

Slaughter: XXXIX

March 3, 2010 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

XXXIX

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Slaughter XXXIX

3 Mar 2010

The Slaughter House,
Orlando, FL (seats 8,796)
Walking to the ring.

"

charlieblackwell" Charlie Blackwell and Kenzie Blair walk towards the ring. Kenzie is reading 'Wrestling Manager for Dummies' as she strides side by side with her charge.

"Here comes the rookie, Charlie Blackwell, Lucien." "It's the beanpole versus the Texan. My money is on the Texan snapping the kid in half like a twig."

Charlie makes a left turn and the camera follows him. Kenzie is still reading the book and doesn't see the turn so she continues on.

"Well, Charlie's won more matches than he's lost here at Dream Wrestling. And he's twenty pounds heavier than when he started." "Kid...snapped in half...like a twig."

Charlie finally notices Kenzie isn't there and stops. He looks around- no Kenzie. He shrugs his shoulders and soldiers on.

"We will see in just a moment. Charlie Blackwell versus Tex Terror coming right up."

Let's Make A Deal

"

mikepolowy" The cameras head backstage where we find Mike Polowy sitting behind his desk in his office. The acting General Manager takes a sip from his bottle of water, and looks over at the full length mirror beside his desk to bask in his reflected glory. Noticing that his tie is slightly askew, he attempts to adjust it, but the clip on tie falls from his collar, landing at his feet.

Grumbling with frustration, Polowy bends down and snatches the tie up off the floor.

However, when he looks into the mirror once more to reapply the clip on accessory, he is shocked to see

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that his is not the only reflection staring back at him. For standing behind him, is The Masked Dollar, who had slipped into the room unnoticed.

"What in the hell?"

Polowy shouts with a start. He spins around in his chair, to find The Masked Dollar staring right at him.

"What the hell do you want, Dollar?"

A small chuckle arises from beneath TMD's mask.

"Well, first off he begins, "I wouldn't mind selling you one of my Clip On Neckties. Once they clip on, they never slip off." "Oh go fuck yourself!"

Polowy snaps back, ripping the clip on tie from his collar and tossing it into the top drawer of his desk.

"And secondly TMD continues, "I would like to make a deal with you" s eyebrow raises with interest, and he is all ears.

"I want you to make my match tonight, against Chris Jamez a Street Fight," TMD announces with confidence.

"That sack of crap has been talking shit about for weeks now, calling me a hack, and saying that people like me are what's wrong with the wrestling industry. Says I'm all talk and no action. Well, I think a little Street Fight might give me the opportunity to show that son-of-a-bitch just how tough I really am." Polowy nods in acknowledgement, but the look on his face looks a little less receptive.

"A Street Fight?" he thinks out loud, "What's in it for me?" Another chuckle comes from beneath the mask.

"Well, for starters wrestling fans love violence, and you don't get much more violent than a Street Fight," explains The Masked Dollar, "And I'm willing to bet that a lot of people are going to tune in to watch me had Jamez his ass on a silver platter. Thus, the more people watch Slaughter, the more money you make. And let's be honest, it

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s all about the benjamins, is it not?" "Hmmm
but I
m looking for more of a immediate payoff," Polowy says with a smile.

"Well
TMD retorts, rubbing his fingers against his chin, "How about
if you give e the match I want
ll give you that
Clip On Necktie
free of charge?" Polowy
s jaw drops, as that has got to be the worst bribe he
s ever heard in all his years of wrestling.

"You have got to be kidding me," he says with a dead pan expression, and the tone of voice to match.

"No necktie, eh?"

TMD replies, backtracking a bit.

"Well
how about a thousand dollars? That sound any better?" Polowy thinks about it for a minute, and suddenly his
pupils turn into money signs, much like the emblem emblazoned on TMD
s chest.

"Mr. Dollar
I think we have a deal," he says, extending his hand to shake on the agreement.

"Oh ho ho
TMD stutters, holding his hands up to repress Polowy
s hand shaking advance.

"Businessmen don
t shake hands Mike
around here, we hug." The Masked Dollar moves in for a hug, but Polowy quickly pushes down on the floor
with his feet, and sends his rolling chair back a few feet.

"Hug me, and the match is off
he snaps, "Now get out of my office before I have you arrested for sexual harassment!"

TMD gives his hug a second thought, and immediately retracts his arms. Without another word, he nods at
Polowy and makes a B-line for the door. As the door slams shut behind him, Polowy leans back in his
chair, and rubs his hand across his shaven head.

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"Crazy masked asshole tryin
to give me a hug
what the hell?"

Tex Terror vs. Charlie Blackwell

"

texterror" "Charlie Blackwell is in need of getting on track and getting more W's in that win column of his Lucien!" "I could not agree more! WoW! Did I just say that?" "Yes, yes you did!

Tonight, Charlie takes on new comer Tex

Terror, who is strangely undefeated!" "Yes, that he is Whitehead!

However, Charlie is a far different type of wrestler compared to the Johnny Comelatelys Tex has defeated!" Tex Terror is already in the ring, as by Mercury fades off the sound system in the Slaughter House arena!

"He just looks like a child molester from Texas, Whitehead!" "It's the mustache man, the molesterache!"

Opening notes to Charlie Robison's 'My Hometown' play as Charlie walks down to the ring with his valet/girlfriend Kenzie Blair.

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

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

"So I'll see you Houston If I ever get out that way I'll see you in Dallas But I won't have long to stay If you're ever out west son And you're feeling like slowin' down I'll see you around Around my hometown..." "Charlie Blackwell can end the streak or be another member added to it!" "If his career has been reduced to that, I feel bad for the 19 year old loser!"

The referee signals for the bell. DING Both men circle the ring, and step into the center. Collar and elbow lockup connects with both men. Tex Terror uses his weight and power over Charlie to back him up into the corner.

"He has a five count to release Charlie or face getting disqualified!"

The referee comes between the two men, as they both start to release. Tex starts to back up slowly, but thumbs Charlie in the eye.

"Oh, what a cheap trick by Tex Terror!" "That is not cheap, that was a smart thing to do, blind your opponent!"

The referee warns Tex, but he never saw it. Terror grabs Charlie and sets him up on the top turnbuckle and

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gives him a nice jab to the jaw.

"Tex Terror looks to be attempting maybe a superplex!" "I said he was wise on the thumb, but he maybe fooling himself here Jason! He should have just put the boots to him!"

Terror is up there, hooking the head of Charlie Blackwell. He grabs the tights and goes to lift his opponent up, but Charlie blocks it. Blackwell issues a head butt to Tex, and shoves him off the top rope, back first on the canvas.

"TOLD YA SO!"

Charlie stands on the top ropes as Tex slowly gets to feet and stumbles around. Charlie leaps off with a cross flying body press that connects. On impact, Charlie hooks both legs.

"HE MAY HAVE HIM LUCIEN!"

The referee slides into position. ONE... TWO... TH Tex Terror gets a shoulder up.

"Oh so close!" "Like I stated before, not quite time for a finish Jason. But the rookie is looking impressive. Going for the quick cover and trying to get the win!"

Charlie is back to his feet, as Tex gets to his, drop kick to the chest, as Tex Terror goes to the outside.

"Charlie is staying on him, which shows major improvement Jason."

Tex gets to his feet on the outside, as Charlie slingshots over the top rope. Terror just side steps him, and Charlie crashes on the floor.

"But then he does something stupid like that!" "All youngsters make mistakes Lucien, remember that!"

Tex grabs up Charlie and throws him into the ring. Tex slides in, and instantly grabs the hair of Charlie.

"Notice how Tex Terror is staying on him, but not risking too much!"

Terror lifts Charlie to his feet and plants a boot into the midsection. He stuffs his head between the legs and lifts him up and drives him head first into the canvas.

"Oh man, pile driver from Tex Terror!" "He could have him, if he covers him!"

Tex rolls him over, and goes for a cover. The referee slides into place. ONE... TWO...

THRE

"Oh man, the rookie got a foot on the rope!" "Tex should have hooked the leg Jason, which would have gave

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him the win there!"

Tex grabs up his opponent by the hair, and brings him to his feet. Terror shoots Charlie into the corner.

"What is he aiming for here Lucien?"

Tex Terror rushes in, but

Charlie uses the ropes to pull himself up, Terror nails corner only. Charlie mounts the ropes and leaps off, driving his feet into the face of Tex Terror.

