

Slaughter: VII

June 14, 2009 | Big Sandy Superstore Arena - Huntington, West Virginia

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14 Jun 2009

Big Sandy Superstore Arena,
Huntington, West Virginia (seats 9,000)

Introduction

"

jasonwhiteside" The screen fades from black. The DWF logo shines across before exploding. The Slaughter original theme music begins to play as the camera pans across the crowd before the commentator begins his introduction.

"Welcome everyone to Sunday Night Slaughter!

I'm Jason Whiteside and we are coming to you live from the Big Sandy Superstore Arena in Huntington, West Virginia with another exciting edition of Sunday Night Slaughter on

DTN!

Getting Fired Up

"

lupincy" The camera opens to the darkened underbelly of the Big Sandy Superstore Arena, the ruckus vibrations of the capacity crowd muffled from above. In the dimness, a small red dot seems to illuminate brightly and then fade lightly in quick, swift motions. Stalkishly, the dot moves forward to a small brush of light casting itself across the floor.

The camera pans in tightly to reveal a half-faced profile of DREAM

s resident bounty hunter, Lupin Cy. Surely

enough, the camera still can

t get enough of Lupin

s awkwardly stylish appearance. With the funky drab suit in tow and green hair aplenty, the crowd continues its cheers for the man who has an incredible tall order to fill tonight.

"So, we all get one more go at making impressions before we finally start on a new path. A Path to Glory is what we seem to be calling it. Almost seems like a shame really."

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The crowd seems a little perplexed as they
re not quite sure what to make out as to what Cy is saying.

"A shame that Dazed & Confused might not be able to even find their first steps on that path. But not to worry
the roster continues to grow by leaps and bounds. By virtue, the hit list will now continue to grow." Lupin
couldn't help but chuckle as he flicked his cigarette off into the distance and proceeded to walk away. The camera is
only left to absorb the haunting echoes of Cy's closing words, awkwardly delivered in a singing fashion.

"Total slaughter, total slaughter. I won't leave a single man alive. La de da de die, genocide. La de da de
dud, an ocean of blood. Let's begin the killing time."

Antonio Lopez versus Pierce

"

pierce"

As we move back to ringside, Antonio Lopez is already in the ring. The arena lights cut
out, bringing the arena to life. Strobe lights and the Train Whistle sound of a soft, robust harmonica starts
"The Wizard" by Black Sabbath. Fans jump, children scream, and women faint to see the devilish Pierce is
coming. The big screen shows one word on the screen, flashing over and over. PIERCE Fans scream and
begin chanting in unison with the flashing text. PIERCE! PIERCE! PIERCE! On cue, the black curtain jerks
open to a thunderous reception. Pierce steps out in full ring attire, eyes scanning the crowd, and waits for the
third and final long, harmonica riff to near its' end. Suddenly, the arena goes off when the guitar riff comes in.
So does Pierce. Stomping the steel floor beneath him, he raises his head and taped-fists to the crowd;
bringing the arena lights back to full blast at his signal, almost. A brief display of walkway pyrotechnics shoot
off before Pierce takes off running down the ramp, and jumps through the bottom and second ropes. He rolls
gracefully into the middle of the ring and locks his torturous gaze on fans nearby as he stands slowly. An
abnormal smile stretches over Pierce's face, ear to ear.

"As the bell rings we start off with a aggressive lock up. Pierce quickly head butts Lopez to break the lock."

As Antonio grabs his head in pain, Pierce takes him down with a drop toe
hold, quickly moving into position for a chin lock.

"Cross face early on, Pierce looking for a quick submission from the debuting Antonio Lopez."

Lopez is able to reach the bottom rope as he grabs it, and holds on.

"Pierce to his feet. He stomps the upper back and neck of Antonio before grabbing his head and lifting him
up."

Pierce whips Lopez into the turnbuckle.

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"He follows up with a running elbow smash."

As Pierce moves away, Lopez falls face forward to the mat, but only temporarily as he is yanked back to his feet.

