

Slaughter: I

May 3, 2009 | Climate Pledge Arena - Seattle, Washington

Slaughter I

The DWF logo appears on the screen. As it fades out, the camera pans across the sea of screaming fans. A few small shots of pyro lights the staging area before we settle on the commentator.

"Hello ladies and gentlemen, I'm your host for the evening, Jason Whiteside. My colleague, Joey Chandler, wont be here tonight. We have a lot of excitement for you tonight, as we are live from the Key Arena, in Seattle for Sunday Night Slaughter on DTN!"

A Special Guest

The camera moves to the audience, stopping on a familiar face. The man stands, smiling, then waving for the fans as the words '*Darren Crouse*' come up on the bottom of the screen.

"The man behind the original concept of the DWF, Darren Crouse, is in attendance tonight to see his creation get a jump start on a fresh breath of life. Always a pleasure to have Mr. Crouse amongst us!"

Darren smiles to the fans who are there to see the product in which he came up with. He sits, knowing there is nothing but respect in the building for him.

Dylan Daniels vs. Blue Phoenix

The camera moves to the top of the stage. 'Quality Control' by Jurassic 5 starts to play. Dylan Daniels steps out with the hood of his jacket on his head. He raises both arms before throwing them down, taking the hood off and continues to the ring as Whiteside comments on his recent match. He slides in and leaps to his feet. Quickly Daniels runs to a turnbuckle and raises and arm to the fans before jumping down and running across to the opposite post, doing the same thing.

"Last Sunday, Dreamwrestling.com added a web cast with two exclusive matches. One being Dark versus this man right here, Dylan Daniels. I must say, if this first match is anywhere as good as the web cast last week, we have one hell of a show for you."

"Firestarter" by Prodigy begins to play as the lights begin to flash blue and orange. Blue Phoenix runs from the back, down the ramp, and slides into the ring.

"Daniels not taking any chances, exits the ring as Blue Phoenix poses on the turnbuckle for the fans."

Once the Blue Phoenix's music ends and the lights return to normal, Dylan Daniels slides back into the ring.

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"The bell sounds to kick this one off. Both men circle each other, followed by a lock up."

Daniels quickly places Phoenix in a side headlock. Blue Phoenix maneuvers out of it, rolling behind Daniels and in one motion takes Daniels over with an arm drag. Dylan pops to his feet in time to catch Blue Phoenix in his own arm drag into an arm bar. The fans pop loudly.

"These two Junior Heavyweights are showing their quickness early on. Blue Phoenix grabs a hold of Dylan Daniels' hand and jumps to his feet, flipping Daniels to the mat. Phoenix runs towards the ropes, leaping off of the second. Nothing but knees as Dylan Daniels catches Blue Phoenix on his decent."

Blue Phoenix holds his mid section and rolls around on the mat as Dylan Daniels gets to his feet. Daniels, easting no time, pulls Blue Phoenix to his feet as well.

"Dylan Daniels goes to whip Blue Phoenix into the corner. No! Reversed. The Phoenix flies with a big splash and misses as Daniels moves out of the way!"

The fans are on their feet as Blue Phoenix stumbles backwards. Dylan Daniels climbs to the second rope and leaps off with a double axe handle.

"Dylan Daniels hooks the leg. That's all he wrote as the referee counts to three."

"Quality Control" by Jurassic 5 begins to play again as Dylan Daniels celebrates in the ring. We are presented a few replays of the action from the match.

Beware of Dogg

Backstage, Ryan Roland is lacing up his boots for his match later tonight when there is a knock at the door.

"Come in."

No one enters. A few moments later there is another knock.

"I said come in!"

Once again no one enters. Roland stands up and moves toward the door. As he grabs the handle, it bursts open. Big Dogg rushes Roland, spearing him into an open locker.

As debris flies, Big Dogg stomps away at Roland following his boots up with a few big fist. He grabs Roland's head and runs it into the locker room wall.