"MISSILE DROP KICK!" "Damn, you a little excited there Jason?"

Charlie goes into the cover hooking both legs as the referee is in position. ONE... TWO... THREE...

"The rookie just ended the streak Jason!"

Charlie stands to his feet jumping up and down in the ring celebrating his victory.

"Credit to the rookie, who is joined by his girlfriend, as they celebrate the big win!"

Finger Foods and Angry Words

"

chrisjamez"

Backstage, The Masked Dollar is found wandering the

hallway, seemingly in search of someone in particular. Each hallway he passes, he peeks his head around the corner, but finds no one. Every room he passes, he pokes his head in, only to get yelled at to get the hell out

With each failed attempt at finding who he is looking for, TMD lets out a groan of frustration.

Eventually, he finds himself in the catering section of the backstage area. There is a buffet table deck out with all the finger foods one could imagine: sandwiches, croissants, Deviled eggs, donuts, hot wings. It all looks so delicious, that TMD

s mouth begins to water, evident by the moisture gathering on his mask. Suddenly, he spies something at the end of the table

a bottle of Jack Daniels, and a half-empty pack of Malboro Lights.

"Jackpot

TMD mutters under his breath. He looks around the room, but no one else is present, so he decides to just sit there and wait.

Never one to pass up on free food, The Masked Dollar grabs a chair and slides it up to the table. He gives a quick glance over his

shoulder, just to make sure that the coast is clear, and when he is sure he is truly alone, he pulls the front of his mask up to his nose and starts digging into the food.

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"MMMmmm

Cream Cheese and Cherry sandwiches

he sighs as he slobbers over the odd sandwich concoction, "Oh.. and Boston Cream Donuts
m in Heaven." The Masked Dollar has totally forgotten about his search for that certain someone, and
continues stuffing his face.

"Wow

s just pathetic!" a voice chimes in behind the masked superstar.

Startled, TMD quickly wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and pulls his mask back down. He stands
up out of the

chair, kicking it away as he turns wildly. There, standing in the doorway, is his arch-rival, Chris Jamez.

"You really must have hit a rut with your sales,"

Jamez mutters, poking fun at TMD, "Cuz it looks like you haven
t eaten in weeks.

Hell, I don

t even think I saw you

chewing!" Jamez smirks as he crosses the room to grab his booze and smokes.

"I guess forgetting my stuff in here wasn

t so bad after all.

I mean, I got to see just how much of a pig you really
are." TMD

s arm shoots up in the air, pointing at

Jamez as he tries to reply. However, TMD hadn

t quite finished chewing the donut that was in his

mouth, and chokes a bit as he goes to speak. Of course, this just gives Jamez another reason to laugh.

"Don

t even both you masked moron," Jamez says mockingly, "You can

t afford to buy your own food, so I wouldn

t want your mouth to write anymore checks that your ass can

t cash." The Masked Dollar finally stops coughing and catches his breath. He quickly finishes chewing the
donut and swallows hard.

"Listen Jamez

m getting sick and tired of hearing your stupid voice," TMD hollers at his opponent for the night, "But I

ve got a little something to share with you." "Oh yeah? It wouldn

t happen to be some of that food there, would it? Because, that

s for everyone backstage anyway, you know," Jamez quips. TMD slams his fist down on the table, causing
some of the plates of food to crash to the floor.

"Dammit,

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Jamez

Tonight, I

am going to shut you up for good. You

see, I went and talked to Mike Polowy, and we came to a little settlement." "Oh, is he going to start having them make doggy bags for you to take home with you?"

Jamez asks with a big grin. The more Jamez talks, the more infuriated The Masked Dollar becomes. He slams both hands down on the table, and swipes all the food off onto the floor with one violent move. Then he marches right over to Jamez and gets all up in his grill.

"Would you shut the hell up about the food

am not messing around here, Jamez," TMD growls, "Just be ready for our match tonight, because you

are in for a treat." Jamez chuckles, admiring the fact that he

is getting under TMD

is skin.

"What kind of a treat? A donut perhaps? Oh wait

you just threw them all on

A STREET FIGHT!" TMD blurts out.

"A GOD DAMN STREET FIGHT! I

am going to show you a side of me that you

have never seen before

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am going to rip your ass off and make you wear it like a hat. I

am going to kick your teeth so far down your fucking throat, that you

will have to stick your toothbrush up your ass just to brush them. I

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IS WAR!" The grin is gone from Chris Jamez face. It

is not that he looks scared

he just doesn

not know what to think. Clearly the idea of a Street Fight against a pissed off TMD hasn

not quite sunk in yet.

"Have it your way, Dollar

is all Jamez can say. TMD just grunts and storms off, leaving Jamez to mentally prepare for the violent, sadistic match ahead of him.

"That no talent hack thinks he

is tough, does he?" Jamez asks himself aloud, "I hope he has a

Stretcher available, because he

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s not gonna be walking out of that ring when I
m done with him." Jamez stares at the doorway where TMD just left, and pulls a cigarette from his pack.
Lighting it, Jamez takes a
nice, long drag from the smoke, and exhales. Through the smoke, he continues to stare off into space,
devising a game plan for the Street Fight, which is coming up next.

The Bet

"

eggbandits" The cameras are backstage once again in the locker room of the eGG Bandits. But the room is
nearly deserted as CCJ and BBD are the only two in the room. CCJ seated on a chair laughing as BBD
continues to wear the new look. CCJ

Listen man, it

s just not going to happen! BBD

Come on! It

s awesome! No one in the whole entire industry is wearing something as as these duds! Look at the
rhinestones and the diamonds, hell, look at these ass-less chaps!"

BBD turns and spansks his own rear to which CCJ bursts out laughing once more. Shaking his head in
disbelief, CCJ slaps a hand over his face as BBD faces the nearby mirror checking his new look out. BBD

I just don

t understand

Cee,

I mean come on, I worked hard on this

outfit, and you guys just shit all over it! CCJ

s a nice effort and all, but come on, be sensible, if we walk around in something like that we might as well
change our names from the eGG Bandits to the Village People! Doozer, Muru, the Dude and Whammy all
agreed, we

re just going to stick with what we got

s not entirely true! CCJ

What do you mean? BBD

Whammy, get out here! From the bathroom out walks the old feeble butler of Cool Cancer Jiles! He

s dressed in the exact same outfit as Bobby Dean, but instead of blue, he

s sporting it in a bright shiny red! Whammy

Good evening sirs

Oh my god

See it now!? The big picture!?

You in let

s say a nice forest green, Doozer is a bright

orange,

Muru, I see in a dark magenta

color, and the Dude screams yellow!

CCJ

Bobby, I

m going to say this as your

friend, you have to stop this nonsense! If you keep this up

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BBD interrupts CCJ by stamping his foot on the ground like a child throwing a temper tantrum. BBD
No! You listen!

I

m tired of all the nay saying, I joined this group to be a part of the
elite! I joined this group to be a part of a team! And all the best teams in the world wore similar outfits! But I
can see there is only one way to solve this

s ears perk up, his eyes go a bit wide, intrigue obvious on his face. CCJ

And what would that be? BBD

A challenge

You!? BBD are going to challenge me? CCJ? To what exactly? BBD

An egg toss! One shot, winner take all! CCJ immediately cracks up. I mean who would be dumb enough to
challenge the of egging? Since the inception of the eGG Bandits CCJ has been the point man in eGG

Domination! CCJ

re serious? BBJ

If I win, you and the gang have to agree to wear these outfits!

If you win, I

ll drop the outfit and never mention it again. In

fact, if you win, I

ll even go so far as to agree to let you pick out my ring attire from now on! Thoughts of hilarious, yet
ultimately degrading outfits play through the mind of Cancer Jiles as BBD stands there with his arms crossed
over his chest. CCJ smiles, stands up and extends his hand in which BBD immediately reaches out and
shakes, a smile on his face.

CCJ

Only one condition, I pick the

target! BBD

re on! Just then the door to the locker room opens and in walks Doozer followed by the Dude and Muru.
Immediately all eyes go from the handshake between BBD and CCJ to the ass-less chaps of Whammy
dressed in red. Whammy

Good evening, sirs

Salutations

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The Masked Dollar vs. Chris Jamez

"

chrisjamez" "Lucien, we saw earlier tonight that this match has been turned into a street fight. Basically, there are NO RULES WHATSOEVER!" "The Masked Dollar wants to shut Chris Jamez up once and for all. So he bought himself the street fight. I for one am extremely excited about this!" "Though, the masked man could have sealed his own faith with that decision!