"Pierce pushes Lopez back, and with force whips him across the ring, into the opposite corner" No, reversal by Antonio Lopez. Pierce is sent across the ring, into the opposite corner"

Antonio Lopez follows up with a running splash. As he pulls away, he grabs the top rope for leverage and stomps away at Pierce, until he slumps down.

"Antonio Lopez's momentum is halted early as Pierce grabs up under his legs and lifts. He runs, spinebuster."

The crowd gets loud as Pierce makes his way to his feet.

"Pierce turns Lopez over, face down and grabs a leg. He lifts it up and forces Antonio's knee right into the canvas hard."

Antonio grabs his presumably throbbing knee in pain.

"Pierce up the turnbuckle, he aims then jumps only to meet the knees of Antonio Lopez."

Pierce bounces off of Antonio's knees and flops on the mat, holding his midsection. We get a recap of the failed frog splash.

"Pierce rolls out to the floor to catch his breath.

Antonio up. He runs, SUICIDE

DIVE!" Antonio flies through the ropes and hits his target. As they hit the floor, both men hit hard.

"Neither man is moving."

A few moments later the referee begins his count.

"I believe they could be seriously hurt, lets take a look at that suicide dive again."

We get a replay of Lopez flying though. Both men try to get up, but can't before the referee hits ten and calls for the bell.

"Neither man was able to get up, and as a result we have a double count out."

The camera zooms in on both of them, on the outside, looking displeased with there not being a winner.

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"I don't think this is over between these two men, they may be meeting again as we head into the 'Path to Glory'."

We fade to commercial break.

Havoc Cometh

"

havoc" Backstage A dark corner of the basement A tall man dressed in a black leather coat, red t shirt, and black jeans sits in a corner rocking back and forth before he notices the camera on him. The man slowly sat up and ran a hand through long black hair his eyes showing pain and some anger. The man smiles as he moves into the scant light a scar going from above his right eye down below it. He speaks softly looking at the camera. Havoc: Welcome to the basement or my home. My name is Havoc and to some people I am Simply the Best technical and hardcore wrestler in the world. Now that I have arrived in this new hunting ground for prey it

s time for them to face the true pain of being hunted by the man who put wrestlers in the hospital. You see I am getting paid to hurt people I don

t care whether it

s the guy the fans love or hates. I have a job to do and that is to put people in the hospital. Havoc walks over to a table and slowly picks up a blood stained silver baseball bat and holds it up smiling as he looks at the bat waving it in the air as if it is a toy. Havoc: For my prey you better pray to god for you to survive my hunt or you will end up like I did in my first match split wide open and knocked out in the ring with a bat next to you. Also despite the rumors I wasn

t trained by some stupid family up north. I worked my way through the minor leagues and would have been happy there retiring jobbers until the good people of DWF offer me money to retire wrestlers in this organization. So to the other wrestlers I bring hell and pain.

Rich Mahogany versus Dark

"

mahogany" 'Binge and Purge' by Clutch starts to play. Dark steps out from the back and the fans pop. He takes a drag from his cigarette then tosses it down and steps on it before heading to the ring.

"Dark looks to be on a mission. You have to think, why is he choosing to face Rich Mahogany tonight and not use his rematch clause." 'Love Man' by Otis Redding begins to play. Rich Mahogany steps out and does a seductive dance at the entrance before heading towards the ring.

"If Mahogany can pull off a win tonight against the former World Champion, he can prove he is ready to go for the gold himself."

Rich walks up the steps and along side the apron. He grabs the top rope and holds on as he thrust his hips before rolling through the middle rope into the ring.

"Mahogany giving a show before his music fades out."

The bell rings.

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"And the bell sounds to start this match. Dark coming off of a title loss last week, is looking for redemption."

Dark goes to lock up with Mahogany, who in turn catches him with a thumb to the eye.

"The former champion holds his eyes in pain as the referee warns Rich Mahogany."

Rich boots Dark in the gut.

"Forearm smash across the top of Dark's back, sending him to one knee."

Rich bounces off the ropes and catches Dark with a kick to the face, sending him all the way down on the canvas.

