

Slaughter: X

July 5, 2009 | Times Union Center - Albany, New York

X

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Slaughter X

5 Jul 2009

Times Union Center,

Albany, New York (seats 17,500)

Where thou contenders lay

"

mikepolowy" This wasn

t the utmost classiest town in the city

We bring you a pre-recorded presentation. It was a hot-spot for the police to embezzle some extra cash they d often stiff arm and keep to themselves. It was a shady part of town and the police hid beneath the shadows to fit in with their environment and they did it well. When the police weren

t staking the hot spot out, business had been in full swing on this long block of road. Here breaking the rule of law had been their only law, and many of the people on this street have wrap sheets long enough to kill a few trees and have spent so many days in jail, it had put a burden on the tax payer. These people wouldn t be welcomed in any other part of town. Once you cut through the fancy wordplay and the politically correct idealism you would agree that this place was a shit hole. Sugar coating it simply wouldn t do it any justice. It was a rough part of town, filled with pimps, gun slinging gangsters, and prostitutes most of which weren

t of the most attractive variety, yet they still brought in upscale clientele trying to save a quick buck. They wore ridiculous clothing, some in which would make thongs legal everywhere. One whore couldn t contain the fat in her fish nets, and so they tore and ate into her skin, leaving her with a nasty rash. It s not always good to be descriptive. No need to set the scene; but knowing their motivations would be wise. Not the motivations of the prostitutes whose philosophy is quite simplistic

suck for a buck

but the motivations of the men who visited this gutter community. Although, this wasn

t going to be the highlight of their careers

they were already apart of DREAM wrestling and they could already deal with a bit of credibility they ve lost

re still f

king great!

You may be my tag partner but I don

Slaughter: X

t refrain from slapping anyone upside their head when they deserve it!

Mike Polowy sneered as the two walked down the side walk located in the hood. A few guys in bandannas watched as they played a game of craps in the middle of the street.

Look, it comes down to restoring the prestige of THAT title, remember?

Level-One says pointing at the women

s championship that remains straddled on Mike Polowy

s shoulder with great pride and honor; just like a man of his caliber should be carrying his championship around.

And in doing so what better way to understand the women

s division then stepping into the same territorial grounds that the FORMER women

s championship made famous herself?

Good point

Mike Polowy says the gears in his brain rotating in rapid fashion. Still, he can

t seem to shake the mean grill of the members staring him at them as they continue down the street.

Seriously though, this isn

t my type of environment. This place is a shit hole. To think I

m glorifying this place just by being here makes me sick

That should be the least of your worries

Level-One snarled.

I hear there

s about four deaths a day here

Mike Polowy

s eyes shoot up in sick intrigue.

So if our former women

s champion really did originate here, you mean to tell me those odds didn

t catch up to her?

Mike inquires and receives Level-One

s conformation based off his silence alone.

s a shame if I

ve ever heard one

s really a shame is how that bitch held that championship before you

Level-One says as they both turn around a local store, they could see the prostitutes in the distance.

I hope everyone sees just what the hell we are going through to really put some work into building this women

s division back up again. Between you and me? I think this movement will make us both infamous, saviors.

Hell, even a god they can believe in!

Mike Polowy grasped his title tightly. The closer he got to the prostitutes the more he smelt his competition; putrid.

I don

t think these DREAM fans can respect or comprehend what I am about to do for them but can that really be expected? These are the same people that supported a sexist division solely catering to pretty women and swimsuit models

Mike Polowy rants before he finally realizes just how butt faced ugly these girls are.

Slaughter: X

I could work with a pretty women and a swimsuit model right about now

Mike Polowy says his voice increasing in pitch.

I don

t know what the heck you

re thinking, but do you plan on taking one of these women back to our place?

Our place?

Level-One asks looking up at Mike Polowy with confusion written on his face; as if he was illiterate to his tag partners statement.

Dream Wrestling?

Mike Polowy hints.

Level-One kips up, barely interested in the idea anymore.

I don

t know. I don

t think the DWF states anything about the women

s championship having to be in a wrestling ring

in fact the title can be defended in the following

Level-One says coughing, as he turns to Michael Polowy.

A show your tits contest

Mike Polowy counters.

A bikini contest

Too revealing

Mike Polowy rebels in just the thought. Level-One stops as if a brain freeze was plausible with a mental capacity the size of his own.

Mike Polowy pushes impatiently.

A wrestling match

Gasp. Shock. Horror. Women wrestle.

Insanity!

Michael Polowy says, clearing trying to hold in a chuckle which happens to fight through and escape his mouth anyhow.

So, which one do you think is worthy of a title shot?

Questions the women

s champion. Level-One doesn

t hint to an answer. As they

re scanning the prostitute

s in-front of them who wave their thumbs in the air with little regard for their own self respect, a car comes speeding down the road. It was a nice car, a red corvette with the drop top window. You could see a man damn near strangling women, before dumping her out of the moving car. Her body sprawls across the concrete; as other prostitutes scream out in horror. That could

ve been them, it should

ve been them, and natural selection can be quite the bitch sometime

What?

Level-One asks Michael Polowy who stares at the women lying on the concrete with a look of shock on his face.

Slaughter: X

I can see it in her. She

s a warrior

She looks like she has a head abrasion and she

s bleeding from her back

Mike Polowy observes the situation, almost in a drone like fashion. He still can

t believe what he just saw.

No, the correct term is the bitch got pimped caned

Level-One shakes his head; he was grade A in his hood terminology and he felt embarrassed by it.

Level-One pats Michael Polowy

s women

s championship before pointing to the lifeless women still lying on the concrete.

Hurry up; pin the women

Michael Polowy asks.

Because you got a title to defend

Level-One teases before looking down the road, extending his finger.

and I see a car coming

Fade.

Introduction

"

jasonwhiteside"

The camera goes live. The DWF logo appears on the screen before we pan across the thousands of screaming fans until we rest upon our faithful commentator, Jason Whiteside.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the tenth edition of Sunday Night Slaughter! I'm Jason Whiteside and we're coming to you live from The Times Union Center, in Albany New York."

The fans scream, we can see a few signs being held up behind him.

"What a night. We have three hours of excitement ahead as well as every match has a surprise stipulation! Before each match our big screen will display our random match-o-rama box to choose the type of match we are about to see."

The camera zooms up to show a huge metal cell enclosure above the ring.

"Any type of match is possible, even a Caged Hell match as you can see we have the cell right there. It's time to find out the match type for our first match of the night. Tag Team action from the debuting team of The Animals and the team of Dazed and Confused!"

A box comes up on the screen. it's a colorful box. A sparkly box. Words start spinning in the middle. Then it stops. CONTRACT IN A CASE LADDER MATCH The fans scream.

"A LADDER MATCH FOR DWF CONTRACTS! We'll be right back after this commercial break!"

Slaughter: X

We fade into commercial.

The Animals versus Dazed & Confused

"

theanimals"

As we go ringside, The Animals are already in the ring.

"Making their debut on a special show, The Animals hope this is more than a one shot deal." '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 to secure their jobs here in the DWF!"

Once they get in the ring, their music fades out. The camera zooms in on the briefcase hanging high above the ring.

"The object of this match is simple, use a ladder provided to reach that briefcase containing a DWF contract above the ring and keep your job."

Both teams stand in the middle of the ring and look up at the hanging case.

"The bell sounds and we are off!"

Venom locks up with Paul Owens as Beast connects with Steve Lane.

"The Animals easily take control with their size advantage over Dazed and Confused."

The members of The Animals whip their opponents into the ropes. They look at each other before running at the returning team.

"Two big clotheslines! Dazed and Confused go down."

Venom lifts Paul Owens to his feet. He turns him to face Beast who delivers two big chops before scooping him up.

"Owens slammed to the mat by Beast. Venom leaps up and comes down with a big leg drop right after!"

Paul Owens rolls out of the ring in pain as Beast lifts Steve Lane to his feet.

