

Slaughter: XXXII

January 13, 2010 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

XXXII

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Slaughter XXXII

13 Jan 2010

The Slaughter House,

Orlando, FL (seats 8,796)

"Stop the WWA!"

"

jimmyriley" In the corner of the screen, "EARLIER TODAY."

We are once again outside The Slaughterhouse, where Jimmy Riley is dressed in a tailored outfit, holding a picket sign. The sign itself is white, with red writing that reads; "STOP THE WORLD WRESTLING ALLIANCE"

Jimmy shakes the sign in the air, yelling as fans are lined up to enter the building and watch tonight's LIVE Slaughter event.

"People, you must believe me! The World Wrestling Alliance is a pox on pro wrestling as we know it! Join me, and we can stop this monopoly!"

A couple of fans, teenagers, walk up to Riley, looking him up and down.

"What exactly have they done, dude?"

The one on the left, a chubby kid in a bubble jacket, mockingly asks his question.

After all, Jimmy Riley seems to be well off for himself, and HE'S always been in the WWA.

"You don't understand, you little brat, not only did they hurt me, they hurt others, people who don't want to ever wrestle for them again!"

The other, a lanky, skinny teen with a pockmarked face, sneers.

"Yeah? Like who?"

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Jimmy pauses, thinking before he answers.

"Like John Henry! He's not even a wrestler anymore! They pushed him until he couldn't take it, and he left!"

The fat one frowns.

"Wow, I didn't know that...I liked John Henry." "That's right! And you remember Serbo? He doesn't want anything to do with them!"

The skinny one is still sneering.

"Psh. Serbo wasn't ever anything, anyway. I really like Doozer, there's a champ! C'mon, Kenny, this guy's just full of hot air."

The two kids walk off, and Jimmy scowls after them.

"Yeah, keep walking! I didn't want you as part of my group anyway!"

Let's go inside...there's more later.

Introduction

"

jasonwhiteside" From black, the DREAM logo fades up.

The logo explodes to reveal the camera panning across the sea of screaming fans before finally resting on our host.

"That's right folks, welcome to Wednesday Night Slaughter!

I'm your host, Jason Whiteside and what a show we have for you tonight as we open the Slaughter House for

business!" We land on the entrance way and pyrotechnics begin exploding around the stage. As the smoke clears, the lights which were flashing go back to normal.

"Tonight we kick off the Slaughter Television Championship Tournament! Let's not wait any longer as we present... SLAUGHTER!"

Special Delivery

"

cancerjiles" Cancer Jiles is walking backstage, his bag over his shoulder.

"Ah, Cancer!"

Jiles stops and waits as a stage hand comes into the scene with a fruit basket in hand.

"I was told to bring this to you!"

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The stage hand gives Cancer the basket.

"Have a good match tonight Mr. Jiles!"

Cancer looks at him oddly as he walks off. Jiles pulls the card out of the basket and tosses it into the nearby trash. He opens the card up. The camera shot changes to over his shoulder where we can read it as well. For the top champion in the biz. - Mark Jiles taps his free hand with the card and walks off. He feels pretty damn good from the look of it.

The Madness!!

"

ChrisBladez" The camera man comes walking into one of the locker rooms. There is a big 50" screen on the wall. Chris Bladez is sitting in front of it, looking down at the table in front of him. His two body guard Chaz CReed and SYd MAson are standing behind him. As the camera man walks around to get a better view of what Chris is doing. Chris is filling out what looks to be like paperwork. The camera pans down at the paper. It is a copy of the TV Tournament match-ups. Chris grabs the paper of the table looks over his shoulder at Chaz.

"Alright Chaz, so this is what I have come up with for this tournament you read for this?"

Chaz chuckles a bit.

"Sure, boss."

Syd immediately adds.

"You sure you should be doing this boss? You could get fired!"

Chris turns his head to the other side.

"Shut up

Syd, I am pretty sure I

don't get fired. This federation doesn't have enough money to pay my buyout." Chris gives a laugh then turn his head back to Chaz' side.

"So in the first match

Chaz, I have Paradine beating Varga. I have no idea who this Varga cat is but he won't be Paradine." Chaz nods his head as he hear this.

"In the next match I have Muru, beating Clarence Williams. I have heard good things about his Muru guy."

"Same here boss,"

Chaz quickly adds.

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"Psymon is beating Jimmy Riley. I hate people with two first names. Can't trust them Chaz. Look at Syd here."

Chris points over at Syd Mason. Chaz gives a slight laugh.

"Well, anyways I have myself beating Klash. Then I have Grimoire beating Charlie Blackwell. Mike Polowy beating CPZ and Cochrane beating Manix."

Chris stands up, taking the paper with him. He turns towards his body guards.

"Now in the second round I have Paradine beating Muru. Myself beating Psymon. Mike Polowy beating Grimoire. And I didn't quite understand the next match but Cochrane moves on. Next round I get my revenge on Paradine for beating me at Bashed in the USA. And then Mike Polowy beats Cochrane. Setting up a battle of the ages as Chris Bladez battle Mike Polowy for the TV Title."

Chris sits back down on his couch. He turns on the TV to Slaughter. The camera feed from the locker room slowly fades out.

Welcome Back, but Enough is Enough

"

klash" Camera cuts to show Klash (crowd erupts

just entering the arena carrying his gym bag. He walks a good 10 feet before he is stopped by an approaching Johnny Legend.

"Klash, just wanted to say welcome back bud. Glad to have you back."

Legend extends his hand to Klash. Klash shakes and pulls Legend in for a quick one armed hug.

"Good to be back man. I appreciate. Take care."

Klash continues walking while Legend leaves also. He continues walking down the hallway as he passes a cardboard cutout of Greg

G-Man

Manix and doesn

t notice it right away. He stops in his tracks and has an irked look on his face. He turns around and walks back to the Manix cutout. Instantly, Klash grabs the figure and rips its head off and kicks the rest of the cutout to the

ground, then spikes the head piece to the ground as well.

"Sick of it!"

Klash storms to his locker room with a face as red as blood and veins popping out of his neck.

Varga vs. Nathan Paradine

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"

nathanparadine" As we head back ringside, "Trust Me" by Jim Johnston starts playing over the loud speakers as Varga comes out from the back with a slow, deliberate walk as the fans start booing very loudly. He looks at the fans with disdain before reaching the ring. He then climbs into the ring and continues to look on with disdain before smiling deviously. You can almost see the wheels in his skull turning as the music stops playing and he waits patiently for his opponent. by Faith No More blasts over the sound system as smoke fills the entrance to ramp. Nathan Paradine walks into view, dressed in his ring trunks, a leather jacket and his trademark sunglasses, a confident smirk on his face. He marches down to the ring, sliding under the bottom rope and climbing to his feet. He glances around and takes his jacket and sunglasses off, handing them to a member of the ring crew before backing away into the corner to await the start of the match.

"Nathan Paradine and Varga kicking off tonight's Slaughter Television Championship Tournament in what I believe is their first in ring meeting."

As the bell sounds, both men touch fist then lock up hard.

"Varga forces Paradine back and into the ropes."

Nathan holds his arms up and Varga is forced to release him.

"Varga repaid for following the rules with a boot to the gut by Nathan Paradine."

Nathan side steps then steps forward, placing his foot behind Varga's, tripping him back first to the mat.

"Paradine in control."

He lifts one of Varga's arms up, steps over it and falls to the mat, twisting Varga up on top of him while placing his right leg into Varga's throat and making a four with his other leg. he grabs the back of Varga's head and pulls down, locking the gogoplata in.

"WHAT? MARK OF JUDAS ALREADY?!"

Within seconds Varga taps and Nathan Paradine releases him.

"Nathan Paradine moves on via submission. Varga had to tap, anymore then fifteen seconds in that terrible hold can place the receiving person in a coma, or worse, six feet under."

Paradine's music plays as the Australian Submission Machine celebrates.
The Madness Continues!

"

chrisbladez" The camera comes back into Chris Bladez locker room. The first match is now coming to an end. Chris Bladez is sitting down on the couch watching

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Slaughter. He leans forward and pulls a highlighter out of his coat pocket. He highlights Paradine's name. and leans back with a smile on his face.

