

# Slaughter: XXXVI

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## XXXVI

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Slaughter XXXVI

10 Feb 2010

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

Introduction

"

jasonwhiteside"

The logo explodes and we go live ringside. As the camera pans, Jason Whiteside and Lucien Walker welcome us.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to the biggest Slaughter of 2010 so far!

I'm your host, Jason Whiteside along with my new broadcast partner, Lucien Walker" "You got your refund, not you get your replay, here I am baby in all of my glory right here on Slaughter. God bless Mark Zylbert!"

The camera land son Jason and Lucien.

"We are live from the Slaughter House in Orlando, Florida! We have a special three hour, pay per view worthy edition of Slaughter." "We sure do Jason." "That's right, we have a huge Slaughter Television Championship match between the current champion Muru and newcomer Chris Jamez. After that it is Mike Polowy & Talon with Travis Williams as special referee. If Mike Polowy loses Mark Zylbert loses control of Slaughter and Travis Williams vows to fire Polowy next week!" "Not going to happen Jason. Even if somehow Williams screws Polowy, he will win the rumble and be unable to be fired!" "The next big match on the line up is a World Wrestling Alliance World Title match between the current champion, Cobra, from DEFIANCE Wrestling against our very own 'You Call It' Champion, Cancer Jiles." "That's not the big news though Jason." "You're right Lucien, the main event is a monstrous twenty-five man over the top rope DREAM Rumble for the vacant DWF DREAM Championship. What a night and it all begins RIGHT NOW!"

We head up the ramp tot he stage where pyrotechnics begin to explode, welcoming us to Slaughter.

Advertising The Future

"

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themaskeddollar" The crowd is buzzing with anticipation for not only the night's huge main event, but also the scheduled card as a whole. A Mini-Rumble Match a Television Title Match

Talon versus Mike Polowy for the second time

It's probably safe to say that there isn't

not a single person in attendance, or watching at home that

isn't looking forward to this week

at Slaughter. Suddenly, the house lights go out, leaving the arena in the dark. Screams can be heard coming from the crowd, and the small flames of lighters dot the darkness, like stars on a clear night. Folks in the production area are just as baffled as the fans surrounding the ring, as this blackout isn't

part of the scheduled programming for the evening. Throughout the arena, "O Fortuna" begins to play as the large screen above the entrance stage comes to life. Static fills the screen, illuminating the entire Slaughterhouse with its white light, but it too, slowly fades into darkness. As the music continues to play, words appear on the screen.

"Some people call it destiny

The words fade out, and the audience is treated to a video of people, packed into the Sun Life Stadium, cheering their brains out. The roar of the cheering fans temporarily drowns the music out. However, a split second later, the video is gone, and we

return back to pitch black. And then

more words appear on the screen.

"Some call it luck

Once again, the words fade out, and the in house audience is shown another video. The Saints with an onside kick to start the second half

Drew Brees leading his team downfield towards the endzone

Jeremy Shockey catching the big one

Tracy Porter catching an even bigger one

the ball slipping through the hands of Reggie Wayne. The video fades out, and the arena grows dark once more.

"One night can change everything

Another video begins to play as the text fades from the giant screen, and the Superbowl recap continues.

Clips of Peyton Manning with a pained expression of frustration on his face

the New Orleans Saint

's sideline bursting with excitement

fans dressed in black and gold hugging in the stands. And then back to black.

"Or it can unfold just as it should

This time, as the text fades away, DREAM fans are shown a panoramic shot of the football field being overrun by a multitude of people. Football players, coaches and staff, members of the media, and fans alike, rush the field as confetti and fireworks shower the night sky. The fans within the Slaughterhouse start cheering along with the fans on the video. And just like a moment ago, the video cuts out. The longest video

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montage thus far comes to an abrupt end, leaving the arena in utter darkness. The Slaughterhouse has come alive, as the fans cheer and clap, nearly taking the roof off the place.

"For all eternity, the world will know

A bright, white light shines from above the screen, nearly blinding all in attendance, making it nearly impossible to see the giant screen. As the fans let their eyes adjust, they can start to make out a static image of the Lombardi Trophy being held high in the air. Once again, the Slaughterhouse erupts with a frenzy of cheers. The blinding light subsides, leaving the image of the iconic football trophy onscreen. Suddenly, the music cuts out with the typical sound of a record scratching. The image on the screen shatters, now leaving the lone image of the DREAM Championship Title.

"That being a SUPERBOWL CHUMP will never compare to being the DREAM CHAMPION!"

The image of the DREAM Championship Title shrinks to the center of the screen, and a figure appears behind it. Immediately, fans throughout the Slaughterhouse begin to boo and jeer, as they realize exactly what is going on. For on the huge screen above the stage, is the image of The Masked Dollar with the DREAM Title superimposed over it, made to look like he is wearing it around his waist.

"Dirty Rotten Filthy Stinking Rich" begins to play over the PA system, which draws even more heat from the live crowd. Usually, the DREAM fans tend to give the masked wrestler a warm reception, but for his blatant besmirching of the New Orleans Saints, and the National Football League, they just can't forgive him. One group especially, sitting in the front row, seem to be giving him a harder time than anyone else. The group in question, is none other than several of the New Orleans Saints, who have stopped off in Orlando to catch some DREAM wrestling after their Superbowl win in Miami. And speaking of The Walking Infomercial

The Masked Dollar has now made his way out from behind the entrance curtain, and is now standing at the top of the ramp with his arms raised. He looks from side-to-side as he lowers one arm, and then turns and points at his own picture of the screen above him. And that is the image we are left with as Slaughter slowly fades out to a commercial break.

Muru vs Chris Jamez

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chrisjamez" A single lyric is heard as a throbbing drum solo kicks in while high intensity strobe lights bounce back and forth.....and then a guitar riff follows in time with the drums...as Chris Jamez comes out from the entrance, with red tights, black boots, his hair slicked back, and a white t-shirt with the words emblazoned on the front.

"Chris Jamez being given a Slaughter Television Championship match as he officially debuts. What an opening bout this will be!" "You said it Jason. To come into the DWF and be given a title shot off the bat, you have to be a special acquisition." "I agree Lucien. Chris Jamez is being given a golden opportunity tonight."

"Chris Jamez?

Oh, I thought it was someone who

mattered." "Come on Lucien, be nice. The guy just wants to make an impact here in DREAM during his

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debut."

Chris reaches the ring, climbs up the apron, opting not to use the stairs, and wipes his feet on the outside edge. Chris goes through the middle ropes, and takes his shirt off wiping his face, and hairy back, and throwing it into the crowd.

"Jason, if he wants to make an impact then he should shave his back. He could donate that hair to cancer victims." "I'm not sure children would want to wear that hair there Lucien." "Not those cancer victims, I meant Doozer!" "Oh come on." "What? Too soon?"

Chris continues stretching on the ropes, we clearly see a tattoo on his upper bicep, in old English font, that says "Halo 14", as the song begins to fade, and the lights stop flashing.

"Up next, the new Slaughter Television Champion, Muru!" "How about just letting the guy come out Jason? I mean, the viewers at home can obviously see who it is. Their name shows up in the bottom left corner of the screen." "I just figured I'd do my job Lucien." "What? You are paid to be Captain Obvious?"

Up on the tron a picture of the earth is seen. The earth then explodes as pyro and explosions fill the arena. The entrance ramp is filled with smoke as "Ladies and Gentlemen" by Saliva begins to play. Muru then walks out through the fog and makes his way down the ramp. Along the way to the ring he slaps the hands of a few fans and then he slides into the ring. He then raises his hands to the air as the crowd cheers.

"The champion making his way down the ramp. Will Chris Jamez be able to upset Muru during his first title defense?" "Jason, if Jamez wrestles tonight like your commentating, he will have no chance in hell." "I hope this dual commentator thing is only temporary." "Me too Jason. You're cramping my style. I mean, if you weren't down here now I could put my feet up on the desk." "You are unbelievable." "That's what the ladies say."

Muru walks up the stairs and across the apron. He unhooks his title and holds it high above his head. The fans pop. Muru walks over to the corner and climbs the turnbuckle from outside the ropes. He holds the belt up again.

"The fans are getting into their Television Champion, wouldn't you say Lucien?" "Mindless fools following the new flavor of the week Jason, that's all."

Inside the ring, Muru has handed his title off and the two men prepare for their match.

"Lucien, these two men must compete twice tonight. Once this match is over, they need to head to the back and rest, as they both will compete in the Mini DREAM Rumble for the DWF DREAM Championship later tonight." "Well, we'll see. If these two give their all for this title match, they may not be able to make it to the rumble. Championships cause men to put their bodies on the line, and once they leave they may not be able to give their all in the main event."

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The bell sounds to begin the match.

"Quick lock up by Muru and Jamez." "What is it with everyone's names ending in 'Z'? Seriously. Chris Bladez and now Chris Jamez. Holy shit, I just realized they both are named Chris." "And I'm Captain Obvious Lucien?" "I just can't believe they have seriously hired two Chris' with last names ended in 'Z'. It blows my mind."

Jamez places a side knee into the gut of the champion, and whips him across the ring.

"You know Lucien, I don't think I've noticed it until this moment as well." "See! It blows your mind."

Muru holds his head after a clothesline from Jamez.

"Chris Jamez, pulling the Television Champion to his feet."

Muru throws his arms up, breaking away from Chris Jamez.

"Muru with a couple shots to the challenger's head."

Jamez stumbles back a few feet, and Muru jumps up.

"Standing drop kick by the Slaughter Television Champion knocking Chris Jamez off of his feet!" "That's fine Jason, he has that thick layer of back hair to cushion his fall."

Muru jumps over Chris and runs toward the ropes. He then leaps to the second, and uses them to bounce up and back, flipping in the air.

"Moonsault by Muru!"

Chris Jamez puts his knees up.

"Denied by Jamez!"

Muru bounces off of Chris' legs and falls to the mat.

"You see Whiteside, that's why the smart wrestler will stay grounded, and wear his opponent out. You don't see Mike Polowy jumping around, or Jimmy Riley. No, they work their opponents limbs and deliver damage, making sure stuff like this can't happen." "With you referencing Mike Polowy and Jimmy Riley, it's easy to see what type of person you really are Lucien." "Oh yea? What type of person is that Jason? I can't help that I am a fan of wrestling and those who can actually display skill." "So, you're telling me that being able to leap that high and almost fly through the air isn't skill?" "It's nothing more then a show Jason. Guys who can't wrestle, try to fly. The kiddies love that." "What about our 'You Call It' Champion, Cancer

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Jiles? He likes to fly." "That's exactly what I am talking about. The guy can't wrestle and frankly, I'm surprised he is still a champion after his match with Doozer at Scrambled Dreams. The Dooze is old school at it's finest. Too bad he is also, well, old. In his prime, he would have slapped Jiles two weeks from Sunday." "You are a weird guy Lucien, very weird." "I tell it as it is."

Chris Jamez holds Muru's legs up, and stomps his inner thigh. He lets go of the champion's legs and walks to the other side of him.

"Chris Jamez now doing what Lucien says is what he should, doing as much damage as possible so that he can pick up the win." "The man may be as hairy as a wildebeest, but damn it if he doesn't have in ring psychology down."

Jamez drops a knee across the head of Muru then gets up, dropping it again.

"Chris Jamez attempting to disorientate the champion, making sure he can secure a win his debut match and go home at least the Television Champion." "I have to admit Jason, Jamez is doing a good job of bringing the pain." Muru rolls over on his hands and knees and tries to crawl for the ropes.

"Chris Jamez denying Muru a chance to escape as he puts his boot right into the rib cage of the champion." "That's what you have to do. Beat your opponent until they can't move, then beat them some more!" "You're borderline sadistic Lucien." "Thank you."

Chris Jamez picks the leg of Muru up, holds it high, then drives Muru's knee into the mat.

