

Slaughter: XX

October 12, 2009 | Augusta Civic Center - Augusta, Maine

XX

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Slaughter XX

12 Oct 2009

Augusta Civic Center,

Augusta, Maine (seats 6,777)

DREAMing

"

fivezeroone"

The note, Recorded Earlier flashes at the top of the screen as the cameras open up with a shot of what appears to be a bum sitting outside a pair of double doors that lead inside the Augusta Civic Center here in Augusta,

Maine. This unknown man sits beneath a sign that reads, Wrestlers

Only, with a Styrofoam cup sitting in front of him and a cardboard sign of his own reading, "Need Booze" written in blood or what could possibly be his own poop resting against the wall next to the figure. DREAM Rookie and breakout star, 501, comes walking up to the door, pulling his suitcase on wheels along behind him. Without even a glance towards the bum, 501 opens the door and disappears inside the back halls of the arena, on his way to his locker room. The bum watches 501 with a confused look on his face, as if he could possibly know the guy from somewhere but the bum shrugs his shoulders and returns his attention to his empty cup in front of him.

After a few more minutes the Anarchy Cool Champion, Cancer

Jiles, comes strolling up to the back entrance in his three piece suit, sunglasses covering his eyes as he holds a cell phone up to his ear. Seeing the shiny belt strapped comfortably around the champion's waist, the bum sits there staring as Jiles continues on his way to the doors.

"No you listen to me, if they want me to endorse their shit, they better sweeten the deal!"

Jiles shouts to whoever
s on the other end.

"Don

t they know who they
re dealing with?

I

m Mr. Cool, CCJ himself

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Yea well maybe you need to remind them!"

With that he slams his phone shut and reaches out to open the door in front of him. But before walking into the arena, Jiles stops and turns around to face the still staring bum.

"You re SO not COOL enough for my change, ya bum!"

With that said, Cancer Jiles disappears inside the arena leaving the bum alone outside with his empty cup and his poop covered sign.

Introduction

"

jasonwhiteside" The DREAM logo appears across the screen then explodes into the Monday Night Slaughter on HOTv logo. Once it fades away the camera pans across the Slaughter entrance stage. Pyros begin to fire in the air and the fans scream.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Monday Night Slaughter on H.O.T.v in full HD! I'm Jason Whiteside and we're coming to you LIVE from the Augusta Civic Center in Augusta, Maine."

The camera pans across the fans holding signs and screaming.

"Tonight is the twentieth Slaughter since DREAM's huge return this year!"

A video package begins to roll set to Drake ft. Kanye West, Lil

Wayne, and Eminem highlighting the return of DREAM until now. The package is intertwined with the official music video. Once it finishes we return to Whiteside.

"A lot has happened to build up to this night, one thing I wanted to talk about was the recent injury of former number one ranked wrestler in the world and World Champion, Level-One."

We get a replay of him injuring his knee last week as well as he walk up the ramp and turn around to look at DREAM fans for what many felt as the last time. They where right.

"Level-One is at home recovering from his injury tonight as he was originally booked in a huge match as his send home match. That's right folks, it is my deepest regret to bring to you that Level-One's contract has expired with DREAM and he'll be returning full time to Action Packed Wrestling . We wish Level-One well in his career and send much appreciation to APW for working with us over the last few months to bring Level-One to a larger audience, you, the DREAM fans. He surely will be missed in the DREAM ring, but is welcome back to the company any time."

We get an

APW

"One Night in Hell"

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PPV promo next.

Following that is an Experts Rival Factions 2009 promo where Level-One is set to be in the main event.

"It's time to kick off our extra special twentieth edition of Slaughter!"

Dark vs. RAGE

"

dark" 'Binge and Purge' by Cluth begins to play as smoke rises from the top of the stage and the lights dim. Dark steps out, taking a drag from his cigarette before tossing it down and stepping on it. He then begins his descent down the ramp.

"What an opening match up we have for you tonight as the former World Champion, Dark, faces RAGE in his DREAM debut."

Dark walks up the steps and enters the ring as his music fades. 'Low' by Testament begins to play. RAGE steps out and looks across the sea of DREAM fans before heading down the ramp at a quick pace. He slides into the ring, heading to a nearby corner and up the post. As he stands on the top turnbuckle, he raises his arms out and poses before hopping down to the mat and awaiting the bell.

"Tonight should be special folks as we are celebrating the twentieth episode of Slaughter since the return of DREAM earlier this year. These two men have a high bar to set for the rest of the night as Mark Zylbert has stated that tonight's episode will be explosive."

The bell sounds to begin the match and the two men lock up hard.

"Dark forces RAGE back and into the ropes, now using them for momentum, he whips RAGE across the ring."

Dark runs behind RAGE the entire way.

"RAGE off of the ropes, Dark leaps, big flying clothesline that nearly laces RAGE's head off."

Both men roll up to their feet. RAGE runs at Dark.

"Arm drag by Dark. Both up again, another arm drag performed by the former champ."

Dark gets to his feet, and bounces off of the ropes, falling with an elbow to RAGE, who in turn slightly oversells it.

"Dark to his feet again, off the ropes again as well, following up with a second elbow."

Dark rises to his feet once again, this time pulling RAGE up with him.

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"RAGE into the ropes again."

This time, RAGE goes over the top rope but is able to catch himself.

"RAGE on the apron, Dark runs with a right connecting to the side of RAGE's head."

RAGE falls off of the apron and to the floor on the outside of the ring. Dark watches him cautiously as he begins to get up. The former champion takes a few steps back, then runs.

"RAGE to his feet, Dark leaps through the ropes. Suicide dive!"

Dark hits his mark perfectly, crashing through RAGE. Both men lay on the floor, holding themselves in pain as the referee begins his count.

"Dark uses the barrier to pull himself to his feet. Now aggressively yanking RAGE up."

Dark grabs RAGE's head and attempts to send it into the top of the barrier, but is denied. RAGE counters, sending Dark's face to meet the top portion. Dark stumbles back, holding his head.

"RAGE escorts Dark back to the ring, rolling him in. It's time to see what this newcomer has offensively."

RAGE rolls into the ring himself, getting to his feet. He pulls Dark up, then boots him in the gut.

"RAGE grabs Dark and lifts, huge suplex, shaking the ring."

He gets back up again, then leaps in the air, coming down with a knee.

"Powerful knee drop by RAGE. Quick cover, followed by a quick kick out. There's no way he could have expected to put The Illustrated Man out that easily."

RAGE gets to his feet, pulling Dark up with him. He grabs his arm.

"Irish whip, no reversed.

RAGE is sent into the ropes, Dark follows, big clothesline!" Both RAGE and Dark go over the top and crash down to the floor.

"Both men hit the floor with force as the referee begins his count."

They both start to get to their feet. RAGE walks over and grabs Dark, who in turn comes up with a thumb jab to RAGE's eyes.

"RAGE temporarily blinded by Dark."

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RAGE stumbles back as Dark gathers his bearings.

"Dark heads to RAGE. Elbow to the head of his opponent."

Dark grabs the back of RAGE's head and rams it into the barrier, he then comes behind him and places him into a full nelson.

"Dark lifts, full nelson slam on the outside!"

The referee continues to count. Dark doesn't seem to care as he holds the top of the barrier for leverage as he violently stomps RAGE. Finally, the referee hits ten and calls for the bell.

"Well, it seems that there is a double count out as Dark fails to get back into the ring in time."

Dark quits stomping and looks up at the referee who just puts his hands up as if shrugging. He mouths he counted to ten and Dark seems to just get pissed. He flips the referee off before stomping RAGE one more time.

"Dark unhappy with the end of the match, but he had plenty of time to get back into the ring."

As Dark heads up the ramp, and RAGE lays unmoving we fade.

Stripsearch

"

nathanparadine" We fade in the backstage area, where Nathan Paradine is shown walking down a narrow hallway towards his personal locker room. He checks a laminated ID card pinned top his breast pocket and then secures a black sports bag slung over his shoulder as he approaches the guard who gave him trouble last week leaning casually against the door leading into the locker rooms, reading a copy of DREAM Magazine. Nathan rolls his eyes and clicks his fingers to get the guards attention.

"Hey mate, pay attention!" he snaps. The guard peers at him over the top of the magazine and sighs.

"Can I please see some I.D?" the guard asks, placing his hands on his sagging stomach. Nathan nods proudly and points at the card attached to his chest.

"Right there, Mr. Security Guard!" he says.

"Can I please get into the locker room now?"

