

# Slaughter: XLI

March 17, 2010 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

## XLI

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Slaughter XLI

17 Mar 2010

The Slaughter House,

Orlando, FL (seats 8,796)

Introduction

May 17, 2009

- Dark vs. Eric Payne As we return, 'Binge and Purge' by Clutch starts to play. Dark steps out from the back and the fans pop. He takes a drag from his cigarette then tosses it down and steps on it before heading to the ring.

"Dark is a former world champion, and I'm sure even the Illustrated Man would like to go home today with another title under his belt. The lights flicker three times and on the third flick they completely go out. Small candles light the edges of the ring ramp, as the opening chords of 'Falling Away From Me' by Korn begins. Just as the song gets louder extremely loud pyros go off like crazy on the stage area. Eric walks out from the back dragging his feet and walking ever so slowly. With each candle he passes it flickers out, all the way to the last one. He stops at the last one and raises his fist triggering the last two candles to shoot two flames into the air. He slides under the bottom rope and is on his finger tips and toes. He slowly crawls as if stalking a prey, before getting to his feet and leaning against the corner.

"What a main event we have here. Not only will someone's undefeated streak end, we will crown a new DWF Heavyweight Champion!"

The bell sounds and neither man moves.

"Stare down. Both of these competitors know what is riding on the line."

Dark flips Payne off. Eric then runs at him. Dark sidesteps Payne, fluently wrapping him into a sleep hold.

"Payne to one knee as Dark applies pressure. If he can put Eric Payne out this early, he can go home as champion."

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Eric Payne struggles a bit, only causing Dark to apply more pressure to the hold. Payne stops fighting, and begins reaching for the ropes.

"Dark has Payne too far from the ropes to break the hold. He may very well already have this match won."

Payne begins trying to reach above his head, attempting to do anything to break the sleeper.

"Eric Payne is almost out, and we are close to having a champion!"

Payne finds Dark's face, but Dark bites his fingers.

"The pain shooting through Eric Payne's hand is enough to bring him to."

Eric is able to overpower Dark enough to push himself up. He elbows Dark in the ribs, causing him to release his hold.

"Short arm clothesline sends Dark to the mat."

Both men quickly get to their feet. This time when they get up, Dark ducks the clothesline attempt. He quickly turns with a sharp kick to the back of Eric Payne's knee, causing it to buckle.

"Payne to one knee. Dark off the ropes, goes for a bull dog."

Eric moves quickly, catching Dark into a fireman's carry, over to a slam. As he gets to his feet, he limps over to the corner, propping himself on the turnbuckle.

"Dark to his feet, he rushes the injured Payne. Payne moves, causing Dark to slam into the corner post at full speed.

"He may have just injured his shoulder as he hit the post."

Dark stumbles back, but Payne with force drives his head into the top turnbuckle. The fans begin counting as he continues to slam Dark's head into it.

"Ten consecutive meets of Dark's head and that top turnbuckle."

Payne lets Dark go. As Dark tries to keep his footing, Eric Payne hits a beautiful belly to back suplex.

"If you looked in the encyclopedia for perfect belly to back suplexes, that would be the one referred."

Eric Payne makes his way to his feet. He pulls Dark to his feet, placing Dark's head between his arm.

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"Payne lifts Dark to his shoulders and slams him down. Big power bomb by Eric Payne."

Dark's body lays in a heap, not moving. Payne uses the ropes to pull himself up.

"Eric Payne has turned the tables in this match, moving from victim to aggressor."

As Payne begins to pull Dark to his feet, Dark puts a big right hand into his 'jewels'. Payne bends over in pain, allowing Dark to grab his head and use his own to crack Payne's jaw.

"Eric to the mat in a lot of pain."

Blood can be seen coming from Payne's mouth.

"He may have bit his tongue, or broke a tooth out. Either way there is blood from the mouth of Eric Payne."

Dark holds onto the ropes, and shakes off his moment of being on the other end. He see's Payne's blood, and he likes it.

"Dark with heavy stomps to the head of Eric Payne. The cancer of the DWF now bends down and slaps Payne."

Dark grabs Eric's head and pulls him to his feet.

"Irish whip by Dark, NO, it's reversed! Dark off the ropes, big boot by Eric Payne!"

Dark hits the mat hard. Payne lifts him up, then scoops Dark.

"Payne runs, power slam!"

The fans get on their feet as it is anyone's match.

"Payne off of the ropes, he leaps up, big leg drop."

Eric Payne quickly covers Dark, but is denied at two.

"Eric managed to get a count of two before the kick out. With an opponent like Dark, you need to always hook the leg."

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

"Payne lifts Dark high into the air, setting up a vertical suplex."

Before Payne can fall back, Dark maneuvers to fall and land behind him.

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"Reverse DDT by Dark!"

Dark floats over to a cover.

"Kick out by Eric Payne!"

The fans are into the match, cheering, yelling, and banging chairs.

"There is likely to be a riot if we keep getting these near falls!"

Both men find their ways to their feet.

"We're back at square one as Dark and Payne stare at each other. What a match this has been!"

Dark and Payne rush each other, Dark ducks a clothesline. Both men off the ropes. As they return, Eric leaps.

"Shoulder block, taking Dark down!"

Both men pop to their feet, but half way up, Eric goes for the Eric Cutter.

"WAIT! DARK CHANGES IT INTO AN INVERTED DDT!"

The referee drops to count as Dark pins Payne.

"DARK JUST GOT THE THREE COUNT! HE IS OUT NEW DWF HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!" 'Binge and Purge' begins to play again as Dark is helped up by the referee.

"I'm not sure is Dark realizes he just won!"

The referee is handed the title and then hands it to Dark. Dark stares at the gold then hugs it before raising the belt high up. The camera zooms in on him after some match highlights. The copy right information shows.

"That's all the time we have for this week, but be sure to tune in next Sunday for the fourth episode of Sunday Night Slaughter!"

August 10th, 2009 - Level-One vs Travis Williams The lights in the arena dim, as the steady sound of a phone being left off the hook beeps throughout the arena. The hollow sounds of a woman s voice saying, "House Keeping, HELLO" followed by some knocking and another . The guitar strums ever so lightly.

