

Slaughter: IX

June 28, 2009 | Bi-Lo Center - Greenville, South Carolina

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Slaughter IX

28 Jun 2009

Bi-Lo Center,

Greenville, South Carolina (seats 15,951)

Plan B

"

mikepolowy"

Tonight was supposed to be a big night. He alongside Mike Polowy had issued a challenge to the tag team champions, Team Danger. His mind was in the right

place, his heart was as cold as ever; and together they had every intention on making the first mark on the tag team division in their efforts to save it from its pre-destined collapse. By the look engraved on Level-One's face as he exited the office of Mark Zylbert; the most educated guess that he wasn't out to help anyone or anything, but out to inflict damage, his anger giving way to the veins that popped out of his neck. Their challenge had gone ignored; their challenge had fallen upon deaf ears, and tossed out with a stupid stipulation

Mike Polowy had become the women's champion last week; and it would be unsuitable if he was to pick up two titles, even if he deserved it. Mike Polowy hadn

t discussed his plans to seek out the women's championship and the entire situation failed to resonate in the head of Level-One as to why Mike would even pick up such a pathetic championship, even if it had been given to him for free. This through a wrench in what Level-One had prepared for. His bones still ache from the training regiment he had put himself through in preparation for the championship take over, and although he didn

t need it

he didn

t just want to beat the competition; he wanted to destroy it. Stab it while it bled to death, and wouldn't stop until the shaft of the blade broke inside of his victim. He sought overkill, dominance and tied it up with a nice bow and called it tough love and dubbed it as enlightenment. So as he walked through the halls; his lungs sucking up air in obsessive, self centered amounts, he found himself walking around aimlessly. With no intent on following any specific directions, nor did he even plan out a final destination. He just walked; trying to blow the steam through his nose and if he happened to come across one of the members of Team Danger, former champion or not

he might just lay them out with-out a second thought. As Level-One wiped around the corner, he had

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bumped into

Ah, Level

Mike Polowy greets taking a few steps

back, the women

s championship worn high on his shoulder. Level-One stared at it, with malicious intent.

What the hell is that?

Level-One asks pointing at the women

s championship around his shoulder. Mike Polowy looks down at his women

s championship, before patting it proudly on its plate, it was a great accomplishment in his book, a historical movement

a step in a right direction for men

s rights everywhere.

Not only did you actually go out and win that thing, you

re carrying it around with you too

he whined.

Level, tonight we have bigger fish to fry. Can you imagine how I

m going to look hoisting two titles over my shoulder?

Polowy asks shaking his head back and forth, trying to gather just how freaking great he really was.

And hey, since you

ve won everything else outside of this dump, maybe you can give me your half of the tag titles too

Mike Polowy continues wrapping his arm around the neck of Level-One. With his hands on his side he looks over to Mike Polowy with sharp frustration in his eye.

There will be no tag team match, Mike

He breaks the

news; as the smile fades from the face of Mike Polowy.

It seems as if DREAM wrestling figures we aren

t good enough, it seems like our message hasn

t resonated beyond the ignorant skulls in the back. There reason for NOT granting our title shot?

Level-One teases the question, as Mike Polowy listens to his every word; Level-One

s eyes drop to the women

s champion.

That piece of gold right there

He taps the women

s championship.

You won that championship and now the figure heads of DREAM wrestling refuse to grant us our request

Mike Polowy removes the arm from around his tag partners neck, before casually propping the women

s championship back onto his shoulder. Mike Polowy happy mood quickly takes a turn for the worst. The scowl we all have come accustom too is drawn upon his face.

Well the last thing you can do is blame me

Mike Polowy says shaking his head back and forth.

Our goal was simple from day one. It was to SAVE DREAM wrestling. I was just fighting for our cause. Don t you see it? I have saved the women

s division

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Mike Polowy says proudly, running his hands down the plate of the women's championship. Level-One rolls his eyes.

This championship will be nothing more than a distraction. Any distractions with you is a distraction to me, distractions are problematic, Mike. I

am not good at problem solving
you got it?

Mike Polowy looks to Level-One with a slight hint of confusion on his face before shrugging his shoulders.
Fair enough

Mike Polowy says.

You still haven't
congratulated me though

Mike Polowy says shaking his head back and forth; he had been missing his own point. He put his hands in the air, as if he was setting up a large marquee which Level-One had looked up to read.

Mike Polowy, new women

s champion, makes history, creates controversy, and knocks down the wall of sexism everywhere

Mike Polowy boasts. It had a ring to it, and Level-One had bit. It jived, it made sense, and he knew his heart was in the right place.

You know what, you have a point

Level-One muscles up, stroking his chin.

If you want to save the women

s division along with the rest of DREAM wrestling, I

am down. But you

know, as tag partners I want to work with you, in doing so

Level-One lays the offer on the table. Mike Polowy happy his partner is on board extends his hand, which

Level-One doesn't

hesitate to accept.

You name the time and place, I

will be there

Mike Polowy says before padding his partner on his shoulder.

But for

now, I have a match to prepare for

he says before walking off down the hall. Once out of sight, Level-One reaches into his pocket pulling out a cellular device, quickly entering the digits to make a call.

Hey, you know any girls at that party a few weeks ago? Yeah, those ones

they don't

perhaps have any dreams about being a wrestler do they?

A pause.

Well, they

are women after all. They

will do anything for the money

Level-One laughs, as he walks down the opposite side of the hall and the scene comes to a sudden fade.

Lupin Cy versus Havoc

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havoc" "Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Sunday Night Slaughter! I'm your host, Jason Whiteside and we have a hell of a show for you tonight! Lets get right into the action!" As 'Grounds For Divorce' by Elbow comes crashing through the arena's sound system, the mysterious form that is Lupin Cy comes speeding down the ramp from the backstage area. Just as Cy begins a head-first slide into the ring, green fireworks launch from the top of all four turnbuckles. Lupin wildly keeps the energy going for the crowd by spinning in circles, pointing out to the masses as he does so.

After ascending one of the turnbuckles to deliver a single fist salute to the crowd, Cy steps back down to the mat and shakes out a few stretches and rope pulls.

