

Slaughter: XXI

October 19, 2009 | WesBanco Arena - Wheeling, West Virginia

XXI

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Slaughter XXI

19 Oct 2009

WesBanco Arena,

Wheeling, West Virginia (seats 7,800)

Introduction

The DREAM logo appears across the screen then explodes into the Monday Night Slaughter on HOTv logo. Next a new intro video package begins to air set to Drake ft. Kayne West, Lil Wayne, and Eminem's . We get superstar shots of everyone currently on the Slaughter roster with different action shots in a dark blue tint. 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 WesBanco Arena in Wheeling, West Virginia." The camera pans across the fans holding signs and screaming.

"Tonight we have some exciting matches set for you. From a submission match that features The Australian Submission Machine, a best of three match with two up and comers. Even our DREAM Champion will be in action in a non title match up. Anything is possible tonight as Slaughter continues to be the hottest show in professional wrestling on television today!"

We fade into a Pay per View spot for Golden Dreams.

Who to egg?

"

cancerjiles" We begin The Egg Bandits evening backstage. They arrived early for this Mondays Slaughter taping to better acquaint themselves with the arenas backstage surroundings. Why would they need to familiarize themselves

I know why. Silly me. CCJ and Doozy are the only visible Bandits in play. The two superstars are donning street clothes, as they mosey around the backstage area. Doozy, holding a piece of paper in his right hand, seems to be the navigator on this backstage excursion. Wonder what's on that piece of paper? Maybe a rematch clause to screw Mike out of the belt nah, he

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s not that gay. Mr. Cool, wielding the now customary carton of jumbo eggs leads in...

"I think I
m still hung over
what a bender. Damn double shots get me every time. Who we clowning again tonight?" Doozer lets out a
sigh, an unfocused Mr. Cool translates to most of the heavy lifting being done by The Old Man
Come on CCJ
snap to. We
re facing the Vegas Pirates of Poon. They seem like the kind of guys we should take seriously." "Poon
eh? Maybe if we take it easy on them
next time we
re in Vegas, they could hook it up with mad bitches and what not. This past week binge really put a dent in
my wallet." "You
re the one who demanded top shelf everything, this time it
s all your fault
Mr. Cool, DEAL WITH
IT!" Is that CPZ? Nah, just Doozer stealing lines again.

"Ok, right here is where Maxy Pad
s locker room is
mark it." CCJ pops open the carton of yolky-ness and attempts to fire an egg against Mel Gibson
s 9th alter egos
locker room door.

"Is he really staying in a cardboard box?"

Doozer looks down at the piece of paper
Says right here
unless this is wrong, that he is. So yeah, he is a bum, not to far fetched I guess." Cancer, then marks the
Bandits first target.

"Done, whose next?"

Doozer runs his finger down the piece of paper
s locker room is down the hall. Let
s mark his next." The two men head down the hall a bit; once again, Mr. Cool reaches into the carton
Take this Poo-Bear!" This time firing FOUR eggs at the door.

"Easy Jiles, we got two more rooms to mark. Polowy
s locker-room is three door
s down." The men take a few steps
Cancer then asks
The ladies bathroom?" Doozer laughs

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Nah, but it should be egg it anyway. You can never be to sure with The Dyke Effect." A lone egg crashes into the door of the ladies room. Then the Bandits continue on their journey.

"Hey, this is 501 s room mark it." CCJ looks over at the Dooze, and says before cocking his arm back You sure you want to Too late, Doozer reaches into the open carton, plucking the jumbo egg that most caught his eye. Then of course, eggs 501 s door. He then says to CJ Not like he is going to remember us egging him anyway." Cancer nods his head in agreement.

"Is that it? We got Maxy Pad, Jak-Attack, Polowinsky, and eh, NEGATIVE 501. Anyone else you feel like egging tonight?"

Doozer pauses and begins to rub his chin, the faces consisting of the Slaughter roster run through his mind like a rolodex

Maybe one more but there is no need to mark his door. I know where to find him." The Egg Bandits are ready. I guess that leaves us with s up first?

Handiwork Revealed
"

eggbandits" The voice of Cancer Jiles, the current COOL Champion, is heard just outside as he says, "The ladies

bathroom?" Someone, has to be either Doozer or Whammy Jammy, laughs in response before saying, "Nah, but it should be

Egg it anyway. You can never be to sure with the Dyke Effect." A lone egg hits the door of the ladies room before the Egg Bandits disappear down the hall. As they get further away the door to the ladies room opens up and out walks recent Dream signee Mad Max, a big brown paper bag, with it s top rolled shut, tucked under his arm, steps out into the hall looking at the yoke slowly oozing down the door. Max chuckles to himself at the mess before turning the opposite direction of the Egg Bandits and heads back to his locker room. As he walks down the hall he sees the door of Jak Nemesis covered in battered eggs causing Max to chuckle once more at the juvenile behavior. Whistling a little tune Max continues down the hall but as he reaches his locker room the whistling stops, the chuckle doesn't come, for there lies his precious cardboard box covered in eggs. If you know anything about a bum it should be this, his possessions are prized and cherished! Something as small as a cardboard box to some is regarded as the Taj Mahal to a guy like Max! Looking down at the box, flattened out, covered in egg, yoke, shell and all, a single tear begins to trickle down the cheek of the one known as Mad Max. The cameras fade out as we fade to commercial break.

Jak Nemesis vs Mad Max

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jaknemesi" Mad Max's music begins to play and the lights flash different variations of red. The big screen says 'Lets get ready to get HOSTILE!' followed by the name 'MAD MAX' bursting through them. Max steps out from the back. He heads towards the ring.

"Mad Max making his DREAM debut against a man last week who went to a whole new level on his journey through the top ranks of the promotion. The man who holds a title shot at any time in his grasp. Mad Max will square off with Jak Nemesis."