It's a big show, I need to get ready-" "Sure you can Mr. Paradine," says the guard. Nathan grins and steps forward, however the guard sticks out a pudgy arm and stops him.

"You can enter... as soon as I've looked through that bag right there." "You're not gonna find anything in there," he growls before holding out the bag for inspection. The guard grabs the bag and unzips it, quickly

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rooting through several pairs of wrestling trunks, a kneepad and an empty can of Red Bull. Finally he pulls out a small capsule of pills.

"Aha!" exclaims the guard.

"What's this? Trying to smuggle drugs into the arena!?"

Nathan snatches the bottle out of the guards hands and examines it closely.

"There are antibiotic tablets, you idiot.

They're hardly illegal, I brought these over the counter!" As Nathan speaks, the guard reaches down to his belt and pulls out his walkie-talkie.

"Hey, this is Mac here. I've got a wrestler here trying to smuggle narcotics into the arena, and I'm gonna need Bertha to come and conduct a full cavity search."

As Nathan gapes at Mac, the guard leans in and speaks in a whisper.

"I feel sorry for you, man. Big Bertha hates men." "Why do you call her Big Ber-

Nathan starts to ask, until the door swings open to reveal a seven foot tall specimen of a woman. Nathan gasps as he three-hundred pound frame squeezes through the door, noting that she has more facial hair than he does. The artificial light reflects off her shaven head as she looks down at him.

"I-I... Wow..." stutters Nathan as he looks up at her. Bertha grunts and reaches into her pocket, pulling out a rubber glove. As Nathan's eyes widen, she pulls it over her hand, ensuring the legendary SNAP sound sends fear racing up Nathan's spine as she raises her hand.

"Up 'gainst t'wall!" she orders.

"N' drop yer pants."

Nathan shakes his head, until Bertha seizes him by the shoulder and thrusts him against the wall, breaking his sunglasses and stunning him momentarily.

Dazed, Nathan barely notices Bertha tug his pants down. The camera zooms in on his slightly out of focus eyes...

"Dis gon' hurt!"

Nathan's eyes suddenly widen, and the camera cuts back to the ring as he opens his mouth to squeal.

Familiar Faces

"

nathanparadine"

Once again the words, Recorded Earlier flash at the top corner of the screen as the cameras continue to film

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this unknown bum sitting outside the Augusta Arena here in

Augusta, Maine. A stretch black limousine pulls up outside the arena, the driver quick to jump out and run around, ready to open the door before the person inside does it himself. With the door open a figure dressed in a dark three-piece suit steps out straightening his jacket as he gets to his feet.

"You're a quick one Clancy!" Nathan Paradine says surprised as he pats the chauffeur on the back before walking up the sidewalk towards the back doors. With a smile on his face Paradine walks right past the bum, without even a glance but suddenly he stops with his hand outstretched for the door handle. He lowers his arm and walks backward a step or two, turning to face the seated bum.

"No Paradine says as he swiftly pulls the sunglasses away from his face, recognition in his eyes.

"You can't be here!" The bum, a familiar smile on his face rises to his feet. Paradine looks the bum up and down, noting the familiar red and white wrestling boots, the tattered and torn blue jeans converted into shorts, the stain covered wife beater that was once white but now a kind of yellow color. But most recognizable to Paradine was the wild beard and hair combination. Looking at it you couldn't help but wonder where the hair stopped and the beard began.

"What are you doing here in Dream?"

Paradine asked a bit weary at the presence of the bum as he immediately begins looking over his shoulder.

"Did James send you here to take me back?"

I told him, I
m
done!
I won
t go back, I won
t,
I won
t, I won

t!" he shouted like a three year old throwing a temper tantrum. Suddenly another figure comes strolling up the walkway, a title hanging comfortably over his shoulder, his suitcase being dragged along behind him, a whistling tune from his lips. Mike Polowy walks up to join the reunion.

"Hey, buddy!"

Mike calls extending his hand towards the bum who after looking at it for a second, shakes vigorously.

"I

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m glad you made it! You have any trouble finding the place?" The bum
s eyes still glued to Paradine
s shakes his head side to side in which Polowy smiles and claps him on the back.

"Great!"

Nathan stutters a second then turns to Mike, confusion on his face.

"You brought him here? Him!?"

With a smile ear to ear, Mike simply steers this familiar bum away from Paradine and the two head into the arena, side by side. Paradine left outside the arena by himself, shakes his head still confused as he says to himself, "Mad

And now, a Public Service Announcement from Jill Berg

"

jillberg" (The opening notes of Whitney Houston's version of 'The Greatest Love of All' starts to play) "I believe the children are our are future Teach them well and let them lead the way Show them all the beauty they possess inside Give them a sense of pride to make it easier..."

Jill Berg appears with two children flanking her. JILL: Hi. I'm Jill Berg. I believe the children are our future. Communities statewide are recognizing that healthy childhood experiences are not just good for children, but good for their communities as well. It

s simple really. The actions we take, like parent-child interaction, reading and constructive play, can promote healthy child development." "Everybody searching for a hero People need someone to look up to I never found anyone to fulfill my needs A lonely place to be So I learned to depend on me..."

The scene shifts to Jill sitting on a couch with children playing in front of her. She leans forward with her chin resting on her hand. JILL: "Unfortunately, children are sometimes exposed to intensive stress. Too much stress is bad for anyone but it can be devastating to child development."

Child: "BANZAI!"

Behind Jill, one boy leaps across the couch and tackles another boy. JILL: "At a time when we all care about the economy and its effect on the family, it just makes sense to spend more time learning how stable, nurturing relationships influence a child

s developing brain and provide a foundation for all future development." Another boy stands on the arm of the couch, preparing to jump. Child: "TO THE EXTREME!"

He leaps and lands a flying elbow. JILL: "So, promote healthy child development. Take time out to play with your child-YOW!"

The camera slides back to show a young girl with a mischevious grin on her face and her foot on Jill's expensive heels. JILL: "Take the time to play with your child."

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And you and your child will be the better for it. I, Jill

Berg, will do my part as well because I'm not just wrestling for me- I'm wrestling for the children!"

CHILDREN: "JILLLLL-BERG!....JILLLLL-BERG!....JILLLLL-BERG!" "A PSA FROM JILL BERG"

T.J. Parker vs. Marshall

"

marshall"

GOLDEN DREAMS November 8th, 2009

LIVE from the Verizon Center in Washington, D.C. All Championship Titles Will Be On The

Line! ----- "Close your eyes and imagine, feel the magic, Vegas on acid, seen through

Yves St. Laurent glasses..."

The crowd erupts as the opening lines to

Kanye West's

"Diamonds From Sierra Leone" fills the arena and

T.J. Parker comes out from the backstage area. Doing his best to get the crowd into the moment, T.J.

bounces from one side to other throwing his hands in the

air, pointing to himself, and crossing his arms to pose center stage. His descent to the ring is a quick one as

he sprints and slides underneath the bottom rope, popping to his feet on the other side, and leaping to the

2nd turnbuckle to pose once more for his fans. T.J. soaks up the adoration before hopping down to stretch

out while awaiting his opponent. by Unwritten Law hits the arena

s p.a. system and Marshall makes his way out onto the top of the ramp way to a fairly weak, mixed reaction

from the crowd.

"Looks like our fans here at DREAM aren

t sure what to think about Marshall just yet

Marshall makes his way into the ring without wasting time. He walks over to a back corner of the ring and

awaits the bell. Finally it sounds to begin the match.

"Marshall challenges T.J. Parker to the test of strength, and Parker accepts."

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

"T.J. Parker struggles a bit but breaks to hold with a kick to Marshall's mid section."

Marshall catches himself and charges T.J., who takes him down with a drop toe hold.

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

Marshall reaches for the bottom rope and grabs it.

"T.J. Parker unwillingly releases Marshall from the cross face, maneuvers to his feet."

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Marshall uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, as T.J. waits, itching to attack.

Once up, Marshall turns to see Parker charge him.

"Marshall catches T.J. Parker in a belly to belly position. Suplex! That was executed perfectly."

Marshall quickly pulls T.J. Parker to his feet. He hooks him in belly to back.

"Suplex! Marshall holds on, pushes himself up with Parker still hooked in, ANOTHER! He still holds tight."

Marshall delivers a third belly to back suplex on T.J. Parker, this time releasing him as he falls back.

"Marshall heading to the top turnbuckle. He measures T.J. Parker up and leaps... Big head butt!"

Marshall hits his mark. T.J. Parker holds his gut in pain as his aggressor rises to his feet.