"You Find Me But I Don

t Know What You Wanna Say Well God Is Great And God Is Good But God Didn

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t Help Me When He Could And Love Dances Slowly By!" As the sounds of Sixx AM  
s "Courtesy Call" slams into the arena, the lights come back partly as the man of man personas known only  
as

Travis Williams, The Dark

Shadows, walks out on top of the stage. The crowd tosses mix reactions towards the veteran of the sport, as  
he stands perfectly in the center of the aisle away from the fans  
fingertips.

"This Is Just A Courtesy Call This Is Just Matter of Policy This Is Just An Act of Kindness To Let You Know  
That YOUR TIME IS UP!"

Travis walks down with his arms beside him, elbow to his palms out in front of him with his palms open  
facing towards the air. He walks to the ring, where he stands for a second. He looks around the arena, and  
grabs the middle rope and steps up on to the apron. He wipes his feet on the apron, and then steps between  
the top and middle ropes. He enters the ring and walks over to a corner awaiting the opening bell, never  
blinking. "Put you on game" By Lupe Fiasco ruthlessly attacks the stereo system with little regard; shaking  
the ear drums of the crowd of thousands. Red smoke seeps through the upper ramp; and ripping through the  
curtains Level-One finds himself on top of the ramp; taunting the booing fans. Creating a  
with his left hand he places his index finger behind his thumb forming his initials  
as the red and white pyro shoots up in the air indiscriminately. Level-One lowers his hand looking into the  
crowd; whom craves for his entertainment, even as they boo relentlessly. Slow and methodically he works his  
way down the ramp, before sliding under the bottom rope. Level-One paces around the ring, his red eyes  
capturing the essence of his surroundings. This is where he belongs; he smiles.

The two champions circle each other as the bell sounds. As Level-One goes to lock up with Travis Williams,  
Williams simply shoves him back.

"Travis Williams with the size advantage, yet again, in this non title match up. Level-One attempts to lock up  
again, and is denied once more."

This time when Travis Williams shoves him, Level stumbles back into the  
ropes, grabbing the top one to hold himself up.

"These two men have not faced each other before, so along with Travis Williams having an opportunity to  
say he is able to pin the DREAM World Champion, we have the opportunity to witness a new and exciting  
match mixture this week on Slaughter."

Level-One lets go of the top rope and runs at Travis Williams who throws his boot up, catching the World  
Champion in the face sending him to the mat.

"Level-One meets the mat after a big boot by Travis Williams, who so far has Level-One thinking he may  
have found his toughest opponent yet."

Travis grabs the back of Level-One's head and pulls him to his feet. He directs him to the nearest corner post

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and slams the World Champion's head into the top turnbuckle. As he lets go, Level-One bounces up and stumbles a few steps back.

"Travis Williams leans down and scoops Level-One up, followed by a quick slam to the mat. Williams now with several angry stomps."

He stops stomping and leaps up, dropping with a leg drop across the chest of Level-One.

"I don't think I've ever seen the number one rated singles wrestler, Level-One, dominated like he has been in this match to this point."

Travis Williams lifts a leg of Level-One up and crosses his in, turning Level-One.

"Half way over, Level-One is now fighting with all his might, trying to climb away. he's reaching."

Level-One is able to grab the bottom rope and pull hard enough to pull out of Travis Williams' grip. He quickly rolls out of the ring and to the floor.

"Level-One taking a moment to gather his thoughts and come up with a new offense to try."

Travis Williams leans over the top rope and yells at Level-One to get back in the ring. Level-One reaches in under the bottom rope, and yanks Williams' foot, causing him to fall to the mat.

"Just the break Level-One needs."

He grabs both of Travis Williams' feet and pulls, bringing Williams to the outside. As his feet hit the floor, Level-One begins to lay into him with a fury of rights and lefts.

"Level-One has Travis Williams pinned up against the ring as he finally is able to get an attack going."

He stops with the fist long enough to kick Travis Williams in the mid section, grabs his arm, and whips him.

"Travis Williams is sent head first into the ring side barrier. Level-One runs at Williams."

Travis Williams holds himself up on one knee by the barrier as Level-One connects with a rising knee to his head, laying him out.

"Level-One now heading back to the ring. he rolls in then back out to restart the count. Level-One now in control of this match."

Level-One walks over to Jason Whiteside's booth and picks up a bottle of water. he opens it, takes a drink, then pours some on his head before walking over to Travis Williams who is pulling himself to his feet. As he gets up and turns, Level-One splashes the remainder of the water in his eyes, catching him off guard.

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"Travis Williams whipped again, this time he meets those unforgiving steel steps."

Travis Williams crumples to the floor. Level-One walks over, casing him, contemplating his next move before stomping Williams a couple of times. He lifts him up, and rolls Travis back into the ring.

"Level-One entering himself now. He has shown why he is the champion, being able to dominate in almost any situation against almost any adversary."

Level-One picks Travis Williams up. Once he is halfway, Level locks his head and grabs his trunks.

"Level-One appears to be about to attempt a suplex on the big man."

He lifts, but Travis blocks it with his foot. Level-One tries again, but is once again denied.

"Travis Williams is able to pull out of Level-One's grip, boot to the World Champion. Williams now grabs him, knee to the stomach of Level-One. Travis Williams now pulls him through with a hard hitting short arm clothesline."

Level-One meets the mat yet again. Travis leaps up, dropping his knees .

"Level-One moved! Travis Williams plants his knees into the mat hard."

Level-One quickly gets to his feet and runs to the ropes, as he comes off of them and heads back towards Williams, he leaps with a drop kick to the back of Travis Williams' head, who falls face first to the mat.

"Level-One quickly turns Travis Williams over. He goes for the pin, denied at two as Williams is able to kick out."

Level-One rises to his feet, lifting Travis up with him.

"Hard chop to the chest of Travis Williams by Level-One, followed by another."

Travis takes a step back then comes foreword with his own hard chop.

"Another big chop from the big man, he now follows up with a big right. Level-One returns the favor. We have an all out battle as both champions are exchanging fist."

Travis Williams grabs Level-One's arm and whips him into the ropes.