The youngster, Chris

Jamez, could use this tactic to his advantage. We have no clue how extreme these two men are willing to go!" "If

The Masked Dollar had not felt he was more than capable of handling Chris in this match, I am sure he would have opted to pick a different

stipulation!" A single lyric is heard as a throbbing drum solo kicks in while high intensity strobe lights bounce back and forth.....and then a guitar riff follows in time with the drums...as Chris Jamez comes out from the entrance, with red tights, black boots, his hair slicked back, and a white t-shirt with the words emblazoned on the front. 'Kind of hard Hard to see When you crawl On your hands and your knees With your face In the trough Wait your turn While they finish you off Don

t know when it started Don

t know how Should have found out Should have happened by now Got these lines On my face After all this time And i still haven

t found my place' 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. 'I jump from every rooftop So high, so far to fall I feel a million miles away I don

t feel any thing at all' 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.

"Last week,

Jamez scored a big victory over now released DREAM star, Chris Bladez. The most extreme man ever in DREAM, so say!" "Some would say that Jason, but the last month or so Bladez became a sad and pathetic shell of what we saw when he first entered into DREAM!"

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'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 throughout the arena as 'The Walking Infomercial' himself, The Masked

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

As the music continues, TMD marches down to the ring and slides in under the bottom rope. He immediately heads for the

corner, where he ascends the turnbuckles and raises his arms in the air again.

Having shown off enough, The Masked Dollar then turns and takes a seat on the top turnbuckle, and he awaits the beginning of the match.

"Last week, TMD defeated Bishop Steele, who has a chance at the Slaughter Television Championship this week. Many would believe that the masked man should be getting that title match!" "Bishop earned the chance Jason, so now Dollar gets his chance to secure his shot at the winner of that match. I know he would love nothing more than to get that with Bishop, as he has a victory over him already!"

Both men eye one another before walking to the center of the ring.

RE PATHETIC JAMEZ!

Dollar pie faces Chris backwards.

IS THAT ALL YOU GOT?

Chris Jamez goes nose to nose with The Masked Dollar once again.

YOU DEEM ME PATHETIC, BUT I AM NOT HIDING BEHIND SOME MASK PUSHING CHINA MADE PRODUCTS FOR A QUICK BUCK!

Jamez pie faces TMD down to the canvas.

"It

s already getting heated Walker!" "These two entered DREAM at the same time, and both had a major problem with one another from JUMP! Jamez is trying to be some self-righteous prick, while this man, TMD, is just trying to earn an honest dollar!"

The referee calls for the bell, expecting the action to become heated very soon! DING TMD instantly springs forward right leg extended and nails CJ directly in the lower blow area.

"WHAT A CHEAP SHOT!" "Cheap? Whitehead, it

s a street fight, THINK ABOUT IT!" TMD stands to his feet, slapping a doubled over, gasping for air, Jamez in the back of the head.

DO SOMETHING KID!

Dollar grabs him by the arm, and pulls him in for a short armed clothesline, but Chris ducks it holding onto the arm and as it wraps around the neck of Dollar, and he drops with an innovated neck breaker.

"Chris Jamez is showcasing it all here right now!" "He is either a dickless prick, or wearing a cup. That low

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kick would have ended the night of any man!"

Chris goes quickly into the cover, hooking both legs. The referee slides into position checking the shoulders of The Masked Dollar. ONE

Dollar manages to kick out right as the referee goes down for the completion of the second count.

"The youngster tried for a quick win, by going for that pin attempt!"

Chris looks at the referee, who signals two.

Meanwhile, TMD is able to roll under the bottom rope and stands on the floor below.

"Now that is the showcase of a veteran wrestler. Ring awareness, as he exits to catch his breath Jason!"

Jamez hops to his feet, seeing TMD up against the apron. He hits the far ropes and comes towards Dollar with a baseball slide.

"Counter by The Masked Dollar!" "The veteran side stepped the slide, and grabbed the feet jerking Chris Jamez out the ring and back first on the covered floor!"

TMD quickly goes down for the cover, failing to hook any leg. The referee exits the ring, and is eye to eye with Jamez

shoulders. ONE

THR CJ is able to roll his shoulder up before the referee could reach three.

"See Jason! The Masked Dollar was an eyelash away from taking home that W!" "But his failure to hook a leg and apply weight to the shoulders is why he is not at this moment!"

TMD stands to his feet, motioning for the stagehands to move from the security railing. He grabs up the rookie, and throws him with a hip toss Irish whip upside down and back first into the front row security railing. 'DREAM RUNS THIS SHIT! DREAM RUNS THIS SHIT!' The crowd in the Slaughter House starts the chant, after Jamez made impact with the steel railing.

"These violence hungry fans here in DREAM are eating this up!" "Jason, you have no clue what these fans are doing! They are just blood thirsty bastards! I am just happy that it looks like Chris Jamez looks to be the one offering his blood to feed their sick need!"

TMD lifts up the ring apron, and throws out a trash can, a stop sign, and a wooden baseball bat that has black spray paint over part of the brand, only reading Slugger.

"What is up with the paint? Did he buy some cheap brand and refused to let the fans see it?" "Whitehead, did you ever think that maybe they did not just get the permission from the maker to showcase the name on television? I am sure that no baseball bat company wants their name associated with the violence seen from wrestling!"

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Dollar grabs the trash can and shoves it over the head of CJ. He goes back, grabbing the baseball bat. He looks at it, dazed by it as it seems. As the fans pop loudly, as Jamez is able to remove the trash can.

"TURN AROUND TMD!"

The Masked Dollar turns around readying himself to use the bat, but ends up kissing the steel of the trash can he just introduced into the match.

"See what I mean Lucien? TMD

s desire to inflict pain is costing him pain as well!" "Small sacrifice to achieve the goal you have set!"

Chris Jamez releases the trash can, as The Masked Dollar falls to his knees. Jamez takes a few moments to catch his breath, holding and nursing the low back area.

"That right there Jason, is the sign of weakness!" "Weakness? He was thrown into the security railing lower back first!"

Chris grabs the mask of his opponent and pulls him up. He points to the railing, and slams The Masked Dollar face first into the security railing.

"Jamez is taking advantage of the street fight stipulation right here! He has violence and blood perhaps in his sights!"

Chris Jamez grabs up The Masked Dollar and scoops him up. He presses him up over his head, and drops him throat first across the security railing.

"He may want to see the blood more than winning Jason that is this rookie's problem!" CJ rolls TMD over and hooks the legs. The referee is in place. ONE THREE The Masked Dollar is able to fling his shoulder off the mats on the outside floor.

"Oh my Lucien, he was within an eyelash from earning that Slaughter Television Championship shot!" "But close is not close enough! He needs to be quicker in covers!"

Jamez looks up at the referee hoping that the hand touched first. However, he was given the two fingers signaling that Dollar kicked out.

"See

Jason, VALUABLE TIME

WASTED!" Chris Jamez crawls over to the ring, as he lifts up the apron and searches for anything. What he finds, is a table. As he pulls it out, he sets it up.

"Lucien that valuable time is going to be worth it!"

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Chris walks back over to Dollar, and reaches down to grab him up. As The Masked Dollar is on his knees, being forced to his feet, he uses the bicep to nail Chris Jamez low!

"Oh man! Jason, did you see those nuts getting cracked?" "That is the second time tonight that The Masked Dollar has gone down south on Chris Jamez just to get an upper hand!"

TMD grabs the slugger off the floor. He stands to his feet, and puts the top of the bat under the chin of CJ, and slams the bottom on the floor.

"Oh man, now that is something we have never seen before!" "Never count out the mask man Jason!"

The Masked Dollar uses the bat, wraps it around the neck of Jamez, and drives Chris Jamez backwards through the table with a Russian leg sweep. TMD grabs the bat, locks it around the neck, choking out his opponent.

"Come on now! He cannot do this!" "Jason! IT

S A STREET FIGHT! HE CAN DO WHATEVER HE WANTS!" The referee has no other choice but to check on Chris Jamez, raising his hand up. ONE! The hand of Jamez falls back on the canvas completing the first count. TWO! The hand hits down again, and the fans start to cheer on Chris Jamez, as the referee lifts the hand up and gives it one last shake.

The hand hits down for the third time. THREE! The bell sounds, as The Masked Dollar releases the choke hold on Chris Jamez.

