee.

Mike Fisher: These two men have bled against each other in two different companies. Another chapter in that rivalry takes place tonight.

Scott James: Solom has done his best to get inside Crush's head. He kidnapped his wife and son and turned them into disciples. Luckily Crush got them back but now there's the stipulation that if ANY member of Crush's family interferes, he will be stripped of BOTH of his World Titles.

The bell rings, and the instant it does, Crush and Solom Noctourne charge at each other like two bulls. There's no feeling-out process, no circling the ring—this is a fight. The two titans meet in the center with a thunderous collision, exchanging brutal forearm shots and stiff punches. The sound of flesh on flesh reverberates through the arena as the crowd goes wild. Crush gains the upper hand, landing a series of rapid punches that send Solom reeling back into the ropes. He grabs Solom by the arm and whips him across the ring, but Solom reverses, sending Crush crashing into the turnbuckle. Solom follows up with a huge running corner splash, crushing Crush between his massive frame and the turnbuckles. Crush staggers out of the corner, and Solom hits him with a stiff elbow to the jaw, knocking him to the mat.

Mike Fisher: Solom taking control here

Scott James: This doesn't look good. Crush better get it together.

Solom wastes no time, immediately mounting Crush and raining down heavy right hands. Each punch lands with bone-rattling force, but Crush manages to cover up and push Solom off. Solom pulls Crush to his feet, delivering a vicious knee to the midsection before whipping him into the ropes. On the rebound, Solom catches Crush

with a spinning heel kick that takes him down hard. The challenger doesn't stop there. Solom pulls Crush up again, lifting him high into the air with a delayed vertical suplex, holding him there for a moment to show off his raw strength before slamming him down into the canvas with a thud. Solom covers, hooking the leg:

ONE.....

TWO.....

KICKOUT!

Crush powers out at two, but Solom stays on him, lifting him by the hair and delivering a series of stiff forearms to the back. Solom backs Crush into the corner and delivers a hard chop to his chest, the sound echoing throughout the arena. Another chop follows, then a third, each one harder than the last. Crush's chest is turning red, but he refuses to go down.

Scott James: You might wanna start wondering how much more Crush can take here

Solom backs up, measuring Crush for a corner splash, but as Solom charges in, Crush explodes out of the corner with a massive clothesline, turning Solom inside out! The crowd pops as Crush, fired up, gets back to his feet. He bounces off the ropes and hits a running clothesline, taking Solom down again. Crush grabs Solom by the head, pulling him to his feet, and nails him with a punch that sends Solom stumbling back. Crush follows up with another punch, then whips Solom into the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a spinebuster! The impact shakes the ring as the crowd roars. Crush goes for the cover:

ONE.....

TWO.....

THR-----KICKOUT

Mike Fisher: Dammit that was a close one!

Scott James: I don't see how Crush is still doing this

Solom kicks out just before three, but Crush is in control now. He pulls Solom up and hooks him for a suplex, lifting the big man into the air and dropping him with a vertical suplex. Solom clutches his back as Crush bounces off the ropes, looking for a big elbow drop, but Solom rolls out of the way at the last second! Both men are down, but Solom is the first to stir. He gets to his feet and grabs Crush, pulling him up and hitting a stiff knee to the gut. Solom then hooks Crush's head and drives him into the mat with a DDT. The crowd groans at the impact as Solom rolls Crush over and hooks the leg:

ONE.....

TWO.....

TH.....KICKOUT

Crush powers out, but Solom doesn't let up. He pulls Crush to his feet again and goes for a powerbomb, lifting Crush into the air, but Crush reverses mid-air with a

Superman Punch, sending Solom crashing into the turnbuckles! The crowd explodes as Crush shakes off the cobwebs, pulling himself to his feet with the ropes.

Mike Fisher: This maybe Crush's chance to get back into this thing

Scott James: He better not screw it up. Solom has been on his ass all night so far.

Solom stumbles out of the corner, and Crush grabs him, delivering a series of rapid punches to the head, followed by a powerful clothesline that sends Solom over the top rope and crashing to the floor outside! The crowd is on their feet as Crush follows Solom to the outside. Crush grabs Solom by the head and slams him face-first into the steel steps. Solom staggers back, but Crush grabs him again and throws him over the barricade into the crowd. The fans scatter as Crush follows Solom, the two men brawling through the audience. Crush nails Solom with a stiff right hand, but Solom fights back with a knee to the midsection and throws Crush into a row of chairs.

