

Slaughter: XXXIII

January 20, 2010 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

XXXIII

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Slaughter XXXIII

20 Jan 2010

The Slaughter House,
Orlando, FL (seats 8,796)

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

Maverick Express vs. Grady Bunch

"

gradybunch" The camera pans to the top of the stage.

"Tonight we get to see

The Maverick Express debut against a team that many are calling the next DREAM Tag Team Champions, The Grady Bunch. Little is known to me about the two men known as Locke and

Sabin, The Maverick Express. However, some of these questions can be answered tonight in our opening contest!" The lights in the arena dim to a low blue as the opening riffs of

Papa Roach's

"Getting away with murder" begins to play as both members of the

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Maverick Express appear at the entrance way with smiles on their faces. Somewhere beyond happiness and sadness I need to calculate What creates my own madness And I'm addicted to your punishment And you're the master And I am waiting for disaster The two men then start to make their way down to the ring and when they get halfway there, Locke hits a deadrun to the ring and slides under the bottom rope while Sabin makes his way down to the ring and goes up the steps while Locke makes his way onto one knee while taking a look at the ring. I feel irrational So confrontational To tell the truth I am Getting away with murder It isn't possible To never tell the truth But the reality is I'm getting away with murder (Getting away, Getting away, Getting away) I drink my drink and I don't even want to I think my thoughts when I don't even need to I never look back cause I don't even want to And I don't need to Because I'm getting away with murder Sabin then enters the ring and throws his right fist into the air as the crowds explode into a massive face pop while Locke gets up onto his feet and starts to do a little shadow boxing as the lights goes back to normal and Sabin removes his jacket and hands it to the ring attendant while the music fades out as both men get ready for their match.

"There they both are. The newest tag team to make the leap and TO HAVE A DREAM! The Maverick Express, but their first task is a tall one indeed. No pun intended either. Terry and Jared will showcase why they want to be called the next DREAM Tag Team Champions!"

Lyrics to 'I Want It All' by Queen kick 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.

"Jared is a massive man, from right here in Florida. Terry, an underhanded New Yorker, would love to slam a roll of half dollars in the jaw of Sabin or Locke. The referee looks to be ready!"

The referee checks Jared and Sabin, the two starting the match, and calls for the bell. DING Both men circle the ring and step forward.

"Collar and elbow lockup. Jared uses his power and just throws Sabin back into the corner!"

Jared smiles at Sabin, posing for second to showcase the strength he has.

"Jared knows he has the advantage with his size, but speed maybe his downfall!"

Sabin back up, and they circle once more. They step into the center, for the collar and elbow.

"They

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re locked now, let
s see if Sabin uses speed over Jared
s strength!" Sabin pulls him into a standing side headlock. He starts to grind the side of the jaw with his
forearm.

"Sabin looks to be confident with his headlock, but this move is not a sure thing!"

Jared reaches for the ropes, but his long arms are just short from reaching them.

"It may have it locked on good, as we see Jared searching for the ropes!"

Jared lifts up Sabin from the headlock position, and throws him forward towards his corner.

"What amazing strength!"

Locke attempts to come in, grabbing the shoulder of
Jared. As the referee attempts to keep the two men apart, Terry takes a towel he has in the
corner, to choke Sabin behind the referee
s back.

"Terry is one of the dirtiest men in DREAM. When he sees a blind referee, he will use it to his team
s advantage fully!" Locke exits the ring and points to Terry, who releases the towel, and pats himself dry on
his forehead. The referee starts to question him, as Locke enters the ring.

"Looks like Locke is giving them a dose of their own medicine!"

Locke grabs Jared, and is quickly elbowed for his troubles, as the referee is back on Locke pulling him back
out the ring.

"He should have just clipped the knees of the big man; it would have proven to be a better stepping stone for
beating The Grady Bunch!"

Terry enters the ring, and slaps his hands together to make a tag like sound. Jared and Terry lift up Sabin,
double suplex, bounce him off the ropes and back they fall.

"OH
MAN, A DOUBLE SLINGSHOT SUPLEX BY THE
GRADYS!" Jared exits the ring, as Terry makes the cover. The referee finally able to break away from Locke,
to come in and make the count.

"ONE
NO!" Locke dives forward, double axe handle to the back of Terry breaking up the pin fall!

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"Oh man, Sabin could have been done there, if it was not for the Locke breaking up that pin!"

Terry takes Sabin and puts him in a side headlock.

"We
re going to take this chance here to pay some bills... We
ll be right back after these commercial break!" "Welcome back, as during the break, nothing much has
changed. Terry has gone from a side headlock, to a Fuji arm bar!"

Terry is attempting to get a submission win, but Sabin is inches from the ropes.

"Sabin reaches for it, HE HAS IT!"

Sabin grabs the bottom rope forcing Terry to release the hold after an almost five count by the referee.

"Sabin needed that rope, like a fat kid needs exercise!"

Terry grabs up Sabin, and shoots him into the corner. He taunts Locke, as he runs in
Terry going for a big splash!" Sabin rolls out the corner, as Terry slams into the corner and starts to stumble
back out. Sabin turns him around, boot to the gut, DDT!

"Snap DDT by Sabin! He needs to make the tag!"

Terry starts to stir, as he makes his way on his stomach towards Jared.

"Terry is about two feet from his tag, Sabin is now just able to get moving!"

Terry leans forward, as Jared stretches his long arms out, TAG!

"Gradys have a tag!"

Sabin starts to crawl on his hands and knees, as Jared enters.

"He does not have much further to go!"

Jared grabs the foot of Sabin, before he can make a tag.

"He was so close to Locke!"

Sabin tries to hop away, but Jared pulls him back, but Sabin flips and kicks Jared in the chest. Sabin flings
forwards as Locke makes the tag.

"HE MADE THE TAG!"

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Locke grabs the ropes and leaps on them, and flies off with a missile dropkick, that almost sends Jared to the canvas.

"The big man is rocking!"

Locke back to his feet, as he hits the ropes and does a flying clothesline, rocking Jared even more.

"Oh man, so close!"

Locke hits the ropes again and goes for the cross body, but Jared catches him!

"The big man caught Locke, should have done it from the ropes!"

Sabin springs off the top rope and dropkicks the back of Locke, causing Jared to fall with Locke on top of him.

"HE IS OFF HIS FEET!"

Locke hooks both legs.

"ONE
NO!" Terry stomps the head of Locke breaking up the pin fall.

"Terry is not going to let that happen!"

Sabin flies across the ring nailing Terry with a forearm.

"Terry is in the corner on the canvas, as Sabin and Locke grab up Jared."

They grab Jared and drop him with a double DDT. The referee grabs Sabin and start to pull him out the ring.

"The referee is trying to get control once again, as he lost it back when they were trying to take Jared down after the tag to Locke Helms!"

Terry grabs the half dollar roll from his boot, and gets to his feet.

As he turns around, Locke kicks it out of his hand, as it flies in the air and shattering on the canvas sending half dollars all over Jared.

"Looks like Maverick Express studied Terry's favorite move of the loaded fist!" Locke dropkicks Terry on the jaw, sending him to the floor between the top and middle ropes.

"He just needs to finish off Jared!"

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Locke shakes his fist as the referee turns around and sees the mess in the ring and on Jared and calls for the bell.

"WHAT THE HELL JUST HAPPEN!?"

The referee signals that he just disqualified Locke for what he believes is the use of a foreign object.

"The Grady Bunch just won the match by luck you could say! What looked to be a busted attempt at using the roll, ended up giving them the victory!"

Locke attempts to argue the referee's decision, but Terry slides in, nailing him from behind with a clip to the knee. Terry grabs Locke up, and throws him over the top rope.

"I think Terry realizes he got by barely, but a win is exactly that, A WIN!"

Sabin drops off the apron and checks on Locke, as Jared is helped to his feet and he and Terry have their hands raised. Jared looks completely clueless on what happen.

"While Terry tries to explain their victory to his partner, and Sabin learns as well. We are going to get the ring cleaned up!"

Jared looks around at the half dollars as Terry tries to collect them all once again. Sabin is questioning the call of the referee from the outside.

Breaking Them Down

"

traviswilliams" "Back Against The Wall" by Cage the Elephants starts to pour into the arena.

"Wait a minute, we

ll pause that commercial break, as Travis Williams is coming out here as we speak!" Travis comes out onto the ramp with a microphone in his hand. He signals for his music to cut off.

"Terry and Jared

I may not agree with your style and the way you get the job done. HOWEVER! I am not against the idea of GETTING THE JOB DONE!" Terry is nodding in the ring, with a big smirk on his face.

"So, after defeating The Maverick Express, we are in need of opponents for the eGG Bandits next week on Slaughter!"

The fans in the arena erupt with excitement.

"That is right, next week you two will take on Doozer and Cancer Jiles for the Tag Team Championship!"

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Jared and Terry start to smile in the ring with excitement.

"WAIT! Before you get all excited! If you two lose this contest, you start back over. You will have to go through every team on the roster and any team we throw together before you get another chance at the Bandits. And that chance will be non-title. YOU WILL HAVE TO PROVE YOURSELF WORTHY! So if you want to bypass that

Go out there next week and defeat the undefeated team of the eGG Bandits!" Travis turns his back and starts to head to the back as "Back Against The Wall" by Cage the Elephants starts to play again as Travis exits.

