

Slaughter: Slaughter XXXVII

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Slaughter XXXVII

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Slaughter XXXVII

17 Feb 2010

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

Introduction

"

Lucienwalker"

The DREAM logo comes across the screen. As a metallic like shine gleams across the logo until it explodes to reveal a HOTv logo. The screen fades and we pan across the screaming fans until we reach the stage. A series of pyrotechnic explosions begin to fire into the air and along side the big screen.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to yet another exciting edition of Wednesday Night Slaughter! I'm your host Jason Whiteside, and along side me again this week is..." "I'll take it from there Jason, you're here with Jason and I, Lucien

Walker, as we come to you live from the

Slaughter House in Orlando, Florida for what is to be a sad night in professional wrestling as Travis Williams has vowed to fire the great Mike

Polowy!" "Speaking of, I think Williams is about to kick off the festivities now!"

The Firing of Mike Polowy

"

mikepolowy"

Cage The Elephants'

"Back Against The Wall" begins to play. Travis Williams and Talon step out from the back as the fans pop. Williams looks across the sea of fans as Talon points a finger out to them. Talon then pats the DWF DREAM Championship on his shoulder before the two begin down the ramp.

"Here comes Travis Williams and the new DWF DREAM Champion." "He is not the DREAM Champion Jason, Mike Polowy should have won that rumble!" "If

I remember correctly, Mike Polowy

wasn't even the second to last in the ring Lucien." "Politics Jason, politics."

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They enter into the ring. Travis is handed a microphone.

"OK Lucien, lets get ready to see if Travis Williams does in fact fire Mike Polowy tonight!" "If he does, I walk!"
"Big loss." "Shut up Jason."

Travis raises the microphone to his mouth.

"Welcome to Wednesday Night Slaughter!"

Massive pop.

"I made a promise and I am a man of honor and respect! So Mark Zylbert and Michael Polowy, make your appearance here tonight!"

The fans pop.

"Travis Williams calling Mark Zylbert and Mike Polowy out, will they come to the ring? We'll find out right after this!"

As we return, Mike Polowy and Mark Zylbert are standing outside the ring. Polowy is mouthing obscenities to the two men in the ring as Travis Williams puts the microphone to his mouth.

"The Rolex is telling me something guys... IT'S TIME TO GET THIS SHIT OVER WITH NOW!"

Mark and Mike walk up the steps and enter in.

"It's goes without saying, business is about to pick up!"

Travis turns and pats talon on the shoulder.

"You see, Talon here did two things last week. Not only did he come out victorious against Mike Polowy..."

Mike steps forward angrily, to be held back by Mark.

"But he was the sole survivor in a massive twenty-five man rumble and is now, the new, DWF DREAM Champion!"

Huge pop.

"As I said earlier, though. I am a man of my word and we have some serious business to attend to."

Travis paces. Polowy snarls. Talon grins. Zylbert stands, expressionless.

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"I told you that if Mike Polowy was disqualified, that his contract would be shredded and his ass would be fired!

HE PUT HIS HANDS ON ME, AND FORCED THIS!

You also know Mark, I get to be General Manager of Slaughter!" Crowd pop.

"HE CROSSED THE LINE MARK, NOW MIKE'S CAREER PAYS THE PRICE" Another pop. Mike turns away and walks over to the ropes, hitting the top one, then leaning on it.

"Hey Polowy... come here boy!"

Mike looks up, turns and runs at Travis, but Mark steps in front of him and does his best to keep Polowy back as Travis leans in.

"JUMP IN LINE! I HEAR THE SOUP KITCHEN IS NOT SO BAD TO EAT AT! YOUR ASS IS TERMINATED!"

Huge pop. Mark is able to have Mike step back and calm down for a moment. He turns to Travis Williams.

"Now, Mark. I am also pleased to let you know, that as of this moment you are officially relieved of your duties as Slaughter general manager."

The crowd goes crazy.

"But don't worry, I'm sure I can find something for you. How about backstage interviewer?"

The crowd begins to laugh as Mark just shakes his head.

"You look like you have something to say Mark."

Mark mouths that he does.

"OK, I am a fair man. Go ahead."

Travis tosses the microphone to Mark, who drops it. He picks it up and raises it.

"That's all fine and dandy Travis. Your little promo that is. You see, while you were running your mouth about the power you now have, and throwing your weight around you failed to get to the important questions. Items that should have been answered before you got ahead of yourself."

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Travis Williams looks confused. Talon leans over and says something to him, he just holds his hand up.

"You have just skipped over the whole part where you haven't cleared any of this with the owner of DREAM."

Travis mouths something about not being able to get a hold of Peters.

"Or about how you have tried to get a hold of William Peters to see why he would ever approve such a high contract for Mike here."

Travis' look of confusion continues.

"Maybe it's because Travis, maybe it's because William Peters is on vacation enjoying his new found fortune. The fortune he came about a month ago when I bought the DWF!"

The insanity of the crowd level is all inspiring.

"You see, thanks to a private investor I was able to not only purchase DREAM, it's library, every contract we have. But also, sign Mike Polowy to his new one making him the highest paid wrestler on the roster!"

Mike's anger seems to almost disappear and turn to a smirk. Travis places his hands on his head, unable to comprehend the magnitude of what he is hearing.

"As owner of the DWF, I never approved of your little match stipulation for Mike and Talon." Travis can be seen screaming What?!

"Yea

Travis, I never approved anything you have done in the last month. How dare you have the audacity to assume that you can come to my show and do whatever you damn well please!" Mike claps.

"You think Mike Polowy is fired and you are the new general manager of Slaughter? Or DREAM? Well, you have another thing coming Travis!

You see, Mike

isn't fired at all. Hell, in the light of all of this

I think it's time to give him a promotion. Meet your new DWF General manager, Mike Polowy!" Travis and Talon both begin freaking out, the crowd begins booing.

"It's

OK Travis, I can find something for you to do.

Don't worry. How's backstage interviewer sound!"

Mark begins to laugh evilly as Travis looks plain disgusted. he and Talon head to the ropes. Once Travis exits the ring, Talon goes to follow.

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"Where you going champ?"

Talon stops, leaning back into the ring.

"You like the fact you have my title?"

Talon holds his belt close.

"I want you to enjoy your reign as champion Talon. Enjoy knowing as you hold the most prestigious title in professional wrestling, that you are making less than Adrien Cochrane."

Talon just looks at the boss.

"What? You think when I told you that the amount your getting rivals our other main eventers I was telling the truth? Talon, you may be champion right now, but you make less then the guy who set this ring up tonight!"

Talon looks as if he is sick to his stomach.

"You are HOSTILITY to the core Talon. You and the rest of the good for nothing garbage I signed when they closed. The HWF is dead, and so will your careers be when I am done with them!"

Talon can be seen yelling It's HOSTILITY not HWF!

"It's whatever I want to call it damn it! They are dead and your career may as well be too! You, Mortimer, and anyone else from that awful place! Get out of my ring!"

Mike charges Talon, yelling like a maniac he said get out! Talon steps through the ropes to the apron, and hops down to the floor. The fans are booing what is going on.

"Go ahead, boo me. Jeer the guy who is sick of the crap going on in DREAM and wants to change it for the better! I'm doing all of this for you! For the fans!"

They boo even louder.

"I refuse to let DREAM become the sinking ship which was the HWF! If you don't like it, why don't you go watch Turmoil. I hear High Octane's programming is directed more towards lower functioning people. The same type of people who used to tune into Violence every... well, whenever they decided to actually air the show."

Heavier boos.

"I feel like we are losing intelligence the more we are out here with you, come on mike. Lets go clear Travis' stuff out of your office."

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Mark tosses the microphone down as he and Mike Polowy leave the ring to a lot of crowd heat. We go to commercial break.

Tex Terror vs Rick Dollar

"

rickdollar" "Tonight

Lucien, Tex Terror and Rick Dollar make their official singles debut on

Slaughter!" "WHO IN THE HELL CARES?" "Come on now Lucien, it is your job to call matches! So just seem like you somewhat care about it!" "I tell you what

Jason Whitehead, I am going to drop a Tex and maybe play with my Ricks! I

ll be back when this snorer is done with!" "HEY YOU CANNOT

Lucien throws down his headset and walks away. As by Clutch plays Tex walks to the ring drinking from his bottle of whiskey. after putting the bottle aside he rolls into the ring under the bottom rope. He goes to the turnbuckle, climbs it and raises his right fist as he stares menacingly at the entrance, waiting for his opponent.

"Well folks, as

Tex awaits Rick, I guess its back to the way things use to be!" " "

Vm4TG56KGZ4" Everybody has a price " begins to play. Rick Dollar steps out and begins down the ramp with confidence. Once he is in the ring, the referee calls for the bell.

DING

"Stare down by both opponents. It

s anybody's move as the crowd intensity soars. Hear we go! Both men rush each other. Tex Terror goes for a clothesline, but misses as Rick Dollar ducks." Tex Terror quickly turns toward Rick Dollar who goes for a big boot. Tex Terror jumps back, a look of surprise on his face.

"It could have been almost over for Tex Terror if Rick Dollar would have connected. Tex Terror now taking his time, studying his opponent."

They lock up. Tex Terror breaks the lock, and quickly delivers a hip toss. Rick Dollar grabs his back in pain as he starts to get to his feet.

"Tex Terror's food meets the gut of Rick Dollar as he was trying to get up. If Tex Terror can keep him down, he may have this one won."

Rick Dollar holds his stomach as he rolls out of the ring.

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

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Tex Terror rushes the ropes as Rick Dollar moves towards the ring. Rick Dollar reaches in under the ropes, sweeping Tex Terror off of his feet.

"Rick Dollar climbs to the apron. Holding onto the top rope, he uses it to lunge himself over, landing with a leg drop, connecting with Tex Terror. The crowd begins to get into the match as Rick Dollar Rick Dollar climbs the nearby turnbuckle.

"Rick Dollar flies. Huge elbow drop off the top rope!"

He makes the cover, hooking the leg.

"Kick out at two and nine tenths!"

Making sure not to be discouraged, Rick Dollar Rick Dollar rises to his feet as Tex Terror uses the ropes to get up himself.

"Rick Dollar waits patiently behind Tex Terror, he looks as if he is about to apply a sleeper hold. Instead he just waits for Tex Terror, waiting to attack."

Tex Terror holds onto the top rope, looking to the crowd as if he knows something is amiss. Tex Terror turns and Rick Dollar lunges forward.

"Tex Terror quickly takes Rick Dollar down with a spine buster. He knew it was coming and was ready."

He covers Rick Dollar and the referee counts. ONE
THREE!

"Kick ou.. NO! The referee is calling for the bell. Tex Terror with a win over Rick Dollar Rick Dollar very early in this match!"

Tex Terror's music hits and he gets up looking around before having his hand raised by the referee.

"Tex Terror pulls off something special here as he gains his first victory here in DREAM!"

We get a few replays of the match. Tex turns in time to see B.R. Ellis slide into the ring.

"It's B.R. Ellis!" "Where did he come from Jason?!" "He must have come out of the crowd!"

Ellis leaps up with a Lou Thez Press, followed by a series of wild punches.

"Ellis hasn't forgotten who eliminated his from the DREAM Rumble!" "I'd hate to be Tex Terror right now. Well, I'd hate to be him in any case, but especially right now!" "B.R. Ellis yanks Terror to his feet, big boot to the mid section of Terror."

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Ellis turns and drops down, with Terror's head in place.

"Lone Star Stunner!"

B.R. pops to his feet cursing and spitting at terror as his music hits.

"B.R. Ellis has made a statement tonight." "I think Terror may reconsider his career after that beating." "No good can come from this." "Natural selection Jason, natural selection."

Don't Shoot the Messenger

"

chrisjamez" The fluorescent lights flicker overhead as The Masked Dollar is seated on a bench, leaning forward to lace up his boots. Yes, for the first time since his debut in DREAM, the DREAM fans are finally seeing the inside of TMD

s locker room.

Products can be seen scattered all over the room. Dirty towels bearing the logo are piled up in the corner of the room. A

Gym Bag lies on the floor next to the door, with a few articles of clothing hanging out due to poor packing skills. Even the lockers lined up behind The Masked Dollar are

The Masked Dollar eventually finishes lacing up his boots, and sits back up. The front of his full body suit remains unzipped, showing off the masked star

s toned pecks and abs. TMD reaches down beside him, and grabs a roll of knuckle tape, and starts to unroll it around his hands and forearms. Suddenly, there is a knock at his door.