Scott James: They better get back in the damn ring. You can't win the match out there!

Mike Fisher: It doesn't look like they care at this point

Solom grabs a chair and swings it at Crush's head, but Crush ducks, and the chair smashes into the barricade. Crush grabs the chair and slams it into Solom's back, dropping him to his knees. Crush then throws Solom back over the barricade and follows him, tossing Solom back into the ring.

Mike Fisher: I don't think neither man will be able to walk after this. That referee is allowing too much discretion here

Both men are exhausted, but they continue to fight. Solom, barely able to stand, swings wildly at Crush, but Crush ducks under and hits a Superman Punch, flooring

Solom. He runs into the ropes to hit that Bone Crusher but Solom side steps him and he FLOORS THE REFEREE!

Mike Fisher: Dammit! Crush just took out the referee!

Scott James: This can't be good.

Solom grabs Crush for the Solom Sacrifice but Crush jumps up and hits ANOTHER Superman Punch! The crowd is on their feet as Crush crouches in the corner, signaling for the Bone Crusher. Solom slowly rises to his feet as he gets ready to run but wait a minute...Crush gets tripped up...THAT'S SYNN! AND JOHNNY STYLEZ.. What the hell are they doing here?!

<P>Mike Fisher: You knew it was gonna happen eventually but dammit get those two outta here!

Synn and Stylez rush the ring and start putting the boots to Crush as Solom smiles. He tells them to lift him up as Solom grabs the IIW World Title. They hold Crush as Solom cracks him over the head with that World Title! Crush is out. Solom throws the belt down as he hooks the leg as the referee slowly crawls over, holding his ribs.

ONE.....

TWO.....

THRE.....KICKOUT!!

Mike Fisher: HOLY SHIT! Crush got the shoulder up!

Scott James: Not sure how wise that was. He's still out numbered.

Solom is livid as Synn and Stylez go to pick Crush up again. The referee is still laid out trying to recover. We see ECE's PG-13 standing at the top of the ramp with a pissed off look on his face. Crush's cousins, Bryan and Andrew Huttman come running out from the back but PG-13 puts his arms out and holds them back! PG-13 is standing between his cousins and helping out his brother.

Mike Fisher: PG-13 is keeping his cousins from helping out his brother here. It may seem odd but remember, if anybody from Crush's family interferes, he loses everything. So PG is keeping his word to his brother here.

Scott James: Who cares? They don't work here anyway

The Dynasty all look concerned as Solom rolls to the outside to grab that IIW World Title again. Crush starts fighting back but Synn hits a chop block and takes him down...Wait a minute...There's TJ ALEXANDER! TJ rushes down to the ring past The Dynasty. Solom tells Synn and Stylez to handle it. TJ grabs a chair that's laying on the ramp and rams it into Stylez' midsection. Synn attacks but TJ hits a Superkick, knocking Synn out. Solom is stalking Crush in the ring, looking for that Solom Sacrifice that's put so many away. Crush begins to pull himself to his feet when suddenly the lights go out... The crowd is cheering but nobody knows what the hell is going on.. Suddenly the lights come back on and HEART BREAK RIDER is standing in the middle of the ring. The crowd erupts as HBR is standing behind Solom.

Mike Fisher: That's ECE's HBR! He just came out of a 5 year retirement!

Scott James: Who gives a shit? HE DOESN'T WORK HERE! Where is Security?! Referee get up! The hell is going on here?!

Mike Fisher: Remember Scott, Crush told his family earlier he had a plan. Solom only said Crush's FAMILY couldn't interfere!

Solom looks pissed as he stares at HBR.. Crush pulls himself up on the other side.. Solom runs at HBR and HBR plants him with THE HEART STOPPER!(Sweet Chin Music) . Solom is out! HBR goes over to the ropes and launches himself over the top and on to Synn and Johnny Stylez! HBR and TJ Alexander fight off Solom's Dominion as The Dynasty cheer on from the top of the ramp. Crush pulls himself up and sees Solom out. He knows this is his chance. Crush goes into the corner and shakes like a rabid animal waiting for the Bone Crusher. Crush crouches down in the corner as Solom begins to stir.

