

Slaughter: XXV

November 23, 2009 | Amway Arena - Orlando, Florida

XXV

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Slaughter XXV

23 Nov 2009

Amway Arena,

Orlando, Florida (seats 17,740)

Introduction

The DREAM logo appears across the screen then explodes into the Monday Night Slaughter on HOTv logo. Next the 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 Amway Arena, in Orlando, Florida."

The camera pans across the fans holding signs and screaming.

"Tonight we have a good show for you, and as always will display the talents of the best performers in the sport today!"

The camera heads to the top of the stage.

Casey Pierro-Zabtol vs. Force

"

caseypierrozabotel" CPZ's theme song "Warriors Of Time" by Black Tide begins to play over the speaker system as the lights in the arena begin to darken. A lone spotlight shines on the entrance ramp as CPZ emerges from the curtains. He views his surroundings and begins to slowly make his way down the aisle with the lights slowly coming back on as the one spotlight follows him. Downfall by Trust Company blast through the speakers as the big screen flashes the word Force.

"Force now making his way to the ring. ."

As Force makes his way down the ramp, slaps the hands of screaming fans. Force walks up the steps, tripping slightly, but able to catch himself. He enters the ring between the ropes and his music fades. The

Slaughter: XXV

lights get dim and the crowd silences. As the bell sounds to begin the match, the two men lock up.

"Force is the only current member of DREAM to graduate the Slaughter House school in Florida. He's coming off a debut lose, but hopes to pick up pace with a win over Casey Pierro-Zabotol."

Force with a kick to the midsection of Casey Pierro-Zabotol, then places him into a side headlock.

"Force controlling the match early, the new comer looking to make his mark."

Casey Pierro-Zabotol rolls out of the headlock, placing Force's arm behind him..

"Pierro-Zabotol able to take the lead, but only momentarily."

Force is able to roll behind his opponent, grabbing him by the waist.

"Big bear hug by Force."

Force lifts up and back, sending CPZ to the mat.

"Belly to back suplex by Force."

He turns him over and goes for a quick pin.

"Kick out at two."

As Force gets to his feet, he pulls Casey Pierro-Zabotol up with him. Once up, CPZ pushes Force back, then follows up with a chop.

"Irish whip by CPZ, Force into the ropes, on the return now." Casey Pierro-Zabotol bends down and catches him.

"Side walk slam by Casey Pierro-Zabotol."

Force hits the mat and grabs his back in pain as CPZ gets to his feet.

"Pierro-Zabotol yanks Force to his feet."

Casey slams Force's head into a nearby corner post. After several shots, Force is able to stop CPZ, and slam his head into the padding.

"Force is able to reverse it, taking control."

Slaughter: XXV

The fans begin cheering loud as Force pulls Casey Pierro-Zabotel's head back far before ramming it into the turnbuckle again.

"Casey Pierro-Zabotel stumbles back."

He turns back to face Force.

"Force lifts him over his shoulders."

Force lifts Casey and drops him.

"Gorilla Slam by the newcomer!"

Force covers Casey and the referee drops to count.

"Force will take this one home with a semi quick win. Short match, but we can now see the potential of DREAM's home grown, Force."

The bell sounds and Force's music hits.

Are You Ready?

"

charlieblackwell"

In the locker room, Charlie Blackwell sat on the bench and tried to steady his nerves. Dawn McGill sat next to him.

DAWN: "Charlie, relax. You're going to do just fine."

Charlie just nodded. DAWN: "Look, I won't be able to make it every week. But I'll be with you tonight out there. Just relax, remember everything we talked about this week, and everything will be just fine."

The door to the locker room opened. VOICE: "BLACKWELL! YOU'RE NEXT!"

DAWN: "Are you ready?"

CHARLIE: "I'm ready."

DAWN: "Then let's do it."

Charlie Blackwell vs. Max Douglas

"

charlieblackwell" 'No Leaf Clover' by Metallica hits the sound system and Max Douglas makes his way down the ramp to the ring. Once inside his music fades.

Slaughter: XXV

"Charlie Blackwell now on his way down the ramp, no music, no nothing."

Once in the ring, the two men get ready to kick things off.

"As the bell sounds, Charlie Blackwell and Max Douglas lock up. Douglas takes control with a quick knee to the mid section of Charlie Blackwell."

He leans back, coming forward with a big chop. Blackwell falls to the mat.

"Blackwell quickly to his feet, behind Douglas, belly to back. Max Douglas is able to slip out of Charlie's grip and roll behind him."

Max Douglas throws Charlie Blackwell behind him.

"Blackwell lands on his feet."

Charlie grabs Douglas's head and trunks, lifting him into an inverted suplex. As Max Douglas floats over, he lands on his feet.