"Big news for next week! So stay tune, and we will be back in less than five minutes right after these commercials break!"

The Madness Is Back!

"

chrisbladez" Chris Bladez is inside his locker room. The room is set up just as it was last week. Chris is sitting down in front of his TV watching Dream. His TV Title Tournament bracket is on the coffee table. Chris leans forward and grabs the bracket.

"Last week was very good to me. This week I see more of the same. Nathan Paradine, you took care of business for me last week, I see you doing the same for me this week. Good luck in your match Nathan."

Chris sets the bracket off to his side and the scene fades.

Johnny Legend vs. Muru

"

johnnylegend" "We are about to kick off the second round to crown the first ever DREAM Slaughter Television Champion. The first round saw things being shook up and a new comer by the name of Muru advancing to the second round over another new comer, Clearance Williams. Now, Muru faces Johnny Legend who is a last minute replacement for Nathan Paradine who is currently held up in Tokyo, Japan." 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 the he slides into the ring. He then raises his hands to the air as the crowd cheers.

"There is the DREAM greenhorn Muru, and he knows that this next man to come out is not going to be a simple challenge. In fact, he will be pushed to his limits in this match!" "Man With No Fear" by Rob Zombie blasts over the sound system. Johnny Legend walks out from the back and raises his arms out. he then uses his thumbs to point to himself as being "The Living Legend" before bursting down the ramp and sliding into the ring under the bottom rope.

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"The Living Legend! Johnny Legend is going to be a hard one to keep down as he is on an impressive winning streak here in DREAM."

The referee calls for the bell

DING They go to lock up and Legend slams a boot into the midsection of Muru, doubling him over. Johnny Legend follows it up with a hard clubbing forearm across the shoulders dropping Muru to his knees in pain.

"Oh man, Legend is not playing around is he? From jump, he is trying to just outsmart Muru and pound him into the canvas before he can mount an offense!"

Legend grabs the hair of Muru and lifts him to his feet. He throws a hard right hand knocking Muru to a knee.

"The Australian Submission Machine is setting Muru up for something here!"

Johnny takes about ten steps away from Muru, as Muru starts to stagger up to his feet. Johnny Legend rushes in and throws a big boot. Muru side steps it, and school boys Johnny.

"ONE

NO!" Johnny powers Muru off of him, in complete shock.

"Johnny was looking for a running kick, but the quickness of Muru played a major factor in him not being able to land it!"

Muru is on his feet, as Johnny is on a knee. Muru throws a right hand, another right hand, and then a left. Johnny shoves him off into the corner.

"Muru trying to gain momentum here."

Legend starts to stand up, but Muru dropkicks the knee, sending him back down onto a knee. Muru rushes to the corner and jumps up on the middle rope. He flies off with a dropkick to the face.

"Oh man, that connected! High impact moves at a fast pace may ensure him a victory against Johnny Legend!"

Muru covers Johnny hooking both legs as the referee falls into position.

"ONE

TWO.. NO!" Johnny throws Muru between the bottom and middle ropes to the apron.

"Johnny Legend would love to come in here and get a win, inserting himself into the title picture with less work than others!"

Muru gets to his feet and holds the top rope as Johnny gets to his feet.

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"Muru looks to be waiting for Johnny to get up and turn around!"

Johnny is up, and charges towards Muru as he springboards off the top, he kisses the kneet of Johnny Legend and flies out the ring to the floor.

"That was truly one hell of a counter. I think he may have knocked Muru out!"

Johnny stumbles to the ropes, holding himself up. Muru is on the outside motionless.

"Stay tune, we need to take a quick break. Hopefully we will have the finish of this match when we get back. If it ends before hand, we will show you the action in its entirety! We

ll be back after this commercial break!" "WE

RE BACK!" Johnny has Muru on the outside against the steel steps choking him with the side of his boot.

"Johnny has been punishing Muru during the break. The referee is trying to not count both men out and let there be a pin fall or submission finish!"

Johnny grabs Muru up by the hair after releasing his choke hold, and throws him under the bottom rope.

"Johnny Legend needs to get into the ring and finish this match while he has the advantage."

Johnny grabs the head of Muru, and pulls him out some under the bottom rope.

"As Legend is on the apron, he could be trying to injure the neck area of Muru! Johnny Legend being more aggressive then usual tonight folks."

Johnny rushes forward and drops the leg.

"MURU MOVED!"

Johnny hits the apron butt first as Muru throws a kick in the face of Legend between the top and middle ropes.

"He has The Living Legend dazed and basically confused!"

Muru grabs Johnny and pulls him up and through the middle and top ropes. As Legend is draped over the middle rope, Muru runs towards the ropes, springboards off the middle rope and turns in midair drop kicking Legend in the side of the head.

"He could have him, Legend looks to be out cold!"

Muru is back on his feet, as he runs towards the ropes again, springboards off the middle rope again and drops a leg over the back of the neck and head of Johnny Legend.

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"This is exactly what he needs to do, stay on him until he feels he can score a pin fall!"

Muru pulls him into the ring, and hooks both legs as the referee counts.

"ONE... TWO... THREE!"

Muru jumps to his feet as the crowd erupts!

"Muru is on a roll in DREAM! He just defeated "The Living Legend" Johnny Legend!" Muru poses for the crowd as the show fades to another commercial break! More Madness!

"

chrisbladez" Back inside Bladez' locker room, the Paradine match is coming to an end. Chris grabs his bracket and scratches out Nathan Paradine's name.

"Damn you Paradine. We had a chance to have one of the biggest matches in the history of this tournament, but you failed. Time to get ready for my match now. Again Paradine, you failed. Chris gets up to start putting his gear on and the scene fades.

Clarence Williams vs. Psymon

"

clarencewilliams" "International Havestor by Craig Morgan" begins to play as Clarence Williams steps out from the back. He waves to the fans as he begins his decent down the ramp, walking close enough to the barrier fans can reach out and touch him.

As he walks up the steps, Williams smiles to the crowd and waves as he steps into the ring, heading to the corner to wait. 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,

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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'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. Pysmon 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 the bell.

"This should be a good match as Clarence Williams will meet Pysmon for the first time."

The bell sounds. Clarence reaches out to shake Pysmon's hand. The Resident Psycho just looks at him before slapping his hand away.

"Pysmon isn't here to be a good sport, he is here to demolish all that stand in his way. You have to wonder just how he is taking last week's loss to Jimmy Riley as he heads into this match."

Both men go ahead and lock up. Pysmon force Clarence back and into the ropes, he breaks the tie by using the ropes to send Williams across the ring with momentum. Pysmon bounces off the near rope and meets Clarence. He leaps with a flip into a lariat, devastating Clarence Williams.

"Rolling Thunder Lariat by Pysmon."

Pysmon stands above Clarence, looking down with a menacing stare before reaching to grab his head, and pulling him to his feet.

"Pysmon scoops Clarence up."

He looks to each side and snarls before running, leaping in the air, and slamming Clarence to through the mat.

"Running Power Slam. Pysmon doing as much destruction as possible."

Pysmon first gets to his knees, then stands fully up.

"Pysmon now lifting the left leg of Williams up."

He goes to step in, however, Clarence throws his free leg up, and uses it to help kick Pysmon back who falls to the mat and does a roll to sell it. Clarence turns over and pushes himself up as the fans get behind him.

"Clarence Williams looking to make a comeback, but can he as Pysmon gets back up?"

Pysmon runs at Clarence, who grabs his arm.

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"Arm drag by Williams!"

Psymon rolls out of it and up, running at Clarence again.

"Another arm drag!"

The fans begin to cheer for Williams. Psymon rolls to his feet again. He rushes Clarence once more and is met with a boot to the gut, followed by a hip toss into an arm bar.

"Clarence Williams locking the arm of Psymon, but can he hold on?"

Psymon uses his brute force to roll himself over and up, flipping Clarence to the mat, successfully breaking the arm bar.

"Psymon leaps up, bringing his knees into the chest of Clarence Williams, successfully killing the little momentum he had."

As Psymon stands back to his feet, he pulls Clarence's arm up with him. Psymon thrust Clarence's head between his arm, while holding the Williams' arm still across his chest.

"Psymon with a knee up into the chest of Clarence Williams. It's almost as if he enjoys the brutality."

Once again, Psymon stands tall over Clarence Williams. The fans show him by their reaction that he isn't really a fan favorite. Psymon shows them, he just doesn't care as he continues his assault.

"Psymon lifts Clarence Williams' legs up, he seems to be locking in a possible Texas Cloverleaf."

Once he has Clarence's legs pinned up, instead of turning him he reaches down with his free arm and grabs the back of Clarence's neck. Psymon leans back to lift Williams up, spinning a quarter turn and then slamming him to the mat, hard.

"An innovative move there to add to the damage already done. Psymon, just end it already. We have kids watching!"

Psymon looks around and motions that it is time to end things when the opening piano chords of 'Fossil Genera' by Between the Buried and Me begin to echo against the arena walls.

"What's this?"

HOSTILITY's Ozric Mortimer steps out from behind the curtain. The fans give a major heat reaction as Psymon just stares with distaste. Behind Ozric walks out Mike Polowy, which irritates the crowd and Psymon even more.

