

Slaughter: VIII

June 21, 2009 | Richmond Coliseum - Richmond, Virginia

Slaughter VIII

Imported Archive Notice

This show was automatically imported from a legacy Word document. Formatting, spacing, and structure may contain inconsistencies and should be reviewed before final publication.

8 B D

Slaughter VIII

21 Jun 2009

Richmond Coliseum,

Richmond, Virginia (seats 13,410)

My Thoughts On: Miss USA

"

manton"

The screen turns black. A prerecorded 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. Sitting at his desk in his Lincoln, Nebraska office is Owen Manton. He is about to complete a prerecorded segment for Slaughter. He has a white

t-shirt on this time, and that's all we can see as he browses his computer. Large text can be seen on his small PowerPC monitor... MISS USA PORN! Owen Manton: Owen quickly reaches and pulls the plug on the computer. Or at least we assume so as the screen quickly goes black. Manton shakes his head in disgust looking at the camera. Owen Manton: "Good evening.

As many of you know, I will be debuting in my first Dream Wrestling match right there in the middle of the Richmond

Coliseum, taking on my crack-addict opponent, S G Martins. I could go on a rant about how wrestling is failing because their lack of drug policies, and question how we can allow some who flaunts this extroverted druggie and promiscuous lifestyle sign a contract - but

I'll save that for the day I compete against Rich Mahogany. I've said enough about S G Martins. Other than updating you that last night in G2 Wrestling, S G Martins lost his title.

He's on a losing streak that will continue tonight." Owen adjusts slightly, grabbing a pen and scratching a line out of the cue card that lies in front of him. He studies the cue card for a moment and looks back at the camera. Owen Manton: "Instead. I've ... well ... actually I wasn't asked, but

I decided to voice my opinion on the hottest news story around - Miss U-S-A. Not the actual Miss USA, Kristen Dalton. Or Carrie

Prejean, who in my opinion is the actual Miss USA and is damn right with all her opinions. Homo's shouldn't marry." You can hear a boo in the background from the live crowd in Virginia. Fans love to hate that blond haired bimbo. Owen Manton: "Or any Miss USA's in the past 30 years or so of the great, respectable pageant.

No... I am going to talk about the Miss USA, High Octane Wrestling employee and former champion in this

Slaughter: VIII

place. I understand that the name is deceiving.

I've actually been to a few of these actual pageants, and found that the girls have some class. Not only class, but they actually have some intelligence. Not only class and intelligence, they actually are hot. Class. Intelligence. Good Looks. All qualities that Miss USA does not have. I seriously think, that this goes to prove my point that Women should never be in wrestling. This girl can't even keep her clothes on." Owen puts an exaggerated face of disgust on again, shaking his head and pushing the hair from his forehead. Owen Manton: "And to think...Rich Mahogany had sex with that transsexual."

Owen smirks. Owen Manton: "I know that

I really don't speak for everyone often. And my words are often cringed at and frowned upon. And I'm currently dealing with the Asian Right Activists here in the good ol' foreigner dumping ground, USA. But this time... this time I think everyone agrees." Owen scratches a few more lines from the cue card, and looks back at the camera. Owen Manton: "From all of us hear at Dream Wrestling, I'd like to send this message out to Miss USA."

Owen looks back down at the cue card, studies it for a moment, and the long pause feels like an eternity.

Owen Manton: "Go f
k yourself." Cut.

Miss USA Today

"

pierce"

At the height of the night, DWF cameras find one of the more formidable faces to DREAMers in weeks past Pierce. He doesn't

look happy one bit either. It could have to do with how bad he wants to bring the mouthy, malicious Jak Nemesis into DWF with style.

The other reason could be that Miss USA stands just before him with her finger poking into the middle of his chest. Pierce: Sorry, miss. You

re finger seems to be stuck in my chest. Miss USA shuffles to the right just when Pierce tries to sneak by. He rolls his eyes upward and looks back at the annoying DWF Women

s Champion. Miss USA: You think you
re tough, don

t you? Walk around the backstage, hiding and keeping quiet. Well, mister, just so you know that
man stuff

re into is also known as pussyfooting. Pierce cocks an eyebrow. His eyes narrow, folding his arms over his chest at the remarks unkind sent his way. Pierce: Is that so? Pierce readjusts his mindset. After all, she

s a woman. He starts by pointing at the belt. Pierce: Look, kid. In all seriousness, congratulations on holding that thing for so long and doing what you

ve done. For being a woman in a man
nice work. Once again

she is a woman. Miss USA: If you think for one minute I can
t smell the sarcastic, chauvinistic undertones you

re spraying me down with

Slaughter: VIII

I can. As for the
Nice Work

bit, thanks. I wish I could display the same, fake affection for mediocrity. Pierce stares at her with a blank look in his eyes. He just got bitch-slapped. Pierce: Excuse me? Miss USA: You want to be a tough, trash-talkin

champ? You want to be the big dog? Try being a man and using your fists more than your words. You know why I have this belt and have had it for this long? Pierce:

I suppose you

ll enlighten me, Master. Miss

USA:

Exactly. I will. It takes somebody with that extra drive to move onto the top rung. The person who has the most

killer instinct. Something, Pierce my

boy, you have been lacking your whole life.

Watch and learn. On a dime, Miss USA turns to head for the ring and defend her title one more time. Her hair twirls around her head and she marches down the hall. Pierce stands

there, filling with fire and rage. The look in his eye is no longer jovial or courteous. He glances to his left and notices a shiny black piece of metal sitting next to the wall. Miss USA: See you next week, P- The smack of metal and flesh meet to create a thunderous crash. When cement meets flesh, from the falling body of Miss USA, it makes a dull splat.

Pierce wrenches down in uncontrollable rage once more. He does it a third time for gentlemanly justice. Still conscious, Miss USA stays on her knees to regain her surroundings. Pierce grabs her by the back of her neck in between his mighty paw.

Pierce: You see that, princess? That killer instinct you want to see? Well there you go. Here and accounted for. You want to see what happens when you flip my switch?! You

ll find out in a few minutes. For now

go make us proud!

Grinding his teeth like a food processor, Pierce places his other hand in the back of the Women's Champion and sends her fumbling and stumbling through the entrance to the arena just as her music cues to life.

Introduction

"

jasonwhiteside" As the scene cuts, we move to ringside with Jason Whiteside.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to what is certain to be the biggest Slaughter to date as we come to you live from the Richmond Coliseum in Richmond, Virginia for a special three hour event!" The camera pans over the screaming fans.

"Controversy has come this week as supposed nude photos of Miss USA have surfaced. Mark Zylbert has stated that the photos will be shown tonight. As for Miss USA? I guess we'll know her fate with the company after this stressful ordeal later tonight!"

Slaughter: VIII

Jason looks at his paperwork.

"A truly energetic edition of Slaughter about to take place, everybody, but first.. To start with some news a good number of us will find fairly disappointing. It is my personal displeasure to report that the recent news of DWF Hall of Famer - Doozer -"

Jason, showing his experience in the industry, pauses as the Dream Wrestling core fans expectantly erupt in reaction to the name of a long time federation favorite who is rumored to return. As the camera spans the arena filled with fans on their feet, some die-hards are revealed already sporting 'Doozer Rules' signs. The camera lands on a scruff, bulky man in Doozerman T-shirt, wearing a little too tight around his rather large midsection. The fat, happy soul proudly raising one of the classic "I'm Gonna Dooze You, Then Abuse You!" posters.

"I know, I know. That's exactly why it is my DISpleasure to report that the news of a comeback might not mature into reality..."

Jason again goes silent for a moment while the crowd fills the arena with boos. His silence, this time, not due to experience.. But rather, his own disappointment in the news he is currently relaying to the masses.

"It has indeed been verified that Doozer did approach management, though, he has since been completely unreachable.

Like you all, I will hope for better news to come and I'll make sure to keep you updated if this situation progresses in either direction."

Stevie Swing versus Kelly Evans versus Miss USA

"

missusa" We switch to the entrance way. Stevie Swing's music begins to play.

"Our first match of the night, maybe one of the most controversial. I can guarantee that if you tuned in strictly for this, stay tuned as we have three hours of amazing wrestling tonight!"

Stevie Swing comes from the back and begins down the ring. As she rolls in, her music fades away.

"Triple threat, non title diva action!" 'Stupid Shit' by Girlicious begins to play. Kelly Evans steps out, Team Danger behind her.

"Our Heavyweight Champion along with his fellow tag team champion, escorting Kelly."

After a few steps Kelly stops and tells them she's ok.

"Team Danger being sent to the back, as Kelly doesn't need the help."