As Ryan Roland lays beaten, Big Dogg begins to bark. The camera zooms in on him as he exits the room. We fade to commercial.

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AK 47 vs. Mark Mason

As we return from commercial break, the camera sets on the staging area. 'I run New York' fills the arena as AK 47 walks out from the back, golden hair and bullet proof vest in tact.

"From the streets of New York, AK 47 claims to be a thug-slash-rapper. Hopefully, he can also wrestle."

Once in the ring, the referee pulls off his vest and hands it to the referee, followed by his necklace. His music fades and a techno beat replaces it. The lights begin to strobe a variety of colors mixed with a black light effect.

"On his way to the ring now, is another man featured on last Sunday's Dreamwrestling.com web cast, Mark Mason."

As Mason enters, his music fades out. Seconds later, the bell sounds to begin the match. Mark Mason goes to spear AK 47, who nails him with a forearm smash to the back.

"Mason is stopped in his tracks with that forearm. AK 47 with a quick facebuster, planting Mark Mason into the mat. He rolls Mason over and goes for the pin attempt. A little too early as the referee barely gets to one."

As Mark Mason uses the ropes to get to his feet, AK 47 grabs his head and rakes his eyes across the top rope. Mason falls to the mat, holding his face in pain.

"The referee will warn AK 47. Tactics like that, although effective, are down right dirty."

While AK 47 is having a disagreement with the referee, Mark Mason makes his way to his feet.

"AK 47 pushes past the referee and charges Mark Mason. He see's him in time, big back body drop by Mason!"

The crowd pops huge. Mason falls to one knee, but quickly regains his composure.

"Mark Mason off the ropes, missile drop kick connects with AK 47 as he was trying to get up!"

AK 47 stumbles back and through the ropes, crashing to the floor outside of the ring.

"Mark Mason waits only a second, there he goes, suicide dive through the outside hitting his mark!"

The fans go crazy. Both men are visibly in pain as the referee begins to count. After a few moments, they both begin to get to their feet.

"Who will make it to their feet first?!"

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Once both are up, AK 47 grabs Mason and goes to whip him into the barricade. Mark Mason reverses it, sending AK crashing into the metal railing. He rolls into the ring then back out to restart the count.

"Mark Mason runs at AK 47. He jumps with a spinning heel kick. NO! AK 47 grabs Mason's leg and arm. He tosses him back, OVER THE RAILING!"

The fans up front move out of the way as Mason crashes down. AK crosses over the barricade.

"The referee stops the count as he exits the ring in an attempt to restore order."

Mason is propped up on a chair as AK 47 slams him with lefts and rights. Out of nowhere, Mason lifts AK up, running towards the railing, slamming him into it. The referee is yelling that they need to return to the ring.

"Mark Mason dumps AK 47 back over the railing before crossing over himself. Per the wishes of the referee, he rolls AK 47 into the ring, following behind."

Mark Mason picks the legs of AK 47 up, leans back, sending him flying into the turnbuckle.

"Slingshot by Mason!"

The crowd pops. As AK 47 bounces off the metal and stumbles back, Mason hits a running bulldog, followed by a pin.

"There it is folks, the one, two, three. What a hard fought match for both of these men."

Mark Mason's music begins to play as he has his arm raised in victory. Mason winches in pain, limping to exit the ring as we fade to commercial.

Big Dogg versus Ryan Roland

As we return from commercial, Big Dogg is already in the ring. Roland's music begins to play as he makes his way from the back, chair in hand.

"Ryan Roland still angry from that vicious attack by Big Dogg earlier on."

He slides into the ring and runs at Big Dogg with the chair.

"The referee grabs the steel chair out of Ryan Roland's hands, leaving him open for a kick to the guy by Big Dogg."

"Big Dogg follows up with a double under hook DDT."

He rolls Roland over and gains the three. The bell sounds to end the match as quickly as it began.