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"It's Ozric Mortimer and Mike Polowy!

As some of you may know, Ozric and Pysmon have roots going back to PRIME!" Both men stand at the top of the stage as the music fades. Behind Pysmon Clarence begins to crawl. He pushes himself up to one knee then all the way up.

"Clarence Williams behind Pysmon!"

The fans pop and Pysmon turns around. Clarence taps him with a quick kick then grabs his head. He turns and hits a reverse swinging neck breaker. the fans go nuts.

"Reap and Sow by Clarence Williams! But is it too late?!"

On the top of the stage, Mike whispers to Ozric as they both continue to watch. In the ring, Clarence drops to his knees, then completes a cover, hooking Pysmon's legs.

"The referee counts!"

The referee's hand goes up and slaps the mat.

"KICK OUT!"

Clarence is thrust back. Pysmon rolls over begins to push up. Clarence runs at him, and Pysmon lunges up and forward.

"SHORT ARM CLOTHESLINE!"

He tears through Clarence.

"He wanted to take his head off!"

Pysmon scoots back and onto Clarence, almost as if he wants to smother him as he covers. The referee counts.

"He could have it!"

The referee's hand slaps three. A couple seconds later Clarence kicks out but he damage is done.

"Pysmon takes this one home, even with the interruption from the outside."

Polowy and Mortimer watch from the outside as Pysmon gets up, arm raised in victory, his eyes stone cold and set on the two.

Take Your Medicine

"

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adriencochrane" Backstage at The Slaughterhouse Adrien Cochrane walks confidently through the ever-meandering hallways. He has an important match coming up, but that doesn't stop him for looking for some non-caffeinated goodness to quench his thirst...

"Hrm, Mug Rootbeer it is!"

He mashes the button on the coke machine and waits as his frosty beverage drops down to the tray in the bottom. After wiping the top of the can for germs Adrien pops the top and takes a long, satisfying gulp of the sarsaparilla.

"AHHHHH!"

It
s just like a commercial.

"Hey! Ain
t ju that Adrien dude?" Adrien snaps his head to the side, he sees a young kid, maybe thirteen, wearing an eGG Bandits t-shirt and smiling knowingly from ear to ear.

"Yeah, I
m Adrien Cochrane, like you didn
t know." He grins wide.

"Nice shirt!" "Yeah, uh, thanks."

The kid replies.

"Listen, my kid brother loves you, and uh, he
d love to meet you." "Sure!"

Adrien smiles, this is one of the reasons he
s in the business, after all.

"What
s your name, kid?" "Pablo," the kid replies.

"My brother Aaron
s just back this way!" He jabs a thumb behind him. Cochrane looks at his watch, he
s got a while yet before he
s scheduled to wrestle.

"Lead the way, kid."

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He slams the rest of his drink and tosses the empty responsibly into a nearby trash bin before taking off after Pablo who had already rounded a corner.

"Comon, mang!" Adrien picks up the pace, catching glimpses of the young fan as he turns corners but not quite being able to keep up. Before long Cochrane takes a look around and realizes that he's somewhere in the arena that he's never been, and he's not quite sure exactly how he got there. He peers around another corner to see Pablo standing in front of an open door.

"He's in here, comon!" The kid disappears into the room behind the door.

"Nobody can say I don't love my fans..." Adrien mumbles to himself as he saunters over to the door. He pushes through the threshold before realizing his mistake.

"Ah sh-"
He is interrupted.

"I thought you didn't cuss, boyscout!" Defiance
s D.R. Kongo stands in front of Adrien with a wide, toothy grin across his face.

"I was gonna say shucks,
if it matters..." He braces for the coming fight.

"Nah mang, don't you got ta say matters." Aaron Vasquez stands beside Kongo, his face is a mask of rage and violent intent. The young Puerto Rican kid comes to Chico's side.

"Good work, lil homie, now gimme dat shirt an get lost!" Pablo pulls the eGG Bandits shirt over his head and hands it to Vasquez, who puts a small knot of cash into the kid's hand for his services. The kid makes for the door, and Adrien cocks his eyes in that direction, wondering if he could make a break for it.

"Don

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t even think about it, kid." Kongo implies.

"J

yeah, nucca, take yo
medicine like a man!" Vasquez threatens. Fade out.

Gotta Start Somewhere

"

themaskeddollar"

Not the typical sound one would anticipate hearing when the cameras cut to the backstage area, but then again

this IS the men

s washroom. With the evening

s show in full swing, the bathrooms are vacant, save a few stragglers. As the camera pans around the lavatory, one of the doors at the far end of the row of stalls swings open, and a rather portly fellow steps out, waving the stink away from his nose as he exits the stall. Letting out an exhausted sigh, as if just voiding his bowels of the last three meals he ate, he wanders over to the sink to wash his hands. Humming to himself, he lathers, rinses, and repeats, making sure to rid his hands of every last germ before he heads out to purchase another hotdog and beer. He bends down to splash his face with a handful of water, but when he straightens himself back up, he is greeted by not only his own reflection in the mirror, but that of a masked man as well. Startled, the man swings around to come face-to-face with whoever this mysterious stranger is. the masked man asks abruptly.

"It has micro heating pads, and a high thread count. Top quality, I guarantee!"

It takes a moment for the fat man to realize just what is going on. He glances down at the masked man's hands, and the hand towel that he is clutching.

"Ahh

the fat man stammers, "

please?" The masked man drapes the towel gingerly over the fat man

s hands, and takes a step back. The fat man slowly pats his hands dry, never taking his eyes off the masked man who is staring at him intently.

"Ummm

the fat man pauses before he continues to speak, "Who are you? I didn

t know the arena employed any restroom attendants." A chuckle rises from beneath the black mask.

"Ha

Ha

no, I

m not an

attendant," the masked man replies, presumably smiling in secrecy, "I'm... .. The MASKED DOLLAR! But you can call me TMD."

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The fat man looks rather nervous and takes a small step back towards the door. Suddenly, The Masked Dollar reaches over to a small tray sitting on the counter next to him and grabs something before lunging at the fat man.

"Sirwouldyoulikesomecologne!?!?"

TMD yelps, speaking so quickly that his words mash up into a string of nonsense.

The fat man screams with fright and rushes out of the bathroom. As the door slowly slides closed, TMD sticks his foot out, catching the door before it fully closes. Opening it up slightly, he sticks his head out and looks up and down the hallway before calling out to the fat man.

"Sir! SIR! Sir? I just wanted you to try my cologne!"

TMD hollers at the top of his lungs. Getting no response, TMD quietly slips back into the bathroom and returns to his station by the counter. Grunting in frustration, he stares down at the small bottle in his hand, labelled: Stinking Rich a fragrance by

The Masked Dollar

"Man

he mumbles to himself, "I have got to get out of this bathroom. I m not going to sell anything in here. This is absolutely ridic

Before he can finish his sentence, the sound of the bathroom door creaking open echoes off the tiled walls and porcelain bowls. The Masked Dollar looks up quickly, and locks eyes with a young man, who looks rather shocked to find someone such as our masked man waiting in the bathroom.

"But hey

TMD says under his breath, "we all gotta start somewhere."

The young man in the doorway can t seem to make up his mind whether or not he really wants to use the washroom, but his rumbling bowels and swelling bladder urge him on. He slowly enters the washroom, giving TMD a nervous smile and hello before slamming the stall door shut.

"Alright

s game time!" mutters The Masked Dollar, with confidence.

As the cameras fade, TMD rushes to make sure his serving tray is neat and tidy, with all the cologne labels facing out, and the towels folded to perfection.

A Want for Blood

"

psymon" "Ozric and

Polowy can wait, I want blood. I want Chris Bladez

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s
blood." It
s obvious that Psymon isn
t in a great mood. After what happened last week, he lost to Jimmy Riley in an upset. So much for a
foregone conclusion in winning the Television Champion, right? The reason why he wants Chris Bladez
s blood? Check this out:

The Madness Keeps Rolling

The camera comes on again inside Chris Bladez
s 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. Psymon lets out a sigh, then flashes his crooked smile.

"I don
t think Chris understands the gravity of the situation he has put himself in. Indeed, his words rang true, he
handled his business when he defeated Klash to advance into the second round tonight, but to badmouth
The Monster
s where people like Chris become the victim. Calling me pathetic
He scoffs.

"We will see who is pathetic once
I pay a little visit. I have
something in mind for Mr. Bladez. After this, I guarantee that Mr. Bladez won
t badmouth or call
The Monster
pathetic.

"The Monster" gets up from a chair he is sitting on, and exits his locker room.
Join The Fun!!

"
chrisbladez" 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

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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 goes off sending even more gold sparks out. The music finally dies down. Chris pulls a microphone out of his back pocket.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, as you are all aware TV Title Madness has hit DREAM!!!"

The crowd goes nuts. Bladez waits for the crowd to die back down.

"I see the madness, has hit all of you as well. Now is your chance to join in all the fun. Tonight after Slaughter, there will be a chance that each and everyone one of you can earn themselves a COOL one million dollars."

The crowd goes nuts again, Chris waits for it to die down.