"Williams ready as Level-One is on the return. Wait... One leaps, shoulder block takes the big man down!"

Williams quickly to his feet, as is Level-One who runs and hits the ropes as he returns, he leaps again.

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"Another big shoulder block!"

Both men to their feet, they turn to face each other.

"Level-one with a big boot to the gut of the Anarchy Champion."

He tries to lift him, but is unable to.

"LOOK! From the back is Jak Nemesis and Mike Polowy!"

Nemesis gets up on the apron and the referee immediately runs to tell him to leave.

"Polowy in behind the referee!"

He quickly joins Level-One, helping him lift and drop Travis Williams before sliding out of the ring.

"Double team big vertical suplex!"

Jak Nemesis throws his hands up and drops off of the apron, allowing the referee to turn in time to see the cover and drop to make the count.

"The bell sounds, Level-One pulls off a big win with an assist from his partners!"

Polowy and Nemesis enter the ring. They raise Level-One's hands up as the camera zooms in on Travis Williams on the mat then them.

September 13, 2009

- Crimson vs

Mark Zylbert

"This next match is for the number one draft pick between Insomnia and Slaughter! It features a man who's brother is maybe the most famous wrestler to ever step into a DREAM ring and the past his prime former wrestler, now lead of

Insomnia, Tommy

Crimson." Red smoke enters the arena, as red lights beam around the arena. 'Headup' by the Deftones hits the PA, and the Commish of Dream Wrestling walks out. The crowd goes crazy, as he stops on the top of the ramp, and gets down on one knee, and shows off even more to the crowd. The crowd keep chanting as he stops on his way and signs a kid

s autograph. He slides in the ring, and climbs one turnbuckle crossing his arms in the air and then banging his head, slinging his long red hair in every direction. He drops down and heads for the next turnbuckle repeating every movement from the last turnbuckle. He does this on all four turnbuckles as he jumps down, he points to the smoke at the entrance..."The Fury" can be made out as it fades away.

"Tommy Crimson getting a good reaction from the crowd."

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Mark Zylbert's music begins to play.

"Here comes the general manager of Slaughter!"

Zylbert steps out of the back. behind him walks out a familiar face.

"MY GOD! It's the Big Shot!

Zylbert's brother and the biggest name in DREAM history, Matt

'The Big Shot' Zylbert!" The fan reaction absolutely destroys and reaction that Crimson got. Disgust comes across his face as the Zybert brothers make their way down the ramp.

"Big Shot isn't dressed to wrestle, as he appears to be here more or less for support as his brother has never had a match in his career in the business."

Once to the ring, The Big Shot gives his brother some words of encouragement and sends him into the ring.

"Big Shot will look on from out here as Zylbert and Crimson prepare for their match."

Crimson looks confident as he has the experience and the size advantage. The bell sounds to begin the match. Tommy leans down and tells Zylbert he can have the first punch, pointing at his chin.

"Tommy Crimson is taunting Zylbert, teasing him."

Crimson even closes his eyes now. Zylbert looks aggravated. He leans back, as he comes forward with a punch, Crimson opens his eyes and sidesteps, grabbing Zylbert's arm and putting him down to the mat hard in an arm bar.

"Oh come on."

Zylbert screams in a lot of pain as Crimson smirks, applying pressure. Big Shot leans in and yells for Mark to get up, slapping the apron.

"Mark Zylbert kicks frantically."

His legs are able to move under the bottom rope. the referee breaks the arm bar.

"Crimson to his feet, pulling the smaller Mark Zylbert up."

He scoops him up and slams him down to the mat.

"Tommy Crimson sticking to the basics. In his day, this man was an amazing, high flying superstar. However, many surgeries through out the years have nearly grounded him indefinitely."

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Crimson leaps up and comes down with a big leg drop. Big Shot winches seeing his brother landed on.

"That's got to hurt."

Crimson gets to his feet, showing obvious discomfort in his knees. He looks over at the corner post and to the fans before pointing to the top.

"I think Tommy Crimson wants to fly! The fans want it too!"

Crimson heads over and begins climbing the turnbuckles, slowly. Once up, he turns towards Zylbert and looks down, then out to the roaring crowd.

"This is it, we are going to see him soar!"

The cameras flash as Crimson leaps, in mid air he does a back flip and lands perfectly, as if he was still the 20 year old show stopping superstar he once was.

"That was beautiful! Crimson did something many thought he'd never do again, he flew!"

Big Shot can not believe it. Crimson rolls over on his back and rest on the mat, obvious pain from the move sets in.

"Mark Zylbert never had a chance, not even with his brother out here. All Tommy Crimson must do is make the pin"

Crimson raises an arm up and turns over, placing it over Zylbert. The referee drops to count.

"This may be it!"

Big Shot climbs the apron, and slides halfway in, pulling Crimson's legs, successfully breaking the pin.

"Save by Big Shot."

Big Shot slides back out and holds his hands up as the referee yells at him from inside the ring. Tommy Crimson stands up and looks down at him, obviously mad.

"Behind Crimson is Zylbert, getting up!"

Mark Zylbert lunges forward with a low blow.

"Low blow by Zylbert! Now a classic school boy!"

The referee turns to see it and drops.

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"One... Two... NO! KICK OUT! Mark Zylbert almost stole this one!"

Exhaustion begins to set in as neither one of these men are in the physical place they should be to be wrestling.

"Both competitors now getting to their feet. Zylbert ducks a clothesline attempt, runs at the ropes. Off of them, he leaps!"

Tommy Crimson catches Mark Zylbert in mid air and smiles.

"Big Shot slides in the ring!"

Crimson sits Zylbert down and puts his fist up, challenging Big Shot.

"Big Shot and Crimson exchanging words"

The referee yells for the two men to break it up and Big Shot to leave. Mark runs behind Crimson, hitting a forearm shot to his back.

"Crimson surprised by Zylbert. Another forearm. Mark Zylbert now holds Tommy Crimson from behind."

Big Shot looks out to the crowd and smiles he then points at Crimson and smiles even bigger.

"Big Shot steps back. He gets ready. There he goes, SUPER KICK!" Big Shot stops just centimeters from Crimson's nose and holds the leg up in position. He puts the leg down and Zylbert releases Crimson, stepping forward to his brother, and screaming.