"Lupin Cy looking to redeem himself this week as he prepares to meet up with Havoc."

The lights go out and flame signals appear on the walkway with a large flame signal in the ring. Suddenly the entrance music starts to play and almost appearing out of nowhere dressed in a leather trench coat and wearing pant tights with knee high boots. Havoc appears his eyes covered by shades. He walks down the ramp not even looking at the fans and climbs into the ring.

"Havoc hoping to have better luck this week, then he did last against Rich Mahogany."

Once both men are in the ring, the music fades out and the bell sounds to kick things off. Havoc runs at Lupin.

"Cy with a quick chop to the neck of Havoc as he moves out of the way."

Havoc grabs his throat and tries to regain his breath.

"Lupin with a swift kick to the back of Havoc's knee."

Havoc drops to one knee.

"Cy now runs and hits the ropes, on the return."

He jumps and throws his legs out.

"Dropkick to the back of Havoc."

Havoc hits the mat face first. He grabs his back and rolls around, before rolling out of the ring.

"It appears Havoc is giving up, walking up the ramp."

The crowd begins to boo, throwing items at Havoc who screams at them. Inside the ring, Lupin has his hands on his hips, unable to believe what he is seeing. The referee begins to count Havoc out.

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"Lupin Cy now exiting the ring. He is going after Havoc! The referee restarts his count."

Chants begin for Lupin Cy as he grabs the arm of Havoc and twist him around.

"Boot to the mid section of havoc!"

Lupin grabs Havoc's head and directs him to the barrier, slamming his forehead into it. He then directs him to the opposite side and introduces his head to that one.

"Lupin now almost dragging Havoc towards the ring."

With force he slams Havoc's head into the steel steps.

"Cy rolls in then back out of the ring to restart the count, yet again."

Havoc is on his knees, trying to get up. Lupin runs at him, attempting to place his knee into Havoc's head.

"Havoc see's the knee coming and moves quick, hooking under Cy's leg, and twisting him over to the floor."

In one motion Havoc hooks in an ankle lock.

"Lupin can't submit from the outside, but if Havoc could wear him down, he may have a shot at an upset victory."

Lupin uses his free foot to finally kick Havoc hard enough to release the lock.

"Cy begins to use the stairs to pull himself to his feet."

Havoc holds onto the apron and pulls himself up. As Lupin Cy turns to face him, Havoc sidesteps, grabbing the back of his head and rolls him into the ring.

"Havoc slides in after Lupin."

Both men begin to get up, Lupin showing obvious discomfort when he steps on the side which was placed in the lock.

"Havoc charges the possibly injured Lupin Cy."

Lupin sidesteps, rolls behind Havoc placing his arms up under Havoc's and putting him into a Full Nelson type lock. As quickly as he locks it it, he lifts and drops Havoc sideways.

"I don't know what that move was but I think it did it's job as Lupin Cy floats over for the cover."

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The referee drops and begins to count.

"There's the three."

Lupin Cy's music begins to play.

"Lupin Cy adds a much needed win to his record tonight as he defeats Havoc."

Going Where?

"

lupincy"

Weathered and looking nowhere as good as he did when the match had began, Cy continued to linger on the

ring, loosening the tie that rested around his neck. With the crowd still firmly behind the technician that has embraced a sort of dark horse persona; Lupin motioned to the timekeeper

s table. Without hesitation, a microphone sailed over the top rope and into the waiting hands of the DWF star.

"You know . . . the deeper and deeper that I get into this strange world of wrestling, the more that I think that I

m beginning to understand the culture that the men that share my employment have been embracing long before I ever considered it. Not to mention the fact that our glorious leader, in no doubt a ploy to draw up business, invited a masquerade into our locker room. It

s obvious that the banner they carried into our company is as loud and clear as the mud they sling every night. So I guess we can all just accept what they

ve been trying to tell us all along." The capacity crowd almost seemed a little perplexed as Cy continues to walk circles in the middle of the ring, looking out in all directions to soak in the expressions of the DREAM public.

"The DWF is a wash, a shame, a fraud, a dump bin . . . a waste of fu[bleep]ng space. Why should we go to the trouble of running our shows or trying to compete on any level when we can just outsource everyone s entertainment to bastards who are ready and willing to burn the whole operation to the ground once their temporary contracts wear out? It

s been obvious that a lot of the outsiders believe we

ve been nothing short of a disappointment to them this far . . . So why bother? Let

s roll out the red carpet and start handing out torches." "Jak . . . Mikey . . . Wonton Manton . . . Feel free to tear up the scenery. Feel free to ensure your dominance over a company that you

ve insisted is full of competitors who aren

t even second rate." "I guess I could see how so-called professionals would love to spend all their time wiping the floor with amateurs and has-beens. Sure, it

s a service. More importantly, natural selection. We came here first and were allowed in under the ownership s permission. Of course, that doesn

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t really seem to matter.

"Fu[bleep] us." "Come on fellas . . . Let
s all just step back and let the big kids take the playground. They know just as well as we do that DREAM
just doesn
t seem at all important. Not to me . . . not to you . . . and especially not to them. See how much it sucks when
somebody tells you that you
re a fu[bleep]-up before you
ve even gotten started?" "Oh wait . . . What
s that?" Cy begins to look in all directions, pointing the mic out in front of himself and directly at the
assembled masses of Slaughter that had crammed their way into the Bi-Lo Center after each following
question.

"Don
t care?" "Not impressed?" "Too little too late?" "Who cares." "The entire point of this tour has been made
painfully obvious. Those of us of the DWF persuasion are not on the Path to Glory to defend ourselves
individually. A very selective group of vagrants and blow-hards are beginning to make us all believe that this
is all about the DWF defending itself."

The crowd finally begins to cheer in approval of the Lupin-led message.

"I know this may be a raging clich
to most of you but it
s the best I could think of when I say . . ." The crowd freezes in silence of the brief pause.

"I
M GOING TO HELL . . . WHO
S COMING WITH ME!?" The crowd pops wildly as Cy belts his last triumphant roar, drops the microphone
to the mat and points out to the rambunctious crowd one last time before dropping out of the ring and heading
backstage as we go to commercial.