"You maybe asking yourselves, Chris how can I earn a million bucks? Simple my friends by picking the winners of the final four in the TV Tournament. All you have to do is pick what two wrestlers will be facing each other for the title, and who will the title it's self. Simple, easy, and FUN! All you have to do is fill out the bracket that is under each one of your chairs. As you are leaving the arena tonight hand the brackets into the collectors at any one of the exits, and pay the small fee of course. Now I am sure all the viewers at home are wondering how they can join in on all the fun? Well, its simple just visit the DREAM website, fill out the bracket online, pick all the winners correctly and pay that small fee, and you can be on your way to winning ONE MILLION DOLLARS!!!"

The crowd is now in an uproar over the news. Chris signals his hands to quiet them down.

"That's not all folks, for everyone who doesn't win the Grand Prize there are other prizes out there. Oh and for all your wrestlers on the Dream roster, your welcome to join as well. I know some of your paychecks aren't that great, and you probably haven't seen what a million dollars looks like. So it's my gift to you, the fans here in the arena, all the fans watching on TV, and even you in the locker rooms. Thank you, and enjoy the rest of Slaughter. All the members of the crowd start looking under their seats as by Pink Floyd plays, the three men exits the ring.

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Jimmy Riley vs. Chris Bladez

"

chrisbladez" 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 knee pads, 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.

"Jimmy Riley meeting Chris Bladez in this Slaughter Television Championship Tournament match up."

The bell sounds.

"Here we go. Chris Bladez attempts to initiate a tie up, stopped prematurely as Jimmy Riley gets him with one of those swift kicks to the the side of the leg."

Riley delivers another swift kick, then spins around with a spinning back kick that successfully knocks Chris Bladez to the mat.

"Jimmy Riley connects with that kick. I've got to say, that was one of the most graceful spinning back kicks I have ever seen."

Jimmy picks up a leg of Chris Bladez, and gives the back of it a swift kick. Chris grabs his leg and flops around as Jimmy moves near Bladez's head.

"Riley using Bladez's head to pull him up, and hooking his head."

Jimmy grabs the trunks of Chris Bladez and lifts him up into a vertical position. He makes sure to keep his balance for a moment before floating Chris over to the mat.

"Vertical suplex by Jimmy Riley. He is on top of his game tonight folks."

Jimmy lifts Chris's head, placing him in a sleeper hold.

"Jimmy Riley adding to the damage already dealt."

He wrenches the sleeper, applying more pressure to the hold. Chris' eyes begin to sag.

"Riley may be close to ending this one here."

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The referee raises Chris' hand up, dropping it.

"Bladez may be out."

He raises it again, once again dropping it.

"One more time and Jimmy Riley will move on!"

The referee raises Chris' hand once again, this time Jimmy Riley lets go before he can drop it. Bladez limps to the mat.

"Chris Bladez is out, but Jimmy Riley is not done yet!"

Jimmy gets to his feet and stares down at Chris Bladez with a menacing look.

"Chris

Bladez is out folks, Jimmy could have picked up the win right there. Could this be a mistake on his part in the long run?" Jimmy moves to pick Chris up. Bladez opens his eyes.

"What? It looks like Chris Bladez may have been playing possum!"

Jimmy's eyes open wide with shock. Chris lifts his hand and jabs two fingers into Riley's wide open eyes. Jimmy grabs his eyes and stumbles back. Chris begins to slide up and towards the ropes as Jimmy Riley attempts to regain eyesight.

"Chris Bladez using the ropes to get up. He needs to use this opportunity to gain some offensive!"

Bladez leans against the ropes, visually drained. Jimmy Riley shakes his head and looks up, seeing Bladez.

"Riley rushes Bladez!"

Chris sidesteps, and pulls the rope down, causing Jimmy to go over it. Chris instantly lets go and falls to his knees, facing away from where Jimmy went over, missing the face Riley caught himself with the top rope and now stands on the apron.

"Chris Bladez is unaware that Jimmy Riley is waiting for him to turn around!"

Chris gets back to his feet and turns. At that moment Jimmy uses the top rope to send himself up. As he flies over the ropes back into the ring, Bladez catches him in a cross body.

"Chris Bladez caught him!"

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Chris turns towards the corner post and runs, slamming Jimmy's back directly into it. The crowd winches at the hit.

"Bladez lays Riley on top of the ropes."

Jimmy lays across the top ropes in the corner. He walks back a few feet and turns to face Jimmy.

"Chris Bladez runs and leaps bringing an elbow into the back of Jimmy Riley!"

As Chris steps back, Jimmy rolls off of the ropes and falls to the mat.

"Bladez may have this match back on track."

Jimmy raises his head just a bit, and Chris shoots forward, kicking Riley in the jaw.

"Hard punt to the face of Jimmy Riley! That's the animalistic nature of Chris Bladez coming out, showing roots of his Anarchy Championship days."

Bladez grabs Jimmy's arms and pulls him from the corner, to the middle of the ring.

"Chris Bladez removing the possibility of a rope break, possibly preparing to to end this match unlike Jimmy Riley who wanted it to continue."

Chris reaches down, grabbing under both of Jimmy's arms and lifting him to his feet. Once up, Chris re-tightens his double arm grip and looks around.

"It could be Cutting Edge time!"

The lights begin to flash then go off.

"What's going on?!"

When the lights come back up, Pysmon is standing over Chris' bodyguards with a mallet in hand.

"Does he have.. a mallet?!"

In the ring Bladez has dropped Jimmy and can't believe what he is seeing on the outside. Pysmon runs and slides into the ring. Chris quickly drops to the mat and rolls out himself, running up the ramp. Pysmon follows suite. the referee begins to count.

"Chris Bladez has left the ring area!"

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Jimmy begins to get up. He looks around as the referee counts then stands. The referee hits ten and calls for the bell.

"Jimmy Riley has won via count out! He will advance!"

Riley's music hits and he is confused.

"Chris Bladez's bodyguards are now coming too, but it's too late, their boss may already be in a serious situation with that maniac!"

Chad and Syd help each other up and look around. Chaz walks over and hits the announcer's table yelling "Where's Chris?" "Pysmon chased him to the back guys!"

They take off towards the back.

"My God."

Got Syrup?

"

adriencochrane" Backstage. Somewhere. This is what the government calls an undisclosed location.

So, ju think ju can bring dem Banditos of jors into Defiance, egg a man s car, an we jus gon grin an bear it?" Aaron Vasquez is not impressed.

"Guys, come on! It wasn't my idea! I swear!"

Aside from a bit of stress and a mound of duct tape, Adrien Cochrane remains relatively unharmed. He is, however, taped to a table.

"It don be workin like dat, vato." "I tried to talk em out of it! Seriously guys..." Adrien was losing hope. Eric Dane's temper was legendary, and upon finding himself taped to a table at the mercy of Aaron Vasquez and D.R. Kongo he was doing the one thing he could do, trying to talk his way out of it.

"Tell ya what, kid."

Kongo chimed in.

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"You answer me one question, an if ya answer it right, I might just be able to talk Chico here into us letting you go. You dig?" Adrien nodded, sweat beading up at his temples.

"Didja toss any eggs?"

Kongo already knew the answer, so did Vasquez. Adrien gulped, rather cartoonishly.

"Spit it out, gringo, dis ain t no play-play, dis real talk." "Well, yeah, but-" He didn t have a chance to finish before D.R. Kongo backhanded him hard across the face.

"AAAAAAAANT! Wrong answer."

Kongo was enjoying this entirely too much. Finally, the Fight or Flight instinct kicked in. And, well, since currently Adrien sat duct taped to a table, flight wasn t an option.

"Yeah, you guys are real badasses, pickin on me while you ve got me strapped to a table like some kinda horror movie! You wouldn t be doing this if Cancer and Doozer were here!" "Ju serious, mang?"

Vasquez asked.

"You ain t think we gon let them two little kids off with a warning, do ya?" Kongo cocked an eyebrow at the squirming Cochrane.

"Nah, we got somethin for them, too." "J yeah, but ju first, nucca." Adrien strained at the tape. But, if this shit could keep a stock car together at two-hundred miles an hour, a skinny white kid from New Orleans wasn t going to get out without a pair of scissors.

"You guys are gonna regret this!"

Kongo and Vasquez close in menacingly, Adrien s eyes go wild, ready for whatever, this is all very intense... Until Kongo pulls a couple of oversized bottles of Aunt Jemima syrup from out of nowhere. He hands one bottle to Vasquez.

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"AWFUL WAFFLE MOTHERFUCKER!"

Remember Salute Your Shorts? We do. Vasquez and Kongo pour the sticky syrup all over Cochrane, ruining his clothing, filling his mouth until he has a coughing fit, and rubbing it into his hair.

It

s all very seventh grade. When the deed is done, Adrien forces open his syrup covered eyelids and spits a wad of it off to the side.

"Alright, guys, I get the message!"

For someone covered in Syrup and taped down to a table, Adrien seems to be in good spirits.

"No harm, no foul, right?"

Vasquez cocks his eyebrow.

"J

yeah. Dey be jus

one more thing." Chico

s eyes narrow as he pulls a small shank from the waistband of his jeans.

"What

re you doin

Vasquez? Don

t be crazy!" "Ju know, I

d like to tell ju this gon

hurt me more

n it hurts ju, but what kinda role model would I be for dem li

I nuccas if I be lyin, ya hurd?" "Oh, shit,"

Kongo started.