"Beast holds Lane as Venom runs at him, he throws a big boot up... Steve Lane moves! He moved! Beast

Slaughter: X

gets a big boot to the face from his partner!"

Venom immediately checks on his partner who went down hard from that forceful boot.

"Lane behind Venom. He swiftly kicks his legs from behind."

Venom grabs his leg and leans enough to that side for Steve Lane to put him on his shoulders and follow through, slamming him to the mat.

On the outside of the ring, Paul Owens has set a ladder up near the ring.

"Owens climbs that ladder! He leaps from the top soaring into the ring... 450 splash hitting his mark on Venom!"

As Paul was leaping, Steve Lane was outside the ring. He slides another ladder into the ring and rolls back in himself. With Lane

in, Owens exits, grabbing his own ladder.

As Steve Lane sets his up, Owens takes his ladder and slides it into the ring, following.

"Steve Lane helping Paul Owens sets the second ladder up. Wait, behind them Beast is getting up. As Dazed and Confused turn, Beast runs, DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!" Lane and Owens hit the mat hard. Beast rubs his face, still sore from the boot he received earlier. Beast helps Venom up. They look up at the case hanging high above the ring before adjusting the ladders below them.

"Each member of The Animals is now climbing a ladder."

Owens and Lane begin to push themselves up. Once they realize what's going on, they hurry up and begin to climb the ladders themselves.

"All four men are climbing those two ladders! It is anybody's match!"

The Animals reaches the top first, both men reaching out for the belts. Dazed and Confused finally get to the top, causing The Animals to quit reaching and begin punching.

"Back and forward strikes high above the ring on those ladders. All four men reaching for the briefcase."

A member from each team almost have the case.

"We could have a weird situation on our hands!"

As they almost have it, the ladders begin to wobble. The alternate members begin to punch. Suddenly, both ladders begin to tip.

Slaughter: X

"Both teams trying to hold on for dear life as those ladders are falling!"

Both ladders fall to separate sides of the ring. Members of both teams hit the top ropes and bounce back into the ring. Bodies lay everywhere.

"What a mess! That briefcase containing the DWF contract continues to hang high." 'Feel so numb' by Rob Zombie hits the sound system. After a few moments it morphs into 'Born in the USA' by Bruce Springston.

"WHAT?! THAT'S SHAWN FX AND MISS USA'S MUSIC COMBINED!"

A few moments pass and what appear to be Shawn FX and Miss USA step out.

"Wait, that's not... that's not them... Who are these people?"

Whiteside ruffles through his paperwork as the two come down the ramp and slide into the ring. They look at the bodies laying everywhere.

"Well folks, they share similarities but those defiantly are not Shawn FX and Miss USA."

The Shawn-like guy helps the USA-ish woman set a ladder up. They both begin to climb. A few moments later they reach up and together unhook case. The bell sounds.

"Apparently, the contracts are being awarded to whoever pulls them down."

Once they exit off the ladder, the case is opened and each of them grab a contract out. The Shawn-guy appears to be looking for a pen, but can't find one. The referee hands it to him.

"Well, both of these people are now signing the contracts. The crowd is unsure how to re-act, as am I."

The masked woman has a microphone tossed to her. She raises it up.

"I.. am Lady America!"

The guy pulls the microphone over to him.

"And I am Shaun XF."

Together they say the next part.

"And we are USXF... Your next tag team champions."

The hybrid music hits and they raise their arms high in the sky.

Slaughter: X

"The Animals and Dazed are out, USXF is in! What else could happen tonight? Find out after this short commercial break!" Another commercial is placed upon us.

The First Warning

"

manton" Dream Wrestling Federation backstage staff member who has become popular for his interaction with Myles Jake over the past two weeks, Ben, is walking quickly side-by-side with Owen Manton with tape recorder in hand raised up to Manton's face, trying to get a sound byte for an interview. Ben: "Please, Mr. Manton, if you give me even a thirty second sound byte, it could be my big breakthrough here."

Owen keeps walking through the halls of the Union Center in Albany, New York with a Boston Red Sox hat on backwards which is already generating major heat from the live crowd. Manton wheels a suitcase behind him, and looks disinterested in Ben's offer. Ben: Owen stops suddenly, and looks at Ben. Ben is a 5'4" young adult, who is dressed as a typical twenty-something year old. Owen Manton: "You really want this don't you?"

Ben: "Yes'sir"

Owen Manton: "Sick of delivering packages?"

Ben: Owen Manton: "Here's a sound byte for you, tape it, seal it, send it to whomever you are sending it to."

Ben: Owen Manton smirks, and Ben has a look of anticipation in his eyes. Ben: "I am here with emerging Dream Wrestling star, Owen Manton. Mr.

Manton, what we all want to know is - are you afraid of Myles Jake aligning with Lupin Cy? Has it caused you to be distracted as you prepare to fight Dark tonight?" Owen Manton: "No. Now get your midget ass out of here before I pick you up and punt you from one side of Albany New York all the way to Fenway Park where the Red Sox continue to kick the Yankees ass over and over and over..."

Ben looks in shock as Owen Manton then pushes Ben with his right hand as hard as he can causing Ben to fly backwards, hitting the back of his head on the wall. Manton smiles, grabs his suitcase and pushes open a locker room door. Manton gets to the locker than was "Owen Manton" written above it. Manton stops and pulls of a pack of cigarettes which were taped on the door of the locker. Owen Manton: "What the Hell..."

Manton throws the pack of cigarettes across the room with a frustrated look on his face.

Cohesion calls complication

"

levelone" They weren

t the happiest guys in the locker room

No, especially not tonight. Level-One and Michael Polowy sat down and plotted their next move to a T, and when they sought to carry it out last week it had been derailed by a new equation. The answer pulled a bait and switch, and now gave them a world full of new questions they

d have to sit down once again and problem solve. The two men were cold and calculated. Michael Polowy enjoyed nothing more than extracting explicit crowd support with his grade A

Slaughter: X

showmanship. Level-One preferred a slow and methodical approach, he preferred to wear another man's blood as his own surviving off others like a flesh eating beast. Logistically getting in either of these men's way would be insanity. Stupidity. Nothing but a show of sheer ignorance. They obviously don't understand what either man is capable of, Michael Polowy had made his name famous from the heights he's willing to jump from, descending from the stars above. Level-One has taken his 15 foot drops towards nothing but pile of tables and concrete. Yet; the powers that oppose them try to test their waters. Yet the powers that oppose them the best they can manage to do is splash water in the faces of the DREAM elite. It was a joke, bush league and they didn't stand a chance. Level-One and Michael Polowy both walked through the back halls of the arena. Michael Lively wore his women's championship onto his shoulders proudly, where Level-One carried a twisted look of frustration on his face. He couldn't wait until he got his hands on his perpetrators. I can't believe those three one upped us last week. Level-One says with sharp frustration cutting through his voice. I thought we had an understanding with Rich Mahogany and the piece of shit, he ruined it ALL last week. Level-One roars. Michael Polowy fixes his championship on his shoulder as they continue to pace through the halls. I sweat it. Mike Polowy kips up. You really think I didn't have an equalizer in my back pocket? DREAM is so horrible, there is a world full of potential willing to fight by our side. Yeah, like who? Level-One counters; when he bumps directly into Jak Nemesis in the hallway. Mike Polowy stops and watches as the two men meet eye to eye. Level-One breaks eye contact when he looks over to Michael Polowy. Michael Polowy says flatly. Jak, I'm sure we can count on you out there tonight, right? Asks Michael Polowy, but Jak Nemesis doesn't take his eyes off of Level-One, who doesn't even observe Jak Nemesis who stands with clenched fists ready to brawl. Jak? Jak we talked about this last week, you were down with us. Level-One turns away from Michael Polowy and draws his focus back to Jak Nemesis.

Slaughter: X

who still hasn't taken his eyes off Level-One.

