

Slaughter: XXVIII

December 14, 2009 | Arizona Veterans Memorial Arena - Phoenix, Arizona

XXVIII

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Slaughter XXVIII

14 Dec 2009

Arizona Veterans Memorial Arena,
Phoenix, Arizona (seats 14,487)

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 Arizona Veteran's Memorial Arena in Phoenix, Arizona." 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 as we say farewell to Monday night and head to a new, more exciting Wednesday night time slot!"

The camera heads to the top of the stage.

"Let's get it started NOW!"

501 vs Marshall

"

fivezeroone" "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. 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 huge reaction from the crowd.

"Looks like our fans here at DREAM are backing Marshall in this one."

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Marshall makes his way into the ring without wasting time. He walks over to a back corner of the ring and awaits the bell. Finally it sounds to begin the match.

"Marshall and 501 meeting for the third time here in DREAM as they lock up. These two have an amazing chemistry and I'm sure it will continue to show tonight!"

Marshall, trying to catch 501 off guard, rushes his opponent. Looking to connect with a strong clothesline, but with a side-step to counter 501 flips Marshall to the ground with a hip toss.

"Quick counter by Five-Zero-One, right there, he's looking alert to start the night."

Back to his feet in a hurry, Marshall is greeted by a hard right hand. Another. And another, leaving Marshall standing stunned and wavering. 501 steps close to Marshall, rears back, and- "A HUGE headbu- NO, No Marshall ducks, grabs Five-Zero-One and knees him in the gut!" 501 doubles over, breathless. Marshall hooks his head with his left arm and prepares for a suplex. He gets 501 about half way up, but the larger, kicking wrestler forces his way back down to his feet.

"Marshall just got overpowered, right there. 501 is showing his stuff in this match, that's for sure." Already in position, 501 follows through with a sloppy suplex of his own. Marshall, again, is quick to get up. He takes a swing at 501, blocked. He takes another, blocked.

Persisting, Marshall swings a third time, but the prepared 501 ducks and swiftly sidesteps behind his opponent while locking him in a full-nelson hold.

"Patient Five-Zero-One is dominating the match so far. He seems to have an answer for every move Marshall showcases. Oh wow! Marshall somehow wiggles out of the full nelson just as Five-Zero-One was about to lift him up for the slam!"

Just as his feet hit the mat again, Marshall shuffles back to stand side by side with 501. He hooks his left arm around his opponent, and then hooks his leg around the others just the same; all quicker than one can blink.

"Impressive side Russian leg sweep pulled off there by Marshall."

Close to the turnbuckles, Marshall hops up to the second rope and slings off performing a lightning fast corkscrew leg drop on 501.

"What a change of events! Marshall has turned this match around with two super fast maneuvers! A brawler by nature, it seems like he's adapting to being the smaller of the two out there and countering with his speed." Marshall grabs 501 and lifts him up by his head. He whips 501 into the ropes. 501 bounces off and comes

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back looking for a running right hand
Marshall shuffles, HUGE SIDEWALK SLAM.

"That shook the ring a little, folks! What a slam! Marshall, coming out of nowhere, looks to be walking away with this one."

With 501 out on the mat, in prime position, Marshall rushes to the nearest corner and climbs up to the top turnbuckle.

"He launches into the air
looks like a corkscrew 450 splash
HE HITS IT!
Oh, Marshall with a devastating aerial attack right
there! He goes for the pin!" The referee drops for the count.

"501 lifts! He lifted his shoulder just in time. With the damage he
s taken, as fast as he
s taken it, I can
t believe he found it in him to lift that shoulder at two and three quarters!" Marshall pounds the mat in
frustration. He picks 501 up by the head, again and whips him into the opposite corner. With Marshall
following behind, 501 crashes into the corner. 501 stumbles out of the corner like an injured zombie. Marshall
pursues him, turns 501 around, and kicks him in the gut.

"Looks like Marshall is going to try and put 501 away with a pump handle slam
Marshall goes for the initial lift, but 501 doesn
t move an inch. Marshall strains himself red. Still not an inch
How is Five-Zero-One finding the strength? He
s been beaten down left and right.." 501 punches Marshall in the kidney region. He punches his again, and
again. Marshall gives in, letting go of the hold to set up his pump handle slam. 501 stays lowered around
Marshall
s midsection, but shuffles into a bear hug position.