"Marshall now pulls T.J. Parker up, grabs his arm.

Irish whip into the corner. He follows up, BIG

SPLASH!"

As Marshall moves out of the way, T.J. Parker stumbles forward. Marshall gets in a three point stance, then chops his knee, causing him to hit the mat.

"Marshall shows why he is a force to be reckoned with."

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

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

Marshall pulls T.J. Parker to his feet again.

"Irish whip to the corner. T.J. Parker shook the whole ring when he hit it."

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

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

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

Parker gets to his feet and takes a moment before continuing.

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"T.J. Parker continues to control the match as he begins stomping the knees of Marshall. Where is he going now?"

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

"T.J. Parker grabs Marshall's leg and slams his knee into that unforgiving steel. I think he wants to seriously hurt Marshall as he does it a second time."

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

"Marshall visibly in pain as T.J. Parker continues to afflict as much damage as he can."

T.J. Parker rolls back into the ring and pulls Marshall to the center. He jumps up and falls with both knees towards Marshall.

"Marshall MOVES! SOMEHOW HE MOVED!"

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

"Picture perfect DDT!"

The referee checks on T.J. Parker and begins counting as Marshall stands, hands on hips, looking down at his opponent.

"A dangerous DDT may have ended this match."

At about 6, T.J. Parker moves. By
8 he is almost up.

"T.J. Parker makes it to his feet. The referee checks him and he says he is ok to continue. Marshall does not look happy."

The circle each other before locking up.

"Aggressive lock up. Marshall quickly head butts T.J. Parker to break the lock."

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

"Cross
Face, Marshall locking in a move used on him

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earlier." T.J. Parker is able to reach the bottom rope as he grabs it, and holds on.

"Marshall to his feet. He stomps the upper back and neck of T.J. Parker before grabbing his head and lifting him up."

Marshall whips T.J. into the turnbuckle.

"He follows up with a running elbow smash."

As Marshall moves away, T.J. Parker falls face forward to the mat, but only temporarily as he is yanked back to his feet.

"Marshall pushes T.J. Parker back, and with force whips him across the ring, into the opposite corner"

T.J. Parker follows up with a running splash. As he pulls away, he grabs the top rope for leverage and stomps away at Marshall, until he slumps down.

"T.J. Parker's momentum is halted early as Marshall grabs up under his legs and lifts. He runs, spinebuster."

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

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

T.J. Parker grabs his presumably throbbing knee in pain.

"Marshall up the turnbuckle, he aims then jumps only to meet the knees of T.J. Parker."

Marshall bounces off of T.J. Parker's knees and flops on the mat, holding his midsection. We get a recap of the failed frog splash.

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

T.J. Parker up. He runs, BASEBALL
SLIDE!"

T.J. Parker slides under the ropes and hits his target. As Parker exits the ring, Marshall begins to get up.

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

T.J. Parker grabs Marshall's head and slams it into the side of the ring before rolling him in.

"He follows Marshall into the ring. Parker on his feet, pulling Marshall up with him."

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T.J. Parker chops Marshall's chest, before whipping him across the return.

"As

Marshall returns, T.J. Parker lifts. Back body

drop!" Marshall grabs his back and yells in pain, but a few moments later turns over and gets to his feet.

"Marshall is up again. Both men staring each other down. So far this match has been pure excitement folks.

T.J. Parker and Marshall lock up again."

T.J. Parker takes the lead, as he breaks the lock and whips Marshall into the ropes.

"On the return, Marshall attempts a clothesline, but T.J. Parker ducks."

Both men quickly turn around.

"Kick to the midsection of T.J. Parker. Marshall follows up with an elbow to the temple followed by a big chop to the chest."

Marshall grabs T.J. Parker, going for a belly to belly suplex.

"Reversal by T.J. Parker with the suplex."

As Marshall hits the mat, T.J. Parker gets to his feet and begins to viciously stomp his opponent.

"T.J is showing that he can keep up with anyone DREAM sends his way."

On the way up, Marshall pushes T.J. Parker back. He grabs his arm and pulls him.

"Short arm clothesline. That looked as if it knocked T.J. Parker silly."

Marshall picks a leg of T.J. Parker up, stretches it the thrust it down.

"Marshall trying to hyper extend the knee of T.J. Parker."

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

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

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

"T.J. Parker now trying to get his bearings."

Parker struggles a little before overpowering Marshall enough to reverse the hold.

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"Inverted figure four by T.J. Parker!"

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

"T.J. Parker grabs Marshall's head in mid air, twisting. Big DDT!"

Marshall is out on the mat, as T.J. Parker 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.J. Parker finally begins to move. Using the ropes, he pulls himself up.

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

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

"Big chop by T.J. Parker that leaves Marshall's chest glowing. An Irish whip sends him hard into the corner. T.J. Parker follows up with a huge splash.. NO! Marshall puts his knees up!"

As T.J. flops around on the mat, Marshall gets to his feet. He yanks T.J. to his and takes him to the corner. After a couple hard shots, he sits Parker up on the turnbuckle.

"Marshall looks as if he may pay for it... he is.. The Fallout from the second rope!"

Marshall covers T.J. Parker and the referee counts.

"That's all she wrote as Marshall picks up a big win here on Slaughter."

We get some replays of some of the moments of the match including the finish before going to commercial.
No Strings
"

mikepolowy" Jak Nemesis stared at the shining title belt backstage, captivated by the thought of making it his own. When suddenly to the left of the camera the current owner of the title stepped into view. Not Cancer Jiles, reigning Anarchy champion and Jak's opponent tonight but Mike Polowy. The Dream Champion.

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"Well if it isn't

it's Jak Nemesis stopping by to take a look at a title he will never hold. I

didn't say it was good to see you, but then I

didn't expect to see you here. You'd be lying." Polowy spoke as he picked up his title belt and hung it over his shoulder proudly. Jak smiled, and appeared to fight back a snigger.

"Well for me Mike, it is good to see you. Good to see you full of life and enjoying your tie at the top of the DWF Mountain. After all you need to make the most of it."

Mike stared Jak in the eye. The former tag team champions face to face.

"I suggest you leave me alone Jak. Now."

Mike spoke with focus, lacking his usual cocky tone.

"Thank you for the suggestion Mike. Thing is I

am sick and tired of following your

lead. I've had enough of hearing people refer to me as some kind of lackey. With Level-One out of the picture it

is time to make a change, starting with becoming the new Anarchy champion tonight. When you refused to

tag in last week, when you slammed a steel chair against my back Mike, you sealed your own fate. I

am not your puppet; I

have got no fucking strings to hold me down any more!

Just envision it now Mike, Polowy vs Nemesis

former tag team champions collide. Anarchy champion and Dream

champion, toe to toe. Going hold for hold, move for move, hell the tickets will sell themselves. Assuming you

can get past old Doozer of course." "Well Jak, to get that Anarchy strap you

have got to get past a Mr Tool that has beaten you before, buddy." Mike interrupted. Jak smiled once more,

and this time failed to hold back a small snigger.

"We shall see. Good luck in your match champ

and I'll be watching...and I'll be waiting." With that Jak turned and walked away humming "I've Got No Strings", the song made famous by Pinocchio, leaving the Dream champion alone with the Dream championship belt.

Mike stared at the gold and saw a hint of his own reflection staring back at him. His slightly worried

expression. Looking back at him through HIS belt.

DREAM Wrestling Honorary Super Champion

"

nathanparadine" Nathan Paradine is again shown walking backstage... or to be more specific, limping

backstage. A disturbed look is on his face, and he walks past locker room after locker room. Finally he arrives

at a door with a chunk of cardboard attached to the door reading . He cautiously pushes the door open and

peers around, noticing the water dripping down the walls, the filthy floor, and the single lightbulb hanging from

the ceiling. He scowls and walks back out into the corridor, slamming the door to his locker room shut behind

him. Still limping, he marches down the corridor. Finally, he reaches at a room with printed across the door in

gold lettering. He wrenches the door open and barges into the office, startling Mark Zylbert who is sitting

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behind a computer screen. Several erotic moans can be heard as Zylbert frantically clicks the mouse several times, then with a slightly red face turns to look at Nathan.

"Uh, hey Nathan!" he stammers. He holds his hand before suddenly thinking better of it.

"What can I do for you?" "Well, for starters, you can fire Big Bertha on security and then, you could maybe make sure that I have an adequate locker room to get ready for my matches!"