Warning

"

jaknemesiis" The sound of "Dead Bodies Everywhere" by KoRn began to boom through the arena and that
could only mean the imminent arrival of one man. Jak Nemesis. Jak emerged from the back with a lit
cigarette in his mouth. He paused atop the ramp way and looked around at the crowd before finishing the
cigarette and tossed the stub aside. He smirked as he strode slowly but confidently towards the ring, ignoring
the outstretched hands of the fans who sought contact with the man who claimed he was going to help save
the DWF. He had never been one to seek approval from the masses for his actions or motivations. He rolled
under the bottom rope and called for a microphone to address the crowd that occupied the arena. Jak ran his
hand through his hair before starting to speak.

"Now I don
t want any of you to worry because I

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m not out here right now to bore you to tears with talk about how the Dream Wrestling Federation is in a sorry state. I

m not out here to insult your intelligence or insult your looks, and I sure as hell am not offering up nude pictures of any skanky Women

s champions". Jak paused as the crowd appeared content to listen to him. Something about the tone of his voice told them that he meant business.

"I am standing in this ring before you to offer my upcoming opponent for tonight a one time chance to back out of the match. Level-One doesn

t want to square off against a bloodthirsty Jak Nemesis any more than any of the other guys in the back does. I am ready to tear his soul apart and it

s not only his career that is at stake tonight. It is his life. I

m not here to play games Lester; I

m here to take names. The moment I touched down here in the DWF I have been hell-bent on making a statement. Taking you out of play is my way of making such a statement. Originally when I issued a challenge to everyone last week I just wanted to put on a show and put on an entertaining bout to appease you, the fans and show you what a real match looked like. You had to go and make things personal". Jak wiped the hair from in front of his eyes and stared intently, over-pronouncing and each of his carefully chosen words carefully and speaking with a degree of menace.

"You want to run your little mouth, flap your little gums with talk of embarrassing me? Making me look like some sort of joke? Raping me in the centre of the ring?

I don

t appreciate your words Mr Only, I don

t take kindly to the threats you

re hurling in my direction. Do yourself the biggest favour and once your music hits the PA ahead of our match later tonight

stay in the back. In fact scratch

that, get your sorry ass the hell out of this building and out of this state. I

ll accept your no-show as an apology and move on to loftier goals. You do not want any part of Jak Nemesis you pathetic tyro. Run home and cry yourself to sleep like the whining little baby you are. You

re right about this not being a game. This is a death sport, and you

re in my sights. Now I

ve taken up enough of the people

s time talking, consider yourself warned and get back to your regularly scheduled boredom. Go home and save yourself from total annihilation. You show up in that ring tonight and you had better pray that God shows mercy on your soul..." Jak reduces his voice to a quiet whisper filled with intent.

"...because I sure as hell won

t". Jak tosses the microphone aside as "Dead Bodies Everywhere" hits the speakers again and he exits the ring and heads for the back, again ignoring the fans reaching out to him. Jak Nemesis is an angry man. A dangerous man.

A Gift For You

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mylesjake"

Myles Jake arrives into the Bri-Lo Center in Greenville, South Carolina. He is limping slightly, carrying his black duffel bag over his shoulder. Myles Jake walks through the quiet halls of the Bri-Lo Center arena. As he is walking his cell phone rings and Jake sets his bag down, pulling the phone from his blazer pocket. Jake looks at the screen confused and flips the phone open. Myles Jake: "Myles, here."

Myles pauses, listens carefully and has a confused look on his face. Myles Jake: "Okay. How did you get this number?"

Jake listens further, this time leaning against the wall. Myles Jake: "Listen, you tell Owen Manton that he can take his gift and shove it up his ass."

Jake slams the flip phone closed, picking up his bag and continues his walk. He turns a corner and an assistant for Dream Wrestling is standing there. We know this guy. It's Ben. Dressed in his usual t-shirt, awkwardly tucked into his jeans, with big plastic framed glasses. The prototypical nerd, standing in front of Myles Jake, who has always found pride in dressing trendy. Myles Jake: Ben: "Yes, Mr. Jake. I was told this is urgent."

Myles Jake: "You called my cell phone, I said I don't want any..."

Ben: "Sir. You're going to want to see this."

Myles Jake: "Ben. Listen to me. You're a good kid. I'm sure you are just doing your job. But I want nothing to do with Owen Manton and his gifts. I'll put an end to Manton tonight, and then I'm moving on. I've got bigger fish to fry, you under-"

Ben lifts a polaroid picture up and Myles Jake is interrupted as he views the picture. The camera zooms in as close as possible, and the image is clear. Owen Manton standing in front of a wall, presumably the Phoenix Memorial Hospital, smiling and pointing at a sign on the wall. Room #212

K. Jake Myles grabs the photo and throws it to the ground, Ben moves to the side in fear as Jake throws his bag across the hallway in frustration. Myles

Jake: "Where is he!"

Ben: "I...I...i... i don't know"

Myles Jake: "I said. Where is he!"

Ben: "I don't know!"

Ben feels the wall behind him and clutches to the cement hoping and wishing that he wasn't put in this situation. Ben: "He jus...he just said that you'll want the gift now."

Ben scales the wall into a room, and Myles Jake's face is red with anger. Ben comes back from the room,

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dragging a lift carrying skid holding a large box behind him. Ben turns and leaves quickly, as Myles Jake looks at the box. Jake walks over to the box and looks at it, and then rips the side flap open. A tombstone with the words "Here Lies Kiersten Jake. She died because her husband lost."

Jake's eyes are furious. On top of the tombstone is a television and that television begins to play a pre-recorded video. Myles Jake: "Son ... of ... a ..."

Dream Wrestling's logo in the center. A hand carrying a can of spray paint begins to methodically writing an over the Dream Wrestling logo. The logo fades away. Fans know what to expect now. It's Owen Manton. Dressed in jeans and a white t-shirt, and in the exact same spot as the polaroid picture that was taken. Manton stops pointing at the sign and drops the fake smile. Owen Manton: "Got it? Perfect. Send that picture to my main squeeze the Ben-a-roonie. That loser will do whatever I tell him."