"Five-Zero-One is displaying UNCANNY strength! He
s now just lifting Marshall up straight from that awkward position
SPINE BUSTER! Holy smokes, Five-Zero-One just picked up Marshall and slammed him down like he didn
t weight a pound!" 501 picks up the lifeless body of Marshall and whips him into the ropes. Marshall reverses
the whip! 501 bounces off the ropes and leg sweep by Marshall. 501 is back to his feet within no time.

"It looks like since he started to show life again, Five-Zero-One is feeding off of Marshall
s energy." Marshall throws a hard right. An alert 501 ducks, steps, and applies the KIA.

"Oh WOW! Five-Zero-One with a slick counter saw his opportunity to apply a standing chokehold and took it!
This isn

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t good for Marshall, the two of them are right in the middle of the ring and Five-Zero-One is relentlessly tightening his hold every second." Marshall
s eyes close and his body goes limp. The referee approaches and lifts Marshall
s right arm. It drops.

"It could be over."

The referee lifts his arm again. It drops.

"One more time and we have a knock out."

As Marshall's arm is lifted for a third time and dropped, he stops it halfway, clinches his fist and slowly raises it.

"Marshall determined to fight back. He can't be counted at yet!"

He grabs his fist with his free hand and slams his elbow into 501's stomach, breaking the lock. Marshall runs forward, bouncing off the ropes, he leaps, wrapping his arm around 501's head and falling back.

"HUGE DDT BY MARSHALL!"

Cameras flash through out the crowd as they rumble, getting behind Marshall. He leaps to his feet and throws his arms straight out, with a vicious yell and an intense look upon his face.

"Marshall is on fire!"

He takes two big steps forward, raises an elbow and drops it across the neck of 501. The crowd pops.

"Marshall violently pulls 501 to his feet. Hard Irish whip into the turnbuckle." 501 tightens up as he hits. He stumbles back and turns as Marshal runs at him. He grabs his neck and twist.

"Swinging neck breaker by Marshall! He goes for the cover and hooks the leg of Patient Five-Zero-One!"

As the referee counts, the fans chant the count along with him as well as Marshall, mouthing the count.

"Three! Marshall got the three!"

The bell begins to ring.

"Your winner is Marshall as he comes back from almost blacking out. Boy the fans are into this guy."

Marshall climbs the nearby turnbuckle and raises one arm as cameras flash more. He absorbs the crowd's reaction.

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Medical Treatment

"

traviswilliams" "After last week

s

Slaughter went off the air, Travis Williams was taken to a local hospital for medical treatment. We have his doctor standing

by." A medical doctor in a white lab coat is sitting in a chair with a clipboard in his hands.

"My name is Doctor James Winfield. I have been in the head trauma unit for almost twelve years now. When Mr. Williams was sent to my ER his condition did not seem dangerous at all. In fact, we expected a full recovery in a few days. It was not until later that night, when we found something extremely wrong with the man. MRI and Cat Scans showed that Mr. Williams had been one of very few men I ever seen, with so many concussions on his medical chart. By medical standards, he should be in a vegetable stand of living, or since he has a living will, dead basically. He suffered a nasty level two concussion at the wrestling show he partook in. By records, he had never been cleared to wrestle six months ago, let alone, last Monday night. As he seemed fine, his condition landed him in ICU under twenty-four watch. It is with my knowledge and experience, to inform the world that rightfully

He should never compete in a wrestling ring again. To add in that he suffered a torn ACL on his right knee, his surgery is on hold for it. I cannot state directly his plans. I do know that I would never clear him. His lawyers and him spoke today, and informed me that he would be appearing at the Seasons Beatings Pay Per View event you will be holding. There, he will have a decision on his plans for the future. However, as a professional medical doctor,

I highly suggest to him and to you at DREAM, HE CANNOT WRESTLE

AGAIN! Though, that decision rest on him and you! Thank you!" He stands from his chair, folds down the top paper of his clipboard and removes the microphone attached at his shirt.

"WoW, now that is something that we will all be waiting to hear!"

A commercial for Seasons Beatings 09 airs.