"Rich Mahogany right into stomping angrily away at Dark."

He runs to the corner and begins untying the padding of the top turnbuckle. Behind him, Dark is beginning to get up.

"Rich Mahogany exposes the steel under the turnbuckle."

Rich grabs the back of Dark's head and helps him the rest of the way up, before assisting him to the corner with the exposed buckle.

"Mahogany slams Dark's head in... NO! Denied by Dark. The cancer of the DWF pulls out of his opponent's grip, grabs his head and introduces Rich Mahogany's forehead to the buckle."

Dark rams Mahogany's head into it again before releasing his grip. Mahogany stumbles back and turns to face Dark.

"Dark with his own eye jab to Mahogany!"

The fans pop as Rich grabs his eyes in pain.

"The former champion will stoop to any level, including that of Rich Mahogany."

Dark grabs Rich's arm and pulls him into a clothesline.

"Mahogany hits the canvas HARD!"

Dark pulls Mahogany to his feet, places his head in a headlock, and grabs his trunks.

"Dark lifts Mahogany up vertically."

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Dark brings him down for a Brainbuster, at the last second Mahogany tucks his head in, grabs Dark, and rolls him into a pin.

"MY GOD WHAT A LAST SECOND REVERSAL!"

The referee counts three and calls for the bell.

"Rich Mahogany pulls off an upset over the former DWF World Champion!" 'Love Man' begins to play again as Mahogany realizes he won the match. We get a few replays.

Taking It To The Next Level?

"

levelone" The fans in the arena pipe up as the lights begin to dim and the opening rock riff to Muse's

"Yes Please" pours through the sound system. This week, there is no contemplative buzzing, but instead an abrupt chorus of jeers and boos as Hostility's patron saint, 'The Mike Effect' Mike Polowy, steps out from behind the curtain and onto the ramp. He takes pains to dust off the classy looking suit jacket fitting a little too close to his chiseled frame, the arrogant look he's best known for plastered across his face like cheap cologne. He doesn't stop at the ramp this week, instead taking a cocky, casual stride down to the ring, collecting a microphone from ringside before carefully hopping up the ring steps, ducking under the second rope and sauntering into the ring.

I know you're all just DYING to see Lupin Cy and Dazed & Confused go at it...." he begins, a hint of sarcasm in his voice. He rolls his eyes in a way that isn't exactly subtle.

"But

I'm afraid it's going to be a few more minutes before you'll all free to take your restroom and concession breaks. Besides, I know this... packed... crowd is privileged and excited to see me here tonight." A cocky grin a mile wide is painted across his face, from cheek bone to cheek bone. The crowd lets out a few groans, a few close up shots from hideous faces in attendance displays their ignorant responses with faces of sarcasm and classic eye rolls.

Last week, I was kind enough to grace the Allstate Arena with my presence, and they were altogether much too kind. I introduced myself to them; and I made them feel pretty damn good. They smiled, they laughed, they even cheered

The fans begin to grow agitated, but MPlow answers them with a sardonic sneer.

"And yet somehow, as well received as I was last week, they have managed to find a dumpier looking arena, in a dumpier looking state, full of dumpy looking people.

Welcome to West Virginia, Mr.

Polowy! Quick question, how many of you in this room are related here tonight?" There is a roaring of boos, some of them sounding particularly Southern.

I've gone from incensed to incest. What's the deal? But really, enough about you... there is adult business to be discussed. Last week I made my intentions known when I walked through those curtains, marched down this ramp to the beat of my own drum, and issued a challenge to every single competitor on the DREAM

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roster to meet me in the ring, man to man. Not only would the said competitor be granted the chance to step in the ring with a true HOSTILITY caliber athlete, he would also receive a little advance of fifty-thousand-dollars if he could beat me in the ring..." Polowy nods his head up and down knowing just how damn good the deal was himself. The crowd stirs eagerly awaiting someone to emerge anytime soon. MPlow expects the exact same thing, as he tilts his head towards the ramp.