Nathan speaks in a calm tone, however his anger is bubbling below the surface. Zylbert, sensing tension, nods sympathetically.

"Of course, you want Bertha fired? It's done. As for your locker room, you can bet that every week from now on, you'll only have the best. Now if that's over, can you please-"

Nathan looks at Zylbert suspiciously.

"This is too good to be true," he says, folding his arms over his chest.

"Promoters don't usually just give into me like that." "Well, I guess I'm just a good promoter then."

Zylbert smiles weakly.

"Anything else I can do for you?" "Sure. You can give me a shot at the DREAM Championship next week." "A t... title shot?" says Zylbert, his eyes darting around the room.

"I'm afraid that's something I can't do, Nathan.

There's a pecking order here in DREAM you see, and I-" "Yeah yeah, whatever. I didn't think you'd give me the shot." "Buuuuut!" says Zylbert, stroking his chin, "I have an idea. With The Egg Bandits and guys like Polowy running around, this place needs a little bit of order. You know what? I'm inventing an honorary title just for you. It doesn't come with a belt, of course, but it'll be something else you can tack on to your list of accomplishments." "Now I'm interested. What title is this?" "It's called... Uh... It's called the "DREAM Wrestling Honorary Super Champion". Basically, it puts you above Polowy and anyone else on the roster, because it's a super title belt. Not like a normal belt. You get it?"

Nathan nods slowly.

"Sure. So, I'm the first ever DREAM Wrestling Super Honorary Champion?" "Yes! Yes! That's exactly right! But... But you need to go get ready for your match, first. Go wrestle 501 or something, then come back here and I'll make you the new Super Honorary Champion, okay?"

Nathan nods and holds out his hand.

Slaughter: XX

"It's a deal, Mr. Zylbert."

Zylbert smiles again and shakes his hand, however Nathan stares at his palm and flexes it several times, wondering what caused the sudden stickiness. Nathan shrugs and turns to leave.

"I'll be back to get my title officially after my match.

See you then, Mr.

Zylbert." Nathan walks out of the room, and Zylbert leans back in his chair and sighs. He then climbs to his feet and pulls his pants up, as the scene fades to black.

Daymare vs T-Money

"

daymare" '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. Two spotlights of sunny yellow and white intersect over the aisle. Mumbles from the crowd, as the soft beginning of 'Rooster' by Alice N Chains plays sweetly in the ears. Casually walking out is the Yellow and Orange masked Daymare, who pauses at the entrance looking around. He clasps his hands together, and in three moving chops puts them near his head.

It's Naptime. As the chorus kicks in, Daymare kicks his left leg out and bends forward stamping one fist into the floor and pounding into his chest. He front rolls through that pose and quickly walks through the aisle as 'We don't wanna die' chills the bones. Reaching ringside, he grabs the middle rope and jumps up but slides under the bottom rope on his back. Kipping up, he stands statuesque with what appears to be labored breathing not moving an inch until given instruction.

"What a match this could turn out to be."

The bell sounds to start the match.

"Here we go, Daymare taking on T-Money on this twentieth episode of Slaughter."

T-Money goes to lock up with Daymare, but Daymare rolls under his arms behind him.

"Side Russian leg sweep by Daymare."

He runs and leaps to the ropes, moonsaulting off.

"Moonsault double foot stomp. Daymare knocks the breath out of T-Money with that one."

Daymare waits until he sees that T-Money is getting to his feet. He runs past him. T-Money turns as Daymare grabs the ropes and swings himself between the top and middle rope around and putting his feet into the gut of Money.

Slaughter: XX

"Daymare using his agility to continue to control this match."

Daymare stands on the apron, holding the top rope. He pushes down and bounces up to the top. For a split second he stands on the top rope, balancing himself, before doing a complete front flip coming down with a leg across the back of T-Money's neck.

"What an innovative leg drop literally from the top rope."

Daymare rolls T-Money over and covers him, hooking the leg.

"Daymare looks as if he wants to end this early."

The referee counts.

"He does, Daymare with the quick end as he pins T-Money in about three minutes."

The fans begin to chant 'We want more, we want more.' "The crowd is unhappy it seems about the length of this match. there's nothing really they can do about it as Daymare has officially gotten the three count in an impressive debut match."

Suddenly, Mark

Zylbert's music hits. The crowd erupts.

"The general manager himself is heading out!"

Mark Zylbert steps out to the top of the ramp, microphone in hand. He signals for the fans to quiet down and they do as asked. Daymare stands, looking up to the boss as he begins to talk.

"Very impressive win there."

The fans cheer.

"But I heard the chants, didn't you?"

Daymare looks to the left, then to the right as the fans begin chanting again.

"Don't worry, I'm not restarting your match. You came in and you won fairly. Maybe a bit quick, but you did what you intended. However, the fans want more of you it seems.

They think you may be the next big thing. Personally, I think you're an oddity with a weird name." The fans boo at Zylbert's comments.

"Hold up, it doesn't matter what I think. This isn't Insomnia, this is Slaughter. this is the show for the fans!"

Slaughter: XX

The pop blows the roof off.

"I'm just an ambassador of you, the people who pay to come in and see your favorite wrestlers compete.

That's why next week, Daymare will give you what you ask for.

He'll give you more. How about a best of three match against... say... Patient Five-Zero-One?!" When you think it couldn't get louder, it does. Daymare claps at the news in agreement.

"So, get back here, rest up, and get ready cause next week you have a big match ahead of you!"

His music hits and the boss heads to the back.

"What an announcement folks! Next week here on Slaughter the fans get what they want, more Daymare as he goes one on one with 501 in a best of three match!"

Impact - Part One

"

mikepolowy" In the locker room of one Mike Polowy the cameras catch Mike Polowy in his wrestling gear, preparing for the upcoming grueling match with the ever tough Doozer. The bum simply known as Mad Max, stands in the corner, looking around the room, one arm crossed over his chest his other arm rubbing the back of his bicep as if he were freezing cold.

"Listen buddy, if we
re going to be doing business, we should really look into fixing you up!" Mike says a bit haughty.

"I mean you
re going to be representing Mike Polowy you should look a bit more respectful, a little less pedophile
You know what I
m saying?" Max looks at Polowy with a sneer.

"Alright, we
ll work on it
Polowy says mostly to himself.

"Ok buddy, you know why I brought you here
Polowy instructs, but stops when Max holds his hand out.

"What? You want it now?" in turn Max nods his head waving his fingers for Polowy to fork it over. After a quick glance around Polowy reaches inside his bag and pulls out a prescription bottle filled with little white pills but before Max can reach out and snatch the pill bottle Polowy pulls his arm back and smirks.

"Not so fast!"

Polowy orders with a condescending tone.

Slaughter: XX

"What

s the plan for tonight?" "I

m going to go make an ." Max answers mechanically, his eyes never off the pills. Pleased with the answer Polowy tosses the bottle to Max who snatches it out of the air and brings it in close as if he were possibly hugging the bottle in a loving way. After popping two into his mouth and using his own saliva to force them down, he turns his attention back to Polowy who watches on disgusted.

"Time to go to work

Max says as he stuffs the bottle down the front of his pants before turning toward the locker room door and out into the halls.

"What am I getting myself into

Mike can

t help but ask.

Nathan Paradine vs. 501

"

nathanparadine" 'Run With the Wolves' by the Prodigy hits the sound system and the lights in the arena dim as Patient Five-Zero-One steps ominously onto the top of the entrance stage. He pauses for effect at the top whilst looking out around at the crowd with a grimace on his face. The darkness in the arena is interrupted by flashing strobe lights as Five-Zero-One slowly walks down the entrance ramp. Five-Zero-One finally reaches the ring, and he slides in before posing for the crowd once more on the nearest turnbuckle. 'Infra-Red' by Placebo begins to play. The Australian Submission Machine, Nathan Paradine, steps out. He doesn't pay the booing fans any attention as he heads down the ramp.

"Nathan

Paradine making his way to the ring. It's rumored he has loose ties with the DREAM Champion, Mike Polowy." Paradine slides into the ring and pops to his feet. His music fades out as both men get ready for the match. The bell sounds to start the match officially.

"The two men lock up. Five-Zero-One is able to take control, placing Nathan Paradine in a side headlock."

Paradine pushes 501 off of him, and into the ropes. As he returns Paradine bends over to grab him, but 501 comes up with a knee to his face. Paradine stumbles back and 501 leaps forward with a quick clothesline.

"501 crashes through Paradine."

Nathan flips around to his stomach and reaches up, grabbing 501's foot before he can get back to his feet. Quickly he places him in an ankle lock.