"Thank you very much, Nathan. You may have beat me at Bashed in the USA, but you won me some money tonight, and for that I thank you. So far I am one for one. Let's keep the money rolling. Come on Muru, win me some money." Chris starts to laugh as he pulls a cigar out of the other side of his coat pocket. He lights it and the scene fades out.

"You're a cancer, I'm the cure."

"

nathanparadine"

Immediately following his match against Varga, Nathan Paradine smirks and drives a boot into his fallen opponent's stomach, before nudging him out of the ring with his boot. by Faith No More dies away as Paradine calls for a mic.

"You see... that?" he pants, leaning over one of the ring ropes.

"I just took out the first competitor in this Slaughter Television Championship Tournament in less than what, three minutes? Two?"

Paradine smirks, and straightens up. He walks to the middle of the ring before speaking again.

"You see,

I know why I beat James Varga. Not all that long ago, I was forced to assess the way I was living and you know

what? I was disgusted by what I saw. I was a man living for the moment, with no care for the future. I was a man who was forced to retire in his mid-twenties because his body was so beaten down, before being forced to return to the ring to pay the bills. Well you know what?

I'm not the man anymore. I look around, I see people like

Doozer, still wrestling years after their prime, just for a cheap pop from the crowd. People like Cancer Jiles, throwing eggs at people and treating this company like it's a goddamn PLAYGROUND!" Paradine walks over to the nearest turnbuckle and climbs to the top rope, pointing out towards the crowd.

"Well, the times of the eGG Bandits running roughshod over DREAM are FINISHED as of tonight! You see, I'd like to introduce myself. I'm Nathan Paradine, and I'm the most technically pure athlete on the roster. I'm a man who plays by his own rules and marches to the beat of his own drum. I don't drink, smoke or do drugs, since I believe that I need a healthy liver, and functioning pair of lungs and an active brain to succeed in my life. I have returned to DREAM for one reason and one reason only... to restore some prestige to this company. Not for you fans, grovelling to whoever happens to be on top of the company as if they were the flavor of the week, not to the management who are probably sitting backstage right now trying to figure out how to mute my mic... for myself. To prove to you all that I can carry this place on my back, that I AM DREAM! I am the cure that this place needs! I am going to set the bar and I will stand and watch others fail to match me. Just you wall wait and watch, because you're looking at the first and

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ONLY DREAM Television Champion, Nathan

Paradine!" Paradine flings the mic down and resumes playing as he marches backstage, the crowd voicing their displeasure at his announcement.

A Nice Surprise

"

adriencochrane" Doozer is on his cell phone as he walks around the corner.

"OK Cancer, see you in five."

He hangs it up as he gets to the eGG Bandit dressing room. Down beside the door is a fruit basket, much like the one delivered to Cancer. Doozer looks through it.

"No eggs? I specifically said a basket of eggs."

He picks a card up from the basket as he raises up. On the front it says 'Doozer'.

"To me? Nice."

He opens it up and we can once again make out what it says from the angle. For the best of the best. - Travis Doozer smirks.

"Nice of him, recognizing who really is the best here. Too bad I hate fruit."

He picks the basket up as the door opens. It's Adrien Cochrane.

"Hey Dooze. Thought I heard someone."

Doozer thinks for a moment and holds the basket out.

"For me?"

Adrien takes the basket as Doozer nods.

"Thanks man."

Doozer puts the card into his pocket to keep.

"No problem."

SLAUGHTER XXXII - Brought to you by...

"

cancerjiles"

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Muru vs. Clarence Williams

"

murmu" "We

re set for yet another first round match. Although, this is an interesting one to say the least! We have two new comers to DREAM in Muru and Clearance Williams fighting for their chance to make their name a cornerstone of DREAM Wrestling Federation. Which one of these two will walk out victorious? Let us get to the ring for that answer!" Up on the tron a picture of the earth is seen. The earth then explodes as pyro and explosions fill the arena. The entrance ramp is filled with smoke as "Ladies and Gentlemen" by Saliva begins to play. Muru then walks out through the fog and makes his way down the ramp. Along the way to the ring he slaps the hands of a few fans and then he slides into the ring. He then raises his hands to the air as the crowd cheers.

"There he is fans, the man known simply as Muru! Is Muru the next big next to hit DREAM? I am sure he would love to believe that or even think that. However, his opponent tonight, would love nothing more than to redirect those thoughts!"

Cue up: International Havesator by Craig Morgan as a Clarence Williams walks out behind the curtain waving to the fans. He walks down the ramp, smile on his face till he reaches the ring. Once he has approached it he uses the stairs to get in it. He gives another wave to the fans as he stands in the corner.

"The corn-fed man from Mississippi is talented in chain wrestling and is trained by the old school method of wrestling. He would love to see those Saints take the Superbowl, and he would love to be another champion Mississippi could be proud of!"

The music dies, and the fans calm down from the new faces in DREAM, as the referee gets the go ahead from both men and throws his arm towards the time keeper, and the bell echoes. DING Both men circle the ring as they step into the center.

"Collar and elbow tie up!"

Muru tries to out power the massive Clearance, but is unsuccessful, as he is thrown backwards on his backside.

"Muru cannot match power with power with this man. If he tries, he will lose this match quicker than he signed his name on the dotted line of his DREAM Contract!"

Muru pulls himself up by the ropes, and looks at the corn-fed across the ring from him.

"I think he is trying to find a weakness by just eying his opponent. Though it may take some trial and error events to find one of those weaknesses!"

They circle the ring again, and step into the center.

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"Another collar and elbow!"

As soon as they lockup, Muru goes behind grabbing the waist.

"Muru is using his quickness to stay ahead of Clearance!"

Clearance stomps both feet down, further apart than Muru's feet. He grabs the hands of Muru and starts to use his power to pull them apart.

"Muru has to keep moving, or the power game will beat him every time he shows signs of slowing down!"

Clearance breaks the waist lock, and grabs the left arm of Muru, and steps under it, twisting it.

"Muru is now at the mercy of Clearance. He can make Muru do anything he wants him to do."

Clearance grabs the elbow, and lifts Muru up off the canvas, and Muru kicks at the ropes.

"Muru using the ropes to flip over Clearance, followed by an arm drag!"

Muru holds onto the arm of Clearance, and locks it under his underarm. He tries his damndest to reverse bend the elbow, to make Clearance submit.

ASK HIM REF!

Muru screams at the referee, as the zebra gets into position.

"Muru is looking for a submission, but I am not sure if he will get that at this moment. He needs more pressure, almost breaking the elbow, to get a submission with an arm bar!"

The referee is right there in Clearance's face.

DO YOU WANNA GIVE IT UP CLEARANCE?

The referee is right there in Clearance's face trying to get an answer.

NAW, NAW!

Screams the massive Mississippian.

"That is proof there that an arm bar unless applied right, can only wear down the arm, not gain a submission victory!"

Muru is attempting to apply more pressure to the arm, but Clearance is having it.

"Clearance is coming up off the canvas, and I do not think Muru can do a damn thing to prevent that from happening!"

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Clearance is up, as he throws a forearm into the head of Muru, dazing him, but not getting the arm bar broken.

"Clearance is throwing some big forearms to get out of this move, but the first one did not get the job done!"

Clearance tosses another one, and another one. Muru releases the arm bar and stumbles back against the ropes. Clearance grabs the arm shoots him off.

"Irish whip by Clearance!"

Clearance hits the ropes and the two meet in the center of the ring with Clearance knocking Muru for a flip almost with a flying shoulder block.

"Muru almost got knocked out of his boots with that flying shoulder block!"

Clearance crawls over top of Muru and hooks a leg. The referee slides in and checks the shoulders.

"ONE

NO!" Muru rolls a shoulder up before the hand can hit the canvas for a three.

"Muru barely able to escape the pin attempt, but he does

That means that this match will keep on going!" Clearance looks at the referee and shakes his head but gives up no argument over the count.

"Clearance to his feet, as he lifts up Muru!"

Clearance shoots Muru into the corner, as he hits hard back first.

"Clearance looks to be attempting a big splash in the corner!"

Clearance charges in, but all he meets is the boots of Muru who uses the ropes the lift both feet up in the air.

"The big man is dazed, and stumbling!"

Muru springs board to the middle rope and flies off.