Max slides under the bottom rope and into the ring. He pops to his feet and runs to a nearby corner, up the turnbuckle. As he throws his arms out to pose, the lights go normal and his music fades. 'Halo' by SOiL begins to play and the fans give a respect pop for Jak Nemesis as he steps out. His ribs are taped and his back can be seen as it was possibly stitched. He makes his way down the ramp, with an obvious discomfort in every step.

"That man right there deserves a lot of respect folks as he delivered a beating to the Anarchy Champion, then took some of the most painful bumps I have seen in my career."

Jak slowly walks up the steps and enters the ring. he stand sin the middle, with both middle fingers raised in the air, most likely a message towards Cancer Jiles.

"Jak Nemesis still visually showing the effects last week after his insane match with Cancer Jiles. How he is even here tonight amazes me."

We get a few replays of his last match before returning live. The bell sounds to start the match.

"Before last week, I would have said these two men have contrasting styles. But after Jak Nemesis' performance last week, I'd say he can hang with the likes of Mad Max."

The two men lock up. Mad Max pushes away from Jak Nemesis, grabs his head and headbutts him, hard.

"Nemesis to the mat from the force of that shot by Max."

Max grabs one of Jak's legs, yanking up and to the side, lifting Jak a few inches as he tosses him over with one leg. He then mounts the back of Jak Nemesis and begins punching where Nemesis is stitched.

"Max displaying how violent he is early on."

Jak's stitches pop and blood begins to spill.

"Remember folks, this is a standard rules match. The referee could call this one early if he feels that Jak Nemesis can not continue."

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Max grabs the back of Jak's head, lifts it, and slams his face hard into the mat before getting up.

"As quick as Mad Max gets up, he leaps and drops a big leg across the back of Jak Nemesis."

Max turns Jak over and covers him.

"Max wanting to go home early as he goes for the cover. Kick out at two." "Max gets back to his feet and lifts Jak up, he grabs his arm and sends him into the ropes.

As Jak returns, Mad Max pulls back and punches him with a tight closed fist, dropping Jak Nemesis. The referee warns Max on his use of a tight closed fist."

Jak holds his head then roles over. As he begins pushing himself up, Mad Max runs at him. In desperation, he comes up and brings Max down with a dragon cork legwhip, rolling him into a pin where he places all of his weight on the legs of Mad Max, pushing his shoulders to the mat.

"Pin attempt by Jak Nemesis, kick out by Max at two. Both men are zero for one."

Jak uses the ropes to get up as Mad Max gets to his feet as well.

"Mad Max runs at Jak Nemesis. Jak scoops him up and slams him over to the mat. Nemesis isn't out of this yet!"

Nemesis gets up, leaping in the air, and coming down with a big knee drop into the chest of Mad Max. As he gets up, he pulls Max with him.

"Elbow by Jak Nemesis to the temple of Mad Max, followed by another."

He grabs his arm and goes to whip Max, who stops him in his tracks, turns and pulls Jak Nemesis into a boot. Mad Max hooks both arms of Jak Nemesis and lifts him up into a double under hook power bomb position. He runs forward.

"Mad Max going for The Overdose!"

Jak is able to squirm and break free of max's lock on his arms as he leaps and sits out. Jak falls behind Max, landing down to his knees, yelping in pain as Max hits the mat hard with his bottom, his eyes open wide.

"Jak Nemesis is able to counter The Overdose! Somehow he is able to get free!"

Nemesis tries to get up, but his knees give in and he goes down to the mat on them. Max works his way over to the ropes and pulls himself up, limping a bit from landing hard.

Finally, Jak Nemesis is able to fully get up, blood still staining his back. He turns slowly, the pain seen on his face as mad max runs at him.

"Mad Max with a clothesline that almost takes Jak Nemesis' head off!"

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Max continues running, bouncing off of the ropes. He leaps up and comes down with an elbow, but Nemesis moves. Max yells as his elbow hits the mat.

"Jak Nemesis able to move at the last moment."

Jak gets up and goes toward Max, who in turn lunges up, grabs Jak's legs and yanks back, sending his back to the mat. He lifts Jak's legs up and pulls him at an angle applying pressure to his back as it curves and pinning his shoulders to the mat. The referee drops to count.

"Intriguing pin by Mad Max. he could have it here."

Jak is able to thrust his upper body up, breaking the pin, but also slamming his upper back to the mat hard as he comes down.

"That may have done more harm than good as the referee counts again."

Jak thrust up again to break the pin, but once again comes down hard on his upper back. Blood comes from his back at a more steady pace.

"Jak Nemesis busted open wound now seems to be getting worse. I feel the referee may stop this match soon if a pin is not made."

Mad Max lifts Jak up, still holding those legs and twist with speed, releasing him.

"Nemesis flies across the ring."

As he hits the mat, the momentum allows him to roll under the bottom rope and out to the floor. He gets to one knee and holds himself up using the apron, trying to gather himself.

"Jak Nemesis trying to get himself together to finish this match."

Mad Max runs and slides under the ropes to the outside. He quickly grabs the back of Jak's head and slams it into the corner of the apron. He goes to do it again, but Jak stops him, pulls away from his grasp, grabs Max's head and sends it into the corner of the apron.

"Jak Nemesis returns the favor to Mad Max, introducing his head to the apron."

Jak grabs Max's arm, and whips him hard, sending him into the nearby steel steps which make a loud bang as he hits.

"Nemesis needs to capitalize on this and try to pull off the win."

The referee continues to count inside the ring as Jak runs at Max, he lifts his leg to connect with

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Max's jaw as Max had just used the steps to lean up on. As Jak backs away, Mad Max falls to the floor.

"Jak Nemesis rolls back into the ring. If Mad Max can not get up soon, he will lose via count out."

Max begins to push himself up. Jak sees this and takes a risk to put his opponent out for good as he runs, grabs the top rope and sends himself flying over the top. He soars down and lands into the clutches of Mad Max who then immediately runs, slamming Jak's back into the corner post. he drops Jak, who lays on the floor in pain.

"Max now back in the ring. I don't think Jak Nemesis will be able to get up in time as the referee counts."