So who is going to come out here and put their pride, soul, and body on the line while in my HOSTILE environment?

asks The Mike Effect. The crowds silence is actually deafening. He waits and waits and waits some more.

This is pathetic

Polowy states; his face colored with disappointment, this sends the DREAM fans into a booing frenzy. They re tired of waiting. Then came the cheers. Although most of the DREAM crowd was unfamiliar with the man on the ramp, many had heard the whisperings of a big signing. Not to mention, they couldn't help but cheer the first man to come out through the curtains with a microphone in hand. Especially, as he remains upright with a pair of clutches. Mike Polowy

s attention quickly shifts from the cheering crowd to the man on the ramp, who smiles back at him from afar. Issuing challenges are we?

The man begins to the delight of the crowd.

Mikey, I know you don't know

me, so let me introduce myself. I

m Level-One. More than just a champion, main-eventer, a legend.

I

m a beast. I

m a savage. I

m standing here crutches and all wondering just why the hell these fans are cheering me on

Level-One delivers lowering the microphone. With his eyes he scanned the crowd and watches as faces of excitement turned red with embarrassment.

Mike, I couldn't

help but make my way out here. For

one; the DREAM roster obviously doesn't

get paid enough to buy themselves a set. Secondly, your challenge and overall competitiveness does not reflect this company

he delivers the crowd now silenced still trying to cope with their embarrassment.

Mike, we are both here on this tour, and we both have been misled. Not one single person made it their agenda to come out here and face you, not one single person has sat back and began to revolt as new blood threatens to walk in and take very little of what they have. Yet here I am, crutches and all, and still willing to approach your

HOSTILE environment

he states and begins to push himself down the ramp with the help of his crutches.

We have been played for fools, Mike. We can sit here and throw open challenges towards deaf

ears, or we can give sight to the blind and make our time here effective" he says while Mike Polowy keeps

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his focus on Level-One, as does the rest of the DREAM crowd.

DREAM wrestling needs to be saved. The underwhelming talent that plagues this place is only here to collect their paychecks waiting for them at the end of the week. In between the world championship changing hands nearly every week; contendership matches are

by rock, paper, scissors bouts. It

s pathetic. It

s disgraceful. Mike, we are better than this

The crowd unleashes a you suck chant that puts a smile across Mike Polowy

s face for the entire world to see. Level-One approaches the ring apron and slowly pulls himself up on top with the assistance of the ropes, carrying the clutches with him. The two men stare eye to eye; in hopes of finding where the others true motivations lie. The men remain eyes locked for a moment, until finally MPlow is the first to break the contact, nodding his head slowly and letting the savage grin return to his face.

"You have got a set of balls on you, Mr. One."

Polowy chuckles, shaking his head in disbelief.

"Coming down here, hobbling like a gimp, and telling me that WE are too good for a place like this. I'll tell you what, pal; I can respect the guts it must have taken. And while you might not exactly be what I like to call...

"Hostility Material"... you do raise a good point. I'm familiar with your work, and this place... this so called that we're living in right now... seems a hell of a lot more like a nightmare."

There is an audible displeasure emanating from the crowd, one that both Level-One and MPlow seem to revel in for a moment. They are deeply enjoying this.

"And as presumptuous as it may be for you to place yourself in my league, good sir..." he continues, his eyes meeting Level-One's once again.

"Luckily for you, I do happen to agree. I think this place is beneath the both of us. I think this place is bad for our images, and it's bad for our self esteem.

And I think that signing contracts to appear on this six week tour was nothing but a bait and switch-- after all, I was told we were signing on the dotted line of a world

renowned, respected piece of programming! But here we stand, two men of world class athletic caliber, and I'm betting to bet that even with you on those sad ass looking crutches, the two of us could take one any tag team DREAM has to offer without so much as breaking a sweat. And hell, since there's two of us... I might even be willing to up the ante to one hundred thousand dollars to the team who thinks they have the guts...

what do you say?" He breaks off, raising an eyebrow at his possibly new ally in the war against the top of the bottom and the bottom of the top. Level-One stares at Mike Polowy who extends his foot down on the rope, allowing him to move into the ring. The self proclaimed expert does so, never taking his eyes off of Mike Polowy. Slowly, he maneuvers around the ring, with his head bowed down, the crowd stirring with frustration.