Owen turns into the hospital room, presumably, Kiersten Jake's room? Owen Manton: "Good evening Myles. Don't worry, this is a pre-recorded interview. I'm actually just around the corner from you, awaiting our match patiently. How are you? Hope your back is feeling okay."

Owen pulls a hospital curtain to its side, and it reveals a bed with a body sleeping on top of it on its side facing the window and out of view of camera. Please...God, don't let it be Kiersten. Owen Manton: "Now you are probably wondering, why

I am here. Call it motivation, Mr. Jake.

I'm going to interview your sweet, sick wife so that you can be motivated to do what S G Martins could not do. That is, actually show some effort in the match against the ." Owen walks closer to the bed and smirks. Owen Manton: "Yes. I'm good enough to talk about myself in third person."

Owen smiles again, and pulls the sheet back from the bed. Thankfully, it is not Kiersten Jake. Instead it is a blow up doll. Owen Manton: "Kiersten! Kiersten Jake! Shocking, you look so familiar. Were you in Rich Mahogany's locker room last week? Whoa... for being a sick, nearly dead chick, you sure get around."

Owen walks around the bed. Owen Manton: "I just want to know. Kiarten. What is really wrong with you? Because Myles seems to keep that secret."

Owen picks up a chart from the holder on the end of the bed. Lifting it up he begins to examine the paper. Owen Manton: "Oh... oh God."

Owen places the clipboard down. Owen Manton: "You really are sick aren't you."

Owen walks to the other side of the bed, and places his hand on the blow-up doll's shoulder. Owen Manton: "I feel for you. Seriously. It must be devastating, to be sick of watching your old f
ckin' husband drop the ball in every area of his life. To think, he continues to recite a title reign in a dead company, that is notable only because it was the shortest title reign in the dead companies history." Owen shakes his head dramatically. Owen Manton: "And, on top of all that. Myles Jake hasn't given you an orgasm in over sixteen years."

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Owen laughs. Owen Manton: "I'm sorry to laugh.

I really am, Kiersten. Because even above all of that. Your

son, Ethan, is a flaming homosexual. Damn. I'd be acting sick and wanting to die to." Owen shakes his head dramatically again. Owen Manton: "But don't worry, sexy. I'm going to beat your retard husband to the very edge of his life. And then you'll be a widow. And you know what 'widow' means? It means your single. Give me a call tomorrow, okay? We can work out a date."

Owen smirks. That same egotistical smirk that Dream Wrestling is growing to hate. Owen Manton: "See you in a few minutes, Jake."

Cut. The camera's come back to Myles Jake, and his face tells us the whole story. He looks like he is about to rip Owen Manton in half.

T-Money versus Pierce versus Antonio Lopez versus S.G. Martins versus Buzz Krueger

"

tmoney"

As we switch ringside, Antonio Lopez and

T-Money are already in the ring. The arena lights cut out, bringing the arena to life. Strobe lights and the Train Whistle sound of a soft, robust harmonica starts "The Wizard" by Black Sabbath. Fans jump, children scream, and women faint to see the devilish Pierce is coming. The DreamTron shows one word on the screen, flashing over and over. PIERCE Fans scream and begin chanting in unison with the flashing text. PIERCE! PIERCE! PIERCE! On cue, the black curtain jerks open to a thunderous reception. Pierce steps out in full ring attire, eyes scanning the crowd, and waits for the third and final long, harmonica riff to near its' end. Suddenly, the arena goes off when the guitar riff comes in. So does Pierce. Stomping the steel floor beneath him, he raises his head and taped-fists to the crowd; bringing the arena lights back to full blast at his signal, almost. A brief display of walkway pyrotechnics shoot off before Pierce takes off running down the ramp, and jumps through the bottom and second ropes. He rolls gracefully into the middle of the ring and locks his torturous gaze on fans nearby as he stands slowly. An abnormal smile stretches over Pierce's face, ear to ear.

"What was supposed to be a five man, over the top rope elimination match, has now turned into a triple threat with the recent release of Buzz Krueger and S.G. Martins."

The bell sounds to start the match.

"Antonio Lopez makes the first move, attacking Pierce from behind."

He lands a couple of forearm shots to the upper back of Pierce.

"Lopez turns

Pierce around, Irish

whip." As Pierce comes off the ropes, he leaps.

"Cross Body by Pierce."

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He covers Lopez.

"Denied by T-Money, who stomps away at Pierce."

Pierce quickly rolls out of the ring.

"Pierce now places himself out of harm's way."

Inside the ring, Antonio Lopez begins to get to his feet.

"T-Money grabs the back of Lopez's head, assisting him to his feet."

T-Money places an arm around the neck of Antonio, then reaches, holding his leg as he lifts and throws him backwards.

"Fisherman suplex by T-Money."

Antonio rolls to the edge of the apron, where Pierce rolls him off and to the floor.

"Pierce back in the ring. He and T-Money hook up."

Pierce breaks the lock up, pushes T-Money back, then grabs both of his legs. He pulls back, yanking T-Money's legs from under him, slamming him to the mat.

"Pierce leans back, sling shot. T-Money flies into the corner post."

After he hits, he stumbles back. Pierce waits, like a viper ready to strike. T-Money turns and Pierce catches him then lifts.

"Power bomb! Pierce shook the ring with that one."

At that time, Antonio Lopez rolls back into the ring.

"Pierce violently pulls Lopez to his feet. Quick fist to the right side of his head, followed by an elbow to the temple."

Antonio turns away, unable to properly keep steady.

"Double axe handle to the back of Antonio Lopez."

Lopez falls to his knees, throwing his arms out.

"Pierce locks in a sleeper hold on Lopez. If he can put him out, he will have this match won."

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T-Money uses the ropes to pull himself up. He see's Pierce's sleeper.

"T-Money off the ropes, rising knee to the back of Pierce."

Pierce releases his hold. Lopez falls to the mat. Quickly, Pierce gets up. As he turns around towards T-Money, it's locked in.

"T-Money lifts.... STARDOM!"

Pierce is laid out and T-Money makes the pin.

"The referee counts."

At three, the bell sounds.

"T-Money pulls off another impressive DWF win!"

We get a few match replays before a commercial.