"Douglas pushes Blackwell into the ropes."

Charlie grabs onto the top rope, as Max runs at him.

"Blackwell pulls down, Max Douglas goes over the top rope!"

He catches it, rolling under the ropes right back into the ring. he then pulls himself up.

"Charlie Blackwell grabs the arm of Max Douglas. Irish whip, NO, reversal. Blackwell on the return. Leap frog over Max Douglas. Off the opposite side."

This time Max Douglas falls to the mat. Charlie Blackwell jumps over him. Douglas gets to his feet, running behind Blackwell.

"Charlie Blackwell jumps to the second rope. Moonsault. Max Douglas catches Charlie Blackwell' legs!"

He lifts Charlie up for a face buster. Charlie rolls down, rolling Douglas over.

"Hurricarrana!"

Blackwell quickly covers Douglas as the referee drops for the three count.

"Charlie Blackwell has done it! Taking his first DREAM victory over Max Douglas!"

Slaughter: XXV

Charlie's gets to his feet, holding his arm high. We get a couple replays of the back and forward action.

Perfection? I Think Not

"

uptonosgood" Someone who calls himself "True Perfection" needs to be punched in the face. After said punch in the face, that person needs to be punched in the face repeatedly. These type of people vex Upton Osgood: those narcissistic jackasses who think they

re the best thing since sliced bread. Upton will give Bishop Steele some props. He is a good wrestler, but he won

t call him No one is perfect; perfection is nothing more than a pipedream, a fa

ade, an afterthought. Perfection is that one dream you know you cannot possess. You can be good. Hell, you can be great, the best, but perfect? No. Upton Osgood, as he said in his blog yesterday, is going to expose Bishop Steele for the man he really is: a poseur. Steele can talk a big game, but can he back it up?

No. He

ll call out world-class athletes before he has a pot to piss in, and that

s something you don

t do. A person like Bishop Steele is so low on the food chain that no one will pay any mind to him. So keep talking kid. No one

s going to listen.

There is buzz emanating for the arena, and it

s buzzing through the backstage area. Backstage personnel is chatting with one another, some wrestlers are walking around

some finding the concession stand for a bite to eat or something to drink, while others are talking amongst each other. The backdoor of the building opens, and in comes Upton Osgood. He is dressed in a pair of denim baggy shorts, a muscle shirt, and plain sneakers. Other his right shoulder, his tote. On his right ring finger, his wedding band. Around his neck, a gold chain. Upton

s face is always the same: melancholy, distant. After what has happened to him last week, it

s amazing that he

s here, rather at home tending to his wife. Other wrestlers acknowledge his presence, some say hello, some walk up to him and pat him on the shoulder, telling him that his wife is in their thoughts and prayers. This is going to be an emotional night for Upton Osgood.

Bishop Steele vs. Upton Osgood

"

uptonosgood" The driving industrial cords to Prong

s "No Justice" plays on the PA system. The DWF fans look to the entranceway, waiting for the former Evolution Champion to step out of the curtain. He does so, and the fans erupt with cheers.

YAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!! Upton Osgood looks to his left, to his right, and then walks down to the ring, in step with the song and to Tommy Victor

s lyrics. IF YOU

RE TRYING TO RUIN MY LIFE YOU

RE DOING A GOOD JOB OF IT IFYOU

RE TRYING TO CAUSE ME STRIFE I

M FALLING RIGHT INTO IT YOU DON

Slaughter: XXV

T WANT THE SAME THINGS AS I YOU WANT NO PART OF IT TIRED OF HEARING YOU COME UP WITH LIES TO COVER UP YOUR PART IN IT Ring Announcer: Making his way to the ring, from Portland, Oregon, by way of

Bangor, Maine. Standing

6

3" and weighing 253 pounds, he is an EPW Hall of Fame inductee, and the former inaugural

EPW Evolution Champion, UPTON

OSGOOD!!! NO JUSTICE IN LIFE NOWHERE TO TURN ACCUSATIONS AND FIGHTS THERE

S NOTHING TO LEARN Upton walks off the entrance ramp and stops, looking out into the crowd again. He waves his arms up and down, riling up the crowd, and they can

t help but cheer and chant the man

s name. OSGOOD!!! OSGOOD!!! OSGOOD!!! IF YOU WANT BETTER FOR YOURSELF WHY CAN

T YOU MAKE A POINT OF IT YOU CHOOSE TO DENY ANY OF MY HELP WHAT DO YOU WANT OUT OF THIS CAN

T YOU ADMIT THE FAULT OF YOUR MIND WHY DON

T YOU COME TO GRIP WITH IT ALL THE DENIAL CAUSING MORE PAIN CAN

T YOU SEE I

M SICK OF IT He slides into the ring. He gets to his feet, climbs a corner and raises his Syndactly-spiked finger in the air. YAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