Jak uses the steps to pull himself up to one knee. He holds his head in pain but is able to shake it off as he rolls back into the ring, and into the grasp of Max who lifts him to his feet by his head.

"Jak Nemesis with a boot to the gut of Mad Max!"

He leaps forward, grabbing both arms, and falling back with a Double Arm DDT.

"Euthanasia out of nowhere! Where did Jak muster up the strength for that?!"

The crowd goes crazy. he rolls Max over and covers him. He counts along as the referee's hand slaps three.

"Jak Nemesis pulls off the win! Jak Nemesis!"

The bell sounds. We get a few replays before going live to Jak Nemesis having his hand raised by the referee.

"Jak Nemesis is back on track after a big upset last week. Where is the next step for him as he literally holds his own future in his hand in the form of a ready made contract."

We cut to our second commercial of the night.

Counter-Attack

"

madmax" After a grueling match with Jak Nemesis Mad Max is seen backstage walking down the halls with that same dirty brown paper sack tucked under his arm. His visage is locked in a scowl as he storms down the hall looking into every open door he passes, obviously looking for something or someone.

Further down the hall the Cool Champion Mr. Cool, Cancer Jiles and Doozer, combined as the eGG Bandits enter the hall from their locker room. The two stop in their tracks as they meet eye to eye with Mad Max. A smile slowly spreads on the face of Mad Max, but instead of getting nervous the eGG Bandits simply smile back as if egging Mad Max on.

"You got something to say to the eGG Bandits?"

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Cancer Jiles taunts. Max pulls his brown sack out, slowly reaching his free hand inside. Cancer and Doozer share a look wondering just what could be inside the bag, but their unasked questions are answered second later when he withdraws his hand revealing a big pile of human feces resting in his palm!

"What the

Doozer and Cancer stutter together as Max cocks his hand back and then whips it forward launching the poo across the empty space between the two forces!

"WOAH!"

Doozer and Cancer shout out as they turn and make a run for it. Doozer reaches out and shoves Cancer out of his way just as another shot of poo flies inches in front of his face! The third shot barely misses the fleeing Cancer, both men shoving each other to avoid being the open man!

Soon both men disappear down the hall leaving Mad Max standing there with a sinister look on his face. With his targets gone, Max turns his head and sees the door the two had just walked out of. A nameplate hangs on the wall next to the

door, it reads: eGG

Bandits. Without a knock, Max opens the door with his poo covered hand shouting as he enters, "Oh Whammy Jammy

Anyone home?" As the door closes behind Mad Max, all that can be heard is a high pitched squeal, more like a death keel followed by the low rumblings of Max's laughter.

Nathan Paradine vs. T-Money

"

tmoney" '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. He has a huge advantage in this match as submissions is his specialty, and that's the only way to win this match."

Paradine slides into the ring and pops to his feet. His music fades out as both men get ready for the match. 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.

"Nathan Paradine 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.

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

Paradine 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 make Paradine submit and if he can do it early he may have a chance."

Paradine reaches for the bottom rope and grabs it.

"T-Money unwillingly releases Paradine from the cross face, maneuvers to his feet."

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

Once up, Paradine turns to see

T-Money charge him.

"Paradine catches T-Money in a belly to belly position. Suplex! That was executed perfectly." "Nathan Paradine heading to the top turnbuckle. He measures T-Money up and leaps... Big head butt!"

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

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

Irish whip into the corner. He follows up, BIG

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

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

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

Nathan Paradine pulls T-Money to his feet again.

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

Paradine 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. Nathan Paradine tries to hold on as T-Money smashes him repeatedly. T-Money grabs Paradine's head in a lock, and pushes off using the ropes, turning in the air. The crowd roars.

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"HUGE DDT FROM THE TOP! Nathan Paradine 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 Paradine. Where is he going now?"

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

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

Next he grabs both of Paradine's legs and yanks the back, smashing his manhood.

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

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

"NATHAN PARADINE MOVES! SOMEHOW HE MOVED!"

T-Money rolls around on the mat holding his knees in pain. Nathan Paradine 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.

"Paradine puts Money out with that DDT."

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

"A dangerous DDT that was, 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. Nathan Paradine does not look happy as a knock out is just as good as a submission."

The circle each other before locking up.

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

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

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"Cross

Face, Nathan Paradine locking in a move used on him earlier looking for the tap out." T-Money is able to reach the bottom rope as he grabs it, and holds on.

"Paradine to his feet. He stomps the upper back and neck of T-Money before grabbing his head and lifting him up."

Nathan Paradine whips T-Money into the turnbuckle.

"He follows up with a running elbow smash."

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

"Nathan Paradine pushes T-Money back, and with force whips him across the ring. No, reversal by T-Money. Paradine 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 Paradine, until he slumps down.

"T-Money's momentum is halted early as Nathan Paradine grabs up under his legs and lifts. He runs, spinebuster."

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

"Nathan Paradine 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.

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

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

"Nathan

Paradine 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."

The referee watches the outside, unsure if he should count as both men may be considered as knocked out.

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

We get a replay of T-Money flying though. Both men finally begin getting to their feet. As they do they go at each other.

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

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

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

T-Money chops Paradine's chest, before whipping him across the return.

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

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

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

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

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

Both men quickly turn around.

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

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

"Reversal by T-Money with the suplex."

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

"T-Money not showing any fear or mercy as he faces a man who is made for this type of match."

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

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

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

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"Nathan Paradine 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 Paradine 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 Nathan Paradine enough to reverse the hold.

"Inverted figure four by T-Money!"

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

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

Paradine 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 Paradine's head, and pulls him to his feet.

"Big chop by T-Money that leaves Nathan'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, Paradine falls face first to the mat.

T-Money mounts Paradine, placing his hands under Paradine'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."

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Paradine struggles, somehow able to loosen T-Money's fingers.

"He slips out of money's grasp.

" Paradine grabs the ropes and begins to pull himself to his feet. T-Money gets up himself.