Once Kelly enters the ring he music ends. The patriotic tune by Bruce Springsteen, "Born in the USA" pipes

Slaughter: VIII

up from the loud speakers shaking the rafters. The crowd begins to boo.

"The Women's Champion meeting a reaction she is not used to."

A well tanned athletic young woman wearing red, white, and blue bursts from behind the curtain carrying Ol Glory. She smiles as she attempts to high five several of the fans, but is denied. A frown comes over her face.

"I may be mistaken, but Miss USA looks a little different tonight."

As she walks by she spots a young girl and pauses for a moment, and goes to hug her as the camera zooms in. The girl pushes her away. USA almost appears as if she is going to cry. She continues her walk and shoves the flag to the time keeper before walking up the steps and entering.

"I think Miss USA just wants to put this match behind her."

Evans approaches Swing, appearing to talk to her, possibly setting a plan of action up.

"Even though this is a triple threat, we may be seeing a handicap match.

Remember, Miss

USA's title is NOT on the line tonight." The bell sounds to begin the match.

"Evans and Swing both run at USA, double clothesline take's the patriotic champion down."

They immediately begin stomping her.

"I don't think I'll be able to watch this."

Both women bend down and help USA up, the set her up and lift her high, vertically, before falling back.

"Big double team suplex."

Swing runs to the corner and climbs to the top turnbuckle, Evans climbs the opposite post. Stevie Swing leaps.

"450 Splash by Stevie Swing!"

As Stevie Swing gets to her feet, Kelly Evans leaps.

"Diving Lariat by Evans, hitting Swing hard! She covers Swing."

The referee drops and counts the three.

Slaughter: VIII

"Kelly Evans takes the win in what was undoubtedly a very short match." 'Stupid Shit' by Girlicious begins to play as Kelly looks down at Swing and USA. She exits the ring and walks over to the time keeper's table and takes Miss USA's belt.

"What is she doing?"

Evans rolls back into the ring and stands over USA, who is now moving slightly. She places the title on the fallen champion and heads out of the ring.

"Kelly Evans sending a message to all of the divas in the back."

From the crowd comes, Pierce.

"What's going on?!"

Evans quickly gets out fo the ring as Pierce rolls in. He stands above Miss USA, rubbing his hands together and grinning.

"What is Pierce going to do?"

He yanks Miss USA up and places her head between his legs.

"No! Not this! An animalistic snarl over the face of Pierce as he lifts Miss USA up... POWER BOMB!" 'The Wizard' by Black Sabbath hits the sounds system as Pierce rolls out of the ring and heads up the ramp.

"Miss USA is trying to get her senses back, but after that power bomb, she may not be able to."

A Picture Is Worth A Thousand...

"

mikepolowy" At ringside, following the women's triple threat match that just took place, Stevie Swing and Kelly Evans have managed to go their separate ways, leaving only Miss USA standing in the ring, collecting herself after the short lived match. She approaches the ropes, ready to likewise make her way up the ramp, when suddenly she is stopped dead in her tracks.

"Hold on... hold on just one moment." the voice comes almost from nowhere, emanating through the PA system of the Richmond Coliseum. Miss USA freezes in place, looking around the arena as the fans in attendance try to identify the source of the order. Along with her loyal following, however, she quickly finds that the voice belongs to HWF superstar and tour signee Michael Polowy, who steps out through the back curtain holding a microphone. He shakes his head, looking up and down at the Women's Champion as she stares back at him, more than a little confusion in her voice.

"That's right, sweetheart. I wouldn't go leaving that ring just yet."

Slaughter: VIII

MPlow continues, a Grinch-like smirk covering his face like he'd just finished pillaging Who-ville.

"I'm afraid that believe it or not, you and I have some business to discuss."

He begins to saunter down the ramp, rolling up the sleeves on his pressed black dress shirt. In the ring, the timekeeper is kind enough to present Miss USA with a microphone of her own, which she opts to use immediately.

"I don't understand what..." she begins, only to be promptly cut off in mid sentence.

"Just wait right there, darling." he interrupts, a chuckle escaping from the back of his throat.

"All in due time."

He rolls under the ropes, sliding into the ring with relative ease.

For a moment, MPlow circles around the

Women's Champion, sizing her up in a way that seems to make her physically ill and quite uncomfortable.

He feigns slapping her once on the rear end, but he stops short as she flinches in disgust.

"Now you..."

Polowy continues, his smile widening and a quality of sleaze in his voice.

"Youuuu are a fine specimen of athlete. YOU are exactly the type of champion this federation deserves."

She snorts, an unpleasant look coming over her face as she takes a step away from him.

"Look, I don't know what kind of girl you think I am, exactly...." she begins, shaking her head and backing away.

"Oh, no, no." he laughs, right out loud, as he cuts her off rudely yet again.

"You misunderstand me, Ms. Martin. I assure you that the only proposition I bring to you tonight is one of business. I collect models like they're trading cards, honey, so excuse me if I'm not exactly rising in my slacks over butter-faces wearing masquerade masks."

The smallest hint of a sneer comes over her face, but he continues on unfazed.

"No, Amy, the reason I'm down here tonight is a bit more innocent."

He drops the smirk from his face temporarily, growing a bit more serious.

"I'm out here tonight because you can help me with a bit of a... contractual... problem I'm experiencing. You

Slaughter: VIII

see, in a MAN'S world, you have to know who's palms to grease. You have to know where the money lies, and how to go about getting a hold of it. Professional wrestling is kind of like a beauty pageant... you can say it's all about the personality and the intelligence, but in the end, it's all about one thing... who's got the best face and the biggest tits? It's the same way in this business. It's not about your wins and losses, it's not about the prestige or the legacy. They might tell you that when you get started, and they might play it off like that on television, but it's all about one thing: business sense. Me?

I had the business sense to negotiate a good contract. When I signed on the dotted line at DREAM, I had a special provision put in.

Actually, I had a FEW provisions written in... but the most important is this. I was personally guaranteed a title match in the six weeks that I am with this company. Thus far, unsurprisingly, this little promotion-that-couldn't has not made good on their promise... on their contractual obligation." He begins a slow pace around the ring again, circling Miss USA like a shark.

"Now, I've been looking over the divisions here in DREAM and altogether, I'm not that impressed. What this company calls a "World Title Division", Hostility calls a ring crew. I'm barely exaggerating. Do you have any idea how many wannabe big leaguers walk down the ramp at Hostile Violence every week not to wrestle a match, or cut a promo, but to set up a ring and drive one hundred miles back home? It's pathetic. Derek Payne,

Dork, Simon

Greer..." The crowd lets out a low chorus of displeasure at his purposeful ruining of DREAM's main eventer's names.

"These guys would barely pass as referees at Hostility." he continues, ignoring the crowd.

"But in all the searching I've done since I arrived at this pathetic little organization a few weeks ago, one division has stood out. One title retains a certain prestige. And see, I've been a World Champion. I've been a Tag Team Champion. It's old hat, been there done that. Especially for a Bush league independent set-up like this. But the Women's Division... now THERE is a place that holds some value in their championship. Think about it... you fought for your right to own property. You fought for your right to vote. Working outside the home, becoming single mothers, all these things are accomplishments that we as men never saw for you women when this country came into fruition. And yet now, you have your own division. Your own title. It's admirable."

There is an astounding cheer from the crowd, despite the chauvinistic remarks. Miss USA stands proud in the ring, holding her title aloft to show the fans.

"But it's also sexist." he sneers, staring daggers at the Women's Champion as he says this. The boing returns from the audience in attendance.

"See, I checked the rulebooks, and I spoke with my attorney. It seems that the "Men's Heavyweight Division" doesn't exist.

The

Slaughter: VIII

"Heavyweight Division" exists, alright, but technically speaking there are no genders tied to the World Championship. That being said, assuming you, Miss USA, can make weight, you can compete for the World Championship. However, that glaring word "Women's" is holding me back from competing in yours. I'm here tonight to rectify that situation and challenge you to a one on one Women's Title match, right here tonight!"

He raises his arms in the air, as if he was making an announcement the crowd should be cheering for. Unsurprisingly, they do not. Miss USA thinks for a moment, still not putting the pieces together. Finally, as if a light bulb lit inside her skull, everything begins to make sense.

"You don't..." she begins, slowly.

"You don't actually expect me to wrestle you for the WOMEN'S title, do you? Are you insane?" "I thought you might see things that way."

MPlow sighs, shaking his head.

"And you're right, there is no logical way I can force you to fight me here tonight, especially since it's barely been five minutes since your last match ended.