"What... what just happened?"

Crimson steps back, crossing his arms and just laughing. Zylbert looks over at him, then at his brother who is now smiling, then back at Crimson.

"I think Zylbert just pieced together the puzzle."

Big Shot steps back and shoots forward.

"SUPER KICK! Big Shot just took down his own brother!"

Crimson covers Zylbert and the referee reluctantly counts.

"Three. Tommy Crimson has won, with the aid of The Big Shot, the number one draft pick in the brand draft!"

Big Shot is tossed a microphone from the outside. He leans down.

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"I guess you know now Mark.. I am not my brother's keeper. Next time, before you step in with the big boys, you know you can win on your own."

He throws the mic down with force. Crimson taps him on the shoulder, turning him around. He offers his hand.

"Crimson pulls off a big one here folks."

Big Shot steps back.

"SUPER KICK! He almost took Crimson's head off!"

Big Shot's music begins and he exits the ring. The camera zooms in on both men down as we fade. October 19th, 2009 - Daymare vs 501 'Run With the Wolves' by the Prodigy hits the sound system and the lights in the arena dim as Patient Five-Zero-One steps ominously onto the top of the entrance stage. He pauses for effect at the top whilst looking out around at the crowd with a grimace on his face. The darkness in the arena is interrupted by flashing strobe lights as Five-Zero-One slowly walks down the entrance ramp. Five-Zero-One finally reaches the ring, and he slides in before posing for the crowd once more on the nearest turnbuckle.

"Best of three match coming your way next."

Two spotlights of sunny yellow and white intersect over the aisle. Mumbles from the crowd, as the soft beginning of 'Rooster' by Alice N Chains plays sweetly in the ears. Casually walking out is the Yellow and Orange masked Daymare, who pauses at the entrance looking around. He clasps his hands together, and in three moving chops puts them near his head.

It's Naptime. As the chorus kicks in, Daymare kicks his left leg out and bends forward stamping one fist into the floor and pounding into his chest. He front rolls through that pose and quickly walks through the aisle as 'We don't wanna die' chills the bones. Reaching ringside, he grabs the middle rope and jumps up but slides under the bottom rope on his back. Kipping up, he stands statuesque with what appears to be labored breathing not moving an inch until given instruction.

"The first man to score two pin falls, submissions, or count outs in this match will win. It can go either way as either man can pull it off. This match and more as we return from a short commercial break."

We go to commercial break, as we return the referee is wrapping up explaining the rules.

"Five-Zero-One has been dominating since he entered DREAM, can he continue tonight?"

The bell sounds and quickly the two men lock up.

"Daymare takes control, Irish whip. 501 on the return now, hip toss by Daymare."

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As 501 hits the mat he lets out a yelp. Daymare walks over and lifts him up by the back of the head. He scoops 501 up and runs forward, then slams him down.

"Power slam by Daymare."

The fans are getting into the match with some heavy reaction.

"Daymare with multiple vicious stomps to his opponent."

Daymare walks over and lifts 501 up. As he hits the halfway mark, 501 slams a right into the gut of Daymare.

"501 to his feet, a big right to the side of Daymare's head, followed by another." 501 runs back and bounces off the ropes, as he shoots towards Daymare, he leaps.

"Big shoulder block!"

Patient Five-Zero-One gets up and pulls Daymare to his feet. Half way up Daymare he jumps up, throwing his feet into the mid section of 501, kicking him back. Daymare falls back and rolls to his feet.

"The incredible agility of Daymare gets him back in this match." 501 gets up, as he is almost up, Daymare runs, rolling over 501's back. 501 stands up, and turns around, allowing Daymare to jump up, grabbing his neck and twisting down.

"Incredible neck breaker variation! Daymare up, he runs, leaping to the ropes."

Daymare catches himself, balancing on the top for a few seconds. He leaps up, comes down with both legs bouncing off of the top rope, flipping him up and over.

"What a moonsault, like I've never seen before!"

Daymare adjust himself and hooks a leg of 501.

"Daymare looks to get the first win of the match."

Patient Five-Zero-One is able to kick out at two.

"501 saves himself at the last moment! Daymare can't believe it, quite frankly neither can I."

Daymare gets up and runs to the ropes. As he hits them, 501 gets up.

"Daymare on the return, he jumps."

As he leaps, he flips in the air. 501 leans down and comes up, grabbing his legs. He runs forward and leaps,

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throwing his legs out.

"Sit out power bomb into a pinning position!"

The referee counts. Daymare struggles, but isn't able to break it.

"The first pin has just been given to 501!"

Patient Five-Zero-One gets up. he gives Daymare time to get to his feet. the referee checks him, making sure he is able to continue.

"501 allows Daymare time to get ready to continue. You don't see many men willing to do that in this sport."

They finally get ready. Both men touch fist and they begin. 501 starts with rapid fire fists to Daymare's face.

"The two can't wait to tear into each other as they start their second round."

Daymare blocks 501, and quickly sidesteps taking him down with a drop toe hold. He gets to his feet and lifts 501 to his feet, then nails a vertical suplex.

"Daymare with a pin fall attempt, but only a one! He's gotta know he can't get a pin that easy."

Daymare gets up, pulling his opponent up as well. He whips 501 to the ropes and has to duck a clothesline as 501 comes charging back.

"He nearly took his head off."

They both turn and 501 leaps downward.

"There he is with a clothesline that does take Daymare down." 501 is up. He lifts Daymare to his feet for a back breaker.

"Now he's stretching him over the knee for added pressure."

Daymare kicks away at the head of 501, causing him to release the hold. He then quickly begins an offense.

"Daymare with those super accurate stiff soccer kicks to the back, arms, chest, and face of Patient Five-Zero-One."

Daymare watches as 501 falls flat to the mat and then does a standing shooting star, landing the pin.

"Daymare with another pin fall attempt, and this time he's got a two!"

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Daymare pulls 501 to his feet and whips him towards the rope, 501 reverses it.

"Patient Five-Zero-One with a huge power slam as Daymare came back off the ropes, and the pin! Only two though." 501 lifts Daymare up as he gets up. He beats away at his chest with chops backing him into the corner.