"KNEE TO NOSE BASIS!"

With the knee of Muru connecting with Clearance

s nose, blood starts to spill. Clearance crumbles to the canvas after the massive blow.

"He could have just broken the nose of Clearance Williams with that move!"

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Muru runs and leaps to the top rope. He points to the crowd and then acts as if he just spiked a ball.

"Muru leaps off, MURU SPLASH CONNECTS!"

Muru hits his version of a frog splash on Clearance and hooks both legs instantly as they pop up from impact. The referee dives into position.

"ONE

THREE!" Clearance

s shoulder is lifted off the canvas almost a mille-second after the hand hits for three as the bell sounds.

"Oh man, this one is going to be looked at closely backstage by both Mark and Travis, as from my angle, Clearance could have beaten the three count!"

Muru leaps to his feet, celebrating. Clearance slowly lifts himself up; as if he cannot believe the referee got the three count before his shoulder came up.

"Nothing to be ashamed of by Clearance, he gave one helluva fight to Muru, and barely came away on the losing end of the contest. We

ll be back after this commercial break

Stop Jimmy Riley!"

"

jimmyriley" Once again, we return to "EARLIER TODAY."

Outside the Slaughterhouse, Jimmy Riley continues to protest the WWA...except now he's been joined.

"This is the turning point, people! Join me today, and tomorrow, we will start to take back professional wrestling from the World Wre-"

Joined, that is, by a second group. This group not only has a sign; "SUPPORT THE WORLD WRESTLING ALLIANCE"

But as we pan over to them...it's probably 20-30 people strong, led by chubby Kenny and his skinny friend.

"Support the World Wrestling Alliance! They're awesome!"

The crowd behind the skinny one, who's doing the talking, cheer at this.

"Thanks to them, DREAM is here every week! Thanks to them, we've got Adrien Cochrane!"

The crowd lets out another cheer at Adrien's name.

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"And best of all, if they get their way...we can get rid of Jimmy Riley!"

The crowd all point at Riley and boo. In response, Jimmy's shoulders slump, the sign he's holding falls down at his side, and he scowls at the group.

"Fine! I assure you, this isn't over!
But right now, I have a match to go
win!"

And with that, Jimmy Riley throws the rest of his sign to the ground, turns, and heads inside... ..Only to fall flat on his face, tripping over his own foot, as the crowd of WWA supporters busts out laughing. Jimmy quickly pulls himself to his feet, shoots a look of death back at the crowd, and storms inside the Slaughterhouse.

The Madness Is Still Going!!

"

chrisbladez" The camera comes back into Chris Bladez locker room. The second match is now coming to an end. Chris jumps off the couch with excitement. He leans over the table and highlights Muru's name. He flicks some ash off his cigar and sits down on the couch.

"Money...money..money.

I swear by the time this tournament will be over my wealth will expand quite a bit. Nevertheless, Thank you Muru, I might have to buy you a gold watch or something. Let's see here Psymon, my money is on you now. Don't do me wrong here, be a real Mensch!" Chris takes a puff of his cigar as he leans forward towards the TV, and the scene fades.

Hunting for Gold

"

psymon" Psymon is seen in his locker room, punching and kicking a punching bag, as if he is warming up for a mixed martial arts fight. That is simply not the case: he sometimes does this before wrestling matches, sometimes meditates, and sometimes does nothing at all. He executes a barrage of looping kicks jumping and otherwise. Those exotic kicks come from his background of Capoeira, the Brazilian dance-turned-martial art. He has been doing this discipline since he was five years old, and he can contribute to other martial arts like kickboxing, for example. An interviewer enters Psymon's locker room, amazed at what he is seeing.

"The Monster" takes a break from his assault on the punching bag, and looks over at the interviewer.

"What can I do for you?" he asks.

"Well," the interviewer says, "in just a few short minutes, you'll be facing off with Jimmy Riley in the first round of the Slaughter Television Championship Tournament. Your thoughts on your opponent and the third tier title." Psymon smiles.

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"I
ve been a
TV Champion before. In fact, I was a TV Champion for two years in a small federation located in
Boulder, Colorado. A Television Champion is, perhaps, the easiest title you can win, but it
s difficult to defend, because you have to defend it on every show. Since there
s Slaughter and Pay Per Views, when
I win the title, I
ll be defending it every
week." The interviewer looks at Psymon quizzically.

"You sound like you
re winning the Television title is a foregone conclusion." Another smile from "The Monster." "It is, my good
man. It is."

Psymon vs. Jimmy Riley

"
jimmyriley" 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. The area is swallowed up by darkness. Nothing can
be seen nor heard for a few seconds as flashbulbs light the arena. A few seconds pass, and the Megatron
kicks on. Nothing but static can be seen. A few seconds later, a word appears on the screen, in an Old
English font, and in big, black letters. The word reads this: LATHEM Finally, a soft drumming from a bass
drum starts to beat. It's faint at first, then it becomes louder, along with some heavy guitar playing.

When everything is finally crescendos, Mark Hunter utters two words over the PA system... NOTHING
REMAINS! Explosions are heard and the lights come back on in the arena as "Nothing Remains" by
Chimaira starts to play. A figure, dressed in a hooded trench coat, the Ringside Wrestling Championship belt
around his waist, with a short-handled, stone head mallet, is standing on the ramp way, and is looking out
into the crowd. He flips back his hood, and he reveals himself as none other than the Monster, Psymon, and
the fans emit their mixed reaction as Psymon walks down to the ring, walking along with the lyrics to the
song.

I shout these words to those who never listened, I pen this letter with the utmost conviction. It
s been dark in
here, cold and relentless, it
s been too long, and I can no longer fight this. Too late to change my mind. Nothing Remains I
ve silenced the pain. Psymon walks off the ramp and slides into the ring. He gets into the middle of the ring,
raising his mallet in the air, as flaming pyro explode from all corners of the ring. All these years passed, no
one heard true feelings, you continued to act like you knew me. Did you ever stop to think that I

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d be able to look in your eyes and say that I
m stable? Too late to change my mind Nothing Remains I
ve silenced the pain. Psymon removes his hooded trench coat, tosses it over the top rope, along with his
mallet, and removes the Ringside Wrestling title belt from around his waist, and hands it to the referee. He
then sits down in one of corners, staring at his opponent, or staring off into space, waiting for his opponent.

"The bell sounds to begin this tournament match."

Both men go towards each other. As Pysmon reaches out to lock up with Riley, Jimmy sidesteps and kicks
his
legs, causing him to go to one knee.

"Swift kicks to the ribs of Psymon now. Jimmy Riley knows he must keep Psymon immobile of he could risk
the resident psycho getting him with any number of moves n his expanded arsenal."

Jimmy runs past Psymon and comes off the ropes. As he returns, Riley places a well aimed kick to
Psymon's back, sending him face first to the mat.

"Jimmy Riley, who typically takes his time and making sure to do as much damage as possible, seems to be
trying to advance in this tournament as quickly and as easily as possible."

Jimmy quickly slides over top of Psymon, reaching under his arms and locking under his chin.

"Riley trying to top Nathan Paradine on an early submission!"

Jimmy lets go of Pysmon and gets up, stepping back.

"I guess not, just trying to wear Pysmon down."

Psymon gets to his hands and knees as Jimmy moves in to continue. Riley bends down to pick Psymon up,
but is met with a surprise.

"Psymon lunges up, clothesline!"

Riley rolls right back to his feet as Psymon turns.

"Jimmy runs at the monster. Psymon with a drop toe hold!"

Psymon gets to his feet, lifting one of Jimmy's legs up with him.

"Psymon driving the knee of Jimmy Riley into the mat."

As Jimmy sells the knee being hurt, psymon grabs him by his head and jerks him to his feet. He has a slight

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limp, but the match continues.

"Psymon initiates a lock up."

Psymon goes to whip Jimmy, but Riley is able to reverse. Sending Psymon into the ropes.

"On the return, Psymon attempts a clothesline, but Riley ducks."

Both men quickly turn around.

"Kick to the midsection of Jimmy Riley. Psymon follows up with an elbow to the temple followed by a big chop to the chest."

Psymon grabs Jimmy, going for a belly to belly suplex.

"Reversal by Jimmy Riley with the suplex."