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

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

"A couple big rights to keep Paradine subdued."

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

"T-Money is in full control!"

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

"This could go anywhere, but must be finished in the ring."

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

"Atomic Drop outta nowhere!"

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

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

T-Money stomps away at Paradine 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 count Paradine as knocked out, but is denied as it is not in the ring.

"The referee is sticking to his guns on this match must be finished inside the ring!"

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

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

Money grabs Paradine and goes to whip him, but it is reversed and T-Money is sent running down the ramp,

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towards the ring.

"With nowhere to go, T-Money is able to stop himself. Nathan heads down to meet him near the ring as they exchange more vicious punches."

Nathan Paradine takes control, and grabs T-Money's arm, turning him around and rolling him into the ring, following in himself.

"Paradine lifts T-Money to his knees. He looks down at Money, who just sways."

Nathan falls back to the mat in front of T-Money, placing his leg up across the throat of T-Money, wrapping his other and pulling Money's head in.

"Mark of Judas! T-Money waste no time, he's tapping! T-Money just tapped!"

Paradine lets go, tossing T-Money back. he rolls over and to his feet as the bell sounds and his music hits.

"Nathan Paradine does what he does best, and makes T-Money tap."

We get a few replays before fading.

Another... miss-egging?

"

doozer" We cut live to the scurrying Bandits

Doozer and CCJ are in view, each of them trying to catch their breathe after narrowly escaping the Mad Max SHIT STORM. Both men take a second to gather themselves, making sure no feces came to rest on their beings. After a thorough inspection, and a

CLEAN bill of health, The Egg Bandits once again are back on the prowl. Where will the Bandits find their first victim of the

night? The two men, about to turn the down a hallway when Mr. Cool reaches back, stopping Doozy in his tracks, he says...

"Wait

There he is

look at the dope, doesn

t remember what locker-room is his." The Bandits, peeping around the corner gaze upon 501. The target stands alone, trapped by the isolation of his own mind. His head swiveling from right to left, in a back and forth motion. Door number one

Door number two

Door number one

Door number two

You get the point. Finally, 501 throws caution to the wind and arrives at a decision after contemplating which of the two doors to open. Sometimes in life, even the simplest of tasks can prove to be the toughest of

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challenges. He reaches out, grabs the handle and goes to twist
Locked.

"Hahaha, wrong one. Man, this is sad Doozy

lets egg this guy all ready

m starting to feel bad for him." Doozer, nodding his head in agreement gets his egging shoes on and locks in. The two men acting as if they were walking on egg shells begin to unnecessarily zig and zag their way over to Cloud 501. Doozer, whispering to Mr. Cool

I got this." Mr. Cool

s usual shit eating grin widens

He who casts the first egg

The two Bandits are now at optimal egging distance. 501, still completely oblivious to the whole bit, once again finds himself in the same conundrum as once before. He is going to have neck problems soon if he keeps up at this torrid pace. He should thank Doozer for the ghastly deed about to go down. Imagine that, 501 saying

Thank you Doozer

You have no idea how much I appreciate you egging me. I will be forever in your debt. Who are you again?"

Nah

not in this world

or his.

"HEY! 501! Behind you." 501 turns around, staring blankly into the eyes of Doozer. He has no idea as to who the man calling his name out is. Why he crept up behind him. What he plans on doing with the carton of eggs in his hand. Where the handsome-YOUNG-devil, foaming at the mouth to get his egg off suddenly popped up from. A few second

no eggs.

"I can

t do it Jiles

I just can

t. Look at him

he has NO clue what is going on right now." CCJ replies

I know. No reason to egg him, if he isn

t going to remember it anyways

plus, I think he is giving us the puppy dog eyes. I wouldn

t be able to

HOLY SHIT! Problem solved! LOOK, IT"S POO-BEAR!!!!!!!"

Doozer, all ready in mid sprint

Last one there is a rotten egg

Both men abandon any lingering thoughts of egging the lost soldier of Dream when number 4 on the Egg Bandits most wanted list is spotted. They dash off and try to catch up to Poo-Bear before he can escape. That makes the Brotherhood of the Egg a whopping 0 for 2 on the night. Their due

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look out Jak. You
re NEXT! A small Jill Berg chant for some reason pulses through the arena.
Vegas Pirates of Poon vs. The eGG Bandits

"
eggbandits" 'Sex on Fire' by Kings of Leon hits the sound system. Elvis and Mike Hunt, the Vegas Pirates of Poon, step out. They head down the ramp.

"Elvis and mike Hunt tagging tonight against The eGG Bandits, who so far have had no luck at any egging attempts tonight."

The Pirates slide into the ring. 'Bad to the Bone' begins to play. Cancer Jiles and Doozer step out. Cancer raises his Anarchy Championship high as Doozer holds up a carton of eggs. They head down the ramp.

"Tag team action here on Slaughter. I know The eGG Bandits have been pushing to get the Tag team Championships moved to Monday Nights, this may be a way of swaying the guys in charge."

The eGG Bandits slide into the ring. After a few moments of getting ready, the lights return to normal and the music fades.

"We're about to kick things off as Elvis Hunt and Doozer are in the ring first."

The bell sounds.

"They lock up. Doozer takes control quickly, forcing Elvis into the ropes."

He uses them for momentum as he whips Hunt across the ring, following closely behind him.

"Elvis
Hunt off of the ropes, The Dooze
leaps, big shoulder block." As Doozer hits the mat, he rolls up and leaps across, slamming a fist into the head of Mike Hunt, knocking him to the floor outside.

"Doozer takes out both members of the Vegas Pirates of Poon. He now heads over and tags in the Anarchy Champion."

As Cancer Jiles heads into the ring Doozer whispers something in his ear and exits.

"Jiles lifts Elvis Hunt to his feet, holding him."

Doozer slides back into the ring with an egg in hand.

"It looks like some egging is finally going to happen!"