"I almost forgot about this part."

Vasquez pounces on Adrien like a hungry cheetah on a lame gazelle. He carves Adrien's head with his homemade blade, gouging an ugly and deep cut across his head from temple to temple. He lays a couple of short punches in to open the cut before turning on Kongo.

"Gimme dat shirt, kid!"

Kongo hands him the shirt previously worn by Pablo, the bait in this trap. It's a white eGG Bandits t-shirt, officially licensed by the Dream Wrestling Federation. Chico roughly runs the shirt over Cochrane

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s bleeding face before looking at the stained apparel.

"Eric Dane say he be wantin
jor blood, vato, an now he be gettin
it." "That
s right," Kongo added.

"Maybe next time you
ll think twice." "Or at least once, damn."

With the deed done, and their prize in hand, Vasquez and Kongo left Adrien alone in the room, bleeding and covered in syrup. Cochrane mumbles a few bits about revenge, but first thing
s first, he

s got to figure out how the hell to get off of this table and to the ring for his tournament match coming up...

The Phone Call

"

charlieblackwell"

In his dressing room, Charlie Blackwell sits in a chair and looks blankly up at the ceiling while talking on his cell phone. His gaze occasionally diverts from the intricate patterns on the ceiling to a picture of Kenzie Blair on a end table.

"Dawn, it's been two full days since she walked out. Maybe you can talk some sense into her...what do you mean? We had a fight. She left. And I haven't seen her in two days."

Charlie got up from the chair and begins to pace.

"She's upset. She's upset because she brought up the 'M' word and I didn't react the way she wanted me to.....well, of course I love her. It's just with my wrestling career just getting started and all this traveling around, I'm having trouble keeping one day separated from the other."

He checks the time on the clock.

"No...she hasn't returned my calls.....yes...I can handle Casey. Okay. Thanks cuz.....okay. Good luck tomorrow night."

Charlie closes his phone. He stands up and begins to stretch out for his match.

Klash vs. Mike Polowy

"

klash" "Last week on

Slaughter, Klash came up short in the Slaughter TV Title Tournament against Chris Bladez. Mike Polowy looked to have faked an injury to allow CPZ to advance. It is no secret that Polowy wants his release from DREAM, but none of management is willing to speak to him about that.

So tonight, Klash and

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Polowy!" The sounds of by Sevendust is fading off, as Klash stands in the ring awaiting his opponent for the contest.

"Can Klash get on the winning sides of things tonight? It could be a major jump start for him in the new DREAM!"

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.

"Mike Polowy is not excited. See that look on his face?"

Polowy has a look of hatred on his face, as he looks across the Slaughter House.

"We have Mike Polowy and Klash set for action

Although I can rest assure that whatever is happening between Peters and Polowy will play a role in this match!" DING Klash starts to trash Mike Polowy, as both men come to the center of the ring.

"Klash was not too happy about the comments Mike made earlier this week. Though Polowy has said he wants his release

Though I do not see anyone of those three heading DREAM allowing Polowy to go anywhere else!" Polowy looks at Klash with a smirk, but never parts his lips from each other, but Klash can be heard throughout the Slaughter House.

re worthless Polowy. Why don

t you just retire instead of asking for a release?

Polowy looks down at the ground, taking everything Klash says to him and not defending himself.

RE NOTHING SON!

Klash shoves Polowy back a few feet. However, Mike slowly walks back up to Klash.

"I think he maybe pissing off Mike Polowy with the disrespect he is showing him!"

Polowy grabs the face of Klash and shoves him back a bit further. As Mike can be heard finally.

HIT ME YOU BITCH!

With that, Klash nails him in the jaw with a stiff short hook and Mike falls flat on his back.

"DID HE JUST KNOCK OUT MIKE POLOWY!?"

Klash looks stunned for a second, but quickly goes into a cover as the referee drops down.

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"ONE
THREE!" Klash jumps to his feet with excitement.

"Klash just defeated Mike Polowy!"

Mike rolls out to the apron, and stands to his feet. As Klash exits the ring paying no mind to him.

"WAIT A DAMN MINUTE! That dirty bastard just threw another one!"

As Klash exits, Mike enters back into the ring, as the fans boo him extremely loud.

Throwing Away A Career

"

mikepolowy" Polowy gets an evil smile on his face, stalking around the ring for a moment. He leans over the ropes, collecting a microphone from the timekeeper. He clears his throat, trying to cease the booing resonating throughout the arena, but to little avail. Instead, he decides to talk over them.

"Ladies and gentlemen, here's your winner!" he begins, his voice booming.

"A man you've never heard of, don't care about, and will probably never see again has just defeated Michael Polowy in a wrestling contest. And in record time, too! It's like... it's like some kind of miracle, isn't it? Now let me ask, who tonight in this arena was entertained by the last contest you saw in the ring tonight?"

Nothing. Crickets. A few drunken idiots near the back of the arena start to boo and yell insults, but for the most part there is silence.

"Ah, good." he chuckles.

"Very good. You hear that Zylbert? You hear that Peters? Just listen to the sounds of silence. Listen to a packed house getting ready to fucking walk out of a show because the product is garbage. You think anyone in the arena tonight wanted to see Klash walk away with a victory? Do you think anyone even knows who he is? I think he may be making minimum wage. And you thought what, book MPlow against this guy and maybe his pride won't allow him to lose? Did you think maybe I'd just make short work of him and forget all about our little dispute? Well you were wrong, boys. And that mistake is going to cost you."

He lowers the microphone, pacing around the ring for a moment as he stares out into the sea of uneasy souls.

"And to you, the fans..."

MPlow begins again.

"I legitimately apologize. Is it heartfelt? Sort of. See, ever since

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I was a kid, I loved professional wrestling. I watched it every chance I got, yada yada, it's the same story every wrestler seems to have about his childhood. And I'll tell you something right now, what I'm doing for the industry right now is fucking bullshit. I would have booed me out of the arena, too. You guys paid hard earned money tonight, and it's really a shame what Mark Zylbert and Bill Peters are forcing you to endure. And make no mistake about it, DREAMers, if it was up to them, you'd be enduring it for a long time. They have refused to release me from my DREAM contract, and instead would rather watch me lower ratings. I'm a fucking money printing machine, but they'd rather I just shut down the presses. But I'm here to tell you tonight, ladies and gentlemen, that I'm not going to stand for it anymore. Starting right here, tonight,

I'm going to ensure that DREAM can't continue on it's crash course to suck. Tonight, I bring in my secret weapon.

I've had the sparrow in my pocket for some time now, just waiting to pull the trigger... and tonight? Tonight the nightmare begins. Tonight, the poison is unleashed. Tonight, if I can't get out of my DREAM contract, then I swear to God I'll burn the whole thing into the ground. Keep watching, folks, cause tonight is going to be filled with NOTHING but old faces and new surpri..." He is cut off suddenly, as music we never expected to hear in the Slaughter House begins to pulsate through the speakers.

"Through the Fire and Flames" by Dragonforce blasts over the PA system, sending the crowd into... mostly confusion. As pyros go off in the entranceway, however, the crowd explodes cheers, with a slight hint of boos, as former HOSTILITY Champion TALON steps through the curtain! The packed house goes insane, as he throws arm into the air. He's wearing street clothes, but otherwise has his face painted up like we're all used to.

"Whew! I must be DREAMin'!"

Talon smiles, beaming at the crowd. The minority amongst the crowd who has been booing only boos harder, attempting to start a "GO HOME TALON" chant, but they are quickly overshadowed by the sheer volume of cheers from the home crowd.

"Thank you everyone, seriously. I know I'm no eGG Bandit, but I'm glad to see there's not too much... hostility... between us here tonight."

He chuckles at his own joke, which is clever in it's own right.

In the ring, Polowy looks a strange mixture of disgusted, confused, and apathetic.

"Mike, you look... perplexed."

Talon continues, putting on a more serious face.

"Surprised to see me here tonight? Cause to be honest, I'm a little surprised myself. I must admit, I never thought I'd be standing on this ramp.

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In fact, I never thought I'd be staring you in the face again, at least underneath the roof of the Slaughter House. And yet here I am. Funny how life works out like that sometimes, huh?" Polowy now looks even less amused.

"Yeah, funny."

MPlow spits.

"Now you mind turning around and walking back OUT of the Slaughter House? Go home to Hostili... oh, I guess you can't, can you? Man, that sucks. It must be really terrible not to have a job anymore, huh? So you're, what, sniffing around DREAM hoping they'll take a little bit of James Milenko's garbage in on a charity case? I'd take a hike now, junior. Maybe Defiance will sign you, I hear they're pretty terrible." The man known as Alex Rockridge laughs out loud at this, a high pitched sort of snort. It's the kind where you don't mean to laugh, but you fucking laugh anyway.

"Hoping, Mike?"

Alex laughs.

"Mike, they signed me a week ago."

In the ring, Polowy's face becomes a blank slate. Is it fear? Disbelief? It isn't quite clear, but the fact is that he looks like there is a train headed his way.

"What, no comment, Mike?"

Talon chuckles again.