[Crush crouches down in the corner, his body trembling with adrenaline and exhaustion, his eyes locked on Solom Noctourne, who is slowly pulling himself up using the ropes. The crowd is on their feet, the atmosphere electric with anticipation. Solom turns around, and Crush explodes out of the corner like a missile, charging full-speed towards Solom. He leaps up, aiming for the Bone Crusher (Spear), but at the last moment, Solom sidesteps, and Crush crashes shoulder-first into the turnbuckle! The fans gasp as Crush stumbles backward, clutching his shoulder in pain.]

Mike Fisher: "Oh no! Crush missed the Bone Crusher! He's in serious trouble now!"

Scott James: "This could be the opening Solom needs to take the win and the titles!"

[Solom, with a sinister grin, seizes the opportunity. He grabs the staggering Crush by the throat, lifting him high into the air for a chokeslam, but Crush fights back, landing hard punches to Solom's head. Solom's grip loosens, and Crush manages to break free, landing on his feet. He quickly delivers a boot to Solom's midsection, doubling him over, and then hooks both of Solom's arms, attempting to lift him for a double underhook powerbomb.]

Mike Fisher: "Crush is digging deep here, trying to muscle Solom up!"

Scott James: "Does he have the strength left after everything he's been through?!"

[Crush strains, using every ounce of his strength, but Solom is too heavy and resistant. Solom powers out, shoving Crush away and then catching him with a devastating big boot to the face! Crush drops to the mat, dazed, and Solom wastes no time, pulling Crush up and setting him up for the Solom Sacrifice (Crucifix Powerbomb). The crowd holds its breath as Solom lifts Crush high into the air, but

just as he's about to bring him down, Crush slips out of his grasp, landing behind Solom! He bounces off the ropes and comes back with another Superman Punch, rocking Solom and sending him stumbling back!]

Mike Fisher: "Crush with another Superman Punch! He's still in this!"

Scott James: "He's got to put Solom away, or this could end badly for him!"

[With Solom reeling, Crush knows he has to act fast. He grabs Solom's arm, twists it, and pulls him in, lifting the massive man into the air with sheer determination, nailing him with a spine-jarring spinebuster! The ring shakes with the impact as Crush, gasping for breath, scrambles to his feet. He looks out at the roaring crowd, then to the fallen Solom, before backing up into the corner once more. The fans are on their feet, the anticipation reaching a fever pitch.]

Mike Fisher: "He's going for it one more time! This could be the end for Solom!"

Scott James: "It's all or nothing now! Can Crush hit the Bone Crusher?"

[Crush crouches low, his entire body coiled like a spring. Solom, dazed and barely able to stand, pushes himself up to his feet. Crush lets out a primal roar and charges, lowering his shoulder and driving it into Solom's midsection with all his might, finally connecting with the Bone Crusher! The impact is thunderous, and Solom flips through the air, crashing to the mat in a heap as the crowd explodes with cheers.]

Mike Fisher: "BONE CRUSHER! He hit it! He hit it!"

Scott James: "Solom is down! This is it!"

[Crush, exhausted and battered, drags himself over to Solom's motionless body. He hooks the leg and collapses on top of him, barely able to cover him as the referee, still holding his ribs, crawls over and begins the count.]

Alice Goldier: "ONE!"

Alice Goldier: "TWO!"

Alice Goldier: "THREE!"

[The bell rings, and the crowd erupts into deafening cheers as Crush rolls off Solom, lying on his back in sheer exhaustion, his chest heaving.]

Alice Goldier: "Here is your winner, and STILL the IWW World Champion and ECE World Champion, Crush!"

[The referee hands Crush both of his titles as he struggles to sit up. He clutches the belts to his chest, his eyes closed in relief and triumph. The fans are on their feet, chanting his name as he slowly rises to his feet, raising both titles high above his head.]

Mike Fisher: "What a match! Crush overcame everything Solom and his cronies threw at him tonight! He's still the champion!"

Scott James: “That was one hell of a fight, Mike! Solom threw everything at Crush, but the champ proved why he’s the best!”

[Crush stands tall in the ring, both titles held high, as TJ Alexander and HBR join him, celebrating his hard-fought victory. Solom’s Dominion retreats up the ramp, glaring back at the ring in defeat. The show ends with Crush standing triumphantly in the center of the ring, his music blasting through the arena as the crowd cheers on the victorious champion.]