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As Doozer pulls back, he throws. Elvis moves out of the way, causing the egg to hit Cancer square in the face.

"Cancer Jiles gets egged!"

Doozer runs over and checks on his partner apologizing. Elvis grabs The Dooze's shoulder, twisting him around and kicking him in the gut. Jiles wipes eggs from his eyes to see Doozer in trouble and lunges forward.

"Super kick by Jiles!"

Cancer quickly covers Elvis Hunt. Mike Hunt pulls himself up to the apron, before he can enter the ring Doozer regains his composure and runs, knocking him off of the apron again as the referee counts.

"There's the three. The eGG Bandits with a quick win this week."

Jiles tries to hide a limp as he and Doozer celebrate in the ring. We fade to commercial.

Another, Another
miss-egging
"

jaknemesis" After their match, the Bandit's waste no time searching for their first victim of the evening. After scouring the backstage area, looking under bathroom doors, peering under the ring, checking the faces in the stands, pretty much looking everywhere for the ever elusive Jak Nemesis...

"There he is!"

Says Mr. Cool. Replies the Dooze.

"This ape is one tough cookie to track down."

Wonder why? Maybe Jak has been studying your every move Cancer. Knows you inside, and out. Watching you from a distance

waiting, pondering, gathering all that one needs to know about the all important, Mr. Cool. The two Bandits move into position, trying to surprise the begotten superstar.

"What the fuck?"

Asks Jak Nemesis. He has spotted the Egg Bandits before they could pounce. Doozer and CCJ attempt to bum rush Jak, but it

s too late; he notices them. With a thunderous barrage of egg throwing insanity ready to be unleashed upon him. Jak, "Smarter than the average BEAR

Nemesis high tails it out of Dodge before meeting his yolky doom.

"Get back here Nemesis!!!! You MOUSE!!!!!"

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Somehow, during the I'm sure dazzling chase, Jakky-Poo managed to duck behind a corner without being seen. In the process, eluding his trailing egg hurling eggers. The Dooze then asks, confusion across his face "What the? Where the hell did he go? He was right here a second ago." CCJ answers

If he was as good in the ring as he is at vanishing into thin air maybe I would have broken a sweat last week. Damn this bum, let me see if I can sniff him out. Cancer begins to sniff around the backstage area, hoping to catch a whiff a Jak's scent. He also has a barf bag in hand, for when that moment happens.

To Doozers

chagrin, Jiles comes up empty. The

Bandits, on the verge of packing it up and moving along to the next target, when

Over here shit-boxes

see if you can keep up this time." There

s Jak. Calling out the Egg Bandits, he must have rocks in his head. The Bandits were thinking they had lost him, and any hope to egg

Nemetard this evening. Then, Jak goes an

up's the ante. He could have been in the clear, made in the shade, half way to Mexico... Now the Bandits are back on the trail.

"You

re an idiot, let

s get him Jiles!" Doozer and CCJ resume chasing Jak around the backstage area. It seems to me, that The Egg Bandits have been doing an awful lot of running this show, running to people, running from people.

Speaking of fro... Witty Jak.

"Oh shit

RUN!" Seems like the madman, the King Kong of Dream has pulled a fast one of his own. Turns out, as Jak was

from the Bandits, he was really leading them into a trap

a trap of 15 disgruntled security guards and janitors

Guys who are really starting to get sick and tired of cleaning up the frequent Egg Disasters the Bandits constantly leave behind. Jiles and Dooze toss a couple of random eggs at the awaiting mob. The random egg shower has little, to no little effect as both men were to more focused on saving their own asses. Once again, the Brotherhood of the Egg partakes in what can be dubbed as tonight

s unofficial Slaughter theme

running away. Mr. Cool calls out to Jak, who stays behind, arms crossed and laughing at the fleeing Egg Bandits.

"This isn

t over Nemetard! You're now number two!!!!" Mr. Cool yells out as he barely escapes the clutches of the vigilant mob. Doozer

not sure where he snuck off to. Hopefully he is safe

0-4. Damn. Strike-OUT.(???)

Daymare vs 501

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"

daymare" '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.

"Best of three match coming your way next."

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.

"The first man to score two pin falls, submissions, or count outs in this match will win. It can go either way as either man can pull it off. This match and more as we return from a short commercial break."

We go to commercial break, as we return the referee is wrapping up explaining the rules.

"Five-Zero-One has been dominating since he entered DREAM, can he continue tonight?"

The bell sounds and quickly the two men lock up.

"Daymare takes control, Irish whip. 501 on the return now, hip toss by Daymare."

As 501 hits the mat he lets out a yelp. Daymare walks over and lifts him up by the back of the head. He scoops 501 up and runs forward, then slams him down.

"Power slam by Daymare."

The fans are getting into the match with some heavy reaction.

"Daymare with multiple vicious stomps to his opponent."

Daymare walks over and lifts 501 up. As he hits the halfway mark, 501 slams a right into the gut of Daymare.

"501 to his feet, a big right to the side of Daymare's head, followed by another." 501 runs back and bounces off the ropes, as he shoots towards Daymare, he leaps.

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"Big shoulder block!"

Patient Five-Zero-One gets up and pulls Daymare to his feet. Half way up Daymare he jumps up, throwing his feet into the mid section of 501, kicking him back. Daymare falls back and rolls to his feet.

"The incredible agility of Daymare gets him back in this match." 501 gets up, as he is almost up, Daymare runs, rolling over 501's back. 501 stands up, and turns around, allowing Daymare to jump up, grabbing his neck and twisting down.

"Incredible neck breaker variation! Daymare up, he runs, leaping to the ropes."

Daymare catches himself, balancing on the top for a few seconds. He leaps up, comes down with both legs bouncing off of the top rope, flipping him up and over.

"What a moonsault, like I've never seen before!"

Daymare adjust himself and hooks a leg of 501.

"Daymare looks to get the first win of the match."

Patient Five-Zero-One is able to kick out at two.