"See, DREAM tells me they have a little infestation problem, a former DWF Champion who's not good for business. I've been watching, Polowy... what you're doing on television from week to week makes me sick to my stomach. Throwing matches? Faking injuries? And the things coming out of your mouth? What gives you the right? Who do you think you are? And before you get into that "I'm MPlow I'm the best rah rah rah" spiel we all know so well, I'd like to remind you that you aren't the badass you seem to think you are. Sure, you've held a couple of belts here in the Dream Wrestling Federation. Sure, you feel like you're above paying your dues. But you know what? I'm not. I know I have to earn my place, and that's why William Peters himself has handed me my first task as a DREAM contracted wrestler. Facing off against YOU at Scrambled Dreams!"

The crowd goes nuts, whether they love him or hate him.

Every ass leaves every seat as the packed house goes almost ravenous at the concept of a singles match between two of the longest running rivals in professional wrestling. For his part, Mike seems to shrug it

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off, looking cocky as usual.

"Oooo, the big confrontation, huh?"

MPlow snorts.

"What, you think this match is going to be a big deal?

You've been watching my matches, Alex.

You've seen the tapes.

And you know, I feel like my back and neck just aren't doing so well right now. My rotator cuff has been acting up ever since I started wrestling with REAL competition over at High Octane Wrestling. And when I step into the ring with you? Well, it'll probably all be too much...

I mean, I might not even make it thirty seconds. I might not even be able to climb up the steps. How horrible would it be to see a count out victory for Talon at his first DREAM pay-per-view?

Oh, I can

hardly..." He is suddenly interrupted.

"Oh, that's unfortunate."

Talon winces, shaking his head.

"I'm really sorry to hear that,

Mike. Cause I forgot to mention the stipulations. See, Mr. Zylbert and Mr. Peters thought you might see things this

way, so they decided that if you win... they'll consider letting you out of your DREAM contract. But if you lose? Well... you'll be signing on the dotted line again, Mikey, and renewing your DREAM contract... for a lifetime. See ya at the show." Talon laughs, dropping the microphone down onto the ramp as the crowd in the arena explodes into cheers.

As the show cuts to commercial, Polowy is left standing in the ring, a look of shock plastered across his face.

Out of the Bathroom, and Into the Ring

"

themaskeddollar"

SLISH SPLASH

re taken backstage once again, to a very familiar bathroom. Inside, the smell is atrocious, leaving The Masked Dollar to do his best to freshen the place up. Cursing under his breath, he opens up yet another of his cologne samplers and dumps it into nose-offending toilet.

"Dammit," he bellows, "if they don

t stop serving chilli at the concession stands, I

m going to run out of samples. Talk about flushing your profits down the toilet." Of course, while TMD

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continues to ease his suffering
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Things are getting a little heated outside in the hallway. A long line of fans are queued up, waiting to relieve themselves, but after hearing reports of some crazed, masked man in the washroom, no one wants to go in there. So now, at the head of the line, members of security are trying to assure everyone that there is no need to panic.

"Hello in there?" the lead security guard shouts through the slightly opened door.

"Come on in, there are plenty of towels, and plenty of cologne in here for you," TMD replies, unaware of the trouble he is about to face. Suddenly, the bathroom door bursts open, and several security guards rush in. However, none of them advance on TMD, as none of them know exactly what to make of him. They've seen some odds folks before, but a masked man holed up in the washroom is a new one.

"Excuse me sir," the lead guard speaks up again, "we've been getting reports that there is a man causing a disturbance in this washroom." TMD chuckles, and can't help but to reply with sarcasm.

"Sorry, I haven't seen anyone matching that description in here for quite some time." "Sir, I'm talking about you," the security guard growls with authority. The whole time, TMD has been rearranging his serving tray, to optimize his serving needs, but that last comment causes him to stop dead in his tracks. He shouts, as if he is truly surprised by this revelation.

"A bunch of German tourists come in here and stink the place up, and you're saying I'm the one causing a disturbance? Surely you jest?" Not one of the security guards look impressed, and they slowly inch their way closer to The Masked Dollar.

"Sir, we're going to have to ask you to leave," demands the lead guard, "and if you don't comply, we WILL be forced to escort you out by force." That does it. TMD grabs his serving tray and hurls it at the wall, smashing all his tiny bottles of cologne, and scattering towels across the floor.

"FINE!"

TMD screams at them, causing the guards to take a cautious step back, "But I'll be back. Maybe not tonight but next week! Well, I won't."

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t be back here per say, but I
ll be back on Slaughter, and there isn
t a damn thing you can do about it." Now everyone is confused. What the hell is this whacko talking about?
He must be DREAM
s new backstage attendant or something like that. No
s not it, and here
s why.

"You haven
t seen the last of The Masked Dollar!" TMD assures them, "Because when I
m done with DREAM, my face
is going to be plastered everywhere! Wrestlers will be wearing TMD Brand wrestling trunks
the ring will be made with TMD Brand canvas
that big screen hanging over the stage at ringside
s going to be a TMD Brand Mega Pixeltron Screen. Fellas
m a man of retail
and my goal is to get a monopoly on the world of wrestling. And when I start walking around with some
DREAM hardware wrapped around my waist
s when my goal will be realized. Because everyone is going to want a piece of TMD. It
s the BRAND OF THE FUTURE!!!"
With that, The Masked Dollar forces his way past the security guards and storms out of the
bathroom, leaving everyone inside even more confused than when they first entered. The lead security
guard turns to his cohorts with a perplexed expression, only to find the same expression on the faces of his
men.

"Can anyone explain to me what the hell just happened? And what the hell is that smell?"

The entire crew just stands there scratching their heads for a moment before the bathroom swings open with
violent force. Suddenly, TMD pops his head back in and takes the opportunity to scream at the guards one
more time.

"IT
S CALLED STINKING RICH
AND IT
S ONLY AVAILABLE WHERE TMD BRAND PRODUCTS ARE SOLD!"

As quickly as he reappeared, TMD is gone
again, only this time, he has a gang of security guards chasing after him. As the cameras fade out once
more, they swing around to show a multitude of audience members rushing into the bathroom, finally free of
the lavatory tyranny of The Masked Dollar.

Better Late Than Never
"

charlieblackwell" Charlie Blackwell walks grimly towards the ring. He keeps his head down and trudges
through the back hallway that leads towards the ramp.

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"HEY!" a voice shouts.

"CHARLIE, WAIT!"

Charlie turns. Kenzie Blair runs towards him. Kenzie nods.

"Thought you were mad at me." "Well...I am. But, we're a team...right?"

For the first time in two days, Charlie smiles. Kenzie slaps him in the back.

"Then let's go!"

The Madness Comes To An End.

"

sydmason" The scene goes to the back where Chris Bladez is on a stretcher. Chaz Creed and Syd Mason are next to him. The EMTs are lifting him into an ambulance. Chris moves his eyes over to Chaz. Chaz lowers his head to hear what Chris is trying to say.

"Chaz, you and Syd know what to do. Make Psymon, pay for what he has done."

Chaz looks down at Bladez, then over at Syd.

"No problem boss, we will take care of everything."

Chris is placed inside the ambulance. The sirens go off, and the ambulance starts to leave as Chaz and Syd turn to find Psymon.

Charlie Blackwell vs. Casey Pierro-Zabatol

"

charlieblackwell" "The next contest pits the rookie and youngster Charlie Blackwell up against Casey Pierro-Zabatol, the former DREAM Fury Champion. This is one of the biggest challenges the young rookie has faced yet in DREAM. Can he go on with his winning ways? Let's go to the ring for the introduction of Charlie Blackwell!" 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

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ever out west son And you're feeling like slowin' down I'll see you around Around my hometown..." "The rookie has his work cut out for him tonight

Former Fury Champion CPZ is looking to be the first ever Slaughter TV Champion!" 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.

"Slaughter Television Championship Tournament action coming your way folks! Casey Pierro-Zabotel meets Charlie Blackwell for the first time in the ring."

As Kenzie exits the ring and the music fades, the bell sounds to begin the match.

DING

"We're off as both men tie up with authority."

Casey Pierro-Zabotel breaks the lock up, pushing Charlie Blackwell back. He quickly rushes Charlie, who side steps, spins and grabs the back of CPZ's head, yanking him down to the mat. The fans pop.

"Blackwell rushes the ropes, leaps to the second!"

He jumps back.

"Moonsault early on!"

Casey throws his knees up, catching Charlie's midsection.

"A little too early for Blackwell who has been on a nice little streak here in DREAM as of recently."

Charlie rolls around on the mat, selling the hit as Casey is able to get to his feet.

"What a rookie mistake!"

Casey grabs up the rookie, and throws him face first into the top turnbuckle in the corner.

"Casey looks to be trying to rearrange the face of Charlie with that top turnbuckle!"

Casey turns around Charlie and grabs the left arm. He shoots him across the ring into the other corner with force. Charlie hits and stumbles out a few steps and falls to a sitting position in the corner.

"Casey looks to be setting Charlie up for something big!"

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Casey rushes in, and leaps in a pausing dropkick, that connects in the side of the face of Charlie.

"OH
MAN, WHAT

HANGTIME!" Casey grabs Charlie and drags him away from the corner a few feet, and covers him. Hooking the far leg and pushing his face down against the canvas. The referee leaps over them and on the canvas.