"There you go Jason! The Masked Dollar defeats Chris Jamez, and I predict, will become the next Slaughter Television Champion!" "No rules and a bat and a choke hold later!" "Always such a whiny bitch! During the break, go get a TMD brand tampon and which that shit out!"

TMD stands over Jamez with the bat in his hands, raised high in the air celebrating his win.

Backstage Interview w/Adrien Cochrane

"

traviswilliams" Travis Williams is standing backstage with Adrien Cochrane of the Egg Bandits.

"I am

Travis Williams and I am standing by with eGG Bandit member, Adrien Cochrane.

Adrien, tonight you are involved in a twelve man tag team elimination match. What are your thoughts on it?" Travis fakes a smile, sharing the microphone with his once opponent on several occasions.

"Well, to have three Bandits in it is very reassuring. The only concern I really have is that we only have two combinations of people who have worked together previously compared to our opponents three. But I'm confident we can pull out a victory. Cancer and Doozer were just recently on the top of the world, and they still fight like it."

Adrien nods his head, self assured!

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"Okay Adrien, you recently spoke unhighly of new GM Mike Polowy, stating that your chances of staying in DREAM were highly unlikely. Now, you have been signed to a one month extension. Any comments on this you would like to share?"

Travis smirks, knowing he is attempting to play with fire!

"Mike sent me the one month extension as a "I don't like you, but I could use any man we can get against Hostility."

I really have nothing against Polowy. He just doesn't like me very much." Adrien says, with a bit concern in his voice.

"If you are disliked by him, why would you be willing to work with him?"

Travis now asking the desired question everyone wants to know!

"Because I know he is capable at what he does."

Travis shakes his head, ashamed that Adrien gave no effort to standup for himself.

"Well Adrien, best of luck to you! However, just as you could never get that one up on me, you'll be unable to with HOSTILITY! Back to you guys!"

Oh... it's you.

"

cancerjiles" "My eyes are getting all squirly bird, bro. This is shit is crazy good. I can't believe we brought out the gas mask... and I got a fucking match in like twenty minutes. Shit is crazy. It feels like my chest is going to explode... Way to much smoke in here man... I got to run. Can't... stand it. Oh god! I think I'm going to POP!"

An exasperated Cancer says, pushing his way through the thick cloud of smoke hovering inside of Johnny Legend's locker room. Upon exiting the smoke fest, he walks right into Dream's newest superstar, the man who interrupted his match last week, the one, the only, Chris Bond.

"Hey, watch the fuck out mongoloid. I'm an important guy around here if case you haven't heard. I can get people fired. So check yourself before you inadvertently pay the price for touching COOL."

Finally realizing who the the man is, Cancer, a tad taken back, finishes with, "Oh..... it's you. The jerk-off." "I guess it is. How you doing Champ? No hard feelings from last week I hope."

Bond says, wearing his ring gear, while donning a smile from ear to ear. The two men, not so much eye to eye, have a few feet separating them. They are the only ones occupying the hall way as of right now.

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"Funny you should mention that. I wanted to ask you, how do you..."

Also donning ring gear, Cancer tries to continue with his verbal onslaught; but get's cut off by the former Hostility Champion before he can finish.

"Listen, I'm a busy guy. Maybe we can chit chat later on. I'll give ya a call after the show or something."

Acting as if he has no time for Mr. Cool, Bond goes to walk away. Cancer grabs him by the arm, pulling him back into the conversation.

"Hey, Bond-age. You ain't gettin' it, brah'. If I feel like chit chatting, you're gonna stand here and listen to what I have to say. I'm Mr. Cool. The greatest champion in Dream History. If the COOL kid on the block has something to spit, you stand at attention, salute your superior and listen. It's the way things are done around here. I know you are new, but get with the fucking program, or get the fuck out. You feel me?" "Okay, what is it you want, King of all things Cool? Hold on, let me guess. What type of egg would I like? I know that is what you were going to ask, because I know all about you, and the (mockingly)big bad, uneggable, untouchable, unfathomable Egg Bandits." "If you knew about the Egg Bandits, you never would have done what you did last week. Unless of course, you are a retard. Are you retarded Chris." "Dude, I'm trying to tell you what type of eggs I like, and now you're being all confrontational." "I'll take that as a yes. Please continue." "Hmmm, so many to choose from. How about we do this? You give my apparently retarded ass a couple days... and I'll get back to you on it. Sound good?" "I guess you think you're being a sharp, witty, funny fucker? If that is the case... then I don't like you. Come to think of it, standing here... having taken in your presence... I don't like the way you look. I don't like the stench that emanates from your sorry excuse of a frame. I think you need to learn some fucking manners, and knock before coming into my ring, you simpl..." "Okay, tough tits. Try settling your COOL ass down a bit. Ya got no need to worry anymore, cause it's all good now. No longer will you feel as if you carry the show... Chris Bond is here now. 009 is fresh on the scene, and frankly, you need to take a note or two about how to approach a superior being. You can also go back to being a janitor, or hobo, or whatever the fuck it was before you starting acting like a wrestler." "Interrupt me again... and you get egged,

Bondo. Yes, I have done my homework, but I don't think you have done yours. If you think I'm fronting, don't. I'm a man of my word. Ask anybody around this joint if you don't believe me. I'm the type of guy who eggs first, and asks questions later. You may not believe me now... but rest assured, you'll find out soon enough." "Oh, is that so... Mr. Cool? You're one corny bastard. aren't ya? Well if you got something to say, or do..." "OH look it's Talon!"

Cancer calls out, pointing behind

Bond as if Talon were walking up on the conversation. With a frightened look on his face, CJ starts to inch backwards, causing Bond to turn around and look for old pal.

"Huh? Talon's not there. You're tripping fool."

Bond quips, with his back turned to the COOL Champion. Yeah... he's new. So I guess he doesn't know that you never turn your back on an Egg Bandit. When you do... well, you get hood winked and button hooked all

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in one. SPLAT!

Running his hand over the back of head, Bond realizes his name has just been added to infamous list of people to have been egged by the Egg Bandits.

"What the fuck? You can't be serious..."

Bondylox proclaims aloud, not in the most pleasant of moods. He slowly turns around to locate his attacker, however, to his chagrin, finds nothing but empty hallway and some egg shell.

The solo vanishing egg. It's a doozy to pull off. But when done correctly... it's devastating aftershock leaves a priceless look on the poor bastards face who had just been violated by it. Cancer's fun loving cackle can be heard echoing through out the back stage area in it's wake. Get used to that Chris... it's real ear bleeder.

There's also a sign hanging on the wall that reads, Welcome to Dream, where CCJ was once standing.

"Did this really just happen?"

Unfortunately, yes.

Yes it did, Bondo. You should just keep on scratching your head like you're doing now. The bewildered look is not uncommon after one comes into contact with COOL. The question that begs to be asked now is... Where the hell did that egg come from? Hopefully not CJ's anus. Cause then it would have been a poop smuggler, vanishing egg, egging deluxe. The only knows rival to the Egg Shower of Doom. Hopefully Bondylox takes a shower, just in case it was one.

Muru vs. Bishop Steele

"

mur" The lights get dim and the crowd silences. cues over the PA system and the crowd gets hype. Pyro go off on the corners of the stage. The curtains open and out come Bishop and Alexis Steele on to the stage. Bishop stops on the middle of the stage and looks around at the crowd as he soaks in the essence of the hype and screaming. He then looks at Alexis and nods to her to signal that it s 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 Pyro go off on the corner post of the ring and then the lights come on.

"Coming up next is the Slaughter Television champion match. Bishop Steele, one of the favorites in the Slaughter Television Tournament, is going to take on the current champion, eGG Bandits own Muru." "Yessir, Whitehead! Bishop Steele has the look, the talent, and the ability to defeat that retarded Japanese hooker and become the newTV champ. That strap is going around his waist tonight!"

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

"Here comes the Television champion, and proud eGG Bandit member, Muru!" "Ugh. I had high hopes for

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this kid, but he joined the eGG Bandits. There
s no hope left." "Making his way to the ring, he hails from
Allen Park, Michigan. Weighing
225 pounds, and representing the eGG Bandits, he is the Slaughter Television champion, MURU!" Muru rolls
into the ring, gets to his feet, and removes his belt. He raises it over his head and the fans cheer some more.