"Sorry folks

he calls out to whomever it is, "if you want to purchase any

Products, you

re going to have to wait until after my match. Shouldn

t be too long, as

I don

t suspect it will take much to put that peeknuckle, Chris

Jamez, in his place." For a moment there is silence, so TMD goes back to getting ready. However, no sooner does he start retaping his right hand

there is another knock at the door.

Once again, TMD calls out to whoever it is at his door.

"What did I just say?" he hollers. Again, there is a moment of silence.

This time, TMD just sits there staring at the

door, obviously expecting another knock. And sure enough, a few seconds later there is another knock. This time, it is much louder.

"Listen you asshole!"

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TMD screams at the door as he drops his roll of tape. He launches himself up off the bench and storms over to the door. Breathing heavily with frustration and annoyance, he grabs the handle just as another knock comes.

Like a wild man, TMD rips open the door, and just screams at the man standing in front of him.

"WHAT IN THE HELL DO YOU WANT? I ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT I WOULDN'T BE SELLING ANYTHING UNTIL AFTER MY MATCH!!!" The unsuspecting man flinches as TMD's tirade takes him by surprise. When the masked superstar is finally done screaming at him, the man straightens himself up, and holds out a folded piece of paper for The Masked Dollar to take.

"Geez buddy, you need to lay off the roids!" the man remarks.

"I was just told to deliver this message for you. Ever hear of not shoot the messenger?" The rage in TMD's eyes fades away, leaving them looking rather apologetic.

"Sorry about that, I'm just a little wound up," TMD apologizes.

"Hey, it's no big deal," the man assures him, "It happens all the time. However, you're probably not going to be too happy." TMD replies, "And why is that?"

The man takes a big gulp before speaking. Nervously wiping the sweat from his brow, he answers, "The letter is from Chris Jamez." The Masked Dollar just stands there for a moment, thinking things through.

"And why, exactly, would that make me unhappy?" "Well I just thought that since before the man can even finish his sentence, TMD turns and shuts the door in his face. Back inside the locker room, TMD unfolds the piece of paper, and begins to scan through the note written by Jamez. He mumbles as he reads aloud, taking his time to make sure he doesn't miss anything.

"You believe your own hype
blah blah blah
are a con artist and a shill
blah blah blah
your products are nothing but

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CRAP???" That last comment really gets to TMD, who has a long-standing sense of pride in the products he sells. He wouldn't put his likeness on just anything, you know.

"I'm going to expose you for what you truly are blah blah blah and I'm going to do it by ripping off that stupid Chris Jamez has gone too far, and now things are starting to get personal. And if there is one thing a man doesn't want to do, it is get personal with The Masked Dollar. Shaking with anger, TMD crumples up the piece of paper in his hand and tosses it into a nearby Waste Disposal Bucket.

"And that's not going to be the only piece of trash that gets tossed tonight he says to himself. With that, The Masked Dollar sits back down on the bench, and snatches his roll of tape from the floor. He continues to mumble to himself under his breath as he finishes up his pre-match preparations, with the camera only picking up what he's saying every couple of seconds, which usually ends up being something about kicking Jamez sorry ass. As the mumbling and taping near completion, the cameras fade to black.

Welcome to Dream

"eggbandits" The scene cuts backstage. We pick up with Mr. Cool and Doozer. Both men are out and about, roaming the hallways, chatting it up like the good old days. I believe Cancer is holding a carton of eggs. Looks like the good old days are also about to be revisited, but for who?

"Bro, you got to believe me... had I'd known Talon would wind up being champ, I would have for sure kept the Dream title. Trust me on that one." "Yeah, sure you would have... you COOL bastard. But really, it's no biggie. I'll get my title shot after tonight, and things, before you know it... will be back to normal." "Well not so much normal, we still have to trim the fat per say, and we need to get our hands back on those tag titles. It just doesn't feel like Dream, when the Egg Bandits aren't holding all of the gold. Also, we need to get some cherries wet... Hey... is that Tex Terror?"

No... please no.

"Looks like Text Error."

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Run Tex. Run as fast as you can.

"Hey, Tex! Tex! Over here!"

The new guy to the Dream scene, Texas Toast turns around. Standing about twenty feet away, he spots the reigning, defending, three time, COOL Champion standing with the six time Dream Champion, fellow Egg Bandit, the Dooze. Tex hesitantly walks over to the two, who have unbeknownst to him, plucked eggs from the carton.

"Hey! WOW! The Egg Bandtis! Wheres the rest of ya???"

Cancer in a mellow dramatic tone replies, "Eh... so how has life in Dream been treating you thus far? Have you had any trouble?"

Star struck that the Dooze is taking the time out of his day to see how things are going for a young whipper snapper like himself, T-squared stands, like a deer in the headlights, not saying a word.

"You okay Text? Need an egg?" "Hey, come on now, he's not, THAT impressive..."

Cancer looks over at Doozer, to see what all the fuss is about. The way the neon light catches his face... well Mr. Cool can't help but to be a bit star struck himself.

"What... what is your deal Jiles?"

Finally, a love tap to CJ's shoulder breaks the COOL Champions gaze.

"Uh... nothing... nothing... I.. uh. Fuck it."

Splat. That bastard has gone and done it again. Shock takes over Tegg's face. So does egg yolk. Delayed Splat. Giggles. Tex Terror has had his cherry popped... Bandit style. After fleeing the scene, leaving Tex standing with egg all over his face, the two eggateers stop to catch their breath.

"But really man, why name yourself Text Error? Pretty retarded move, if I Dooze say so myself." "Old man, you hard of hearing? It's Tex Terror... not Text Error." "Mmm... that makes a lot more sense."

A Hero's Destiny Fulfilled

"

talon" The scene opens to the ring from January 20th, with Mike Polowy standing in the middle of the ring cutting a promo on being released out of his DREAM contract.

"Keep watching, folks, cause tonight is going to be filled with NOTHING but old faces and new surpri..."

The fans know the story from here as the video slows and the first minute of "Through the Fire and Flames"

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plays, showcasing Talon walking down to the ring with a grin on his face. We cut to Talon's own promo.

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

In fact, I never thought

I'd be staring you in the face again, at least underneath the roof of the Slaughter House. And yet here I am. Funny how life works out like that sometimes, huh?" As if on cue, the scene cuts to Scrambled Dreams, highlighting the epic match between

Talon and Mike Polowy that served as his real introduction to the fans of DREAM. At the end of the match, Talon pulls Mike to his feet and drags him to the middle of the ring. Mark pulls the headset off and gets up, moving toward the ring. Talon places his arm around Mike's neck, and turns him around, setting him up for an inverted DDT. Mike reaches down, obviously farther than one typically does when held in this position, and grabs Talon's leg. He pulls, causing Talon to lose his footing. Talon loosens up his grip enough for Mike to break out of the hold and fall to the mat, he quickly turns over and grabs Talon's leg, sweeping him back first to the mat.

Mark gets closer and begins yelling. You can faintly make out him saying, Take it home. Mike gets to his feet, pulling Talon's legs up. he steps in, crosses Talon's legs, and turns him over for a Sharpshooter. Immediately the referee calls for the bell. Zylbert is obviously screaming, "Ring the damn bell!"

Everything goes into slow motion as the fans react, as Mike Polowy and Zylbert move their way back, as Talon sits in the ring and seethes with anger. After that, Talon's on screen again, this time from last week just before he marched into battle for the first time that night against Mike Polowy. He has the microphone in his hand.

"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.

"Tonight... I capture my destiny."

And, of course, later that night... The countdown clock begins with the Masked Dollar in the ring with Muru, towards the end of the Rumble for the DREAM Championship.

"The

Masked Dollar using those ropes to pull himself up. Muru runs at him with lightning 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

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"Through the fire and the flames" starts.

"And that man is TALON!"

We see Talon sprinting down to the ring and taking the fight to TMD, giving it his all like he has in every match of his career, refusing to give in, to make the best out of a situation... two matches in one night... Talon gives TMD a spinebuster in slow motion, slamming him against the mat before throwing him over the side! Talon celebrates as the video slows even more, holding his new DREAM Championship high for all to see as his own voice cuts in over the scene.

"Why do you think the Greek gods aren't here anymore? They're not here because heroes rose up and put them down... and that's what's going to happen to you, good sir. You might be Superman, you might be a god... but if you are, than I'm the Batman, the peak in human dedication and perfection... the hero that is going to put you down once and for all and render your existence moot. The Age of Heroes is upon us, Doozer, and you can either follow my lead or get the hell out of my way.

Our destinies are in our own hands, Doozer... and the Wings of Destiny are going to carry you to a place full of

glory, full of remembrance, full of life and enjoyment... but first, it will carry you to the mat, flat on your back, for the One... Two... Three. Get ready, Doozer, because it's my time, and I'm not going anywhere." The screen fades to black as the last image in front of us is Talon celebrating with the DREAM Title.

Debut of Mr.Hardcore

"

kittypurrry" The lights over the arena go out and suddenly "Round and Round" by Ratt hits the p.a. system. A large man steps out from behind the curtain this man is almost seven feet tall with long brown hair wearing ragged clothes. He has his hair flowing in the back but a black bandanna covering the top of his head . He steps out from behind the smoke to reveal it was the man who made his debut from his household just days ago Mr.Hardcore. He has a microphone and a beer in hand.

"Well let me tell you guys first of all boy is it great to be back in the business."

The crowd cheers.

"Now when I first came here I was sitting at home talking to the little old lady and she had mentioned she would like to come down here and compete with the men... Now I don't care for that to much but what am I going to do tell her no..."

Suddenly the lights go out over the arena again and "I'm so Sick" by Flyleaf hits the P.A. system but nobody steps out from behind the curtain after a few seconds the music goes off.

"Ok ok I didn't wanna show off my lady quite yet... Let me tease you fans first."

A video pops up on the monitor and it shows a lady with blond hair walks over behind a black room divider.

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"Now first of all let me introduce myself I am Kitty Purry I am the girlfriend of Mr.Hardcore."

Camera cuts to Mr.Hardcore who still has the microphone in hand.

"Now baby these fans are going to know who you are within a matter of time."

Camera cuts back to Kitty Purry.

"I know, I know. Now it's time we get down to business here in the DWF I can't wait to get down to the ring and show everyone I can kick some ass just as easy as you can."

Camera cuts back to Mr.Hardcore "Now baby I really hope that you can handle yourself but I trust that you will do great."

Camera cuts back to Kitty Purry as Mr.Hardcore rolls out of the ring.

"Now we don't care to come out in the middle of a show and interrupt all the wrestling so we'll let you boys get back to business but first Mr.Hardcore has a present for the fans."

Camera cuts back to the arena where Mr.Hardcore is already in the ring with a blue cooler.

"Now I've went to each and everyone one of the locker rooms and delivered some of the finest smoke you can find on the eastern side of the United States... Now I got this here cooler and it's filled up with some good ole fashioned beer that I'm going to hand out to each and everyone one of you fans....That show proper I.D. that is, I'm not going to jail my first night here in business I haven't even beat anyone up yet..."

Mr.Hardcore grabs the cooler and makes his way to the audience as the show continues.

The Masked Dollar vs. Chris Jamez

"

themedollar" "DIRTY--ROTTEN--FILTHY--STINKING--RICH!"

The crowd screams along with the lyrics, as

Warrant is blasted over the PA system. Green strobe lights begin to flicker and flash as 'The Walking Infomercial' himself, The Masked

Dollar, appears from behind the entrance curtain. TMD stops at the top of the ramp, throws his arms up in the air, and flashes the all-to-familiar 'pay up' hand gesture.

"The second match of the special, three hour Slaughter tonight, features the man at the top of the ramp, TMD, against another impressive new face here in Chris Jamez." "I can

t speak for Whiteside, but after

TMD

s impressive showing at the mini rumble, I would have to say he

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s the favorite between the two relatively new faces here in Dream." "That s right; you can t speak for me, Lucien. I don t get what all of the guffaw is about with this guy. He s a bit full of himself, if you ask me." "Half the reason I didn t ask you, actually." "Oh, good one, Lucien."

TMD marches down to the ring and slides in under the bottom rope. He immediately heads for the corner, ascends the turnbuckles and raises his arms in the air again.

Finally having shown off to an amount of his liking, TMD turns and takes a seat on the top turnbuckle, awaiting the beginning of the match.

"See, that s what I m talking about. He just sits there all smug like Stop obsessing, Whiteside." A single lyric is heard as a throbbing drum solo kicks in while high intensity strobe lights bounce back and forth..... 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.