Hey, did you hear him? Are you with us, or are you not?

Jak Nemesis pushes Level-One up against the cemented wall, the back of his head clashing against the hard unforgiving sea of white. Michael Polowy springs forward, but a glance from Jak Nemesis forces him to take a step back and re-think his approach. Jak is quick to return his focus to Level-One before speaking, keeping his voice down to a rough whisper.

"You know if I recall correctly you made a lot of negative comments about me in the build up to our match last week"

Jak started, his eyes locked on Level-One as Polowy watches anxiously unsure whether or not to make a move.

"You ran your big mouth hurling all kinds of abuse in my direction, and now you come crawling back to me one week on with your tail between your legs begging for my help?"

Level-One stands up straight with his height advantage over Jak clear for all to see, not that Jak was the slightest bit intimidated. The two men began to stare each other down seemingly ready to pick up where they left off last week, both almost daring the other to make the first move.

"Now hold on a minute there Jak, you, me and Lester here we're all on the same team not only tonight, but in general." Mike Polowy was quick to jump in before any fists were thrown, trying to keep the peace.

"We're not begging you to do anything Jak; we're simply guiding you along the right path, offering our assistance to you in doing what you know deep down in that heart of yours needs to be done." Jak backs down from Lester and all three men instantly appear to relax. Nemesis switches his attention towards Polowy who extends his hand in his direction in a gesture of friendship. A sign of unity.

"So let's shake on it, side with us Jak and together we can be unstoppable." Jak looks down at Polowy's outstretched hand, visibly mulling over his next move to such extent that you can almost hear his brain at work.

"Let me think about it."

With that Jak Nemesis walked away, leaving Mike Polowy and Level-One with not much else to do other than exchange slightly worried glances. They would get their answer tonight. Either way.

All About Heart

"

Slaughter: X

mylesjake" Myles Jake stands with his arms crossed watching the monitor with a smile on his face after seeing Owen Manton finding a gift that Myles decided to give back to him. A backstage announcer, comes over and taps Jake on the shoulder who turns suddenly. Jake pushes his hair back from his face and is still smiling. Announcer: "Myles Jake, tonight you have a match against Eric Payne. Many people are suspecting that your back is too injured to compete. What can we expect tonight?"

Myles nods slightly, and leans back on the wall and puts his hands in his jean pockets. Myles Jake: "The reports are right, my back has been a thorn in my side my whole career, and the spinal stenosis did flare up after last week - but I plan on competing tonight and getting another victory. Wrestling is about heart. And I promise you that I wi-

Myles is interrupted by his cell phone, pulling it from his pocket and looking at who is calling. Myles Jake: "Excuse me."

Myles turns away from the camera and brings his phone up to his ear. Myles Jake: Myles walks away from the camera leaving the crowd buzzing from the apparent conversation that Myles is having with new ally, Lupin Cy.

Glory Promo

July

26th... The outsiders will be looking in. They came in to tear the DWF down from the inside, but slowly, unknowingly they are becoming what they hate the most.... The Path to Glory is upon us, and in just a few short weeks it shall arrive. They said after they would leave, but really.. it's only the beginning. GORY

Antonio Lopez versus Lupin Cy

"

lupincy" A box comes up on the screen. it's a colorful box. A sparkly box. Words start spinning in the middle. Then it stops. DREAM RULES TABLE MATCH The fans scream. We switch ringside to see Antonio Lopez 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 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.

"Tables are set up all around the ring as someone will be put through wood tonight. In the Dream Rules Table Match, you must put your opponent through a table before they are eligible to be pinned."

The bell sounds to begin the match.

"Lupin Cy and Antonio Lopez lock up. Cy stomps the foot of Lopez, causing him to release. Quick elbow to the face of Lopez."

Slaughter: X

Lupin Cy follows up with a quick scoop slam.

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

Cy pulls Lopez to his feet.

"Antonio Lopez is able to push Lupin Cy back and deliver a hard chop in his defense."

Lopez grabs Lupin Cy's arm and is able to successfully whip him across the ring.

"Lupin Cy on the return. Antonio catches him with a arm drag."

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

"Another quick arm drag by Antonio Lopez."

Once again both men are on their feet, with Lupin Cy rushing Lopez again.

"Lopez meets Cy with a rising knee smash, catching Lupin Cy square in the jaw.

"Lupin Cy falls to the canvas.

"Quick stomps by Lopez."

Lupin begins to try and get up. Halfway up, Cy 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 Lupin Cy, 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 Lupin Cy to stop.

"Cy to his feet. He may be thinking it's time for tables."

Lupin Cy yanks one of Lopez's legs up, and stomps the inside of his knee.

"Another hard stomp to the inside of Antonio's knee. Lupin Cy now assists Lopez to his feet."

Antonio limps as he places pressure on his leg.

"Boot to the gut of Antonio Lopez followed by a European uppercut. Lopez meets the mat as the bounty hunter slides out of the ring."

Slaughter: X

On the outside, Lupin sets a table up. Lopez uses the ropes to pull himself up while Lupin finishes setting a second table up.

"Cy slides a folded table into the ring before rolling in himself. Antonio Lopez meets him with some hard stomps."

Lopez pulls Lupin to his feet.

"Hard chop. Antonio Lopez whips Lupin Cy across the ring. On the return. Lopez jumps to the second rope, leaping off. He meets Lupin Cy with a spring board back elbow smash!"

Both men hit the canvas hard. Lopez gets up, slowly.

"Antonio Lopez is setting that table up against the corner post. He lifts Lupin Cy to his feet."

Lupin kicks Lopez.

"Lupin Cy whi... Reversal! Antonio Lopez sends Lupin hard through that table!"

Lupin slumps to the mat. Antonio runs at him, putting his knee into Cy's face.

"All Antonio Lopez has to do now is pin Lupin Cy. Can he do it?"

Lopez pulls Cy by his feet to the middle of the ring and covers him.

"Kick out at two! Antonio should have hooked the leg."

Lopez slaps the mat in anger before getting up and exiting the ring.

"On the outside, Lopez is lifting that second table that Lupin Cy had set up and placing it on top of the first."

Inside the ring, Lupin gets to his feet. Antonio climbs to the apron where Lupin meets him.

"Shoulder block by Lopez through the ropes."

He reaches in, grabbing Lupin Cy. He lifts.

"Antonio Lopez attempts to suplex Lupin Cy over the ropes! He's Denied!"

Lupin pulls back and puts two big fist into the head of Antonio before grabbing him and lifting him, as if he is going to suplex Lopez back into the ring.

"Lopez is able to block Cy!"

Slaughter: X

Antonio stands back on the apron. Lupin steps back and charges, knocking Lopez off of the apron.

"Antonio Lopez lands on that top table, but it does not break! Lupin Cy can not believe it!"

Lupin runs, hits the ropes. As he returns, he grabs the top rope and uses it to rocket himself over to the outside crashing through Antonio Lopez.

"Lopez goes through those tables! My God there is broken wood everywhere. Neither man is moving."

The camera zooms in to show splinters sticking into both men with blood trickling down.

"They could be seriously hurt! I'm not sure if this match can even continue."

Lupin begins to move. He uses the apron to pull himself to his feet.

"The first person to score a pin wins the match now that both men have helped destroy perfectly good tables."

Cy yanks Lopez to his feet, rolling him into the ring.

"Lupin on the apron, he climbs the corner post from the outside.

Antonio Lopez is getting up. He's on his feet, Cy

leaps, Dropkick from the top rope! MY GOD!" The fans are on their feet as Lupin Cy covers Antonio Lopez.

"We have a three count, Lupin Cy wins!"

We get replays of the match.

Picking Sides

"

mahogany" Jak Nemesis was waiting backstage and leaning back against the wall of his locker room when an unexpected visitor strolled into view. The Ladies Man himself - Rich Mahogany. Rich smirks at Jak who does little to even acknowledge his presence. Mahogany walked around Jak and looked him over before deciding to speak.