"Patient

Five-Zero-One climbs the ropes, He begins delivering big fist to the face of Daymare.

501 jumps down, pulling Daymare down with him into a smooth DDT. The pin, two and three fifths!" Daymare slowly gets to his feet holding his head from the pain, 501 grabs his arm and attempts to send Daymare across the ring.

"Daymare reverses the

Irish whip, Patient

Five-Zero-One hits the buckle and staggers to the center of the ring, drop kick to the knee." Daymare hits the ropes once more, and nails 501 with a Shinning Wizard.

"Daymare on the offense finally!"

Daymare gets up, and pulls Patient Five-Zero-One to his feet. 501 slips under his arms and locks him up in a standing half nelson choke.

"The K.I.A on Daymare! he's trying to choke him out!"

Daymare struggles. Finally, he thrust himself up and down, sliding out of the lock, but hitting his bottom on the mat hard.

"Daymare felt that one, but he had to escape. Daymare to his feet now." 501 Irish whips Daymare across the ring.

"Patient Five-Zero-One ducks a clothesline from Daymare and takes off towards the opposite side of the ring."

Both men sprint back towards each other, leaping in the air and crashing into each other with simultaneous cross body blocks.

"This is it! Five-Zero-One and Daymare are both down, this looks like a car wreck. The referee is giving them until ten to get up!"

Neither man moves for the first five count, then both start to try and get up.

"Will either man make it to his feet in time?"

If not, Patient

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Five-Zero-One will win by default as it will be the second decision against Daymare!" Daymare is able to grab the ropes and get totally up at nine. 501 tries, but just misses the ten count. the referee calls it.

"Daymare is awarded a victory as Five-Zero-One can not get up in time!" 501 shakes it off. Daymare allows him the same respect he showed, giving him time to gather himself.

"And they lock up. The next person to score a pin fall or submission will walk out the winner in this exciting match. Patient Five-Zero-One takes control, sliding behind Daymare, placing him in a wrist lock."

Daymare twist around and behind 501.

"501 now in a wrist lock himself as Daymare reverses the maneuver."

Five-Zero-One reaches behind his head, finally grabbing Daymare's. In one fluid motion, he leans forward, pulling Daymare by the head, using his front leverage to flip Daymare over his shoulder and to the mat. The crowd yells. 501 yanks Daymare's arms back as he places his knee in his back.

"Patient Five-Zero-One stretching the arms of Daymare, trying to wear him down."

He lets Daymare go and rolls over, pushing up to his feet. He then waits, patiently, behind Daymare. Preparing, watching, waiting.

"501 waiting as Daymare starts to get to his feet."

As Daymare is halfway up, Five-Zero-One moves in, placing Daymare in a half wing choke hold. Daymare begins flinging his arms, but 501 pulls back, falling to the mat and wrapping his legs around Daymare.

"He has the K.I.A locked in!"

Finally, Daymare taps and the referee calls for the bell.

"Patient Five-Zero-One wins! What a win it was!"

He lets go and gets to his feet. the referee holds his arm in victory. 501 moves from the referee over to Daymare, and extends his arm. He helps Daymare to his feet and they stand, facing each other. Finally, Five-Zero-One raises Daymare's arm.

"Sportsmanship folks, that is what it's all about. these two men know they gave it their all." 501's music hits and they shake again before beginning to exit the ring. We fade.

October 26, 2009

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Jak Nemesis vs. Cancer Jiles

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'Halo' by SOiL begins to play and Jak Nemesis steps out of the back to a mixed reaction. He walks over to the burial plot set at the top of entrance ramp and looks down. He turns towards the shovel sticking out of the ground and the tractor fixed with a front end scoop. Determination comes over his face. Jak Nemesis heads down the ramp towards the ring.

"Last week Jak Nemesis shocked the world as he chose to use his title shot on Cancer Jiles and unveiled that he and Mike Polowy were working together the entire time! Now, we have a pay per view caliber Buried Alive match for the Anarchy Championship here on this special halloween edition of Slaughter!" 'Bad to the Bone' hits the sound system. A chorus of cheers rains down from the DWF faithful as CCJ struts to the ring. He makes his way down quickly. Upon arrival, Cool Cancer Jiles slides under the bottom rope then climbs up the turnbuckles. He reciprocates the fans appreciation of him, holding his title high before finding in his final resting place; a seat atop the third turnbuckle. He stays perched there, awaiting the bell.

"Cancer Jiles almost killed Jak Nemesis the last time they met, this time he must bury him to keep that belt as we head into Golden Dreams in a couple weeks."

The bell sounds. Both men walk over and the referee explains to them that in order to win the match, they must place their opponent in the plot at the top of the stage and add at least 3/4ths the dirt on top of them. Count outs would not be called, submissions and pin falls are invalid. They agree and the match begins.

"Both men lock up as the bell sounds. Jak Nemesis takes control early on with an Irish whip. Cancer Jiles off the ropes and on the return, he ducks a clothesline attempt by Jak Nemesis."

Both men quickly turn to face each other.

"Boot to the gut of Jiles."

Jak Nemesis grabs the back of Cancer Jiles' head and yanks him backwards to the mat.

"Nemesis grabs one of Jiles' legs."

Cancer uses his free leg to kick Jak back. As Jak Nemesis stumbles back a few steps, Cancer Jiles is able to get to his feet. Jak Nemesis regains his composure and takes a step towards Cancer who jumps.

"Standing drop kick by Cancer Jiles."

As Jak Nemesis hits the mat, Cancer quickly grabs his head and lifts him up.

"Cancer Jiles now with a knife edge chop followed by another, and another. He grabs Jak's arm, whips him across the.. no, Jak Nemesis reverses. Cancer Jiles off the ropes, he leaps, big shoulder block takes Jak Nemesis down."

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As Cancer gets to his feet, he once again pulls Jak Nemesis to his.

"Jiles with a big right hand, followed by another.

However, Nemesis blocks this one and returns fire with his own. Jak Nemesis scoops Cancer up, Jiles slides behind him, landing on his feet." Cancer pushes Nemesis who falls a few steps forward, stopping at the ropes.