"Chris Jamez has just about dominated this match. Both of these men have the crowd about split. If you listen, you can hear half of the fans wants Chris to go ahead and put the nail in the coffin, while the others are wanting Muru to somehow come back." "At this point

Jason, I really

don't see Muru making a comeback. Even if he does, what's the use? Chris Jamez has dealt enough damage that nothing Muru can do can recover from that in this match." "I wouldn't be so sure Lucien. I've seen many men beaten to the brink of death to come back and win it all." "Yea, but none of those guys where Muru. He doesn't stand a chance." "I guess I should remind you who the Television Champion is Lucien, and what he had to go through to gain that title." "What a bunch of less then mediocre guys who shouldn't be curtain jerking backyard promotions?

Look, Muru

doesn't impress me. But Jamez here, he seems to be taking charge." Chris grabs Muru's head and jerks him up.

"Chris Jamez grabbing that left arm of Muru. Irish whip into the ropes."

As Muru bounces off the ropes, Chris Jamez puts his body down to intercept him. As Muru gets to Chris, he side steps and raises his knee.

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"Muru with a lifting knee smash!" "Holy crap, I didn't see that coming!"

Muru steps back, then leaps, wrapping his legs around the neck of Chris Jamez and falling forward, flipping Jamez to the mat.

"Muru somehow able to find the energy to perform that move that displays his superb agility." "Jason, I think the words you are looking for are holy crap. Seriously, that was out of nowhere."

Both men lay on the mat. Jamez holds his head as Muru, well, Muru tries to gather himself. The referee stands over them, and begins his count.

"If neither man can get up by the end of the ten count, Muru will automatically retain his championship." "Yea, but if Chris Jamez is able to get up, and Muru isn't, we could be looking at a new champion Jason." "You are right as pin falls, submissions, and knockouts will cause a title change in this contest." "I know I'm right, I'm always right." "You're unbelievable."

The referee hits six, neither man is showing a sign of moving.

"It looks as if that is all she wrote for both of these men. You have to wonder, will this match effect them much in the rumble later tonight?" "Oh you know it will Jason. There is no way either of these guys will be able to go into that match and actually expect to be able to give the hundred and ten percent it takes to walk out the winner." "Did you actually say something, professional?" "I didn't get this job because I have sex with Mark Zylbert's sister you know. I mean, that helped, but I do know what I'm doing."

At eight, both men start to stir.

"Not enough, a little too late I'm afraid. There is no way either of these guys will be able to get up by ten."

Through the crowd, a ruckus can be seen. The camera moves over and pans in on The Masked Dollar, walking through the fans, exchanging TMD shirts for money.

"It's The Masked Dollar! He's out here making a dollar while our opening contest is going on!" "I think he's making a little more then just a buck Jason. This guy here, he is self promotion at it's finest!"

The camera catches Lucien holding up some money. The Masked Dollar sees it and heads over to the barrier, crossing over.

"You want a shirt too Jason?" "No thanks."

The Masked Dollar holds a finger up, telling Lucien Walker to hold on. He sit his stack of shirts down and runs toward the ring.

"The Masked Dollar rushing the ring! He and Chris Jamez have had words since they both signed to

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DREAM, could he be about to cost him the match?" "No need to, the referee just counted nine."

TMD hops up to the apron and begins yelling like a mad man. The referee stops his count and turns around.

"It seems that The Masked Dollar wants this match to continue as he distracts the referee." "Of course he does Jason. If Chris Jamez can defeat Muru and become the new Slaughter Television Champion, then The Masked Dollar can challenge him for the title." "Yes, but why can't he just challenge the current champion, Muru?" "How do I know Jason? I'm not The Masked Dollar. I'm simply pointing out the probable reason behind this."

Both men make it to opposite sides of the ring, and begin using the ropes to pull themselves up. The Masked Dollar drops to the ground. By the time the referee turns back around, both men are on their feet.

"We continue with Slaughter Television Championship action!"

The Masked Dollar walks back over and continues his transaction with Lucien as the match continues in the match.

"Both men rush each other. Muru with a baseball slide under the legs of Chris Jamez!" "Hey! I just realized that the Masked Dollar kept my change before heading back into the fans." "Why not pay attention to the match, not pay the talent."

In the ring Muru gets up after a dropkick to the back of Chris Jamez that puts him down to one knee.

"The Television Champion off the ropes."

Chris Jamez steps up from his knee as Muru closes in, Muru leads right into a swinging neck breaker on the challenger.

"Around the World by Muru!"

The fans pop for their Television Champion as Muru rolls over and covers Chris Jamez.

"The referee in action, goes for the count."

The referee drops his arm to the mat.

"We have three, Muru retains his Television Championship, but Chris Jamez has a strong showing." "I'll agree, this match was OK and both men have plenty of time to rest before tonight's main event." "The main event, as you all know, is a huge twenty-five man over the top rope, DREAM Rumble. It's going to be pure anarchy!"

We get a few minute video on the history of the DREAM Rumble .

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Destiny of a Hero

"

talon" The image comes backstage, where DREAM's biggest recent signee, Talon, is walking toward the Gorilla position with purpose. He's got a determined look on his face and a microphone in his hand. Talon:

"All week

I've been asked one thing, DREAMERS...

Talon, Talon they've asked, why would you get into the ring with Mike Polowy again, only a week and a half after getting screwed? Why oh why would you jump headfirst into another opportunity to be screwed over, thrown to the lions and pushed further down the rankings? And I've got one thing to say to those doubters." He pauses as he rounds a corner, and various wrestlers trying to get into DREAM can be seen in the background. Nobodies and such, y'dig?

Anyway, Talon grins for the fans.

Talon: "Look where I am now."

He spreads his arms for a moment, spinning. Talon: "I am only minutes away from exacting retribution onto Mike Polowy for what happened to me last Sunday at Scrambled Dreams... and I am going to get a fair shot at it, with Travis Williams putting the 'special' in 'special referee' adding more to my stocks in fairness."

The crowd can be heard cheering as some DJ tries to work them, getting them excited for the match that is going to knock their socks off, wash the sweat and nerd juices out of them, and put them back on in loving fashion. Talon: "And after that... I'm going to be only moments away from the biggest opportunity in my life so far. Many wrestlers try to reach this pinnacle... I'm doing it my third night on the job. Think about that. I have risen from the ashes of Hostility and I have fully embraced the DREAM, and it's going to be my show from here on out. There are some wrongs to be righted, and some justice to be dished out."

He stops, staring into the camera with focus. Talon: "Tonight... I capture my destiny."

He throws the microphone aside and walks off-screen before the camera fades to black.

Cowardice Reaps Larger Rewards

"

psymon" NOTHING REMAINS!

"Nothing Remains" by Chimaira plays on the PA system, and out comes "The Monster"

Psymon. There is a smirk on his face, dressed to compete

as always

and has a microphone in his right hand. The fans give him a mixed reaction as he looks around, the smirk never leaving his face.

"If you saw Scrambled DREAMS last Sunday night, ladies and gentlemen, Psymon was in a grueling Total Anarchy match against Chris Bladez and Ozric Mortimer. He had the distinct disadvantage in size, but it doesn't

take size to be a malicious, psychotic monster," Jason Whiteside says. Psymon rolls into the ring, gets to his feet, and steps into the center of the DREAM ring. Still smirking, he continues to look around, his slate

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blue eyes slowly scanning the DREAM fans inside the Slaughterhouse. As he raises the microphone to his lips, he hears someone say something unintelligible to his right, and his attention is turned in that direction. He shakes his head speaks into the microphone.

"Cancer Jiles

HUGE pop from the fans. Psymon shakes his head again.

"Cancer Jiles

Another huge pop from the fans. Now Psymon's smirk disappears, and his face transforms into a vexed look. He knows if he says the champion's name again, there will be another huge pop, and more time squandered in this segment. Letting out a sigh, he continues to speak.

"Your actions tonight do not surprise me. Instead of wallowing in defeat which you eventually will you went off to face Cobra for the WWA title. I should be pissed off by your cowardice, and yet I'm not, Jiles, for your cowardice reaps larger rewards: the DREAM title." He lets out a chuckle after a mixed reaction.

"I should thank you, Jiles, because it's been awhile since

I've had world title gold around my waist. In fact, I believe by the end of the night, I should thank you personally. Give you a pat on the back, shake your hand, and congratulate you. Even though these insipid parasites eat out of the palm of your hand The fans jeer. Psymon ignores them.

"Even though these insipid parasites eat out of the palm of your hand, they are blinded by your juvenile shenanigans. They find your antics riotous, hilarious, even holding up his large hands to make air quotes)

I don't

find you cool, Jiles. I find you as a snide, immature teenager who needs my size thirteen boot broken off in your ass!" The fans jeer at Psymon, and they voice their opinion. FUCK YOU, PSYMON! (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!) FUCK YOU, PSYMON! (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!) FUCK YOU, PSYMON! (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!)

"Best of luck to you in your match, Cancer. I

ll be watching closely." "Nothing Remains" replays on the PA system as Psymon exit the ring.

"Those are some strong words by

The Monster

Psymon," Jason Whiteside begins, "if I were Cancer Jiles, I would watch my back."

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Cobra Commando

"

brellis" We go backstage where everyone's whipping boys, the chickEN Chokers, stand. Dark and B.R. Ellis look around, searching.

"Where the hell is he?" "I don't know, he said he had something to show us."

Suddenly, the door behind them opens. They turn around and silence falls over them. Our view is blocked as they confront the one who opened the door.

"What the fuck is this?"

Dark scratches his head.

"Why the fuck are you dressed like a snake?"

They move out of the way as Poncho, dressed as Cobra, steps through.

"It's a cobra Meester Dark."

Ellis rubs his temples before replying.

"Yes, but why the fuck are you dressed like a snake?"

Poncho shakes his fist with excitement.

"Because I want Meester Cobra to beat Cancer Jilessssssss."

Dark throws his hands up and turns away as B.R. looks at Poncho a little closer.

"Did you just hiss?"

Poncho nods. B.R. Ellis shakes his head.

"You're an idiot."

Dark turns back around.

"Why would anyone want to dress like a big fucking snake?"

Poncho holds a finger up.

"It's a cobra Meester Dark."

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Dark backhands Poncho.

"Cobra, Rattlesnake, it doesn't matter. It's fucking stupid."

B.R. adds his two cents.

"Seriously, you are a grown ass man and you are wearing a fucking snake costume." "Meester Ellis, it's a co..."

B.R. raises his voice.

"Yes, yes! It's a God damn cobra. We get it. It's fucking stupid. You are an idiot. Cobra is an idiot. Anyone who wears a fucking snake suit to wrestle in is a fucking idiot. Jesus H Christ."

B.R. storms out of the scene as Dark shakes his head this time.

"I wonder about you Poncho."

He walks out of the scene, leaving Poncho standing alone.

"COBRA RULESSSSSSSSSSSS!"

We go to commercial.

Mike Polowy vs. Talon

"

talon" "A little over a week ago

Mark Zylbert decided to shock the world when he aided Mike Polowy in screwing Talon out of the long awaited match of the two!" "Mark did nothing any smart business man would not do! He saw his biggest star unhappy, so he did whatever it took to get him happy. Talon is just a big ass baby!" "How dare you!" "Awe, did someone get butt hurt because I insulted their

HERO?

s okay, because a man with true honor and morals that make us all smile

He stepped up and decided to fix the mistakes those two made!" "Are you are talking about that washed-up has been, T-Willy?"

The sounds of "Back Against The Wall" by Cage The Elephants starts to drown into the Slaughter House, as the fans stand to their feet in cheers as the

Head of Talent Relations, Travis Williams comes walking out. Dawning the familiar black and white stripped DREAM referee shirt. He tags a few hands before getting to the

ring, and stepping up onto the apron. He wipes off his shoes, before stepping into the ring as his music fades to an end.

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"Now

Lucien, I dare you storm into that ring and inform him of your comments!" "Nah, my job does not require me to deal with piss ants like Travis Williams!" "Whatever Lucien, you're full of hot air and scared of that man in that ring!" The lights drop as blue, orange and white lasers begin to flash all over the arena. Fans cry out in surprise at the black-out as 'Through the Fire and Flames' begins to blast through the speakers. A spotlight shines on the curtain as a solitary figure steps through, clothed in the same colors as the lasers flashing vibrantly. He stands there, grinning as he spreads out his arms and lets out a battle cry. Talon makes his way down the ramp, waving and high-fiving fans before entering the ring. He hands his coat off to someone at ringside before raising his arms in the air and taking his place in the ring.