As Psymon hits the mat, Jimmy Riley gets to his feet and begins to viciously stomp his opponent.

"Riley methodically stomping Psymon."

On the way up, Psymon pushes Jimmy Riley back. He grabs his arm and pulls him.

"Short arm clothesline. That looked as if it knocked Riley silly."

Psymon picks a leg of Jimmy Riley up, stretches it the thrust it down.

"Psymon trying to hyper extend the knee of Jimmy Riley."

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

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

As he places the lock on and leans back on the mat to apply pressure, Jimmy Riley yells in pain.

"Jimmy Riley now trying to get his bearings."

Jimmy Riley struggles a little before overpowering Psymon enough to reverse the hold.

"Inverted figure four by Jimmy Riley!"

A few moments later, both men break free and push themselves to their feet.

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"Each opponent showing signs of discomfort as they get to their feet."

Riley takes charge, slapping Psymon's chest with authority.

"Big chop by Jimmy Riley that leaves Psymon's chest glowing. An Irish whip sends him hard into the corner. Jimmy Riley follows up with a huge splash."

As Jimmy Riley moves away, Psymon stumbles forward.

"Riley grabs the back of Psymon's head, directing him to the corner."

Jimmy sends Psymon into the turnbuckle, back first. As he stands, propped up on the ropes, Riley delivers several calculated, hard shots to the side of the head.

"Jimmy Riley follows those closed fist with a side knee to Psymon's mid-section. He has slowed the pace down, allowing himself to not only control the match, but deliver more damage to Psymon in the long run."

Jimmy pulls his hand back, delivering a calculated chop to Psymon's chest followed by a swift kick to his legs, immediately into a forearm to head.

"Jimmy Riley still punishing Psymon."

As Jimmy backs away from the corner, Psymon takes a wobbly step forward. Riley slides in behind him, and wraps on a sleeper type hold.

"Sleeper hold by

Jimmy Riley. With that hold securely locked in, Riley moves Psymon to the middle of the ring, allowing him to apply it longer without the worry of a rope break."

As it looks like the referee is about to declare the match over via knockout, Riley grips the hold one more time then leaps

up, coming down with his stomach hitting the mat as Psymon's back hits.

"What a move. Jimmy Riley not ready to end it yet, he just hasn't dished out enough punishment."

Riley gets to his feet. Slow and methodically, he makes his way around Psymon, giving a stomp every few steps. Jimmy stops, bends over and slaps Psymon. The fans begin to boo heavily.

"Jimmy Riley adds insult to injury, slapping Psymon."

He smirks and steps back.

"Riley lifts the leg of Psymon, turning him over."

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He then grips Psymon's leg with both hands and drives his knee hard into the mat. Psymon grabs his knee and rolls around.

"Riley leaps, bringing a big knee down across the chest of Psymon."

As he gets up, he pulls Psymon to his feet with him.

"Riley grabs the arm of

Psymon, Irish whip into the ropes. Psymon on the

return." Jimmy Riley catches Psymon on the rebound with a kick to the mid-section, followed by several more karate style kicks. He then runs past Psymon, comes off the ropes and hits a running knee strike to the temple of Psymon.

"The Riley Rush!"

Psymon pops up, turning away from Riley and falling gracefully to the mat. Jimmy turns him over and covers him, hooking the leg. The referee drops and begins the count as the fans boo.

"Jimmy Riley secures the win here and moves on in this Slaughter Television Championship Tournament!"

Jimmy's music begins to play and he gets to his feet, basking in the boos from the crowd as we get a few replays of moments from the match.

The Madness Keeps Rolling

"

chrisbladez" The camera comes on again inside Chris Bladez

locker room. Inside Bladez is getting ready for his match. Changing out of his suit and into his wrestling gear. On the TV the end of the Psymon/Jimmy Riley match is coming to an end. Bladez only needing to put his boots on walks over to his couch and sits down. He leans forward and scratches off Psymon's name from his bracket.

"I can

t believe you lost to man with two first names. Psymon, that

s pathetic, I hope you understand what is happening here. You Psymon, are the one to blame for what is about to take place to Klash. I don

t see how you are able to sleep at night. Well, it

s time to go handle my business unlike Psymon. Chris finishes getting ready and stands up to start making his way to the ring. The scene fades.

Charlie's Parents Find Their Seats

"

dawnmcgill" Charlie Blackwell stands at the entrance to the locker rooms and scans the arena for a glimpse of his parents. His valet and girlfriend Kenzie Blair stays with him and also keeps an eye out.

"Think they came?" she asked.

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"They said they would. And I haven't seen Dawn yet...wait..."

Off in the distance, Dawn McGill is personally escorting Charlie's parents and brother and sister down to their third row seats.

"WHOA!" "What is it, Charlie?" "They're here. Dawn got them really good seats." "Let me see."

Kenzie gets up on her toes to try and see over the crowd.

"Well, I'll be. Your parents actually came."

Charlie rubs his eyes.

"Are you okay, Charlie?" "Just a little nervous." "It's okay," reassured Kenzie.

"We'll get through this together."

Chris Bladez vs. Klash

"

klash" by Sevendust begins to play as old clips of Klash begin to flash on the screen. The fans erupt as Klash steps out and begins down the ramp.

"Klash making his official DREAM debut tonight here at The Slaughter House in this tournament match!"

Klash walks up the steps and across the apron, before entering. His music fades out.

"Klash is here folks in the DWF. Fireworks go off from the top of the stage. Over the PA system the sound of coins dropping and cash registers opening up. by Pink Floyd begins to play. Money, get away Get a good job with more pay And your O.K. Money, it's a gas Grab that cash with both hands And make a stash New car, caviar, four star daydream Think I'll buy me a football team. Money get back I'm all right Jack Keep your hands off my stack Money, it's a hit

Don't give me that Do goody good bullshit I'm in the hi-fidelity First class traveling set And I think I need a Lear jet As the guitar and Saxophone start playing more fireworks go off this time starting at the bottom of the ramp and working its way up to where it ends in a huge blast sending gold colored sparks everywhere. The camera zooms in as Chaz Creed and Syd Mason come walking out from the back, Chris Bladez comes walking shortly after. The crowd starts going nuts. Chants of

C4 can be heard throughout the whole arena. Chris Bladez continues to just stand there taking in all the love the crowd is giving him. The guitar and saxophone solos continues playing. Money, it's a crime Share it fairly But don't take a slice of my pie Chaz Creed and Syd Mason start leading the way towards the ring with Chris Bladez behind them pulling up the crowd. Money, so they say Is the root of all evil Today Chaz Creed and Syd Mason walk up to the apron and lift up the ropes so Chris Bladez can walk in. Chris walks over the center on the ring. Chaz and Syd are on both sides of him. But if you ask for a rise It's no surprise that they're Giving none away Away Away Away Away... Chris Bladez raises his arms up and one final blast of fireworks

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goes off sending even more gold sparks out. The music finally dies down and Chaz and Syd exit the ring.

"Both men want to advance. What a match this should be!"

Both men stand toe to toe in each other's face, preparing for their match.

"Who will walk out one step closer to the Slaughter Television Championship?"

The bell sounds to begin the match.

"Right away they explode with rights and lefts on each other."

They lunge in to a lock up, in which both men thrust their full power. Klash finally takes control, wrapping his arms around Bladez and throwing him over and to the side in a belly to belly variation.

"Chris Blades goes down. Klash now floats over to a ground position, straddling Bladez, beginning to pound away at him. Chris Bladez is doing the only thing he can, he is covering his head trying to lessen the blows."

Klash finishes and gets to his feet, pulling Chris Bladez up with him. He holds his upper body close.

"Klash with those vicious knee strikes to the stomach of Chris Bladez."

He pulls back and comes foreword with an elbow to the side of Bladez's head. Bladez grabs his head and stumbles a few steps back.

"Klash dominating as he grabs Bladez's head and introduces it to the top turnbuckle."

Chris Bladez falls to the mat. Klash leans down and lifts his legs up. He pulls up as he leans back then proceeds to twist, chunking Chris Bladez across the ring.

"Klash throwing Bladez around like a rag doll. Chris Bladez doing the only thing he can right now, rolling out of the ring to the floor."

Chris holds himself up on one knee using the apron, catching his breath. Klash has his target in site and runs at the ropes, leaping over the top.