"These fans love the TV champion, Lucien." "I don
t know what
s there to love, Whiteout. A guy wearing cow print pants and is a member of the eGG Bandits needs to be
lobotomized." The Slaughter Television champion walks over to the referee and hands over the title belt. The
referee raises it over his head, indicating that the title is on the line, and hands it over to the ring announcer,
who makes his exit. The referee calls for the bell, and the match is on its way!

"And here we go! Muru vs. Bishop Steele for the Slaughter Television championship!" "Here comes the
ever-boring, nauseatingly traditional collar-and-elbow tie-up."

Both men are locked up in the middle of the ring, jockeying for position.
Being the taller and stronger of the two, Bishop Steele pulls Muru into a Side
Headlock, and then grounds him with a Headlock Takeover. He cinches too far back on the Headlock, and
causes him to get rolled up for a surprising pin-fall cover.

"ONE!"

Bishop Steele rolls back with an embarrassed look on his face. Alexis Steele, Bishop
s
wife, has a relieved look on her face.

"Steele
s overzealousness almost cost him the TV title, Lucien." "I believe that that was the most retarded thing I
ve ever seen in this business. And Steele was one of the favorites to win the strap. Simply pathetic." Muru,
looking to get out of the Side Headlock, punches Bishop Steele in between his shoulder blades, but that does
nothing. He goes for a kidney punch, and Steele winces in pain. He goes for another kidney punch and that
releases the Side Headlock. Steele is clutching at his side while Muru rolls away to recover. He pulls himself
to his feet with the assistance of the ring ropes.

"Muru is out of Bishop Steele
s Side Headlock, and now the TV champion is resting, biding his time." "He shouldn
t rest too long unless he wants to lose his belt." "How can he lose the belt when he
s resting and Bishop is agonizing in pain?" "You can
t be too sure about an opponent
s health in a match, especially someone as cagey as
Bishop Steele, Whitespot. Don
t you know anything about this

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sport?" "Can
t you at least call me by my proper name, Lucien?" "Sure thing, Whitewash."

Alexis Steele is willing her man to get back to his feet. The Slaughter Television champion is resting, and stalks his opponent.

When he gets within inches from Bishop Steele, Steele blasts Muru in the gut, doubling the champion over, and then throws a heavy uppercut, sending the eGG Bandit to the canvas. Alex is clapping and cheering, pleased with her man.

"Bishop Steele is back in the driver
s seat!" "Ugh,
I hate that metaphor, Jason. Where
s the
car? There
s no car, and thus there
s no driver
s seat." "Obviously you don
t know what a metaphor is, Lucien." "I know plenty of metaphors, Whitehead. Most of them I can
t say on the air or else the FCC will ban our asses." Bishop Steele slowly gets to his feet, still wincing from the kidney punches. He bends over, grabs Muru by his hair, and hoists him up to a vertical base. He whips him into the ropes. Muru has other ideas: He jumps onto the top rope, springboards, turns one hundred and eighty degrees, grabs Steele with a Front Face Lock, and spikes Bishop on his head with a Tornado DDT!

"Oh my God, what a springboard into a Tornado DDT! That
s something you don
t see from Muru all that often!" "The referee should disqualify Muru for breaking Bishop Steele
s neck! That Tornado DDT is a dangerous move in Muru
s arsenal, and it needs to be banned!" Alexis Steele is screaming at her man while Muru goes for the pin-fall and, hopefully, the victory.

"ONE! TWO! THR
NO! Bishop Steele gets the arm up before the count of three.

"Close call for Bishop Steele! He
s got to be hurt after that Tornado DDT." "Exactly, Jason! Muru needs to be disqualified, arrested, and charged with the attempted murder of Bishop Steele!" "Oh will you stop, Lucien!" "The Greatest Show on Earth," the Slaughter Television champion looks up at the referee and holds two fingers up, and is discouraged by the outcome. He had come close, and yet so very far. Getting to his feet, he gets the challenge to a vertical base. He throws a heavy forearm to the face, and whips him into the ropes. However, Bishop Steele reverses the whip, sending the TV champion to the ropes. Steele bends over, as if going for a Back Body Drop, but Muru stops in his tracks, and kicks him right in the face. Bishop snaps back up, holding his face, while Muru muscles him onto his shoulders with a Fireman

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s Carry. He nails him with a Death Valley Driver, goes to the ropes, does a springboard, and administers a Moon Sault!

"Springboard Moon Sault! He
s going for another pin-fall!" "NO! C
mon Bishop, kick out!" "ONE! TWO! THR
NO! Bishop Steele kicks out again, and Muru is damn near beside himself!

"Another close call for Bishop Steele! I have to hand it to him, Lucien: he
s one of the toughest wrestlers I
ve seen in this business." "There
s no way Bishop Steele is going to lose to this eGG Bandit!
For all we know, Muru has been cheating every time he defends his TV
title!" "And where
s your evidence, Lucien?" "He
s an eGG Bandit. That
s evidence enough." The Slaughter Television champion gets to his feet, and waits for
Bishop Steele to pull himself. As Bishop does, Muru goes for a springboard
who knows what kind of move he has up his
sleeve! He turns in midair, going for Knee to Nose Basis, but Steele counters by powering Muru down with a
modified Spine Buster! Afterwards, he grabs one of Muru
s arms and executes a Figure-Four Shoulder Lock!

"That
s one of those MMA moves, an Omleteplata!" "That
s Omaplata, Lucien." Alexis Steele is cheering for her man, yelling at him to rip Muru
s arm off! Bishop Steele is applying more pressure on the Shoulder Lock, and Muru is screaming in pain. He
s trying to reach for the ropes, only inches way, and can
t make it. He throws his free arm out to the ropes again, but his fingertips brush the lower rope, but couldn
t reach them. He throws his arm to the ropes again and finally, he grabs the lower rope and hangs on for
dear life!

"All right Bishop, break the hold!" "Aw, and I wanted to see Bishop break his shoulder. He still has other
opportunities."

After breaking the hold, Bishop Steele gets to his
feet, and stomps Muru hard on his injured shoulder. Muru yelps in pain, clutching at it. Steele stomps on
Muru
s head. He then drops down, and executes a Waki-Gatame Arm Bar! Muru is screaming in more pain!

"Bishop Steele is looking to rip Japanese hooker
s shoulder out of its socket, and I absolutely love it, Jason!" "I don
t know how much more Muru can take. Unless he wants a severe shoulder injury, he

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He has to submit." Bishop Steele is leaning back as far as he can, bending Muru's shoulder backward. Somehow, somehow, Muru shifts his weight and rolls Steele onto his shoulders.

"ONE! TWO! Bishop Steele kicks out and breaks the hold.

"Another close call for the challenger." "Bishop Steele got way too careless against that eGG Bandit."

With one arm, Muru pulls himself to his feet by using the ring ropes. His injured arm is hanging there, unusable and quite possibly dislocated. Muru is facing away from Bishop Steele, who is on his feet, and waits for the Television champion to turn around. Muru turns to face Steele, and walks right into a Super Kick.

"LAST CHANCE! LAST CHANCE! LAST CHANCE!" "Jeez Lucien, compose yourself before you have an aneurism." "Shut the f

up, Whitehead."

With a smile on his face, Bishop Steele drops to his knee, goes for a lateral press, and shoots the half.

"ONE! TWO! THR

NO! Muru will NOT be denied! The fans explode with cheers, and Bishop Steele is beside himself. Lucien Walker explodes on commentary, and the censors are having a hard time censoring his tirade.

"SH

SON A F

ING BITCH! THIS IS ABSOLUTE BULL

IT!" "Well ladies and gentlemen, I apologize for my partner's juvenile tirade. This is probably our last night on Slaughter, because I can imagine the FCC is going to pull the plug on us." "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 feeling it. They feel that Muru can retain his Slaughter Television title. Bishop Steele isn't going to waste anymore time. He gets Muru to his feet, but Muru throws a kick into Steele's gut, doubles him over, and nails Steele with a DDT. Alexis Steele is screaming for her man, willing him to get to his feet, but Steele is motionless. Muru goes to the closest corner and, gingerly, climbs the turnbuckles.

"Muru is muscling himself up the turnbuckles, looking for the Muru Splash!" "C

mon Bishop! Get your f

ing ass up!" Making it to the final turnbuckle, he turns around and steadies himself. He launches himself off the turnbuckle and does a Frog Splash.

"MURU SPLASH

HE MISSES!" "YES!"