"Talon is looking a major depression here in DREAM! As after tonight, he'll be 0 and 3, because his opponent will not only defeat him in this match, but will also walk out the new DREAM Champion!" "I know about seven different people who will be looking to throw him out the rumble faster than he can enter!" "Just shut up Jason, no one gives a damn about you! That is why they put me out here, you were making our ratings tank faster than an episode of HOWLERS Turmoil!" The fans in the arena pipe up as the lights begin to dim and the opening rock riff to

Muse's

"Yes Please" pours through the sound system. There is an abrupt chorus of jeers and boos as Hostility's patron saint, 'The Mike Effect' Mike Polowy, steps out from behind the curtain and onto the ramp. Mike 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.

"THERE IS THE FREAKING MAN!" "There is a cheap man! Sold his soul to Mark for 6 figures when anyone would have opted for at least 7 or 8!" "You do not even make as much as me Jason, so who are you to judge Mike?" "Lucien, do us all a favor and save the nonsense. Let's get ready for Travis to call for the opening bell of this contest. And we shall see how cheap of a man Mike is, when is unable to beat the one known simply as Talon!" Travis informs the men that he will be calling the match down the middle, and that he is the official.

"Remember, if your boy is disqualified tonight, Travis will be firing him!" "Travis does not have the balls!"

DING As the bell sounds, Talon and Mike circle the ring before stepping into a collar and elbow tie up. As both men struggle to get the upper hand, Talon is able to force Mike back into the corner.

"Come on now Travis, do your job and get Talon off of him!"

Travis steps between the two, and starts to back Talon up. Mike goes to swing, but Travis turns around and blocks the illegal move by Mike.

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"WHAT THE HELL! He has no right putting his hands on a wrestler!" "He is just keeping it fair Lucien!"

Mike is in complete disbelief at Travis action, but quickly backs down when Travis threatens to call for the bell.

"Grow a set Mike and get this match going like we all want!"

Talon and Mike circle the ring again, and as they step into the collar and elbow again, Mike throws a knee up into the midsection of Talon. As Talon is forced to remove his desired move, Mike slaps a knife edge chop across the pectoral of Talon taking him back against the ropes.

"That has got to hurt! Look at Mike, shining like the true star he is!" "Cheap move by a cheap man!" "He only did what Talon does not have the balls to do!"

Mike shoots Talon off into the ropes, and as he returns Mike drops down for a back body drop. Talon stops dead, kicking Mike in the shoulder. As Mike pops up with force, he clotheslines Talon flipping him.

"Oh man, he just turned him inside and out!" "Jason, is that cheap, or skills?"

Mike goes into the cover, as Travis goes down checking the shoulders of Talon. Talon manages to kick out before Travis could reach a three.

"WHAT THE HELL!"

Mike screams at Travis, arguing his count.

"TWO ONLY!"

As Travis throws two fingers into the face of Mike, informing him that the match is not over with.

"I have to agree, that was a very slow count!" "Slow? Are you watching this on feed or ringside like me? That was a typical count by a referee!" "Sure, take up for that has been, those who are not blind saw exactly what me and MPlow saw! I will not be surprise if Mark does not come out here and personally removes Travis from this match himself!" "Remember Lucien, Mark is not Travis boss, and if Mark comes down he could get Polowy disqualified and fired!" Mike lifts up Talon and throws him outside the ring. As he starts to go after the face painted mystery man, Travis grabs him and forces him back.

"He cannot do that!

Mike has a ten count to enter the ring, Travis cannot force him to stay in it!" "The match is not decided on the floor, and if he uses anything he could wind up disqualified. Travis is actually just trying to save Mike

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s job!" Mike shoves Travis off, ignoring his law and order. Mike heads back towards the ropes, mouthing at Travis but never sees Talon waiting in wait! Talon grabs the legs of Polowy, and trips him forcing him back first to the canvas. Talon then grabs the feet of Polowy and pulls him outside with him." "You do not see Travis trying to prevent Talon from bringing Polowy outside!" "Yeah, but Talon did not shove Travis either! Mike is only getting what he wanted; too bad it

s not fully how he expected!" Talon grabs up Polowy and slams him lower back first into the ring apron. Talon grabs the head of Mike, and they cut a circle as Talon throws under the bottom rope. Talon follows, entering the ring by sliding under the bottom rope.

"I did not see Travis disqualifying Talon there! Why is that JASON?" "Nor did he call for the bell when Mike put his hands on him. It

s a give and take ordeal!" Talon picks up Mike, and scoops him up. He walks to the center of the ring and slams Mike down on his knee.

"Oh man, a back breaker by Talon!" "I think he thumbed Polowy in the eye!"

Talon goes into the cover, and hooks a leg. Travis checks the shoulders.

MPlow is able roll his shoulder up right in front of Travis.

"So close on Talon

s behalf. A half of a second more and this match would be in the history books!" "CLOSE? I am pretty sure Travis was doing a fast count! Getting to three for Talon is how long it took him to get to one for Polowy!"

Talon looks at Travis, as he gives him the gesture of how close it truly was. Talon gets to his feet and starts to climb the top rope.

"The bird of savior is looking to fly!" "I hope his wings are clipped! Why are you so PRO TALON Jason?"

"Just watch the match Lucien

Talon starts to stand, as Mike gets to his feet and stumbles into the top rope causing Talon to split the metal tie on the turnbuckle.

"OUCH! Polowy is able to prevent Talon from hitting anything big. That is why they call them HIGH RISK!"

Polowy climbs up the ropes and hooks the head of Talon and decides to take a moment to mouth off to the crowd.

"WHO DAT JASON?"

Polowy grabs the tights of Talon and tries to lift him over, but Talon grabs the metal on the turnbuckle.

MPlow tries once again, but Talon blocks him again, and gives him a few short jabs to the side.

"Talon is preventing a super plex attempt by

Polowy at this very moment, DAT WHO DAT

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IS!" "Jason, do you ever shut the hell up?"

Talon throws a forearm and a head butt, knocking Mike off the ropes onto the canvas back first.

"Talon  
s chance is here!" "I hope he booms like the Colts!"

Talon perches up as Mike gets to his feet and turns around. Talon leaps off the ropes with a cross flying body press.

"That  
s my boy!" "No, Mike dodges Talon at the last second!" "Who  
s chance is it again Jason?" Mike grabs up Talon by the hair, as Travis starts to warn Polowy to release it. But he does not listen, as he takes Talon around the ring by the hair.

"MPlow is taking a risk by not listening to Travis Williams!" "Who can blame him? Travis is just mad his career is done with!"

Polowy slams the face of Talon into a turnbuckle, but refuses to release the hair. Travis gives another warning.

"What is he doing? I do not want to see a match ended because he is too cocky to obey Travis orders!" "Travis does not have the balls to disqualify MPlow!"

Mike drags Talon around the ring by the hair, but Mike finally lets go by throwing Talon over the top rope to the floor on the outside.

"They are face to face! Travis and Mike, as Travis is threatening to call the match!" "He is only trying to hand Talon something he does not deserve!"

Mike starts to go after Talon, but Travis jerks him back, and Mike nails him with a right hand!

"That  
s match and that is Polowy  
s career! What is he doing?" "HELL YEAH! GET IT POLOWY! I would love to do that myself!"

Mike mounts Travis and starts to throw punches and rip the referee off of him. Mike backs up none, as he steadily pounds the face and head of Travis.

"We need security! Get this mad man off of Travis!" "Security? You need the United State  
s Marine Corps to remove Mike from Travis! This is beautiful!" As Mike stops punching Travis, he gets to his feet and starts to pick  
Travis up. From under the bottom rope, Talon slides in and flies across the ring with an axe handle to the

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back of  
Polowy!

"YES! THE HERO IS SAVING THE DAY!" "NO!!!!!! DAMN HIM!"

Talon grabs Mike Polowy by the head and sets him up for The Wings of Destiny, but Mike grabs the ropes and pulls away bailing out the ring.

"YES, Talon was not close enough to nail it!" "True, but Mike Polowy's job is now in the hands of the man he just attacked! We shall be back with a better understanding of this after this commercial break

I Will Handle It!

"

Talon" Travis is being looked over by the trainer, as he has a bad cut on the side of his lip that may need stitches after the attack by Mike Polowy earlier in the night. Talon comes walking in, to check on the Head of Talent Relations.

"Man, are you okay?"

Talon takes a close look at the work the trainer is doing, getting the mouth ready to be stitched up.

"Yeah, I'll be fine. Any lucky chump can do this damage with a blind sided punch!" "What are you going to do about it?"

Travis smiles, but his face tightens from the pain.

"What I promised I would do, fire Mike! Willy Peters won't answer my calls, so I am just going to do what I have to do. He dodged my match and my rules, and now NEXT WEEK, he will suffer the price!"

Talon nods agreeing with him.

"I do not blame you Travis, do what you have to do. If you fail to do so, the locker room will run all over you before you realize it!" "Do I ever know. As for the Rumble, he had a contract agreement to compete in that match, but I know with you in it... The DREAM Championship is about to become something with extreme respect and honor!"

Talon laughs and smiles.

"Did you expect to believe that a few months ago?" "Do not think I have forgotten the past Talon, nor has Trenton. What you aid Mike's brother in doing, will come back to haunt you one day. However, karma will be your judge and jury, as DREAM's best interest is my only frame of mind!"

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Talon extends his hand.

"Good to hear that Travis, because your hatred could end up costing DREAM like it did sVo!"

Travis shakes his hand, as Talon exits the locker room.

The Sinner and The Saints

"

themaskeddollar" The cameras cut to the vendors area of the Slaughterhouse, where even the loudest of fans are being drowned out by the booming voice of a man screaming into a megaphone  
Megaphone to be exact.

"STEP RIGHT UP AND PURCHASE A TICKET!

WHO KNOWS, AFTER I WIN TONIGHT

S

MINI-RUMBLE,

AND BECOME THE NEW DREAM CHAMPION, YOU COULD BE THE LUCKY WINNER OF A  
GIFT

BASKET!" Of course, no one is really paying any attention to the masked man with the megaphone, but that  
doesn

t stop The Masked Dollar from promoting his

one night only

prize giveaway event.

"FOLKS

THIS IS A ONCE IN A LIFETIME OPPORUNITY. YOU COULD BE WALKING AWAY TONIGHT WITH  
EVERY

PRODUCT KNOWN TO MAN. SERIOUSLY

S GOT EVERYTHING A MAN,

WOMAN, OR CHILD COULD EVER ASK

FOR." Still, no one is listening. In fact, people are plugging their ears as they make their way past The  
Masked Dollar

s merchandise stand.

"DON

s megaphone suddenly starts to cut out, showing just how high quality his products really are. Off in the  
distance, a group of people can be heard clapping and cheering, now that The Masked Dollar has been  
silenced.

"Why don

t you come over here and clap!" The Masked Dollar hollers at them, "And maybe buy a God damn T-shirt  
while you  
re at it."

Without his megaphone, TMD has no chance of getting his voice heard over the buzz coming from the

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crowded vendor  
s area.

So, saving his breath, he turns around to start straightening things up, mumbling under his breath as he does. The

Toilet Paper hasn

t been selling well lately, so he pushes the few display rolls he has to the back of the table, and pulls several copies of his

Tetris Player

s Guide to the front to replace them. As he continues to move things around, TMD gets that eerie feeling that one gets when they

re being watched. He looks over his left shoulder for a

moment, but doesn

t notice anyone standing there, so he goes back to busying himself with table maintenance. However, the feeling just won

t go away. This time he looks back over his right shoulder, and sees a man wearing sunglasses, and a baseball cap pulled down over his face as much as possible. The man doesn

t say anything at first, and simply stands there as The Masked Dollar stares blankly at him.

"Is there anything I can help you with, sir?"

TMD inquires.

"Actually

the man replies, "could you tell me where I could find some Talon memorabilia?"