"You know last week the Rich-Man heard you talk about saving the DWF and not reducing yourself to just another member of the tour seeking to bring it down. The Rich-Man was watching as you began to tear it up and take on Level-One, and I think you could have taken him down. Instead you chose to take his side? To stand alongside Mike Polowy and Level-One? I knocked some sense into them last week and I

ll do the same thing to them tonight, but I

m willing to offer you a chance to save yourself from a beating courtesy of the Sexiest Man Alive." Jak looks up and stares a hole through Mahogany who refuses to back down, and instead continues to talk.

"Forget about those palookas, and side with team

Slaughter: X

DWF. The winning team. If you don't make the right choice, I promise you I'll regret it

Daddy-O." Rich smirks again whilst looking Jak right in his dark brown eyes, neither man blinking. Jak breaks the stare down by looking up at the ceiling and then issuing a response, his voice as calm as ever.

"I know exactly what I have to do Mahogany. You worry about yourself and let old Jak Nemesis look after himself. I know my role in all of this

I am fully aware of what it is that needs to be done...And you can guarantee that I

will do it." With that Jak turned and exit the scene, leaving self-proclaimed Love Machine to ponder what that meant. Which side was he on?

Myles Jake versus Eric Payne

"

ericpayne" A box comes up on the screen. it's a colorful box. A sparkly box. Words start spinning in the middle. Then it stops. DREAM ROPE MATCH The fans scream.

"Fire It Up!" by

Jamglue pounds through the system and the crowd jumps to their feet in delight as the 39-year old wrestling superstar, Myles

Jake, steps out from the curtains. Dressed in his regular wrestling trunks, with matching elbow and knee pads; Myles Jake begins his trot to the ring, stopping by the hoards of fans that continue to crowd the barriers. Jake pats a few young children on the head and slaps a few more hands before reaching the ring.

"The fans sure do like this Myles Jake guy."

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 then heading to the middle of the ring.

"Inside the ring the referee attaches that five foot rope to

Myles Jake and former World Champion, Eric

Payne." Once attached, the referee calls for the bell to start the match.

"This could prove to be quite interesting fans as they lock up."

Eric Payne gains control.

"Payne whips Jake."

Slaughter: X

As Jake is sent running, Payne yanks on the rope, sending him backwards to the mat.

"Eric Payne wasting no time utilizing that rope as a weapon, as he wraps it around the neck of Myles Jake."

Payne yanks Jake into a sitting position, placing his knee into Jake's back and continuing to choke him with the rope.

"This is perfectly legal in this match up."

Myles Jake begins reaching back, attempting to grab Eric Payne's head. Finally, he finds it.

"Myles places his thumbs in the eyes of Eric Payne."

Payne screams, letting go of the rope enough for Jake to take it from around his neck.

"Myles Jake to his feet. Payne charges him. Jake side steps."

Eric stops and turns around.

"Myles pulls Payne, via the rope, into his knee."

As Eric Payne is still hunched over, Myles lifts his knee into his face.

"Payne stumbles back. Myles Jake pulls him into a hard clothesline."

Myles gets to his feet and heads to the corner post, dragging Eric Payne along with him.

"Eric Payne begins to get up as Myles Jake climbs to the second turnbuckle."

Myles Jake leaps off with a double axe handle.

"He covers Payne."

Eric kicks out at two.

"Close, but not enough to seal the deal."

Myles gets to his feet, then yanks on the rope until Eric Payne is up on one knee.

"Kick to the chest by Myles Jake"

As Payne goes down, Jake yanks him up again.

Slaughter: X

"Another boot to the chest of Eric Payne."

This time Myles Jake pulls Eric Payne up by his head.

"Big chop. Followed by another and another!"

Myles leans over, and lifts Eric Payne up. Although he struggles slightly, he is able to raise Payne before dropping him.

"Huge body slam! That could be it if Myles Jake can make the cover."

It takes Jake a moment, but he is able to roll over onto Eric Payne.

"The referee drops to make the count."

Myles makes sure to hook the leg.

"We have a three count. Myles Jake pulls off a stunning, and quick, victory over former World Champion Eric Payne."

Myles gets up and the referee removes the rope before holding his hand up. We got to commercial.

Superstar

"

tmoney" "Stay Wide Awake" by Eminem blares out through the PA System. The fans know who is coming and give a mixed reaction. Out from behind the curtain comes T-Money; wrestling attire on due to his scheduled match against Pierce, with a T-Money shirt. T-Money strolls to the ring as he looks at the crowd and shakes his head in disbelief, then rolls under the ropes and raises his fist. The crowd gives off a particle of a cheer, as Money reaches for the microphone from the ring announcer.

"Whoa! Doesn't it feel good!"

Money looks around at the crowd, but to no avail as there isn't any cheering or anything... Just blank looks as if to question him and his recent success.

"What a matter? I bet you people couldn't see greatness if it walked up and slapped you in the face!"

Money chuckles to himself, as the crowd starts a "T-Money Sucks" chant.

"Go ahead, do your thing, but don't think for one second you phase me! I'm a superstar, I'm the new DWF, and I'm the reason we fill these seats!"

The crowd is picking Money apart like he just blew a call in the World Series. Money prances around the ring, getting a thrill from the negativity of the crowd.

Slaughter: X

"You know, I thought coming here, to DWF, was going to be a good experience... But so far all I've witnessed is weak competition and no major players in the wrestling game."

Money pauses looking up at the lights.

"You see these lights, whenever you're under these lights it can turn you into a ravid beast. Someone who stalks and preys on their opponents weaknesses, but as of yet you moron's have yet to comprehend what it is that I'm doing every week in this ring. Apparently you can't see that I'm single handily ripping the life out of my opponents and feeding their flesh to the hounds!"

The crowd continues the flurry of boos and chants.

"You sit here and you bring negativity into my life, because you're so hell bent on former DWF great's and people, like for instance, this Doozer character everyone keeps worrying about. Hell! He even got the main event of last Sunday's Slaughter, now how does a washed up has-been former get the spotlight over me? Shit, I'm the best in the business!"

The fans don't argue and continue the thrashing.

"Just to let you know, no matter what the stipulation of my match is tonight I will prove to all of you that I'm more than worthy for the spotlight and your former greats will take a back seat. No more games, no more please just strictly business!" "Stay Wide Awake" blares across the arena and Money slides through the ropes and makes his exit, while he is walking up the ramp you can read his lips, "There is no escaping, there's nowhere to hide!"

Owen Manton versus Dark

"

manton" A box comes up on the screen. it's a colorful box. A sparkly box. Words start spinning in the middle. Then it stops. FIRST BLOOD MATCH The fans scream.

"First Blood Match!"

The lights dim in the arena, and the big screen Dream-a-thon shows the DWF logo. A hand carrying a spray paint can comes above the logo and the letter is written, defacing the Dream Wrestling logo. This video is synonymous with Owen Manton, and the fans begin to boo as by Nine Inch Nails begins to play through the sound system. Owen Manton comes out with a smirk on his face. He has a New York Yankee hat on backwards, no shirt, and wrestling pants that are black with gold written down the right leg. He struts to the ring, ignoring the chorus of boo's from the explosive Dream Wrestling fans. As Manton reaches the ring he climbs the stairs, and climbs the outside of the turnbuckle lifting one arm in the air to another chorus of boo's and "You Suck!" chants. '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: X

Once in the ring, the music fades and they get ready for the match.

"The bell sounds to start the match. Dark should be at home in this as it is a first blood match. However, I'm unsure how The Puritan will fair."

Both men lock up. Dark quickly gains control, whipping Manton into the ropes.

"Lou Thez press by Dark. He is now delivering a barrage of left and rights to Manton. Owen Manton is bad, but Dark broke the mold on pure mean."

Dark gets off of Manton, and walks around him before kicking him right in the mouth.