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Bishop Steele moves out of the way just in time before Muru could hit his finisher. Alexis Steele is cheering for her man while Bishop gets to his feet. He slowly walks over to Muru and grabs a handful of Muru's hair. He throws Muru's head in between his legs, as if going for a Pile-driver or a Power Bomb. He flips forward, spinning three hundred and sixty degrees, and spikes Muru right on his head with the Pile-driver!

"NO REMORSE! COVER HIS ASS, BISHOP!"

Bishop Steele goes for the cover.

"ONE! TWO! THREE!" plays on the PA system, and Alexis Steele rolls into the ring, gets up and jumps into her husband's arms. She's kissing him all over his face, congratulating him on his hard-fought victory. The referee hands the Slaughter Television title belt over to Bishop Steele, and Steele raises it over his head.

"We have a new Slaughter Television champion! That's one less eGG Bandit holding a DREAM title!" "What a great contested match between Muru and Bishop Steele. Muru did everything he could to beat his opponent but Steele dug deep and became the new Slaughter Television champion! We'll have to do a little business with America. Stay with us!"

Backstage Interview w/Chris Bond

"

chrisbond" "I am standing by with newest member of the DREAM roster, former HOSTILITY World Champion and former Industry member, Chris Bond! Chris, you drew the line in the sand, you are representing Team HOSTILITY, what forced you to play your hand already?" Chris Bond has a look of shock on his face.

"HOLY HELL! Travis Williams--I thought you were dead!"

Bond gives a smirk.

"Ah, got jokes Christopher? Still trying to land an acting role to play James Bond's brother?"

Travis gives a slight laugh.

"James Bond's brother? Ha! Some things never change Dorkshadows. I guess you're in DREAM because you got caught with a crackpipe during a Hostility tour, which is fine--I don't judge. But to answer your question, wait, why are you even interviewing? Aren't you still wrestling? You can't be more than forty-fifty years old tops!"

Travis shakes his head.

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"Ah I forgot to laugh, the age is 31, and I retired. When your former friend, Mike Polowy became GM, I was demoted from Head of Talent Relations to Backstage Interviewer! Now, can you answer the question?" Getting a little annoyed at Bond dodging the question.

"What was the question again?"

Travis takes a deep breath, before asking it again.

"Why show your hand, that you are representing HOSTILITY, at jump? Why not wait, and turn your back on Polowy, like you did in HOSTILITY?"

Bond looks at Travis with a disturbed look.

"Easy there shrimpboat. I didn't turn my back on Mike Polowy. Mike Polowy turned his back on me. Why bother being a founding member of the most dominant group in the history of professional wrestling when your head and heart aren't even in the game? Now to answer your question--I'm HOSTILITY through and through. I bleed HOSTILITY. It was my home. It's where my loyalty will always lie, something you wouldn't know anything about."

Bonds gives a nice grin to showcase to Travis that he just one upped him.

"Fair enough, I do not discredit someone for not wanting to associate with the likes of a Polowy. Tonight, you are main eventing in your first match against Psymon and Talon. Any hatred still there between you and Talon? And to address your loyalty statement. I am loyal to myself, and that is all that matters!"

Travis taps himself on the chest, before extending the microphone back to the HOSTILITY star.

"No words were better spoken than those of a coward... no, I harbor no ill-will toward Talon. We're buds. Almost like brothers. I can't understand why a guy who was the face of Hostility would jump ship towards the end... I mean it's often said the captain always goes down with the ship. No bad blood Travis Williams, just un-answered questions."

Bond nods and laughs before walking away.

"I am not doing this shit anymore tonight. Someone tell Polowy to fetch a microphone himself if he wants anymore! Back to those two moronic fools at ringside!"

Cancer Jiles/Doozer/Adrien Cochrane/Bobby Dean/Mr.

Hardcore/Kitty Purry vs. Grady Bunch/Maverick Express/chickEN Chokers

"

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

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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.

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

Insane Clown Posse's

"Chicken Hunting" starts to blast throughout the arena, as Dark and BR Ellis step out on top of the ramp. The crowd starts to boo them extremely loud, but the chickEN Chokers honestly do not care. They head down the isle in the middle, out of reach of all the fans. As they get down to the ring, both me jump up on the apron with their knees and stand to their feet. They look at one another and give a perverted gesture to the crowd, before stepping through the ropes. As both men walk over to a corner, their music cuts to an end. 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. We fade to commercial. As we return everyone has made their way down. In the ring to start the match is Mr. Hardcore and Dark.

"These two met last week in singles action, where Mr. Hardcore was able to pick up a pin fall victory." "Very impressive debut to say the least Jason, as Dark is a former champion."

They lock up as the bell sounds.

"Dark pushes Hardcore back into the ropes. Rope break by the referee."

Dark holds his hands up and steps back.

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"Hardcore rushes forward, under the arms of Dark. belly to back bear hug." "Mr. Hardcore showing his strength as he is able to control the situation." "Hardcore lifts, belly to back suplex."

Mr. Hardcore rolls over and pushes up. He tags in his girlfriend, Kitty Purry.

"Now, I don't know about this Lucien. Mr. Hardcore tagging in Kitty Purry to face Dark." "She wants to wrestle with the big boys Jason, she'll need to prove she can. What better then this huge match?" "Kitty meets Dark with a series of swift kicks."

She catches Dark in the face, flipping him over to his back.

"Purry runs, up the corner post. Moonsault off of top turnbuckle!"

She hits her mark perfectly as the cameras flash and the fans pop.

"Kitty Purry can fly!"

Kitty hooks Dark's leg as the referee slides into position.

"Kick out at one." "It's going to take a little more then that to keep Dark down Jason."

Dark pushes up as Kitty runs behind him.

"BULL DOG BY PURRY!"

She rolls over and pops up, tagging in Bobby Dean.

"Dean entering the ring to take over for Kitty Purry who has had a good showing so far in this match up."

"You've got to wonder how this will effect Dark." "One can only assume he wont be taking this too well."

Dean enters in and lifts Dark up by his head. With Dark on one knee, Bobby Dean holds under his chin and sends a fist into

Dark's mouth.

"Right in the kisser by

Bobby Dean. Dean now lifts Dark back to his feet. Grabs him from behind, Dean sends Dark shoulder first into that corner

post!"

As Dark stumbles back and turns around, BBD leaps.

"Dark dropped by that drop kick from Bobby Dean." "It was beautiful!"

B.R. Ellis gets tired of the beat down of his partner and rushes the ring.

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"Ellis in the ring, attacking Bobby Dean!" "B.R. Ellis is a beast!" "The eGG Bandits, Doozer and Cancer

Jiles, are in the ring to save Dean! this is quickly taking a turn for the worst!" "For the worst Jason? I love brawls!" "That's what it's turning into as every member from both sides are in the ring now!"

It's hard to tell where the first are landing.

"This is anarchy!" "What did they expect Jason?" "I think they expected to have an exciting elimination match."

The referee calls for the bell.

"The bell is being sounded, this match is over." "Probably the best call, there's no way to continue this."

The bell rings repeatedly.

"Everyone is going at it! LOOK! Mr. Hardcore and Kitty Purry are attacking Adrien Cochrane, he's on their own team!" "Teams don't matter Jason, it's their time to get revenge for Cochrane refusing to give Purry an actual wrestling match last week!"

The Maverick Express are seen exiting up the ramp as The Grady Bunch goes at Cancer and Doozer.

"Double suplex on Cochrane from Hardcore and Purry! The Grady Bunch and the original eGG Bandits now exchanging punches as Dark and B.R. Ellis work on Bobby Dean." "There is no way anyone will be able to control this situation Jason! It's crazy!" "Yes Please" by Muse begins to play and the fans go nuts.

"It looks like the general manager is heading this way!"

Throwing the Book

"

mrhardcore" Mike Polowy comes out, microphone in hand as the bell continues to repeatedly sounds. He stops at the top of the ramp, and yells into the mic.

"Quit that shit now! I said stop!"

The bell still sounds and the beat down continues. Mike looks obviously angry as he struts down the ramp, loosening his tie along the way.

"I swear to God, if

I have to get in that ring, Purry

isn't the only one getting her vag quaked like bank in Chile tonight."

He stomps up the stairs and as he crosses the apron, Polowy pulls the tie completely

off, tossing it to the floor. He enters into the ring and quickly rushes to the middle of the action, pushing

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people back from everyone else, finally getting the attention of everyone. Using his finger to point, he directs people to various places in the ring away from the others.