Commercial Break

Egging Mr. Riley

"

jimmyriley" Jimmy Riley is arriving backstage, still dressed in street clothes with his duffel bag in hand. As he turns a corner, he bumps into Whammy.

"Get out of my way."

He pushes Whammy to the wall and continues past him until he gets to a door with his name on it. Riley opens the door and inside is The Dude.

"What are you doing in my dressing room? Get out!"

The Dude holds his hands up in front of his chest and steps past Riley. Jimmy sighs and enters, the camera

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following. He sits his bag down and a knock is heard through the door. He opens the door. A barrage of eggs fly, hitting their target. Riley stands there, dripping in yolk as Cancer Jiles and Doozer both lean into his dressing room.

"Welcome to DREAM Jimmy!"

They pull back, closing the door with them. Their laughter can be heard echoing through the hallway as Jimmy sits, steaming mad.

Force vs. Zero

"

zero" The arena lights dim and flash red momentarily, as a countdown appears on the big screen. Five... Four... Three... Two... One... Zero.

"Reise, Reise" by Rammstein starts to blast out of the arena sound system, as wisps of smoke float across the stage. Zero appears from behind the curtain dressed in a long black overcoat, his painted face betraying no emotion as he strides down to the ring and dives headfirst under the bottom rope, climbing to his feet and shrugging off his coat as the lights return to their usual hue. by Trust Company starts to blare over the sound system, as Force appears from behind the curtain with a wide grin on his face. He charges towards the ring and slides under the bottom rope, climbing to his feet and looking around at the crowd, before backing away into the corner and warming up.

"After a few weeks off, Zero is looking to pick up a big win over Force tonight. However, being from Arizona, Force has the home field advantage!" As the bell sounds, the two men lock up.

"Zero quickly takes the lead as he whips Force into the ropes."

As Force returns he meets the elbow of a spinning Zero, sending him to the mat.

"Force sent right down by Zero who appears to have no ring rust from his time away."

Zero leaps up, bringing a knee down as he drops it onto Force's chest.

"Big knee drop by Zero."

Zero gets to his feet, lifting Force up with him. Force stops halfway, and picks Zero up.

"Inverted Atomic Drop by Force!"

Zero bounces up and back to the mat.

"Force lifts Zero back to his feet."

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Zero pushes Force back before throwing a big right at him that connects.

"They both are now exchanging rights and lefts.

Zero sends Force into the ropes. On his return, Zero connects with a knee to the gut." Force flips over Zero's knee, landing face up on the mat.

"Quick elbow drop by Zero."

As Zero gets to his feet, he pulls Force up with him. Force halts and sends a fist into the midsection of Zero.

"Hard chop now by Force, followed by a second. Irish whip into the corner."

Force follows through by running towards Zero with his knee making contact. As Force moves out of the way, Zero falls forward to the mat.

"Big, vicious stomps by the home grown Force."

Force grabs Zero and yanks him up.

"Another

Irish whip by Force, Zero on the return. Force goes for a spear.

NO! Zero leaps, and in one fluid motion hits a DDT." Zero turns Force over and goes for a pin.

"Never underestimate Zero. Both men to their feet now. Force rushes Zero, arm drag by Zero. Up again. Force rushes once more, arm drag."

This time Force gets up in a three point stance. He lunges at Zero, who leap frogs over him. Both men bounce off of the opposite sides of the ring.

"Zero goes for a clothesline, he connects!"

Zero goes down, covering Force as the referee drops to count.

"Kick out again! Zero just can't keep Force down!"

As Zero gets to his feet, Force rolls out of the ring.

"Force now taking a breather on the outside. Wait... Zero runs, he leaps through the ropes! Suicide dive!"

Zero soars through the air, but is seen by Force who side steps, allowing Zero to crash into the hard floor on the outside.

"My God!"

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The referee begins to count both men as Zero holds his arm in pain.

"Zero's arm may be broken, and who knows what else!"

Force pulls Zero to his feet, and walks him over to the barrier. He grabs the back of his head and introduces his face to the metal railing.

"Force now showing us a side we had yet to witness. He grabs the arm of Zero, whip. Zero crashes into those unforgiving steel steps!"