WHAT ARE YOUR FANTASIES, I DON

T KNOW WHY CAN

T YOU COME CLEAN WITH IT ALL YOUR TABOOS AND ALL OF YOUR LIES WHY CAN

T YOU COME CLEAN WITH IT NO JUSTICE IN LIFE NOWHERE TO TURN ACCUSATIONS AND FIGHTS THERE

S NOTHING TO LEARN NO JUSTICE IN LIFE NOWHERE TO TURN ACCUSATIONS AND FIGHTS THERE

S NOTHING TO LEARN NO JUSTICE IN LIFE NO JUSTICE IN LIFE NO JUSTICE IN LIFE The music fades away as Upton Osgood hops off the turnbuckle. He waits in his corner. The lights get dim and the crowd silences. The Slaughter

theme, 'Forever', cues over the PA system and the crowd gets hype. Pyros go off on the corners of the stage. The curtains open and out comes Bishop and Alexis Steele on to the stage. Bishop stops on the middle of the stage and looks around at the crowd as he soaks in the essence of the hype and screaming. He then looks at Alexis and knods to her to signal that it is time. He then makes his way down to the ring with Alexis right behind him. He then climbs into the ring and holds the ropes so Alexis can get into the ring. He stands in the middle of the ring and Alexis poses in front of him, as that happens Pyros go off on the corner post of the ring and then the lights come on . Alexis exits the ring.

"This should be a good match as Upton Osgood meets Bishop Steele."

The bell sounds.

"They lock up. Osgood forces Steele's arms up, he is able to twist him around, following up with a kick to side."

Slaughter: XXV

Upton then grabs Bishop's head from the side, and drops back.

"Inverted DDT by Upton Osgood."

As Upton gets up, he yanks Bishop up with him.

"Irish whip by Upton Osgood. Steele on the return."

Upton wraps behind Steele, placing him in a sleeper hold.

"Osgood wanting to end this match early and go home."

Bishop places his hands together and throws an elbow into Upton, causing him to let go.

"Bishop Steele with an elbow to the head of Osgood. Another."

Steele whips Upton into the ropes, as he returns Bishop side steps.

"Drop toe hold by Bishop Steele."

Bishop slaps the mat and gets to his feet. He runs, bouncing off of the ropes.

"Steele drops a forearm across the throat of Upton Osgood."

He gets to his feet, positioning himself close to Upton before jumping, with both legs out.

"Leg drop across the chest of Upton Osgood. Bishop Steele going for the cover."

The referee drops to count.

"Kick out at two. A close call, but not quite enough to put Osgood out."

Steele lifts up Osgood, and places him on his shoulder.

"Looks like we are getting a running powerslam here!"

Bishop goes into the corner, and takes off.

"Osgood slides off the back, hooking the head, reverse DDT. STEELE IS OUT!"

Osgood rolls over, hooking the far leg of Steele.

"He has the leg hooked!"

Slaughter: XXV

The referee goes down to count...

"Oh man, Steele barely got the shoulder up as the referee's hand was about to hit the mat for the third time!"

Osgood looks at the referee in disbelief, but does not question the count.

"Osgood needs to keep his focus on his opponent, or it will be all she wrote!"

Osgood grabs up Steele, and sends him into the corner.

"Osgood has a running start, STEELE ROLLS OUT THE CORNER!"

Steele manages to roll away, and Osgood hits the turnbuckles hard.

"Steele rolls behind Osgood, and school boys him up."

The referee drops down, Osgood grabs the rope!

"THREE! The referee never sees the hand of Osgood on the rope!"

Steele slides out the ring, as his music starts to play again. Osgood is to his feet, as the crowd boos the referee's decision.

"Osgood is now questioning the official, and I do not take it that he is too happy about the call!"

Steele shrugs his shoulders about the decision, and raises his arms high in the air in victory.

"As Osgood and the referee still debate over the decision, we will take this time to head out for a commercial break!"

Devine Intervention

"

lupincy" The action heads to outside the arena where a slow moving car stops in a backstage loading bay. As the car comes to a halt and shuts its lights, the driver reveals himself to be none other than DREAM champion, Lupin Cy. Cy circles the vehicle and opens the passenger door, retrieving the historic leather strap from the seat.

With the title firmly grasped over his shoulder, Lupin takes a deep drag of his latest burner and heads for the first entrance he can find. He

s desperate to keep his handle on the title and doesn't think twice about the idea of

501 leaving the arena with it. Cy continues to march onward, down twisting hallways and following the backing camera crew that he can only hope is leading to his locker room.