With a stern look, Polowy stands in the middle of the ring, and raises the mic to his mouth.

"You want to fight? Huh? You want to take the idea I had to show case the best of DREAM and act like this? OK. You got it."

He turns to Mr. Hardcore and Kitty Purry.

"Next week, you two. Two on one against Adrien Cochrane."

Adrien steps forward with his arms out, complaining as Mike turns to him.

"Shut up and nut up. I'm tired of your church boy attitude. If a bitch wants to fight, you split that clit and be done with it. The match stands!"

Adrien is pulled back by Bobby Dean.

"You, Dean. Next week I'll let you have a chance to get back at B.R. Ellis for starting all of this shit. You will be taking on B.R. Ellis of The chickEN Chokers!"

Bobby looks pleasantly surprised. Mike turns to Dark.

"And you. You show up to another one of my damn shows drunk and your ass is fired. You hear me?!"

Dark snarls at Polowy and flips him off.

"Oh yea? Fuck me? Fuck me? Really?! You know what Dark.. FUCK YOU! Fuck your mother, fuck your father for not pulling out, and fuck the trailer park you grew up in. YOU'RE FIRED!"

Dark flips his lid and rushes at Mike who meets his head with the microphone. Dark hits the mat and Mike begins punching him in the face until Doozer grabs him, pulling him off of Dark. B.R. Ellis runs over and checks on his partner.

"You have ten minutes to get out of my damn building!"

Ellis rolls Dark to the apron and exits the ring, helping his partner down.

"As for you four."

He straightens up and points between The Grady Bunch and the eGG Bandits.

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"Next week, the eGG Bandits challenge The Grady Bunch for the DWF Tag Team Championships!"

The roof explodes with excitement. Doozer and Cancer slap high fives as The Grady Bunch question Mike's choice.

"You don't like it? Too bad! You should have thought about that before joining in on the festivities! The DREAM Team is better than this."

Muse begins to play again as we fade to commercial.

Score!

"

cancerjiles" After the big tag match the cameras catch up to Cool Cancer Jiles, a single egg in hand, as he stalks silently through the back halls searching for his designated prey. Thinking about his opponent in this challenge, wondering where

Bobby Dean is exactly as he stalks his way into the heart of the backstage area. Rounding a corner he spots his prey, Mark Zylbert and Travis

Williams, clipboard in hand, standing there chit chatting oblivious to CCJ's arrival. Across the hall rounding a corner of his own is CCJ

his opponent in this challenge, none other than Bobby Dean himself, also a single egg in hand. With both men spotting the other, the two men rush forward, cocking their arms back, Travis Williams and Mark Zylbert both look up at the commotion just in time to see both CCJ and BBD release their eggs at the exact same time!

Travis Williams

AHHHHHHHHH! Mark Zylbert

AHHHHHHHHH! CCJ and BBD watch as if in slow motion, the eggs sail across the hall inching closer and closer to their designated target! Travis and Mark both swivel their heads looking from one egg to the other as both eggs get closer and closer! At the last moment Travis Williams grabs Mark Zylbert and pulls him in, using him as a human shield! One egg explodes covering Mark Zylbert in the yolky goodness as the other egg collides against the back of Travis Williams

bald head, covering him in his own yolky goodness! CCJ

NOOOOOOOOOO! BBD

Yes! BBD, hitting Travis Williams with his egg, jumps up punching the air in victory as CCJ drops to his knees in defeat. Travis Williams and Mark Zylbert look from the celebrating BBD to the down trodden CCJ, both look on the verge of animalistic rage as Mark Zylbert himself, covered in egg, drops to his knees screaming towards the heavens. Mark Zylbert

Damn you EGG BANDIIIIIIITS!

Talon vs.

Chris Bond vs Psymon

"

talon" "Well Lucien, we've got a hell of a contest up next in what has already been a chaotic night in DREAM Wrestling!" "I hate to question Mr. MPlow's judgment, Jason, but no one is here to see three HWF guys in the main event..." "Perhaps, or perhaps we're about to see one of the most exciting matches we've seen in a long

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time. This is obviously a move on the General Manager's part to ensure that Hostility keeps their team unity to a minimum. Considering what we saw during the tag team brawl earlier tonight, he might be succeeding."

The arena 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 giant DREAM tron 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 starts his descent down the ramp. Suddenly, however, the lights in the arena spring back on, and the music is abruptly cut off. The arena does quiet as Psymon stops in his tracks, looking up and around at the arena.

"It seems as if we may be having some technical difficulties here, folks."

Psymon waits a moment, before shrugging his shoulders and making his way down the ramp and climbing into the ring. He 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 opponent. There is a few seconds of hesitation in silence, as the fans in the arena bask in the confusion. After the seconds turn into a full minute with no music or pyro, a confused looking Chris Bond makes his way out from the backstage area. The fans boo the last Hostility champion fiercely as he steps off the entranceway and onto the ramp, but he's too busy looking around at the sound equipment to notice.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it appears we aren't have any technical difficulties at all. I've just gotten word from the truck that Michael Polowy has instructed them to kill Hostile ring entrances for this main event match. What a slap in the face to DREAM's future champions. And what a huge disrespect to newcomer Chris Bond, the real owner of the HWF World Championship." "Good, these guys don't deserve flashy entrances, Jason. I just wanna watch them kill each other." "Lucien, sometimes I don't understand how you can suck so much... you know what? Let's just forget it."

As Chris Bond makes his way up the stairs, he walks along the apron, and stares out into the massively anti-Hostility crowd. He just shrugs and wipes his feet before stepping into the ring. He walks to the center and stands there. This is where he'd normally be basking the glory of all the cheers and admiration, but alas, DREAM offers none of that. So he just shrugs this off too and walks to one side of the ring awaiting the beginning of the match. Finally, the fans in the arena erupt into a steady mixed reaction full of desperate cheers and hateful boos as DREAM Champion Talon steps out from the back, looking less than pleased. He hoists the DREAM Championship over his shoulder, cracking his neck as he steps through the entrance way and onto the ramp.

"You may not like Hostility, Lucien, but even you have to admit that Talon is an incredible talent. He's got the

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be the obvious favorite in this match." "Yeah, losing to Doozer two weeks in a row is really making me respect him as a champion." "Last week's main event was officially rendered a no-contest. And it was a handicap match, to boot. You really have some backwards views."

Talon skips the fanfare, making his way down the ramp and toward the ring. He slides under the ropes, rolling into the ring and handing off the DWF Championship to the referee. After taking care of the title, the ref moves back to the corner, signaling for the bell and getting this contest started.

"This one is started, folks, and we have to wonder how these men are feeling going into this match-up."

Chris Bond and Talon immediately turn toward one another, their eyes locking. Psymon takes a gander at each of them, then down at his mallet sitting carefully outside of the ring. He decides to watch things play out.

"Obviously some history between Bond and Talon, and Psymon is staying out of it." "Hostility pussy."

Psymon appears to have made a mistake, however, as Bond and Talon smile at each other. Without a word, both men charge toward Psymon, taking him down effortlessly with a huge double clothesline. The arena pops despite themselves, watching the two former best friends working together again. Psymon pops up quickly, charging back in toward his opponents. He ducks another quick clothesline attempt from Mr. Reality Chris Bond, sneaking past him and catching an unsuspecting Talon with a smooth looking armdrag. Rockridge skitters across the canvas, rolling to his feet near the opposite corner.

"Psymon looked to be in trouble right off the bat, but took some advantage back there with an arm drag." "I never did understand why play-by-play is a real job, Jason. You just tell the people what they are already seeing."

Psymon wastes no time, and with focuses his efforts on Chris Bond. The two begin exchanging hard lefts near the center of the ring, but Bond gets the better of the situation and counters with a wild haymaker, sending Psymon hard to the mat. He looks briefly to Talon, who smiles back at Mr. Reality as he launches off the ropes, dropping a tremendous elbow onto Psymon.

"Bond and Talon showing a lot of unity here tonight. You have to wonder if that's going to last."

Psymon rolls to his side, pushing himself to the ropes as Bond and Talon stand over him, prepared. Mr. Reality grabs Psymon by the shoulder and head, picking him up to his feet and launching him toward the ropes with a strong Irish whip. As he rebounds, Talon is ready to catch him and send Psymon high overhead with a vicious looking back body drop.