"Paradine able to turn a bad situation into a possible show winner as he tries to snap the ankle of five-zero-one." 501 uses his free foot to kick at Nathan Paradine until he is able to get him to let go. Both men get to their feet, 501 wincing as he puts pressure on his ankle.

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"Nathan Paradine with a chop to the leg of 501 sending him to one knee. He immediately places Patient Five-Zero-One in a tight sleeper." 501 flings his arms around but can't seem to fight the sleep as he begins to pass out.

"If Nathan Paradine can keep this locked in, he'll pick up a big win here tonight."

The referee holds 501's arm up and drops it. He tries again, it falls. The ref picks it up for the last time and drops it again, this time, 501 is able to stop it from falling half way down. he clenches his fist and begins to try and get momentum. the fans show their support and scream for him as he begins to push himself up with Paradine still attached.

"501 getting to his feet, he may be able to turn this match around right here." 501 puts an elbow into the gut of Paradine causing him to let go. He twist around and boots Paradine in the gut, grabs both arms and jumps into a Double Arm DDT.

"The Head Scrambler from out of nowhere!" 501 rolls Nathan over and covers him, hooking the leg as the referee counts.

"Five-Zero-One picks up the win out of nowhere."

His music begins to play and he gets to his feet. The referee holds his hand in victory. 501 then looks down at Nathan Paradine and extends a hand to help him up. After a moment, Paradine accepts and gets to his feet.

"Sportsmanship there folks." 501 turns away from

Paradine holding both arms up. Suddenly, Nathan Paradine runs at him with a forearm to the back. As 501 goes to one knee, Paradine delivers a swift kick to the back sending him face forward into the mat. An awful snarl comes across his face as he walks over and exits through the ropes.

"Nathan Paradine showing his frustrations as I am sure he thought he had this match won."

We go to commercial.

Impact - Part Two

"

fivezeroone" After a grueling bout with Nathan Paradine, the man known simply as 501 would like nothing more than a cold shower and a bit of time to relax. But as he walks into his locker room he sees the bum he saw earlier sitting in front of his open locker, his gym bag opened in front of him.

"What do you think you

re doing?" 501 shouts out with annoyance as he steps forward with balled fists at his side.

"Calm down old friend

Max says with a genuine smile.

Slaughter: XX

"It
s been a long time
501 merely looks on confused as his fists relax, he
s trying to piece everything together but this bum doesn
t look like anyone he
s ever known before. Max asks in all seriousness as he stands up from the locker room, never taking his
eyes off of 501.

"A guy falls off the wagon and all of a sudden you
re too good for him?" 501 holds his hands out and shrugs his shoulders saying, "Listen buddy I don
t know who you are but if there is anything missing out of my bag, your ass is mine!" Max begins to laugh like
a maniac would right before going on a killing spree, which causes 501 to stop and stare. There is something
familiar with that laugh but before 501 can piece it together Mad Max begins to slowly advance.

"You ever been to prison, buddy?"

Max asks as he reaches one hand into the front of his pants as if he were groping himself! 501 ignoring the
question as he continues to slowly back away from the advancing Max who simply continues on, "No? Well I
have

And one of the first things I learned while inside was, when you
re the new guy on the block, the first thing you gotta do is establish a name for yourself." 501 stops backing
and sets his feet, fists once again balled at his side, he simply stands there ready for Max to make his move.

"Sadly,"

Max says undaunted by 501

s battle stance, "you my friend are here to serve as my sacrificial lamb!"

With that said he suddenly yanks his left hand out of the front of his pants and lunges forward catching 501
on the jaw with a straight left! 501 crumbles to the ground at

Max
s feet as Max raises his left hand to his face showing a pair of brass knuckles wrapped in white sports tape
strapped over his knuckles. With a loving kiss to the knuckles, Max returns them to the crotch of his pants
before bending
down, hovering over the unconscious 501.

"Sorry friend,"

Max says patting 501 on the head mockingly.

"I was never here to reminisce the old times I was only here to make an impact."

Max rises to his feet and walks out of the locker room leaving a snoring 501 alone in the middle of the floor.
As Max walks back down the halls he begins to whistle a nameless tune a smile on his face, a glimmer in his
eye.

Slaughter: XX

New Signing

"

traviswilliams"

PAID ANNOUNCEMENT The following has been paid for by Company Policy

Standing at podium Travis Williams is surrounded by some of the most important Pro Wrestling News Reporters in the world.

"Mister Williams

Is it true? Are you going to Slaughter?" Travis lifts up a contract with the Slaughter logo plastered very big on the top of it. The cameras in the crowd begin to flash nonstop.

"This right here everyone

Is a contract offering me triple the money I make now on Insomnia, to bring myself, the DREAM World Heavyweight Championship, and the DREAM World Tag Team Championships to Slaughter with me." Head writer for PWI Magazine stands up.

"Are you going to sign the contract Mister Williams? If so, can you promise to win those tag team straps on Insomnia before departure from the show?"

Travis grabs a pen, and quickly signs the contract and tosses the pen to the writer.

"There, signed and seal. The belts will be coming with me. October the 19th, 2009 Insomnia will suffer the ultimate blow. As I will be officially assigned to the roster of Slaughter! No further questions at this time!"

Travis holds up the contract with a smile on his face. As everyone uses the moment to snap some more shots for their websites and magazines. Syd Mason comes from behind Travis, with a Zippo lit. Travis moves the contract over the flame, as the final pictures are that of the contract being set on fire. Travis tosses the contract down, and the stagehands run in to put out the fire.

"Slaughter can keep their paychecks

Mark is not worth my time, nor my titles. Next week on Insomnia, we are going to see something that no one on Slaughter has the balls to compete in. REALITY PLAYGROUND! Three men, one prison yard

The one who escapes, is the DREAM World Heavyweight Champion. So while you watch the same shit of some egg tossing tool facing the tampon slapped champion in a "STEEL CAGE" match.

Insomnia will offer you a lot more. So Mike and Scott, I want you two to watch how real men determine a champion. As the ONLY TRUE CHAMPION in DREAM defends against Lupin Cy and some of unlucky idiot who is trying to make a mark in

DREAM." Travis walks to away, as the Company Policy logo appears on the screen and the PAID FOR BY above it.

The forecast... looks like Egg Showers.

"

whammy" WE cut live, backstage, for an up to the moment

Slaughter: XX

eh, moment with the Egg Bandits. In play, the Cool Champion, Doozy, and Whammy Jammy. I have something to tell you... something I think all of you should know before we continue. It's something of the utmost importance, I'm not kidding... it really is! The two, larger than life Egg Bandits are toting a BUCKET each of extra-super sized unbroken yolky-ness. There are a whole lot of eggs. This... will not be good. Whammy, you should run while you still can.

"So... let's go find Mike."

Doozer says, bringing a smile to Mr. Cool's face. The (classy) men exit the locker room with The Ultimate Egg Shower on the mind. Their journey to find the current Dream champion takes an unexpected turn for the worse. But for who?...Mwhahawhahaha!!!! On their way, they just so happen to run into...

"Hey... you're Nate Paradine! How the hell are you?"

Nate goes to answer... But then, what could only be described as a horrible, inhumane accident occurs... an egg... well I'll let Cancer explain...

"Oh_My_God! My bad! Here bro... Get me back... take these."

Man... Cancer has ZERO shame. None at all. You see, what had happened... Nate was coming out of his locker room... and for some reason, failed to acknowledge the oncoming Bandits. How you ask... By turning his back to them as they passed him by. It takes a certain type of man to turn his back on a couple of morons carrying around buckets full of eggs. Cancer had to shake that type of mans hand. In the process, spilling his bucket of eggs all over Mr. Nathan Paradine shoes... just when you thought things couldn't possibly get any worse... Cancer goes to grab some eggs out of Doozys bucket, to offer an eye for an eye type of exchange... In essence, performing the same once again.

"Sorry Nate..."

Cancer yelling back as he flees the scene of the crime. Almost out of ear shot, Mr. Cool calls out one last time before turning the corner and vanishing from our view.

"Not really."