Slaughter: XXV

He reaches the door with his name printed on and doesn't hesitate to open it. The room is fairly furnished with a few leather couches and an actual cloth changing screen. Lupin deposits his weighted prize in the seat next to him as he drops his weary frame into one of the empty couch cushions. As he lurches forward to ash and potentially extinguish his cigarette, Lupin starts to feel the sensation that he

is not quite alone. Looking at the hairline crack at the base of the door,

Lupin could see two shadows emanating from a stream of light. Cy slowly crept around so as to avoid a forward approach to the door. With the title firmly gripped as if ready to be swung as a weapon, Cy pinned his back flush to the wall and slowly reached for the door knob with his free hand. Given the spooky multitude of events that had been happening with

501 or Travis Williams over the past few weeks, the DREAM Champion wasn't prepared to take any chances. The entrance to the locker room lifted open with an eerie creak, a tooled-in classic sound of 80

s horror films. Cy took one last deep breath before drawing the title belt back in preparation for his impromptu assault. Lunging forward, his target quickly swoops in under the attack and dives to behind one of the couches. Lupin holds his ground in front of the door, effectively sealing the only means of escape from the room. Lupin: COME OUT!!!

WHOEVER YOU ARE, SHOW YOURSELF

NOW!!! The intruder couldn't

help but oblige. Slowly, a shaken set of hands ascend, finally revealing the well-dressed figure that Lupin Cy knew affectionately as Danny Devine, Irish sleazer extraordinaire.

Lupin: Jesus, Danny! What the hell is your malfunction?! Couldn't you have just knocked?! Danny: ME?!

You're the one giving me the stealthy, James Bond approach. I'm just making good on the bloody deal. Lupin: What deal? Danny: Remember me now in the service of Danny Devine. DREAM Champion Lupin Cy is herein managed by yours truly. Lupin: Oh, hell . . .

Cancer Jiles vs. Billy Wilson

w/Bob Wilso

"

brothersofprophecy" "Coming to the ring, from Philadelphia Pennsylvania, Mr. Cool.... Cancer Jiles!" A chorus of boos rains down the from the DWF faith full as CCJ struts to the ring. He taunts the fans, who have developed a fine love to hate you relationship with the superstar.

Upon arrival, Cool Cancer Jiles slides under the bottom rope then climbs up the turnbuckles. He reciprocates the fans appreciation of

him, flipping them off a couple of times before finding in his final resting place; a seat atop the third turnbuckle. He stays perched there, awaiting the bell.

Slaughter: XXV

"Never Would Have Made"

It by Marvin Sapp begins to play.

"Cancer Jiles waiting in the ring for his opponent as Billy Wilson is set to take on the "You Call It"

Champion, Mr.

Cool, Cancer Jiles."

After a few moments, Cancer stands in the ring with his hands on his hips and the music dies.

"Still no sign of either Wilson brother."

The referee calls for the bell.

"The referee starting this match without Billy Wilson, it appears he will begin the ten count."

The fans boo and Cancer looks extremely aggravated as he walks over to the corner post and props up. The referee hits ten and calls for the bell.

"Cancer Jiles wins this one on a technicality. The fans do not seem pleased as they paid to see Mr. Cool in action."

Cancer begins to exit the ring.

The Challenge

"

cancerjiles" "Hold on right there Jiles."

Cancer stops. The camera zooms to the top of the stage where B.R. Ellis of the chickEN Chokers is.

"Unlike the preacher man, I showed up for a fight and I'll gladly take his place. There's a chicken to be choked and his name is Cancer."

The fans pop like crazy as Cancer smirks and welcomes B.R. to the ring with a wave as Ellis heads down the ramp, sliding in.

Cancer Jiles vs. B.R. Ellis

"

brellis" "B.R. Ellis taking the place of Billy Wilson allowing the fans to see one of their heros in action!"

As B.R. gets to his feet he makes a choking motion to Cancer.

"Both men lock up as the bell sounds. Ellis takes control early on with an Irish whip. Cancer Jiles off the ropes and on the return, he ducks a clothesline attempt by B.R. Ellis."

Both men quickly turn to face each other.

Slaughter: XXV

"Boot to the gut of Jiles."

B.R. Ellis grabs the back of Cancer Jiles' head and yanks him backwards to the mat.

"Ellis grabs one of Jiles' legs."

Cancer uses his free leg to kick B.R. back. As B.R. Ellis stumbles back a few steps, Cancer Jiles is able to get to his feet. B.R. Ellis regains his composure and takes a step towards Cancer who jumps.

"Standing drop kick by Cancer Jiles."