A loud bang echos through the arena as the fans scream and chant for Force.

"Force rolls into the ring and back out to restart the count."

He picks up a piece of the steps, and holds it over Zero's head. Force looks out to the fans on the left, then the right.

"Don't do it Force, not this way! You're better than that!"

He decides against it, throwing the steps to the side. The fans cheer his decision as he concretes himself as the fans newest hero.

"The home grown superstar lifts Zero to his feet, and rolls him into the ring."

Force heads to the apron and climbs the turnbuckle from the outside. He seems to be nervous up top, and a bit off balance, but Whiteside plays it off.

"Force getting his bearings up top as he waits. Zero trying to get to his feet."

Once Zero is up, Force leaps with a double axe handle smash from the top rope. The execution is a bit off and the land is sloppy, but he makes contact and Zero sells the hell out of it.

"The fans are behind Force, can he capitalize? We'll find out right after this commercial break!"

"And we're back! Force into the turnbuckle after a hard Irish whip."

He bounces off and turns. Zero goes to kick him in the midsection, but Force grabs his leg.

"Force turns Zero around, grabs him by the mid section and lifts. Atomic Drop!"

The look on Zero's face is priceless as he holds and falls to his knees. Force leans back on the ropes, and uses them to launch himself towards his opponent.

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"Force comes forward with a running punt to the back of Zero."

Zero arches himself and falls forward to the mat. Force mounts his back, and places his hand under Zero's chin, locking his fingers and pulling back.

"Force yanks back as he applies pressure. Can he make Zero tap?"

Zero reaches, but just can't grab the bottom rope. Finally he slaps his hand on the mat.

"Zero has tapped out!"

The bell sounds as Force lets his opponent go. he almost can't believe he has won as the referee helps him up, then raises his arm.

"Force has pulled off a huge victory here, making Zero submit!"

What!?

"

jimmyriley" The camera's set on the door to the backstage men's room. There's the sound of loud coughing coming from behind it, before it finally opens, and Jimmy Riley walks out. His face and hair are visibly wet from washing off the literal "egg on the face." "Those...AGH! You, with the camera!"

Riley points directly at the camera man, then motions for the camera to follow him. Jimmy immediately takes off, striding quickly as the camera man not only tries to catch up, but overtakes Riley.

"It's not even the egg, it's the fact that I deserve better than that! Here I am, I'm about to walk out and give Charlie Blackwell a reality check, and what do I get? Egg!"

Riley quickly turns a corner, the camera still trained on him from the side.

"Look, I'm gonna lay it out real quick; I've been around this business far too long to get hazed like some rookie...in fact, just like the rookie that got the upper hand on me last week, and the one

I'm about to face. I hope you're somewhere that you can hear this, Charlie.

I'm not going to start oh-and-two here in Dream." Jimmy Riley walks right up to the curtain, stopping and looking at the camera. There's not much light in the "gorilla position," but enough to see Jimmy's emerald green eyes shimmer.

"That literal egg on my face? It's about to be figurative egg on yours. And tomorrow, when you wake up in that hellhole hotel room with your tramp of a girlfriend and amazon of a cousin? That wasn't a nightmare."

Riley sneers.

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"It was just me."

Commercial Break

Charlie Blackwell vs. Jimmy Riley

"

jimmyriley"

Opening notes to Charlie Robison's 'My Hometown' play

Charlie walks down to the ring with his valet/girlfriend Kenzie Blair.

"Well, I had a buddy back in eighty-one
And we made ourselves a pact
We were heading for the new pipeline
And we were never coming back
We worked eighty hours working time and a half
But LaGrange was too damn hot
We drove back home at the end that week
And we spent it all on shots..."

Charlie holds the ring ropes open for Kenzie to slide through.

"So I'll see you Houston
If I ever get out that way I'll see you in Dallas
But I won't have long to stay
If you're ever out west son
And you're feeling like slowin' down
I'll see you around
Around my hometown..."

Like a bad headache, the immediate buzz created by the hip hop superstar collaboration between Kanye, Jay, Wayne, and T.I. cuts immediately into whatever you were doing or thinking; "No one on the corner has swagga like us Swagga like us Swagga swagga like us No one on the corner has swagga like us Swagga like us Swagga swagga like us As the beat kicks in, out comes Jimmy Riley, clad in plain blue trunks, blue kneepads, and black boots. He's wearing a gray, unzipped hooded sweatshirt, with the hood pulled up over his head.