Hand picked & Special deliveries

We jump cut to the parking lot where a large limo has pulled up just outside of the Bi-lo center. A man dressed in crimson red with a black cap over his grey set of hair, steps out of the limo. He walks over to the door pulling it open, immediately catching a glimpse of eight scantily clad women seated in the limo having a good night out on the town. They had been invited to the DREAM wrestling live tape by none other than Level-One, but did they know what the night entailed for them? Well, they sure as hell weren't shy; in fact they were loud and obnoxious. And on the behalf of DREAM wrestling, we pray you do not run into Rich Mahoney. The women file out of the car with ridiculous dresses and showed off their bodies in a lustful delight. The women clutched their purses and make up bags, and blew past the man that had held the door open for them as if they didn't

even notice he was standing there. The women laughed, joked, and talked as they walked towards the Bi-Lo center, in preparation for their DREAM debut.

but everyone wakes up from a dream at sometime, right?

Owen Manton versus Myles Jake

"

mylesjake" "Fire It Up!" by

Jamglue pounds through the system and the crowd jumps to their feet in delight as the 39-year old wrestling superstar, Myles

Jake, steps out from the curtains. Dressed in his regular wrestling trunks, with matching elbow and knee pads; Myles Jake begins his trot to the ring, stopping by the hoards of fans that continue to crowd the barriers. Jake pats a few young children on the head and slaps a few more hands before reaching the ring.

"The fans sure do like this Myles Jake guy."

The lights dim in the arena, and the big screen Dream-a-thon shows the DWF logo. A hand carrying a spray

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paint can comes above the logo and the letter is written, defacing the Dream Wrestling logo. This video is synonymous with Owen Manton, and the fans begin to boo as by Nine Inch Nails begins to play through the sound system.

"A less than welcome hello for Owen Manton as he steps out from the back."

Owen Manton comes out with a smirk on his face. He has a New York Yankee hat on backwards, no shirt, and wrestling pants that are black with gold written down the right leg. He struts to the ring, ignoring the chorus of boo's from the explosive Dream Wrestling fans. As Manton reaches the ring he climbs the stairs, and climbs the outside of the turnbuckle lifting one arm in the air to another chorus of boo's and "You Suck!" chants.

"Both men, complete opposites in the ring and in the fans eyes as we head into one on one action here on Slaughter!"

The bell sounds to officially start the match.

"They lock up. Manton quickly takes control, rolling Jake into a wrist lock."

Myles is able to twist and reverse the lock. Manton boots Jake, who jumps back and lets go to avoid too much contact.

"Manton rushes Myles. Drop toe hold by Jake, he attempts to place Owen into a cross face, denied as Owen is close enough to grab the bottom rope."

Owen Manton rolls out of the ring and stands, catching his breath.

In the ring, Myles Jake
stands, waiting.

"Stare down as the referee counts."

Myles Jake slides out of the ring, as he does

Owen Manton slides in. Jake goes to slide back in, Manton slides back out.

"Myles Jake is getting frustrated by Owen Manton's antics, with much reason."

Jake runs to slide out again, Manton does the opposite. This
time, Jake grabs the rope and spins himself back into the ring at the same time as Owen.

"Both men up,
Manton turns, Myles Jake shadows him from
behind." Owen Manton turns.

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"Boot to the gut."

Myles Jake locks him in and lifts, holding Owen Manton vertically before dropping him.

"Very nice vertical suplex as the fans go nuts."

Jake floats over into a pin.

"Two count before the kick out."

As Jake gets up, he pulls Manton up with him by the head.

"Owen Manton with a punch to Myles Jake's gut, followed by a European Uppercut."

Myles Jake hits the mat, but gets right back up.

"He's caught with a second European Uppercut."

Owen lifts Myles Jake's legs up. He then proceeds to stomp his inner thigh.

"Owen Manton attempting to weaken the leg of Myles Jake."

Manton begins to step backwards, pulling Myles Jake with him. When he gets into the corner, he drops to the mat and rolls out.

"Owen Manton reaches into the ring and pulls Myles Jake's legs."

He places Jake's legs so they are on both sides of the corner post.

"Manton grabs that left leg and pulls back, with force slamming his knee into that post!"

Myles lets out a scream of pain. Owen Manton climbs up on the apron. A few moments later he has Myles Jake in a figure four and falls back, hanging off of the apron.

"Ring post figure four. Myles Jake is going through intense pain right now!"

The referee stops counting and warns Manton to release the painful lock. After a few more moments he does.

"Owen Manton rolling back into the ring. What type of damage has he done to the legs of Myles Jake?"

Manton bends down and slaps Jake before pulling him to his feet. Myles shows obvious pain on his legs as he stands.

Slaughter: IX

"Owen Manton goes to whip Myles Jake."

Jake just crumbles to his knees as he can't even run across the ring. Owen Manton walks behind him and slaps the back of his head.

"Once again, Owen Manton toying with Myles Jake, adding insult to injury."

Manton runs past Jake, hits the ropes. As he returns he jumps.

"Dropkick to Myles Jake."

Jake is laid out. Owen Manton stands up, placing one foot on his chest.

"The referee goes to count. We have a winn... NO!"

Myles Jake pushes Manton's foot off of him.

"Myles Jake will just not give up!"

Owen Manton angrily lifts Jake to his feet. He places him in a suplex lock and lifts vertically.

"Vertical suplex, NO! MYLES JAKE COMES DOWN BEHIND OWEN MANTON!"

He grabs his head, and twist, falling at the same time.

"Inverted neck breaker!"

The fans go crazy.

"Myles Jake crawls over to the ropes, using them to pull himself up. Manton, slowly getting to his feet."

Owen Manton runs at Myles Jake with a clothesline so hard they BOTH go over the top rope, and crash HARD to the floor.

"My God the carnage!"

The referee waits, but neither moves. he begins his count.

"Who will be the first man up and in the ring? It's anybodies match!"

At seven, both men start to move around.

"It's going to be close."

Slaughter: IX

At nine, neither is on their feet yet. Manton has his arms on the apron and pulls himself up.

"Can he roll in, in time?!"

The referee hits 10 and Manton falls back to the floor. the bell sounds.