As B.R. Ellis hits the mat, Cancer quickly grabs his head and lifts him up.

"Cancer Jiles now with a knife edge chop followed by another, and another. He grabs B.R.'s arm, whips him across the.. no, B.R. Ellis reverses. Cancer Jiles off the ropes, he leaps, big shoulder block takes B.R. Ellis down."

Cancer quickly covers Ellis.

"Only a one count. It's too early to try and put a man as tough as B.R. Ellis away."

As Cancer gets to his feet, he once again pulls B.R. Ellis to his.

"Jiles with a big right hand, followed by another.

However, Ellis blocks this one and returns fire with his own. B.R. Ellis scoops Cancer up, Jiles slides behind him, landing on his feet." Cancer pushes Ellis who falls a few steps forward, stopping at the ropes.

As he turns around, Cancer runs at him.

"B.R. Ellis moves, pulling the top rope down."

Cancer goes over the top rope, catching it as he goes over. Ellis smirks and points two thumbs to himself at the crowd as Cancer uses his strength to flip back over the ropes and into the ring.

"B.R.

Ellis turns, Cancer Jiles showing off his agility with a standing drop kick, the second one he's used in this match so far." Jiles picks up both of B.R.'s legs, he leans back, falling to the mat.

"Slingshot. B.R. Ellis flies into the nearby corner post."

As he hits, he bounces back and stumbles around. Cancer Jiles sets up behind him, almost stalking the champion.

Slaughter: XXV

"Ellis turns,

Jiles lunges forward, BIG

SPEAR!" He quickly goes to cover B.R. Ellis for the second time in the match, however this time the referee stops before his hand hits the mat for a one count.

"B.R. Ellis is somehow able to put his leg up on the bottom rope. His resilience is like none other."

Jiles gets to his knees. he hits the mat in anger before getting to his feet.

"Quick and very angry stomps by 'Mr. Cool' Cancer Jiles. It's kind of hard to picture him as Mr. Cool when a couple of failed pin attempts causes him to lose his cool."

Cancer yanks Ellis to his feet, and quickly guides his head into the nearby top turnbuckle. He doesn't let go. With his free hand he points to the corner post on the opposite side and walks Ellis over to it, slamming his head into that turnbuckle as well before turning him around and shoving him into the post back first.

"Cancer Jiles using the top ropes for leverage as he stomps repeatedly into the mid section of B.R. Ellis."

Ellis falls to a semi-sitting position in the corner as Cancer continues to stomp. He walks to the middle of the ring and points at Ellis as he looks out to the crowd.

"Cancer Jiles runs."

B.R. Ellis quickly grabs the ropes, pulling himself up and side steps as Cancer comes crashing through with a boot up. His leg wraps into the post before he falls back hitting the mat.

"Maybe the opportunity that B.R. Ellis needed to turn this match around."

Cancer Jiles holds himself in pain as B.R. Ellis steps over him and climbs to the second rope. He holds onto the top rope, using it to launch himself up, before coming down with a knee drop.

"Ellis to his feet, he pulls Jiles to his."

B.R. grabs Cancer's arm, and goes to pull him into a short arm clothesline.

"Cancer ducks, they both turn."

Jiles hits a quick, but effective super kick.

"TERMINAL CANCER FROM NOWHERE!"

B.R. Ellis collapse to the ring, with Cancer Jiles dropping over him hooking the leg.

Slaughter: XXV

"The referee drops... and the pin is made. Cancer Jiles has just handed B.R. Ellis his thanks for him coming to the ring!"

The fans begin to cheer Jiles.

"The fans are hyped as they got to see their "You Call It" champion in action!."

We fade to commercial.

Adrien Cochrane vs. Travis Williams

"

traviswilliams" As we return, both men are in the ring already.

"Stare down by both opponents. Its anybody's move as the crowd intensity soars. The bell sounds, here we go! Both men rush each other. Travis Williams goes for a clothesline, but misses as Adrien Cochrane ducks."

Williams quickly turns toward Cochrane who goes for a super kick. Williams jumps back, a look of surprise on his face.

"It was almost over for Williams if Adrien Cochrane would have connected. Travis Williams now taking his time, studying his opponent."

They lock up. Williams breaks the lock, and quickly places his hands around Cochrane's neck, lifting him up.

"The referee warns Travis Williams, who tosses Adrien Cochrane to the mat."

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

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

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

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

Williams rushes the ropes as Adrien moves towards the ring. Cochrane reaches in under the ropes, sweeping Travis Williams off of his feet.

"Adrien Cochrane climbs to the apron. Holding onto the top rope, he uses it to lunge himself over, landing with a leg drop, connecting with Williams."