As he does, Bladez stands up and turns toward him.

"Klash leaps over the top rope! What agility!"

Bladez see's him in time. He moves enough to catch Klash and use his momentum to quickly turn it into a slam to the floor. Klash grabs his back in and neck in pain as Chris Bladez falls back to one knee.

"Bladez needs to capitalize on this."

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Chris pulls himself up with the apron. He runs over with a boot to the gut of Klash, who was attempting to push himself to his feet.

"Denied by Bladez, He now grabs the back of Klash' head and lifts him to his feet. Bladez scoops Klash up, he lifts and drops. Right on the barrier!" Klash falls back to the floor, holding his stomach and chest.

"Chris Bladez drops a knee into the head of Klash on the outside!"

Chris assist Klash to his feet. Klash is unable to keep still as he is in a daze.

"Bladez rolls Klash into the ring, entering himself in to stop the count."

Chris gets to his feet, pulling Klash up with him.

"Big right by Bladez. Anoth.. No, Klahs blocks it. His own right now!" The fans get into the back and forward by both men as they exchange punches.

"Bladez swings, Klash moves sideways, grabs his arm and drops into an arm bar!"

Chris screams as Klash wrenches arm. He begins to reach for the bottom rope.

"Chris Bladez reaches with that free arm. He's close. There it is! Bladez able to grab the bottom rope!"

Klash releases the arm back and gets to his feet. Chris uses the ropes to pull himself up. Once up he turns to see Klash running at him. Bladez jumps forward, grabbing Klash. He lifts and slams with authority.

"Spine buster!"

Chris Bladez covers Klash and counts with the referee. But to his disappointment, Klash is able to kick out at two.

"Klash not out yet folks."

As Chris stands, he pulls Klash with him. Klash pushes him back.

"Bladez almost trips as he is pushed back."

Klash heads toward Chris, who gets his bearings and meets Klash's gut with a kick. He hooks up under both arms of Klash and jumps up, bringing Klash down with a double arm DDT.

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"The Cutting Edge!"

Bladez turns Klash over and covers him, hooking the leg. The referee drops and begins the count.

"There's the three! Chris Bladez will move to the second round!"

His music hits and Bladez gets to his feet. The camera zooms in on Klash who is coming to, but doesn't seem to know what happened. Bladez raises his arms and yells in victory.

You Can't Stop the Madness!

"

chrisbladez" After a commercial, the camera is already inside Bladez locker room as he comes walking in breathing hard from his match with Klash. He walks over to his mini fridge and pulls out a bottle of water. He opens it up and takes a drink, before walking towards the couch. He looks down at his bracket and highlights his own name. Slowly catching his breathe he takes another drink of water.

"Well, I always knew I was going to win. No doubt about it. Got to love gambling. You can either make a fortune or go bankrupt. When I am wrestling though things always go my way. Now it s Cochrane

s job to win me some more money. Do your job right, you might earn yourself a steak dinner." Chris stands up and walks back into his private bathroom to shower. The scene shortly fades out.

Just Arrived!

"

traviswilliams"

Backstage in Mark's office, Travis and he are playing a hand of Gin Rummy when there is a knock on the door. BOOM BOOM BOOM It makes both men jump somewhat, as Mark sets down his cards.

"Enter!"

The door opens up, as a FedEx driver is there with a package.

"I am looking for Williams Peter!"

States the driver. Travis and Mark look at one another, Travis stands up.

"Something we could help you with?"

The driver looks at the box and laughs.

"Are you Williams Peter?"

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Travis looks at Mark as both men share a laugh.

"No, but I am a clinically insane mother.."

Mark jumps up.

"Travis! You cannot say on national television!"

Travis takes a deep breath and straightens his tie.

"Excuse me, let's just say for the sake of your health that I am Billy Boy, and that package is signed for!"

Travis grabs the box and the digital electronic pad and signs. Travis slams the pad into the FedEx driver's chest and shoves him out the door.

"Travis, you are not a wrestler, no need to be so hostile!"

Travis laughs, ripping open the box as fast as he can.

"Hurry the hell up

Travis, I want to see what is so important that it could only go to Williams!" Travis reaches his hands down inside, and pulls it out...

"It's the new belt!"

Travis states, as both men view the belt with the camera man as the scene cuts back to Jason at ringside.

Adrien Cochrane vs. Greg Manix

"

gman" The arena lights dim as the quick guitar intro from "Last One to Die" kicks into full force.

Once the third line of the verse echoes from the arena, Adrien Cochrane comes out from behind the curtain with cheers from the fans. He hops to the ring as the chorus blares throughout the arena.

"We got right You got it wrong We're still around Last one to die We're going up You're going down We're still around Last one to die!"

Adrien slides into the ring as the music fades and the lights return to full brightness.

"The newest member of the eGG Bandits looking to make an impact in this Slaughter Television Championship Tournament."

The arena lights dim and "I'm The Man" by Belly starts to play. Green strobe lights and spotlights go off in the arena and money starts to fall from the rafters as the fans break into a frenzy. The screen comes to life

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with clips from the career of Greg Manix before being shattered by his name. As this happens, pyrotechnics start to go off in various colors.

However, Manix does not step out as his music continues to play.

"Greg 'G-Man' Manix has yet to appear as his entrance continues here."

Inside the ring, Cochrane waits patiently. After a minute or so, Greg's music and video stops, the lights going back to normal.

"It seems that Manix may not be heading out. I'm not sure what's going on."

The bell sounds to begin the match. Adrien Cochrane displays annoyance as he waits. The referee begins to count.

"Manix has until the ten count or Adrien Cochrane will officially move on his this tournament."

Adrien perches himself up on the turnbuckle and waits as the count continues.

"It looks like we will have Adrien in the next round as the referee hits the back end of ten."

The referee continues and reaches ten. He calls for the bell and raises Adrien Cochrane's hand.

"Adrien Cochrane steps one step closer to continuing the path of a champion as his eGG Bandit buddies are."

The Madness Will Never Stop!!

"

chrisbladez" The camera is back inside Bladez

locker room. Chris comes walking out of his bath dressed again in another suit. He is combing his hair back watching the TV to see Cochrane

s victory over Greg Manix. Pumping fist like Kirk Gibson did after hitting his home run in the world series. He walks over to the table and highlights Cochrane s name on his bracket.

"That

s how you get it done Cochrane. I always knew I could trust you to get the job done, and you didn't disappoint. Money well earned, for me." Chris laughs a bit at his joke.

"I have quite a bit of money on you in this tournament Adrian. So Grimoire, your up next. Hopefully you follow suit and win me some money as well."

Chris smiles as he walks over to a mirror to finish combing his hair. The scene fades.

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G-Man Down

"

gman" We go backstage to see Greg 'G-Man' Manix laid out backstage. His unconscious body covered in eggs. We fade to commercial.

Grimoire vs Charlie Blackwell

"

grimoire"

As we head ringside, Grimoire is already in the ring.

"Grimoire came off an impressive win last week, let's see if he can keep on the winning path this week, as he takes on Charlie Blackwell in the first round of the DREAM Television Title Tournament!"

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..." "Charlie Blackwell has been on a roll since entering DREAM. Becoming the first ever DREAM Television Champion could very well be this 19 year olds ticket to fame and fortune!"

The referee gives the signal for the bell. DING Charlie and Grimoire circle the ring, as they both step into a collar and elbow tie up. Charlie attempts to use his height to gain an advantage, but Grimoire uses his weight to overpower the greenhorn.

"The inexperience of Charlie shows, as Grimoire slaps on a headlock!"

The headlock is set in, as Grimoire uses his weight to apply more pressure to the move.

"A headlock can be a dangerous move if used for that purpose. Cutting the blood flow and air flow to the brain, it can do damage in no time. If nothing else, it can wear down an opponent quickly!"

Charlie tosses in an elbow to the midsection, followed by another one. He takes him back against the ropes, and drives in one final elbow to force the headlock to be broken.

"Charlie Blackwell is freed, as he shoots Grimoire off into the ropes!"

As he shoots him off, Charlie steps into the middle of the

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ring, and on the return

Grimoire nails him a rookie Charlie Blackwell with a nasty clothesline that plants Charlie on his back.