"501 saves himself at the last moment! Daymare can't believe it, quite frankly neither can I."

Daymare gets up and runs to the ropes. As he hits them, 501 gets up.

"Daymare on the return, he jumps."

As he leaps, he flips in the air. 501 leans down and comes up, grabbing his legs. He runs forward and leaps, throwing his legs out.

"Sit out power bomb into a pinning position!"

The referee counts. Daymare struggles, but isn't able to break it.

"The first pin has just been given to 501!"

Patient Five-Zero-One gets up. he gives Daymare time to get to his feet. the referee checks him, making sure he is able to continue.

"501 allows Daymare time to get ready to continue. You don't see many men willing to do that in this sport."

They finally get ready. Both men touch fist and they begin. 501 starts with rapid fire fists to Daymare's face.

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"The two can't wait to tear into each other as they start their second round."

Daymare blocks 501, and quickly sidesteps taking him down with a drop toe hold. He gets to his feet and lifts 501 to his feet, then nails a vertical suplex.

"Daymare with a pin fall attempt, but only a one! He's gotta know he can't get a pin that easy."

Daymare gets up, pulling his opponent up as well. He whips 501 to the ropes and has to duck a clothesline as 501 comes charging back.

"He nearly took his head off."

They both turn and 501 leaps downward.

"There he is with a clothesline that does take Daymare down." 501 is up. He lifts Daymare to his feet for a back breaker.

"Now he's stretching him over the knee for added pressure."

Daymare kicks away at the head of 501, causing him to release the hold. He then quickly begins an offense.

"Daymare with those super accurate stiff soccer kicks to the back, arms, chest, and face of Patient Five-Zero-One."

Daymare watches as 501 falls flat to the mat and then does a standing shooting star, landing the pin.

"Daymare with another pin fall attempt, and this time he's got a two!"

Daymare pulls 501 to his feet and whips him towards the rope, 501 reverses it.

"Patient Five-Zero-One with a huge power slam as Daymare came back off the ropes, and the pin! Only two though." 501 lifts Daymare up as he gets up. He beats away at his chest with chops backing him into the corner.

"Patient

Five-Zero-One climbs the ropes, He begins delivering big fist to the face of Daymare.

501 jumps down, pulling Daymare down with him into a smooth DDT. The pin, two and three fifths!" Daymare slowly gets to his feet holding his head from the pain, 501 grabs his arm and attempts to send Daymare across the ring.

"Daymare reverses the
Irish whip, Patient

Five-Zero-One hits the buckle and staggers to the center of the ring, drop kick to the knee." Daymare hits the

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ropes once more, and nails 501 with a Shinning Wizard.

"Daymare on the offense finally!"

Daymare gets up, and pulls Patient Five-Zero-One to his feet. 501 slips under his arms and locks him up in a standing half nelson choke.

"The K.I.A on Daymare! he's trying to choke him out!"

Daymare struggles. Finally, he thrust himself up and down, sliding out of the lock, but hitting his bottom on the mat hard.

"Daymare felt that one, but he had to escape. Daymare to his feet now." 501 Irish whips Daymare across the ring.

"Patient Five-Zero-One ducks a clothesline from Daymare and takes off towards the opposite side of the ring."

Both men sprint back towards each other, leaping in the air and crashing into each other with simultaneous cross body blocks.

"This is it! Five-Zero-One and Daymare are both down, this looks like a car wreck. The referee is giving them until ten to get up!"

Neither man moves for the first five count, then both start to try and get up.

"Will either man make it to his feet in time?"

If not, Patient

Five-Zero-One will win by default as it will be the second decision against Daymare!" Daymare is able to grab the ropes and get totally up at nine. 501 tries, but just misses the ten count. the referee calls it.

"Daymare is awarded a victory as Five-Zero-One can not get up in time!" 501 shakes it off. Daymare allows him the same respect he showed, giving him time to gather himself.

"And they lock up. The next person to score a pin fall or submission will walk out the winner in this exciting match. Patient Five-Zero-One takes control, sliding behind Daymare, placing him in a wrist lock."

Daymare twist around and behind 501.

"501 now in a wrist lock himself as Daymare reverses the maneuver."

Five-Zero-One reaches behind his head, finally grabbing Daymare's. In one fluid motion, he leans forward, pulling Daymare by the head, using his front leverage to flip Daymare over his shoulder and to the mat. The

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crowd yells. 501 yanks Daymare's arms back as he places his knee in his back.

"Patient Five-Zero-One stretching the arms of Daymare, trying to wear him down."

He lets Daymare go and rolls over, pushing up to his feet. He then waits, patiently, behind Daymare. Preparing, watching, waiting.

"501 waiting as Daymare starts to get to his feet."

As Daymare is halfway up, Five-Zero-One moves in, placing Daymare in a half wing choke hold. Daymare begins flinging his arms, but 501 pulls back, falling to the mat and wrapping his legs around Daymare.

"He has the K.I.A locked in!"

Finally, Daymare taps and the referee calls for the bell.

"Patient Five-Zero-One wins! What a win it was!"

He lets go and gets to his feet. the referee holds his arm in victory. 501 moves from the referee over to Daymare, and extends his arm. He helps Daymare to his feet and they stand, facing each other. Finally, Five-Zero-One raises Daymare's arm.

"Sportsmanship folks, that is what it's all about. these two men know they gave it their all." 501's music hits and they shake again before beginning to exit the ring. We fade.

He's Here

"

jayprice" After a short commercial, we get an add for sVo:retro.

The entire arena goes dark as the crowd begins to buzz, trying to figure out what is going on. The big screen suddenly flickers on as the words "Kiladelphia Meets DREAM" suddenly appear in bright red letters. The words fade out as a video package appears, first showing the beautiful skyline of the city of Philadelphia. The skyline quickly becomes the slums as boarded up buildings are shown. Suddenly a large individual wearing black jeans and a black hooded sweatshirt is shown with his head down and the hood drawn to conceal his identity. The man then begins to speak.