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

Slaughter: XXV

"Adrien Cochrane flies. Huge elbow drop off the top rope!"

He makes the cover, hooking the leg.

"Kick out at two!"

Making sure not to be discouraged, Adrien Cochrane rises to his feet as Travis Williams uses the ropes to get up himself.

"Cochrane waits patiently behind Williams, preparing to attack."

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

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

Travis Williams makes the sign to show he's smart to the crowd, before lifting Cochrane to his feet.

"Will Travis Williams pull off another win, or will Adrien Cochrane be able to come back? We'll find out after this commercial break!"

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

Adrien Cochrane grabs his lower back and falls to the mat, wrenching in pain.

"Travis Williams straddles the back of Adrien Cochrane places him in a cross face. Williams applies pressure, trying to make Cochrane tap"

Cochrane tries to pry Williams' hands from his chin, but can't as Travis Williams applies pressure.

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

Both men begin to get to their feet. Once up, they both use the ropes to gain momentum while running at each other.

"Cochrane ducks Williams' clothesline attempt."

They turn to face each other.

"Kick to the gut of Adrien Cochrane by Travis Williams."

He goes to lift Cochrane into a power bomb position.

Slaughter: XXV

"Adrien Cochrane is up, he begins to punch Williams."

He leans back, attempting to flip Williams over, but Williams is able to use his strength to lift Adrien Cochrane back up and throw him down.

"Big power bomb!"

Adrien Cochrane grabs his back as Travis Williams begins to stomp him. Finally, Cochrane is able to roll out of the ring.

"Adrien Cochrane taking a much needed breather."

He gains his composure in enough time to see Travis Williams taking a big risk.

"Williams off the ropes, across the ring, he leaps OVER THE TOP ROPE! SUICIDE DIVE!"

Cochrane moves, raising a knee, smashing Travis Williams face with it as both men fall to the floor on the outside.

"Adrien Cochrane somehow able to counter that huge risk. Of course, that's why they call them risk though. Because one miscalculation, or one second breath can turn things around."

Adrien now crawls over to the ring, and grabs the apron. He pulls himself to his feet and rolls in, then out, to restart the count.

"Adrien Cochrane isn't finished yet, as this match continues."

He walks over and pulls Travis Williams up, then introduces his head to the barrier, before grabbing his arm and whipping him hard.

"Travis Williams is sent flying into the unforgiving steel steps."

As he crashes into them, the loud clanking sound echos through the arena. Adrien Cochrane runs at him, and hits a rising knee.

"Adrien Cochrane just ran through Williams. He may finally have this match under control."

Cochrane pulls Williams up enough to roll him back into the ring under the ropes. He then climbs to the apron and climbs the corner post from the outside.

"Travis Williams using the ropes to pull himself up."

Once he's up, Adrien Cochrane leaps with a double axe

Slaughter: XXV

handle, landing on his feet as he hits. Travis takes a couple steps back, then comes forward lifting Adrien Cochrane from the back and up, before putting him down.

"Big sidewalk slam by the big guy."

Adrien Cochrane doesn't lose hope as he rolls over and gets to his feet. Travis Williams grabs him, lifting to a sideways hold. He twist him around before throwing him down on top of his knee.

"That deadly catatonic back breaker which he calls the Shadow Cast!"

Williams pins Adrien Cochrane.

"Travis

Williams pulls off an impressive victory over DREAM's own, Adrien Cochrane." The lights begin to flicker.

"What's this?"

On the big screen Anti-Hero is seen. He begins to laugh sadistically as Travis Williams looks on. Suddenly the lights go off again and a huge explosion fires from the turnbuckles. As the lights come back on Anti-Hero stands over a downed Travis Williams, chair in hand. We fade to commercial.

More Devine Intervention

"

lupincy" When the scene finally returns to the temporary dorm of Lupin Cy, we find him still in disbelief over the presence of Danny Devine. Never one to take anything Danny said seriously, it looks as if Cy and him have been talking the entire time. Danny: So I was thinking - Lupin: This ought to be good. Danny: Now, now, hear me out boss. Ya need an image an

I thought I

d pedal out a few ideas. Lupin: Are you sure this isn

t just another way of playing your betting field? 10 to 1 odds that you could get me down to the ring in a cowboy outfit? Chaps and boots and six shooters, maybe? Just as Devine stands behind the changing screen, a giant foam cowboy hat comes sailing over the top. Danny: Geez. Next! Lupin: No Captain Kill uniform either. It

s a ring, not a battlefield. A well-starched set of forest camo BDUs were the next to take flight. Danny:

Daaamn. Next! Lupin: No! A tennis racket. Danny: Ahhh. Next! Lupin: Hell no! Danny: I

ve got the one and I don

t want you blowing it off without a proper presentation. Just wait a tick. Lupin: If this next one isn

t serious,

Danny, I swear to God that I am SOOOO going to shoot you in the face.