With a heavy sigh, TMD is

disappointed, but not overly surprised. Talon has been a fairly popular fella no matter where he goes.

"That guy is like my freakin

idol!" the man adds, seemingly intent on pouring salt into TMD  
s wounds.

"Sorry, pal

TMD mockingly apologizes, "I only deal with  
merchandise. You want some crap with Talon

s face on it, why don

t you go try the dumpster behind the vacant head office of the Hostility Wrestling Federation." For a moment, there is silence. Well, not complete silence, as the surrounding area is filled with people who won  
t shut up. But as for the conversation taking place at the

table, the talking has ended

or so The Masked Dollar thinks.

"So, YOU ARE The Masked Dollar

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the man mumbles, finally speaking again.

"Hey guys

over here!" The man at the table whistles to a group of large (all roughly three hundred pounds) men, who make their way over to join him. The Masked Dollar ignores that last comment, and continues to straighten up his table. As for that eerie

being watched

s feeling it even more now. He knows that there is a group of people behind him, but he

s highly doubting they

re there for a

T-shirt or Plunger. Finally, the masked wrestler has become so fed up with things; he turns to scream at the man. However, as soon as he turns around, his eyes catch something glittering in the man

s hands. Well, technically, it is on his hand

and it is a Superbowl ring!

Slowly, TMD

s eyes scan

upwards, taking notice of the small birthmark on the man

right cheek.

"Don

t I know you from somewhere?" TMD asks the man. The man removes his sunglasses, and pull his ball cap up slightly to reveal his entire face.

"You should!" the man replies, sounding rather upset, "I was on your video from earlier. You know, the one where you bashed me and the rest of my team!?"

The Masked Dollar can only stare at him; his eyes as wide as dinner plates.

"Holy shit

re Drew Brees

t believe it, because standing in front of him is truly

no word of a lie

the New Orleans Saints Superbowl MVP Quarterback

Drew Brees. However, it is Brees

entourage that has TMD momentarily speechless.

"

and the rest of you are the biggest dudes I

ve ever seen in my life!" he comments, because standing around Brees, like a football secret service detachment, are half of the Saints offensive and defensive lines.

"You know, we just happened to play the biggest game of our careers

Brees begins to explain, "and we figured we

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d stop in Orlando to check out some wrestling action... you know, as a little reward. And low and behold, what do we find? Some asshole wearing a mask, taking shots at us like we're no better than the Detroit Lions!" Off in the distance, the fans at ringside can be heard laughing at Brees' jab at the lowly Lions. The Masked Dollar begins showing signs of fear as he slowly backs away from the group of pissed off NFLers.

"Listen fellas

TMD tries to smooth things out, "I didn't mean any disrespect. I was just trying to get my point across that I plan on being the next DREAM Champion." Brees and the rest of his teammates start laughing, much to TMD's chagrin.

"No, you listen

we've been busting our asses off for as long as we can remember, and it all finally paid off. And now, after proving that we are winners no matter what we still have people like you trying to bring us down. Hell, you think just because you've printed your likeness on every piece of crap that you can get your hands on, that you're somehow better than everyone else?" The group of men start to advance on The Masked Dollar, backing him into a corner.

"You think that people really want to hear your voice and see your masked face everywhere?"

They continue to advance on TMD, and the masked wrestler starts rubbing his eyes as sweat rolls down from his forehead.

"You know what

Chris James was right. You are a joke, and you're the only one that believes your hype. I hope to hell that he gets to be the one to toss you over that damn rope tonight. Then maybe just maybe I'll shut your mouth once and for all." Stuck between a rock, a hard place, and about nine incredibly pissed off behemoths, it doesn't look like The Masked Dollar will even make it to the Mini-Rumble later in the night. Then it hits him. He grabs his megaphone, forgetting that it's broken, and tries to scream at everyone passing near him.

"Att

He soon remembers that his megaphone, along with everything else he sells, is nothing but crap. He tosses the megaphone aside, and just starts screaming at the top of his lungs, all the while, waving and pointing at Drew Brees.

"Hey everyone, it

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s DREW BREES! Maybe we can all get some autographs." That  
s all TMD had to say, and in an instant, Brees and the rest of his Saints cohorts are surrounded by the fans  
who had previously been wandering the Slaughterhouse hallways. A few of the Saints offensive linemen try  
to make one last effort to get at TMD, but he  
s much to quick for them, and manages to slip away from harm through the second wave of rapid football  
fans. As TMD makes his way towards the locker room area, he looks back at the Superbowl Champs being  
swarmed by the fans.

"Sure  
now everyone comes to my table  
he mutters, "and what  
s so special about winning some stupid football game anyway?"  
Leaving the vendors  
area, The Masked Dollar finds a  
nice, quiet hallway where he can stop of think.

"I have to throw twenty-four men out of the ring tonight to become the DREAM Champion, and those  
assholes win one football game, and now they  
Heroes of Mankind  
TMD leans against the wall, and stares down at his waist.

"Well, tonight  
tonight will be the last night anyone thinks about the New Orleans Saints, and their Superbowl upset,  
because being Superbowl Chumps will never compare to being the DREAM Champion."  
Slowly, TMD pushes himself off the wall and starts to head off down the hallway. The scene slowly fades to  
black, and eventually cuts out to a commercial.  
A fork in the Express  
"

sabinrichards" (The camera cuts to the  
Maverick Express locker room where we see Sabin Richards tapping up his right fist and he's already in his  
wrestling gear when Locke walks into the room with a cup in his right hand and unlike his partner, Locke  
isn't ready for the mini-rumble) Locke: What's up, Sabin? (Sabin looks over at Locke and then shakes his  
head before going back to tapping up his fist) Sabin: Not much, just getting ready for the mini rumble...unlike  
some people I could mention. (Locke takes a drink from his cup before he realizes what Sabin's said and  
lowers the cup while looking slightly confused at his partner) Locke: What's that supposed to mean? (Without  
looking up, Sabin finishes tapping up his right fist and starts working on his left) Sabin:  
You know exactly what I mean, Locke. Ever since  
we've come here to Dream, you've been acting differently than how you used to in the old days and then  
your brother came to talk to me while you were out late last week... (At this, Locke's eyes narrow dangerously  
at the mention of his older brother) Locke: And what pray tell, did my brother want to talk to you about?  
(Sabin finishes tapping up his left fist and then stands up to look his partner right in the eyes) Sabin: He said  
that you've been drinking before our matches here in DWF, that true? (Locke lets out a dry chuckle before he  
goes to take another drink from his cup which gets brutally slapped out of his hands by Sabin before Locke

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can take a drink which causes the two men to stare hard at each other hard) Locke: I don't know what my brother said to you, Sabin, and I don't care what he's trying to pull but I don't have a drinking problem unless you consider drinking gatorade before a match a bad thing. Now, why don't you get off of your high damn horse and focus here. (Sabin's eyes narrow even more and his jaw clenches before he says anything) Sabin: I...AM...

Locke. But unlike you, I've also spent this past week getting ready for this match and now you've probably got some idea of how we should do things but what you should damn well know is that in a rumble it's every damn man for himself and that's exactly what I'm going to do tonight!

I'm going to take the fight to everyone here in Dream and unlike you, I plan on lasting more than TWO DAMN SECONDS!! (At this Locke let's another dry chuckle escape him as he turns to leave the room but Sabin grabs Locke's right shoulder and spins him around to face him again) Sabin: What ever your damn problem is, deal with it and get your head back in the game...or else. (At this Sabin pushes Locke out of the way and heads out of the locker room, leaving an angry Locke in his passing as the camera fades out)

Cancer Jiles vs. Cobra

"

cancerjiles" "Tonight, we crown a new DREAM Champion  
However, before we get to the  
Rumble, DREAM is proud to the host a WfWA World Championship  
matchup!" "Proud? You  
re a little to happy their Jason! We are how you say, honor but not impressed!" "DREAM  
s very own "Mr. Cool"

Cancer Jiles will take on current reigning WfWA World Heavyweight Champion, Defiance  
s

Cobra!" "Shouldn  
t The Mike Effect be getting this shot?" "You spoke enough about him last match, focus on the two people in  
this match!" "He may represent DREAM, but I still do not like Cancer! He is a disgrace to this company.  
Hopefully tonight he will do something his grandpa, Doozer, has yet to do. Win something more important  
then a DREAM Title!"

The lights dim... Over the PA system...

"Yo COOL!

He'll fight for freedom where ever there's trouble. CCJ is there. It's CCJ against Cobra the enemy Fighting to  
save the day. He never gives up. He's always there, Fighting for freedom over COOL and air CCJ  
- A COOL American hero CCJ is there CCJ is the codename of Dream's daring, highly trained special  
mission COOL force. His purpose, to defend human freedom against  
Cobra- and the ruthless, Defiant organization determined to help him rule the world. He never gives up.  
He'll stay 'til the fight's won. CCJ will dare. CCJ- A COOL American hero CCJ!"  
Yes, Mr. Cool has a new theme song. The ring announcer then takes over...

"Coming to the ring, from Philadelphia Pennsylvania, standing six feet and one and half inches tall....

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Weighing in at a Cool, 225 pounds.

The NEXT, WWA World Heavyweight Champion of the world... The one... the only... Mr.

Cool!!!! Cannnnnnnnncerrrr JILES!!!!!!!" The fans go ballistic... roof popping... thunderous ovation... ummm, eruption of applause and cheer... going nuts... topless women... it's a zoo inside of the Slaughter House as Mr. Cool struts his COOL ass down to the ring. Soaking in the deafening ovation, he play's to the crowd, slapping high fives and taking pictures. It's funny thinking baout how thing once were, and how they are now. This is the O-G of COOL house. Ain't nobody coming into it. Upon arrival, Mr. Cool slides under the bottom rope, then ascends the turnbuckles. He really plays to the fans as he holds the COOL title high in the air, with his High Octane tag team title strapped around his waist. The COOL show takes a seat atop the the turnbuckles, awaiting the bell.

"I do not see how the fans can cheer this douche bag! He throws eggs, drinks, and probably does drugs! He is no role model to kids, hell, he is even a bad influence on adults!" "I am pretty sure he is drug test like the rest of the DREAM Superstars!" "I am sure DREAM cannot afford drug test!"

The lights the in the arena darken, as the cheers from the crowd grow silent. The tron starts to flash the words DEF on it, as Metallica

s "Where Ever I May Roam" starts to pour into the Slaughter House. The fans start to boo Cobra before he ever walks out. As he finally is on the top of the stage, fans try their damenedest to throw full cups of soda at his head, but none able to nail the target. Cobra holds on tightly to his WfWA World Championship, as he finds himself in on hostile grounds going down the isle. His focus is dead on Cancer, who seems to be enjoying the crowd

s reaction, but never removes his eyes off the champ! As Cobra gets to the ring, he slides the belt in and he darts under the bottom rope rising up head and chest first until he is on his feet as the music starts to die and the lights return to their normal settings.

"SERIOUSLY! Is this guy dressed like a freaking Cobra? He looks simply retarded!" "Good to know you dislike Defiance, Lucien!" "Do not get me wrong, I may hate Cancer, but I hope he rips the hood off that supposed Cobra, and shove

em up Eric Dane

s ass!" "Good to see the team spirit their Lucien!" "Don't touch me you metrosexual man boy! I may want Cancer to win it, only so I can Mike Polowy take it from him sooner or later!" The referee is lifting the WfWA World Heavyweight Championship high in the air, so the fans can see what is on the line.

"This is the first time ever that a belt from WfWA is defended on DREAM programming. Hopefully, we ll be luck enough to house the WfWA Champion!"

The referee takes over to the champion, Cobra who rubs the center plate but keeps his eyes on Cancer.

"I wonder if this idiot would drop the WfWA World Championship like he did the DREAM Championship? IT WOULD NOT SURPRISE ME!"

The belt is taken to Cancer, who snatches it from the hands of the referee. He starts to eye the center plate,

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and the letters

WfWA. As you see Cancer

s face light up with joy, Cobra starts to become enraged by his belt being touched by Jiles. He charges in on an unexpected

COOL, but is surprised.

"This match has just started with no bell!"