However, I think I have something in my possession here tonight that might just change your mind. A counter offer, if you will." He snaps his fingers, pointing back toward the entrance way. From the back, three men attired in sharp looking business suits, obviously lawyers, make their way from behind the curtain and down the ramp towards the ring. Meanwhile, on the Tron... A raucous cheering comes from the crowd, mostly from it's male majority. The cheers quickly turn to boos, however, as in the ring Miss USA looks more than horrified. She runs a hand through her hair, the beginning of tears forming in her eyes as she holds back a snuffle.

"What in the hell do you want from me?"

She practically whimpers.

"Where did you even get..." "That's not important, sweetie."

He practically whispers, mockingly motioning for her to give him a hug.

"All that's important is that we do our best to preserve your dignity.

See, I got a hold of this pictures a few weeks ago... you never know when it's going to come in handy to have a little blackmail on hand. And I thought to myself... what can I do with these? At first I considered the obvious... masturbation and 4Chan original content. But then it occurred to me. Then, the Grinch had an idea... a terrible, horrible, wonderful idea. I bought the rights. The photographer, Gary? You remember him, right? Turns out money really can buy everything, and the bad news is that you are now looking at the sole owner of the pictures you have just seen. That's the bad news. The good news is, though, that I'm more than willing to hand you the envelope in my pocket, a signed agreement to transfer ownership to you. MORE than willing..." She looks at him eagerly, the look in her eyes reflecting the true

Slaughter: VIII

naivety of a good person. She doesn't expect the words the world is already expecting to hear.

"Assuming, of course..." he continues, evil in his eyes.

"That you, in return, present me with that Women's Championship. You turn it over to me, in all it's glory, and forfeit your claim to the division's number one prize. I think it's a pretty even trade... dignity for dignity."

He turns away, ducking under the ropes as he drops back to the arena floor.

"Don't make a decision just yet, darling."

He muses, almost giggling.

"Think it over. You have until the end of the show. And sweetheart? Before you go crying too many tears, remember this: You call yourself Miss USA? Well this is capitalism at it's finest. THIS is the country you glorify and wrestle in the name of. Business. Commerce. Getting ahead by any means necessary. Think hard... I'd hate to see what happens when FOX News gets a hold of these..."

He steps behind the curtain, leaving Miss USA in tears as the show cuts to commercial.

Buzz Killed

"

buzzkrueger" We switch backstage to see Buzz Krueger walking out of a dressing room. As he turns a corner he bumps into one of his opponents for the night, T-Money, spilling a drink on him. T-Money looks down at his shirt which is ruined then up at Krueger. A moment later he smashes the can he was drinking out of up against Krueger's head. T-Money continues to slam the can into Krueger's head until he is on the floor, propped up by the wall. He stomps him a few times and walks off. the camera zooms in on Kruger, unconscious, as we go to commercial.

Rich Mahogany versus Havoc

"

mahogany" Havoc has already made his way to the ring by the time '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.

"Mahogany has stated he wants to stomp the emo out of the DWF, and tonight Havoc is first on that list."

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."

As the bell sounds, the two men lock up.

"Mahogany is able to gain control, forcing Havoc into a side headlock."

Slaughter: VIII

Havoc pushes Mahogany off, into the ropes.

"Rich Mahogany on the return. Drop toe hold by Havoc. If Havoc can somehow pull off a victory it will be a good way to kick the tour off."

Both men get to their feet. Rich Mahogany grabs Havoc's arm.

"Irish Whip... No, reversal by Havoc. Rich Mahogany hits the corner post hard."

As Rich turns, placing his back into the corner, Havoc runs.

"Havoc with a big splash."

As he moves away, Mahogany slumps a little. Havoc grabs the top rope, using it for leverage before stomping away at his opponent.

"Havoc continues to keep control of the match early on, not allowing Mahogany to get any offense in."

He grabs Rich's head, pulling him out of the corner, flipping him over into a sitting position.

"From behind, Havoc brings down a forearm catching Mahogany across his chest."

Havoc lets Rich go and watches as he holds his chest, laying on the canvas.

"Mahogany being helped up now by Havoc."

Halfway up, Rich pushes Havoc back just a bit, he stands up, and catches his opponent in the eye with a quick thumb jab.

"The referee warns Mahogany, who seems to just want to take a few seconds to breath."

Havoc swings at Mahogany, who in turn, ducks.

"Rich Mahogany catches Havoc from behind. Full Nelson. He lifts, slam." Mahogany goes right to choking Havoc.

"Rich stops before the referee gets to five."

As Mahogany stands, he grabs Havoc's legs, lifting them up. He steps in, but Havoc finds enough strength to break free and kick Rich.

"As

Rich Mahogany stumbles back, Havoc gets to a three point

Slaughter: VIII

stance." Mahogany catches his footing and rushes Havoc.

"Havoc catches Mahogany, lifting him up on his shoulders. In one swift motion he throws Mahogany out, falling with him in a variation of a neck breaker."

The crowd pops. Both men lay on the canvas, attempting to catch their breath.

"The referee begins to count. Who, if any, will make it to their feet first?"

At the last possible second, both men are up. Mahogany is stumbling a bit, trying to catch his footing. Havoc grabs both legs out from under Rich, dropping his head to the canvas!" He wraps one of Rich's legs up with a spinning toe-hold, but before he could get it all the way around and lock in a figure-four leg-lock, the wiley Mahogany booted him hard in the butt, sending him through the ropes and hard to the floor.

"Oh, WOW! Great reversal by The Ladies Man!"

Havoc is slow to get up, writhing in pain on the outside of the ring. Inside the ring Mahogany was up quickly and it's everything to referee could do to keep Rich inside the ring so he could start the count on Havoc.

"Wait a minute... WHO IS THAT?!"

As Rich continued to distract the referee, going so far as to hold him from turning around, a very athletic, very scary looking woman jumped the guardrail just as Havoc got to his feet. She spun, and with a fury almost unknown to women wrestlers unleashed a HELLACIOUS Rolling Lariat on Havoc.

"WHOA!!!"

The referee was oblivious as the Amazon of a women picked the limp body of Havoc up and rolled him under the bottom rope and disappeared back through the crowd. Rich finally let the referee go just in time to lay over Havoc with a lateral press.

"No! Not like this!"

The referee slapped the mat three times, it was all academic. Rich celebrated inside the ring as his music played, as if he actually did anything to end the match.

How About a Game of Euchre?

"

mylesjake" "Mr. Jake?"

Myles Jake, dressed in his wrestling gear, looks up at a backstage assistant wearing a DWF logo t-shirt and jeans. He is carrying a small box wrapped as a gift with red ribbon. The crowd is heard in the background cheering as Myles Jake makes his first appearance on camera in DWF. Myles Jake: "Can I help you?"

Slaughter: VIII

Assistant: "A package for you."

Myles looks confused as to what this could be. Myles Jake: "A package?"

Assistant: "Yes. It arrived about ten minutes ago. I've looked for you all over the place, and couldn't find you."

That's because Myles Jake isn't in a locker room, or with the others. Instead he is pacing a hallway backstage, watching a small 10-inch monitor and prepping for his upcoming match. Myles Jake: "Did you ever think I did not want to be found?"

Assistant: "It says urgent...see..."

The assistant turns the package, and the nicely wrapped gift has black marker written on the side saying . Myles grabs the package and nods at the assistant. Myles Jake: The assistant turns to leave Myles Jake: "Wait. I never asked for your name."

The assistant smiles widely at Myles' nice gesture. Assistant: Myles Jake: "Thanks, Ben."

Ben: "You're welcome"

Myles sits on a steel chair that is placed against the wall in the hallway. He opens the gift and pulls out a ton of paper that is stuffed inside. Myles then gets to the gift, which is a pack of cards. He lifts them in the air to examine them looking confused. Ben is long gone now, and Myles is left to himself trying to figure it out. Or, so he thought.

Instead, Myles looks up and sees Owen Manton standing there. Owen is dressed in a Grey v-neck t-shirt and jeans with a zip-up sweater over top. He is smiling sarcastically at Jake. Myles Jake: "Owen... Manton?"

Owen Manton: "That's right old man!! Owen ...

"The Puritan" ... Manton. Do you like your gift?"

Myles Jake: "Its.... umm... nice"

Manton looks at the box on the floor and then the cards that Myles is holding. Owen Manton: "You forgot something..."

Owen points at the box and Myles looks down. He notices something at the bottom and pulls it out. A pack of . Myles looks up glaring at Owen Manton who is still smiling. Owen Manton: "No. That's not from Rich Mahogany. That is from me also! I figured you could get one last ride with your dying wife."