Figures. What a classy guy? Doozer, stiff as a board remains stuck in shock, on the verge of uncontrollable laughter. Whammy, also fleeing the scene turns back, and pulls the

HOF'er away before he begins to crack. More like before things get even EGGIER. Leaving us with Nate... Poor, Nate

'Egg Shoe' Paradine stands alone... unknowing of what to do next... Change your shoes... you can start with that. Maybe even hose your bottom half off. It's only egg... not dog shit in a flaming bag. Finally, the Eggy Ausie escapes the egg puddle from hell, kicking both of the empty buckets in disgust. Egg Shoe takes off in the direction of the fleeing Cancer Jiles, also happens to be direction of the bathroom. Either work. We stay at the scene of the crime... a few minutes pass. Things have somewhat returned to normal. Nathan has yet to

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return. Maybe he took my advice. If so, good for him. The giant egg puddle remains in front of Nate's locker room, however, the commotion of the moment has come to pass. Then... Then magic happens. WOW! Mark Zylbert peeps his head out from behind a creeping open door. The door mind you, belongs to Nate's locker room. The GM looks disheveled... out of order. Wonder what... rather not think about it. The hallway, now clear of people, allows Mark a great opportunity to scurry off into the night (I hear them talk...) He goes to sneak out of the room when... SPLAT! Holy shit, you can't make this stuff up. Honest. Mark begins to unknowingly swim around in the egg puddle from hell...

"Wha... eggs? EGGS!?!?! DAMN YOU BANDITS!!!!!!!!!"

Happy 20th B-Day Slaughter. The Egg Bandits. We said good-bye to Level-One last week.

Jak Nemesis vs Cancer Jiles

"

cancerjiles" "Up next the Anarchy Championship, re-branded by the champion as the Cool Championship, will be on the line in an Anarchy rules math. It's simple, there are no rules. There are no disqualifications, falls count anywhere. It's as it sounds, pure Anarchy."

We switch backstage to see Cancer Jiles walking down a corridor with the title on his shoulder and Doozer close behind, who holds a carton of eggs.

As they pass an open door, Jak Nemesis steps out behind them with a rag in his hand. He quickly wraps it around

Doozer's face and holds it as Doozer swings his arms, dropping the carton of eggs.

Moments later, The Dooze is out cold as we can see from a distance behind Jiles. Nemesis quickly catches up with Jiles.

"Cancer Jiles is clueless!"

The camera switches to the outside of the curtain as George Thorogood's 'Bad to the Bone' begins to play. Cancer Jiles steps out and raises his arms to the fans as Jak Nemesis steps out silently behind him. A referee meets them at the top of the stage. Cancer turns towards 'Doozer' to see Jak.

"Jak Nemesis with a quick thumb to the eye of Cancer!"

Jiles drops his belt and grabs his eyes. Nemesis has the referee call for the bell. As it sounds he grabs Cancer's arm.

"Nemesis whips Jiles into the metal beams at the top of the ramp. This match has officially began!"

As Cancer stumbles back, he turns allowing Nemesis to scoop him up.

"Scoop slam on the unprotected floor at the top of the stage!"

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Cancer Jiles holds his back in pain. Jak Nemesis leaps up and drops a knee across the chest of his opponent. He then immediately begins to choke Cancer with both hands around his neck.

"Jak Nemesis has come into this Anarchy Championship match with a massive want to win, and if he continues this way, he just may do it!"

We flip backstage to see Mike Polowy watching a monitor, his belt is held close to him. The shot goes back live where Nemesis quits choking Cancer. He then lifts his head, and rams it into the ramp floor.

"Nemesis does know he does not have to kill Cancer Jiles to win, right?"

Jak gets to his feet. He pulls one of Cancer's legs up, then stomps his inner thigh.

"Jak Nemesis is dominating Cancer Jiles. Jak Nemesis wants that belt."

Jak grabs Cancer's head and lifts him to his feet.

"Knee to the gut of Cancer Jiles, followed by a side headlock. He applies pressure."

Cancer struggles. He is finally able to place his arms around Jak's waist and lift, tossing Jak forward. Jak Nemesis back hits the edge of the ramp, and he rolls off of the side. the camera watches him fall all the way down, crashing through a table with electronic equipment set up.

"My God. Cancer Jiles may have just killed Jak Nemesis."

The camera zooms in on Jak Nemesis and a crowd of EMTs and officials. 'Don't move his neck.' "I just shuddered, thinking back to Myles Jake incident just a few months ago."

Cancer stands at the top of the ramp looking down, he holds his hands on his hips. Down at the bottom, a stretcher is pulled out.

"The Anarchy Championship stands for this type of match. Total anarchy folks. These types of matches change men forever."

A few moments later, Jak has a neck brace put on and is placed on top of the stretcher.

"I guess chalk this up as a win for Cancer Jiles as he will retain the Anarchy Championship."

The camera watches Jak, who very slowly can be seen moving his arm. Cancer looks at him oddly. Jak holds his arm straight out and hand pointing up. He then raises his middle finger. The arena erupts.

"Jak Nemesis is giving Cancer Jiles a message!"

Slaughter: XX

Jiles yells with a rage before stepping back. He then runs at full speed, leaping off of the top of the ramp.

"MY GOD! SWANTON BOMB FROM THE STAGE THROUGH JAK NEMESIS!"

The arena is on fire as Cancer Jiles crashes through a possibly seriously injured Jak Nemesis on a stretcher.

"Both men are entangled in the surrounding electrical cord. They are mangled by electronics. My God... do I see blood? There is blood coming from someone."

We can see blood coming from an open cut on the back of Jak Nemesis.

"I don't know what to say fans. Neither man is moving. We have people checking on them, and we have to take a short commercial break. We'll be right back."

We go to commercial, as we return officials are still surrounding both men.

"Nothing has changed during the commercial as both men are still incapacitated."

Finally, Cancer Jiles can be seen being helped up. The fans begin cheering and clapping.

"Cancer Jiles is on his feet."

He raises his arm to the sky and the fans continue to yell. Behind him, Jak Nemesis begins to get up, against the wishes of the officials around him. On one knee he waits.

"Jak Nemesis has somehow gotten up, that laceration on his back is still bleeding."

Cancer turns around and Jak leaps forward, pushing through people and speaking Cancer, pushing him back and into several trash cans. Jak mounts Cancer and begins hitting him.

"All hell has broken loose. Jak Nemesis needs to be receiving medical attention but is instead still attacking Cancer Jiles. Why has the referee not called this match?"

Jiles blocks a punch and uses his hands to begin pushing the jaw of Jak Nemesis up, he finally rolls him off and is able to roll away and push himself up.

"Cancer Jiles to his feet. Jak Nemesis is getting back to his now. Nemesis launches himself at Jiles. Cancer grabs him and twist around, throwing Jak Nemesis into the side of the ramp area."

Jak stumbles away from Cancer a bit, heading more or less towards the ring area beside the ramp. He finally makes the cross over up to the actual ramp and heads down towards the ring.

"Jak Nemesis has lost a lot of blood. He needs to just chalk this one up as a loss and move on."

Slaughter: XX

Medical personal run up to Jak and try to talk to him. Suddenly, Cancer Jiles pushes through them and hits Jak in the back of the head. he then grabs him, and runs down the remaining feet, rolling Jak Nemesis into the ring.

"This match has finally made its way into the ring.

However, I have no idea how either of these men can continue on." Cancer climbs the steps and up the turnbuckle. Jak gets to his feet and turns as Cancer leaps.

"Dropkick from the top rope... NO! Jak Nemesis moves!"

Cancer lands on his feet, seemingly twisting his ankle.

He throws his hands up as in pleading Jak to hold on. He hops on one foot and rubs his ankle he landed on. Finally, Jak heads towards him anyways.

"Cancer Jiles is in trouble now."

Right as Jak gets in range, Cancer throws his foot down backs up one step and lunges forward with a super kick. The crowd erupts.

"He was playing possum!"

Jak just crumples to his knees, and falls to the mat. Cancer rolls him over and covers him, hooking the leg.

"The referee counts and we have a winner! Cancer Jiles retains the Anarchy Championship!"

Medical personal rush the ring, aiding Jak Nemesis, whose blood stains the mat. We get a variety of highlights from the match.

"What a bloody match that was. I am surprised neither of these men died. I can not say that Jak Nemesis isn't seriously injured or that Cancer Jiles wont be feeling that in the morning."

We zoom in on Jak being hoisted onto the second stretcher of the night before going to commercial. As we return, Cancer Jiles is in the ring with his championship belt watching as they roll Jak up the ramp. At the top of the ramp the stretcher stops and we can see Nemesis saying something to the medical personal. He then moves his arm over and raises his hand, flipping Cancer Jiles off again.

"Nemesis isn't finished provoking the man who is sending him to the hospital!"

Cancer's eyes grow wide. He throws his championship down and runs, sliding out of the ring and up the ramp.