Jiles throws the championship at the face of Cobra, catching him off guard and allowing Cancer to tattoo his shoe print into the midsection of the champion.

"I give that TOOL credit, he fooled the snake dude!"

Cancer slams his forearm over the back of the neck and shoulders of Cobra, as the referee signals for the bell. DING Cancer pulls Cobra up straight, and slams his hand across the chest of the champion.

"Knife edge chop by the challenger!" "Can you hurt a snake by slapping it?" "No clue Lucien, look it up on the laptop!"

Cancer grabs the left hand of Cobra and shoots him off into the ropes, as the Champion hits, he bounces back.

"Standing drop kick nails the target!"

The challenger hops back to his feet and takes a few second to pose to the DREAM crowd.

"See, this is why Mr. Fool is destined to fail each and every time! He wastes too much time doing stupid things like POSSING!"

COOL decides to place a foot on the chest of Cobra, as the referee is down to make the count.

The Champion throws the foot of his challenger off of his chest to stop the count.

"I am not sure if he was thinking he had Cobra beat or not, but a cocky pin attempt by Cancer Jiles!" "He is worrying too much about being this supposed COOL guy that he truly is not! Stay on him you fool, and when you cover, apply your weight to the shoulders and hook both legs!"

Cancer grabs the hood of Cobra and lifts him back up. He attempts to shoot him into the corner but it s reversed. As Jiles slams hard back first into the corner, he stumbles forward and is wrapped up by the champion.

"Belly to belly overhead suplex!" "Prime example why his is the WfWA Champion, and Cancer is just a challenger!"

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As the challenger lands hard on his back, Cobra is quickly into a cover hooking a leg. The referee is down checking the shoulders of the challenger.

Oh man, the challenger barely got the shoulder up!" "I thought the salad shooter was just beaten!" "It's egg bandit!" "No, I said it right Jason, he likes SALADS!"

Cobra is to his feet, grabbing the legs of his challenger under his arm. He lifts and starts to turn.

"Cancer is trying to prevent Cobra from locking in the Boston crab!" "Why is a snake using a crustacean move?"

The champion finally gets Cancer on his stomach and he steps over and sits down, "He has it locked in! Can he make the challenger tap out with the Boston crab?" "I highly doubt it! He is about two feet from the bottom rope. Although, the move will serve a purpose. He wants to make the tool suffer for that short period, and maybe weaken a body part so he is easy pickings!"

Cancer reaches, realizing how close he is. He uses his forearms to reach forward and pull his chest across the canvas. He reaches again, the tip of his middle finger barely graces the rope. He lifts himself up with his arms, and shoves forward as far as he can, reaching out.

"And Cancer Jiles makes it to the ropes!" "Woohoo! NOT!"

The referee forces Cobra to release the Boston crab, as Cancer uses the ropes to pull himself up under them and rolls to the floor on the outside.

"We'll use this time to take a quick break. We'll return after this commercial break!  
2009 NFL Superbowl Champions : New Orleans Saints Order Your Merchandise Today  
"Welcome to Slaughter, during the break, Cobra went to the outside and was taunting the fans of DREAM with pile driving Cancer on the exposed floor he pulled the mat up from." "Being a snake in the grass that he is, Mr. Fool waited on Cobra to turn his attention back to him, where he planted a kick and dropped him on the exposed flooring with a DDT!" "Cancer almost scored a victory, but it took way too much time to get the champion into the ring, which is why the challenger is still trying to bring home all the glory!"

The challenger is sinking in a dragon sleeper on Cobra, as the referee is there to check on the champ.

"How ironic it would be Jason, if Mr Douche Bag beats Cobra with a dragon sleeper!" "Why do you say that?" "Damn are you dumb! A reptile being defeated by a reptile submission? MAKE SENSE?"

Jiles applies more pressure to the hold, hoping to get his opponent to either tap, give up, or pass out, awarding him the match!



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referee leaps over the two men into a dive, checks the shoulders and starts his count.

OH MAN! I am not sure if he got the shoulder up in time!" The champion looks at the referee who signals his shoulder came up and gives the hand gesture of just a two count.

"I am not to sure about that count Jason. That referee is about as bad as Travis was last match. I want to see that last count in a slow mode replay!"

A replay is shown, as it is slowed down which shows Cancer Jiles getting his shoulder up just before the hand slapped the canvas for a third time.

"WoW! I was wrong!" "The world must have stopped evolving! You admitted you were wrong!" "That was way too close for comfort, and you have got admit that Jason!"

The champion is to his feet, as he grabs the hair of his challenger and pulls him up as well.

"Cobra is taking Jiles to the corner!"

Cobra lifts up Cancer and sits him on the top turnbuckle. He makes the hand motion of flipping as he starts to climb up their.

"Hurricanrana time Jason?"

The champion jumps up, wraps his legs around the head of his opponent and heads backwards.

"CANCER HELD ONTO THE ROPES!"

The challenger holds on, as the champion crashes on the canvas below.

"This is the shot the Tool Bag needed, now he has to mount some offense or he is not going to last much longer!"

Cancer shakes off the effects of the offense from Cobra, as he stands on the top rope.

"It  
s Not A Tumor Connects!" "WHAT IN THE HELL?"

Jiles lands a diving head butt from the top rope on his opponent.

"This could be it for the champion, as that is usually the prelude to the finale!"

Cancer Jiles slowly gets to his feet, as he looks to be setting Cobra up for the Chemotherapy.

"I guess we can call this the CHEMO TREATMENT!" "Funny Lucien!"

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The champion starts to get to his feet, as Psymon has made his way down by the time keeper. Cancer locks in the cobra clutch submission.

"He has him locked in it!" "I find it amusing that this submission hold is actually called a cobra clutch, and the champion, COBRA, looks to be near about out of it!"

As Cancer Jiles slings the champion around, trying to get a submission or to make him pass out, the referee is right there checking on him.

DING

"What the hell?" "You say that a lot Lucien, but I agree, what is up with the bell?"

Psymon is at the ring bell with the hammer in his hand. Cancer has no clue, as he releases the champion and starts to celebrate.

"HAHAHA, That Tool Bag thinks he has just beaten the WfWA World Heavyweight Champion! Boy will he be pissed when he realizes he has not done anything of the nature!" "I would not want to be Psymon when Cancer Jiles finds out!"

The referee is trying to inform Cancer that he did not call for the bell, but Cancer is paying him no mind.

"See why I hate this fool? He is too ignorant to see he is being played like a fool!"

Finally as Cancer Jiles tries to get his hand raised by the official, it is thrown down. The excitement on his face goes to complete rage when the referee finally gets across that Cobra did not submit.

"NOW COMES THE FUN!" "Or we could say, there goes the end of Psymon's life!" Cancer turns to see the hammer still in Psymon's hand, as he smiles waving at the challenger. The fans in the arena are chanting.

"GET THE TRAITOR!"

Cancer shoves the referee to the side, and takes off, sliding under the bottom rope as Psymon drops the hammer and bails over the security railing through the crowd as security rushes him to prevent any fans from staging an attack.

"Cancer is going in the crowd as well!" "He needs to take his ass back to that ring, and finish this match. Worrying with Psymon is going to do nothing but get him counted out!"

As the referee is one six, Cancer realizes his mistakes and makes a mad dash for the ring.

"Can he make it in time?"

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Just as the referee throws the hand gesture up for ten, Cancer slides under the bottom rope saving his title chance.

"Wait.. what? Did he make it?"

The referee starts calling for the bell.

"HE DIDN'T MAKE IT IN TIME! PSYMON HAS CAUSED CANCER JILES THE WWA WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP!" "No

Jason, Cancer caused Cancer the belt. He didn't have to pay Psymon any attention." Cobra's music hits. Cancer just sits in the ring on his knees looking down as Cobra exits the ring and has his hand held in victory outside the ring, the prestigious WWA World Championship high above his head as well.

"No one here can believe this, especially that man in the ring there."

Cancer shakes his head and sits there as Cobra makes his way up the ramp.

"Next week, in DEFIANCE, Cobra will defend his title on his home turf."

Once Cobra's music has died down, Cancer gets up. Without music, or anything he walks over and exits the ring.

"This is bad Lucien, real bad." "At least he had vacated our top belt. This would have brought the value of that down even worse."

Cancer walks around the corner and through the curtains.

"I don't know what to say. Wow."

From the Windy City

"

johnnylegend" We go to a clip that has Johnny Legend sitting in a chair and says Live from Chicago.

"Hello my DREAMers, it's 'The Living Legend' here to tell you ho I'd love to be in Florida tonight going for the DWF DREAM Championship, but last week on Turmoil I defeated their former LSD Champion and now have advanced. So I regret to say I am still in Chicago. However, another Texan will be taking my place tonight. So good luck to Tex Terror and everyone else in the rumble."

We fade to commercial.

Time to Claim my Prize

"

## Slaughter: XXXVI

Psymon" "Twenty-four men. One monster. The odds are atrocious, but I don't give a damn." Psymon is standing with a backstage interviewer.

"It's time to claim my prize, and the other twenty-four combatants are nothing more than a mere roadblock. I'll break through them, and toss their asses over the top rope. The DREAM title shall be mine, and whenever I'll have my chance at Cancer Jiles, I'll take his title and make him wallow in self-pity." "Do you think you have a chance in defeating Cancer Jiles? He is a different person when he defends his title."

Psymon chuckles.

"He is no different than any opponent I've crushed. He is just another casualty in my wake, and he'll learn that the hard way." He pauses, picking up his short-handled mallet, Jack, he straightens to his full six feet.

"If you excuse me, I have a DREAM title to win. It's time to claim my prize." The backstage interviewer watches "The Monster" go towards the entrance curtain. Suddenly Cancer Jiles burst into the scene and Psymon takes off. We go to another commercial.

25 Man DREAM Mini Rumble

"

Psymon" We are taken ringside, where Jason Whiteside and Lucien Walker are prepared to call the next match.

"Folks, after an exciting show far, it is time for a main event that is pay per view worthy." "For the first time tonight, I think I agree with you Jason. Twenty-five men will enter, and only Mike Polowy will come out the new DWF DREAM Champion!" "Did you happen to get one of those special contracts that Mark Zylbert apparently handed out recently?" "I can't help it if I back the best in DREAM." "If Mike Polowy doesn't win tonight Lucien, nothing will save him as Travis Williams has vowed to fire him next week when he takes over Slaughter!" "No chance Jason, no chance at all." "The way this match will work is every 90 seconds a new participant will enter. Pin falls, and submissions do not count. The only way to be eliminated from this match is to be thrown over the top rope and both of your feet touch the floor." "Everyone knows how a over the top rope match works Jason. They want to see the match." "Well that's good Lucien, because here we go!"

The camera flies up and across the crowd, until it rest on the top of the stage.

"The men drew their numbers randomly before the show tonight. No one, not even Lucien or I, know who will come in at what place."

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The lights dim. 'Binge and Purge' by Clutch begins to play. A mixed reaction from the fans begins as The Illustrated Man, Dark, steps out to the stage.

"One half of the chickEN Chokers will start this match off. Former DWF Champion, Dark, makes his way to the ring."

Dark walks up the steps and across the apron, before entering the ring. His music fades and the lights go to normal.

"The first spot is perhaps the most unlucky in this match, Dark has twenty-four other men to go through if he wants to capture the DWF DREAM Championship."

As the camera view goes back to the top of the stage, by Marilyn Manson begins to play.

"Which one of The Maverick Express will be coming out first?"

Locke Helms steps through and begins to jet down the ramp.

"Locke Helms wasting none of his minute and a half!" "Why should he Jason? If he can get in, eliminate Dark, Locke can then rest until the next person comes to the ring." Helms slides into the ring, just to be met by vicious stomps from Dark. The bell sounds.

"Here we go! The rumble as officially began as Dark stomps away at Locke Helms." "You have to give it to Dark, Jason.

He's a veteran and he knows that he needs to destroy each person as they enter into this match." Dark grabs Locke's head and pulls him to his feet.

"Irish Whip by Dark. Helms off the ropes. Dark almost tears his head off with a clothesline!"