"Here comes his opponent, suffering a tough loss to Muru for the Slaughter Championship last week, Chris Jamez." "Ohhhh, Jason s new boyyfriend." "Not professional, Lucien not professional." 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.

"This guy s back is not professional!" "Are you going to comment on his back hair every match, Lucien?" "What? Is your boy toy sensitive about it, Whiteside?" "I refuse to flatter you by acknowledging such statements." "Sucks being in the closet, huh?" "Alright, folks, let s enjoy what should be a great singles bout!" 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.

"What s your boyfriend s tattoo even mean, Whiteside?" _DING_ With the ring of the bell, The Masked Dollar charges ferociously at Jamez who, ready for counter, turns TMD s speed against him and puts him down to the ring with a snap fireman

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s carry. TMD springs to his feet as fast as he fell, only to receive a stiff clothesline by Jamez.

"Chris Jamez is off to quite the start of this one. He
s not wasting anytime going after The Masked Dollar." "Don
t get too excited, Whiteside. Don
t want to have to go change your pants in the 1st of a 3 hour show!" Jamez lifts TMD to his feet. He takes his
opponent
s right arm and twists it around, taking it over his head and back down with a sharp yank. TMD
s face squints in pain from yet another yanking overhead arm twist. Jamez takes the arm for another whirl,
then quickly stiffens his free arm and throws it for another clothesline. TMD ducks out of the way just in time,
turns to face Jamez, and delivers a sharp boot to the midsection.

"SNAP Suplex by The Masked Dollar! What a quick, yet powerful maneuver." "It was just a suplex, Lucien."
"Coming from the guy who almost blew it over a clothesline
get real!" By the time TMD gets back to his feet, so is
Jamez. Up in each other
s face, TMD throws a hard right in his opponent
s direction. Jamez swiftly drops to his mat and leg sweeps TMD. He rushes over his fallen opponent and
hurries to get him into an armbar lock.

"Here is where Chris Jamez gets to play to his style of wrestling. He
s known to wear his opponents down with holds like this armbar." "He
s been known to wear you down with holds, too, eh Whiteside?" "Wait a minute, look at Jamez staring at
TMD
s mask like that. You think he
s thinking what I think he
s thinking, Lucien?" "Nice change of subject
whoa, he is starting at The Masked Dollar
s mask like nice pair of, well, ya know
maybe you wouldn
t know, Whiteside."
Continuing to gaze at his opponent
s mask, Jamez unknowingly loosens up the hold enough for TMD to escape. Snapping out of the
trance, Jamez rushes to his feet as TMD gets on his own. The two meet in the middle of the ring and start
exchanging blows left and right. TMD knocks Jamez back a couple steps after landing a real strong closed
hand punch. TMD steps back in his opponent
s face and grabs an arm.

"TMD whips, NO, reversed. Jamez sends TMD into the ropes
The Masked Dollar springboards off the ropes! Double axe handle smash!! Did you see that, Whiteside?!
Jamez just went down, hard!" TMD picks Jamez up by the hair on his head, but
Jamez forces himself back down to the matt and brings TMD with him after an unexpected drop toe hold.
Without hesitation, Jamez grabs onto TMD

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s legs and wraps him up in a figure four leg lock right in the middle of the ring.

"What a quick turn around by Chris Jamez right there. He just took all the momentum away that The Masked Dollar could have built up right there." "You are so biased, Whiteside." "Oh and you are?" "Dollah, dollah bills, Whiteside! Dollah, dollah bills!" "Hopeless

Like before, after applying more and more pressure in the leg lock, Chris Jamez slowly fades away, staring at his opponnet

s mask, slipping back into a trace-like state.

"Whiteside, I think your boyfriend wants another man

we are not an item of any kind! Nor am I an item with any man, thank you very much." "You sound homophobic, Whiteside. Be careful before you get yourself canned." "Ignoring you

Again, letting the obsession over who is behind the mask lead him to lose his concentration; TMD is eventually able to wiggle his way close enough to the ropes to latch on to the bottom one. The referee forces Jamez to break the lock.

"If your boy doesn

t get his act together, Whiteside, this whole man behind the mask thing might cost him the match." Jamez gets to his feet and stares down as TMD, still on the matt holding his right knee. Jamez suddenly pounces down like an eagle swooping for its prey. He goes straight for the mask, doing his best to rip it off TMD s head.

"Wow, what has come over this freak, Whiteside? Does he even realize he s still wrestling?!" "I

m sort of at a loss, to be quite honest, Lucien. I can t believe the lack of focus right now

TMD struggles underneath the crazed Chris Jamez like he was being strangled. With one hand doing its best to push his lunatic opponent away, the other grabs onto the ropes in hopes of official relief. The ref taps Jamez on the shoulder, informing him to step back. Jamez doesn t acknowledge the command whatsoever.

"This nut is going to throw the match over a stupid mask!" "I don t know if it

s as simple as that, Lucien but it sure is what it looks like

Whoa! I think I can see TMD

s chin!! Your boyfriend is going to take the mask off!!! He

s almost got it!!!!" The ref, after the passive method fails with flying colors, attempts to wedge himself between the two competitors. The physical interruption causes Jamez

hand to slip off the mask, which

TMD immediately stretches back into place. In absolutely fury, Chris Jamez throws a right arm back at the ref like he was swatting away a fly. The right connects square on the bent over referee s nose.

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"Chris Jamez just hit the ref in right on the sniffer, folks!" "Instant blood, Whiteside! Look at that! Your boy just drew blood, not from his opponent, but from the ref!"

The ref removes one of the hands over his blood-gushing nose to signal the match disqualification. _DING_DING_DING_ "Well, that sure did it. Chris Jamez just got himself disqualified due to an onset obsession over The Masked Dollar
m not sure what he was thinking, folks, but I can
t imagine he knowingly threw the match just like that. There has to be something more to this
Watch out,
Whiteside, I think he
s looking for a new
man! T-M F
n D with the victory! Whooh!!"
Intensity
"
kenzieblair" "Holy crap, Jason. What the f-"

Dawn McGill, hand in hand with her new husband Generalissimo Tomas, surrounded by several paramilitary guards, walk down the hallway backstage. Behind them is Charlie Blackwell, wearing a hooded sweatshirt and Kenzie Blair, his girlfriend/manager. Charlie looks down at the floor expressionless but focused.

"That's McGill's new husband, Lucien." "The crazy Spanish Dictator who nearly tried to execute Mike Polowy last year?" "That's him."

Blackwell walks by the shot.

"Lucien, is it me or does Blackwell look a little heavier." "He's still scrawny." "I believe he's up to 185 now."
"He's still scrawny."

Generalissimo Tomas pulls a tooth sword from his pants pocket and begins to floss his teeth.

"I don't know anyone else can walk and floss his teeth at the same time like Generalissimo Tomas can."
"That's a great skill, Whiteside. If you have an obsessive compulsive disorder. Look, can we send it backstage before I get grossed out watching some crazy OCD Spanish dictator flossing his teeth. I hear Travis Williams is beginning his new job right as we speak.

"

Backstage Interview

"

traviswilliams"

Backstage, Travis Williams is in his new position of backstage interviewer with a disgust look on his face, but is joined by
Slaughter Television Champion, Muru.

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"Welcome back to Slaughter, I am Travis Williams in my hrm, NEW POSITION, and I am joined by the Slaughter Television Champion Muru. Muru, tonight you take on the insane clown Ozric but before then, six men fight for a shot at the title. Any comments for those 6 men?" He puts the microphone down to Muru.

"Actually I do Travis. As soon as I signed my DREAM contract I have been fighting over this Slaughter title. When I won the belt I actually thought I would be given competition from proven members of the roster. So far that hasn't been the case. This week that changes because these six men are going to have to earn a shot and not just have it given to them."

Travis nods taking the microphone back up to him.

"True so much Muru. However, if you are able to beat Ozric tonight, who would you like to see across that ring from you between those six men?"

Travis puts the microphone back down to Muru's mouth.

"WHEN I beat Ozric tonight I don't really care who it is. I have beaten a couple of them and I would be glad to do it again. This might seem like an odd choice but if forced to choose I would say Adrien Cochrane. Sure we might be Egg Bandits but I don't know the guy all that well and that would be a good chance to get to know him a little better."

Travis pulls back the microphone.

"Okay, one last question for you champ! Any last words for the Clown himself?"

Travis puts back down the microphone one last time.

"I will make this short, when it comes to tonight Ozric Mortimer has no chance. I am in the zone right now and my hot streak isn't going to end tonight. If it does I will dress up like a clown myself. That is how confident I am I will win tonight."

Travis pulls back up the microphone to him again, with a not so happy look on his face.

"Back to you idiots at ringside!"

Uncrowned Once Again

"

psymon" NOTHING REMAINS! We all know what is going to happen next: "Nothing Remains" by Chimaira plays on the PA system, as Psymon, carrying his mallet in his left hand and a microphone in his right, makes his way down to the ring.

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"Here comes
The Monster
Psymon, and after what happened last week on
Slaughter, I
m surprised he
s coming out
here." "What I
m surprised about, Jason, is that he isn
t the DREAM champion. Sure, he used some underhanded trickery, which I enjoy watching, but he got
eliminated by my boy, Mike Polowy. Unfortunately that bastard Talon
who should be used for copyright infringement
stole the DREAM title in the rumble! Hell, why am I praising Psymon for? He stole my Ringside Wrestling
title, and he besmirched the company by leaving for no apparent reason as champion.
If I was still wrestling, I
d be mopping the floor with his classless
ass." Some of the fans are cheering
the majoring are jeering, however
as Psymon enters the ring. He swings his macabre mallet over his shoulder, scans the fans with his slate
blue eyes, and raises the microphone to his lips. He begins to speak.

"I don
t know about you, but I
m looking forward to watch Mike Polowy get his ass fired tonight on Slaughter!" A reasonable pop from the
fans.

"The Monster" pauses for a moment, looks down at his waist, and looks back up. Slate blue eyes scanning
the slaughterhouse fans, he speaks again.

"As you can plainly see, my waist is naked of gold. I wasn
t victorious in the rumble last week, but that won
t fluster me, because I have a title shot at Cancer Jiles
title. But I
m not here to talk about Jiles
not yet anyway, that comes later. What I want to talk about however, is Talon. Talon, you call yourself a
hero.
Kudos to you, I suppose. You
re the DREAM champion. But not for very long. Once I dethrone Cancer Jiles from his
title and restore pride and honor in the middle card
title, I
m coming after you, Talon, and I
m coming to dethrone you, besmirch your title as hero, and stand at the top of the pillar of DREAM as your
DREAM and
You Call It

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A mixed reaction from the fans. Psymon smirks at them, slowly shaking his head.

"I don

t believe the fans can truly fathom of what is going to happen here in DREAM. I came to DREAM to claim my playground, become the master of the sandbox. Talon, you

re in my sandbox, and I

m throwing you out of it." "Nothing Remains" by

Chimaira plays on the PA system. Smirking, Psymon leaves the ring and disappears into the back.

"Wow, strong words by

The Monster

Lucien." "Man, who wants to have a sandbox anyway? The swings is where it

s at on the playground." Jason Whiteside stares mutely at Lucien Walker, and shakes his head.

"Anyway, let

s move on, shall we?"

Maverick Express vs. Grundy Bunch

"

gradybunch" "Jason, haven

t we seen this match several different times? You would think The Maverick Express would stop trying!" "You have to admire the heart of these guys! They are not stopping, and they have talent. Just can they beat The Grady Bunch?"

The lights in the arena dim to a low blue as the opening riffs of

Papa Roach's

"Getting Away With Murder" begins to play as both members of the

Maverick Express appear at the entrance way with smiles on their faces. Somewhere beyond happiness and sadness I need to calculate What creates my own madness And I'm addicted to your punishment And you're the master And I am waiting for disaster The two men then start to make their way down to the ring and when they get halfway there, Locke hits a deadrun to the ring and slides under the bottom rope while Sabin makes his way down to the ring and goes up the steps while Locke makes his way onto one knee while taking a look at the ring. I feel irrational So confrontational To tell the truth I am Getting away with murder It isn't possible To never tell the truth But the reality is I'm getting away with murder (Getting away, Getting away, Getting

away) I drink my drink and I don't even want to I think my thoughts when I don't even need to I never look back cause I don't even want to And I don't need to Because I'm getting away with murder Sabin then enters the ring and throws his right fist into the air as the crowds explode into a massive face pop while Locke gets up onto his feet and starts to do a little shadow boxing as the lights goes back to normal and Sabin removes his jacket and hands it to the ring attendant while the music fades out as both men get ready for their match.