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"Roland came to the ring, weapon in hand, but the referee intervening along with the attack earlier by Dogg, he stood no chance."

Big Dogg exits the ring, re-entering with his own chair. As Roland attempts to get up, The Dogg barks the slams the cold metal into the head of his opponent.

"Big Dogg leaving his mark, as Roland's head dents the chair."

Big Dogg barks to the crowd before exiting the ring.

"Whoa.. Whoa.. Whoa... Stay right there."

Matt Bowen Interjects

Matt Bowen steps out from the back with a microphone.

"It's pretty pathetic, your tactics to win that match. Why not give someone who you haven't attacked a shot?"

Dogg laughs and shakes his head 'no thank you'.

"Too bad, I already got it approved!"

Bowen drops the mic and runs down the ramp, slinging into the ring.

Big Dogg vs Matt Bowen

As Bowen jumps to his feet, the bell sounds starting the match.

"It looks like we have an impromptu match here folks, Matt Bowen challenging Big Dogg."

Bowen and Dogg exchange rights and lefts. Big Dogg grabs his hand and goes to whip Bowen.

"Reversed! Dogg on the rebound, Bowen leaps up, Lou Thez press!"

Matt Bowen begins pounding Big Dogg with heavy fist. The referee warns Matt, who gets off of Dogg.

"Big Dogg rolls out of the ring. It looks like he doesn't want anything to do with Bowen."

Big Dogg walks up the ramp as the referee begins his count. Bowen just rest on the top rope, almost in disbelief.

"Matt Bowen can't believe it, but Big Dogg is walking out on the match."

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The referee hits twenty and calls for the bell.

"Matt Bowen picks up his first win, via forfeit here on Sunday Night Slaughter."

Bowen's music cues up as he exits the ring.

Family Matters

The camera shows Slaughter and general manager Mark Zylbert sitting at his desk when there is a knock at the door. He puts his pin down.

"Yea, come in."

In walks the Big Shot. Mark stands up.

"Matt! Good to see you."

The two embrace in a hug.

"I had to stop by and see my little brother. Especially when I heard, the DWF was bringing you in."

Mark signals for Big Shot to sit down as he does, Big Shot motions 'no thanks'.

"Yea, when I got the call, I figured it was for you."

Big Shot laughs.

"Nah brother, I hung my DWF boots up a long time ago."

Big Shot looks around the office.

"General manager. Boy, you've got it made Mark."

Zylbert smirks.

"Thanks Matt."

Big Shot grabs a pen off of Matt's desk and writes some info on a post-it note.

"Here's where I'm staying for the weekend. Stop by before you head out. I'm going to go catch the show from the curtain."

Matt stands up and shakes his brother hand. Would Big Shot re-sign, or was it just a one shot deal?

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Dark versus Rey Keipo

'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 coming off a win on last week's web cast."

Once inside the ring, his music fades out. 'Break Stuff' by Limp Bizkit hits the sound system. 'The Samoan Suplex Machine' Rey Kaipo comes out from the back. As he heads down the ramp, Dark mouths obscenities to him. Kaipo enters the ring, and a few moments later his music fades out. As the bell sounds to start the match, both men mouth obscenities to each other.

"Kaipo challenges Dark to the test of strength, and Dark accepts."

Both men clasp their hands together and begin to attempt to over power each other.

"Neither man can over power the other as Dark breaks to hold with a kick to 'the Samoan Suplex Machines' mid section. He follows it up by spitting in the Kaipo's face."

Rey Kaipo wipes the spit and charges Dark, who takes him down with a drop toe hold.

"Dark quickly attaches the cross face with arm bar. He knows he can control this match as long as Kaipo can't get a hold of him."

Rey Kaipo reaches for the bottom rope, but is just out of reach, he struggles, then is able to gain the few centimeters needed to grab a hold and break the lock.

"Dark unwillingly releases Rey Kaipo from the cross face, maneuvers to his feet. He quickly begins to stomp the Samoan, but is told to back off by the referee."