Locke rolls on the mat, holding his head.

"Jason, that's why I like Dark. He is uncaring and brutal everytime he steps into the ring." "Dark is one of a kind. We have forty-five seconds until the next participant." "Locke better hope that it's his tag team partner, or he's as good as done."

Dark grabs Locke's leg, and lifts it, turning him over.

"Dark now driving the knee of Helms into the mat." "He wants to make sure that Locke will not be able to fight back when he throws him over the ropes, it's good thinking Jason." "It is a good tactic, I agree."

Dark continues to drive Locke's knee into the mat, with force.

When he lets him go, Locke rolls around holding his knee.

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"Dark yanks Locke to his feet, dragging him over to the ropes. It looks like he's about to go for an elimination!" "Good timing to, as the next participant is about to come out."

Dark lays Locke Helms over the top rope, propping him up on it. He then grabs Locke's legs and begins to lift.

"Dark lifting Helms up, over the ropes."

Once he has his legs up, Dark stop, and then pulls back. Locke comes off of the ropes and meets the mat, face first.

"Oh! Dark never wanted to eliminate Locke, he was just trying to add more to the damage already caused." "That may have been a bad move as we are about to have the next guy come down here."

The fans begin to count down with the clock once it hits ten.

"The countdown begins! Who will be the next person out?" "I don't think it matters to Dark as he is stomping Locke again. maybe some left over anger from recent tag matches?" "Could be Lucien. Could be."

As the clock hits zero and the buzzer sounds, "Nothing Remains" by Chimaira begins to play.

"The monster Psymon!"

Psymon steps out, mallet in hand. He stands at the top of the stage and raises it high above his head.

"Psymon bringing that mallet out that he displayed during the World Title match." "Psymon was just letting Cancer know that next week on Slaughter, he plans on taking the 'You Call It' Championship."

As Psymon begins down the ramp, Cancer Jiles burst from the back, and sends a forearm across Psymon's back.

"THE 'YOU CALL IT' CHAMPION IS OUT HERE!" "He's not in this match!" "He's just getting his revenge Lucien for Psymon coming out and causing Cancer to be distracted during his World Title match." "Cancer is not in this match, he shouldn't be out here Jason. He is causing Pysmon his chance to be the DWF DREAM Champion!"

Both men exchange punches down the ramp. Once they get near the ring, Cancer pins Psymon against the ring and delivers right after right before rolling Pysmon into the ring.

"Psymon rolled into the ring, Dark begins to stomp him." "So now Cancer and Dark work together?" "No Lucien, Dark uses whatever he can to his advantage." As Cancer backs up the ramp, he slaps fans hands and points out some COOL shades.

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"Dark lifts Psymon to his feet, no, half way up Psymon pushes Dark back."

Psymon reaches down, grabs one of Dark's legs, and pulls back, sending Dark to the mat back first. Still holding Dark's leg up, he lifts the other up.

"Psymon setting it up, and applies a Texas Cloverleaf." "He wants to weaken the legs of Dark."

"The way to win though, is to throw your opponent over the top rope, not to just inflict damage. This is something we saw Dark do, and now Psymon. If they would just focus on eliminating each other, this match would go a lot quicker." "Not really Jason, as there is still a minute and a half between each new person."

"True enough

Lucien, True

enough." Psymon releases the Texas Cloverleaf and rolls over using the ropes to pull himself up.

"Locke Helms is on his feet for the first time in a few minutes." "After that beat down by Dark, I'm surprised he can even stand." "Helms runs at

Psymon, Psymon catches

him, lifts up and over the top rope!" Locke catches himself on the apron.

"He's not eliminated! I don't think Psymon knows that he didn't hit the floor!"

Helms uses the top rope to lunge himself up and over, with a kick to the back of Psymon. Psymon stumbles forward, and into Dark, who suddenly gets up, grabs his head, and drops him.

"Dark somehow able to come up and hit a big DDT." "That is why Dark is a former champion, and possibly the champion again after tonight. He can take a beating and still come back to get you." "I agree."

The fans begin to countdown with the clock.

"Entrant number four is about to be here." "I can't wait to find out who it is!"

As the clock hits zero, "Fossil Genera" by Beneath The Buried and Me begins to play. Ozric Mortimer comes out.

"Ozric Mortimer!" "Things just got interesting Jason." "They sure did."

Ozric runs down and rolls into the ring. As he pops up, Ozric leaps with fist into the skull of Dark

"Ozric going right for Dark!" "Going for the strongest in the match at the moment." "A lot of fans will disagree with you Lucien, as Psymon has a backing that is almost cult like."

Psymon uses the ropes to pull himself up.

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"Psymon now behind Ozric, almost stalking him."

Locke Helms comes from behind Psymon, and leaps forward, clipping his knees.

"Locke Helms puts a damper in Psymon's plans as he shows that he is still in this match." "The monster is going to be pissed when he gets up!"

The countdown clock begins.

"Participant number five is about to arrive and we have had no eliminations!" "I'm on the edge of my seat Jason." "Me too Lucien."

As the clock hits Zero, "This fire burns" by Killswitch Engage begins to play.

"It's the other half of The Maverick Express! Sabin Richards is on his way out here now!"

Sabin jets from behind the curtain and down the ramp, sliding into the ring. As he gets to his feet, he grabs Locke's arm and both men run through Ozric Mortimer.

"Double clothesline by The Maverick Express!" "The only team in the match, The Maverick Express now have the advantage here." "They sure do Lucien."

Psymon gets to his feet. Angrily, he runs towards The Maverick Express. They both jump.

"Double drop kick by The Maverick Express!" "This is probably the best I have seen them since they debuted in DREAM."

Dark uses the ropes to pull himself up.

"Dark up behind The Maverick Express."

Dark grabs the head of Locke Helms, and yanks him down to the mat. Sabin Richards turns to him.

"Dark taking half of The Express out of the equation. Sabin Richards runs at The Illustrated Man. He catches him, up and over, POWER SLAM!" "Whoa Jason, the whole ring just shook with that one!" "The DWF fans are going nuts, and they have a right to as this main event has lived up to all expectations thus far."

Dark backs into a nearby corner and climbs up backwards. Ozric Mortimer pushes himself up, and Dark leaps.

"Double axe handle smash from the second rope by Dark!" "What Dark needs to do, is start throwing people out of the ring before the next guy comes in." "Our next entrant will be entrant number six, and at this moment we have yet to still have an elimination." "It just makes things more interesting Jason." "We have to take a

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small commercial break, we'll be right back."

The countdown clock begins.

"We're about to find out who number six is." "This is nerve racking Jason!"

The number hits zero.

"We Made You' by Eminem begins to play and the entire arena is on their feet. Cameras flash. Noise levels are enough that they wake the dead, kill the living dead, just to wake them. Yes, it's that damn loud as Doozer steps out.

"It's Doozer! It's Doozer! The former DWF DREAM Champion is here!" "I don't see what the big deal is, I mean this guy has lost, what? the last four or five matches he has been apart of?" "Everyone hits a down streak, now it's time for his comeback, and this could be the match it happens in!" "Isn't he like fifty? I mean come on, you're already in the hall fo fame and a multiple time champion, it's time to retire." "Listen to this crowd Lucien, they want the exact opposite!"

Doozer slides into the ring.

"Dark rushes Doozer. Both men begin exchanging punches. The Dooze fresh, and giving those big right hands." "He should be fresh, he hasn't had a decent match in weeks." "Shut up Lucien. I'm being told we have to take another commercial, we'll be right back."

Doozer grabs the back of Dark's head and throws him with a mighty force over the top rope.

"Dark is gone a he hits the ground!" "So what? My ninety year old grand mother could eliminate one person who's been in the ring longer then anyone else." "You should tell Mark, I'm sure he'd sign her."

Sabin Richards and Locke Helms are both up. They look at each other, then at Doozer.

"The Maverick Express working together again!" "Send that has been back to the locker room!"

They run at Doozer, with their arms straight out.

"Double clothesline!"

Doozer backs into the ropes as they come forward with the double clothesline. He then ducks under their arms and they run into the ropes.

"The Maverick Express misses!" "How?!"

Both men turn. Doozer hits Sabin with a big right, then Locke, then back to Sabin. Doozer grabs the back of

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Sabin's head, spins him around and sends him over.

"Sabin Richards is gone!" "Someone take this guy out!"

Locke Helms delivers a swift kick to the back of Doozer's leg, sending him to one knee.

Out of nowhere, Psymon comes forward with a huge pump kick, connecting into Locke's face and sending him flipping over the top rope.

"Locke Helms taken out by Psymon! Only three remain!" "If I was Doozer I'd worry, as the other two in the ring are two of the most sadistic in the business."

Ozric Mortimer uses the ropes to pull himself up. he begins to laugh.

"That man is nuts."

Psymon and Ozric begin to circle Doozer.

"Like sharks in the water, surrounding their prey." "They need to devour him now!"

The countdown clock begins.

"What's this? Ozric is reaching into his pants!" "I don't know if I want to watch this!"

He pulls a small club out.

"Where did he have that hidden?" "I don't want to know!"

Ozric slaps his free hand with the club as "Last One to Die" by Rancid begins to play.

"Don't worry Doozer! Help is on the way! here comes Adrien Cochrane!" "Great, another one of those eGG Bandit fools." "I'm assuming you weren't hugged much as a child."

Adrien runs, leaping to the apron, then climbs the corner post from the outside. The fans go crazy.

"Psymon turns, Adrien leaps. SWANTON BOMB! He lands perfectly on top of Psymon!"

Both men hit the mat, and roll in pain. Ozric comes forward, hitting Doozer up side the head with his club. The Dooze falls to the mat.

"All's fair in this match, as the only way to be eliminated is by going over the top rope. That is perfectly legal for Ozric to use." "Legal and logical Jason."

Adrien rolls over and pushes himself up, just to be smacked back down with Ozric's club.

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"Ozric Mortimer is a deranged individual." "That may be what it'll take to survive this match and become the next DWF DREAM Champion Jason." "Can Adrien come back after this brutal attack by Ozric Mortimer? We'll find out after these messages."

Ozric mounts the back of Adrien Cochrane and places his club under him, pulling it into his throat.

"Ozric Mortimer using that club to literally choke Adrien Cochrane out." "Good. Cochrane is another over rated, no talent idiot who should be put in his place as well."

The countdown begins. Adrien's face begins to turn colors as he tries to get air.

"Ozric needs to stop before Adrien Cochrane is seriously hurt!" "Boo hoo!"

Psymon rolls over and reaches up, grabbing the bottom rope. Slowly he begins to use the ropes to get up. Ozric finally release Adrien, who gasp for air.

"Adrien Cochrane has rolled to the outside apron." "What a chickenshit move." "The man almost died from being choked Lucien."

Limp Bizkit's

"Break Stuff" begins to play.

Before the camera can switch to the ramp, B.R. Ellis had already come running down from the back.

"B.R. Ellis coming prepared for war!" "He needs to be prepared for a club to the face!"

As B.R. slides into the ring, Ozric hits him directly in the head with the club.

"HA! See Jason! priceless!"

Ozric begins to beat him with the club without mercy.

"Oh come on! Someone needs to get that away from Mortimer!" "Why? This is entertainment!"

Psymon makes it to his feet as does Doozer.

"Psymon runs at Ozric. Ozric turns. Rising knee to the face of Mortimer!"

As Ozric falls to the mat, Psymon turns in time for Doozer to run and leap up.

"Big shoulder block by The Dooze!"

The fans pop.

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"Listen to this crowd!"

Doozer goes over and checks on Adrien.

"Doozer checking on his fellow eGG Bandit." "It's about time that egg got scrambled."

Doozer then moves over and checks on B.R. Ellis as well.

"The former DWF DREAM Champion showing compassion by checking on the lone chickEN Choker in the ring." "He needs to be taking advantage and throwing Ellis over the top rope."

Ozric rolls over and pushes himself up. As Doozer stands he runs.

"Doozer catches Mortimer and lifts him up and over. Ozric Mortimer has been eliminated!" "Come on! His feet haven't touched the ground!" "Lucien, he is laying on the ground."