"Next week on Monday Night Slaughter you will all bear witness to the future. The DREAM that you know is undergoing a change, a change for the better, and I'm the man that will be responsible for it. Because next week...."

The man lifts his head and flips back his hood revealing Jay Price.

"The Era Of Price begins....and there isn't a damn thing that anyone can do to stop it."

The camera feed then cuts to scenes of Price's dominance thus far in his career. Multiple scenes of him

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delivering his punishing Philadelphia Driver finisher and of his lethal submission move, The Lockdown.

Mike Polowy vs.

Marshall

"Well, I guess next week we'll meet the man behind the vigilante. But right now, it's main event action!"

'F.I.G.H.T.' 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, we'll see how they feel after his match with the current DREAM Champion tonight." Marshall makes his way into the ring without wasting time. He walks over to a back corner of the ring and awaits the bell. 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. Mike looks sick. He coughs a few times before shaking it off. 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.

"This is a non title match, but Polowy has said in recent interviews that every match he goes into as if he is defending his championship."

The bell sounds as Polowy's music fades. They lock up. Marshall breaks the lock, and quickly places his hands around Polowy's neck, choking him.

"The referee warns Marshall, who tosses Mike Polowy to the mat."

Polowy grabs his back in pain as he starts to get to his feet.

"Marshall's foot meets the gut of the headline as he was trying to get up. If Marshall can keep him down, he may have this one in the bag."

Polowy holds his stomach as he rolls out of the ring.

"It looks like the champion is trying to regain composure, by taking a break outside the ring."

Marshall rushes the ropes as Polowy moves towards the ring. Polowy reaches in under the ropes, sweeping Marshall off of his feet.

"Mike Polowy climbs to the apron. Holding onto the top rope, he uses it to lunge himself over, landing with a

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leg drop, connecting with Marshall."

The crowd begins to get into the match as Polowy climbs the nearby turnbuckle.

"Mike Polowy flies. Huge elbow drop off the top rope!"

He makes the cover, hooking the leg.

"Kick out at two and nine tenths!"

Making sure not to be discouraged, Mike Polowy rises to his feet as Marshall uses the ropes to get up himself.

"Polowy waits patiently behind Marshall."

Marshall holds onto the top rope, looking to the crowd as if he knows something is amiss. Marshall turns and Polowy lunges forward with a kick.

"Marshall quickly takes Polowy down with a Dragon Corkscrew leg drag. He knew it was coming and was ready."

Marshall lifts Polowy to his feet.

"Irish whip, Polowy on the return and is met with a knee from Marshall. Marshall grabs the back of the champion's head and yanks him back to the canvas."

Marshall steps back and runs, jumping in the air throwing his legs out into a double leg drop.

"Sit out leg drop. Marshall took a chance and it worked."

Marshall pops to his feet and runs to a nearby corner, climbing to the top turnbuckle.

"Marshall now going to take it to the air!"

He leaps, flipping in the air and landing.

"450 Splash hits his mark! He could put the champion away here!"

Marshall hooks the leg of Mike Polowy and the referee drops to count.

"Somehow Polowy is able to put his foot on the bottom rope to break the count."

The fans are now backing Marshall as he continues to show that he can hang with even the DREAM

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Champion.

"Marshall to his feet yet again, he has a very good chance of pulling off an incredible victory over the self proclaimed Master of the Vagina."

Marshall drops with a fist to Mike Polowy's head. Polowy grabs his head in pain.

"Will Marshall pull off a huge win, or will Mike Polowy be able to come back? We'll find out after this commercial break!"

The show fades to a short commercial break before returning.

"Irish whip to the turnbuckle. The force behind that was enough to bounce Polowy off of it."

Mike Polowy grabs his lower back and falls to the mat, wrenching in pain.

"Marshall straddles the back of Mike Polowy places him in a cross face. Marshall applies pressure, trying to make him tap"

Polowy tries to pry Marshall's hands from his chin, but can't as Marshall applies pressure.

"Marshall holds tight as Polowy continues to fight unconscious. He reaches for the bottom rope. Almost... Almost... He got it!"

The referee makes Marshall break the hold. As he gets to his feet, he gives Polowy a good stomp. Marshall pauses to look out to the crowd.

"Whoa! Somehow Mike Polowy gathered enough strength to roll Marshall up with a school boy! Marshall quickly kicks out."

Marshall pulls Mike Polowy up with him. Polowy hits a forearm shot to his face. Without hesitation Marshall jumps up, grabbing Polowy and going for a DDT.

"No, Mike Polowy pushes him away!"

Marshall lands ass to mat, as Polowy quickly kicks him in the back.

"Mike Polowy lifts both legs of Marshall up. Wait, what..."

He pulls back enough that Marshall is lifted off of the mat. Polowy struggles a bit but is able to step forward twice, placing his legs over Marshall's arms. He leaps up and forward.

"THE MIKE EFFECT! THE FREAKING MIKE EFFECT!"

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Polowy rolls Marshall over and covers him, hooking the leg. the referee drops and counts.

"He gets three, the DREAM Champion wins the match!

Of course, Marshall put forth an effort that shows he has gold in his future her in DREAM!" Mike's music hits and he celebrates in the ring as Marshall rolls out.

Bulls-eGG

"

cancerjiles" "Wow, what a Main Event, folks! Who would have thought the last match of the night was going to end like that?!... Wait a minute, what s going on?" Crowd pop.

"There

s some action in the stands on both sides of the ring right now

s hard to tell what might be happening." The big screens above the top of the ramp reveals each source of excitement on the two opposing sides of the ring. Don

t act too surprised, you should have known The Egg Bandits would not let the night finish while down 0 for 3 in egging attempts for the night.

"Oh no, oh no!"

Jason Whiteside chuckles for a moment, gathers himself, and continues.

"Looks like

Doozer and his partner in crime, Mr.