Rey uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, as Dark waits, itching to attack. Once up, Kaipo turns to see Dark charge him.

"The Samoan Suplex Machine catches 'The illustrated Man' in a belly to belly position. Suplex! That was executed perfectly."

Rey Kaipo quickly pulls Dark to his feet. He hooks him in belly to back.

"Suplex! Kaipo holds on, pushes himself up with Dark still hooked in, ANOTHER! He still holds tight."

Rey delivers a third belly to back suplex on Dark, this time releasing him as he falls back. The crowd pops.

"Rey Kaipo heading to the top turnbuckle. He measures Dark up and leaps... Big head butt!"

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Kaipo hits his mark. Dark holds his gut in pain as his aggressor rises to his feet.

"Kaipo now pulls Dark up, grabs his arm. Irish whip into the corner. He follows up, BIG SPLASH!"

As Rey Kaipo moves out of the way, Dark stumbles forward. Rey gets in a three point stance, then chops the knee of Dark, causing him to hit the mat.

"Kaipo shows why when he played for the Giants, he was a force to be reckoned with."

Rey turns Dark over on his back, then climbs to the second rope. He jumps backwards, landing rump first onto Dark's chest.

"Dark gasp for air as Rey Kaipo shows no signs of letting up. When you face Dark, you can't, as he'll use any opportunity he can against you."

Kaipo pulls Dark to his feet again.

"Irish whip to the corner. Dark shook the whole ring when he hit it."

Rey sits Dark up on the top turnbuckle then climbs himself. As he begins setting up for a superplex, Dark slams a big right into his head.

"Dark fighting back now with lefts and rights. This man is a natural brawler. Rey Kaipo tries to hold on as Dark smashes him repeatedly.

Dark grabs Kaipo's head in a lock, and pushes off using the ropes, turning in the air. The crowd roars.

"HUGE DDT FROM THE TOP! Rey Kaipo is out cold!"

Dark slides out of the ring and limps over to the timekeepers table. A few seconds later, the timekeeper produces a cigarette and lighter. Dark lights it up.

"I think this building is no smoking Dark!"

He takes a couple drags before tossing it on the ground and stepping on it. As Kaipo begins to move, Dark slides back into the ring.

"The cancer of wrestling continues to control the match as he begins stomping the knees of Rey Kaipo. Where is he going now?"

Dark exits the ring again. He reaches in and pulls Kaipo towards the edge, positioning his legs on each side of the turnbuckle.

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"Dark grabs Rey Kaipo's leg and slams his knee into that unforgiving steel. I think Dark wants to seriously hurts Rey Kaipo as he does it a second time."

Next he grabs both of Kaipo's legs and yanks the back, smashing his family jewels.

"Rey Kaipo visibly in pain as Dark continues to afflict as much damage as he can."

Dark rolls back into the ring and pulls Kaipo to the center. He jumps up and falls with both knees into the chest of his opponent. In one move he makes the pin and hooks the leg as the referee counts to three.

"There you go fans, Dark pulls off and impressive victory over 'The Samoan Suplex Machine' Rey Kaipo."

As 'Binge and Purge' begins to play, Dark raises one fist before making the universal symbol with his hands near his waist, signaling he's coming for a title.

"Dark is now two and zero in the DWF."

We are treated to the recaps of the match before going to commercial.

Eric Payne vs. Michael Byrd

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.

"Eric Payne with a huge entrance for his main event Slaughter debut! This will be his second DWF match, with him winning his last week on our Dreamwrestling.com webcast."

'Sexyback' by Justin Timberlake starts to play. We have a display of large bright sparklers before Michael Byrd steps out with Justin Timberlake, who is performing his theme.

"Michael Byrd actually has Justin Timberlake out with him! And I thought Eric Payne's entrance was big!"