"Psymon really taking a beating early on in this match. He needs to get his bearings and get back into this one." "Get his bearings? He's a freak in mime make-up. I don't think he's ever had his bearings."

Psymon goes down hard, holding his back in pain. Chris Bond, ready and waiting, takes hold of Psymon's

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legs and flips him onto his stomach, twisting him into a hard Boston crab in the center of the ring. Psymon cries out, the pressure tearing into his already hurting lower back.

"Good teamwork by Bond and Talon, they aren't giving Psymon a moment to catch his breath."

Bond tightens, clamping the hold down onto Psymon in what could be an early match-ender. The referee leans in to check for the submission, but before Psymon can give an answer, Talon lightly pushes Bond off and breaks the hold. Mr. Reality looks less than enthused, but nods at his former partner and swallows his argument.

"Maybe you spoke too soon, Jason... as usual. Looks like things might heat up." "Well obviously Talon wants to come out on top here, Lucien.

He's not going to hand Bond a victory." Psymon rolls to the ropes, sliding out of the ring to regain some semblance of control in the match.

In the ring, Bond approaches Bond and the two begin to quietly discuss what just happened. It looks like bickering for a moment, but soon both men nod and re-focus on Psymon. For his part, Psymon centers himself before climbing back into the ring, trying to give this match an even restart.

"Let's do this."

Psymon mutters at his opponents, ready for the second wave of their attack. Talon and Bond charge forward, but Psymon is ready and slips around Chris Bond's right side, taking him down from behind with a technical looking sweep. Bond hits the mat hard, and Psymon immediately comes off the ropes and heads toward Talon. He sweeps around Talon's back, pulling him backwards with his legs into a pin attempt! One... Two... KICKOUT!

"Near fall there by Psymon, who has quickly regained some momentum with a beautiful looking crucifix." "Jesus would be proud, Jason. Jesus would be proud. GAAAAG."

Psymon is quickly back to his feet, with Talon following immediately. The two lock up near the center of the ring, and Psymon quickly slips behind Talon, attempting to lock on a rear naked choke hold. Talon fights the hold with all his might, but it doesn't matter in the end.

As Psymon gets the hold just about secure, Bond comes at him with a hard kick to the side of his ribs, followed up immediately by another. It's enough to break the hold.

"Bond coming to the rescue on that one, saving Talon and also the match."

Psymon growls, focusing his attention on Bond. They lock up, struggling for the upper hand, but Psymon forgets about the DWF Champion. He clamps a hold of Psymon from behind, as Bond releases his grip.... and Psymon goes sailing through the air!

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"GERMAN SUPLEX!" "Yes, that's a wrestling move. Thanks, no one knew what that was called."

Psymon lands awkwardly against the ropes, obviously knocked silly from a bad fall. The referee leans down to check on him, as he struggles against his own cobwebs. With Psymon fairly well incapacitated, the fans begin to buzz as Talon and Bond eye each other up in the center of the ring.

"Here it is, folks. A lot of people have been waiting to see this for a very long time." "So much for unity, kids. Business just picked up!"

The two men smirk at each other, like sharks, before tearing into one another. The fans are in a frenzy as Bond and Talon lock up, a lot of old emotions stirred up at the same time.

With a shove, Bond sends Talon to the mat, but Talon refuses to stay down. He hops back to his feet, running in and locking back up. Bond once again gets the upper hand, pushing Talon to the canvas. Talon gets up a third time, slightly slower, and out of either stubbornness or stupidity shoots back in for the lock up. This time, with a surge of energy, Talon shoves Bond backward and into the ropes, following up with a huge lariat that sends Mr. Reality cleanly over the ropes and to the outside!

"There it is, the Laundry Line! Bond is outside and feeling it, big time." "That's what she said." "Shut up, Lucien."

In the ring, Psymon is attempting to get to his feet, with help from the referee. Talon lightly moves the ref out of the way, flipping Psymon down onto his back and making a pin attempt. One... Two.... Th.....NO! Psymon manages to find the will to kick out, another near fall. The DREAM Champ gets back to his feet, ducking down into fighting stance as Psymon begins to pull himself up a little quicker this time. Talon rushes forward, hoping to take another advantage, but in a desperation move Psymon ducks out of the way, pulling the referee into the gray and getting him knocked right the fuck out.

"Uh oh, the referee's down and he's down hard." "This seems to happen an awful lot in pro wrestling, Jason."

Talon furrows his brow, leaning down to check on the referee after the accidental knock out.

Outside the ring, Chris Bond pulls himself to his feet, holding his shoulder from the tumble to the concrete. He's quickly slid back into the ring, and readied himself behind Talon. About to strike, the fans go into a frenzy, but... well... it's not for the match at hand. From the crowd, in similar fashion to Chris Bond's debut the week before, three men jump the barrier and hit the ring, yelling and throwing eggs haphazardly as they slide under the ropes.

"Adrien Cochrane, Muru, and Bobby Dean are here! You had to expect some kind of trick from Polowy's camp here tonight." "Oh, that's not all, Jason. Look!"

From the other side of the ring, Doozer and Cancer Jiles have done the same. They slide in from the opposite

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side, and suddenly a very weakened Team HOSTILITY find themselves cornered by the entire eGG Bandit roster!

"What a dirty trick! Polowy set this up from the beginning! He knew these men wouldn't be able to defend themselves against all five Bandits after wrestling each other! This is disgusting." "Oh man oh man oh man oh man I love it!"

Cancer Jiles takes down Chris Bond with a vicious tackle, as the two begin roll around the mat exchanging blows. Doozer beelines for Talon, as the two champions begin to barrage each other with hard punches. Psymon abandons all semblance of fair play, sliding out of the ring and grabbing a hold of his mallet as the remaining Bandits give chase. Suddenly, as the odds look to be at their worst...

"What's this?"

From the entrance way, a youngish looking man with wings tattooed on his chest bursts through the curtain, sprinting his way down to the ring. The fans in attendance explode, recognizing him immediately.

"Holy shit!"

It's Azreal, ladies and gentlemen! It's Azreal! The avenger of Hostility is here!" "What's an Azreal? And watch your language Jason. This is a family show."

Azreal, Hostility's fallen angel, hits the ring with a burst of speed, ambushing Cochrane from behind with a vicious shot to the back. Adrien drops like a bag of rocks, his face plunged into the ring post, but Azreal doesn't end the assault there. With a barrage of punches, he takes the former Television Champion Muru off his feet, leaving him down on the concrete, and then focuses on Bobby Dean. Dean thinks for a moment, cracking a sheepish smile at his old colleague, before shaking his head and turning tail, sprinting as far away from the Fallen Angel as possible! Psymon takes over the chase, running around the opposite way to confront Bobby Dean with his Mallet Of Evening The Odds

2. The arena is on fire, actually cheering on the Hostilitates as Dean bails into the crowd, getting the hell out of there. Psymon and Azreal make their way into the ring, jumping into the fray against the remaining Bandits. Doozer and Jiles look confused as hell at the debuting Azreal, look sideways at once another, and take off on opposite sides, getting out of the ring like mischievous children. Psymon, forgetting about the match altogether, makes chase along with Azreal, running up the ramp after the two troublemakers.

"Psymon may have gotten a little too preoccupied here, taking off from this match entirely!" "RUN BANDITS! RUUUUUUN!"

In the ring, Talon helps the referee back to his feet, this match somehow continuing even down a competitor.

As the ref regains his bearings, Rockridge begins to apologize for the accidental attack, but as he turns around... THWACK! Foot meets face, as Talon drops hard to the mat via a Chris Bond superkick to the jaw.

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"REALITY CHECK! Bond was in the right place at the right time there, folks." "Wow, I felt that from here Jason. Wow."

Talon lies sprawled out, pretty much out of this match. Bond looks to feel slightly bad about the outcome, but shrugs his shoulders as he drops to the mat, making the cover. One... Two.... Three! WINNER: CHRIS BOND via pinfall.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this could have been a tremendous match, if Polowy's new posse hadn't stepped in and unbalanced things." "Mr.

MPlow's plan worked perfectly, Jason.

Let's see some 'unity' out of the Hostility peasants after this. They're already cheating each other!" Chris Bond leans down, attempting to help Talon back to his feet. Rockridge pushes his former partner off, and the last thing we see is two former Hostility World Champions, staring each other down in the ring as the show comes to a close.

J K L a b c d