"ONE
NO!" Charlie is able to roll the far shoulder up before the referee could touch the canvas for a three.

"That was too close for comfort if you ask me. Stay tune, we will be back after this commercial break"

"Welcome Back!

During the break, Casey hit a snap suplex, but missed a top rope missile dropkick, giving Charlie a chance to mount his offense." The replay of the snap suplex and the missile dropkick are shown.

"At the moment, Charlie has a single leg Boston crab on Casey, attempting to take the leg and lower back away from his opponent and maybe get a submission victory!"

Charlie sits on the lower back, as Casey screams in pain.

DO YOU WANNA GIVE IT UP CASEY!?

The referee is asking if Casey wants him to call for the bell.

HELL NO!

Screams Casey, as he starts to use his forearms and freed leg to crawl towards the ropes.

"Casey is about a foot and half away from the bottom rope!"

Casey pushes himself up, and flings forward, grabbing the bottom rope.

The referee counts for Charlie Blackwell to break the hold or be DQ
ed!

"Charlie releases the hold using the referee
s five count to give a little extra pain to Casey before!" Charlie picks up Casey and slings him into the ropes.

"Irish whip!"

On the return, Charlie locks the head with both
arms, one around the forehead and one around the chin in a sleeper hold.

"Charlie has the sleeper hold on him. He is trying to put him to sleep!"

As the referee runs around to the front to check the arm position of Charlie, Casey uses it to lift up his leg
back, nailing Casey with a low blow.

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"What an underhanded move! Casey just nailed Charlie Blackwell with a low blow, forcing him to release the sleeper!"

Charlie falls to his knees, as Casey stumbles to the ropes, holding himself up with them. The referee looks at Charlie and goes to Casey questioning him.

DID YOU GIVE HIM A LOW BLOW?

The referee is dead in the face of Casey, who shakes his head no. Kenizie yells at the referee.

YES HE DID!

The referee can do nothing about it, as Casey knows it and smirks it off!

"Casey knows exactly that the referee cannot send him home unless he sees it with his own eyes!"

Casey walks over to Charlie kicks him in the face, knocking off his knees to his back.

"That is a showcase of disrespect on the part of the Canadian!"

Casey measures up Charlie and leaps up high in the air, and drops a knee across the chest of Charlie.

"With that knee, he could have crushed the sternum of the rookie!"

Casey jumps to his feet to hear the boos pour in. He smiles, before put his foot on the chest of Charlie and holds his arms half way up in victory as the referee is forced to make the count.

"ONE

NO!" Charlie throws the foot off of him, which seems to be no surprise to Casey who was just adding insult to injury with the pin attempt.

"Not even close enough, but it was more of a chance to add insult to Charlie!"

Casey picks up Charlie and hooks his head. Grabbing the tights, he screams to the crowd. 'SUPLEX!' "He is getting way too cocky!"

He lifts Charlie up, but Charlie only goes half way up and goes down with an inside cradle.

"ONE... TWO... THREE!"

CPZ kicks out after the three, as Charlie rolls under the bottom rope.

"It's the same exact way he won last week! He blocked a suplex and scored a quick and shocking pin fall!"

Charlie stands on the outside with his girlfriend in shock, but excited.

"Casey is pissed! Stay tune, we'll be back after this commercial break!"

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To Go On or To Not Go On?

"

cancerjiles" "Fucking Kongo and Vasquez!" [Adrien Cochrane sits in a chair as a few trainers attend to his injuries. He has showered and changed clothes to get the syrup off of him, but still has a fair amount of blood bleeding down his forehead.] Doozer: "I told you that we should have kept someone on guard by you for the night!" [Adrien shakes his one-quarter crimson head. Cancer Jiles, usually talkative, remains silent as he looks at his bloodied partner. The shotgun wedding-like meeting of the Bandits is a bit less tense since one of their own is bleeding a pint of blood every five minutes.] Adrien: "They were after me. No one else should have gotten hurt on my account for this. Didn't I fucking tell you guys that Dane's revenge is usually pretty bad?"

Cancer: "Come on. No guts, no glory!" [One of the trainers look up at Adrien.] Trainer: "Mr. Cochrane, we can't treat your injuries here. We're going to have to send you to the ER."

Doozer: "Come on, man. Let's just head to the hospital and figure out what the hell we're gonna do next."

Cancer: "Mr. Cool will show them that it's not cool to ambush an eGG Bandit like that!"

Trainer: "I'll inform Mr. Zylbert that you'll have to withdraw from your match." [Adrien looks around at the three men and stands up from his chair.] Adrien: [The trainer tries to make Adrien sit back down in the chair.] Trainer: "Mr. Cochrane, you need to take it easy. You've lost quite a bit of blood and you're..."

Adrien: "I'm not letting these pricks ruin my run in this tournament. I'm getting in my ring attire and going to wrestle tonight."

Doozer: "I'm not so sure about..." [Adrien cuts off Doozer as well.] Adrien: "I have to. This is my pride and honor at stake. Wish me luck." [Adrien, ignoring the pleas of the other three, limps out of the room to head to his personal locker room to head to his match.]

Quit Hiding!

"

chaz" The camera is following Chaz Creed and Syd Mason around the backstage area. They come up to Psymon's locker room. They knock on the door, and there is no answer. Chaz kicks the door in and the two of them rush inside. The two men start searching all around for Psymon who is nowhere to be found. Syd walks over and starts wrecking the place. Chaz follows Syd's lead and begins destroying everything. Chaz stops and starts looking towards the camera man.

"What you did today Psymon, has made you a marked man. Quit hiding and come face us. Or are you not so tough if you can't attack people from behind. We will find you Psymon, and we will make you pay. Mark my words Psymon, you will pay dearly."

Chaz knocks the camera out of the camera man's hands and the scene suddenly flashes out.

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Adrien Cochrane vs. Bishop Steele
vs. Xander Daniels

"

bishopsteele" 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. 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.

"Cochrane still showing signs of syrup from his attack earlier."

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.

"Who is the mystery opponent? We're about to find out!" by Chevelle starts to play over the sound system as the arena goes pitch black and a small flame, no bigger than a match appears on the stage. As the music continues to pick up the flame slowly grows as a phoenix is slowly drawn on the tron.

"It can't be!"

As the phoenix drawing is complete, the flames reach their full height, the tron image of the phoenix shatters and a video package of Xander Daniels is shown, once the music picks up into the first verse a figure appears and walks right through the flames. The fans boo as they recognize the man appearing through the flames.

"Xander Daniels is here in DREAM!"

Xander calmly steps onto the ramp and continues down to the ring where he slides in under the bottom rope, the music cutting out and Xander beginning to focus on his task at hand, winning this match.

"Bishop Steele can't believe that Xander Daniels has come to DREAM! I'm unsure if Adrien Cochrane realizes the severity of this move. The eGG Bandits could have a run for their money now!"

Steele and Daniels stand on opposite sides of the ring, as the bell sounds they rush each other, as Adrien steps back into the nearby corner, watching and waiting.

"Adrien Cochrane allowing Steele and Daniels to kick things off with a strong lock up."

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Bishop Steele forces Xander back into the ropes, pushing into him.

Daniels holds his arms up and the referee has Steele move back. Just as he does, Xander comes forward.

"Eye poke by Daniels!"

Bishop grabs his eyes and stumbles around. Xander steps forward, grabs Bishop's head and twist, dropping.

"A neck breaker variation takes Bishop Steele to the mat."

Xander Daniels sits up, then stands. As he gets up Adrien Cochrane charges him.

"Daniels sees Cochrane coming."

He side steps, grabs the back of Adrien's head and yanks him back to the mat hard. Xander stomps Adrien, then turns and stomps Bishop, before stomping Adrien again.

"Xander Daniels securing full control in this triple threat match."

Xander bends over, lifting the already pre-match injured Adrien Cochrane, to his feet.

"Xander is replacing Force who is out due to an injury sustained at a recent house show in Oklahoma. As he recovers at home, we wish him the best."

Daniels sends Cochrane into the ropes, as Adrien returns he is lifted up and over.

"Back body drop by Xander Daniels!"

Xander smiles, taking in his accomplishment so far as a member of the DREAM roster. However, behind him Bishop Steele uses the ropes to get to his feet. He waits for Xander to turn. The fans begin to scream.

"The fans are wanting it, Steele ready for it. Will he connect and take control from Daniels?"

Xander Daniels turns and Bishop runs, grabbing him and lifting.

"SPINE BUSTER

Steele pops to his feet and lets out a ferocious roar and beats on his chest. Adrien Cochrane begins to get to his feet as Xander rolls to the outside of the apron.

"Cochrane up. Steele waste no time as he meets the eGG Bandit with a right to the side of the head, followed by another. Adrien pushes Bishop back, and runs past him. he leaps to the second rope and jumps off with an elbow smash."

Bishop stumbles back.

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"Adrien past Steele again, off the ropes."

He leaps with a forearm that connects with the head of Steele. Bishop seems dazed but is still on his feet.

"Adrien Cochrane needs to get Steele off of his feet if he plans on winning this!"

Adrien leaps with a drop kick, connecting. Bishop Steele hits the mat.

"Cochrane got him down, he needs to capitalize!"

Xander slides into the ring behind Adrien. He runs at him, chopping Cochrane's knees, sending him down to one.