I have never been the one to do tag teams

he says, slowly lifting his head, tilting it in direction of Mike Polowy.

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But I can see it in you. You can pull your own weight, you can stick it out with the best of them
he extends his hand and MPLOW

S attention immediately spans down to the accepted offer.

Together we are unstoppable

Strength. Dominance. Unity. The two shake hands; the fans are up in arms. Could this be the beginning of the end for DREAM's tag team division? Maybe not, as suddenly 'Sour Smoke' by Comets on Fire flares up over the arena's sound system, sending the fans into a flurry of excitement and chaos!

Sure enough, Paul Owens and faithful partner Steve Lane step out from behind the curtain, shaking their heads and smiling big, ravenous smiles. Each man is already toting a microphone, but Paul Owens begins first, standing near the base of the ramp. He lowers the sunglasses from his eyes, shaking his head and making a 'tsk' sound with his teeth. he begins, the singular word getting an immediate pop from the crowd.

"I don't think you guys are quite getting it." "Oh, I think they get it Paul."

Steve chimes in, obviously playing off his partner in comedic sense." "Brah, I don't think they get it it."

Owens counter, quickly. His smile broadens.

"We don't know who you two jerks think you are, but not only are you talking down to Dream's gnarly fans, but, like, you're also bad mouthing it's wrestlers. Bad karma, dudes. Don't get me wrong, I'm no fan of Team Danger and we sure showed the rudos in the Mexican Express how we roll, but Dazed and Confused? We're the best in the back, brah, possibly the best in the world. So you wanna put up a hundred grand raw to get your butts kicked by Dream's primo tag team? Then you boys have yourselves a match!"

With that, Lane and Owens drop their microphones, taking off into a sprint down the ramp. Polowy steps in front of Level One, still leaning on his crutches, but before

Dazed and Confused can hit the ring, Polowy starts screaming for security, who get in front of Dazed and Confused to keep them from entering the ring.

"You'd attack a cripple?"

Polowy starts screaming, not into the microphone but directly at the tag team in front of him.

"You should sit in f

ing jail! YOU SHOULD SIT IN F

ING JAIL!" Security holds Lane and Owens back as Polowy and Level One look on, nodding. Have we just seen a preview of things to come next week? We go into commercial break.

Lupin Cy versus Dazed and Confused

"

laneowens"

As we return, Dazed and Confused are still in the ring.

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As

"Grounds For Divorce" by Elbow comes crashing through the arena's sound system, the mysterious form that is Lupin Cy comes speeding down the ramp from the backstage area. Just as Cy begins a head-first slide into the ring, green fireworks launch from the top of all four turnbuckles. Lupin wildly keeps the energy going for the crowd by spinning in circles, pointing out to the masses as he does so.

After ascending one of the turnbuckles to deliver a single fist salute to the crowd, Cy steps back down to the mat and shakes out a few stretches and rope pulls.

"What a match we have ahead of us."

Both members of Dazed and Confused stand in the ring across from Lupin Cy as the bell sounds.

"Can Lupin Cy hold up in this handicap match? We're about to find out as Paul Owens and Steve Lane rush him."

Cy ducks a double clothesline, throwing his arm out catching both men in the gut.

"Lupin Cy off the ropes, double bulldog early on!"

Lupin lifts Owens to his feet.

"Quick elbow strikes by Lupin Cy as he lifts Paul Owens to his feet. A leg strike cripples Owens to one knee."

Steve Lane begins to get up.

"Cy smashes Owens in the face with a knee."

Paul Owens falls completely back to the mat. By this time, Steve Lane is up.

"Lane runs at Cy, who catches him as he gets to his feet. Huge back body drop."

Steve Lane grabs his back in pain as Lupin Cy runs over, leaps up, and comes crashing down upon him with his knees.