"DOUBLE COUNT OUT! DOUBLE COUNT OUT!"

We get a few replays of the match.

"For the first time since our return, we have no winner. I can guarantee though that this is NOT over between Manton and Jake."

It's Only the Beginning

"

mylesjake" Owen Manton, finally gets to his feet and lifts Jake up. he rolls Jake into the ring before digging under the ring.

"What is he doing?"

A moment later Owen pulls out a chair and slides into the ring.

"He isn't! Is he?"

He lifts the chair and begins to repetitly slam it across the back of Myles Jake, non stop. For a moment he pauses, then continues.

"Oh my God... Owen Manton is not letting up here. What an ass! What a despicable man!"

Owen Manton continues what he started with the steel chair, slamming it across the back of Myles Jake who lies face down on the ring canvass. Manton then takes the chair and sets it up on the top turnbuckle, ensuring that it will be held high by the ropes. Manton picks up the lifeless body of Myles Jake holding him by the hair and begins to yell profanities at him. Manton then grabs the arm of Jake and Irish whips him heavily into the corner causing Jake's back to crash against the steel chair.

"Someone needs to stop this!"

As if it were rehearsed, referees and security guards begin to rush the ring from the entrance way. Manton quickly grabs Myles Jake, and gives him one last powerbomb into the center of the ring before rushing out from the hands of the security guards. The camera views the face of Myles Jake which shows extreme agony as he holds his back screaming.

"Owen Manton may have just ended this 39-year old's career."

Slaughter: IX

Manton walks up the entrance way with a smirk on his face watching the big screen above the entrance which still shows Myles Jake screaming in pain. Manton grabs a microphone which was placed on the entrance ramp. Owen Manton: "Jake! Hey Jake! I told you I was going to do it."

Manton stops for a moment to breathe heavily. Owen Manton: "I told you I was going to break your spine in half. Get out of my business you old man! Go back to your sick wife, get a hospital bed beside her and retire. You tried to steal my glory, you tried to become the hottest signing in Dream Wrestling."

Owen again breaks, wiping the sweat from his forehead. Owen Manton: "You retard! I've just purified this place a little more by ensuring you never walk again."

Owen Manton throws the microphone to the ground and leaves, the camera catches one last glimpse of Myles Jake who lies on the mat screaming in pain.

Ready

"

jaknemesi" Ready. Jak Nemesis sits alone in his locker room, dressed in his full wrestling attire and ready to make his way to the ring for his heavily anticipated showdown with Level-One. No question about it - this match meant a lot to him. This was his opportunity to beat some respect into his loudmouth opponent, and perhaps even silence him for good. Jak Nemesis was keen to achieve victory. The bitter taste of defeat was foreign to him, and something he despised more than anything else. This was not a feeling to contemplate here. Tonight was not a night for sad tales of what might have been. Jak adjusted the black elbow pad on his left arm and checked that the taping on his arms was secure. He had already offered One the chance to leave and not show up for the match, though something told him that he would not show the sense to take up the option. This was fine in Jak

s eyes. He was ready to do battle. Level-One was about to become just another victim. Just another step along the Path to Glory.

Jak Nemesis versus Level-One

"

jaknemesi" 'Dead Bodies Everywhere' by Korn hits the sound system.

"Jak Nemesis heading out to face Level-One."

A few moments later Nemesis slides into the ring and raises his arms as the music fades out. '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 making a big entrance in singles competition tonight."

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.

Slaughter: IX

Level-One paces around the ring, his red eyes capturing the essence of his surroundings. This is where he belongs; he smiles. The bell sounds and they lock up.

"Level-One taking on Jak Nemesis in one on one action this week.."

Level-One takes the lead early, as he breaks the lock and whips Nemesis into the ropes.

"On the return, Nemesis attempts a clothesline, but Level-One ducks."

Both men quickly turn around.

"Kick to the midsection of Level-One. Nemesis follows up with a elbow to the temple followed by a big chop to the chest."

Nemesis grabs Level-One, going for a belly to belly suplex.

"Reversal, Level-One with the suplex."

As Nemesis hits the mat, Level-One gets to his feet and begins to viciously stomp his opponent. He bends down and slaps him.

"Level-One pulls his opponenet to his feet."

On the way up, Nemesis pushes Level-One back. He grabs his arm and pulls him.

"Short arm clothesline. That looked as if it knocked the Level-One silly."

Nemesis picks a leg of Level-One up, stretches it the thrust it down.

"Nemesis trying to hyper extend the knee of Level-One."

He stomps the champion's knee a few times before lifting both of his legs up and stepping in.

"It appears that Nemesis is going for a figure four leg lock."

As he places the lock on and leans back on the mat to apply pressure, Level-One yells in pain.

"Level-One now trying to get his bearings."

Level-One struggles a little before overpowering Nemesis enough to reverse the hold.

"Inverted figure four by Level-One!"

Slaughter: IX

A few moments later, both men break free and push themselves to their feet.

"Each opponent showing signs of discomfort as they get to their feet."

Level-One boots Nemesis in the gut and follows it up with a head butt. As Nemesis stumbles around, Level-One mounts the second turnbuckle behind him. Nemesis turns to see him leap.

"Level-One grabs Nemesis's head in mid air, twisting. Big DDT!"

Nemesis is out on the mat, as Level-One holds his back from an improper landing.

"If he could make the cover, Level-One could capitalize and pick up the win here."

The referee begins counting both men as neither begins to get to their feet.

"We could see a no contest here tonight if neither man can make it to his feet in time."

Level-One finally begins to move. Using the ropes, he pulls himself up.

"Level-One is the first up, however, he is showing signs that he may have hurt his back."

Level-One bends over, grabbing Nemesis's head, and pulls him to his feet.

"Big chop by Level-One that leaves Nemesis's chest glowing. An Irish whip sends Jak hard into the corner. Level-One follows up with a huge splash."

As Level-One moves away, Nemesis falls face first to the mat.

Level-One mounts Nemesis, placing his hands under Jak Nemesis's chin and locking his fingers.

"Level-One hoping to end the match by submission, and he may very well be able to as he applies pressure."