"Lucien, do you think the Maverick Express has what it takes to defeat the Tag Team Champions?" "They have some talent, but not enough to get this job done! They need to eat some carbohydrates and lifts some

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weights!"

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

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

"The Tag Team Champions will be given a set of new Tag Team Championships next week on Slaughter. By what I have heard Lucien, these belts will be something to remember!" "I think just having belts would be GREAT! They are nothing more then an extra name without the GOLD!"

The referee as Jared and Sabin in the ring, as he calls for the bell. DING Jared instantly tags in Terry, as Terry demands to start the match.

"We already have a tag!"

Terry enters the ring and he and Sabin circle the ring, and step into the lockup position, but Terry just slams the toe of his boot into the stomach of Sabin.

"Crafty veteran move by Terry, wouldn't you agree Jason?" "More like underhanded if you ask me!"

Terry throws a clubbing blow over the back of his opponent, sending the smaller Sabin to the canvas on all fours.

"Terry is showing why he is a champion Lucien!" "Look at the brutality of Terry, as he just kicks the ribs of Sabin with no remorse!"

Sabin flips over onto his back, as Terry goes down for a quick cover. ONE Locke comes into the ring, kicking Terry in the back of the head breaking up the pin fall.

"Oh man, Locke just saved his partner there Lucien!" "He only prevented Terry from calling it a night early... He did not stop the Grady's from controlling the contest!"

Terry gets back to his feet, as the referee is forcing Locke out the ring. Terry demands Jared to enter, and he obeys with some doubt in his eyes.

"I think Jared and Terry are two completely different guys here!" "Could be, but if Jared wants to remain a

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champion, he needs to stick with Terry!"

Terry makes a tag sound, as he exits the ring, and Jared grabs up Sabin by the hair. He positions his hands and lifts.

"Jared has him high up in the air!" "Seems like a press slam Jason, but knowing Jared, he will tweak it a bit!"

Jared shoves him up and throws up a knee catching his opponent in the gut.

"That could damage some organs!" "I know, isn't it great!"

Jared just walks around the ring, with a smug look on his face. Not even as much as attempting to capitalize on his opponent's weak state.

"Sabin is getting a free pass!" "WHAT IN THE HELL ARE YOU DOING YOU BIG IDIOT! COVER HIM OR DO SOMETHING!"

Sabin starts to crawl towards his partner ever so slowly. Jared slowly stalks him.

"Is he wanting Locke in the ring?" "Who knows what this big dope is thinking!"

As Sabin starts to reach, Jared grabs him by the hair and lifts him to his feet. With power, Jared shoots him off into the ropes.

"Irish whip by the big man!"

On the return, Jared throws the clothesline.

"THAT IDIOT JUST GOT IT DUCK!"

Sabin hits the ropes again and flings feet first into the left knee of Jared, taking him down.

"He allowed the little man to get a second chance, and it may cost him!" "You are just fill with hatred Lucien!"

Sabin jumps towards his corner, and he tags in Locke.

"TAG!" "WHO CARES!"

Locke springs up to the top rope in the center and flies off. Dropping a leg drop on the back of the neck of Jared.

"Beautiful move by Locke, capitalizing on the massive Jared!"

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Terry steps through the ropes, but is instantly given a flying knee to the jaw for his troubles.

"Oh man, they let the little people get in control!" "Need a tissue there Lucien?" "Screw you Whitehead... You know, I don't mind popping your whitehead right here!"

Jared is on all fours trying to get up, as Locke hits the ropes and flips grabbing the head of Jared and bridging up with it.

"Looks to be some submission!" "Are you blind? Sabin is in now! It's a double team. Jason, you are as big of an idiot as Jared is!"

Sabin hits the ropes and comes sliding in with two feet to the face of Jared. Locke rolls him over as both men pile on him for a cover. ONE... TWO... TH... Jared throws both men off of him at the same time.

"Jared is showing his impressive strength right here Lucien!"

As Jared starts to stand, Locke and Sabin are both meeting him with a double boot to the midsection.

"Yeah, but it does not matter when you are SLOW AS A GRANNY!"

They hook his head for a double suplex. They go to lift him up and over.

"NO! Blocked by Jared!" "This is about the only time his strength will help the stumbling goof!"

Jared lifts both men up and over with a suplex, but all three men are on the canvas.

"This is not a good way to be against the champs!" "Once I agree with you Jason!"

The referee tries to roll Sabin out of the ring, as

Terry pulls off his boot and takes a swing at the unknowingly member of The Maverick Express, Locke.

"He just caught him in the back of the head with the boot!" "Now that is a sign of a true CHAMPION!"

Terry grabs his partner and drags him over Locke and grabs the referee. ONE... TWO... THREE! The bell sounds as the music cues up.

"The damn Tag Team Champions steal another one here on Slaughter!" "Stole? NO! They took what they wanted, and made these two their personal bitc..." "Not so fast Lucien!"

Terry is celebrating in the ring, as Jared starts to stand but seems disappointed in his partner.

"Is there a storm brewing?" "You read way too much into everything Jason. Jared is just blinded by morals. He'll come around!"

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Jared is to his feet, but refuses to hang around with his partner, as he makes a quick escape out the ring. He heads up the ramp, and looks back. Terry is wondering why, but does not give chase.

Backstage Interview

"

traviswilliams"

Backstage, Travis Williams is next to You Call It

Champion, Cancer Jiles.

"Welcome back to Slaughter, this is Travis Williams, and I am joining by the You Call It Champion, well COOL CHAMPION, Cancer

Jiles! Jiles, tonight you have the freak known as Psymon. Any clue how to handle him?" Travis places the microphone down to Cancer Jiles.

"I have a special plan in store for the monster. His Judas ass is going to be punished by my, long, hard....ehhh. Scrap, that.

The monster gets his just due in a short while, Willy. The hand of COOL will be swift and unrelenting. He is going to regret the

day, he stepped into my COOL world... I'm going to egg that fucker, and then dance a jig over his lifeless, traitor body!" Travis puts the microphone back up to him.

"Can you retain tonight Cancer? Or is your reign up ONCE AGAIN!?"

Travis gives a smile, as he holds the microphone down to Cancer.

"Willy, these questions are far too easy... maybe there is hope for you just yet. Let me ask you this, and don't bother answering either. When is the last time Cancer Jiles lost two matches, back to back inside of Dream wrestling ring??? NEVER. It's doesn't happen. So will I retain tonight, yes, I can't imagine it not happening. Dream needs the COOL Champion, now more than ever. I have owned this title since the first I spray painted COOL on it... Judas is a wash... I beat guys like him in my sleep. I'll out wit, out smart, out maneuver, out whatever his lame Mallet wielding ass. No way he wins, no way I ever lose the COOL Title, no way, no how, no more fucking questions, Cancer Jiles, OUT!"

Cancer walks away as Travis takes the microphone back to his mouth.

"Well guys, Cancer seems ready. Back to you Lucien and Jason!"

Adrien Cochrane vs. Casey Pierro-Zabotel

vs.

Bishop Steele vs. Clarence Williams

vs.

Chris Bladez vs. Charlie Blackwell

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"

charlieblackwell" "Welcome back to Slaughter!" "Yeah, what the nerd said!" "Do you always have some sort of insult towards me Lucien?" "You make it so damn easy Jason

So skip the butt hurt emotion and tell these piss ants at home what is next!" "We're going to crown a contender for the Slaughter Television Championship. Six men, elimination style, tag format match.

Pitting Adrien Cochrane, Casey

Pierro-Zabotel,

Bishop Steele, Clarence

Williams, Chris Bladez, and the youngster, Charlie Blackwell!" "I sure hope you are reading the lineup and not recalling this shit off the top of your head. If so, you are really a freaking nerd!"

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

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

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

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

"Isn

t this douche bag some Saints fan?" "Yes

Lucien, Adrien is a proud member of the New Orleans

community!" "And isn

t he apart of the eGG Bastards?" "That would be BANDITS!"

CPZ's theme song "Show Me What You Got" by Powerman 5000 plays over the PA system as the lights in the arena begin to dim. A lone spotlight shines on the entrance ramp as CPZ emerges from the backstage area and throws his arms into the air. He views his surroundings and begins to slowly make his way down the aisle with the lights slowly coming back on as the one spotlight follows him into the ring as he tosses his arms into the air in the middle of the ring with an arrogant smile upon his face.

"I like this kid, he

s a prick and he is not afraid to admit it!" "Of course you do Lucien, and next thing we will hear is that you like Bladez too!" "Hey I do, he

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

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"Bishop Steele, a man who many pegged to become the first ever Slaughter Television Champion!" "Being pegged and actually doing are two different things!" "You are actually right Lucien, but he could get the chance to rewrite history with a win tonight!"

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

"Now that is one big corn fed mother fu

Watch it Lucien! HOTv is not going allow you to say whatever you want! You will end up getting us pulled!"

"And I care why?"

Fireworks go off from the top of the stage. Over the PA system the sound of coins drops and cash registers opening up. by Pink Floyd begins to play.

"Money, get away Get a good job with more pay And you
re O.K. Money, it's a gas Grab that cash with both hands And make a stash New car, caviar, four star
daydream Think I'll buy me a football team. Money get back I'm all right Jack Keep your hands off my stack
Money, it's a hit Don't give me that Do goody good bullshit I'm in the hi-fidelity First class traveling set And I
think I need a Lear jet"

As the guitar and Saxophone start playing more fireworks go off this time starting at the bottom of the ramp and working its way up to where it ends in a huge blast sending gold colored sparks everywhere. The camera zooms in as Chaz Creed and Syd Mason come walking out from the back, Chris Bladez comes walking shortly after. The crowd starts going nuts. Chants of

C4 can be heard throughout the whole arena. Chris Bladez continues to just stand there taking in all the love the crowd is giving him. The guitar and saxophone solo continues playing.

"Money, it's a crime Share it fairly But don't take a slice of my pie"

Chaz Creed and Syd Mason start leading the way towards the ring with Chris Bladez behind them pulling up the crowd.

"Money, so they say Is the root of all evil Today"

Chaz Creed and Syd Mason walk up to the apron and lift up the ropes so Chris Bladez can walk in. Chris walks over the center on the ring. Chaz and Syd are on both sides of him.

"But if you ask for a rise It's no surprise that they're Giving none away Away Away Away Away..."

Chris Bladez raises his arms up and one final blast of fireworks goes off sending even more gold sparks out. The music finally dies down and Chaz and Syd exit the ring.

"There he is, former

DREAM Tag Team Champion and former DREAM Fury Champion, Chris Bladez!" "Do not forget Jason, he

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s the sharpest man alive!" "How can I? He makes sure everyone knows!"

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

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

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

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

"So I'll see you Houston If I ever get out that way I'll see you in Dallas But I won't have long to stay If you're ever out west son And you're feeling like slowin' down I'll see you around Around my hometown..." "The young man who has been very impressive thus far in DREAM and only has a bright future ahead of him!" "This kid needs to eat his Wheaties or something! He is like 6 foot 4 or 5 and weighs like 90 pounds. Hell, when they try to egg him, he is just knocked down by the egg!" "Man, he is only 19 years old. Give the kid some credit, it takes determination to hang in DREAM, and he is doing a great job of it!" "Determination is nothing with skills and power! He has none, so this loser will never see GOLD!"

Charlie Blackwell and Clarence Williams are the two to kick the match off as the referee signals for the belt.

DING

"And that is the sound of the bell!" "Let's get this damn thing over with!"

Blackwell and Williams shake hands, as they pull back and lockup. Clarence pulls Charlie in.

"Headlock by the massive Clarence Williams!"

Blackwell throws in some elbows into the midsection of Williams forcing a break.

"And Clarence is forced to let go!" "Is he just not trying? No way in the hell can Charlie harm Clarence! Look at the freaking size difference!"

Blackwell attempts to shoot Clarence off, but reversed.

"On the return, CLOTHESLINE!" "NOW THAT IS WHAT I AM FREAKING TALKING ABOUT JASON! KILL THE SKINNY GOOFY LOOKING WHITE KID!" "Didn't you steal that from HOR?" "Naw, they copy me!"

Clarence goes for a cover... ONE... TWO... THR...

"And Charlie Blackwell gets a shoulder up!"