"Dark exits the ring. He is looking under it for potential weapons."

He pulls out a steel chair and tosses it in the ring before heading over and grabbing a microphone from the ring announcer.

"Dark rolls back into the ring."

He lifts the microphone up and begins to speak.

"You where promised a big announcement tonight, and I am here to give it to you."

The crowd gets loud.

"This is my last match... I QUIT!"

Dark begins bashing his own head with the microphone as Manton begins to get up.

"Dark's forehead is bleeding, this match is over!"

The bell sounds and Dark drops the microphone, picking up the chair.

"He swings at Manton! Owen catches the chair, pulling it away from the former World Champion."

Owen swings with all his might, cracking Dark's skull. The Illustrated Man is laid out, blood pouring from his head.

"Owen Manton drops the chair. I think he is surprised as we are at what just occurred."

The camera zooms in on a surprised Manton who drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring. It then zooms in on Dark, who is laying unconscious.

Slaughter: X

"Could this be the last we see of Dark in the DWF?"

Manton stands by the ring.

The Second Warning

"

lupincy" The crowd boo's loudly as Owen Manton flashes his cocky smirk which fans have grown to hate. The New York crowd begins to chant "My-les Jake!" as Manton points to the ringside attendant to pass him the microphone and his Red Sox hat. Manton puts his Red Sox hat on backwards and then paces the ring for a moment, revelling in the hatred from the fans. Owen Manton: "What you just saw, was what wrestling should be. I didn't have to use weapons. I didn't have to use special rules, or anything different than pure wrestling skill and technique." "What a liar! The 'Puritan' is a liar! He blatantly hit Dark with that chair AFTER he was already bleeding!"

The crowd boo's loudly as Owen Manton nods in approval. Owen Manton: "You people here hate that, you hate me, because I am what wrestling should be. And I am turning this company towards something respectable and successful, one idiot like Dark at a time." "My-les Jake! My-les Jake!" chants begin to fill the arena. Owen Manton: "Exactly!

My-les Jake... the man I crippled last week. That makes S G Martins, Myles Jake and Dark all scratched off of my list of wrestlers who needed to be eliminated. Who is next...?" As if that is the cue, the lights drop suddenly with a spotlight pointed directly at Owen Manton. Manton squints his eyes, and then uses his hand to shade some of the light, looking confused as to what is going on. Owen Manton: "What the Hell?" 'Fire It Up' by Jamglue begins to pound through the system and the crowd absolutely explodes, for about ten seconds the song plays with Owen Manton grinning from ear to ear. Owen Manton: "Come on old man... come on... I'll finish you right now."

The music comes to a sudden halt and Manton stands straight, looking out to the entrance, confused as to what is going on. The big screen above the entrance says these words...

I'm going to Hell . . .

The crowd explodes with cheers as Lupin Cy's theme music, "Grounds For Divorce" begins to play loudly. Manton's jaw drops and his face goes from a cocky grin to absolute shock.

Who's coming with me?

Manton leaves the ring and climbs through the roaring crowd without even waiting to see if Lupin Cy is going to be coming.

"Owen Manton is running as Lupin Cy and Myles Jake continue their head games!"

We go to commercial.

T-Money versus Pierce

"

tmoney" A box comes up on the screen. it's a colorful box. A sparkly box. Words start spinning in the middle. Then it stops. LAST MAN STANDING MATCH The fans scream. 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 feint to see the devilish Pierce is coming. The big screen

Slaughter: X

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.

"Last Man Standing match about to be underway!"

The camera moves to the top of the stage. 'Stay Wide Awake' by Eminem starts to play. T-Money steps out. He raises both arms before throwing them down and continues to the ring as Whiteside comments on his recent match. He slides in and leaps to his feet. Quickly T-Money runs to a turnbuckle and raises an arm to the fans before jumping down and running across to the opposite post, doing the same thing. His music fades out and the lights return to normal as the bell sounds.

"Pierce challenges T-Money to the test of strength, and T-Money accepts."

Both men clasp their hands together and begin to attempt to overpower each other.

"T-Money struggles a bit but breaks to hold with a kick to Pierce's mid section."

Pierce catches himself and charges T-Money, who takes him down with a drop toe hold.

"T-Money quickly attaches the cross face with arm bar. He knows he must put Pierce out for good, so he'll need to use anything he can."

Pierce reaches for the bottom rope and grabs it.

"T-Money unwillingly releases Pierce from the cross face, maneuvers to his feet. I think he did it out of habit, as in this match anything is legal. He quickly begins to stomp the Ranger."

Pierce uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, as T-Money waits, itching to attack.

Once up, Pierce turns to see

T-Money charge him.

"Pierce catches T-Money in a belly to belly position. Suplex! That was executed perfectly."

Pierce quickly pulls T-Money to his feet. He hooks him in belly to back.

"Suplex! Pierce holds on, pushes himself up with T-Money still hooked in, ANOTHER! He still holds tight."

Slaughter: X

Pierce delivers a third belly to back suplex on T-Money, this time releasing him as he falls back. The crowd pops.

"Pierce heading to the top turnbuckle. He measures T-Money up and leaps... Big head butt!"

Pierce hits his mark. T-Money holds his gut in pain as his aggressor rises to his feet.

"Pierce now pulls T-Money up, grabs his arm.

Irish whip into the corner. He follows up, BIG

SPLASH!" As Pierce moves out of the way, T-Money stumbles forward. Pierce gets in a three point stance, then chops his knee, causing him to hit the mat.

"Pierce shows why he was a force to be reckoned with."

Pierce turns T-Money over on his back, then climbs to the second rope. He jumps backwards, landing rump first onto T-Money's chest.

"T-Money gasp for air as Pierce shows no signs of letting up. When you face T-Money, you can't, as he'll use any opportunity he can against you."

Pierce pulls T-Money to his feet again.

"Irish whip to the corner. T-Money shook the whole ring when he hit it."

Pierce sits him up on the top turnbuckle then climbs himself. As he begins setting up for a superplex, T-Money slams a right into his head.

"T-Money fighting back now with lefts and rights. Pierce tries to hold on as T-Money smashes him repeatedly. T-Money grabs Pierce's head in a look, and pushes off using the ropes, turning in the air. The crowd roars.

"HUGE DDT FROM THE TOP! Pierce is out cold!"

T-Money gets to his feet and takes a moment before continuing.

"T-Money continues to control the match as he begins stomping the knees of Pierce. Where is he going now?"

T-Money exits the ring. He reaches in and pulls Pierce towards the edge, positioning his legs on each side of the turnbuckle.

"T-Money grabs Pierce's leg and slams his knee into that unforgiving steel. I think T-Money wants to seriously hurts Pierce as he does it a second time."

Slaughter: X

Next he grabs both of Pierce's legs and yanks the back, smashing his family jewels.

"Pierce visibly in pain as T-Money continues to afflict as much damage as he can."

T-Money rolls back into the ring and pulls Pierce to the center. He jumps up and falls with both knees towards Pierce.

"PIERCE MOVES! SOMEHOW HE MOVED!"

T-Money rolls around on the mat holding his knees in pain. Pierce pushes himself to his feet. He lifts T-Money up, grabs his head and trunks, lifting him up, and bringing him down into a huge DDT.

"Rocky Mountain DDT!"

The referee checks on T-Money and begins counting as Pierce stands, hands on hips, looking down at his opponent.

"A dangerous DDT the Rocky Mountain is, and it may have ended this match."

At about 6, T-Money moves. By 8 he is almost up.

"T-Money makes it to his feet. The referee checks him and he says he is ok to continue. Pierce does not look happy."

The circle each other before locking up.

"Aggressive lock up. Pierce quickly head butts T-Money to break the lock."

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

"Cross

Face, Pierce locking in a move used on him

earlier." T-Money 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 T-Money before grabbing his head and lifting him up."

Pierce whips T-Money into the turnbuckle.