Without paying any attention to the crowd around him, Riley marches toward the ring. He slides into the ring, and stands right up, throwing the hood back and his hands into the air before simply walking to his corner and standing quietly, awaiting the match to come.

"Should be an interesting match as both of these competitors have contrasting styles, and Jimmy Riley has a large size advantage over Charlie Blackwell. Either way, let's get ready for the action."

The bell sounds. Blackwell runs at Jimmy Riley who catches him with a knee to the gut. He rolls behind Charlie, wraps his arms around his waist and leans back.

"Belly to back suplex by the veteran, Jimmy Riley. Charlie Blackwell may get a good lesson as he is going through Wrestling 101 tonight."

Riley roughly pulls Blackwell to his feet.

"Multiple knife edge chops cause Charlie Blackwell's chest to glow."

Jimmy grabs Charlie's arm, twisting it around then yanking as he stomps down. Charlie lets out a yelp of pain as he grabs his shoulder. Riley runs past him, bouncing off the ropes as he returns he leaps behind

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Blackwell.

"Bull dog by Riley!"

The fans begin booing Jimmy, as he completely dominates the newcomer, Charlie Blackwell. He turns Charlie over and covers him as the referee drops to count.

"Two count and kick out by Charlie Blackwell. He just barely got his shoulder up there."

Jimmy looks up at the referee and pounds his hand real quick three times, signaling that the referee made a slow count. He then gets to his feet.

"Jimmy Riley upset with the referee's count as he stomps away at Charlie Blackwell."

Riley turns Blackwell over on his stomach, and lifts his left leg up, before driving his knee into the mat. Charlie grabs his knee and rolls over in pain, allowing Jimmy to leap up and come down hard with a knee drop across his chest.

"Total control by Riley who continues his vicious assault on Charlie Blackwell."

Jimmy Riley bends down, slapping Charlie Blackwell. He then places his hands around Charlie's throat, and lifts him up to his feet. He grabs his arm and whips him towards the corner post, running behind him. Charlie grabs the top rope, stopping himself, and uses it to lift himself up. Jimmy Riley slams into the corner post as Charlie Blackwell lands on his feet behind him. He drops to the mat, cupping under Riley's legs, rolling him up.

"School boy attempt! The referee counts. Riley is able to kick out easily at two. Charlie Blackwell just threw Riley off a bit with that quick thinking."

Blackwell rolls back and up his feet. Jimmy Riley stares at him in a kneeling position and keeps his eyes on the rookie as he stands.

"Jimmy Riley now a bit cautious, and for good reason. it could have been over early for him. I bet he is now rethinking not ending the match right away when he had full control."

Riley walks over, still cautious, and mouths to Blackwell, a few things that we can not hear.

"Lock up in the middle of the ring."

Jimmy forces Charlie back into the ropes, he uses them for momentum as he whips Blackwell across the ring.

"Charlie

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Blackwell on the return, Riley ducks down. Leap frog by Blackwell. To the ropes and off." Jimmy drops to the mat, and Blackwell hops over him. He takes a few steps, stops and turns as Riley gets to his feet. Charlie jumps with a sloppy but effective dropkick.

"Standing drop kick that connects, sending Riley to the mat."

Charlie runs, jumps to the second rope while grabbing the top. He bounces down and uses the ropes to leap up, landing his body across Jimmy's. The fans give him a pop.

"Charlie Blackwell using his agility and the ropes to gain some much needed momentum in this match."

Blackwell gets to his feet, quickly, pulling both of Jimmy's legs up. He steps in between and wrap's his legs around before attempting to turn Riley over.

"Blackwell going for a sharpshooter."

Charlie looks uncomfortable with the move as he just can't quite get Riley over. Jimmy struggles, finally breaking his legs free, and kicking Charlie backwards.

"Charlie Blackwell stumbles back as Jimmy Riley gets to a three point stance. He waits... and pounces forward, running through Blackwell with a clothesline. Blackwell just is at a full disadvantage in this match up folks."