As the staff push the stretcher to the back, Cancer disappears through the curtains as well.

Slaughter: XX

"I've never seen a man go through what Jak nemesis just did and still want more! We have to take one more commercial break, we'll be right back."

We fade to another commercial.

And now, another Public Service Announcement from Jill Berg

"

jillberg" Announcer Guy: "And now, a public service announcement from Jill Berg."

Jill Berg stands in front of an animal shelter. JILL: "Hi. I'm Jill Berg for the 'Guard Dogs for the Poor' Foundation. One of the goals of 'Guard Dogs for the Poor' to facilitate positive interactions between neighbors by creating a safe neighborhood for everyone. 'Guard Dogs for the Poor' goes to local pet shelters and find dogs to train into guard dogs."

Scene shifts to inside a dog training facility. JILL: "Thousands of dogs are trained every month to be matched up with a poor family and help provide a safe, comforting presence. The dogs go through specialized training before they are released to the family..."

A handler works with a dog. JILL: "Here, the dog is trained to immediately identify an intruder inside the house and the appropriate way to respond."

A life-size cardboard cut-out of Michael Vick is wheeled into view. The dog growls and immediately takes off. He leaps and bites the cardboard cut-out in the balls and tears it in half. JILL: "Now, the dog is taught how to appropriately interact with children."

Scene changes to a split second of a dog humping the handler's leg, followed by a quick scene shift to the same dog, obviously sedated, laying in a child's lap being petted. Scene changes to Jill walking down the hallway of a house. JILL: "There are some important rules to follow if you take in one of these animals. The big one is to take responsibility for your pet and never paw it off...ha...ha...on someone else. These dogs will literally give their lives to protect yours. Treat them with the respect they-"

The hostile growl of a dog interrupts her. Jill looks into a room. One of the guard dogs has spotted her and seems to have unpleasant intentions. JILL: "Oh...snap." Scene changes to Jill and several children. Jill has a large bandage on her right arm. JILL: "So, support the 'Guard Dogs for the Poor' foundation. I'm Jill Berg, reminding you that...I'm not just wrestling for me- I'm wrestling for the children!"

CHILDREN: "JILLLLLLL-BERG!...JILLLLLLL-BERG!...JILLLLLLL-BERG!"

The Sexy Finish

"

nathanparadine" Nathan Paradine is shown walking backstage, covered from head to toe in dried egg. Snarling he rubs his hand over his arm, yellow flakes fluttering away in his wake. He pauses and places his hands on his hips, shaking his head.

Slaughter: XX

"First I was violated by Bertha... then I was egged by The Egg Bandits... I'm the DREAM Honorary Super Champion, dammit! I shouldn't have to put up with this kind of crap!"

Shaking his head, he walks into the showers and strips off his soiled trunks, however thanks to some very clever camera angles we're spared from seeing anything inappropriate. Flinging the last of his egg-soaked gear onto the bench, he runs a hand over his shaven head and disappears into the showers. Running water can be heard, and for several moments nothing happens. Suddenly the door to the showers open and a good-looking man walks in, a mop of blonde hair falling down into his face. Dressed in tight jeans and a bright pink shirt which reads "Deliveries in Rear", he glances around and frowns.

"Oh... looks like I took a wrong turn somewhere!" he says in a high pitched, almost girlish voice. He looks around again, then notices Nathan's gear sitting on a bench. He reaches up and starts to massage his chest, breathing heavily.

"Oh... oh my. I'd heard the men here in DREAM were dirty, but nothing like this!"

Giggling to himself, he walks over to Nathan's trunks and picks them up, burying his face in the crotch area and inhaling deeply. As he does this Nathan Paradine walks into view, a towel wrapped around his waist. He halts at the sight of the man sniffing his trunks, his eyes boggling.

"S-Simon Marks!? What the bloody hell are you doing here!?"

The blonde man jumps and looks at Nathan, before lifting his hand and sticking a knuckle seductively in his mouth.

"Well, look at you, you stud of a-" "Yeah, I don't want to hear it. Just get the hell outta here, all right? Aren't you meant to be in England with Hostility?" "I can be anywhere you want me to be, baby."

Marks starts to massage his visibly erect nipples, and Nathan stiffens.

"Get. Out. Now."

He points towards the door. Marks sticks his tongue out and walks towards Nathan, who slowly backs away.

"No, no, stay away from me... MARKS! STAY AWAY! I'm the DREAM Honorary Super Champion!" "Mm... Tonight, you're going to be my Super Champion, hehehe!"

Now come here you sexy thing, I promise it won't hurt... much." Nathan suddenly bolts forwards and pushes past Marks, racing out into the corridor outside. As he does so Marks grabs his towel and rips it off, sending a naked Paradine running outside. Several horrified female shrieks are heard, along with Nathan's frantic apologies, before the scene cuts back to the ring.

Mike Polowy vs. Doozer

Slaughter: XX

"
doozer" The steel cage hangs above the ring as the camera zooms in on it.

"Main event time folks. The DREAM Championship will be on the line inside of that steel cage that will surround the ring."

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. MPlow flexes a bicep, before slapping himself several times on the chest and pointing towards the ring. Smirking, he takes a cocky, casual stride down to the ring, carefully hopping up the ring steps, ducking under the second rope and sauntering into the ring. 'We made you' by Eminem begins to play as the fans pop like crazy. However, Doozer is nowhere to be found.

"Doozer was knocked out, presumably with chloroform, before Cancer Jile's match earlier by Jak Nemesis. He may still be out as we have not seen him since!"

Finally, Doozer stumbles through the curtains, obviously disoriented. He makes his way down the ramp, losing his footing some. Once up the steps and in the ring, the cage begins to lower. Mike Polowy just smiles.

"The champion knows Doozer isn't at 100%, hell he doesn't even appear to be at 70%. I am sure that Mike Polowy will use that to his advantage."

Finally, the cage is completely lowered, and the bell sounds to begin the match.

"The way to win this match is by pin, submission, or exiting the cage by climbing over it. Remember, Mike

Polowy's DREAM Championship is on the line." Polowy makes the first move as he rushes Doozer with an elbow shot to the side of the head. Doozer falls to one knee.

"Fairness is out the window folks, Doozer shouldn't even be out here."

Mike steps back and runs, punting Doozer in the head, effectively knocking him to the mat and possibility out. The fans boo.

"Doozer is out. This.. this is just unacceptable. I think we need to post phone this match."

Mike Polowy places his hands on his hips and smirks. He could go ahead and end it with a pin now, but where would the excitement be? The fans came to see someone win by climbing the cage. That is exactly where he heads.

Slaughter: XX

"The champion choosing to win the match via climbing out of the cage. Typical Polowy, he has to win in what he thinks is style. I think it's just him being cocky."

Mike continues to climb, once to the top he sits there, looking down at Doozer, still not moving. he shakes his head and throws his leg over to climb down. The fans pop.

"What's this?"

Five-Zero-One is jetting down the ramp. Polowy notices him once he grabs the steel and begins to climb up.

"501 is here!"

Mike tries to hurry down, but 501 is up the cage. Mike attempts to kick at him, but misses. Finally, he decides to get away and head back over the top. Once on the very top, he is greeted by Patient Five-Zero-One.

"Both men up top now. 501 exchanges punches with the DREAM Champion."

In the ring, Doozer is coming to. he pushes himself up, slowly, holding his head in pain. On the top, they continue to go at it with lefts and rights.

"Five-Zero-One blocks a right. He cocks back and sends his elbow into the side of Mike Polowy's head!"

Mike's body shoots up and he leans towards the inside of the ring. 501 hits two big punches into his side, sending Mike Polowy from the top of the cage, crashing down to the mat. The fans explode.

"Mike Polowy just fell from the top of the cage!" 501 re-positions himself then looks down at Polowy.

"Five-Zero-One looks to be ready to take a risk, HE DOES! HE LEAPS FROM THE TOP!" 501 soars, landing on Polowy.

"BIG SPLASH FROM THE TOP OF THE CAGE!"

Five-Zero-One holds his own mid section and rolls out of the way. Doozer stands up, stumbles and turns before falling, attempting to pin 501.

"Wrong guy Dooze!"

The referee grabs Doozer's shoulder, he shakes his head and looks down to see he isn't covering Mike Polowy.

"Doozer doesn't seem to know what's going on."

Doozer looks over and sees Mike. He turns and covers him. The referee drops to count.

Slaughter: XX

"Kick out at two!"