Myles stands up instantly looking as though he is going to beat the life out of Manton. Owen Manton: "And then, you can play euchre with your old friends at the retirement center. Hows that sound... Jake?"

Jake steps closer and Manton lifts his arms up in defense. Owen Manton: "I don't want you to waste too

Slaughter: VIII

much energy before you match, old man. I just want you to know you are on my radar."

Manton turns his back on Myles Jake and walks away quickly. No punches thrown. But Myles' face says it all... he wants to kill Manton.

T-Money versus Antonio Lopez versus Buzz Krueger

"

antoniolopez" Antonio Lopez's music begins to play as he steps out from the back.

"Originally scheduled as a triple threat, Buzz Krueger has been pulled from this match after his run in earlier tonight with T-Money."

Once Lopez is in the ring, his music fades and 'Stay Wide Awake' by Eminem hits the system.

"T-Money on his way out now. One has to wonder what type of advantage he may have now that he is down one opponent."

Once Money is in the ring, his music fades out and the bell sounds to begin the match.

"T-Money and Antonio Lopez lock up. Money stomps the foot of Lopez, causing him to release. Quick elbow to the face of Lopez."

T-Money follows up with a quick scoop slam.

"He leaps vertically, coming down with his knees across the chest of his opponent. T-Money defiantly doing a good job maintaining control of this match up."

Money pulls Lopez to his feet.

"Antonio Lopez is able to push T-Money back and deliver a har chop in his defense."

Lopez grabs T-Money's arm and is able to successfully whip him across the ring.

"T-Money on the return. Antonio catches him with a arm drag."

Both men get to their feet. Money runs at Lopez.

"Another quick arm drag by Antonio Lopez."

Once again both men are on their feet, with T-Money rushing Lopez again.

"Lopez meets Money with a rising knee smash, catching T-Money square in the jaw.

" T-Money falls to the canvas as Antonio Lopez goes for the cover.

Slaughter: VIII

"The referee drops to count. Kick out at two and a quarter. Close call, as we almost had a winner this early on in the match."

Both men begin to get to their feet. Halfway up, T-Money uses his arm to sweep the legs of Antonio Lopez, sending him back to the canvas, his head bouncing off of the mat.

"Quick thinking by T-Money, who now mounts Antonio Lopez and delivers some hard hitting lefts and rights."

Antonio blocks the punches as well as he can. The referee is finally able to get T-Money to stop.

"Money to his feet. Overall a good showing for his DWF debut."

T-Money yanks one of Lopez's legs up, and stomps the inside of his knee.

"Another hard stomp to the inside of Antonio's knee. T-Money now assists Lopez to his feet."

Antonio limps as he places pressure on his leg.

"Boot to the gut of Antonio Lopez. T-Money locks his arm under Lopez's, across his chest. He lifts, STARDOM."

Money covers Lopez back to chest so he can raise his hand and count with the ref.

"We have a winner. T-Money with a very impressive victory over Antonio Lopez."

As Money's music begins to play, we get a few match recaps.

Contemplation

"

missusa" Backstage, the camera catches up with an upset looking Miss USA near the loading dock of the arena. She doesn't seem to notice the cameraman, as she stares out into the parking lot towards the night sky, obviously thinking over her options for the evening. As she turns, she finally notices the camera, forcing a quiet smile. The camera watches her for another moment, as she turns back towards the parking lot, looking down at her Women's Championship, her eyes more full of confusion than perhaps they have ever been. We head to commercial.

Lupin Cy versus Myles Jake

"

mylesjake"

We go ringside, Myles Jake is already in the ring.

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

Slaughter: VIII

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.

"As the bell sounds, both men skip the foreplay, and go straight to exchanging rights and lefts."

Cy blocks a right from Jake, delivering a series of straight punches. He pushes him back into the ropes and uses them to whip Myles across the ring.

"Myles Jake flies off the ropes with momentum. He hits across the ring. On the return now, he leaps, catching Lupin Cy off guard with a shoulder!"

Myles gets to his feet, then immediately jumps up and drops a knee into Cy's chest.

"Lupin Cy in a world of hurt right now as Myles Jake stands above him."

Jake jumps over Lupin, hits the ropes and returns.

"Myles leaps, this time coming down with a fist drop. He goes for a pin."

The referee begins to count.

"Kick out at two. Lupin isn't out of this match yet."

As Myles begins to get to his feet, he pulls Lupin up with him.

"Cy with a fist to the midsection of Myles Jake."

He raises all the way up, places Myles' head between his arm and body, the falls back.

"That's how you begin a comeback. DDT by Lupin Cy."

He now goes for a cover.

"Kick out by Myles at about one and a half."

Both Myles and Lupin uses the ropes to pull themselves to their feet. As they meet in the middle of the ring, Lupin catches Myles with a boot to the stomach.

"Lupin

Cy going for a suplex. Denies by Myles Jake. Now, Jake with the reversal. Suplex. He floats over, pinning Lupin Cy again. Another kick out." Both men get to their feet and lock back up.

Slaughter: VIII

"Lupin Cy taking control, placing Myles Jake in a wrist lock. Reversal by Jake."

Cy maneuvers around, to now have Myles's arm locked behind him.

"Cy back in control."

Myles throws his free arm around, and rakes Lupin Cy's eyes causing him to let go.

"Myles Jake gets free. Elbow to the face of Lupin Cy followed by a whip into the ropes."

Jake bends over to catch Cy on the return.

"The only thing Myles Jake catches is a knee to the face by Lupin Cy."

Jake hits the mat, but is quickly lifted to his feet by Cy.

"Knee to the stomach of Jake, followed by a forearm smash."

Myles Jake goes to one knee. Lupin Cy hits the ropes, returning with his leg out.

"Cy going for a Shining Wizard, NO!"

Myles catches Lupin and lifts up, falling backwards.

"Lupin Cy is sent face first into the mat!"

Jake quickly locks in an ankle lock, but Cy is able to grab the bottom rope with ease.

"Myles Jake was looking to shut it down early with that ankle lock."

Lupin rolls out of the ring. When Jake is close to the ropes, Cy reaches in, yanking his feet from under him.

"Lupin Cy pulls Myles Jake outside the ring."

As soon as Jake hits the floor, Cy attacks with rights and lefts.

"Jake blocks a right, and delivers his own."

Myles grabs the back of Cy's head and rolls him into the ring before entering himself.

"Lupin Cy is getting to his feet."

Slaughter: VIII

Jake catches Cy in a bridging fisherman's suplex into a pin.

"Myles Jake may have it."

The referee counts.

"Myles Jake picks up his debut win here on Slaughter!"

We are shown a replay of the finisher before heading into another commercial break.

Remember the name

He should be looking forward to a night like this

The foundation of the building vibrates with the roar of the crowd; but it doesn't seem to shake his focus while he sits on a bench staring a dark whole through space. This was his night; in two minutes he would be heading out to the ring with Michael Polowy by his side ready to make a mark on yet another canvas; it just happened to belong to a company he already began to despise.

This is you; this is everything you have, it

s everything you

ll ever have. No limits, no heights stand above you that you can

t reach. You are in your element

The old spoken quote pounds the back of his head. It was two years fresh; yet it applied to a concept that felt so old. He can remember his first debut, the rush before stepping into the ring for the first time, the rush of a new challenge and a new opportunity to make something out of him. Yet, while he finds himself making his debut once again

it simply didn

t feel the same. No rush. No adrenaline

what heart?

You love this business. This business is what you are

It was what he once thought. However as time passed on this business became more like a chore. A duty. With his hands tied behind his back; he was submitted into the ring, and force to fend himself, or become another forgotten causality. It felt like a duty, because he couldn't leave the business alone, not in the hands that pretended to nature and love it.

You are no hero! You are scum! You are evil, you are a villain!

The old angry emails flooded his brain with little regard; but they were all inaccurate, false claims, and they hurt the very reputation he was trying to build. He was here to save DREAM wrestling, with or without the help of Mike Polowy. This is what he tried to focus on; the good he was going to do by breaking the same stars that wore their artificial light. He was going to suck up all the pain, all the misery, and he was going to do it for the fans.

They hate you. They despise you. You don

t need them, you need me. We are the real tag team!

He dropped the mirror he held in his hands; escaping the appearance of the man in the mirror; causing the glass to shatter upon impact. He didn

t look at the broken glass; he could still feel it flowing in his veins scratching the depths of his insides. While his body told him he couldn

Slaughter: VIII

t, his mind told him he was ready.