A few moments later, Level-One lets go. He stands up and stomps Nemesis. Level-One runs and bounces off the ropes, leaping up.

As he falls with a big knee, Jak Nemesis moves.

"Nemesis moved!"

Jak Nemesis to his feet. He pulls Level-One up, scooping him then slamming him.

"Scoop slam by Jak Nemesis." 'Yes Please' by Muse begins to play.

"What's this?"

Slaughter: IX

Mike Polowy heads from the back and towards the ring. Inside, Jak Nemesis stops and stares at him.

"What is the meaning behind this?"

Mike Polowy climbs the steps and enters the ring. He and Nemesis look at each other as Level-One gets to his feet. Polowy leans over and whispers something to Level-One who then smiles.

"Nemesis looks weary."

Polowy then steps in close to Nemesis and mouths something to him, before leaning forward and whispering to him. Nemesis smiles.

"It looks like Mike has had an idea, but what?"

All three men exit the ring, the referee has no idea what's going on.

"We're going to go to commercial break, hopefully we can figure out what the plan is."

The show goes to commercial.

You're Dead, Manton.

"

lupincy" "Mister Jake! Mister Jake! You can't leave yet... you haven't been fully treated-" "I don't give a shit about treatment, get out of my way." "But Mister Jake, we need to cart you out, we need to protect you in case of another attack-" "I said, get out of my way. I can deal with this myself, I don't need you and your stupid cart." "You don't understand, we've been instructed..." "I said... get the Hell out of my way."

The trainer door swings open viciously, and Myles Jake limps out with the trainer continuing to follow him. Myles has a bandage across his chest, holding a pack of ice on his lower back. His limp is very visible, and his face shows a sign of anger. The fans are heard in the background cheering for the star, but Myles Jake is oblivious to anything going on. Trainer: "But Mister Jake... your spinal stenosis, your back is..."

Myles Jake: "Get the Hell out of here. And get this damn camera out of my face."

Myles Jake raises his arm to block the camera, and continues to walk. Trainer: "Mister Ja-" Before finishing that, Myles has picked up a chair that is leaning on the wall and turns violently, whipping the chair down the hall at the trainer which causes him to scurry away. Myles Jake: "Let me make this very clear. If you want to hang around me, at least send this message out to Dream Wrestling... and specifically... Owen Manton."

Myles stops in front of a door, blocking the camera view from whose locker room door it may be. Instead, all we can see is the sneer on Myles' face. Pure hatred for Owen Manton. Myles Jake: "You... are... dead. Manton."

Slaughter: IX

Myles turns and pushes the door open, and as the door shuts the camera catches a glimpse. Lupin Cy Myles Jake is about to make a deal with the Devil, himself.

Mike Polowy versus Eric Payne

"

ericpayne" "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 Mike Polowy ducks."

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

"It was almost over for Payne if Mike Polowy 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 Polowy's neck, lifting him up.

"The referee warns Eric Payne, who tosses Mike Polowy to the mat."

Polowy 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."

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

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

Payne rushes the ropes as The Mike Effect moves towards the ring. Polowy reaches in under the ropes, sweeping Eric Payne off of his feet.

"Mike Polowy 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 Polowy climbs the nearby turnbuckle.

"Mike Polowy 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, Mike Polowy rises to his feet as Eric Payne uses the ropes to get up himself.

Slaughter: IX

"Polowy 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 Polowy lunges forward with the kick.

"Payne quickly takes Polowy 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 Polowy to his feet.

"Will Eric Payne pull off another win, or will Mike Polowy 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 Polowy off of it."

Mike Polowy grabs his lower back and falls to the mat, wrenching in pain.

"Eric Payne straddles the back of Mike Polowy places him in a cross face. Payne applies pressure, trying to make him tap"

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

"Payne holds tight as Polowy 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 Polowy a good stomp. Payne pauses to look out to the crowd.

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

Eric Payne pulls Mike Polowy up with him. Polowy hits a forearm shot to Payne's face. Without hesitation Eric Payne turns and goes for the Ericcutter.

"No, Mike Polowy pushes him away!"

Eric Payne lands ass to mat, as Polowy quickly kicks him in the back.

"Mike Polowy lifts both legs of Eric Payne up. Wait, what..."

He pulls back enough that Eric Payne is lifted off of the mat. Polowy struggles a bit but is able to step

Slaughter: IX

foreword twice, placing his legs over Payne's arms. he jumps and falls foreword.

"THE MIKE EFFECT ON ERIC PAYNE!"

Polowy rolls Payne over and covers.

"We get the three. What an amazing move by Mike Polowy."

We have several replays of The Mike Effect.

Whoring talent & Swallowing contenders

"

mikepolowy" Mike Polowy stands in the ring with his back to the ring post; as he recoils from the result of his match with Eric Payne. Mike Polowy looks down the ramp, where Eric Payne stumbles away with his outcome, and through the backstage curtains. The crowd jeers loudly while Mike Polowy looks out into the sea of thousands losing his cool at the fans he spits out into the crowd, before cracking a sly grin, something straight out of modern mafia movie. While Mike Polowy remains focused on a few rowdy fans that he has pushed past his breaking point, the boos suddenly shift up towards the top of the ramp.

Mike!

Level-One exclaims over the microphone he held in his hand, this was enough to grab Mike Polowy's attention. The referee comes over and hands him his women's championship, which he tosses over his shoulder.

Now I know you just had a match, and we know how that all turned out

Level-One teases.

But rather than wasting your time with the Eric Payne's of the world, we should both boost the credibility of the women's championship, effective immediately

Level-One states as he comes marching down the ramp. Mike Polowy nods his head up and down, agreeing with his tag partner from afar. Level-One climbs up the steel staircase, slipping under in between the ropes.

Mike, you know as well as I do that EVERY division in the DWF needs to be saved. It needs to be revamped, and while I don

t quite agree with wasting our time with a bunch of chicks with dicks

he says, suddenly sending the crowd into a booing frenzy, greeting their chants with a mere smile, he had continued on

I do believe that every championship should be sought to be credited equally, and the women's championship had just failed to do that

Mike Polowy asks for the microphone, which Level-One doesn't hesitate to hand over. The crowd boos even louder as the women's champion grabs the microphone, taking the center of the ring.