Doozer gets up, he seems to be coming to as he grabs Mike Polowy's head and begins to pull him up. Polowy jabs a thumb into his eye.

"Mike Polowy wanting to regain control. I'm sure he wishes he'd just pinned Doozer when he had the chance now."

Mike gets up as Doozer stumbles back. He runs at The Superman. Doozer sees him in time, side steps, and lifts Polowy, sending him into the side of the cage. The fans pop.

"Doozer slowley but surely getting an offense going."

Mike bounces off of the side of the cage and stumbles back, he turns allowing Doozer to scoop him up then slam him down. The fans pop again. 501 makes his way to his feet. He and Doozer exchange a few words.

"There are no disqualifications in this match, we could see a two on one officially emerge."

Doozer pats 501 on the shoulder and it can be seen he is assuring him that he's 'got this'. 501 nods and they shake hands.

"Five-Zero-One is climbing the cage. Doozer wants this to be one on one. He is back folks."

Mike Polowy begins to get up, Doozer runs at him, lifting his knee.

"Knee to the jaw of the champion, sending him back to the mat."

Doozer waste no time as he lifts the legs of Mike Polowy. He holds them up and looks to the crowd before leaning back and falling to the mat.

"Sling shot! Mike Polowy flies into the side of the cage again."

This time, Mike just crumples to the mat. Doozer stands tall looking out to the chanting fans. They want all so bad for their favorite to win and go home with the gold. Doozer begins to think it may actually be possible. He looks down at Mike and gets a bright idea. Insult to injury seems the way to go for the man who, Doozer considers, stole the title from him.

"Doozer stands behind Polowy. He lifts his legs up, what is he doing?"

Doozer steps over Mike's arms.

"He isn't... he is! Doozer is going to hit the Mike Effect on Mike Polowy!"

Slaughter: XX

The fans erupt. However, their celebration is cut short when Mike begins to kick his legs. Doozer loses his grip, and Polowy is able to throw his body weight forward, to not only get his feet to the mat, but lift Doozer above him and over.

"Incredible back body drop by Mike Polowy. You have to hand it to him, the champion may be an ass, but he is one of the best wrestlers in the business today."

Polowy points to his head as in telling the fans how smart he is. We see in the background 501 at the top of the ramp. Suddenly, Mad Max is out. He grabs 501 and yanks him to the back.

"Polowy strikes a quick pose as Mad Max has just pulled 501 to the back at the top of the ramp! What does he plan to do now?!"

The crowd boos as Polowy shrugs them off.

"The DREAM Champion lifts Doozer to his feet and hooks his arm around The Dooze's neck. he lifts. Polowy displays his strength, holding Doozer vertically. There he goes! HUGE SUPLEX!"

Much crowd heat.

"Mike Polowy covers Doozer, hooking the leg. The referee drops to count. This may be it."

Doozer is somehow able to kick out at two.

"That had to be two and seven tenths there. Amazing!"

Polowy sits up on his knees, anger comes across his face. He reaches down, and with both hands begins to frantically choke Doozer. Almost sadistically.

"Totally legal in this match, but highly unethical. Especially from someone who represents DREAM as a champion."

Mike begins to pick up and slam Doozer down while choking him, seemingly trying to bash his skull in. The referee tries to pull him off, but it seems that the champion has snapped.

"After weeks of mind games, friends turning on him, and stress, I believe Mike Polowy has lost it folks."

He finally lets go. Doozer lays, holding his throat, trying to gasp for air as Mike Polowy gets to his feet.

"Polowy stomps away at The Dooze. It almost seems as if we are witnessing a massacre right before our eyes. I can barely watch."

Slaughter: XX

Forcefully, Mike Polowy yanks Doozer to his feet. He grabs his arm and sends him across the ring.

"Irish whip, Doozer off of the ropes and on the return. Caught by Polowy, hip tos... no, reversed. Doozer is able to toss Polowy over and into a standing arm bar."

He applies pressure as Polowy lets out a scream of pain.

"Doozer trying to get back on track. Polowy has taken every opportunity he has had to wear down The Dooze since he entered the ring. Doozer just needs to find his groove."

Mike is able to push his way up, and roll under Doozer's arm, placing his own arm behind him.

"Reversal by Polowy."

Still holding Doozer's arm behind him, Mike takes his free arm and wraps it around Doozer's neck from behind. He then sweeps The Superman's feet, sending Doozer down to the mat.

"Interesting take on the inverted DDT by the champion, and very effective."

Polowy grabs Doozer's head and pulls him up. He hooks both arms under Doozers.

"It looks like

Polowy may be going for Doozer's trademark, The Abuser, now!" Extreme fan heat as the crowd can't bare to watch Mike Polowy perform Doozer's move. Out of nowhere, they do not have to.

"Doozer fights it, he test his own strength limitations and lifts, both arms still hooked in with Mike's. Polowy up and over, what an amazing suplex variation for the reversal!"

The entire crowd is on their feet. Doozer lays, trying to catch his breath. Polowy joins him by doing the same.

"These two men are giving it their all. There MUST be a winner. There MUST be no doubt. They are proving that is exactly what they want as well. The better man to come through and go home with the gold!"

Both men begin to push themselves, they must beat the other to their feet. Everyone is on edge, not knowing who will make it.

"Both men up, there they go! Rights and lefts are exchanged. Any man can win it, any man can become victorious at this point! They must push themselves to the limit and back!

By the power behind each blow, I can tell, that is what they are doing!" Doozer hits a right so hard that Polowy is turned completely around. Doozer takes this as an opportunity to get ahead.

Slaughter: XX

"Doozer grabs Mike Polowy's head and runs."

The fans pop as Doozer lifts Polowy and almost throws him through the cage. Mike hits with such a force that his forehead is cut open by the unforgiving steel. He steps backwards and into Doozer's grasp.

"Doozer lifts Polowy up and falls back."

Mike's back hits the mat with a force that sends his legs straight up and his whole body over, landing him face down. Doozer turns and pushes himself up. He heads to the nearby corner post.

"Doozer climbs the post to the top turnbuckle."

Mike Polowy begins to get up. As he is up on his feet, Doozer leaps.

"Double axe handle smash by the veteran!"

Polowy is sent directly back to the mat as the fans pop. Doozer rushes to his feet. He looks at Polowy, then to the cage. It is time.

"Doozer to the side of the cage, he's going for the win!"

Slowly, Doozer begins to climb. Inching his way up. Inside the ring, Mike Polowy pushes himself up. He looks and sees the head start that his opponent has and makes his way to the cage.

"Mike Polowy now climbing!"

The fans are on the edge of their seats as both men force themselves to push through the pain, through their exhaustion. Their adrenaline and desire to win the only thing keeping them going.

"Both men climbing. Either man can take it."

They both reach the top. Both men push themselves up and arrive in a sitting position at the very top.

"Both men are at the top of the cage!"

They both scoot towards each other and begin exchanging punches again.

"I can't take it anymore, it is literally anyone's match! I can't believe that Mark Zylbert is giving this pay per view caliber match away on free television!"

They lay into each other. By this time, Mike Polowy's busted head has turned his face into a bloody mess.

Slaughter: XX

"Doozer grabs the arm of Polowy, Irish whip followed by a big boot!" Doozer points to the top turnbuckle.

"The Superman wants to fly!"

As he begins to climb, Mike is able to use the ropes and pull himself up. He runs over and follows Doozer up the turnbuckle. As Doozer sits on the top, Mike stands on the second.

"They exchange punches from corner post!"

The fans chant Doozer on. Mike knocks him good enough to daze the Dooze and adjust himself to face away from Doozer.

"What is he doing?"

Doozer leans over to grab Polowy, but Mike yanks him down. He places a leg over each swinging arm and leaps forward and out.

"HOLY CRAP! INVERTED MIKE EFFECT FROM THE MIDDLE TURNBUCKLE!"

Doozer and Mike hit the mat with authority. Polowy quickly hooks the leg of the challenger and the referee drops to count.

"I don't think that has ever been done before!"

The referee count the three. The bell sounds and Mike Polowy's music hits.

"Polowy retains the DREAM Championship after a mind blowing end!"

As he is handed the title, Mike Polowy holds it high and stands above Doozer. A smirk comes across his face as he turns to show the rest of the audience his championship. Down the ramp runs Mad Max. he slides into the ring and congratulates

Polowy, raising his arm in victory. We shoot backstage to see 501, this time in a corner rocking, before heading back to the ring. the camera pans in on Max and Polowy as we fade to black.

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