"Cochrane forgot this was a triple thread, but Xander sure didn't!"

Daniels pulls him up and whips Adrien across the ring. As he returns, Xander leaps with a three-quarter face lock into a cutter.

"The Resurrection!"

As Xander gets back to his feet, Steele is up now behind him.

"Daniels turns, boot to the gut by Bishop Steele!"

Bishop puts Xander's head between his legs, grabs around his waist, and leaps over him, flipping Daniels into a pile driver.

"NO REMORSE!"

Bishop pushes Xander's legs over to the mat, and positions himself into a cover.

"Bishop Steele hooks the leg of Xander Daniels!"

The referee drops and begins his count.

"This could be it!"

The referee's hand hits a third time.

"Bishop Steele will be advancing in the Slaughter Television Championship Tournament. He has also now gained a win over Xander Daniels! Of course, it's not a singles victory, but impressive none the less."

Steele celebrates in the ring.

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Too Much Hostility!

"

traviswilliams" Travis sits in his office, with one of his infamous pissed off look on his face after watching another former HOSTILITY star in what he deems his cesspool.

"WHAT IN THE BLOODY FUCKING HELL!"

Travis throws a DVD across the room against the wall. As the camera takes a glimpse at it, we see that it is the newly released DVD of Season's Beatings.

"I want to know one thing and ONE THING ONLY! Why in the hell do we see guys like Talon, Ozric, and Xander in DREAM? I do not give a damn what happen to HOSTILITY, but I think things around DREAM are getting too crowded!"

Travis stands up from his seat and starts to pace around the room.

"I know what I can do!

I think next week at Slaughter, I will have to have a little one on one with each of these
hmm, SUPERSTARS!

And inform them that this is not HOSTILITY, THIS IS MOTHER FU.. Excuse my language! But that they realize this is DREAM. And the only way they will run rapid on this place is over my dead body... And the last time I checked, minus the concussions, I AM STILL VERY MUCH ALIVE!" Travis heads to the door, opening it up.

"FUCKING HOSTILITY WRESTLERS! I thought having the eGG Bandits was BAD ENOUGH!"

Travis exits, slamming the door behind him.

Dark w/B.R. Ellis vs. Doozer w/ Cancer Jiles

"

doozer" "It's time for the main event in this non title meeting of Dark and Doozer!"

Clutch's

"Binge and Purge" begins to play as Dark steps out, followed by his tag team partner B.R. Ellis.

"The Illustrated Man goes one on one with the champion right here folks."

They begin their decent down the ramp.

"The chickEN Chokers and eGG Bandits have had a fueled rivalry for the last couple months, but I believe this is the first time Dark and Doozer have met in singles competition."

Once in the ring the music fades. The eGG Bandits emerge from the entranceway as bold voice blares

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through the arena, singing "When you walked, through the door, it was clear to me... You're the one they adore, who they came to see..." as a remixed version of Eminem's 'We Made You' plays through the sound system. The pop from the crowd quickly swamps the words of the song as Doozer stops at the top of the ramp. Above him, the words "The Man" flash across the mega-screen as the fans scream, "The Man!". Then, even louder, they bellow, "The Myth!" right as the screen reads so. Lastly, "The Legend" echoes through the arena when those pair replace the last on screen. Doozer, smiling at his fans all around the arena, nods his head under that trademark, official Boston cap he always wears backwards. Elbows at each side, he bends his arms up so his hands come up on both sides of the Superman logo on his t-shirt. Looking like a basketball star after scoring a clutch basket, he pinches his Superman t-shirt and pulls it out from his body, showing off the logo. As he emphatically lets go of the shirt red, blue and gold fireworks blast off the ramp to his sides. The fans start, "DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER.DOO-ZER"

The wrestling star struts down to the ring, swerving between both sides of the ramp to catch the hands of his fans. He encircles the entire ring, connecting with as many hands as he can. Doozer then rolls into the ring and is quickly up to his feet. He climbs one of the turnbuckles. He pinches his shirts again, showing the Superman logo to his fans who pop back with a huge cheer. He jumps off and walks to the turnbuckle diagonal to him. He does the same to another large pop from the crowd.

"This match should be electric!"

Cancer and B.R. both make their way to the outside of the ring as the bell sounds.

"Here we go! Quick lock up by the competitors."

Doozer puts a side knee into the stomach of Dark, grabs him by the back of the head, and directs him to the corner where he bashes Dark's skull into the top turnbuckle.

"Doozer taking control early on here."

As Dark stumbles around, Doozer grabs under his arm.

"Hip toss by the champion"

Dark rolls right back to his feet while Doozer yells for him to get up.

"Another hip toss! The Dooze showing why he is called the Superman!"

On the outside of the ring B.R. yells for Dark to get up while Cancer cheers his partner on.

"Doozer lifts the legs of Dark. Stomp to the inner thigh of his nemesis."

As Dark holds himself, Doozer raises a closed fist and drops it into Dark's head..

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"Fist drop by the champion continuing his punishment."

Doozer rolls over and up. He takes some steps back and uses the ropes to add momentum, leaping above Dark.

"Leg drop by the champion!"

The fans back Doozer as he continues on, getting to his feet.

"It's been all Doozer, proving why he is in fact the DWF DREAM Champion!"

A roar is heard through the crowd, but not a good one. The camera pans to finally see D.R. Kongo and Aaron Vasquez making their way through the fans.

"Kongo and Vasquez are heading ringside from the fans!"

As they reach the barrier and cross over, Cancer Jiles runs at them. Kongo stands ready, and as Cancer approaches he leaps up and tilts to the side, shooting his right leg over, connecting with Jiles' head.

"Strong kick by Kongo!"

Jiles collapses. Doozer runs to the ropes, leaning over the top and begins yelling at the intruders.

"Aaron Vasquez to the apron, he pulls Doozer's head down putting his neck across that top rope!"

Doozer pops up and back, falling to the mat, where he holds his throat. Vasquez heads back to the floor on the outside. They look at Ellis who just holds his hands up and smiles, backing to the other side.

"Ellis knows they aren't here for him or his partner, but the Tag Team Champions."

Dark uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet. Confused, he looks outside the ring then in at Doozer. B.R. yells for him to finish the match.

"Dark pulls Doozer to his feet."

He places Doozer in a face lock, hooks his trunks and lifts him vertically before dropping the champion on his head.

"BRAINBUSTER!"

Dark covers The Dooze and the referee drops for the count.

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"There's the three, Dark has just scored a pin fall victory over Doozer!"

Dark doesn't wait for his music or celebrate, he quickly rolls out of the ring, meeting up with Ellis. They talk real quick and begin heading up the ramp.

"The chickEN Chokers aren't staying around for this folks."

Taking the Titles

Kongo and Vasquez roll Cancer Jiles into the ring, and joins the Bandits. A microphone is thrown to Kongo who threatens the ring announcer. He passes it to his partner.

"Wha'? Ju wuz specktin' otha mothafuckas?"

Vasquez snarled, as he peered down at a fallen

Cancer Jiles

"Ju see, da boss said t' air ju boyz out 'n front of da world, so check it, ju'z layin' der leakin, da fuck else iz der? Aaron Vasquez and D.R Kongo of DEFIANCE stand over the eGG Bandits, each glaring down upon them with furious anger. This is the type of punishment you can expect when you cross the likes of Eric Dane.

"Act like ju knew dis wuz gon' happen cuz ju hadda a figya da two most seeerious headbussas wuz gon rep dey set."

Vasquez smirked.

"Eric Dane sends his highest regards."

D.R Kongo said, before delivering another shot to a fallen Doozer.

"Ju see it'z punks like ju bof dat keeps dis nigga hungry...ju'z da big deal 'round here. Ju'z da onez wearin all dat pretty shine, really shiney cracka mothafuckas."

While Vasquez was addressing the holders of all of DREAM's gold, D.R had dropped out of the ring and scooped the DREAM Tag Team Championships from the time keeper's table.

Once he re-entered the ring, Kongo handed one of the titles to Vasquez. Kongo proceeded to sling one half of the tag team titles across his right shoulder, while Vasquez held his above his head.

"We 'bout t' take half ov whut ju tink ju'z worf. Haf ov whut dis promotion say ju iz.. cuz we don't give a fuck."

Vasquez handed the mic over to D.R before toe punting Cancer Jiles one last time.

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"We been hearin' all 'bout how tough ju boyz is."

Kongo paused before delivering the rest.

"If ju eva wanna see deez titles again, ju gunna hafta roll down south to the dirty dirty, n' state your names."

Kongo smiled, clearly pleased with himself.

"Dats right, ju hurd da man. Ju know where da fuck we be at, so come hollah, 'n bring dat squirly, pastie punk bitch Adrien witchu."

Vasquez paused.

"Dat iz, if he still wanna roll witchu afta wut he been thru tonight."

Both Vasquez and Kongo laughed, before tossing the mic down, and exiting the ring with the DREAM Tag Team Championships draped across their shoulders.

"My
God, DEFIANCE HAS STOLEN THE TAG
TITLES! How will this effect next week's tag match? What if the Grundy bunch wins? I can't believe this!"
The camera pans in on Vasquez and Kongo standing at the top of the ramp, DREAM Tag Championships high above their heads as we fade to black.

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