Clarence looks at the referee with disbelief in his heart, as he stands back to his feet pulling up Charlie

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Blackwell.

"He could just break his pencil neck!"

Clarence Williams is back to his feet, pulling Charlie Blackwell up with him. He grabs him and lifts him high up over his head.

"Press slam is position!" "This is what I am talking about Jason, Clarence is a massive man. I think he just needs a good manager to get his head into the game!" Clarence walks around, before just pushing him up and walking away as Blackwell lands stomach and face first on the canvas.

"Belly buster!" "You can add chin check to that Whitehead!" "WHITESIDE!"

Williams goes down to cover Blackwell, as the referee is in position. ONE
The referee notices the leg of Charlie on the bottom rope.

"And you keep dragging the youngster down, and he keeps proving you wrong!" "Showing signs of actually having a few matches under his belt.

I am surprised, I consider this kid nothing more than full of hot air!" Clarence looks at the referee wanting to argue the call.

"Focus Williams, you won't win any matches like this!" "If he scares the referee, maybe he will get a better count!"

Clarence Williams is to his feet, as he pulls up Charlie Blackwell by the hair. He shoots Charlie into the corner and he takes off after him.

"Here comes the steamroller!"

Blackwell uses the top ropes and lifts himself up, as Williams goes midsection in the middle turnbuckle and shoulder first into the ring post.

"The upset kid has mounted the top ropes Lucien!" "This is where a rookie can make or break his career, taking way too many risks when he could have the win without the fancy flying moves!"

Charlie Blackwell perches himself on the top rope, as Clarence Williams slowly stumbles out still doubled over.

"He flies!" "THE PUNK NAILS A BULLDOG!"

Blackwell drives Williams

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face into the canvas with a bulldog from the top rope. The rookie slowly crawls over, using the overhauls to pull the big man over to his back.

"The size plays a role here, he needs to get into a cover faster!" "It's like a Chihuahua trying to drag a Pitt Bull!" Charlie finally gets Clarence to his back, as he covers him hooking both legs and locking his hands together. The referee slides into position. ONE THREE! ELIMINATED VIA PIN FALL BY CHARLIE BLACKWELL CLARENCE WILLIAMS!

"Charlie Blackwell finally was able to capitalize on a mistake of Clarence Williams and eliminate him!" "That leaves only five men remaining!"

Casey enters the ring, driving an axe handle into the back of the head and neck of Charlie from behind.

"CPZ shows signs of a true talent Jason! Look at how he did not wait to come in and take him out!"

Charlie stumbles forwards, knocking Bishop Steele off the apron. The referee makes the signal, but CPZ pays no attention. He drives the boot into the stomach of Charlie Blackwell.

"Looks to be a fisherman suplex coming up!" "The egotistical side of Casey is letting him ignore what the referee signaled. And I had money on the Canadian!"

He hooks the head and grabs the leg, and lifts up Blackwell and slams him down. He bridges up, as he awaits the pin.

"He is getting nothing!" "PAY ATTENTION KID! DAMN!"

Bishop slides into the ring and clips CPZ in the back of his knee as he fusses with the referee. Charlie rolls out, as Bishop has the left leg of Casey driving his boot into the back of the knee!

"Steele has picked a body part, and is working on it!"

Bishop pulls the leg attempting to pop the knee out the socket.

"That is true signs of a man who wants to hurt someone I LIKE IT!" Bishop Steele grabs up Zabotel and takes him back into the corner. He takes the left leg and puts it outside the middle rope, and starts to bend it and tweak it.

"Lucien, is this a wise move on Steele's behalf?" "Well Jason, minus the fact it is illegal and could get him disqualified As long as he releases it before the referee gets to five it can potentially destroy an ACL NOW THAT IS WISE!" Steele lets go of the leg, breaking the referee's count.

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He grabs the top rope and starts to throw a boot into the knee. However, Chris Bladez decides to tag himself into the ring.

"I guess Bladez wanted in on the mix!" "No Jason, he sees that CPZ maybe already dealing with a torn ACL, it makes him an easy target!"

Chris drops to the floor and grabs the legs of Casey and pulls him outside the ring.

"This is not Anarchy Rules!" "He is rich, he does not give a rat s ass about the rules!" Chris shoots Casey into the ring steps, causing him to bash his knee directly into them and flipping to the floor over them.

"AMERICANS ARE BETTER! HAAAAHA!"

Chris stalks him, with a sick grin on his face.

"Bladez is a sick man, ever since Psymon cost him the chance at the Slaughter Television Championship!"

Bladez grabs CPZ by the hair and lifts the deadweight up. Chris slams Casey s head into the steps as the Canadian hits the floor.

"Chris is removing the top of the steps!" "I like his thinking! It s truly trying to not only eliminate CPZ, but take him out of wrestling!" Chris Bladez takes the leg of Casey Pierro-Zabotel and sets it on the part of the steps that stayed. As he grabs up the other part, he slams it down.

DING

"OH MY GOD! I think Bladez may have just been disqualified!" "Correction, the referee counted both me out Jason! Did you not hear him counting?"

ELIMINATED VIA COUNT OUT

CHRIS BLADEZ &

CASEY PIERRO-ZABOTEL Adrien piles into the ring as he tries to get the referee to get someone else in. From the side, Bishop Steele shoulder tackles him into the ropes.

"Whoa! Steele is trying to send Adrien into the front row!" "The fans would throw him back!"

Bishop Steele grabs up Adrien and places him on his shoulders in a fireman s carry position. He swings him around Redemption! Redemption!" "Calm down Jason, we heard you! A nice neck breaker like move by Bishop Steele!"

Steele goes down hooking the legs. ONE

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Bishop stands to his feet and dares Charlie to enter the ring. ELIMINATED VIA PIN FALL BY BISHOP STEELE
ADRIEN COCHRANE!

"It
s down to the two final guys. Charlie Blackwell, the youngster with a dream." "And my pick, Bishop Steele, the smooth brotha this side of the Mississippi!"

Charlie enters the ring, taking a few deep breaths. The two men circle the ring and step into the center.

"Collar and elbow tie up" "Bishop Steele has so much more power compared to the rookie. If I was him Jason, I would be channeling Mike Polowy right about now!" Side headlock by Charlie, but he is quickly shot off into the ropes. On the return, both men collide with shoulders, but Charlie lands back first on the canvas.

"When I am right Whitehead, I AM RIGHT!"
Bishop hits the ropes, Charlie rolls over,
Steele with a step over. On the return, Blackwell is to his feet and attempts a hip toss.

"And Lucien, here is another example what you are talking about!"

Steele blocks the hip toss and flips Blackwell with a hard short armed clothesline. On impact with the canvas, Bishop goes down for a cover. ONE
Oh so close!" "This is not horseshoes Jason!" "Charlie Blackwell just got the shoulder up in the nick of time!"

Bishop Steele looks at the referee with disbelief, but does not offer an argument. He grabs up Blackwell, and calls for the end.

"Looks like he is setting him up for the No Remorse Jason!" "That move has NO REMORSE!"

In a pile driver position, Bishop lifts up Charlie, but Blackwell has other plans! He flips up, locking the head, forearm smash to the bridge of the nose, and he flops the over with and cradles the legs.

ONE
THR
"OH MAN! Charlie almost stole another victory from Bishop Steele!" "However, Steele showed that he has learned a lesson from the last time. He did not get beaten by a surprise pin attempt!"

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Blackwell is slow to get to his feet, and as he does, Steele greets him in the chin with a superkick!

"THE LAST CHANCE!" "I bet the kid will need some dental insurance after that one!"

The crowd in the Slaughter House are chanting! NO REMORSE

NO REMORSE

NO REMORSE

Bishop Steele grabs the head of Charlie Blackwell and pulls him back up to his feet. A boot to the midsection.

"Here we go Jason, he is going for it again!" "I do not believe the rookie has anything left in his tank Lucien!"

Steele stuffs the head of Blackwell and flips over, as both men cut a flip, Charlie's head is driven into the canvas in a pile driver like move.

"And that is the FAT LADY SINGING!" "Your wife is singing now Jason?" "It's an expression Lucien!" "And he connects with the No Remorse!"

Bishop rolls over on top of him, as the referee slides into position. ONE THREE! The bell sounds, as Steele's music starts playing throughout the arena.

"There is your new number one contender!" "Correction Jason, I believe that is our next Slaughter Television Champion, NO MATTER WHO WINS TONIGHT!" Bishop Steele gets to his feet, arms high in the air celebrating his win. As we are taken to replays of the Last Chance and No Remorse moves that finished Charlie Blackwell off! ELIMINATED VIA PIN FALL BY BISHOP STEELE CHARLIE BLACKWELL!

Backstage Interview

"

doozer"

After Slaughter returns from a commercial break, Travis Williams is standing backstage with Doozer next to him.

"Welcome back to

Slaughter, I am standing by with Doozer who is set to face DREAM

Champion, Talon. Doozer, anything you would like to say?" He puts the microphone in the face of Doozer, looking for an answer.

"There's not too much I can say, at this point. Talon's a fair enough wrestler. If he hadn't pranced in here from, you know where, and get handed my belt on a golden platter... well, I think I could go as far to say that I might possibly like the guy. I can see a little Bandit in him. Unfortunately, I see some of the other kind of bandit in

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him, too. Plus, he's from, well... you know where. So, tonight, I'm gonna go down to that ring and show Talon exactly what it's like to face a Dream Hall of Famer... one on one." Travis puts the microphone back to his face, with comments awaiting Doozer's answer.

"Handed your belt? Didn't you lose to Cancer Jiles? Do you honestly think you have another reign left in your almost empty tank Doozer?"

He puts the microphone back up to Doozer.

"Lot's of questions. Just as many answers. Remember who you're talking to, jacko. I'm the Man, the Myth, the Legend. I'm The Dooze. How was my tank after coming back from an eight year retirement? I took some tough losses this past month, doesn't mean I'm dead. You're talking to the only five times DREAM Champ in the federation's history. You gonna tell me I can't make it six?"

Doozer shoves the microphone away from him and walks away.

"BACK TO YOU JASON AND LUCIEN!"

Muru vs. Ozric Mortimer

"

murmu" The cameraman is scanning the Slaughterhouse. Finally, the camera swings over to the ring as the bell rings. In the middle of the ring is the ring announcer.

"The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the Slaughter Television title!"

The opening piano chords of "Fossil Genera" by Between the Buried and Me begin to echo against the arena walls while blotchy white spotlights scan across the board, into the rafters, and splatter across the ring. Everything is quiet; everyone stands in a daze of anticipation as the video Tron begins showing a strange sequence of a lone boy standing in a desolate valley painted black and white. Two red balloons float, in full color, beside him as he makes circles with his fingers and places them against his eyes, imaginatively looking through binoculars. The camera zooms in through the circle and deep into the boy's eye as spider nerves against the retina bend and curve to form a prickly . The moves away from the eye as the camera zooms back out to show the same desolate, black and white, valley. The boy has disappeared. As the music hits a point of severity, a splash of blood covers the classic view and shadowed white letters reveal 'Ozric' across the video screen. The house lights change to a burning red and it fills the entire arena. The whiteness of the ring canvas, now a shade of bleak crimson. The faces of the curious in the audience, young and old, now blurred away by the rose matter infestation. A scribbled black smiley face fades in on the video screen, just above the text, and out through the black curtain appears Ozric Mortimer; dressed down in a black and white style get up, complete with a white strait-jacket style long-sleeved shirt with obnoxiously bulgy black buttons lining it down the middle and baggy jester pants. Wearing what looks to be an open white dentist scrub jacket, he slowly walks to the end of the stage and blankly stares out towards the crowd. He then continues to walk down the ramp as the drowning red house lights start to flicker. He reaches the ring, slowly pulls his

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dentist coat off, and continues to blankly stare towards nothingness. A smile suddenly appears as his blank expression turns to a somewhat demonic one as he rubs his hand across his makeup-covered face, smudging it entirely, before sliding into the ring.

"Here comes one of the most disturbing men in professional wrestling, Lucien: Ozric Mortimer." "He's one of the main reasons why

I don't

go to the circus as a kid, Jason. Clowns like Mortimer scare the hell out of me. 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.

"Presenting the eGG Bandits, he hails from

Allen Park, Michigan. Weighing

225 pounds, he is the Slaughter Television champion

MURU!" 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 fans love the newest eGG Bandit, and reigning Slaughter Television champion, Muru!" "What kind of a name is

anyway? It sounds like a Japanese hooker." Muru walks over to the referee, removing the Slaughter Television title belt. He can't

defend himself in time as Ozric Mortimer throws himself at him, throwing multiple fists about the head and face.