Doozer pulls Psymon to his feet.

"Big right by The Dooze, whip, no reversed. Doozer sent into the turnbuckle. Psymon follows behind him. Doozer with the boot catching Psymon in the face!"

The countdown clock begins. Psymon stumbles back and Doozer climbs the corner post backwards.

"Somebody push him off!" "Are you always this negative Lucien?"

Psymon turns and Doozer jumps.

"Flying fist, connecting with Psymon's forehead!"

Psymon hits the mat, Doozer falls to it, but rolls up to his feet.

Queen's

"I Want it All" begins to play.

"One half of the reigning

Tag Team Champions, Terry

Spruhen!" Terry comes from the back and walks down the ramp. In the conrer of the screen we can see Psymon roll out of the ring.

"Terry Spruhen in no rush. Maybe the first person to take their time coming to the ring." "It may be a smart move as his partner has yet to arrive.

If he can wait until Jared Borchard comes out, The Grady Bunch could dominate this

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match." "Where did Psymon go?" "He just rolled out of the ring under the bottom rope." "Interesting tactic as exiting the ring other than over the top rope does not cause an elimination. I'm interested to see where he goes with this and how long until someone realizes what he has done. With a little more than a minute until our next competitor, we'll be right back!"

As we return from commercial The Grady Bunch are standing in the middle of the ring with everyone laid out.

"During the commercial Jared Borchard was the tenth entrant. The Grady Bunch entered the ring and attacked both Doozer, while also ensuring that Adrien Cochrane and B.R. Ellis weren't going to get up anytime soon." "The Grady Bunch have all the cards Jason. They need to throw everyone out control this match until Mike Polowy comes out." "You're dead set on him winning, aren't you Lucien?" "I have twenty five hundred on it."

Muse's

"Yes lease" hits.

"It looks like you're about to get your wish Lucien! Here comes Mike Polowy!"

As Polowy steps out the fans boo. He points down at the ring and talks shit his entire way down. The Grady Bunch back up and taunt Polowy as he walks up the stairs. Mike looks at them before flipping them the bird.

"Mike Polowy giving The Grady Bunch the one finger salute." "What's not to love about this guy Jason?" "A lot."

Polowy steps over and into the ring.

"And we're off. Terry Spruhen on the offense first with a series of rights. Polowy blocks, now delivering his own punches."

Mike grabs the back of Terry's head and slams it into the top turnbuckle. As Spruhen stumbles back, Mike catches his head and neck, falling.

"What a nasty inverted neck breaker!" "That's what I'm talking about right there!" "The six foot ten Jared Borchard runs at Polowy. Big boot from the big man... NO! Countered with a Dragon Screw Legwhip by Mike Polowy!" "The skill off of Mike Polowy reeks of awesomeness!" "And you reek of something with all the brown nosing you're doing Lucien." "I can't help it, Mike Polowy is magnificent!"

Polowy licks his lips as he grabs Doozer by the head and pulls him to his knees.

"Mike Polowy looks to want to be the man who takes out The Dooze." "It's about damn time. His career has been over for years, his time in this rumble should have come when he first entered."

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Mike yanks Doozer up the rest of the way. Then, with all his power, he grasp Doozer and lifts him up and over his head.

"Mike Polowy showing his strength as he presses the former DWF DREAM Champion above his head."  
"Pure brute strength brotha."

Mike walks over to the ropes and the fans boo. Suddenly, B.R. Ellis shoots up from behind them, putting all his force into Mike's back, causing Polowy to drop Doozer behind him, inadvertently landing on Ellis. Polowy falls into the ropes, but catches himself. The fans go nuts.

"B.R. Ellis with the save! I tell you Lucien, a little hospitality goes a long way!"

Doozer and Ellis roll away from each other. Polowy obviously is angered as he begins to violently stomp between both of them.

"Oh yea Jason? Look what that did? All it did was piss off MPlow, now they both are being beaten like red headed step children."

The countdown clock begins.

"Look at that, Adrien Cochrane is in that corner behind Mike Polowy." "Hiding like the woman he is." "No, waiting for the time to strike!"

Mike Polowy turns to see where Cochrane is.

"Cochrane comes forward, boot to Polowy's stomach, he turns, ADRIEN CUTTER!"

The fans erupts as Mike Polowy falls back to the mat. The Grady Bunch have now gotten to one knee each in a corner, watching.

"Are you kidding me Jason?" "What? Mad that the all might Mike Polowy fell to an Adrien Cutter?" by Clutch begins to play.

"Newcomer Tex Terror on his way down the ramp!" "Who's this clown?"

Terror carries in his hand a bottle of whiskey. As he reaches the ring, he tips the bottle.

"This is the kind of people that Travis Williams hires I presume. Alcoholics." "What Lucien, Mark can't sign somebody who likes to drink?" "Before a match like this? It's dangerous! I mean, Mike Polowy could somehow get hurt!" "Wow Lucien. Just wow."

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Tex tosses the bottle under the ring and slides in. As he gets to his feet, he goes directly for Adrien Cochrane.

"Forearm smash across the back of Adrien Cochrane by Tex Terror. As Cochrane turns around, he gets a forearm to the face!"

B.R. Ellis uses the ropes to pull himself up.

"Ellis behind

Terror. He twist him around. Ellis goes to whip Terror. No, Tex counters, pulling B.R. Ellis into a boot." He grabs the back of B.R. Ellis' head, and with momentum, sends him flying over the top rope.

"WHOA! Tex Terror has just eliminated B.R. Ellis!" "I didn't see that one coming Jason." "Adrien Cochrane grabs Tex by the back of his trunks, he's going to eliminate him!"

Adrien tries to put Tex over the ropes, but Terror grabs the top rope, stopping him. He then leans down, pulling the rope down, and uses his free arm to lift Adrien's legs up.

"COCHRANE OVER THE TOP ROPE!"

Adrien lands on the apron, catching himself.

"He saved himself!" "How? Why wont he just get eliminated?"

The clock begins.

"With our next competitor we'll be over halfway through our list."

Adrien uses the ropes to pick himself up, still on the apron of the ring. Doozer runs at Tex Terror.

"Terror moves! Doozer just ran INTO Adrien Cochrane!" "HA! He just scrambled one of his own eggs!"

Cochrane hits the floor as by Sevendust begins to play.

"Doozer can't believe he just eliminated Adrien Cochrane and quite frankly, neither can I."

Klash sprints down the ramp.

"Klash slides into the ring, up to his feet. he runs at Terror."

Tex sidesteps, grabs the back of Klash and spins around, sending him over the top rope. The fans pop as the newcomer just got rid of another.

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"AND HE'S GONE!

Less than twenty seconds into the match, Klash is gone!"

As Tex turns, Doozer heel stomps his foot.

"The Dooze!"

Doozer applies and delivers a lifting implant double under hook DDT. The fans go crazy.

"The Abuser! Dooze and Abuse by Doozer!"

Yea, but look

Jason, Mike Polowy is now up behind Doozer. Doozer turns.

"Boot to the stomach by Polowy!"

He reaches over Doozer, grabbing him around the waist and lifting him upside down.

"Polowy steps over

Doozer's arms.. He leaps, THE MIKE EFFECT!" The crowd boos.

"YES! Did you see that Jason! Now THAT is a great move!"

Mike gets to his feet. He makes the signal for a title belt around his waist before going to grab Doozer. However, he catches Tex Terror out of the corner of his eye, trying to get up.

"Mike Polowy has not changed his focus to Tex Terror."

Terror gets to his feet, only to have Mike grab him and toss him over the top rope.

"There he goes. Tex Terror has been eliminated." "Eliminated by the best, Mike Polowy."

The Grady Bunch whom have been regathering themselves in the furthest corner, watching, now both get up and begin walking towards Mike Polowy.

"The Grady Bunch on the assault! Polowy ducks swinging fist from both men. Both men turn. Big right to Terry Spruhen, now one to Jared Borchard." "Polowy's on a roll!"

Mike ducks under them again as they come forward swinging. As everyone turns to face each other, Polowy sidesteps Terry.

"Drop toe hold by Mike Polowy." "Terry Spruhen eats mat!"

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As Mike gets up and turns, he goes right into the grasp of Jared Borchard.

"Borchard lifts, CHOKESLAM!" "NO!"

Countdown time.

"Borchard turns, right into the grasp of Doozer. Irish whip into the ropes."

Jared is flung hard enough he goes over the top but lands on the apron, Doozer runs and knees him through the ropes.

"Borchard is outta here!"

Kayne West's

"Swagga Like Us" begins to play.

"Here comes Jimmy Riley!"

Riley heads down the ramp as Doozer puts Terry Spruhen in the corner, grabs the ropes and thrust his shoulder into Terry's midsection.

"The Dooze now sitting Spruhen up on the turnbuckle, climbing up himself."

Riley slides in.

"Jason, look at Jimmy Riley!" "Riley runs over and pushes Doozer off!"

Doozer falls to the side, hits the top rope and bounces up and into the ring. Terry Spruhen barely able to save himself, now hands upside down from the turnbuckle on the outside of the ring.

"Jimmy Riley almost took out both Doozer and Terry Spruhen!" "The key word there is almost Jason. Like everything else in his career, Jimmy Riley failed." Psymon comes from under the ring.

"There's Psymon!" "Wait, he's still in this?!" "He was under the ring all this time!"

Psymon grabs Terry's arms and yanks him, until he falls to the floor.

"Terry Spruhen is eliminated by Psymon from outside the ring!"

Jimmy Riley goes to the ropes and begins yelling at Psymon about that being his elimination.

"Psymon reaches up, grabs Jimmy's head and yanks down!"

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Jimmy's throat bounces off the top rope and he stumbles back and around into the arms of, the now up, Mike Polowy.

"Not a place Jimmy Riley wants to be!" "MPlow is back Jason!"

Psymon crosses into the ring as Mike carries Jimmy, who is fighting, to the ropes. Polowy yells at Psymon who grabs Jimmy's legs.

"It looks like Psymon is helping Mike Polowy get rid of Jimmy Riley."

They lift him up and over the ropes, sending him to the floor.

"Who's going to be credited that one?" "Easy Jason, Mike initiated it. Psymon only assisted." "OK, I'll buy that."

Countdown time.

"Psymon looks pleased that he had a hand in th... WHOA! Closed fist by Mike Polowy, catching Psymon off guard." "Mike Polowy doesn't make friends. He doesn't need them Jason. He used Psymon for all he is worth and now is dumping him in the garbage like the trash he is!"

Psymon grabs his jaw and holds it in pain as Mike runs, lifting a knee into his gut.

"Show Me What You Got" by Powerman 5000 "Mike Polowy grabs Psymon's head, takes him over and to the mat."

He quickly grabs Psymon's arms, places his knee into his back and wrenches. Casey Pierro-Zabotel begins from the back.

"Mike Polowy stretching the body of Psymon, who must be extremely tired at this juncture in the match. It appears that Casey Pierro-Zabotel is number fifteen." "Due to hiding like the coward he is, Psymon has managed to spend more time in the match than anyone else at this point. Wait... Zabotel still works here?" "I don't think he's a coward Lucien, just smart.

He saved himself a lot of damage waiting under the ring. And yes, Casey is still one of DREAM's top talents. We have to take a quick break, we'll be right back!"

When we return, Mike Polowy is booting Psymon in the corner as Casey Pierro-Zabotel hits a leg drop on Doozer. The count down clock begins.

"Welcome back. All four men still in this match." "Yea, and look who has their back to the mat? Your savior, Doozer." "Not my savior, DREAM's savior! That's what the fans say!"

The song, begins to play.

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"Bishop Steele is number sixteen!" "Now this guy.

I like this guy Jason. He got robbed in the Television Championship tournament. Of course that all could be rectified tonight. If Mike doesn't win, Steele is a shoe in!" Bishop slides under the ropes. He looks at what's going on and picks his battle.

"Steele goes right at Casey Pierro-Zabotel. He grabs his shoulders, yanking him to the mat. Bishop leaps up, big knee drop to the chest of CPZ!!" "That's what I'm talking about!"