"Paul Owens now attempting to get up. The bounty hunter places his head in a lock and 'assist' him to his feet. Lupin Cy grabs his opponent's trunks and lifts him up and over. Nice vertical suplex."

Steve Lane is now trying to get up himself. Lupin runs past him, jumps to the second rope and spring boards off with a kick to Lane's head.

"The headshot."

Cy quickly locks his head and leg into a fisherman's lift, into a brainbuster.

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"The Real Folk Blues, a big fisherman's brainbuster."

Lupin grabs Paul Owens and pulls him up before grabbing his trunks and lifting him.

"Snap suplex into a bridging pin. The referee begins the count and we get three. Lupin Cy with another impressive win as he dominated the team of Dazed and Confused."

We get a few match recaps as Lupin Cy celebrates his win.

The Puritan's Creed

"

manton" The screen turns black. A pre-recorded video is starting to play with Dream Wrestling's logo in the center. A hand carrying a can of spray paint begins to methodically writing an over the Dream Wrestling logo. The logo fades away. A man wearing a pair of blue jeans and white t-shirt is walking as the camera's follow behind him. He walks past a broken wooden sign which sits to the right of the sidewalk that says "Welco To Williston Nor Dako" (we presume it should say: Welcome To Williston North Dakota). The camera begins to catch up with the man walking towards the small town of Williston. Voice: "My grandfather helped pave this road."

From the voice we presume it is a man, and as he finishes that sentence he kicks a loose rock down the road ahead. Voice: "Looks like they haven't touched it since. Even the best of things will eventually corode. Even the greatest road with the finest gravel will show signs of cracking."

The figure stops and looks up at a brick building with "Fire Dept." sign on the front. The brick building was probably very nice in its early stages, but it clearly hasn't been updated since. Sections of brick are missing, and the windows are cracked. Voice: "Williston was once a hot spot as the rail business started to take off in the late 1800's.

Our founder, Daniel Willis

James, sat on the board of North Pacific Railroad Company and this town was a significant spot.

" The man shrugs. Voice: And the walking continues down the road. Voice: "Everything goes through cycles. Once up... then down. Dream Wrestling is no different. Ten years in the making. They were the hot spot, the place where everyone wanted to be. And now?"

The man kicks another rock from the roughly paved road. Voice: "Broken down like old pavement. Barely able to do its job. Depending on hacks, morons and ladies to sell their product to whatever fan base there is left in this grave business. I've not even stepped foot in the locker room yet, and I already know what this place boosts. Dream Wrestling has sold out to funny gimmicks and games. And the fans who are real wrestling fans are left shaking their heads."

The man pushes his blonde hair back from his face, the camera begins to circle around whomever it is. Voice: "Dream Wrestling has reached a crossroad. Keep going in this direction and it will die and only be famous for memories. Or..."

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The face we see is that of Owen Manton, newly contracted with Dream Wrestling. Owen Manton: "Someone comes along and turns this place back to what it should be. That is the Puritan's creed. To take whatever is left in this God awful company and make it better. Return us to our roots. Dispose Dream Wrestling and Wrestling in general of the retards that have turned this beautiful business into a circus. The Puritan's creed is to never allow another immature, untalented, hack end up winning another match. The Puritan's creed is to give a real wrestling fan something to enjoy. The creed is to cause the one's who cheer these clowns on end up disappointed when a real man takes them out."

Owen Manton smirks. Owen Manton: "The Puritan's creed is to make everyone remember the name of Owen Manton."

Fade into commercial.

Eric Payne versus Stephen Greer

"

greer" 'Simon Says' by Drain STH hits the sound system.

"World Title action ahead!"

Team Danger begins their way down the ramp.

"Here comes the challenger, with his tag team partner.

Half of the DWF Tag Team champions, Stephen

Greer." They enter the ring and wait. The lights flicker three times and on the third flick they completely go out. Small candles light the edges of the ring ramp, as the opening chords of "Falling Away From Me" by Korn begins. Just as the song gets louder extremely loud pyros go off like crazy on the stage area. Eric walks out from the back dragging his feet and walking ever so slowly. With each candle he passes it flickers out, all the way to the last one. He stops at the last one and raises his fist triggering the last two candles to shot two flames into the air. He slides under the bottom rope and is on his finger tips and toes. He slowly crawls as if stalking a prey, before getting to his feet and leaning against the corner.