"He follows up with a running elbow smash."

As Pierce moves away, T-Money falls face forward to the mat, but only temporarily as he is yanked back to

Slaughter: X

his feet.

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

T-Money 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.

"T-Money'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 T-Money over, face down and grabs a leg. He lifts it up and forces T-Money's knee right into the canvas hard."

T-Money grabs his presumably throbbing knee in pain.

"Pierce up the turnbuckle, he aims then jumps only to meet the knees of T-Money."

Pierce bounces off of T-Money'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.

T-Money up. He runs, SUICIDE

DIVE!" T-Money 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, let's take a look at that suicide dive again."

We get a replay of T-Money flying through. Both men get up at the last possible second.

"They begin exchanging lefts and rights outside the ring."

T-Money grabs Pierce's head and slams it into the side of the ring before rolling him in.

"He follows Pierce into the ring. Money on his feet, pulling Pierce up with him."

T-Money chops Pierce's chest, before whipping him across the ring.

"As Pierce returns, T-Money lifts. Back body drop!"

Slaughter: X

Pierce grabs his back and yells in pain, but a few moments later turns over and gets to his feet.

"Pierce is up again. Both men staring each other down. So far this match has been pure excitement folks. T-Money and Pierce lock up again."

T-Money takes the lead, as he breaks the lock and whips Pierce into the ropes.

"On the return, Pierce attempts a clothesline, but T-Money ducks."

Both men quickly turn around.

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

Pierce grabs T-Money, going for a belly to belly suplex.

"Reversal by T-Money with the suplex."

As Pierce hits the mat, T-Money gets to his feet and begins to viciously stomp his opponent.

"T-Money showing why he won such a violent tournament less then two months ago."

On the way up, Pierce pushes T-Money back. He grabs his arm and pulls him.

"Short arm clothesline. That looked as if it knocked T-Money silly."

Pierce picks a leg of T-Money up, stretches it the thrust it down.

"Pierce trying to hyper extend the knee of T-Money."

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."

As he places the lock on and leans back on the mat to apply pressure, T-Money yells in pain.

"T-Money now trying to get his bearings."

T-Money struggles a little before overpowering Pierce enough to reverse the hold.

"Inverted figure four by T-Money!"

Slaughter: X

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."

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

"T-Money grabs Pierce's head in mid air, twisting. Big DDT!"

Pierce is out on the mat, as T-Money holds his back from an improper landing. The referee begins counting both men as neither begins to get to their feet.

"Both men in a world of pain, as they have pushed each other tonight."

T-Money finally begins to move. Using the ropes, he pulls himself up.

"T-Money 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 T-Money that leaves Pierce's chest glowing. An Irish whip sends him hard into the corner. T-Money follows up with a huge splash."

As T-Money moves away, Pierce falls face first to the mat.

T-Money mounts Pierce, placing his hands under Pierce's chin and locking his fingers.

"Both men have locked in multiple chin locks, hoping to just cause enough pain their opponent will stay down as the referee counts."

Pierce struggles, somehow getting T-Money's fingers loose enough to bite them. T-Money screams in pain.

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

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

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

T-Money rolls out of the ring, reaching in and pulling Pierce out with him.

"A couple big rights to keep Pierce subdued."

Slaughter: X

T-Money grabs the back of Pierce's head and introduced him to the barrier.

"T-Money is in full control!"

Money gives pierce a few big fist, causing him to stumble up the ramp.

"This could go anywhere!"

T-Money swings at Pierce, who ducks and lifts him up.

"Atomic Drop outta nowhere!"

T-Money goes down, as does Pierce who seems to be totally drained now.

"Last moment effort by Pierce, but it just wasn't enough as T-Money is already getting back to his feet."

T-Money stomps away at Pierce before pulling him to his feet.

"As quick as he was brought up, he was taken down. Big DDT!"

T-Money yells for the referee to begin counting Pierce.

"This could be all."

Somehow, Pierce begins to get up. He grabs onto the barrier and uses it to pull himself to his feet before the count.

"T-Money can not believe it, quite frankly neither can I!"

They exchange punches to the top of the ramp. Pierce swings at Money, who side steps hooking his arm up under Pierce's. He lifts. "He isn't.. HE IS! STARDOM OFF OF THE RAMP! MY GOD! PIERCE IS THROWN OFF OF THE RAMP!"

Pierce crashes down through some tables that where set up beside the ramp way. The referee runs to the edge and begins counting. T-Money places his hands on his hips and waits.

"This should be all, how can any man get up from that?"

The referee hits 10 right as medical personal are running from the back. the bell sounds.

"T-Money is your winner! But at what cost?"

We get several replays of the match as the attend to a possibly injured Pierce.

Slaughter: X

Setting up Doom Fights II

"

jasonwhiteside" The cameras open back up, after commercial, onto Jason Whiteside standing alone in the center of the ring. Jason, wearing a large grin stretching from one ear to the other, takes in a deep breath and begins to address the crowd.

"Well. If you remember the treat we left you all with last Sunday on Slaughter, then you must have a feeling that I am standing in this here ring, once again, for some reason related to the beloved DWF Hall of Famer, Doozer!"

The crowd erupts with a huge pop for their much-missed Dream Wrestling superstar.

"But no... Sadly, it is not to introduce the man. It is not to que his intro music and video as he prepares to join me in this very ring. Sadly. Sadly, we have again, lost contact with The Dooze. We haven't heard anything since last week, and it's a bit uneasing..."

The crowd starts booing Jason now as he continues to be the barron of bad news when it revolves around the possible comeback of "The Man, The Myth, The Legend"... The Dooze.

"Yet!"

Jason cuts off the boos as quickly as possible.

"In high hopes that the Hall of Famer's words are much more than just that... On behalf of Dream Wrestling... I have the pleasure of showcasing to you all yet another career highlight from Doozer's illustrious past here with Dream Wrestling!"

Just as Jason hoped, this turned the crowd over a bit. Some of the booing and disgust was turning around to mixed reactions with some cheering and the appearance of some Doozer signs back in the crowd.

"The following match, from DWF Pay-per-view Doom Fights TWO, features another former DWF great - The Big Shot -"

Immediately Whiteside is cut off from an ocean of boos for one of Doozer's biggest rivals all time.

"I know... I know... That's why you'll all find this to be a real special treat. Because we will be highlighting to you all... Their first Pay-per-view encounter with eachother! And to make it even better... The Big Shot, himself, is defending his DWF Hardcore Championship... against THE DOOZE!!!"

As the crowd pops once again, the screen fades to the old 'Doom Fights' logo before going to the match.
Doozer Career Highlight: Doom Fights II

Slaughter: X

"

doozer" Pat Riot: Well, this is a huge semi-final match coming up. It squares off Doozer and The Big Shot. Johnny D:

Well, Doozer is just starting to get into this Hardcore wrestling style and The Big Shot has been wrestling with Hardcore rules for as long as he has been wrestling. Pat

Riot: That is true, but I

am sure that Doozer is going to go all out at The Big Shot because he has been waiting for this match for around a month now after winning his number one contendership match to the Hardcore Title. Johnny D:

Yes, he won it on the same night that The Big Shot won the title. ("Big Shot" by Billy Joel plays and Big Shot's video hits the DWF-tron as he makes his way down to the ring with a garbage can full of weapons and his Hardcore Title to get a hell of a lot of boos from the crowd.) Pat Riot:

Well, The Big Shot is down in the ring now and he is looking great. Wait

he is guarded by DWF

security! Johnny D: Yeah, he is looking the best that he has ever been in his career. Even with the guards. I guess their protecting him from "The Crew"?!?!? (by Limp Bizkit plays as Doozer

's video plays on the DWF-tron and he makes his way down to the ring with a special Boston Red Sox Baseball Bat wrapped with Barbed Wire to get a huge pop from the crowd.) Pat Riot: Wow, what a reaction

from the crowd for both of these two. Johnny D: Yeah, they both got the exact opposite reaction and both reactions were big. Pat Riot: It looks like the crowd is certainly on Doozer

's side, let

's see who

's side is on. (The lights go out around the arena

for a minute

Johnny D: LOOK! Big Shot is layed out in the middle of the ring!!! (Doozer opens out the match with a huge hit with a garbage can lid right over the head of Big Shot. Big Shot gets right back up, but to be hit by the lid again. Big Shot gets up again, to be hit by the lid. Big Shot is still standing, but Doozer hits him again with the lid and Big Shot goes down again.) Pat Riot:

Wow, Big Shot is certainly getting quite the ass kicking by Doozer. Johnny

D: I couldn

t agree with you more on that one. But what affect did that lights going off and whatever happened to him

allying in the middle of the ring do? Did they hit him with a bat or something? (Doozer picks a baseball bat up left in the middle of the ring.) Pat Riot:

Whoa, Doozer just drew the Big Shot

's blood by smashing his baseball bat wrapped with barbed wire right over his head. Johnny

D: That was intense. Big Shot will be lucky if he can get up. (Big Shot slowly gets up and low blows Doozer.