That was that. No more voices. No more input. The expression on his face is empty; if this sport is about storytelling, well, we've all become illiterate. DREAM wasn't going to accept the help and good he and Michael Lively would bring to them, but it wasn't about how the fans reacted. It was about bringing justice to the company and the sport itself; and maybe one day one day he'll have debut he can be excited about. You ready? A voice asked; this time it wasn't voices in his head or the man in the mirror trying to cut behind the scene deals with him. It was his partner. A man he didn't know too well; and couldn't fully trust. It wasn't a shot at Michael Polowy, because he didn't trust anyone. His mother, his employers hell not even the politicians, but that one is a given. He's asking the wrong person.

He said sitting up off his bench turning to Michael Polowy who stood in the doorway with his arms crossed. There would be hell to pay tonight; but neither man could afford to tell you anymore. With the foundations of walls shaking like they did; the announcer calling an inaudible name which origins had been blurred as it bounced off the brick walls of the arena finally settling in a chorus of a vibrating base you probably wouldn't be able to hear a word even if they spoke. However at the end of the night, there would be no need for an introduction and the announcer on the pay-roll would be obsolete... You would remember their names; god forbid you ever forget.

Level-One & Mike Polowy versus Dazed & Confused

"

levelone" 'Sour Smoke' by Comets on Fire begins to play.

"Tag team action about to come your way!"

Steve Lane and Paul Owens step out from the back, look to the ring, and run down the ramp sliding into the ring.

"Dazed and Confused looking to score a victory after a few weeks of defeat."

As they prepare in the ring, their music fades. 'Put you on game' By Lupe Fiasco ruthlessly attacks the stereo system with little regard; shaking the ear drums of the crowd of thousands. Red smoke seeps through the upper ramp; and ripping through the curtains Level-One finds himself on top of the ramp; taunting the booing fans. Creating a with his left hand he places his index finger behind his thumb forming his initials as the red and white pyro shoots up in the air indiscriminately. The fans in the arena pipe up as the lights

Slaughter: VIII

begin to dim and the opening rock riff to

Muse's

"Yes Please" pours through the sound system. There is 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.

"Level-One and Mike Polowy are receiving the welcome they deserve as the crowd boos them."

They walk to the ring, 'The Mike Effect' making sure to talk trash to as many fans as possibly. He stops by the barrier and smiles, directing a camera over to see a screaming fan with a Hostility shirt on. He then continues down the ramp. A few moments later everyone is set.

"The Mike Effect and Paul Owens starting the match off as the bell sounds. Size wise, the numbers aren't looking good for the members of Dazed & Confused."

They lock up. Polowy leans forward and places one leg behind Owens' then pushes him back, sweeping him off his feet.

"Now, Mike Polowy follows up with a few stomps."

He bends down, pulling Owens up by his head.

"A couple closed fist punches by Polowy."

Owens stumbles back. Mike puts his arm up under Owen's and lifts.

"Hip toss."

Owens grabs his back, but still goes right to getting up.

"Polowy greets Owens with a side headlock to slow the tempo of the match a bit."

He applies pressure. Mike Polowy guides Paul Owens to the corner. He lets go long enough tag in Level-One the reapplies the headlock.

"Mike Polowy holds Paul Owens as Level-One enters the ring."

Level-One comes at Owens with a boot to the gut before grabbing Paul's head and taking over for Polowy.

"Level-One sends Owens into the corner. He runs, following up with a big splash."

As he moves, Owens stumbles forward the crashes face first on the mat.

Level-One lifts Owen's head and slams it back to the canvas. Steve Lane attempts to rush the ring but is

Slaughter: VIII

stopped by the referee.

"As the referee is distracted, Mike Polowy is in the ring with Level-One. They lift Paul Owens vertically, BIG DOUBLE BRAINBUSTER!" Polowy rolls out of the ring and Level-One covers as Lane heads back to the apron. The referee turns and drops to count.

"That is all she wrote as Level-One and Mike Polowy do as promised and make short work of Dazed and Confused."

A DANGEROUS Proposition

"

levelone"

Following the tag team debut of two of Dream's six week bandwagon stars, Michael Polowy and Level-One stand victorious in the center of the ring, while the crowd in attendance remain more than generous in an outpouring of boos and insults. Polowy, seemingly losing his patience, angrily shakes the referee's arm away from his own, pulling away and moving towards the turnbuckle. Level-One soon follows suit, hobbling past the official in the ring as Polowy leans over the ropes, demanding a microphone be placed in his outstretched hand. The timekeeper begrudgingly makes his way towards the apron, placing said microphone into the grip of the one of the cockiest men in professional wrestling, along with a second for Level-One. The displeasure of the crowd remains thick enough to cut with a knife as MPlow returns to the center of the ring, pacing a bit for good measure as he waits for the crowd to settle down.

"Ladies and gentlemen, here are you winners, and still highest paid members of the DREAM roster..." he begins, his voice booming like some kind of piss poor Michael Buffer impersonation.

"They are the greatest athletes in the sport of professional wrestling. They are the epitome of awesome. They are the smoothest of the smooth. Let's have another round of applause for the guys who ran Dazed and Confused back to the beach with their surfboards between their legs... Level-One & 'The Mike Effect' Mike Polowy!"

Each of the men takes a mini-half bow, complimenting each other and sharing an over-hyped white guy high five in the center of the ring. The crowd eats it up, screaming for the heads of possibly the two most hated men in the Dream Wrestling Federation. Level-One, however, doesn't seem to share the excited demeanor for long, as her face grows painfully serious after a moment. He raises his microphone, raising a finger to stifle the roar of the angry crowd.

"Shut up."

He nearly whispers. Surprisingly, they listen.

"Tonight wasn't a big night for us. It isn't something to be celebrated. It's the status quo for guys like myself and Mr. Polowy. We're winners. We're competitors. Winning isn't a flip of a coin for us, and being the best

Slaughter: VIII

isn't something we do some of the time. Tonight it was Dazed and Confused, and I can proudly say we took care of them and we hardly broke a sweat doing it. But that's just the beginning."

Level One stares out into the crowd, his eyes narrowing.

As if the impromptu speech had been pre-prepared, MPlow is happy to pick up where his new partner in crime has left off.

"I'm afraid my wobbly-legged friend is right. One and a half men easily destroyed one of Dream's top tag teams tonight. It was decimation. It was overkill. And in the end? Level-One here just got off his crutches THIS WEEK! You think we're enjoying this? It's like graduating from a game of Jeopardy and being stuck in a Candyland tournament. We need ourselves the closest thing we can get to a challenge. So me and Money Oney here got to thinking over the course of the week, and there is one logical choice for us. See, this week, we beat the... what... second best tag team that DREAM has to offer? We have to challenge the 'best' team that DREAM has to offer. We have to put up our hundred grand against a team that might actually give us a workout. We have to beat the best you know so you can see that they were never the best to begin with. So looking over the sad panda of a roster Dream has put together, it leaves one... logical... team."

There is a buzzing in the crowd. They know what's coming and they like it.

"Team Danger..."

Level-One picks it up where his partner left off, but there is no excitement in his voice as he says this.

"The Dream World Tag Team Champions. You have paraded around with those titles for too long now, who have you beaten? What have you done? Where is the blood and sweat you have shed? You boys are champions; because the other two teams had no say. Is that how it works now? Is that how DREAM breaks their stars in? Hands out, giveaways, and defaulted championship title reins?

he shakes his head.

No, not anymore. We are bringing you back to the time where title championships are earned. It is not a status symbol for cowardice or pathetic gimmicks; but sheer talent and skill that has been honed. We have EARNED our titles simply because of who we are, what we have done, and what each of you know what we can possibly bring to the table. And in doing so; we want a tag team championship title shot, next week!

There is an explosion of cheers from the crowd, not for Level One or MPlow, but for the concept of an actual exciting match for DWF television, presumably.

"Couldn't have said it better myself, L1."

Polowy mini-bows at his partner in crime, exaggeratedly.

"See, we don't

NEED the tag team belts. But then again, we don't NEED money, cars, women, or swagger. We don't need a whole hell of a lot of things. But in this world? It never hurts to have something to pawn on a late night when

Slaughter: VIII

you're outta singles and the ladies are waiting. Next week, we'll collect ourselves a few pawnable tag belts."

With a sneer, The Mike Effect drops the microphone to the canvas, letting the static and feedback strain the ears of the many in attendance.

As the camera cuts to commercial, Level One and MPlow exit the ring, making their way back up the ramp.

Owen Manton versus S G Martins

"

sgmartins" 'Wish' by Nine Inch Nails begins to play. Owen Manton steps out from the back, places his hands on his hips and smirks to the crowd before walking towards the ring.

"Owen Manton on his way, one of the new acquirement for this tour."

Manton walks up the steps and enters the ring. He climbs the turnbuckle and raises one hand to the booing fans before jumping down. His music fades out.