"Well,

Jason, Oz is wasting no time in taking out

Muru, and becoming the new Television champion." "What a cowardly attack by Ozric Mortimer! Muru was just giving his belt to the referee, and Ozric took advantage!" "Exactly, Jason.

The Sparrow

wants to be the new TV champ." The referee quickly takes the TV title belt and hands it off to the ring announcer. The ring announcer bolts out of the ring while the Ozric Mortimer

onslaught continues on Muru. The self-proclaimed "Greatest Show on Earth" isn't

looking so great while Oz throws a heavy right hand, sending the Television champion to the mat. Lucien Walker makes the following comment: "If Mortimer keeps this up, he

will gain the TV strap in no time." "Muru is trying to crawl to the ropes and pull himself up, but Ozric Mortimer grabs an ankle and drags him back into the center of the ring."

Oz, still has Muru's

ankle, gets his opponent to a vertical base.

Out of desperation, Muru goes for a

Enzuigiri, but Oz ducks underneath the attack. Mortimer still has Muru

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s ankle in his possession, so he drops down and executes an STF. Instead of a face-lock however, he uses a rear naked choke.

"That
s an
STS by Ozric Mortimer, Lucien. He
s going to choke Muru
out!" "I don
t think he
s going to win that easily, Jason. Mortimer
s a sadomasochist. He
s going to inflict as much pain as possible."
Applying more pressure with the sleeper, Muru
s face turns a bright red. The
referee, in position, raises Muru
s arm up, and lets it drop. It hits limply to the mat.

"That
s one." The referee does the same thing with the same result. But Ozric decides to break the hold.

"That
s a weird thing to do." "Like I said, Jason, he
s going to inflict as much pain as possible." Ozric Mortimer gets to his feet, smirking down at his opponent.
He grabs a handful of Muru
s hair, lifts him to his feet, but somehow, Muru throws a forearm right in Mortimer
s face. The fans cheer, watching their Television champion throw more forearms, breaking free from
Mortimer
s grip. He runs to the ropes, bounces off of them and blasts Mortimer in the face with a flying forearm smash!

"LET
S GO, MU-RU!" CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!) "LET
S GO, MU-RU!" (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!) "LET
S GO, MU-RU!" CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!) "The fans are rallying for the Television champion, as he
goes for the pin fall: Ozric Mortimer powers out before the count of one!" "It
s going to take a lot more than a feeble flying elbow smash to take that demented clown down, Whiteside."
Muru pulls himself up and grabs a handful of Ozric Mortimer
s hair. It appears that Muru is going for some sort of Fireman
s Carry, because Muru just muscled the 6
6", 272-pound clown onto his shoulders. He falls sideways, driving Mortimer
s head into the mat with a Death Valley Driver! After the devastating DVD, he runs to the ropes,
springboards off the middle rope, and executes a Moon Sault! He hooks the far leg and shoots the half!

"ONE! TWO!" "Ozric Mortimer kicks out before three! Muru came close to retaining his Slaughter Television

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title, Lucien." "I almost agreed with you, Jason. Keyword being almost.

Muru looks up at the referee, holding up two fingers on his right hand, and can't believe that he didn't defeat his challenger, Ozric Mortimer. He grabs a handful of Ozric's hair, slaps on a front face-lock. It appears he's going for his "Around the World"

Swinging Neck Breaker, but Oz counters with a Northern Lights Suplex. Ozric kips up to his feet, grabs a handful of Muru's blonde hair, wraps his arms around Muru's waist, pops his hips, and throws Muru over his head with a Belly-to-Belly Suplex.

"Ozric Mortimer uses his size and strength, throwing Muru with that Overhead Belly-to-Belly Suplex." "If he used more power in that Suplex, he would have thrown Muru out of the ring like the trash that he is!"

After landing hard on his back, the Slaughter Television champion arches his back and cries out in pain. Like a shark attracted to blood, Ozric Mortimer stalks his opponent, charging at him and stomps right on Muru's face.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" "God, what a stomp to Muru's face. That was uncalled for." "Nothing's uncalled for when you're a demented clown. He's doing what he has to do to win. I bet Cancer Jiles is berating Muru from the eGG Bandits locker room as we speak." Ozric gets to his feet and grabs Muru by his hair. He whips him into a corner. He gives chase, and sandwiches Muru in the corner with a Clothesline! He then lifts Muru onto the top turnbuckle and slaps the taste out of Muru's mouth.

"That Jason, is the slap heard round the world!" Ozric Mortimer climbs up, lifts Muru to his feet, and wraps his arms around Muru's waist. Trying get balanced on the top rope, Muru throws a forearm, then another, and then another, trying to break free from Mortimer's grip. Since the forearms aren't working, he rakes Ozric's eyes, blinding him. Ozric cries out, lets go of Muru, and starts rubbing his eyes. Muru pushes Oz off the top turnbuckle, but that reaped consequences: Ozric falls onto the canvas, while Muru loses his balance, straddles on the turnbuckle hard, and falls outside onto the thin protective padding.

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"OH MY GOD!" "Muru is going to be singing Soprano after that landing!"

The referee cringes when Muru had his painful landing. He then goes to the end of the ring, looks over his shoulder to check on Ozric Mortimer, who is struggling to regain his eyesight, and begins the dreaded ten-count

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR

Neither one of these men are stirring. "Ozric Mortimer has to get to his feet or he'll lose his opportunity to become the Slaughter Television champ! He can't win via count out!" "SEVEN!

"EIGHT

Ozric Mortimer recovers before nine, slides out of the ring, and goes after his opponent. The referee starts another ten-count while "The Sparrow" gets the Television champion to his feet.

"ONE!"

Ozric Mortimer throws Muru face first into the steel ring post! The fans jeer as Muru bounces off the ring post and lands on the floor, clutching at his face!

"THREE!" "That's the way to inflict pain on Muru, Oz!" "Muru has to be busted wide open!" "SIX!"

Smirking, Ozric Mortimer gets Muru to a vertical base and, sure enough, the Television champion is bleeding profusely from a nasty laceration in his forehead. The challenger throws Muru into the ring.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have ourselves a bleeder! HA-HA!" "Ozric is going to the pin. I hate to say it, but I think we have ourselves a new Television champion." "ONE! TWO! THREE! Kick-out by Muru! He will not be denied!" "WHAT?! This is a conspiracy! THE REF WAS COUNTING TOO SLOW!"

Ozric Mortimer is beside himself, arguing with the referee. Muru, slowly coming to, is wiping blood from his face. He gets to one knee, then the other, and slowly stands up. On wobbly legs, he walks drunkenly over to Ozric, throws a knee in the small of his back, goes for an inverted front face-lock, and hits an Inverted DDT!

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!" "LET'S GO, MU-RU!" CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!) "LET'S GO, MU-RU!" (CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!) "LET'S GO, MU-RU!" CLAP, CLAP, CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!) "Spilt Milk! Muru hit his Spilt Milk Inverted DDT!" "I don't believe it Muru should be six feet under, and he pulls off his stupid Inverted DDT." "This match has taken a lot out of

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him, Lucien, and he isn't able to go for the cover." Muru manages to drape an arm across Ozric Mortimer's chest.

"ONE! TWO! THREE!" "RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!" "Muru retains! Muru retains!" "This is complete and utter B.S., Jason." "Ladies and gentlemen" by Saliva plays on the PA system, and the referee helps Muru to his feet. The ring announcer hands the referee the Slaughter Television title belt to the referee, which the referee hands the belt to Muru, who holds the titles in the air.

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!" "What a great match between these two competitors! Muru successfully defends his Television title for the second time." "All I can say is that Muru was lucky. Ozric Mortimer had his number."

It's the Real Thing

"

kenzieblair"

Sore and tired, Charlie Blackwell trudged down the walk way towards the dressing room. Behind him walked Dawn McGill and Kenzie Blair. Kenzie neatly folds up Charlie's robe as she walks. McGill puts her hand on his shoulder.

"You did good tonight. We didn't quite get there. But you did good." "Hit the showers and then we'll go grab something to eat." "Sounds good."

Dawn and Kenzie split off from him and go a different way leaving him to continue to plod along. He passes by a young child drinking a Coke from a bottle in the hall.

"Wow! Are you Charlie Blackwell?"

Charlie stops and turns. He sees the boy and nods.

"Cool! Are you okay? I thought you had Bishop Steele there for a second." "I'm fine...tough night, kid. Tough night."

Charlie begins to walk away towards the dressing room.

"Hey mister."

Charlie stops again and sighs.

"Want my Coke?"

The boy's innocent look hooks Charlie.

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"Sure, kid."

Charlie goes over and chugs down the kid's Coke. Then he begins to head back to the dressing room. Charlie stops and turns back to the kid who himself began to go back to his seat.

"Hey, kid."

The boy stops and turns around, eyes lit up in anticipation. Charlie grabs at his shoulder to throw him his robe...except that Kenzie has it and is no where to be found.

"A of a..."

He shakes his head and motions the kid towards him.

"Come on...this way."

Charlie then takes the boy to the nearest concession stand and buys him a Charlie Blackwell T-shirt.

Motives of the Monster

"

psymon"

PREVIOUSLY RECORDED

A member from DREAM sat down with "The Monster"

Psymon, at DREAM Headquarters in Texas. The reporting analyst, a female, was dressed in blue jeans, a nice blouse, and high heel pumps. She was slim and slender, with flowing auburn hair with brown eyes. Psymon was dressed in his normal attire: a LATHAM hooded sweatshirt, black baggy pants, and boots. To his left is his mallet, Jack. He had a casual, relaxed aura about him, "Thank you for sitting down with me for his interview, Mr. Creed." "You're welcome. You can call me by my stage name or my real name, it's the same thing." Psymon flashed the young reporter a crooked smile.

"Last week, you interfered in Cancer Jiles' match against Cobra for the WWA title. What were your motives exactly? Were you out there simply to play mind games, or were you out there to screw Jiles out of the WWA title?" "Well, Ms. Patterson, I came to scout Cancer, and for him to make a choice." Monica looked at "The Monster" quizzically.

"I'm not sure I follow you." "It's evident, Ms. Patterson, that you're not the most intelligent woman I

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ve sat down with in my thirteen years in this wrestling business. And it
s evident that you
re new to the wrestling business, so I
ll simplistically break this down for you. Scouting is to studying someone, perhaps to bring them into your
camp. I
m sure you
ve heard of scouting camps for other professional sports, like baseball, basketball, football and the like. My
scouting, however is the polar opposite. I want to scout Cancer so I can follow his nuances in the ring, his
ring psychology, what have you.

"Now for my explaining
Cancer and of his choice making. To answer your question, Ms.
Patterson, yes, I came out there to play mind games with him. And I also came out there to have him make a
choice: become engrossed in his next fixation, or win the WWA title. He made his choice, and I took away his
chance to become WWA champion." "Aren
t you worried about the ramifications that you put yourself in?
Cancer Jiles is the leader of the eGG Bandits. He was completely disgruntled over his loss against Cobra
because of you. And a disgruntled Cancer is a dangerous Cancer. Since this match is under COOL rules, I
wouldn
t put it passed him to unleash his eGG Bandit brethren and beat you up in the middle of the
ring." "The Monster" simply chuckled.

"You see, Ms. Patterson, that
s what separates me from Cancer Jiles and his eGG Bandits: his temper, his abuse toward his
eGG Bandit brethren
as you called them, and my malignant intelligence. He may have strength in numbers, but
I have a sadistic mind, Ms. Patterson. I don
t see Cancer walking out of the Slaughterhouse with his beloved COOL
title." Psymon paused for a moment, and smiled, as if a thought just came to mind.

"Cancer Jiles should be thanking me for what I did to him."

Monica Patterson arched an eyebrow.