The fans boo Riley who waves them off, stomping Blackwell some more.

"At 165 to

Riley's 243 pounds, Charlie Blackwell just can't seem to overcome the brute force of Jimmy Riley's attacks, and it is very apparent here as he can do nothing but cover his head as Rile stomps away at him still. Does this man have no heart?" Riley covers Blackwell, but Charlie throws his foot over the bottom rope, denying Jimmy a pin.

"Jimmy Riley even more upset now, as he gets to his feet, pulling Charlie Blackwell up with him. Hard chops to the chest of Charlie, followed by a swift kick to his lower legs."

Charlie barely stomps himself from crumbling after the kick.

"Jimmy Riley with a big right, followed by anot.. no, Charlie Blackwell is able to block the fist. He returns fire with his own shot."

The fans begin to get behind the under dog as he hits a few more hard fist. He runs back, and comes off the ropes. Jimmy bends down.

"Blackwell over Riley, sunset flip!"

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The referee drops and counts.

"One.. two.. Thr... NO! Kick out by Riley!"

The fan groans in unison as Jimmy Riley escapes another surprise pin by Charlie Blackwell. The crowd explodes as he flips Riley over into a pin and the referee drops for the count. As he hits two, Jimmy is able to kick out to the fans discontent.

"Close call, Charlie Blackwell almost had Riley there."

Both men begin to get up. Halfway up, Jimmy Riley grabs both of Charlie Blackwell's legs, and yanks up, putting his back down hard to the mat. he holds Charlie's legs up and leans back.

"Slingshot!"

Blackwell is shot into the turnbuckle. As he hits, his body falls limp over the ropes, standing upright in the corner. Riley walks over and sends several fist into the back of Blackwell.

"Hard kidney shots by Jimmy Riley."

Charlie lets out a yelp of pain as he grabs his back. Jimmy turns him around, grabs the top rope and begins to stomp away at Charlie, until his collapse int he corner. He continues to hold the top rope for leverage as he stomps.

"The referee making Riley pull back. the fans are livid folks."

The fans begin to throw trash into the ring as Jimmy pulls a barely awake Charlie Blackwell to his feet.

"Riley scoops Blackwell up, turns and runs. he jumps, and big slams to the mat followed by a pin. Riley hooks Charlie's leg for good measure."

The boos get even louder as the referee drops for the count.

"That's it as Jimmy Riley gets the three. Charlie Blackwell put up a good fight, but in the long run, Riley just had the experience and the size to take this one home."

Riley raises his hand in the sky, yanking it away from the referee as more trash is thrown into the ring at him. He does nothing but smirk at the crowd.

Yolk on This

"

eggbandits" The eGG Bandits are seen walking down the corridor, heading to the guerrilla position for their match.

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"You ready Cancer?" "Always Dooze." "Lets do this then."

They dap each other and turn around. Right then B.R. Ellis and Dark stand face to face with the men they have been calling out for weeks. Silence falls over the four, tension is in the air. Ellis begins to talk.

"Jiles, you've been running long enough. Hiding behind the shadow of Doozer. Well, guess what... I'm right here."

Cancer yawns.

"I haven't been hiding anywhere, I've always been right here. You just been too scared to come find me."

B.R. goes to rush him, but Dark grabs his partner.

"Not here, not yet."

Doozer holds Cancer back.

"I think you two need to get."

B.R. pulls away from Dark.

"Next week on Slaughter, lets do this Jiles. eGG Bandits and chicKEN Chokers. For the belt!"

Cancer begins shaking his head in agreement.

"Oh yea, it's on."

Doozer looks confused and turns to his partner.

"Umm... Cancer, shouldn't we have that caliber of a match on pay per view? I mean... we'll be costing Zylbert some serious money by giving it away." "Screw Zylbert!"

Doozer holds his hands up and slinks back a few steps.

"Alright, your call."

Dark makes a step forward.

"Next week the chicKEN Chokers are gonna crack some eggs."

The stare down continues.

Commercial Break

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eGG Bandits vs. Lupin Cy/Bishop Steele

"

bishopsteele"

As we go ringside, B.R. Ellis is in the ring, wearing a referee shirt.