Bishop stands above Casey and raises his arms up. At that Polowy turns towards him and runs.

"Mike Polowy tosses Bishop Steele over the top rope!" "Why Mike, why?!"

Casey reaches up blindly, looking for ropes. Polowy grabs his arm, and yanks him to his feet.

"Mike Polowy pulls Casey Pierro-Zabotel to his feet, and sends him over!" "He's on a roll!" "Casey Pierro-Zabotel is eliminated as the countdown clock begins."

Psymon uses the ropes to pull himself up, as does Doozer.

"Three men in the ring with the next about to head this way!"

Behemoth's

"Ov Fire And The Void" begins to play. Caster Strong steps out, raises one arm and heads down the ramp.

"Caster Strong is number seventeen as we near the end."

Psymon runs at Polowy as Caster gets on the apron.

"Mike Polowy grabs Psymon."

Caster steps into the ring.

"Polowy whips Psymon into Caster Strong."

Both men go into the ropes and over.

"DUAL ELIMINATION BY MIKE POLOWY!" "DAT'S WHO!" "What? Are you serious?"

Mike Polowy uses his thumbs and points to himself.

"Mike Polowy is so full of himself!" "He has every right to be, he has eliminated more people than anyone else so far this match." "Polowy and Doozer stand in the ring, just them, for the next minute and a half. Here we go, they lock up! Doozer puts a side knee into the midsection of Mike Polowy, placing him quickly into a

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side headlock.

"Come on Mike, get free!"

Mike Polowy stomps the foot of Doozer, causing him to let go.

"See Jason! You can't put Mike Polowy out that easy!"

He then rolls behind The Dooze, sliding his arms up under Doozer's and locking his fingers behind the hall of famer's head.

"Polowy places Doozer in a full nelson lock. Doozer now stomps MPlow's foot, and slides out, rolling behind his opponent, grabbing him by the waist. Belly to back, big bear hug by The Dooze." "I can't believe this!" "What, that Doozer is displaying why he's a legend?"

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

"Mike Polowy unable to break free." "Come on Mike, you can do it!"

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

"Big face buster by Doozer."

As Doozer gets to his feet, he pulls Mike Polowy up with him. Once up, MPlow pushes Doozer back, then follows up with a chop. The countdown clock begins "Big chop, followed by another. Doozer now returns the favor with his own. Doozer grabs the arm and whips Mike... No, reversed by Mike Polowy. Doozer into the ropes, on the return now."

Mike Polowy bends down and catches him.

"Big back body drop by Mike Polowy." "YES!" "My Hometown" by Charlie Robison begins to play. Charlie Blackwell shoots down the ramp.

"Charlie Blackwell coming down, he's number eighteen!"

Blackwell slides into the ring and Mike Polowy begins to stomp him. Behind the two, Doozer rolls over and pushes himself up.

"Doozer runs, bouncing off the ropes. Polowy turns. Doozer leaps, big shoulder block! MPlow goes down and we'll be right back!"

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As we return, The Masked Dollar is sliding into the ring.

"Here we go again folks. The Masked Dollar joins Charlie Blackwell, Doozer, and Mike Polowy."

Doozer, Charlie

Blackwell, and The Masked Dollar mouth to each other and then turn to Mike Polowy who is up on his knees.

"It looks like Mike Polowy is in for the fight of his life now." "Come on! Why do you guys need to team up on him?!" "Charlie runs at Mike. Polowy with the big fist! The Masked dollar is next, he boots Polowy in the stomach."

Doozer steps in with The Masked Dollar, they both grab him and lift, before falling to the mat.

"Double team vertical suplex!"

The fans go crazy. As they get up.

"Polowy lunges up at Doozer, he side steps and uses Mike's own momentum against him, Doozer eliminates Mike Polowy!" The arena erupts.

"Doozer turns and goes to shake The Masked Dollar's hand, NO! The Masked Dollar grabs him, turns and whips, DOOZER GOES OVER THE TOP ROPE! The Masked Dollar just eliminated the only active Hall of Fame member in DREAM!" "SERVES HIM RIGHT!" "Charlie Blackwell can't believe it!" "He better believe it. It's every man for himself in this match Jason." "Charlie comes at The Masked Dollar. TMD side steps, under Charlie's arm. He lifts, smashing him on his knee. THE DEAL BREAKER!"

The count down clock starts.

"The Masked Dollar picks Charlie up, Irish whip. Dollar runs behind him, big boot! Blackwell is sent backwards over the top rope!" "Now that's a money shot!" by Nine Inch Nails begins to play. Chris Jamez jumps the railing from the fan area and slides in behind The Masked Dollar. He waits, taunting.

"Chris Jamez was in the crowd!" "The Masked Dollar doesn't even know he's in the ring."

As TMD turns, Jamez runs.

"The Masked Dollar sees him in time, arm drag by TMD! Jamez is up, runs at The Masked Dollar, another arm drag!"

Both men get up, Jamez runs at TMD who grabs him and lift.

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"SPINE BUSTER!" "You know Jason, The Masked Dollar may be able to do this! He may be our new DWF DREAM Champion!" "We have one last commercial break that we must take, we'll be right back after this."

As we return, The Masked Dollar is tossing Clarence Williams over the ropes.

"WOW!

During the break, The Masked Dollar eliminated Chris Jamez, and has just sent Clarence Williams over as quick as he entered the match. We now have about a minute left with just The Masked Dollar in the ring!" "This is crazy Jason! The Masked Dollar rolls out of the ring and walks over to the time keeper's table. He picks up a stack of shirts and starts walking by the fans.

"Look Jason! More shirts! I want one!"

TMD walks over and holds up a shirt for Lucien that reads 'The Masked Dollar... Your DREAM Champion.

"See Jason, he already knows! I want two!" "Well folks while we're waiting, lets take a look at some of the previous eliminations."

We get a montage of eliminations until the countdown clock begins. At that point TMD rolls back into the ring. When it hits zero by Justin Timberlake begins to play. Michael Byrd runs down the ramp and slides into the ring.

"Michael Byrd!" "Really? Him Jason?" "Byrd runs at The Masked Dollar. TMD sidesteps and THROWS BYRD OVER! Michael Byrd has been eliminated!" "Quick eliminations are running rampant tonight." "They sure are."

TMD rolls back out, picks his shirts up and begins to sell them again.

"What a self promoter this man is!" "If you think he's good at selling stuff, wait until he's champion!" "He may have the shirt, but he has yet to win the title Lucien." "If he keeps throwing people over as they come in then we have less than nine minutes Jason." "We'll certainly see."

A promo runs for the upcoming Scrambled Dreams 2010 DVD and BlueRay release. The clock hits.

"Who will be entrant number twenty-three?" by Pink Floyd begins to play.

"Ah, someone that

The Masked Dollar may actually get along with if the situation was different, Chris Bladez!" "I think I was pretty clear on guys with a 'Z' at the end of their name where there should be an 'S'."

Chris walks up the stairs and enters the ring. The Masked Dollar calls for a microphone. After it's thrown to

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him, he holds a finger up to Bladez and raises the mic.

"Now Chris, you are a man with a similar mindset to me. It's about the almighty dollar, isn't it?"

He makes the money sign rubbing his fingers together.

"As you can see, I've made quite a bit tonight selling my new shirt. How about I just break you off a piece of that, and, well you step back over those ropes and head to the back."

Chris thinks for a moment. TMD pulls out a wad of bills and hands them to him. Chris looks at the money, then at The Masked Dollar. He throws the money down and charges TMD, who hits him with the mic.

"That's a twenty thousand dollar microphone!" "He doesn't care Jason."

Chris stumbles back, TMD grabs his legs, lifts him up and over the top rope. Bladez crashes to the floor outside the ring.

"Maybe he should have taken the money!" "I would have."

TMD begins to pick up the fallen money as we wait. The clock finally begins.

"Only two more men to come out! It's beginning to look like The Masked Dollar has a serious chance of taking home the DWF DREAM Championship tonight!" "Ladies and Gentlemen" by Saliva hits.

"Your Television Champion!"

Muru steps out. He raises his Slaughter Television Championship high above his head and begins walking down the ramp.

"Oh it's on Jason, champion versus future champion!" "Nothing is certain yet Lucien!"

Muru hands his belt to the time keeper, walks over to the steps and waits.

"Muru taking his time before entering." "He wants it to not look so bad next to his elimination time Jason."

Muru then walks up the steps and enters into the ring. They go to lock up and The Masked Dollar slams a boot into the midsection of Muru, doubling him over. The Masked Dollar follows it up with a hard clubbing forearm across the shoulders dropping Muru to his knees in pain.

"The Masked Dollar wanting to prove a point as he attacks the Television Champion." "He's proving why he will be a worthy DREAM Champion Jason."

The Masked Dollar grabs the hair of Muru and lifts him to his feet. He throws a hard right hand knocking

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Muru back to a knee.

"The Masked Dollar is setting Muru up for something here!"

The Masked Dollar takes about ten steps away from Muru, as Muru starts to stagger up to his feet. The Masked Dollar rushes in and throws a big boot. Muru side steps it, and trips TMD.

"Drop toe hold!" "Come on Dollar, don't let this guy take away your chance!"

The Masked Dollar powers Muru off of him, in complete shock.

"The Masked Dollar 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 The Masked Dollar is on a knee. Muru throws a right hand, another right hand, and then a left. The Masked Dollar shoves him off into the corner.

"Muru trying to gain momentum here."

The Masked Dollar 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 The Masked Dollar!" "Swat this annoying fly Dollar!"

The countdown clock begins "The Masked Dollar using those ropes to pull himself up. Muru runs at him with lighting speed. Wait, TMD reaches up, grabbing Muru, and lifting him up and over the top rope! Muru lands outside!" "HA! He has only one person left to go through!"

Dragonforce's

"Through the fire and the flames" starts.

"And that man is TALON!" "What?! He doesn't deserve a shot!" "Why? He defeated Mike Polowy earlier tonight, your hero!" "Because Williams cheats!"

Talon runs down and slides into the ring.

"Both men rush each other, tying up hard. Talon quickly puts his knee into The Masked Dollar's stomach."

Come on, Talon is fresh. The Masked Dollar has been eliminating idiots left and right! Give him a break." Talon grabs The Masked Dollar by the back of the head and walks him over, slamming his head into the top turnbuckle. He turns The Masked Dollar around, forcing him back first into the

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turnbuckle.

"Holding the top rope for leverage, Talon now with several shots to The Masked Dollar's mid section."

Talon steps back a bit, and comes at The Masked Dollar.

"The Masked Dollar stops Talon dead in his tracks as he comes forward with an elbow shot to his head."

"Resourceful! That's The Masked Dollar!"

Talon grabs his head and stumbles around. The Masked Dollar jumps up to the second rope, facing Talon, then leaps off.

"Double Axe Handle from the second rope by The Masked Dollar." "Get him out of that ring Dollar! Now!"

Talon plops back and to the mat. The Masked Dollar runs and jumps, bringing down a knee.

"Talon moves! The Masked Dollar drives his own knee into the mat."

The Masked Dollar comes half way up and then falls over to the mat holding his knee. Talon rolls away then gets to his hands and knees. The Masked Dollar nears the ropes and uses it to pull himself up. As he moves away from the ropes, Talon lunges up, grabbing his legs and lifting.

"SPINE BUSTER BY TALON!" "NOOOO!"

Talon looks around and lifts TMD up.

"Talon runs with The Masked Dollar, he throws... OVER THE TOP ROPE! MY GOD! HE'S DONE IT!"

As The Masked Dollar hits the floor the crowd erupts.

"You have to be kidding me Jason!"

Lucien can be heard taking off his headset and throwing it down.

"Well, my new broadcast partner is taking this a little hard but in the ring right now, they are handing our new DWF DREA

Champion his belt!" The camera focuses on Talon as he embraces the belt. He then runs to the nearby corner and holds it with one hand high.

"How will this effect things starting next week? Has good triumphed over evil as Travis Williams vows to take over Slaughter and fire Mike Polowy? Find out this time next week, only on HOTv! Good night!"

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The camera zooms in on the new champion proudly holding the belt as we fade to black.

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