As he turns around, Cancer runs at him.

"Jak Nemesis moves, pulling the top rope down."

Cancer goes over the top rope, catching it as he goes over. Nemesis smirks and points two thumbs to himself at the crowd as Cancer uses his strength to flip back over the ropes and into the ring.

"Jak

Nemesis turns, Cancer Jiles showing off his agility with a standing drop kick, the second one he's used in this match so far." Jiles picks up both of Jak's legs, he leans back, falling to the mat.

"Slingshot. Jak Nemesis flies into the nearby corner post."

As he hits, he bounces back and stumbles around. Cancer Jiles sets up behind him, almost stalking the champion.

"Nemesis turns,

Jiles lunges forward, BIG

SPEAR!" The Anarchy Champion gets back to his feet. he looks up at the top of the ramp, then back down at Nemesis.

"Quick and very angry stomps by 'Mr. Cool' Cancer Jiles."

Cancer yanks Nemesis to his feet, and quickly guides his head into the nearby top turnbuckle. He doesn't let go. With his free hand he points to the corner post on the opposite side and walks Nemesis over to it, slamming his head into that turnbuckle as well before turning him around and shoving him into the post back first.

"Cancer Jiles using the top ropes for leverage as he stomps repeatedly into the mid section of Jak Nemesis."

Nemesis falls to a semi-sitting position in the corner as Cancer continues to stomp. He walks to the middle of the ring and points at Nemesis as he looks out to the crowd.

"Cancer Jiles runs."

Jak Nemesis quickly grabs the ropes, pulling himself up and side steps as Cancer comes crashing through

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with a boot up. His leg wraps into the post before he falls back hitting the mat.

"Maybe the opportunity that Jak Nemesis needed to turn this match around."

Cancer Jiles holds himself in pain as Jak Nemesis steps over him and climbs to the second rope. He holds onto the top rope, using it to launch himself up, before coming down with a knee drop.

"Nemesis to his feet, he pulls Jiles to his."

Jak grabs Cancer's arm, and goes to pull him into a short arm clothesline.

"Cancer ducks, they both turn."

Jiles throws his his leg straight out, but Jak is smarter then that. He knew it was coming.

"Jak Nemesis hooks under the leg of Cancer Jiles, rolling over to the mat. Dragon Screw leg take down."

Jak slides backwards out of the ring as Cancer gets back to his feet. As Jak hits the floor, he stands straight up and looks up to see Cancer run at the ropes.

"Jiles jumps through the air over the top rope!"

Jiles throws his arms out as he soars. Jak slides quickly back into the ring under the bottom rope, allowing Cancer to slam into the floor, with nothing breaking his fall.

"My God!"

The front row fans can be seen, obviously in shock as Cancer twitches.

"I don't know what to say, he literally fell a good ten feet to hit the ground straight."

We get a replay. You can see Jak slide back in and Cancer hit the floor, hard.

"I don't know what to sa..."

Jak Nemesis had climbed the turnbuckle and leaped from the top. He flies down, landing a huge leg across the back of Cancer Jiles.

"WHAT THE HELL?! Jak Nemesis has no care for the fact that Cancer Jiles may be seriously injured!"

Jak rolls over and gets up, with a slight limp from landing rough. The fans boo him as he flips Cancer off before grabbing his head, and pulling his motionless body up and placing him over his shoulder.

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"Jak  
Nemesis is actually carrying what may be a, I hate to say  
this, dead Cancer Jiles to that burial plot!" Once at the top of the ramp, he drops Cancer on the ground, and  
uses his foot to roll him into the grave.

"Cancer Jiles is in the plot! All Jak Nemesis has to do is cover him with dirt!"

Nemesis walks over to the tractor and climbs up on it.

"It may be over!"

He goes to crank it up, but it doesn't start. He tries again. Nothing.

"It seems that Jak Nemesis is having some trouble starting the tractor."

Nemesis gets out and walks to the front, looking at the hood. he raises it up and stares at the engine, trying  
to figure out what's wrong.

"Jak Nemesis needs to focus on covering Cancer Jiles up with dirt then mechanics."

Suddenly, the fans explode with excitement.

"What's this?"

A hand raises from the grave and grasp onto the side. Cancer Jiles pulls himself up and rolls out onto the  
ground.

"Cancer Jiles is out of the grave!"

He pushes himself to his feet and looks at Jak Nemesis. Jiles then pulls the shovel from the ground and  
walks behind Jak.

"Cancer Jiles taps Jak Nemesis on the shoulder!"

Jak turns around as Cancer swings the shovel, bashing his head. Nemesis falls to the ground, not moving.  
Cancer flings the shovel into the ground and walks over Jak and to the tractor.

"Cancer Jiles laid Jak Nemesis out with that shovel!"

Cancer reaches into his trunks and pulls some sort of small part out. he reaches into the tractor and fits the  
part into the engine block.

"Cancer Jiles rigged the tractor before the match!"

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Jiles points to his head to show the fans he thinks ahead and climbs into the seat of the tractor. In one try he starts it up.

"Jiles hops down to the ground and is rolling Jak Nemesis into the grave. All he has to do is cover Jiles with a majority of that dirt pile and he retains his title!"

Cancer gets back on the tractor. He has some difficulty figuring out the controls, but it finally moves forward.

"It seems that Cancer Jiles is having issues working the scoop."

Jak Nemesis' arm rises up and grabs a hold of the side. He pulls himself up to the ground. Jiles sees Nemesis and climbs from the seat of the tractor to the hood.

"What is he going to do?!"

He runs and leaps, but by that time Jak had grabbed a shovel, swinging and connecting in the middle of Cancer's stomach. As Jiles sits, slumped over outside the grave, Nemesis comes across the back of his head with the shovel, Jiles hits the ground hard.

"Cancer Jiles is out!"

Jak rolls him into the grave and begins shoveling dirt manually.

"Jak Nemesis may have this! He may have it!"

He throws the shovel down and climbs into the driver's seat.

"It seems that Nemesis is more familiar with how that tractor works as he uses the scoop to push the dirt in."

The referee looks at the grave and begins waving his arms. the bell sounds.