"This could get real sloppy for the eGG Bandits as they will be facing B.R. Ellis and his partner next week for the tag team titles."

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 lights get dim and the crowd silences.

'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 nods 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 "As he transforms to a whole 'nother being... SUPER DUPER..."

Daps and pounds hits the PA, The Dooze and Mr. Cool make there way down to ringside. Half way, the two Bandits open on on the spectators... tossing random eggs into the crowd, the dumb fans act as if they were free hot dogs. The smart fans, knowing their calling card, pull out and open up their umbrellas. Used to shield themselves from the forthcoming EGGING onslaught. Mr. Cool and The Dooze show no bias, as children, grown men, and old ladies who for some reason come to our show, are unmercifully pulverized with Eggs by the Bandits. Eventually, the EGGING subsides and Egg Bandits climb into the ring, and await the bell.

"This is one hell a line up as Bishop Steele and Cancer Jiles will start things off."

The bell sounds and they lock up.

"Steele overpowers the "You Call it" champion, places him in a headlock."

He applies pressure before rolling behind Cancer, placing Jile's arm behind him. Steele uses his free arm and places it around Cancer's neck and drops.

"Inverted DDT by Bishop Steele. Multiple hard stomps to the champion as Bishop Steele remains in control."

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He walks over and tags in Lupin Cy.

"The DREAM Champion now the legal man."

Lupin climbs the turnbuckle from the apron. He leaps.

"Swanton Bomb!"

Cy hits his mark and the fans erupt. After taking a few moments he rolls over and pushes himself up. He walks over, tagging Steele back in.

"Bishop Steele back int he ring, he lifts Cancer by the head, pulling him to his feet. Heavy chop to Cancer's chest, followed by another."

Steele grabs Cancer's arm and whips him into the ropes, as he returns Steele lifts him.

"Huge back body drop by Bishop Steele!"

The fans pop. Cancer begins to crawl, reaching for Doozer. Steele prepares himself, staring at Doozer, waiting. Cancer reaches up and makes the tag. Cancer rolls to the apron, and uses the ropes to pull himself up as Doozer jets into the ring, the fans go nuts.

"Bishop Steele lunges forward and catches The Dooze! SPINE BUSTER!"

Steele lets out a huge victory yell. Behind him, Doozer rolls over and pushing himself up. Steele turns to look at him.

"Stare down. DREAM's past with DREAM's future, right now."

And then they are interrupted.

"What's this?"

Christmas Comes Early

"

eggbandits"

I'll be home for Christmas, You can plan on me. Please have snow and mistletoe, And presents on the tree. Christmas Eve will find me Here where spotlights gleam I'll be home for Christmas If only in my DREAM. The chaos at ringside subsides for a moment, as the men remaining in the ring all turn toward the Tron. The smooth, baritone crooning sounds like an almost dead on rendition of

Bing Crosby's

"I'll Be Home For Christmas", and the jingle jangle of Christmas bells can be heard from near the top of the

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ramp. Sure enough, within a few seconds the confusion in the ring doubles as the man in the big red suit himself appears from behind the curtain, a fat jolly Santa Clause carrying a huge sack over his shoulder. He steps onto the ramp, letting out a booming "HO HO HO!" as he begins a gliding pace down towards the ring. In his offhand, he's holding a microphone.

"Well HO HO HO, gentlemen!"

The overzealous St. Nick chuckles with glee.

"I see you've all been taking part in some horseplay in the ring tonight. I certainly hope you aren't being naughty!"

Despite themselves, the five men remaining in the ring look amongst each other, lowering their heads and muttering about how they assuredly haven't been being naughty. It's a comical sight, five large muscled men humbled by the Christmas spirit. The fans roar their approval.

"Good, good!"

Santa booms, a twinkle in his eye and a hop in his step. He strains with the load of the sack over his shoulder for a moment.

"Because I have a very special present for everyone in attendance here tonight, but especially to a Mr. Cancer Jiles and a Mr. Doozer!"

Cancer pipes up, a huge grin on his face, but Doozer quickly pops him with an open slap to the back of the head. The crowd laughs along, while Cancer looks a bit like he's going to pout. Santa takes a jaunt up the ring steps, as Lupin Cy holds the ropes for him to step into the ring. The fat man ducks under the first rope and steps onto the canvas, setting down his parcel bag and looking at the eGG Bandits. He gestures toward the entrance way.