"Why do you say that?" "I did him a favor. If he won the WWA title, who
s to say that he wouldn
t vacate that title? Like I said before, he fancies himself as second best, as per my Twitter account, and he
isn
t worry of being a world champion. If he wants to be known as the COOL champion, more power to him. He
can remain second best, remain at the top of Middle Card Mountain, but I
m going to take great pleasure in taking his title away from him." "You just said he should remain the COOL
champion, and yet you want to take his title away from him? I don
t get it." "What

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s there not to get, Ms. Patterson? My taking his COOL title away from him will break him. He
s lost the
You Call It
title two other times during his tenure in DREAM, and losing the title for the third time, I believe, is going to
break him. I imagine after his loss against Cobra that he cried himself to sleep, cradling the COOL title to his
bosom, and citing the mantra that he
s COOL and Psymon won
t take his title away from him. He
ll be NOTHING without that title and, when
I take his title away from him, Cancer Jiles will no longer exist. He
ll be gone from
DREAM, and DREAM can breathe a sigh of relief without his juvenile shenanigans cluttering up DREAM on
a weekly basis." "You seem to have a hatred for Cancer Jiles." "I don
t hate
Cancer Jiles, Ms. Patterson. I respect Cancer Jiles the man.
However, I don
t like Cancer Jiles. His moniker of being cool is going to come to an end. One way or another." He picked up
his mallet, got up, and left DREAM Headquarters.

Cancer Jiles vs. Psymon

"

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

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

I shout these words to those who never listened, I pen this letter with the utmost conviction. It
s been dark in
here, cold and relentless, it
s been too long, and I can no longer fight this. Too late to change my mind. Nothing Remains I
ve silenced the pain. Psymon walks off the ramp and slides into the ring. He gets into the middle of the ring,
raising his mallet in the air, as flaming pyro explode from all corners of the ring. All these years passed, no
one heard true feelings, you continued to act like you knew me. Did you ever stop to think that I
d be able to look in your eyes and say that I
m stable? Too late to change my mind Nothing Remains I
ve silenced the pain. Psymon removes his hooded trench coat, tosses it over the top rope, along with his
mallet. He then sits down in one of corners, staring at his opponent, or staring off into space, waiting for his

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opponent. Delroy Wilson's reggae version of 'Cool Operator' hits the PA system, signaling the start of something... COOL. Ring Announcer: Coming to the ring, from Philadelphia Pennsylvania, standing six feet and one and half inches tall.... Weighing in at a Cool, 225 pounds. The one... the only... Mr. Cool!!!! Cannnnnnnnncerrrr JILES!!!!!!! The chorus of boos raining down the from the Dream faithful, as Mr. Cool struts his COOL ass down to the ring is deafening. The O-G of COOL playfully taunts the crazed fans, who have come to develop a fine love to hate you type of relationship with the self proclaimed, Cool superstar. Upon arrival, Mr. Cool slide under the bottom rope, then ascends the turnbuckles for a little show and tell. He reciprocates the fans appreciation of him, flipping them off a couple of times before throwing his customary pair of Cool shades into the audience. Mr. Cool then finds his final resting place; a seat atop the third turnbuckle. The heir of all things COOL stays perched there, awaiting the bell. As both men stretch, the bell sounds.

"We're under way, what a title match this will be!" "You're right Jason. Jiles is looking to extract revenge after Psymon caused his loss to Cobra for the World title last week. Psymon is looking to dethrone Jiles of his belt."

Psymon challenges Cancer Jiles to a test of strength.

"Jiles reluctant, but accepts the challenger's offer." "As a champion, Cancer needs to step it up and prove he is better no matter what the situation calls for. Even here."

As they grasp hands, both men begin pushing. Psymon begins to overpower Jiles.

"Psymon gaining control, wait, no... now Cancer putting all he has into it."

Psymon begins to lean back as Cancer takes the lead. Suddenly, Psymon breaks the lock up with a boot to Cancer's stomach, followed by a rising knee to his face. The fans begin to boo as Jiles hits the mat.

"Psymon taking the low road, catching the champion off guard." "There is no low road in a match with no rules Jason. Psymon wants what Cancer has and will do what it takes to get it."

He bends down and grabs Cancer's head, pulling him to his feet.

"Psymon forces Jiles into the corner. He raises back, big chop. Another." "Mean chops by the Monster."

Psymon grabs the top rope for leverage.

"Furious stomps by Psymon to the champion." "He is showing that he has what it takes to be number one in DREAM!"

Cancer falls to a sitting position as Psymon continues to stomp.

"Psymon defiantly wanting to make a statement tonight as he goes for the 'You Call It' Championship."

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Psymon yanks Cancer up with force, grabs his left arm, and sends him so hard across the ring that he falls to the mat as Cancer bounces off the ropes with authority. Psymon lunges up with a clothesline that seems to have been meant to take Cancer's head straight off.

"My lord what a clothesline by Psymon!" "His arsenal is full of a variety of moves, each more deadly than the next." "We have to take a short break, we'll be right back after this."

"Welcome back folks.

During the break, Cancer Jiles was able to counter an assault led by Psymon, sending him flying outside the ring." "Since exiting the ring, Cancer Jiles has been back on top here, controlling the match." "He sure has Lucien. Jiles not bringing Psymon over here near us!"

Holding the back of his opponent's head, Cancer directs Psymon to the nearby announcers table.

"Whoa! Both men are right here."

Jason Whiteside and Lucien Walker get up and moves back as Cancer slams Psymon's head into the table. He turns him around and delivers several shots to the side of the head before rolling Psymon up on the table.

"Come on guys, not our table!" "The new GM is going to fine you Jiles!"

Cancer moves up on top of the table, and picks Psymon up. He places his head in a DDT hold, and throws one arm out before hitting the actual DDT. The entire table collapses.

"DDT THROUGH OUR TABLE!"

The fans pops.

"I can't believe the carnage of this match. These men are putting their lives on the line tonight." "That's the COOL rules. I'm interested in seeing Psymon's take on the 'You Call It' title if he wins tonight!"

Cancer rolls over and is able to get to his feet.

"Somehow, Cancer Jiles is able to still stand as he walks over to the fallen Psymon."

As Cancer bends down to grab Psymon's head, Psymon shoots his hand up and jabs Jiles in the eyes.

"Vicious eye poke by Psymon"

As Cancer stumbles back, holding his eyes, Psymon slowly turns over and begins to push himself up. He falls over, catching the barrier, then uses it to stand completely up.

"Psymon to his feet now."

He stumbles a few feet forward. Cancer is able to regain his vision and rushes Psymon. Psymon shoots

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forward, and in one motion grabs the 'You Call It' belt from the time keeper's table, swings around and lunges forward smashing the title into Cancer's face.

"Jiles laid out with his own title!" "It may soon be Psymon's title, he's just getting used to how it feels!"

Jiles is twist all away around and falls forward to the floor. Psymon stares at the gold before dropping it to the floor.

"Psymon dreaming of what it could be like if he takes that belt home tonight!"

Psymon heads over and lifts Cancer to his feet, then directs him to the steps where he slams Cancer's face on the top. As Cancer pops up, he turns only to get a forearm to the side of the head.

"It has been back and forward so far as these two fight for the 'You Call It' Championship! There are no rules to this match, however, pin falls and submissions can only be counted inside the ring. If they want to win this match, someone will need to get their opponent back in the squared circle!"

Psymon grabs Cancer's arm and whips him up the ramp. About twenty feet away his momentum slows and Cancer falls face first but is able to cushion the fall into a roll and back up to his feet. However, when he gathers himself and turns, Psymon meets him with a clothesline.

"Psymon wants the belt, but as I said, he needs to be heading in the opposite direction!" "Why? Do as much damage as possible, then drag Cancer back to the ring and secure the win! That's how I'd do it, that's how Psymon is doing it."

Psymon grabs Cancer by the head, lifting him to his feet.

"Big right from Psymon, followed by another!"

The fans begin to boo, until Cancer throws his arm up to block Psymon's next punch attempt.

"Countered! Cancer Jiles now returning the favor!"

Cancer gives Psymon his own lefts and rights, forcing Psymon backwards up the ramp and onto the stage.

"Jiles grabs Psymon's arm, whips him!"

Psymon slams into the metal beam holding the big screen up. As his stumbles back, Cancer runs towards him.

"Quick drop kick to the back of Psymon on top of the stage!" "We need to check him for performance enhancement drugs! How can he do that after the beating he has taken!"

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The fans pop. Cancer whistles to the back and waves for someone to come on. From the back comes Doozer, Adrien

Cochrane, Muru, and 'Beautiful' Bobby Dean.

"Look Lucien, the entire eGG Bandit clan!" "All here in DREAM!" "It looks like it!"

The other eGG Bandits each grab a limb and lift Psymon, carrying him down the ramp toward the ring as Cancer follows behind. Half-way down he begins to struggle.

"Psymon now struggling. Can he break free?" "Even if he does, there are five of them and only one of him!"

Cancer jets past the Bandits and slides into the ring. Right before the eGG Bandits can roll Psymon in, he is able to break free and drops to the floor.

"Psymon up quick. He's fighting for his life now!" "No, he's fighting for the gold!" "Right to the head of Doozer. One to Bobby Dean!"

As he turns Adrien Cochrane puts a swift kick into his gut. Muru runs, leaps up, and drops a leg across the back of Psymon, dropping him to the floor.

"Psymon stopped Cancer from becoming the World Champion, now the eGG bandits are stopping Psymon from becoming the 'You Call It' Champion!"

They pick him up and roll him into the ring where Cancer is waiting. he begins to stomp his foot. With each stomp the fans growing louder.

"They want it Lucien." "It looks like they may get it too!"

Psymon crawls over, and grabs the ropes.

"Using the ropes, Psymon pulls himself up." "He has a hell of a surprise waiting behind him!"

Psymon turns and Cancer strikes.

"TERMINAL CANC.... NO!"

As Jiles goes for the super kick, Psymon side steps and grabs up under his leg. He lifts Cancer up and over the top

rope, where he crashes into the group of eGG Bandits below. Psymon falls to his knees as the outside floor is covered with scrambled Bandits.

"What a counter by Psymon!" "That may be what he needs to win this match Jason!"

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Psymon backs up to the ropes, and uses them to pull himself up again. By this time, Cancer has used the apron to get up to his feet.

"Jiles reaches in under the bottom rope, yanking back on Psymon's feet. Face plant!"

As Psymon hits the mat face first, Cancer leaps up to the apron. He grabs onto the top rope and uses it to lunge his self over. he stomps his foot again.

"Cancer Jiles wanting to go for that Terminal Cancer again." "They way he can just get back up. We seriously need to test him!"

Psymon crawls a few feet and begins to get up. As he turns Cancer jumps forward with a super kick that connects.

"TERMINAL CANCER!"

Cancer quickly covers Psymon. As the referee counts, the eGG Bandits slide into the ring.

"Three! Cancer Jiles retains!" "Will his streak ever end? Seriously, will it? It's starting to get annoying!"

The eGG Bandits, minus Adrien, begin stomping a downed Psymon.

"Is this called for Jason? Really? These guys are your heroes?!" "Lucien they are paying Psymon back for creating havok during the World Title match last week! Cancer should have beaten Cobra!" "Shoulda, coulda, woulda. He didn't. Point blank!"

As Cancer's music hits he is handed his belt. The Bandits stop their beat down and lift Jiles up on their shoulders.

"The eGG Bandits continue to be the most dominate force in DREAM." "But for how long Jason? For how long?"

Backstage Interview

"

talon" "Travis here, and I am joined by the DREAM Champion, Talon! Talon, earlier tonight we both were screwed by Polowy and Zybalt. Does this effect your match tonight with Doozer?"

Talon shakes Travis' hand.

"Two words for ya, T-Willy old buddy... it doesn't. I'm gonna march in there and do what I do best... win wrestling matches and prove that I'm the top dog in DREAM. Doozer, man, Doozer's a legend... but my star's been rising ever since I set foot in the sVo. And here, tonight... tonight is where you see, once and for all, what I'm really capable of."

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Talon brushes his hair from his eyes smiling.

"Who is getting booed tonight and who will be getting cheered?"

Talon gives a look of wonder.

"I'll tell ya what, mano... nobody's getting booed. There's enough respect between Talon and Doozer to go around, and the fan's can decide for themselves who they cheer for louder. If Polowy tries to go out there and do what he does best... HE'S the one getting booed. It's our time, not his. See ya after the match."

Talon nods and walks off.

"Well Jason and Lucien, back to you two!"

Talon vs. Doozer

"

doozer" "Well now, we've got a match here tonight that the fans never thought they'd see, that's for sure!" "Yeah, the bore versus the snore. I can't believe our new General Manager is letting this match go ahead as scheduled." "For once, I agree with you. I can't believe he's just GIVING away a pay-per-view main event like this!"

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

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

"Gotta love the determination in the eyes of the former World Champion. You know he's gotta want that strap back, and this is his golden ticket."

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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.

"And here comes the champion!