Michael slaps the hands of fans down the ramp, as he and Justin head towards the squared circle. Eric Payne rolls his eyes at the antics. Finally, Justin ends his theme rendition and the lights turn to normal.

"What a way to kick off our main event of the evening."

As Justin Timberlake begins back up the ramp, the bell sounds, signaling the start of the match.

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"Stare down by both opponents. Its anybody's move as the crowd intensity soars. Hear we go! Both men rush each other. Eric Payne goes for a clothesline, but misses as Michael Byrd ducks."

Payne quickly turns toward Byrd who goes for a super kick. Payne jumps back, a look of surprise on his face.

"IT was almost over for Payne if Michael Byrd would have connected. Eric Payne now taking his time, studying his opponent."

They lock up. Payne breaks the lock, and quickly places his hands around Byrd's neck, lifting him up.

"The referee warns Eric Payne, who tosses Michael Byrd to the mat."

Byrd grabs his back in pain as he starts to get to his feet.

"Payne's foot meets the gut of the headline as he was trying to get up. If Eric Payne can keep him down, he may have this one in the bag."

Byrd holds his stomach as he rolls out of the ring.

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

Payne rushes the ropes as Michael moves towards the ring. Byrd reaches in under the ropes, sweeping Eric Payne off of his feet.

"Michael Byrd climbs to the apron. Holding onto the top rope, he uses it to lunge himself over, landing with a leg drop, connecting with Payne.:

The crowd begins to get into the match as Byrd climbs the nearby turnbuckle.

"Michael Byrd flies. Huge elbow drop off the top rope!"

He makes the cover, hooking the leg.

"Kick out at two and nine tenths!"

Making sure not to be discouraged, Michael Byrd rises to his feet as Eric Payne uses the ropes to get up himself.

"Byrd waits patiently behind Payne, preparing that super kick of his."

Payne holds onto the top rope, looking to the crowd as if he knows something is amiss. Eric Payne turns and Byrd lunges forward with the kick.

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"Payne quickly takes Byrd down with a Dragon/Corkscrew leg drag. He knew it was coming and was ready."

Eric Payne makes the sign to show he's smart to the crowd, before lifting Byrd to his feet.

"Will Eric Payne pull off another win, or will Michael Byrd be able to come back? We'll find out after this commercial break!"

The show fades to a short commercial break before returning.

"Irish whip to the turnbuckle. The force behind that was enough to bounce Byrd off of it."

Michael Byrd grabs his lower back and falls to the mat, wrenching in pain.

"Eric Payne straddles the back of Michael Byrd places him in a cross face. Payne applies pressure, trying to make 'The Headliner' tap"

Byrd tries to pry Payne's hands from his chin, but can't as Eric Payne applies pressure.

"Payne holds tight as Byrd continues to fight unconscious. He reaches for the bottom rope. Almost... Almost... He got it!"

The referee makes Payne break the hold. As he gets to his feet, he gives Byrd a good stomp. Payne pauses to look out to the crowd.

"Whoa! Somehow Michael Byrd gathered enough strength to roll Eric Payne up with a school boy! Payne quickly kicks out."

Eric Payne pulls Michael Byrd up with him. Byrd hits a forearm shot to Payne's face. Without hesitation Eric Payne turns and hits the Ericcutter.

"Eric Cutter! Payne goes for the pin, and the match is his."

Eric Payne's theme begins to play as he gets to his feet. The referee raises his hand as we are shown recaps of major spots in the match.

"Eric Payne joins Dark tonight by securing a second straight win."

We are shown the Eric Cutter once again.

Outro

The Camera switches to show Whiteside at his table.

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"That does it for tonight's Sunday night slaughter. Be sure to tune in next week right here on DTN. As always, catch the latest news about your favorite DWF superstars and exclusive matches on the internet at Dreamwrestling.com."

The copyright logo comes up on the screen before fading to black.

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Show Credits

Segment: "Slaughter I" - Written by Ben.

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