Danny:

Bollocks, Cy. Practice some bloody patience. After several seconds of staring disinterested into

space, the DREAM Champion is suddenly roused by a muffled and distant voice. Danny: Okay. You ready?

Lupin: Why do you sound like you

Slaughter: XXV

re standing in the closet? In one swift motion, the changing screen comes tumbling to the ground, shattering into splinters. The shock and awe of the design that stands before Lupin is capable of bringing any person of a lesser constitution to their knees. The jaws of every man, woman and child in attendance for the 25th edition of Slaughter rumbles the foundations of the Amway Arena to its very core. It is difficult to tell what emotion is beginning to flow through Lupin

s veins when his face reads of the expression that all semblance of coherent thought has abandoned him. The feature before him is so simple that there is no difficult way to put it. The wiry, non-intimidating form of Danny Devine has been transformed into a 7 foot tall, demonically egregious reformation of a certain animated teddy bear from those laundry detergent commercials that never have seemed to have gotten old.

Lupin: Devine? Danny: Yeah? Lupin: What the hell is that? Danny: It

s a Snuggles suit. Lupin: Oh, we are SOOO getting sued. Right after I shoot you in the face.

Doozer vs. Marshall

"

marshall" As the bell sounds to begin the match, the two men lock up.

"Doozer looking to retain his championship. I am sure he will do whatever it takes to walk out with it tonight."

Doozer puts a side knee into the midsection of Marshall, placing him quickly into a side headlock.

"Doozer applies pressure, continuing to keep control of the match."

Marshall stomps the foot of Doozer, causing him to let go. He then rolls behind The Dooze, sliding his arms up under Doozer's and locking his fingers behind the hall of famer's head.

"Marshall places Doozer in a full nelson lock."

Doozer now stomps Marshall's foot, and slides out, rolling behind his opponent, grabbing him by the waist.

"Belly to back, big bear hug by The Dooze."

He lifts a little, causing pressure on the lower back of Marshall who attempts, and fails to move out of the hold.

"Marshall unable to break free."

Doozer displays his power as he tilts back enough to lift Marshall a little higher, then lunges forward throwing his legs out as he plants M-Plow's face into the mat.

"Big face buster by Doozer."

As Doozer gets to his feet, he pulls Marshall up with him. Once up, M-Plow pushes Doozer back, then follows up with a chop.

Slaughter: XXV

"Big chop, followed by another. Doozer now returns the favor with his own. Doozer grabs the arm and whips Marshall... No, reversed by Marshall. Doozer into the ropes, on the return now."

Marshall bends down and catches him.

"Big back body drop by Marshall."

Doozer hits the mat and grabs his back in pain as Marshall gets to his feet.

"Marshall yanks Doozer up by his head, directing him to the near by corner post."

He slams Doozer's head into the top turn buckle before pointing to the post across the ring and walking Doozer over to it.

"M-Plow introduces Doozer's head to that opposite turnbuckle. He now seems to be making his rounds to the next. The head of The Superman bounces off of that turnbuckle."

Marshall points to the final corner post and takes a groggy Doozer over to it. As he goes to slam his head into the final turnbuckle, Doozer grabs the top rope, denying him.

"Not this time Doozer says! He now gives Marshall a taste of his own medicine, grabbing his head and slamming it into that turnbuckle."

The fans begin cheering loud as Doozer pulls Marshall's head back far before ramming it into the turnbuckle again.

"Marshall stumbles back."

He turns back to face Doozer.

"Doozer lifts him over his shoulders into a fireman's carry."

Doozer holds Marshall up and turns to display his strength to the fans, before slamming Marshall to the mat. The crowd pops. Doozer bends over to lift him up, and is met with a quick thumb to his eye. Doozer grabs his eyes and stumbles back.

"Marshall maneuvers to his feet."

He grabs Doozer and bends him over, holding him by the side before lifting.

"Gutwrench suplex by Marshall."

Slaughter: XXV

The crowd lets a big reaction slip.

"Both men getting to their feet. Marshall runs at Doozer, drop toe hold by Doozer who immediately locks in a cross face!"

Marshall begins to kick but is unable to break free.

"Marshall may be in trouble as he can not even tap out to get free, Doozer applies more pressure. If he can make Marshall pass out due to the pain this match can be over with!"

Finally, Doozer lets Marshall go. As Marshall's head hits the mat Doozer gets up.

"Doozer to his feet."