"The champion looks ready."

The referee takes the belt and hands it away, as well as points Tyrone Walker outside the ring. Once he exits, the bell is called for.

"The bell sounds and our main event is under way."

Payne and Greer lock up.

"Our newest champion with a knee to the midsection of the challenger, followed by a side headlock."

Greer stomps the foot of Payne, causing him to let go, then rolls behind him.

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"Stephen Greer going for a belly to back suplex, but is denied as Eric Payne is able to break free."

Payne rolls behind Greer, placing him in his own belly to back.

"Payne lifts, Greer goes over but is able to land on his feet."

Stephen pushes Payne, sending him running into the ropes.
As he bounces off of them, Greer catches him.

"Fireman's carry over into an arm bar."

Stephen Greer places his leg over the arm of Eric Payne and falls to the mat.

"Tyrone Walker cheers his partner from the outside as he applies pressure to that submission maneuver."

Payne is able to throw a leg over the bottom rope, breaking the hold.

"Greer unwillingly lets go of Eric Payne."

The challenger pulls the champion to his feet as he gets up.

"Elbow to the face of Payne. Greer grabs his arm and whips him across the ring."

As Payne hits the ropes, Tyrone Walker reaches
in, tripping him.

"The referee warns
Walker. As the ref is distracted, Stephen Greer uses it to his
advantage, choking Eric Payne."
When the referee turns back around, Greer lets go of Payne.

"Several stomps by the tag team champion, before he lifts Payne to his feet again."

Stephen Greer pulls back and delivers a big chop, followed by another.

"Greer leaves the chest of Payne glowing."

He grabs Payne's arm to whip him again.

"Reversal. Stephen Greer hits the ropes. He meets Eric Payne's knee on his return."

Greer flips over the knee of Payne, landing hard on the mat.

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"Tyrone Walker up on the apron distracting the referee again. Payne runs past the referee with a forearm to Walker, sending him crashing to the floor on the outside."

Greer begins to get up, as he rises to one knee, Payne runs him over with a huge shining wizard.

"Wasting no time the champion heads to the corner and up the turnbuckle ."

Walker, from the outside, climbs to the apron and pushes Payne, causing him to hit the canvas.

"Save by Tyrone Walker who barely got up after being knocked to the concrete floor."

The referee begins to count as both men are down. At about six, they begin to get up.

"Both men on their feet now. Immediately they begin exchanging rights and lefts. It can be any man's match now!"

Walker slides in and runs at Payne from behind.

"Eric Payne moves! Tyrone Walker crashes through his own partner with a thundering clothesline."

Payne twist Walker around.

"Eric Cutter! He gets in the face of Walker, yelling before getting up."

"Payne lifts the legs of Greer, and falls back, slingshotting him into the turnbuckle.

As Greer stumbles, Payne waits." Stephen Greer turns around and Eric Payne strikes.

"Payne goes for the Eric Cutter, NO! Denied by Greer!"

Stephen Greer catches Payne with a quick, out of nowhere DDT.

"He rolls him over and goes for the cover!"

The referee begins to count.

"The king of pain gets the three to successfully win the DWF World Championship!"

The bell sounds and Team Danger's music plays as we get match recaps before going live again. The camera pans in on Eric Payne laid out in the ring before it shows Greer being handed his title.

"Stephen Greer celebrates his title win, just one week before we kick ff our 'Path to Glory' tour!"

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Greer helps Walker to his feet, who joins in on the celebration.

"Team Danger holds the majority of Dream Wrestling's gold going into 'Path to Glory'! Can they maintain their position at the top as a new group of talent arrives next week?"

Greer climbs a nearby turnbuckle and proudly lifts his belt to the sky. The copyright info comes across the screen and we fade out.

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