"WHAT?! JAK NEMESIS HAS DONE IT! HE HAS DONE IT!"

Jak gets out of the tracker and climbs to the hood, holding his arms up as cameras flash. A steady boo makes its way through the noise as the referee hands Nemesis the Anarchy Championship.

"Jak Nemesis has that custom 'Cool Championship' in hand as he has buried Cancer Jiles alive. I can't believe my eyes."

We get replays of the match as well as more celebrating.

October 12, 2009

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Mike Polowy vs. Doozer The steel cage hangs above the ring as the camera zooms in on it.

"Main event time folks. The DREAM Championship will be on the line inside of that steel cage that will surround the ring."

The fans in the arena pipe up as the lights begin to dim and the opening rock riff to Muse's

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

"Doozer was knocked out, presumably with chloroform, before Cancer Jile's match earlier by Jak Nemesis. He may still be out as we have not seen him since!"

Finally, Doozer stumbles through the curtains, obviously disoriented. He makes his way down the ramp, losing his footing some. Once up the steps and in the ring, the cage begins to lower. Mike Polowy just smiles.

"The champion knows Doozer isn't at 100%, hell he doesn't even appear to be at 70%. I am sure that Mike Polowy will use that to his advantage."

Finally, the cage is completely lowered, and the bell sounds to begin the match.

"The way to win this match is by pin, submission, or exiting the cage by climbing over it.

Remember, Mike

Polowy's DREAM Championship is on the line." Polowy makes the first move as he rushes Doozer with an elbow shot to the side of the head. Doozer falls to one knee.

"Fairness is out the window folks, Doozer shouldn't even be out here."

Mike steps back and runs, punting Doozer in the head, effectively knocking him to the mat and possibility out. The fans boo.

"Doozer is out. This.. this is just unacceptable. I think we need to post phone this match."

Mike Polowy places his hands on his hips and smirks. He could go ahead and end it with a pin now, but where would the excitement be? The fans came to see someone win by climbing the cage. That is exactly where he heads.

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"The champion choosing to win the match via climbing out of the cage. Typical Polowy, he has to win in what he thinks is style. I think it's just him being cocky."

Mike continues to climb, once to the top he sits there, looking down at Doozer, still not moving. he shakes his head and throws his leg over to climb down. The fans pop.

"What's this?"

Five-Zero-One is jetting down the ramp. Polowy notices him once he grabs the steel and begins to climb up.

"501 is here!"

Mike tries to hurry down, but 501 is up the cage. Mike attempts to kick at him, but misses. Finally, he decides to get away and head back over the top. Once on the very top, he is greeted by Patient Five-Zero-One.

"Both men up top now. 501 exchanges punches with the DREAM Champion."

In the ring, Doozer is coming to. he pushes himself up, slowly, holding his head in pain. On the top, they continue to go at it with lefts and rights.

"Five-Zero-One blocks a right. He cocks back and sends his elbow into the side of Mike Polowy's head!"

Mike's body shoots up and he leans towards the inside of the ring. 501 hits two big punches into his side, sending Mike Polowy from the top of the cage, crashing down to the mat. The fans explode.

"Mike Polowy just fell from the top of the cage!" 501 re-positions himself then looks down at Polowy.

"Five-Zero-One looks to be ready to take a risk, HE DOES! HE LEAPS FROM THE TOP!" 501 soars, landing on Polowy.

"BIG SPLASH FROM THE TOP OF THE CAGE!"

Five-Zero-One holds his own mid section and rolls out of the way. Doozer stands up, stumbles and turns before falling, attempting to pin 501.

"Wrong guy Dooze!"

The referee grabs Doozer's shoulder, he shakes his head and looks down to see he isn't covering Mike Polowy.

"Doozer doesn't seem to know what's going on."

Doozer looks over and sees Mike. He turns and covers him. The referee drops to count.

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"Kick out at two!"

Doozer gets up, he seems to be coming to as he grabs Mike Polowy's head and begins to pull him up. Polowy jabs a thumb into his eye.

"Mike Polowy wanting to regain control. I'm sure he wishes he'd just pinned Doozer when he had the chance now."

Mike gets up as Doozer stumbles back. He runs at The Superman. Doozer sees him in time, side steps, and lifts Polowy, sending him into the side of the cage. The fans pop.

"Doozer slowley but surely getting an offense going."

Mike bounces off of the side of the cage and stumbles back, he turns allowing Doozer to scoop him up then slam him down. The fans pop again. 501 makes his way to his feet. He and Doozer exchange a few words.

"There are no disqualifications in this match, we could see a two on one officially emerge."

Doozer pats 501 on the shoulder and it can be seen he is assuring him that he's 'got this'. 501 nods and they shake hands.

"Five-Zero-One is climbing the cage. Doozer wants this to be one on one. He is back folks."

Mike Polowy begins to get up, Doozer runs at him, lifting his knee.

"Knee to the jaw of the champion, sending him back to the mat."

Doozer waste no time as he lifts the legs of Mike Polowy. He holds them up and looks to the crowd before leaning back and falling to the mat.

"Sling shot! Mike Polowy flies into the side of the cage again."

This time, Mike just crumples to the mat. Doozer stands tall looking out to the chanting fans. They want all so bad for their favorite to win and go home with the gold. Doozer begins to think it may actually be possible. He looks down at Mike and gets a bright idea. Insult to injury seems the way to go for the man who, Doozer considers, stole the title from him.

"Doozer stands behind Polowy. He lifts his legs up, what is he doing?"

Doozer steps over Mike's arms.

"He isn't... he is! Doozer is going to hit the Mike Effect on Mike Polowy!"

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The fans erupt. However, their celebration is cut short when Mike begins to kick his legs. Doozer loses his grip, and Polowy is able to throw his body weight forward, to not only get his feet to the mat, but lift Doozer above him and over.

"Incredible back body drop by Mike Polowy. You have to hand it to him, the champion may be an ass, but he is one of the best wrestlers in the business today."

Polowy points to his head as in telling the fans how smart he is. We see in the background 501 at the top of the ramp. Suddenly, Mad Max is out. He grabs 501 and yanks him to the back.