Look at the fire in that man, Alex

Rockridge!" "You calling him a flamer? Cause that's what it sounded like to me." "Oh, come on-- I wasn't-- shut up."

Inside the ring, the two championship caliber competitors circle the outer edges of the ring, eyes locked like the world's most important staring contest. The bell rings, and this one is officially underway. Right off the bat, the DWF Champion charges in towards Doozer, trying for a big clothesline to even the size advantage. The Dooze is ahead of the game, though, and craftily grabs a hold of the ropes, sliding down to his knees. Talon can't stop his momentum, and goes careening over the ropes and to the outside concrete!

"Smart defense by Doozer there, sending Talon to the outside." "If he'd done that last week during the Rumble, he might be the champion tonight." "Well remember, if Doozer wins this match tonight, he'll get himself another chance to take it back!"

On the outside, Talon is visibly hurting early in the match. He rolls toward the guardrail, slowly but with determination, and grabs a hold of the steel bars in an attempt to pull himself to his feet. The fans slap him on the back and head, cheering him on.

Inside the ring, Doozer stares daggers into the back of Rockridge's head, waiting for him to recover.

"Doozer could be wasting valuable time not persuing Talon outside of the ring, right now." "I feel like this match is wasting all of my valuable time."

Talon shakes the cobwebs out, steadying his stance before moving back towards the ring apron. Carefully, he slides back in under the ropes and hops to his feet. He begins to circle the ring again, with Doozer keeping a strong eye out. Both men charge inside for the test of strength, but Talon is easily outmatched by the larger and much less battered Doozer. The Dooze pushes Talon backward into the ropes, waiting for the bounce back before grabbing a hold of Talon's midsection with both hands, locking them around and tossing him backwards with a deadly looking belly to back suplex!

"OH MAN! Talon is down again, after a huge impact suplex from the former world champion." "Is he dead? Is it too soon for a luger joke?" "You're a monster. And speaking of monsters, it looks like Talon is getting back up quickly after that high impact move. There's no stopping the DWF Champion."

Talon pushes himself to his feet, a sneer coming over his usually collected face as he motions for Dooze to

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"Come get it."

Doozer is happy to oblige, coming at the champion with a hard right hand. Talon counters, though, and returns with a big left hand of his own! The two begin to exchange punches, as the crowd rallies behind the brawl going on in the ring. The referee steps in to look for the closed fist, but thinks twice and keeps his distance, not wanting to be caught in the exchange. Doozer begins to get the better of the bar brawling atmosphere, getting Talon reeling with a few big punches. He readies a haymaker, telegraphing the punch a bit, but Talon sidesteps the right hand, using the ropes for leverage as he charges into the Dooze with a HUGE flying clothesline!

"Alex Rockridge now looking to get some momentum of his own, taking the big man off his feet with a Laundry Line! That's a DREAM first." "Oh man, Doozer goes down harder than this week's WWA stock!"

Talon doesn't waste a second, rolling up to his feet and immediately getting his hands on Doozer, grabbing a hold of his dominant arm and locking on a tight armbar. Doozer grimaces from the pain, still a tad disoriented, as Talon struggles to lock his legs around the arm as well.

"Smart move here from Talon, keeping the size advantage to a minimum by keeping The Dooze grounded. If he locks this in, it could be over early." "I'm still not sure who to cheer for here. Doozer's beaten MPlow clean a few times, while Talon's only got a technicality win over the General Manager." "What bearing does that have over anything?" "Well it's only a matter of time before he goes after that title again. So I'm cheering for the guy he's most likely to beat. GO TALON!"

Talon pulls back harder on Doozer's arm, flipping his legs up around the shoulder. Dooze fights hard against the armbar, but it seems to be too late! Talon locks it in! The look on Doozer's face immediately moves from pain to agony, as Talon twists and pulls at that right arm. The referee leans in to check for the submission, but Doozer shakes his head no. He's not ready to give in just yet. The crowd starts to get behind the DREAM original, a hard "LET'S GO DOOZER!" chant and clap getting started within the arena.

Feeding off the fans, Doozer starts to fight against the hold, straining under the pressure of the arm and leg lock. Talon fights to keep it locked in, but Doozer begins to get the advantage, beginning to actually sit up, and then stand!

"My God! Look at the strength of that man! Look at the power of these DREAM fans!" "HOLD ON TALON! HOLD ON FOR DEAR LIFE!"

A smile comes over the face of The Dooze, who turns and looks at Talon as if to say "What now, bitch?"

Talon forces all of his weight into the armbar, trying to pull Doozer back to the mat, but with one fell swoop Doozer swings the champion around, turning the armbar around into a devastating powerbomb, in the center of the ring! The fans in the arena can't believe it, and a vicious "HOLY SHIT!" chant replaces the previous cheering.

"Vintage Doozer there, with a high impact--" "Vintage?"

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Don't go there. GET UP TALON, BEAT

HIM! SCRATCH HIM! BITE HIM! DOOOO SOMETHIIIIING!" Talon is sprawled out on the mat, arms splayed out wide. He looks to be pretty out of it, and Doozer takes the opportunity to drop down and make the cover. One... two... NO!

Somehow, Talon manages to get an arm

up, almost despite himself. Doozer slams a hand down on the mat, standing up in frustration. He grabs hold of his own right arm, trying to work out the obvious aggravation from that extended armbar. Talon slowly rolls onto his side, protecting from another pin attempt as he gets to his knees.

"Incredible intensity in this match, folks. What a near fall, early in this amazing contest." "Doozer's holding the arm, though. He's hurt. And old. Don't forget old."

Doozer shakes off the pain for the moment, shooting and and grabbing a hold of

Talon as he attempts to get to his feet. Getting a grip on Talon's head, Doozer tucks it firmly under his arm, dropping backward and nailing a hard DDT in the center of the ring, keeping Talon away from the ropes. He drops again for the cover. One... two... kickout! The Dooze wastes no time with frustration this time, dragging Talon's groggy frame up off of the mat and picking him up to his feet. Doozer launches him forward with an irish whip, sending Talon into the ropes hard. The former champ takes a three point stance, ready for the big takedown, but Talon shakes out the cobwebs in time.

"Big leapfrog over Doozer there, out of nowhere!"

Talon launches off the opposite ropes, taking down The Dooze with a desperation bulldog. Both men are sent crashing down to the mat, as Talon crawls toward the ropes to try and reset the momentum on this one. Doozer quickly climbs back to his knees, and then to his feet, surprised at the quick counter. Back to square one, the men begin to circle the ring once again, like intensely intimidating deer. "Both men slowing down the pace now, not wanting to lose the advantage." "Come on, do something here. This isn't a circling contest."

Doozer backpeddles, rebounding off the ropes and heading in toward his opponent with a fierce intensity. Talon is ready for the attack, however, and dips low to pick Doozer up, hitting a big powerslam! Both men tumble into the ropes, landing awkwardly into the turnbuckle. The referee ducks in and checks on both men, neither of which seem to be doing so well. The referee begins to make the ten count. One... Two... Three.... Four.... Talon begins to stir first, rolling over and reaching for the ropes. Five... Six.... Doozer pushes himself to his knees now, still holding that possibly injured right arm. Seven... Eight.... Talon is the first to his feet, but barely as Doozer leans on the ropes to pull himself up. Talon senses the advantage, and begins throwing out half strength right hands to the back and side of his opponent.

"It might not look like much, folks, but these men don't have a lot left in the tank." "Doozer's old, and Talon came here from Hostility. I'd say those tanks started out running on fumes."

Talon's offense is soon matched by The Almighty Dooze, who begins coming back with big lefts. The intensity of the punches increase as both men get their bearings, and soon we've got an all out brawl going in the corner once again! The fans are out of their seats, as flashbulbs go off throughout the arena. Doozer hits

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a solid left hand, followed by a solid right hand that sends Talon to the mat. Talon is right back up, though, and the exchange continues. Left, right, down. Left, right, down. The match begins to look like the Konami code, until finally Talon blocks a big punch, countering with a few of his own! Doozer is reeling on his feet, falling back against the ropes like a boxer in danger. Talon follows up the big punches with a boot to the stomach, sending Doozer doubling over in pain. Talon takes a few stutter steps backwards, a grin coming over his face as he shuffles forward.... and hits his signature superkick! THE CLAWS OF FATE! The impact sends Doozer rolling over the ropes and down to the floor, practically dead to the world. For the second time tonight, the crowd's chants of "HOLY SHIT!" can be heard thundering throughout the Slaughterhouse.

"Talon hits the Claws of Fate, but the impact sent Doozer over the top. Otherwise, this one might have been over." "That's my boy! Now get him inside and pin him!"

Talon doesn't wait for The Dooze to collect himself, and instead comes barraging off the ropes.

"This isn't much like Talon at all, this could be risky."

Rockridge vaults himself over the ropes, coming down on top of Doozer with a HUGE elbow drop to the outside! The fans in the arena can't believe it, as Talon is giving absolutely everything he's got to put this one in the bag. He collapses on top of Doozer, the steam in his engine running practically dry after such a big move.

Rolling off The Dooze, Talon begins pulling himself up onto the stairs, while there are still no signs of real movement from the Dooze. Inside the ring, the referee begins his count out. One... Talon gets to his feet, looking between the ring and his opponent to decide how exactly to play this one.

Doozer begins to stir. Two... Making a decision, Talon begins to pick Doozer up off the floor. Doozer attempts to struggle against it, but to little avail. Talon takes the big man to his feet, going for a head slam on the apron. Three.... Doozer manages to muster a little extra spunk, putting his hands down on the apron and counting the DWF Champion. He throws a hard elbow into the ribs of his face painted opponent, which doubles him over in pain. Four... Doozer takes over on the offensive, finding his second wind. Grabbing a hold of Talon's hair, he tosses him effortlessly into the guardrail, the crash echoing throughout the Slaughterhouse. Five....

"If Doozer isn't careful, he could be looking at a double countout here."

A few hard stomps keep Talon in a heap on the floor, as The Dooze continues the relentless assault. He grabs a hold of the guardrail with two hands, leveraging himself into being able to stomp the mudholes into his opponent just a little harder.

Six.... Aware of the count, Doozer picks Talon up off the ground, walking him to the apron and rolling him into the ring. He quickly follows suit. The referee ends his count. Doozer takes a moment to collect himself, as Talon struggles to get to his knees. Suddenly, there is a ruckus near the entrance way, as new Slaughter General Manager MPlow steps through the curtain! He walks slowly down the ramp toward the ring, as Doozer stares on with a strange look on his face. As he gets to ringside, he orders the referee to check on Talon, and as the referee complies he calls Doozer over near

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him. Polowy appears to slip something into Doozer's open hands, before taking a big step back and bailing back up the ramp!

"There's the action!

POLOWY'S HERE, AND BUSINESS JUST PICKED THE HELL

UP!" "What's that he handed to Doozer? This isn't the Dooze we know..."

Doozer slips the object, a pair of brass knuckles, onto his hand, as Talon gets to his feet. Doozer is primed to take a swing, but suddenly, something stops him.

"Sorry MPlow", he says out loud, as he slips the knuckles back off and tosses them to ringside.

"Doozer refusing to be compromised!" "He just lost his chance to regain the title right there!"

Talon comes forward at Doozer who stomps him with a heel stomp.

"The Dooze!"

He grabs Talon, and with a double under hook he lifts.

"The Abuser!" "How?!" "He didn't need help from Polowy!"

Doozer covers Talon and the referee counts.

"If he gets it, Doozer will get a title shot!"

The referee's hand hits three and the bell sounds.

"Doozer just ended his losing streak and defeated the DWF DREAM Champion!" "If you are going to end a losing streak, that's a hell of a way to do it Jason!"

Doozer gets up, he runs to the nearby corner and up, posing for the cameras as they flash.

"The hall of fame member, Doozer, giving the fans one hell of a show after winning a title shot. What a night!"

Announcing an Announcement

"

lucienwalker" We cut over to Jason and Lucien.

"Fans

I have been given word that new general manager, Mike

Polowy, was planning on coming out and making an earth shattering announcement regarding the World

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Wrestling Alliance and the Tag Team titles. I am now being told that a press release is going out that he will be holding a post show press conference. dreamwrestling.com will have this up as soon as it becomes available." "I can't even imagine the news the new general manager has to announce." "It must be big if there is a press conference being put together." "Humongous!" "Well folks, that will do it for this episode of Slaughter. Make sure to check Dreamwrestling.com for updates on the big announcement coming from the new GM." "Night fans."

The copyright logo comes across the screen.

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