He bends down and lifts Marshall up. Halfway, Marshall punches Doozer in the midsection.

"Forearm to the face of Doozer now. Marshall on a come back."

Marshall grabs Doozer's arm and whips him across the ring, running to the opposite ropes and using them to gain momentum himself.

"Both men heading towards each other at full speed! Doozer goes for a clothesline, but misses as Marshall ducks."

They both turn, Doozer jumps with a drop kick, hitting his mark.

"Doozer goes for the pin, will he retain as the referee counts?!"

The referee hits three.

"The bell sounds, Doozer is still your DWF World Champion!"

His music hits and he gets to his feet. Doozer reaches down and offers Marshall a hand up, who accepts.

"Gotta love that sportsmanship folks."

Lupin Cy vs. 501

"

lupincy" "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

Slaughter: XXV

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.

As

"Pure Morning" by Placebo comes melodically flowing through the arena's sound system, the DREAM Champion Lupin Cy comes speeding down the ramp from the backstage area. Just as Cy begins a head-first slide into the ring, green fireworks launch from the top of all four turnbuckles. Lupin wildly keeps the energy going for the crowd by spinning in circles, pointing out to the masses as he does so.

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

"The DREAM Championship is on the line as Lupin Cy must defend it just two weeks after competing in that huge 12 man Caged Hell Ultimate Jeopardy match at Golden Dreams."

The bell sounds.

"They touch hands as we start this main event. Quick lock up, initiated by the challenger."

Five Zero One kicks Lupin Cy, breaking the lock.

"Patient Five Zero One locks the champion's arm, and follows up with a hip toss."

As Lupin hits the mat, he rolls over and pops to his feet.

"Cy back up, he rushes 501. Arm drag by the challenger."

Lupin Cy makes sure to get right back to his feet, this time he stays stationary, studying his opponent.

"Cy now moving towards 501." 501 places his fist up in a ready stance as Lupin comes at him.

"Swift kick by the champion to the side of the legs of 501. Another."

As Lupin lands his kicks, 501 tightens up his block, ready for anything.

"Cy twist, spinning heel kick that meets the stomach of 501."

The fans pop as the breath is knocked out of the challenger.

"Lupin uses this opportunity to get back on track as he runs at Patient Five Zero One. He leaps, knee smash to 501's face."

Once his knee connects, Lupin turns back around and grabs 501's legs right as he hits the mat, lifting them. Lupin then leaps up, throwing his legs out and landing across

Slaughter: XXV

501's inner thigh.

"Lupin Cy trying to take 501's legs away from him in this match, which could effectively slow down his assault."

Cy pushes up to his feet as 501 turns over and attempts to get up himself.

"Lupin with a stomp to the back of 501, planting him back down to the mat."

Cy runs to the nearby corner, and climbs the turnbuckle.

"The DREAM Champion going up top."

He shakes a bit at first, but stables himself as he stands up, arms out.

The cameras flash. In the ring, Five Zero one begins to get up.

"Patient Five Zero One to his feet. He looks up as Lupin Cy leaps. Look at the air!"

Cy flips in the air and crashes through 501. Both men hit the mat hard as the fans pop extremely loud.

"What a high flying maneuver that pays off!"

Lupin gets to is feet. His breath is heavy, but he continues on as he stomps 501 a couple times before lifting his leg.

"Stomp to the inner knee of 501."

Patient Five Zero One lets out a yelp of pain as he grabs his knee.

"The champion is now lifting 501 to his feet."

Lupin Cy goes to hit 501 with a right.

"Big right hand connects. Going for another, blocked by 501! Five Zero One returns with his own fist. Both men now exchanging punches."

The fans begin to get loud as they hit each other.

"501 grabs Lupin Cy's head, rolls him over to the mat."

Lupin sits in an upright position on the mat.

"501 jumps, drop kick to the back of the champion!"

Slaughter: XXV

Lupin is jolted up and forward to the mat as 501 gets back to his feet. He sells the earlier knee punishment with a slight limp.

"Boot to the mid section of Lupin Cy. 501 now lifts the DREAM Champion to his feet. He follows up with a forearm shot to the lower back."

Lupin stumbles forward a few steps.

"501 turns Cy around, going for the whip."

Lupin spins under 501's arm and pulls him into a boot.

"501 denied by Cy! Lupin leaps, bringing his leg down. Scissor kick across the back of 501" 501 falls face forward to the mat. Lupin turns 501 over and covers him, hooking the leg.

"The referee counts."

He hits three and the bell sounds.

"Lupin Cy wins with a clean victory, retaining the DREAM Championship!"

His music hits and Cy gets to his feet. He is handed the title and celebrates in the ring as we fade to black.