"Obviously not a fan favorite here in Richmond." 'What's Beef' the instrumental version begins to play. S.G. Martins takes a few steps from beyond the entrance way and stops, looking around at the crowd. He continues to slowly walk down the ramp while trying to high five fans on both sides of the railing.

"S.G. Martins getting a much better response as he makes his way to the ring."

As he makes his way to ringside he walks up the steel steps and through the top and middle rope. He stands in the middle of the ring and plays to the crowd a bit more to get them to make some noise. He then makes his way to his corner and starts to warm up. Martins takes a few steps from beyond the entrance way and stops, looking around at the crowd. He continues to slowly walk down the ramp while trying to high five fans on both sides of the railing. As he makes his way to ringside he walks up the steel steps and through the top and middle rope. He stands in the middle of the ring and plays to the crowd a bit more to get them to make some noise. He then makes his way to his corner and starts to warm up.

"As the bell sounds, S.G. Martins challenges Owen Manton to a test of strength. Manton accepts."

They clasp hands, and begin the test of strength.

"Neither man, can at this point, gain control."

They both struggle, with S.G. finally taking control.

"Martins with a knee to the midsection of Manton. He grabs him, hip toss into an arm bar."

Owen Manton places his free hand on S.G.'s arm for leverage, throws his legs out into a bridging position, before twisting. Martins is jerked forward, and over, landing on the mat. As he quickly gets to his feet, both men are back at square one.

Slaughter: VIII

"Quick action from both men."

Now, the stand face to face.

"They lock up. Owen able to break the lock. He whips Martins across the ring."

As S.G. returns, Owen drops to the mat. Martins leaps over him, hitting the ropes on the opposite side.

This time as he returns, Manton is up. He bends down to catch Martins.

"Leap frog by S.G. Martins."

Martins stops. Both men turn, with Martins going for a quick super kick.

"Denied by Owen Manton, and turned into a Dragon Screw Legwhip."

Both men pop to their feet again.

"Quickly, Owen Manton with a hard chop. S.G. Martins follows up with his own."

They both exchange several chops. Manton steps back, smirks, then ducks a swing by Martins. He shakes his finger as saying 'nope' and hits a hay maker, does a little shimmy, and hits another, knocking Martins to the canvas.

"Owen Manton is full of himself tonight."

The fans are giving Manton a not so positive reaction. He looks out at them, smirks again, and just waves them off before stomping S.G.

"Manton still in control of this match, at much of the fans distaste."

He bends down and slaps S.G. before pulling him up. On his way up, S.G. flings his arms up, catching Owen off guard.

"S.G. runs past Owen, hits the ropes, on the return, he leaps... bulldog. The Golden Boy may have opened up a spot for some offense if he can capitalize."

Martins runs to the corner post and climbs the ropes, as Owen turns over to his back.

"S.G. Martins leaps, huge flying head butt connects!"

The fans pop as S.G. makes the cover. the referee drops to count.

Slaughter: VIII

"Kick out at two. Martins waste no time as he gets to his feet. He hits the ropes, on the return. He leaps, big leg drop! Another pin attempt."

The fans pop again as the referee begins to count.

"Kick out at two again."

S.G. gets up, pulling Owen up with him. he grabs his left arm and goes to whip him.

"Reversal by Manton."

As S.G. hits the ropes and returns, Manton gets ready to catch him.

"S.G. jumps, bicycle kick to the face of Owen Manton!"

The fans begin chanting 'Let's Go' and stomping their feet.

"The crowd is pumped here in Richmond!"

He grabs Manton's legs and lifts them up, holding, then falling backwards.

"Slingshot into the corner post!"

Owen hits the post hard and twist backwards, allowing S.G. to catch him with a quick swinging neck breaker.

"That HAS to be it for Manton!"

Martins quickly covers him and the referee begins to count.

"No, the referee stops the count as Manton Somehow grabs the bottom rope!"

S.G. pulls himself to his feet, using the ropes. He holds the top one, looking to the crowd in disbelief.

"S.G. Martins can not believe that Owen Manton has done it again."

Owen begins to get up. S.G. goes to grab him, but Manton catches him and lifts.

"Reverse Atomic Drop out of nowhere!"

S.G. grabs himself and falls to his knees. Owen runs across the ring and comes off the ropes.

"Shining Wizard!"

Slaughter: VIII

Owen crashes through S.G. with force. He looks out to the crowd with a devilish grin before moving martins away from the ropes.

"Owen Manton going for the pin attempt. He hooks the leg of S.G.Martins."

The referee drops for the count.

"We have three! Owen Manton picks up his first Dream victory after an amazing showing by S.G. Martins. To me, a personal upset."

Owen's music hits and the fans boo as he celebrates in the ring. We get several replays of moments from the match.

Skunk'ed?

"

mylesjake" "Owen Manton's debut match was a great one. He might be egotistical, and he may be hated backstage. But Owen Manton can sure wrestle. What a match!" "Fire it Up" by Jamglue pounds through the sound system, and the crowd jumps to their feet to cheer as Myles Jake paces down the ramp from the entrance way. Owen Manton pushes his sweaty hair from his forehead and looks forward at Myles, the man he mocked earlier in the night. Manton steps to the center of the ring, still holding his back from an intense match.

"We might have another match right here! Myles Jake is coming to respond to the Puritan!"

Jake, now in a gym suit and towel draped around his neck, climbs the steps and enters the ring. Fans are chanting "My-les! My-les!" as Jake grabs a microphone from the ring attendant. Owen Manton keeps his eyes locked on Jake. Myles Jake: "Nice match, Puritan."

Owen Manton smirks slightly, still keeping his eyes locked on his opponent. Myles Jake: "For a rookie. Well played."

Jake paces to the other side of the ring, and sizes up Manton. Myles Jake: "I've got to know something. Did your Mom raise you to be such an ass? Or did you just grow up that way? And another question, Manton, who the Hell do you think you are mocking me?"

Manton nods and begins to mouth some challenging words that the microphone does not pick up. Myles Jake: "Rrrriighhtt... you are trying to purify this business. Did you ever think that maybe, you are a cancer that needs to be rid of this place? And better yet, did the thought ever cross your mind that you suck?"

The crowd roars at this comment and Owen Manton goes from a sarcastic smirk to an angry face, looking as though he might pounce at Jake. Myles Jake: "Am I getting you angry? Because I wouldn't want to do that. I mean... we are all afraid of your scrunny ass."

Slaughter: VIII

The crowd roars again and Owen Manton rushes forward to spear Jake, Myles drops the microphone and steps to the left grabbing the arm of Owen Manton and crashes to the mat with him. The crowd is on their feet screaming as Myles Jake locks on his fabled finisher, "The Cross"!

"Oh my God! Myles Jake has Owen Manton in the Cross!

So much for being an old fart, Manton. Myles Jake is showing you how its done!" Manton grabs the ropes and screams in pain, but this isn't a match and there is no one to stop Jake from putting as much force into the submission move as possible. The crowd chants "My-les! My-les!" and referee and security guards begin to rush the ring. Jake seeing the crowd that has been assembled drops Manton face first onto the mat, gets to his feet and grabs the mic. Referee's are in the ring attending to the fallen Owen Manton. Myles Jake: "So, if this was euchre... then I guess you ended up skunk'ed. Bitch."

Myles throws the microphone down and exits the ring to a loud applause from the crowd as we go to another commercial.

Six Week Promise

"

jaknemesis" "Dead Bodies Everywhere" by Korn hits the speakers and booms through the arena. Some of the more knowledgeable fans rise to their feet in anticipation of the next arrival, a man contracted for the Path to Glory tour. Jak Nemesis. Jak steps out from the back with a lit cigarette in his right hand, only to toss it aside as he begins to walk. In what is a rare occurrence he does not appear to be suffering from any niggling injuries or have any fresh wounds visible on his torso. His long dark brown hair hangs down in front of his face, his hands and wrists are heavily taped underneath his fingerless fight gloves. He is shirtless and sporting his usual three quarter length jeans and black boots. Jak Nemesis has arrived in the DWF and Jak is ready. He is treated to a warm reception from the majority of the crowd, though some jeers and booing is clearly audible from certain sections. Not that he seems to notice; his eyes remain focused on the ring as he slowly walks down the aisle and slides under the bottom rope and into the ring. He takes a quick glance around at the crowd before calling for a microphone and beginning to address them.