"Grimoire just leveled him, and now drops the elbow!"

Grimoire rolls over into a cover, hooking a leg as the referee slides into position.

"ONE

NO! Charlie got his shoulder up before the referee

s hand could slap the canvas for the final time!" Grimoire gets to his feet, pulling Charlie up by the hair.

"The rookie is going to have to mount some sort of offense, or Grimoire is going to walk all over him!"

Grimoire scoops up Charlie, and slams him to the canvas. He points to the ropes, before making his way to the corner.

"Grimoire is going to the top!"

Grimoire is on the top ropes, as Charlie starts to his feet.

"HE FLYS!"

Grimoire leaps off with a missile dropkick, but Charlie rolls out the way, causing him to crash on the canvas hard.

"This could be the opening Charlie needed!"

Grimoire is on his hands and knees, as Charlie grabs the right arm with his legs and the left with his arms, and rolls him up into a pinning position. The referee leaps over the two, and checks the shoulders.

"ONE

NO! Grimoire flops over on breaking the pin attempt!" Charlie looks at the referee with disbelief, hoping he could have pulled off the win with the surprise cradle pin attempt.

"He shows the signs of learning, but makes the rookie mistake by not going on the offense as soon as the pin attempt failed him!"

Charlie lifts up Grimoire, and kicks him in the stomach.

"He hooks the head, kicks the feet out from under Grimoire. DDT!"

Charlie rolls over on top of him, hooking both legs as the referee is in position.

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"ONE

NO, Grimoire gets a foot on the bottom rope!" Charlie looks at the foot, and shakes his head.

"Frustration sets in on the rookie, he needs to snap out of it!"

Charlie stands to his feet and lifts up Grimoire. He hooks the head, and attempts to lift him up with a suplex.

"The weight is too much, as Charlie is unable to lift him!"

Charlie tries again, but fails once more. Grimoire lifts up Charlie.

"Stalling Vertical Suplex!"

He holds him there for seconds, as he starts to walk around the ring with him.

"Grimoire is just toying with him now!"

Charlie uses his long legs to throw a knee down, nailing Grimoire in the head, and another! Charlie rolls down the back, and school boys Grimoire as the referee is in perfect position.

"ONE

THREE!" Grimoire kicks out a second too late, as Charlie stands slightly and slides under the bottom ropes.

"WHAT AN UPSET! Charlie Blackwell defeats Grimoire with a school boy out of nowhere. Was it the knees or was it the surprise? You decide, but Charlie is one step closer to becoming a champion for the first time in his career!"

Charlie Robison's 'My Hometown' plays once again, as the referee slides out the ring and raises his hand in victory. Grimoire looks for answers, but knows he lost this match on his own accord!

"As Charlie celebrates his win, we will take a quick commercial break!"

When Will the Madness End?

"

chrisbladez" The camera is once again inside Chris Bladez locker room. He is busy packing up his luggage. The TV is showing the end of Grimoire/Blackwell match. Chris turns away from his suitcase and walks towards the table. He marks out Grimoire's name on his bracket, and walks back over to his luggage.

"Charlie Blackwell?"

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He sighs.

"Can't win them all."

Chris continues to pack as the scene fades.

What Did You Do?

"

cancerjiles" We arrive backstage with the eGG Bandits.

"What did you do Doozer?"

Doozer looks at Cancer.

"What do you mean what did I do?"

Jiles rubs his forehead.

"Laying Manix out like that, what did you do that for?"

Doozer stands up from a sitting position.

"I didn't do anything man, and quit frankly I do not like you accusing me of it."

Cancer scoffs.

"If you didn't, then who did? He was pelted with eggs."

They both turn their heads and look at Adrien, who throws his ahnds up.

"Whoa. I was in the ring, I didn't do anything."

Doozer steps towards Cancer a bit.

"I think maybe you had something to do with it.

I mean, Adrien was in the ring and I was here, where were you?" Cancer points to himself.

"Me? Where was I? I was taking a leak. How do we know you where here? I haven't seen you in at least thirty minutes."

They both lean even closer to each other. Adrien steps in and spreads them apart.

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"Whoa.. Whoa.. Hold up guys. Isn't it easy to see? Someone is trying to set us up."

Doozer and Cancer steps back.

"Who would set Doozer and me up?"

Adrien shrugs.

"I don't know Cancer, but we need to band together. Fighting isn't going to help any right now."

Doozer cracks his neck.

"He's right Jiles, tension is the last thing we need right now as a team."

Cancer nods.

"I agree. Sorry Dooze."

Doozer raises his hands.

"It's OK, I'm sorry too."

Adrien puts his arms out.

"Group hug?"

Both Doozer and Cancer Jiles looks at him at the same time and reply.

"NO!"

SLAUGHTER XXXII - Brought to you by Doublemint Gum

"

thedude"

Mike Polowy vs. Casey Pierro-Zabotel

"

caseypierrozabotel" "The next match is another first round match for the Slaughter Television Championship Tournament. The Mike Effect himself Mike Polowy takes on Casey Pierro-Zabotel. Which one of these two men wants it more?

CPZ just recently returned to DREAM after he walked away due to Tommy Crimson's method of management on the now dead Insomnia brand. Mike Polowy is coming off a hard lost to You Call It Champion, Cancer Jiles at Season's Beatings. Both men would love to move

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on, BUT ONLY ONE CAN!" CPZ's theme song "Show Me What You Got" by Powerman 5000 plays over the PA system as the lights in the arena begin to dim. A lone spotlight shines on the entrance ramp as CPZ emerges from the backstage area and throws his arms into the air. 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 into the ring as he tosses his arms into the air in the middle of the ring with an arrogant smile upon his face.

"There he is. Casey Pierro-Zabotel in all his navy and gold glory, eagerly awaiting the arrival of his opponent. The one and only, MIKE POLOWY!" The fans in the arena pipe up as the lights begin to dim and the opening rock riff to

Muse's

"Yes Please" pours through the sound system. There is an abrupt chorus of jeers and boos as Hostility's patron saint, 'The Mike Effect' Mike Polowy, steps out from behind the curtain and onto the ramp. MPlow flexes a bicep, before slapping himself several times on the chest and pointing towards the ring. Smirking, he takes a cocky, casual stride down to the ring, carefully hopping up the ring steps, ducking under the second rope and sauntering into the ring.

"Polowy is looking cocky like always. Then again, there are no eggs at ringside, and no new eGG Bandit member, Adrien Cochrane!

Tonight, RIGHT

NOW, he has got to focus on Casey if he wants to be the first ever DWF Slaughter Television Champion!" The referee gets the ready signal from both men, as he throws his arm towards the time keeper, and the bell sounds. DING Mike Polowy takes a moment to spit towards the security railing before locking eyes with CPZ who stands in the opposing corner to him.

"Stare down by both opponents. It s anybody's move as the crowd intensity soars. Here we go! Both men rush each other. CPZ goes for a clothesline, but misses as Mike Polowy ducks." CPZ quickly turns toward Polowy who goes for a super kick. CPZ jumps back, a look of surprise on his face.

"It was almost over for CPZ if Mike Polowy would have connected. CPZ now taking his time, studying his opponent."

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

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

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

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

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

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

CPZ rushes the ropes as The Mike Effect moves towards the ring. Polowy reaches in under the ropes, sweeping CPZ 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 leg drop, connecting with CPZ."

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 CPZ uses the ropes to get up himself.

"Polowy waits patiently behind CPZ, preparing that super kick of his."

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

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

CPZ makes the sign to show he's smart to the crowd, before lifting Polowy to his feet.

"Will CPZ pull off the 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.

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

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

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

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

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

CPZ pulls Mike Polowy up with him. Polowy hits a forearm shot to CPZ's face. Without hesitation CPZ turns and goes for the CPZcutter.

"No, Mike Polowy pushes him away!"

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

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

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

"THE MIKE EFFECT ON CPZ!"

NO! Mike drops CPZ in mid motion, and grasp his ankle in pain.

"It looks like Mike Polowy may have just tweaked his ankle. The referee is checking on him."

The referee throws up the X symbol high in the air, and starts to wave help towards the ring.

"This is not good, it seems like everything keeps getting worse for Mike Polowy!"

CPZ is looking on, noticing the referee has not called for the belt.