Doozer is doubled over and Big Shot powerbombs him onto the garbage can lid. Big Shot picks Doozer and clotheslines him. Big Shot then goes to the outside of the ring and pulls out a table. He brings the table into the ring and Doozer is standing up.) Pat Riot: What is Big Shot going to do with that table? Johnny D: He is

probably going to put him through it, moron. (Big Shot sets up the table, but Doozer quickly turns him around and picks him up in Military Press Position. Doozer then drops The Big Shot straight through the table.) Pat

Riot: Well, it looks like Big Shot

's plan just blew up in his face. Johnny D: Thank you Captain Obvious. (Doozer whips The Big Shot into the ropes, but Big Shot reverses it and as Doozer bounces off the ropes and comes back, the Big Shot looks for

Slaughter: X

a clothesline, but Doozer ducks under it, kicks Big Shot in the gut, and gives him The Green Monster.) Pat Riot:

Wow, Doozer just dished out his trademark move to the Big Shot. Johnny

D: PIN!!! Pat Riot: 1

3!!! PIN FOR DOOZER!!! Johnny D: DOOZER IS THE NEW HARDCORE CHAMP!!! We go to commercial.

Main Event Stipulations and a Big Announcement

"

markzylbert" A box comes up on the screen. it's a colorful box. A sparkly box. Words start spinning in the middle. Then it stops. CAGED HELL MATCH The fans scream.

"My God, all six men will be inside of that cell that hangs high above the ring!"

The big screen fades up to show General manager, Mark Zylbert.

"Hello ladies and gentlemen. As you can see we are about to begin our main event that will see six men inside of that cell hanging high above the ring."

The fans scream again.

"Tonight I'd like to up the ante a little and add my own stipulations. Along with this being a Caged Hell match.. I am adding the stipulation of ULTIMATE JEOPARDY!"

The arena burst into an insane blast of noise.

"What that means is if any man from the team of Mike Polowy, Leel-One, and Jak nemesis makes a pin fall on any member of team Danger with Rich mahogany.. they become the new Dream Wrestling World Champion."

When you thought it couldn't get louder, it just did.

"On top of that, the remaining two men become the new Dream Wrestling Tag Team Champions."

The roof is off now.

"If any one of Team Danger and Rich Mahogany make a pin, they claim Mike Polowy's Women's Championship."

The noise is incredible.

"Have fun guys."

The screen fades.

Rich Mahogany & Team Danger versus Mike Polowy/Level-One/Jak Nemesis

Slaughter: X

"

mahogany" '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 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.

"Where's Jak?" 'Dead Bodies Everywhere' by Korn hits the sound system.

"Coming out by himself, you have to wonder if Nemesis is really up to the challenge of teaming with his partners."

Jak Nemesis makes his way down the ramp. Once the three are in the ring it gets silent. 'Simon Says' by Drain STH begins to play. Team Danger with Rich Mahogany, step out. Behind them Kelly Evans and Magda Van Doom join. Team Danger holds their Tag Team Titles high in the air, as Rich points to Stephen Greer's World Championship around his waist.

"What a super group right there. Almost rock star like."

They send the ladies back before they head down the ramp. Once in the ring the titles are handed over to the referee and the cell begins to lower. The metal cell hits the ground, surrounding the ring and enclosing both teams inside.

"There is no way out as the cell securely sits over the ring with just a few feet between it and the ring. Officials are now using a chain to lock the cell door. The only way to win a Dream Caged Hell match is by pin fall. Not even a submission will win this match. With six men in the match, that could possibly be impossible."

Rich Mahogany and Jak Nemesis start off in the ring as Team Danger and Polowy with level-One exit to the apron.

"The bell sounds and they lock up."

Slaughter: X

Mahogany stomps Nemesis' foot, breaking the lock. He follows up with an eye rake.

"Perfectly legal in this match."

As Jak Nemesis stumbles around, holding his eye, Rich mahogany grabs the back of his head.

"Mahogany yanks back, putting Nemesis down hard."

Rich leaps up and crashes down with a huge knee drop.

"Mahogany now up. To his corner, he makes the tag. The Black Jesus enters the ring."

Tyrone Walker pulls Jak Nemesis to his feet.

"Irish Whip by Walker. Nemesis on the return, he leaps. Big shoulder block by Nemesis!"

Walker hits the mat hard. Jak jumps to his feet and rushes to the corner.

"Big right, knocking Mahogany off the apron."

Mahogany falls into the side of the cell, bouncing off of it before hitting the floor between the metal and the ring. Stephen Greer quickly enters the ring behind Nemesis.

"Jak Nemesis ducks the World Champion's clothesline attempt."

As he does, Jak puts his knee up, catching Greer in the gut.

"He follows up with a quick DDT."

Tyrone Walker begins to get to his feet. Nemesis boots him back down before heading over and tagging in Level-One.

"Just one week ago, these two were close to killing each other. Now they are operating as a team."

Level-One enters the ring as Jak Nemesis exits. Greer rolls to the apron.

"Level-One pulls Tyrone Walker to his feet."

Level-One delivers two big open handed chops to the chest of Tyrone Walker before whipping him hard into the corner.

"Level-One runs, big splash!"

Slaughter: X

As he moves back, Walker stumbles forward.

"Level-One catches Tyrone Walker, lifting him on his shoulders."

He floats Walker over, completing the fireman's carry into a slam. On the apron, both mahogany and Greer have gotten back to their spots.

"For a big man, Level-One moves gracefully in the ring."

Level picks Tyrone's legs up, stepping in.

"Level-One possibly going for his patented Boston Crab."

Walker uses his free foot to kick Level-One back. Tyrone Walker begins to get up, grabbing Level-One's legs and yanking them from under him.

"Now, Walker is on the other end."

He holds Level-One's legs up and steps in himself.

"Walker leans back, falling to the mat. Figure Four Leg Lock."

Level-One yells in pain.

"Mike Polowy in the ring for the save."

Polowy stomps Walker, causing him to let go. he runs at Greer, who pulls down on the top rope and moves.

"Mike Polowy flies over the top rope, heading face first into the cell!"

Polowy bounces back, and to the floor.

"His forehead is busted open. Unforgiving metal claims another victim."

Stephen Greer and Jak Nemesis enter the ring as Rich mahogany jumps down to the floor.

"Nemesis and Greer attack each other, with a flurry of rights and lefts."

On the outside, Mahogany lifts Mike Polowy. He grabs his head and rams him face first into the cell.

"This is out of Mike Polowy's element as blood covers his face. Jak Nemesis chops the knee of Stephen Greer as Level-One and Tyrone Walker get to their feet. Stephen Greer goes to one knee. Jak Nemesis off the ropes.

Slaughter: X

"Shining Wizard by Jak Nemesis!"