"Polowy strikes a quick pose as Mad Max has just pulled 501 to the back at the top of the ramp! What does he plan to do now?!"

The crowd boos as Polowy shrugs them off.

"The DREAM Champion lifts Doozer to his feet and hooks his arm around The Dooze's neck. he lifts. Polowy displays his strength, holding Doozer vertically. There he goes! HUGE SUPLEX!"

Much crowd heat.

"Mike Polowy covers Doozer, hooking the leg. The referee drops to count. This may be it."

Doozer is somehow able to kick out at two.

"That had to be two and seven tenths there. Amazing!"

Polowy sits up on his knees, anger comes across his face. He reaches down, and with both hands begins to frantically choke Doozer. Almost sadistically.

"Totally legal in this match, but highly unethical. Especially from someone who represents DREAM as a champion."

Mike begins to pick up and slam Doozer down while choking him, seemingly trying to bash his skull in. The referee tries to pull him off, but it seems that the champion has snapped.

"After weeks of mind games, friends turning on him, and stress, I believe Mike Polowy has lost it folks."

He finally lets go. Doozer lays, holding his throat, trying to gasp for air as Mike Polowy gets to his feet.

"Polowy stomps away at The Dooze. It almost seems as if we are witnessing a massacre right before our eyes. I can barely watch."

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Forcefully, Mike Polowy yanks Doozer to his feet. He grabs his arm and sends him across the ring.

"Irish whip, Doozer off of the ropes and on the return. Caught by Polowy, hip tos... no, reversed. Doozer is able to toss Polowy over and into a standing arm bar."

He applies pressure as Polowy lets out a scream of pain.

"Doozer trying to get back on track. Polowy has taken every opportunity he has had to wear down The Dooze since he entered the ring. Doozer just needs to find his groove."

Mike is able to push his way up, and roll under Doozer's arm, placing his own arm behind him.

"Reversal by Polowy."

Still holding Doozer's arm behind him, Mike takes his free arm and wraps it around Doozer's neck from behind. He then sweeps The Superman's feet, sending Doozer down to the mat.

"Interesting take on the inverted DDT by the champion, and very effective."

Polowy grabs Doozer's head and pulls him up. He hooks both arms under Doozers.

"It looks like

Polowy may be going for Doozer's trademark, The Abuser, now!" Extreme fan heat as the crowd can't bare to watch Mike Polowy perform Doozer's move. Out of nowhere, they do not have to.

"Doozer fights it, he test his own strength limitations and lifts, both arms still hooked in with Mike's. Polowy up and over, what an amazing suplex variation for the reversal!"

The entire crowd is on their feet. Doozer lays, trying to catch his breath. Polowy joins him by doing the same.

"These two men are giving it their all. There MUST be a winner. There MUST be no doubt. They are proving that is exactly what they want as well. The better man to come through and go home with the gold!"

Both men begin to push themselves, they must beat the other to their feet. Everyone is on edge, not knowing who will make it.

"Both men up, there they go! Rights and lefts are exchanged. Any man can win it, any man can become victorious at this point! They must push themselves to the limit and back!

By the power behind each blow, I can tell, that is what they are doing!" Doozer hits a right so hard that Polowy is turned completely around. Doozer takes this as an opportunity to get ahead.

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"Doozer grabs Mike Polowy's head and runs."

The fans pop as Doozer lifts Polowy and almost throws him through the cage. Mike hits with such a force that his forehead is cut open by the unforgiving steel. He steps backwards and into Doozer's grasp.

"Doozer lifts Polowy up and falls back."

Mike's back hits the mat with a force that sends his legs straight up and his whole body over, landing him face down. Doozer turns and pushes himself up. He heads to the nearby corner post.

"Doozer climbs the post to the top turnbuckle."

Mike Polowy begins to get up. As he is up on his feet, Doozer leaps.

"Double axe handle smash by the veteran!"

Polowy is sent directly back to the mat as the fans pop. Doozer rushes to his feet. He looks at Polowy, then to the cage. It is time.

"Doozer to the side of the cage, he's going for the win!"

Slowly, Doozer begins to climb. Inching his way up. Inside the ring, Mike Polowy pushes himself up. He looks and sees the head start that his opponent has and makes his way to the cage.

"Mike Polowy now climbing!"

The fans are on the edge of their seats as both men force themselves to push through the pain, through their exhaustion. Their adrenaline and desire to win the only thing keeping them going.

"Both men climbing. Either man can take it."

They both reach the top. Both men push themselves up and arrive in a sitting position at the very top.

"Both men are at the top of the cage!"

They both scoot towards each other and begin exchanging punches again.

"I can't take it anymore, it is literally anyone's match! I can't believe that Mark Zylbert is giving this pay per view caliber match away on free television!"

They lay into each other. By this time, Mike Polowy's busted head has turned his face into a bloody mess.

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"Doozer grabs the arm of Polowy, Irish whip followed by a big boot!" Doozer points to the top turnbuckle.

"The Superman wants to fly!"

As he begins to climb, Mike is able to use the ropes and pull himself up. He runs over and follows Doozer up the turnbuckle. As Doozer sits on the top, Mike stands on the second.

"They exchange punches from corner post!"

The fans chant Doozer on. Mike knocks him good enough to daze the Dooze and adjust himself to face away from Doozer.

"What is he doing?"

Doozer leans over to grab Polowy, but Mike yanks him down. He places a leg over each swinging arm and leaps forward and out.

"HOLY CRAP! INVERTED MIKE EFFECT FROM THE MIDDLE TURNBUCKLE!"

Doozer and Mike hit the mat with authority. Polowy quickly hooks the leg of the challenger and the referee drops to count.

"I don't think that has ever been done before!"

The referee count the three. The bell sounds and Mike Polowy's music hits.

"Polowy retains the DREAM Championship after a mind blowing end!"

As he is handed the title, Mike Polowy holds it high and stands above Doozer. A smirk comes across his face as he turns to show the rest of the audience his championship. Down the ramp runs Mad Max. he slides into the ring and congratulates

Polowy, raising his arm in victory. We shoot backstage to see 501, this time in a corner rocking, before heading back to the ring. the camera pans in on Max and Polowy as we fade to black.

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