"You can tell by the look in his eyes, he wants some sort of victory!"

Mike is helped up by the referee and a trainer. As he starts to limp towards the ropes. Suddenly, CPZ rushes them, and throws a low dropkick into the ankle.

"OH MAN! This is the referee's fault. He should have ended this match due to Mike being unable to go on!"

The referee and Trainer stumble against the ropes, as Mike slams his forehead with the trainer's when he springs back off the ropes. Mike stumbles and limps around, completely dazed. CPZ kicks the ankle again, and grabs him in an inside cradle.

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"Notice he is hooking that ANKLE!"

The referee is force to count, and does it VERY QUICK!

"ONE TWO THREE!"

The referee gives a fast three count, to get CPZ off Mike.

"I can only hope that referee did that to aid Mike from possibly losing his career, and that Polowy will agree with it!"

CPZ jumps to his feet, celebrating his victory over an injured Mike Polowy.

"He maybe advancing in the tournament, but he acts like he just defeated Mike Polowy on his best day, and when he was still DREAM Champion."

Mike is being helped out the ring by the trainer and referee, but shoves them off and starts to limp up the ramp. About half way up it, he tosses his hands back and walks off with no side effects.

"What the hell? Did he just through that match with a fake injury? We will sort things out and return after this commercial break..."

The Madness Is Over For Tonight!

"

chrisbladez" The match has just ended. The camera goes inside Bladez locker room. No one is inside. The camera moves over towards the table. On top of it is Chris Bladez bracket for the TV Tournament. It s completely filled out. With Mike Polowy s name scratched out. Next to the bracket is another sheet of paper. A note written by Bladez. You should have never come back Polowy!! Oh well more chance for money next week! The camera mans starts walking out the locker room and the scene fades.

A view to a thrill

"

themaverickexpress" The lights stay the same as the opening chords of

Papa Roach's

"Getting away with murder" starts to play as the crowd gets on their feet as the duo of Sabin Richards and Locke Helms walk out of the backstage area and down towards the ringside area where they both stop and then Sabin motions to the ring with his head as Jacoby Shaddix sings Somewhere beyond hapiness and sadness I need to calculate what creates my own madness And I'm addicted to your punishment And your the master, and I am waiting for disaster I feel irrational, so confrontational To tell the truth I am getting away with murder It is impossible to never tell the truth But the reality is I'm getting away with murder Both

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members of the Maverick Express slide into the ring via under the bottom rope and then stand up as the crowd continues to cheer as Sabin pulls a mic out of his right pants pocket and thumbs it on as the music abruptly cuts off "Now, even though the Express may not be scheduled for action here tonight, that doesn't mean that me and Locke can't take in what has been so far a really great card here in the Dream Wrestling Federation and not to mention how bad ass the fans here are!!"

Sabin gets a cheap pop from the fans for a few seconds before the fans let him continue.

"But more to the point is that we've come here tonight to scout out our future opponents here in the future. You see you got the chickEN Chokers, Colt and Brent Brodas, the Wilson Brothers and the Grady Bunch and we can't forget the egg bandits. You see as me and Locke keep saying and saying and SAYING that the two of us are not like any other tag teams because of things like we actually scout our future opponents and not just say that we do. Now, here next on Slaughter is your main event for the DWF tag team championships which puts the champions against two opposing teams but who ever wins the belts has to remember that there are other teams in the wings, like me and Locke." Sabin hands the mic over to Locke who takes it with a bow before speaking.

"To translate for my partner here, we didn't come down here for the main event to cause a fight but instead, we came down here to watch the show. So all of you fans, let's get ready for the big fight because it's going to be a doozy possibly!!"

Sabin and Locke then leave the ring and step over the guardrail at ringside and sit down in a couple of handy empty chairs with big smiles on their faces.

eGG Bandits vs

Chicken Chokers vs. Grady Bunch

"

chickenchokers" "IT'S TIME FOLKS!"

The crowd in the Slaughter House is stomping and cheering, demanding the main event after an eventful Slaughter.

"Tonight is the biggest test for the eGG Bandits. They must defend their Tag Team Championships against not ONE team, but TWO!

They face Terry and Jared, The Grady Bunch and Dark and BR

Ellis, The ChickEN Chokers! A few weeks ago, the Bandits and Chokers almost set a new standard for tag team wrestling in DREAM, until LAST WEEK! This week, we are looking to better that idea and go beyond it!" A split screen of all three teams in their respective locker rooms are shown, as the Slaughter logo appears on the screen.

"Your main event, WHEN WE RETURN!"

We have a small commercial break.

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"Welcome back to Slaughter, let's head to the ring!"

Lyric to 'I Want It All' by Queen kicks in. It can't be, can it? YES! -- Terry Spruhen, with beautifully sparkled Chocolate Vest, struts out with lips perched and fluffing out his Perm. Falls to his knees, swiping his forehead twice with cocksuredness, until finally the big man comes out more subdued and stands beside the kneeling Spruhen, arms relaxed. Spruhen pops up, walking well-ahead of

Borchard. Talking and more talking to anybody who will listen. Reaching ringside, Spruhen is already engaging the Official in words while Borchard has methodically pulled himself up onto the apron and stepped over the top rope rather effortlessly. Spruhen folds his vest, neatly. Slides into the ring near the post and sits in the corner, grinning like a damn fool as Borchard rests his arms on the top rope and you know.-- just know, he's ready.

"The Grady Bunch is a new team in DREAM, but they can argue the same factors that the eGG Bandits can argue. They are technology, UNDEFEATED! As last week, both them and The ChickEN Chokers technology won the four way!"

Terry and Jared await their opponents...

"WHO GOING CHICKEN HUNTING? WE GOING CHICKEN HUNTING!"

Insane Clown Posse's

"Chicken Hunting" starts to blast throughout the arena, as Dark and BR Ellis step out on top of the ramp. The crowd starts to boo them extremely loud, but the chickEN Chokers honestly do not care. They head down the isle in the middle, out of reach of all the fans. As they get down to the ring, both men jump up on the apron with their knees and stand to their feet. They look at one another and give a perverted gesture to the crowd, before stepping through the ropes. As both men walk over to a corner, their music cuts to an end. Cancer and Doozer argue about whom will start the match, as both members of the Grady Bunch opt to start on the apron. Dark is in the ring waiting for the two to decide.

"You know those two would love to end the title reign of the eGG Bandits. Though, that task will not be that simple. They not only have to defeat the Bandits but also the Bunch!"

Terry and Jared are eying Dark and BR Ellis, but all four men turn attention to the ramp when the tag champs' music hits!

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

Daps and pounds hits the PA, The Dooze and Mr. Cool make their 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

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the bell.

"There they are! Cancer Jiles, the DREAM You Call It Champion, Doozer, the DREAM Champion, together... They create part of the infamous group, the eGG Bandits, and are our current reigning DREAM Tag Team Champions."

The belts are handed off to the referee, who display them up in the air for the crowd in the Slaughter House. He then showcases them to all three teams, symbolizing the prize that is up for grabs in the contest. He takes them to the camera in the corner, so the fans at home can see the orange and gold titles. He hands them off to the time keeper waiting at ringside.

"Looks like we are about to get underway here. However, it seems that Cancer and Doozer are in a heated discussion about something. It maybe on who they egg first at the end of this match!"

To the apron Cancer!

Yells the DREAM Champion, at his tag team partner Cancer Jiles.

You do not rule me Doozer! You get out!

Cancer states while shoving his tag partner.

"The eGG Bandits are not seeing eye to eye at this moment. They both want to prove that the other is the better one of the team. Although, they need to get on the same page at this moment if they want remain undefeated as a tag team here in DREAM!"

Ellis enters the ring, as both he and Dark dart towards the Bandits. Ellis shoulder tackles Doozer to the canvas and the two roll out the ring. Dark drives in a running big boot to the side of the face of Cancer, driving him back into the corner.

"We have two who will start this contest! When two cannot decide, make the decision for them!"

The referee calls for the bell. DING Dark has Cancer in the corner, throwing his shoulder into the midsection of him, one after another.

"Nasty shoulders into the stomach of Cancer by Dark, attempting to get rid of the air within him!"

Dark releases the ropes and fires in a chop to the chest of Cancer, before shooting him off into the opposing corner.