"For those of you that are wondering who the hell I am, kindly allow me to introduce myself. I've been referred to as the Hostile Killer, the Unholy Assassin and countless other names. I am the winner of the 2009 Violent Suicide Tournament, establishing myself as the undisputed King of the Deathmatch. My name is Jak Nemesis, and I am the best that there is". Jak pauses to soak in the mixed reception he receives from the crowd. His gravelly English voice sounds calm and relaxed.

"What brings me to the DWF? Don

t worry I

m not out here to insult the crowd and put myself over as an asshole, given time you

ll find out exactly what kind of asshole

I am. I

d be lying if I didn

t admit that the money being thrown my way by the management wasn

t a major factor. More than that however, I am here to do what it is that I do best. I am here to beat the living

Slaughter: VIII

hell out of each and every man who dares step foot in the ring against me. I've been watching the previous shows and I've seen the sorry state of the DWF roster prior to this tour. I have to say that I can understand exactly why the management deemed it necessary to headhunt guys like me. The roster as it stands is a damn mess". The crowd appear to be turning more and more against Jak as he continues to speak.

"Dark? Eric Payne? Miss F

N USA? Pierce? I remember the days when the Dream Wrestling federation stood atop the wrestling mountain as the pinnacle of this industry. The great names that have been and gone have been replaced by a roster full of nobodies with limited talent. I am hereby voicing my disgust at what this new version of the DWF has become, and making a promise to everybody in the arena, and also to anybody who may be watching this or gives a damn". Jak closes his eyes and draws a deep breath, the sound of abuse from the crowd in his ears.

"I promise to take that bar from the bottom rung where it has been placed by the pathetic excuse for a talent pool that was here before me, and take up several notches back to the point where the DWF used to stand. After I'm through with Pierce tonight, I'm calling out anybody else in the back that has the balls to face me. Not just the lousy crowd of losers on the full

roster, but the other big names who have been brought in to keep this sinking ship afloat.

Level-One, Mike

Polowy, Owen Manton, and anybody who thinks they can get the job done - if any of you want to help me rescue the DWF then take up my challenge and face me and we

ll give the fans a real show. Bless them; some of these guys have never seen a real match. I watched the show last week and I saw Polowy and Level One slapping each other on the ass and committing themselves to tag team action. I

m not going to satisfy myself by beating the crap out of the wannabes that occupy the lockers in the back. I want to do something about it and bring the level of competition up.

". Jak smiles for just a second before he immediately regains his focus and speaks once more. Some of the crowd react positively to his promise to help the DWF.

"So you people can decide for yourselves if you want to boo me or cheer me but you cannot ignore me, I'll play the tweener role if I have to. Just remember I am here for your benefit. For now I have to beat some sense into Pierce, and I want everybody in the back to watch this next match and treat it as a warning. Jak Nemesis has arrived, so you had all better hope that God shows mercy on your souls...because I sure as hell won

t". Jak tosses the microphone aside and awaits the arrival of Pierce and the start of his first match in the DWF.

Jak Nemesis versus Pierce

"

jaknemesis" The arena lights cut out, bringing the arena to life. Strobe lights and the Train Whistle sound of a

Slaughter: VIII

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. His music fades out. The bell sounds and they lock up.

"Nemesis and Pierce lock up, this match is under way and will prove to be exciting."

Jak Nemesis takes the lead early, as he breaks the lock and whips Pierce into the ropes.

"On the return, Pierce attempts a clothesline, but Nemesis ducks."

Both men quickly turn around.

"Kick to the midsection of Jak Nemesis. Pierce follows up with an elbow to the temple followed by a big chop to the chest."

Pierce grabs Jak, going for a belly to belly suplex.

"Reversal by Jak Nemesis with the suplex."

As Pierce hits the mat, Jak Nemesis gets to his feet and begins to viciously stomp his opponent.

"Nemesis showing why he won such a violent tournament less then two months ago."

On the way up, Pierce pushes Jak Nemesis back. He grabs his arm and pulls him.

"Short arm clothesline. That looked as if it knocked Nemesis silly."

Pierce picks a leg of Jak Nemesis up, stretches it the thrust it down.

"Pierce trying to hyper extend the knee of Jak Nemesis."

He stomps his opponent's knee a few times before lifting both of his legs up and stepping in.

"It appears that Pierce is going for a figure four leg lock."

Slaughter: VIII

As he places the lock on and leans back on the mat to apply pressure, Jak Nemesis yells in pain.

"Jak Nemesis now trying to get his bearings."

Jak Nemesis struggles a little before overpowering Pierce enough to reverse the hold.

"Inverted figure four by Jak Nemesis!"

A few moments later, both men break free and push themselves to their feet.

"Each opponent showing signs of discomfort as they get to their feet."

Jak Nemesis boots Pierce in the gut and follows it up with a head butt. As Pierce stumbles around, Jak Nemesis mounts the second turnbuckle behind him. Pierce turns to see him leap.

"Jak Nemesis grabs Pierce's head in mid air, twisting. Big DDT!"

Pierce is out on the mat, as Jak Nemesis holds his back from an improper landing.

"If Nemesis could make the cover, he could capitalize and pick up the win here."

The referee begins counting both men as neither begins to get to their feet.

"We could see a no contest here tonight if neither man can make it to his feet in time."

Jak Nemesis finally begins to move. Using the ropes, he pulls himself up.

"Jak Nemesis is the first up, however, he is showing signs that he may have hurt his back."

He bends over, grabbing Pierce's head, and pulls him to his feet.

"Big chop by Jak Nemesis that leaves Pierce's chest glowing. An Irish whip sends the new guy hard into the corner. Jak Nemesis follows up with a huge splash."

As Jak Nemesis moves away, Pierce falls face first to the mat. Jak Nemesis mounts Pierce, placing his hands under Pierce's chin and locking his fingers.

"Jak hoping to end the match by submission, and he may very well be able to as he applies pressure."

Pierce struggles, somehow getting Jak's fingers loose enough to bite them. Nemesis screams in pain.

"That's the animal Pierce has been talking about unleashing right there."

Slaughter: VIII

"Pierce grabs the ropes and begins to pull himself to his feet. Nemesis gets up himself, still holding his fingers.

"Pierce swings at Nemesis who ducks, he grabs pierce from behind and lifts. Jak Nemesis falls back, landing Pierce on the back of his neck!"

Nemesis goes for the cover and the referee counts.

"Jak Nemesis does it! he picks up a win on Slaughter!"

We get a few replays of moments of the match.

Decision Time

"

missusa" As we return from commercial break, the arena is still coming down from an awesome bout between Jak Nemesis and Pierce. The camera pans over the crowd, getting a good look at some fan signs and the general reaction of the crowd to the event so far, but the panning abruptly changes as "Yes Please" by Muse begins to pump over the speakers of the Richmond Coliseum. The cheering and general excitement turns quickly to a flurry of boos and screams as 'The Mike Effect' himself steps through the curtain, changed back out of his wrestling attire and wearing a sharp looking suit. He isn't alone, this time, as the three legal sharks from earlier in the night accompany him, one of them holding a manila envelope in his hands, presumably holding something important. MPlow strolls to the ring with his usual cocky swagger, the lawyers in close proximity as he walks up the ring steps and ducks under the ropes.

"Well, I'll keep this short and sweet." he begins, though the fans in attendance assume he'll do anything but that.

"It's decision time, Miss USA. I've given you all night to think about my proposition, and it's time to find out once and for all what you value more... your dignity, or your championship. Either way, why don't you come on down here and give me the answer the world is oh-so-eagerly waiting to hear?"

He smirks, running a hand over his close shaved head as he stares towards the entrance way. Miss USA does not disappoint, and the arena is up in arms screaming as the opening riffs to "Born In The USA" begins to blare over the

PA system. Anti-climatically, Lady Liberty herself emerges from the entrance way looking sullen and tired.

Her eyes are a blotchy

red, and she carries with her the championship she so rightfully earned on her own.

Slowly, Miss USA descends down the

ramp, nodding curtly as one of the lawyers holds the ropes for her, allowing her easy entrance into the ring.

"Well, you're here."

Polowy says flatly.

Slaughter: VIII

"What'll it be? I can make this all go away."

She grunts, grabbing the microphone from his hands abruptly. The crowd pops just a little bit for her as she does this, but she barely seems to notice.

"Mike, you are possibly the most disgusting human being I have ever seen in my life."

She says this less in an insulting manner, and more as if it was a fact. The crowd explodes into cheers, but her face doesn't show the slightest bit of amusement.