Tyrone Walker kicks Level-One in the stomach.

"DDT by Tyrone Walker!"

Outside, Mahogany goes to slam Polowy into the cell again, but Mike Blocks it, sending him into the cell.

"Jak Nemesis comes down with a forearm across Tyrone Walker's back as the Tag Champion tries to get to his feet."

Walker goes to one knee. Nemesis comes off the ropes.

"Another Shining Wiz..."

Walker catches Nemesis and tosses him up and behind.

"Caught by Walker!"

Level-One is up. As Tyrone turns, level-One runs.

"Clothesline by Level-One!"

Mike Polowy rolls Rich Mahogany into the ring before entering himself.

"All six men are in the ring! It's pure chaos!"

Level-One helps Mike Polowy lift Rich mahogany.

"They lift the ladies man up, double suplex!"

Jak Nemesis is to his feet. his vision obviously blurry from hitting the mat hard. he runs, throwing both arms out, clothes lining both Polowy and Level-One.

"JAK NEMESIS TOOK HIS OWN TEAM MATES DOWN!"

Nemesis looks down to see who he hit.

"Did he mean to do that?"

Stephen Greer and Tyrone Walker are up. They run at Nemesis and hit a double back body drop.

Slaughter: X

"If he did, Team Danger aren't in on it!"

Walker covers level-One.

"I had forgotten who was legal! It IS Walker and Level-One!"

The referee begins to count.

"Kickout at two!"

Rich Mahogany holds his shoulder, wincing in pain and rolls under the ropes to the outside.

"I think Rich Mahogany landed hard on his shoulder."

We get a double screen showing Rich mahogany taking the double suplex wrong on his shoulder.

"Rich mahogany may be injured folks. Caged Hell is not a match for the weak at heart."

Team Danger lifts Level-One up. They set him up for a suplex. Mike Polowy leaps up behind them racking both of them. Both members let go of Level-One, grab their nuts, and fall to their knees.

"Level-One and Polowy off opposite ropes, they both leap, hitting simultaneous knee smashes to members of Team Danger."

Jak Nemesis gets up. All three men stand staring.

"This can't be good."

They begin arguing with Nemesis, asking who is he with.

Behind Level-One, Tyrone Walker gets up.

"Jak Nemesis rushes Level-One!, NO! He pushes him aside and jumps, grabbing Walker. Jumping double arm DDT... He hits Euthanasia!"

Walker is out and Nemesis moves. Level-One quickly pins him and the referee drops.

"THREE

THREE COUNT! WE HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!" The bell sounds and Level-One's music hits. The cell rumbles and begins to lift.

"You're winner and New DWF World Champion, Level-One! My God... that means that jak nemesis and Mike Polowy are the new DWF Tag team Champions!"

Slaughter: X

The belts are distributed. level-One holds it up high as the fans boo. Mike Polowy and Jak Nemesis just look at each other. There's no way this team could work, was there?

"We have official's down checking on

Rich Mahogany. Right after I got the news that Pierce was ok, Mahogany may have hurt

himself." The camera zooms in on Level-One who just realized his tag partner is a champion with someone else. All three men have a triangle stare session as the screen fades to black.

The Third Warning

"

manton" As Slaughter comes to an end, the camera's are once again backstage. Owen Manton, dressed in his street clothes once again, has his suitcase and is dragging it behind him. It appears that the is in a hurry, rushing down the halls paying no attention to the two chairs he knocked over when turning a corner and table that his suitcase slammed against. Manton pushes the doors to the outside open, grabbing his keys from the valet without a hello. Valet: "Mr. Manton . . . Umm . . . Mr. Manton!"

Owen pays no attention to him, stopping at his black Chrysler rental car and before even opening the door Manton stops suddenly. The look on his face shows fear and shock, as he takes two steps backwards, his suitcase dropping to the cement. We hear the Chrysler door open and then shut, but do not know who was in the car. Owen Manton: "Oh God . . . Listen . . . I . . ."

The camera pans around behind Owen Manton and standing leaning on the car, a cigarette hanging from his mouth is Lupin Cy. Owen Manton: "Listen . . . I . . . I don't want any troub-"

Lupin Cy: "Manton . . . The less you talk, the less messy things might get. As Manton slowly begins to back away from the approaching Cy, his demeanor continues to show more and more concern for his well being. Cy peels the suit jacket off of both arms and tugs harshly on his tie in an effort to free his collar from the knot s stranglehold that his neck suffered every Sunday night. Owen Manton: "Me-Me-Messy? What do you mean messy?"

As

"The Puritan" maintains a steady, back-pedaling pace, Cy looks to be moving into bigger strides and closing the gap between the two of them. Lupin unclips the shirt buttons at both ends of his sleeves and briskly rolls them back, bunching the material to rest just past the joint of his elbows. Lupin Cy: "Have you ever heard about bad things happening to good people?"

Owen Manton: "What?! Wait, look . . . We could talk about this!"

Lupin Cy: "Oh really? I think you

ve done enough talking for everyone. First, you assaulted Myles Jake from every front you could find. Then, you slandered his family; you degraded the things that will always matter the most to him. But above everything . . . You tried to degrade MY federation." Before The Pious One can even try to muster a rebuttal to the claim, a thunderous strike flashes from out of frame, dropping him face first. The collapse of Manton reveals the well hidden form of Myles Jake now standing in the aforementioned space with a steel chair in

Slaughter: X

tow. Without hesitation, the DREAM enforcer leaps onto his prey and lifts him to his knees, hands firmly grasping every bit of shirt of that it can handle. Lupin Cy: "You see Manton . . . The real truth of it all is . . ."

Cy quickly frees a hand, still maintaining his grasp with the left and retrieving the burning cigarette from his mouth with the right. Owen tries to throttle his way free, forcing Lupin to lower his forehead and deliver a mind-scrambling headbutt that firmly plants "The Puritan" on his knees. Cy gently cradles the cigarette between his thumb and forefinger, mere inches shy of one of Manton

s eye. Lupin Cy: "I

m the good thing that happens to bad people." Owen Manton: "Look, I

m sorry!! Please!! Please don

t hurt me!!" Lupin Cy: "Of course

I won

t hurt you. Actually, I think I might just do a magic trick for you. Do you want to know how I can make this cigarette

disappear?" Owen Manton: "No!! Please, God, no!! I never meant any of it!! You gotta believe me!!"

The camera pans around behind Lupin Cy. Standing behind Owen Manton is Myles Jake, smiling at what is transpiring. He reaches forward and taps Owen Manton on the shoulder and Manton turns his head to see who is behind him. Myles Jake: "Did you piss yourself?"

Myles smiles and then slaps Owen Manton across the back of the head. The camera zooms in on Owen Manton who is looking to the pavement with a snarl on his face, totally frustrated and angered. Lupin Cy begins to bring his cigarette closer and Manton looks up in fear. Myles Jake: "Wait Cy... not now. Stick to the plan."

Lupin reluctantly pulls back from Manton, and Owen shows sign of relief. The crowd noise from the arena is heard in the background chanting "Burn him! Burn him!". Myles Jake comes around, and kneels down to get face to face with Owen Manton. Myles Jake: "You went too far last week, Manton. I was going to shrug it all off, not get bothered by your childish comments and your stupid acts. But you went too far."

Manton stares up at Myles Jake, as Jake's face has turned from smiling to serious. Myles Jake: "You're going to pay for that kid. If I were you I'd not come back next week. But Cy and I know how stupid you really are. So this is just the beginning. The fans want to see it. The company wants to see it. And we are going to provide it..."

Jake kneels down close to Owen Manton, almost going nose-to-nose with the . Myles Jake: "We all want to see you die."

The background noise is deafening as the crowd within the ringside area explodes with cheers in support of Myles Jake, as Jake and Cy simply walk away leaving Manton kneeling on the pavement. Manton's face turns from fear to anger. He slams his fist into the pavement in frustration as the camera fades.

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