"Irish whip by Dark, into the corner of The Grady Bunch. Let s see if either one is interested in getting involved in the match yet!" Cancer hits back first, as Dark points at Cancer as he takes off running.

"Big splash in the corner coming

CANCER MOVED! TAG! Terry just did a blind tag on Dark!" Cancer turns around to be met by a nasty

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clothesline by Terry of The Grady Bunch.

"Cancer is not catching a break here, and his partner seems to be enjoying watching Cancer get abused by both teams here!"

Terry covers Cancer, as the referee slides into position.

"ONE

Ellis is in the ring, breaking up the pin attempt!" Ellis drops a knee on the back of the head of Terry, breaking up the pin. Ellis drags Cancer over to his corner, and exits the ring.

"Ellis on the apron reaches down and makes the tag!"

Ellis enters the ring stalking Cancer who steadily slides backwards on his ass towards the ropes.

"At this very moment, the idea of being exhausted and in pain starts to play in for Cancer. He needs to make a tag, to get at least a moment to catch his breath!"

Cancer slides all the way back to his corner, allowing Doozer to reach down and slap Cancer in the back of the head that the referee signalize as a legal tag.

"We

ve GOT THE DOOZE!" The DREAM Champion hops over the top rope, and instantly meets Ellis when his feet touch the canvas. Ellis tries a right hand, but is blocked by Doozer, who nails him with a stiff right of his own.

"Doozer is proving to Cancer he is the strong member of this team!"

Doozer nails another right on Ellis, making him unstable. Doozer hits the ropes and springs off with a flying shoulder block, knocking Ellis down to the canvas.

"HE JUST BULL DOOZED HIM OVER!"

The fans in The Slaughter House are all on their feet, cheering on their ideal face of DREAM. As Dark enters the ring, but is thrown to the canvas with an arm drag takeover.

"Frustration starts to set in for The Chicken Chokers, but the Grady Bunch is fully calm!"

Cancer enters the ring, taking Dark into the corner. Doozer brings up Ellis and takes him into a corner. Both Ellis and Dark are having their foreheads dented by the turnbuckle, as the eGG Bandits are in a contest to see who can make their man bleed first as it seems.

"This has turned into a typical,

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ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, I CAN DO

BETTER, contest for these two!" As both Cancer and Doozer give it one more chance, they both grab the head of their man, and leaps up and spikes it on the turnbuckle.

"Oh man! That is insane! Stay tune, the referee needs to get control of this match and we need to take a commercial break

Welcome back!

During the break, Doozer came within eyelash of pinning Ellis and retaining the DREAM Tag Team Championship. Since

then, Jared of The Grady Bunch made a blind tag on Ellis, and his short reign of offense ended suddenly when Doozer reversed a suplex. Now he has Jared down in a rear chin lock, and the referee is checking on the status of him!" Doozer lays on the canvas with all his weight gearing down on Jared, as the referee checks ever so often on the position of the forearm, to ensure of no illegal choke.

WHAT DO YOU SAY JARED?

The referee screams to him, but gets no reply.

"He could be out, the referee is going to the arm!"

The referee holds up the arm, shakes it and releases it.

Shouts the referee and the crowd. The referee follows the same pattern for a second time.

Jared better snap out of it, or this one is over with!" The referee lifts up the arm again, and shakes it, by the time he releases it, Terry, Dark, and Ellis all pile into the ring on Doozer forcing the move to be broken.

"Those three men do not want to see The eGG Bandits walk out of here tonight retaining their tag straps!"

The referee does all he can to force the other three men out the ring, but while his back is turned, Cancer enters the ring, and slaps his hands together.

"I am not sure if Doozer will go for this one!"

Cancer picks up Jared and throws him face first into the turnbuckle.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Screams the DREAM Champion at his partner. Cancer shoves him away, and starts to stomp the bloody hell out of the midsection of Jared.

"The referee is confused at this moment

Doozer pulls Cancer off of Jared, and the two starts to argue and shove one another.

"I do not foresee this being broke up by any of the other teams either."

Cancer pie faces Doozer into the corner of Dark and Ellis, and Dark makes a slight tag.

Stop stealing the limelight you glory hog!

Cancer screams at Doozer, as they come face to face.

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"Oh man, it
s getting heated in the ring, and we may see the crack in the eGG Bandits!" Dark enters the ring and dropkicks Doozer into Cancer, sending both men to the outside.

"Neither man saw Dark, this is going to spell trouble for those two!"

Dark quickly grabs up Jared by the hair, and shoots him off into the ropes.
On the return, Dark swings the
hay-maker like clothesline. Jared ducks it.

"Oh man, Jared stops dead in his tracks!"

Dark flings around stumbling; Jared hooks the leg and head, and flings Dark on his head.

"T-Bone suplex! Jared just almost threw him in the front row!"

Jared charges Ellis, as the referee
s attention goes towards those two. Terry uses the chance to remove the roll of half dollars from his boot.

"We
ve him use this before against Brent and Colt Brodas
One swing and connection, and that is ALL SHE WROTE!" Dark stands to his feet, as he turns towards Terry
and is nailed!

"THAT IS IT! WE HAVE NEW CHAMPIONS AS SOON AS JARED COVERS HIM!"

Terry cleans up his half dollars from the ring, shoving them in his boots. Cancer slides into the ring as Terry
starts to head out, and Jared is right there by Dark who is on the canvas and Terry who is exiting the ring.

"He is wasting too much time!"

Cancer flings himself up and dives into Jared, as he slams into Terry who flies to the outside and Jared rolls
under the bottom rope.

"That is exactly what I mean! Jared had it, but he took too long!"

Cancer rolls over, his back on the chest of Dark and hooks the legs. Ellis is trying to get into the ring, but
Doozer is holding him by the legs.

"ONE
THREE!" As the bell sounds, the titles are handed off to
Cancer. In his hands are the Tag straps, You Call It
strap, and DREAM strap. Doozer slides in, after jerking Ellis out the ring onto his face.

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"This is painting a bad picture for the DREAM Champion, Cancer has both his titles!" Cancer looks at the DREAM Championship in a trance almost. Doozer comes up from behind and jerks both a tag strap and his DREAM Championship from as the two go nose to nose.

"Oh man, this is not happening is it?"

Pay Per View Announcement

"

markzylbert" Mark Zylbert's music hits as Doozer and Cancer continue to stare each other down.

"The general manager is on his way out!"

Mark walks out from the back, microphone in hand walking to the edge of the stage. He stops, peering down to the ring before raising the microphone to his mouth.

"No need to fight guys. To bake a cake you have to crack a couple of eggs."

He waits as the fans give him a poor return to the failed joke.

"I'm glad you two are currently re-considering your futures as the top reigning champions in DREAM."

He pauses before continuing.

"It's no coincidence you are in the position you are right now."

Mark begins to walk down the ramp.

"You see, we needed a pay per view main event for the next pay per view that would not only put asses in the seats, but become the most epic match ever had."

Mark walks up the steps and enters the ring. He walks over to Doozer and Cancer, who have yet to quit staring at each other.

"You can cut the tension with a spoon!"

He rubs his hand across the top of the DREAM Championship, still in Cancer's hand.

"You like the feeling of having that belt in your hand, don't you Cancer?"

He looks at Doozer.

"You despise someone else holding the belt in which you worked hard to earn and keep."

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He smiles.

"Good, because you both will get your chance to get that out soon.

January 31st to be exact as you, Cancer Jiles will defend your

'You Call It' Championship against... DOOZER and his DWF DREAM CHAMPIONSHIP!" The crowds erupts. Both eGG Bandits suddenly fall out of their trance and turn towards Mark.

"You heard right, champion versus champion. The winner chooses which belt they shall continue to defend and the other is vacated, only one man shall walk out a champion!"

The eGG Bandits suddenly begin arguing with Mark.

"And you will wrestle! Oh yes you will, because if you don't, you both are... FIRED!"

They get even more enraged at what's going on.

"January 31st, Scrambled Dreams, only on pay per view! Beat that HOW! You want Uncensored? Then buy this show!"

He begins to laugh as he drops the microphone. Doozer, nor Cancer can believe it. The camera pans in on them standing next to each other, in shock before fading out.

K L M]