Cool, are at it again! The Egg Bandits, everyone, have had their sights on Mike Polowy for a while now I actually think The Mike Effect is Number Two on their Most Wanted list... above Jak at the Number Three spot, and, the commish, Mark Zylbert himself at Four! I

m receiving confirmation that the Five spot is tentatively entered as

Enter New Guy Here.

Shuffling carefully through the fans, the cameras zoom in a little closer on their respective Bandit

Doozer in his Superman themed baseball jersey and backwards Red Sox cap

Cancer Jiles in his COOL shades and

Egg Bandits

T-shirt

The two of them are carrying large, metallic buckets down to the ring. The cameras zoom even closer to try and get a better look at the contents of these buckets

eggs, duh

but GOLDEN eggs?! Doozer

s voice can now be heard as he sifts his closer to ringside.

"Alright, careful guys

lemme through. Got a special delivery for the champ, everyone. Golden eggs coming through for a man worthy of nothing less

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Excuse me, excuse me

The self-proclaimed Superman of DREAM pauses and bends over to give a short wave into the face of a baby held by a relatively young-looking woman.

"Cute baby, ma

am, please move it before it gets egged. Excuse me

okay, good

thank you

Excuse me

Eggs for the champ, nothing unusual, please let me get to the ring

autographs after the egging, please

Excuse me, thanks." The cameras cut over to Mr. Cool similarly making his way ringside

but in a not so similar fashion.

"Out of my fuckin

way, douche bags

Mr. Fucking Cool

s coming through with some important business to handle

move or be showered with eggs that are way too good to be wasted on the likes of you." He pushes his way through someone wearing a Jak Nemesis t-shirt and then through another, random fan. CJ stops for a moment, grabs a golden egg out of the bucket, and launches. _SPLAT_ "That one

s for you, Jakky-Poo." "Oh, what poor form by Mr. Cool right there

m pretty sure he just egged a fan for the sole reason that the man was wearing a Jak Nemesis t-shirt." Both of the Egg Bandits finally make their way to the barricade around the ring. The cautiously step over and

stands on opposite sides of the ring. Jason Whiteside comments, "This doesn't

t look good for

DREAM

s reigning DREAM Champ, Mike

Polowy, appearing a little concerned in the ring." Polowy eyes Doozer, then quickly twists around to make sure Cancer isn't

t about to egg him, but then turns back to check on Doozer

t take either off your eyes for more than 5 seconds, Mikey, or else

chicken menstruation, ewwww

Mr. Cool shouts out to his tag partner, on the other side of the ring.

"On the count of three, Doozy!"

Both Bandits sit their buckets by their side, plucking a pair of gold spray-painted eggs and eyeing Mike

Polowy with vengeance

The Bandits set

Polowy, looking more flustered than ever inside a ring by his lonesome, throws his arms up around his face

THR-"

Before CJ can even finish the word, Doozer hurls his egg.

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SPLAT The DREAM Champion takes an eggshot to the chest.

"Oh no, Mike Polowy has been egged people

how embarrassing!" _SPLAT_ "Another one! Mark Zylbert can NOT be happy with what
s going on, here

Mr. Cool

s toss hits Polowy in the back of the head. Mike falls to his knees. The Egg Bandits grab a few more eggs
and slide into the ring with Polowy

circling him like sharks. Mike

s waving both arms, looking for sympathy and an end to the ridiculousness.

_SPLAT_SPLAT_SPLAT_SPLAT_SPLAT_ Whiteside describes the onslaught perfectly.

"OH

MY GOD, So that

s what they mean when they keep referring to an Egg

Shower!" _SPLAT_ Doozer had held on to a last one for extra effect.

"Daps n Pounds" hits the sounds system for the eGG Bandits as Mr. Cool and Doozy stand in the ring with a
yolk-soaked Polowy, looking as victorious as earlier in the night.

Set it in Stone

"

jaknemesis" Suddenly, 'Halo' by SOiL, rips through the arena. the fans go crazy.

"That's the music of Jak Nemesis!"

Doozer and Cancer look at each other, they both turn their heads together to see Mike Polowy who's eyes
are huge.

"Polowy has just survived a main event match and an egging. Now it looks like Jak Nemesis is out to collect
on his title shot!"

Mike holds his belt close, almost afraid. He takes a few steps back as Jak enters the ring. Jak runs past the
three and up a corner post. He poses then jumps down as his music fades out.

"Nemesis is calling for a microphone."

He is thrown one. He walks over to Polowy and steps in his face before raising the mic and talking.

"Mike... Champ... Me and you... We where something weren't we? But the trust was never there. Was it?"

Mike just stares, watching every movement by Nemesis.

"No, it wasn't. No matter what I did, I couldn't get you to put the trust in me a partner should and now I hold in

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my possession a title shot any time I want. Funny, you currently hold the DREAM Championship due to a similar piece of paper."

Mike squeezes the title closer as Doozer whispers to Cancer behind them.

"Well it's time Mike. Time to set it in stone. I am cashing in my contract."

Mike's eyes get even wider as Jak places his face even closer to continue.

"I am cashing it in, next week."

Crowd pop.

"For... the... ANARCHY CHAMPIONSHIP!"

Mike almost faints from disbelief as Cancer takes a moment to realize what just was said. by the time he does, Jak turns and slams the microphone into his head. A loud feedback clank goes through out the arena.

Doozer looks

confused, especially as Mike Polowy runs, slamming the DREAM Championship into his skull.

"It was a set up all along!

My God, Jak Nemesis and Mike Polowy are in cahoots still!" They both begin stomping away at The eGG bandits.

"Folks, I can not believe my eyes. They set Doozer and Cancer Jiles up."

Jak gets on his hands and knees, screaming in Cancer's face, spitting as he yells. Polowy and Nemesis stand victorious over a beaten eGG Bandits as we zoom in on them.

"That'll be all for this week.

Next week, Cancer Jiles defends his title once again against a determined Jak Nemesis.

However, in a match with no rules and a partner like Nemesis has, we could very well have a new Anarchy Champion next week!" The copyright comes across the screen.