"Merry Christmas, to the eGG Bandits, and to everyone here in the DREAM Wrestling Federation!"

Santa bellows. From behind the curtain, a gigantic box appears. It's wrapped in bright green paper, with an intricately placed red bow on the very top. On the front, there is a huge gift tag reading "TO: The eGG Bandits, FROM: The WfWA".

Instinctively dropping out of the holiday spirit, Doozer and Jiles tense themselves, ready for a potential ambush, but quickly lower their guard again as the entire arena erupts into cheers and laughter. Pushing the box, which is on a set of well oiled wheels, are four dressed in matching green outfits. They look less than pleased to be midgets once again typecast into a fantastical Christmas role. Doozer is nearly beside himself with an "Oh man oh man midgets!" sort of glee. They roll the present all the way down the ramp, letting it come to rest nearby the ring.

"Well don't just stand there, little ones!"

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St. Nick chuckles, his belly shaking like a bowl full of jelly.

"Go, open it! Open it!"

Cancer starts off at almost a dead sprint toward the box, but Doozer stops him, putting a hand on his shoulder. He steps toward Santa Clause, politely borrowing his microphone.

"Hold on, hold on."

Doozer begins, laughing despite himself.

"Seriously? No offense Santy Clause, but you roll a person sized package down the ring and expect us to just open it? Why, so that some guy can hit me over the head with a steel chair all in the name of Jesus' birthday?"

I was born at night, Mr.

Clause, but not LAST night. Elves, why don't you go ahead and open that bad boy up. We'll stay in the ring, thank you." Doozer and Jiles step to the edge of the ring, looking over the ropes as the elves chatter amongst themselves, in a comically tiny little huddle. After a moment, they break it up, nodding as they begin to unravel the wrapping on the gift. As the four sides of the box fall outward, what is left is truly beautiful in a strange way. It's a full sized Christmas tree, complete with lights and ornaments, with a big star at the top. However, on closer inspection, the ornaments around the tree aren't really ornaments at all... but eggs! Even Doozer has to let out a legitimate smile at this, and the fans in the arena go bananas.

"Alright, Santa."

Doozer begins, a bit of embarrassment in his voice.

"No chairs, no angry man in the box. I misjudged you. This is great, seriously, that's pretty awesome. Maybe we can go out for a beer and come cookies or someth--" "CRACK!"

Doozer drops like a ton of candy canes, slumping into the turnbuckle, as he is struck in the face with a medium sized, wrapped box! The wielder of the box sends the crowd into a fit of boos and jeers, as it sets in exactly what as just happened. While Doozer was making his amends with St. Nick, who had crawled out of his parcel bag wearing a big fluffy Santa hat? None other than Mike Polowy! Doozer hits the mat with a thump, as Polowy drops the loaded present and begins his assault on Cancer Jiles, trading punches back and forth with an intensity not seen in a long time from the DWF's resident super heel. Cancer hits the mat after a big right hand, but pops right back up and continues the brawl, but quickly finds himself at a disadvantage as he's grabbed from the outside by two of the elves! Their tiny hands try to trip at his feet, throwing off his balance, giving Polowy enough time to boot Cancer in the stomach! The crowd escalates to a new level of Bah-Humbuggerly as they boo the former DREAM Champion, who tucks Cancer's head between his legs and lifts him up for The Mike Effect! Santa and Polowy commence stomping the two eGG Bandits as they lie ambushed on the canvas, before Polowy reaches down and picks up Doozer's fallen microphone.

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"Merry Christmas, douchebags."

He smirks, basking in the hatred of the crowd.

"St. Mikey is back!"

He quickly drops to the canvas, rolling out of the ring and making his way back up the ramp, Santa Clause close in tow. Inside the ring, Doozer begins to get his bearings, pulling himself up by the ropes and helping Jiles to his feet, dusting off the cobwebs after Polowy's guerrilla assault. The eGG Bandits stare back at MPlow with rage in their eyes, as Polowy stares back. He points at Doozer and Jiles, pantomiming a belt around his waist, as the cameras come down for the ending of the biggest Slaughter this month.