"You think you can just push everyone around. Since you arrived in this company, you have insulted it's accommodations, you have insulted it's employees, and you have insulted it's fans. And we've all stood by, every single one of us, and we've done nothing. We've watched as you tore us down, piece by piece, and made us feel like garbage. You, and your Hostility. You, and your shiny sunglasses and wallet that's probably stuffed with Monopoly money. And tonight, when you walked down to the ramp and BLACKMAILED me. Openly BLACKMAILED me, I didn't know what to do. I didn't know how to react. You're asking me to turn over a title to you that you didn't earn. You didn't fight for this. You didn't sweat, or cry, or bleed for this. And yet you think because you have a couple of measly pictures of me that are less than flattering that I'm just going to hand it over to you? That I'm just going to make you the Women's Champion?"

The crowd is in a frenzy, as she stares coldly into the eyes of the man attacking her character. For a moment, she says nothing, until...

"Well you know what?"

She continues, the fans gripping to her every word.

"You're right."

The cheering in the crowd quickly stifles, becoming almost a deafening silence. No one is sure how to react to the words they have just heard.

"You're right, Mike."

She continues, her eyes growing sad.

"Because we're not all like you. We're not all monsters. What you're doing is hurting my feelings, hurting my dignity, and making me sick to my damned stomach. But I can't dig as deep as you can to hurt another human being. I can't forget conscience, and morals, and will to be a good person. So I don't know what else to do. I'm accepting your offer. Give me the pictures, take the Women's Championship, and for all I'm concerned, I hope that it all comes back to get you in the end." Michael Polowy nods, his face widening into a grin as he reaches into his suit jacket, producing a pen. One of the lawyers opens the manila envelope, pulling out an official looking document.

Slaughter: VIII

"This is a big step in promoting equal rights, Amy."

MPlow muses, looking pleased with himself.

"Just sign on the dotted line."

He hands her the pen, her hands trembling as she grips onto it. After a moment of hesitation, she finally puts the ink to the paper, signing her name at the bottom. Polowy drops to one knee, motioning for her to hand him the title. She thrusts it forward, angrily, but Polowy quickly shakes his head no, motioning for her to place it upon his shoulder.

With a look of pure hatred in her eyes, Miss USA drapes the belt over his waiting shoulder, as he gets back to his feet.

"Pleasure doing business with you, Ms. Martin."

Polowy smiles, handing her the envelope containing the photo negatives.

"They belong to you now. I don't know what I'd do with them, but if I were you, I'd start by getting them pulled from the major news casts tonight, and find an attorney. It's awful difficult to get pictures stripped off of message boards and torrent sites. I may have had a little fun with them while they still belonged to me... they WERE mine, after all.

Good day, Miss USA. Best of luck to you." He chuckles, but as he goes to leave the ring, something in Miss USA snaps. Tears in her eyes, she rushes forward, laying a hard slap across the chiseled jawline of her antagonist, but he quickly bails out of the ring along with his attorneys. The show cuts to commercial break with a close up shot of a weeping Miss USA, possibly her last appearance on DWF television.

Eric Payne & Dark versus Team Danger

"

nurse" 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 shoot 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 first half of

Team Danger's challengers in the ring now. Officially a former World Champion, Eric Payne.

I'm not sure why Mr. Zylbert felt he should book these two men together to face Team Danger, but it should be interesting." '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.

"Here comes maybe the most controversial man in Dream Wrestling, Dark"

Slaughter: VIII

Once Dark is in the ring, his music fades. 'Simon Says' by Drain STH hits the sound system. The fans get excited. Team Danger steps out from the back. Both men have their Tag Team Championships draped over their shoulders, as Stephen Greer has the DWF World Championship around his waist.

"The majority of the gold right there folks as Team Danger makes their way down the ramp."

Once in the ring, Team Danger hands their belts to the referee.

"Interesting mix we have here in our main event as two enemies deep in a personal feud team up to meet the tag team champions in a non title match."

Starting the match off is Tyrone Walker and Dark.

"Can Dark and Eric Payne put aside their differences and co-exist tonight?"

The bell sounds to begin the match.

"Walker and The Illustrated Man lock up. Walker with a knee to his stomach. He quickly sends Dark into the ropes, meeting him with a big boot as he returns."

Tyrone tags the World Champion in. As Stephen Greer enters, Walker lifts Dark to his feet.

"The Black Jesus holds Dark so that Greer can put a right into his rib cage before coming down across his back with a big forearm smash."

Dark goes to one knee, as Tyrone Walker heads to the apron.

"Stephen Greer violently pulls Dark's head, placing it between his arm. He grabs the pants of Dark. Snap suplex."

Stephen Greer tags his partner back in.

"Good team work by the champions."

Greer pulls Dark by the legs, more towards the middle of the ring, as Walker climbs the corner post from the apron.

"Tyrone Walker flies. Large flying elbow drop, hits his mark with perfect accuracy."

Greer heads back to the apron. On the opposite side, Eric Payne looks to want into the match, but could care less what happens to his partner.

"Walker on his feet, he rushes the ropes, smashing into Payne, sending him to the concrete floor."

Slaughter: VIII

Tyrone lifts both legs of Dark and stomps his 'precious parts'. Dark holds himself and rolls over.

"Even if he wanted to tag out, Dark couldn't as Eric Payne is still laid out on the floor."

Tyrone Walker yanks Dark up by the back of his head.

"With force, Walker directs Dark's head to the top turnbuckle. Again. AGAIN!"

He lets go and Dark just falls out, arms spread, not moving.

"Walker tags in the king of pain. Greer climbs to the middle turnbuckle, and leaps. Elbow drop right to the heart of Dark, if he even has one."

Eric Payne is seen crawling around the ring behind Tyrone Walker, the camera zooms in on him.

"What is he doing?"

Payne stands up, grabs Walker's legs and yanks, causing him to fall off the apron, and slam his jaw into the corner of the ring before hitting the floor.

"OUCH! That's smarts!"

Greer see's what's going on, on the outside and runs to the ropes, leaning over and yelling at Payne.

"Dark is moving, he notices the distraction and goes to capitalize!"

Dark begins biting the ankle of Greer who lets out a blood curdling scream before yanking his foot away and stomping the head of Dark, putting him back to eyes closed and not moving.

"Eric Payne reaches under the ropes, grabbing Greer's feet, he pulls. Stephen Greer meets canvas!"

Payne gets on the apron and climbs the turnbuckle from the outside. As he stands tall, Stephen Greer begins to get up.

"Greer turns to face Payne who takes a chance and leaps! NO! STEPHEN GREER CAUGHT HIM! HUGE BODY SLAM!"

The ring shakes as Eric Payne's body hits the canvas. Payne rolls out of the ring and to the outside. Walker slides into the ring.

"Team Danger lifts Dark to his feet."

Stephen Greer hits a reverse leg sweep as Tyrone Walker gets Dark with a spinning heel kick.

Slaughter: VIII

"Total Elimination! Dark hits the mat and Greer goes for the pin."

The referee drops and does the count as Walker counts along with him.

"Team Danger wins. Eric Payne was able to get some offense in but in the end, it was over from the get go for Dark."

Some Sexual heeling is Needed

"

nurse"

A few moments later, Team Danger stand in the ring with their belts held high, 'Love Man' by Otis Redding begins to play.

"What's this?"

Rich Mahogany steps out with a microphone and that amazonian woman behind him.

"Cut the music, cut it!"

The sound system goes silent and Mahogany paces before raising the microphone to his mouth.

"Week in, and week out the ladies man bust his rump in the ring to put away losers like Havoc. Week in, and week out the DWF's loe machine is booked in more and more mediocre mid card matches."

Team Danger look at Mahogany from the ring as if he's wasting their time.

"I did the match, and after that win right there by Team Danger and my win earlier... Rich mahogany is the number one contender for the DWF World Championship!"

The crowd begins to boo as Jason Whiteside charms in.

"I want to know how he comes to that conclusion."

Mahogany smiles and shakes his head.

"I challenge you Greer, next week on Slaughter for the DWF World Heavyweight Championship. Any type of match you want, the love doctor will be there!"

Greer smirks and ask for a mic. A few seconds later one is tossed in and he raises it. The crowd goes berserk and Mahogany looks as if he wants to pull his hair out. His woman pats him on the back.

"WHY NOT?! I WANT MY SHOT!"

Slaughter: VIII

Stephen Greer raises the microphone again.

"If you can survive against both members of Team Danger next week, THEN you can get your title shot." Mahogany stomps.

"You got it!"

Team Danger and Mahogany begin exchanging words as the copyright logo comes across the screen and the show fades to black.

P Q R k l m

0 1 2 W X

5 6 : ;

j hS11 CJ U aJ j

hS11 CJ U aJ hS11 6 CJ] aJ j

hS11 CJ U aJ hS11 5 CJ

aJ hS11 CJ aJ j hS11 CJ U aJ hS11 5 CJ