I'm glad that my tag partner can see things the way, you pig faced fans simply cannot

Mike Polowy flings his words into the ears of the fans.

I shouldn

t booed. I should be cheered. I am saving the women

s championship; I am changing the face of the women

Slaughter: IX

s division as we know it. No longer will it be associated with big pretty lips and make up, or long hair and fake eyelashes

and heck if you even look at these women

s faces anyways

Mike Polowy snarls, as Level-One shakes his head back and forth in the background trying to contain his enjoyment.

If women really had any intentions on becoming world champions, they wouldn

t go on diets. They wouldn

t care about their zero, and negative figures. They would focus on making the weight and paying their dues like everyone else. But face it

this division was nothing more than a beauty contest. A swimsuit show off; a fashion run way, this division was as about as pathetic as feminists

Mike Polowy shakes his head in disgust sending the crowd into quite possibly the largest boo of the crowd.

Receiving them microphone from Mike Polowy, Level-One had realized a certain pitch in the crowd.

You people sicken me. Look at that bass!

He shouts out.

Husbands and boyfriends booing because Mike had some opinions in regards to the bias that has been displayed towards women? You aren

t men, you are little boys, and you

re all bitch whipped!

The boos continue to rein in while Level-One shakes his head back and forth in disgust.

Mike, I can

t handle this anymore

Level-One confesses.

Look I have arranged eight fine young women to appear and wrestle here on slaughter nine!

Level-One says pointing to the top of the ramp, as eight scantily clad women come out onto stage. Each one of them as pretty as can be, a flavor for anyone who wasn

t gay, really. Mike Polowy looks down the ramp and can only smile.

You know what

s really great about this? They

re all going to take you on, at ONCE!

Level-One throws his hands in the air, as if he just unleashed the biggest announcement of his life. The crowd boos in regards to his most obvious metaphor, while Mike Polowy pounds his fist in the air.

Oh shut you, you pigs!

Level-One berates the crowd as the eight high paid escorts begin to make their way down the ramp.

Level-One walks over to his partner putting his arm around his shoulder as they both point out and argue which one of them has the nicest looking pair. They all climb into the ring one at a time and neither man dare to hold the ropes open for them. The eventually all line up in a row, and while Michael Lively keeps his eyes lighted on the line up,

Level-One takes the microphone and looks into the crowd.

Before we get this contest on the way, I thought I

d fill these ladies into something tonight

he says turning to the women who wave at him and smile.

Slaughter: IX

Ladies, you aren

t competeting in a bikini contest like I had originally had told you. No, you women will compete a WRESTLING match with Mike Polowy

The women look at each-other in confusion, while Level-One immediately calls for the bell. and the match starts, NOW!

Mike Polowy doesn

t hesitate as he rushes towards the first he girl he sees. A blond, big tits, nice ass and could give awesome head

nothing more to her really. He quickly trips her up, grabs her legs, turns her over and locks her into Mplowsion sharpshooter maneuver! The seven other ladies quickly scatter from the ring, while Level-One has reached over grabbing a brunette by her hair, the other six manage to escape up the ramp, nearly breaking their ankles by running with their heels. Level-One watches as Mike Polowy submits with women with ease and the ring bell is signaled, but Mike Polowy refuses to let go.

Are you kidding me!

Level-One roars into the microphone as he holds a cute Asian girl by the hair the fans have gone ape-shit, but their boos do very little to stop the pair.

This is what you strong powerful women are made out of, plastic and cyclone?

He says before clothes lining the brunette, before locking up her legs and locking in the House of Pain; her legs nearly touch the back of her head as he tries to break her apart, Mike still holds in his sharpshooter maneuver not too far away from him.

I guess we

ll have some better luck next time

Mike Polowy shouts as he wrenches back and the hold; the blonde escort has already passed out.

I don

t know, these women looked like some pretty tough competition when I scouted them out

Level-One shouts back to Mike Polowy; all while Level-One's girl continues to scream out in pain.

So how about them tag titles?

Mike Polowy asks; while Level-One looks up at him with a dumbfounded look on his face. The two continue to wrench their maneuvers until DREAM security comes dashing out from the back. Both men release the maneuvers, and slip out of the ring together. The security checks on the two women, as Level-One and Mike Polowy watch on with satisfaction. Level-One looks at Mike Polowy, pointing back to the ring.

You forgot to bring the women

s championship with you

Level-One reminds his tag partner. Mike Polowy curses under his breath and sneakily slips back into the ring grabbing the women

s championship, as the dream security rushes towards the ropes, but can

t get his hand on the much more quicker and athletic Mike Polowy. The crowd is relentless with their boos, a can of beer catches Level-One on the side of his head blinding him for a split second. The two quickly scatter out of the arena, before they entice a riot. The entire world hated the both of them.

Rich Mahogany versus Team Danger

"

mahogany" 'Simon Says' by Drain STH begins to play as team Danger steps out from the back, along with them Kelly Evans.

Slaughter: IX

"Miss Evans looking very nice tonight as she accompanies Team Danger down the ramp."

The Tag Team Champions wear their belts proudly as Stephen Greer has the World Championship over his shoulder. Once they are in the ring, their music dies down.

"They await their opponent." 'Love Man' by Otis Redding begins to play. Rich Mahogany and Madga Van Doom step out from the back.

"That Amazonian woman from last week, who we learned was named Madga Van Doom earlier tonight, heads down the ramp with Rich."

They enter the ring and his music fades. Before the bell sounds, both Kelly Evans and Magda Van Doom are sent out of the ring. Once they are out, the bell rings to begin the match.

"Rich

Mahogany taking on the Tag team Champions, Team Danger, in handicap action." Rich rushes Tyrone Walker, hitting him with a right. He turns toward the World Champion, Stephen Greer, and connects on him as well.

"Team Danger barely phased. Double boot to the mid section of Mahogany."

Team Danger hits the ropes simultaneously.

"Double

Clothesline, Mahogany hits the canvas hard. I have to give it to him, he at least accepted this challenge and showed up tonight." Each member of TD lifts a leg of their opponent.

"They yank as if they are trying to break a wishbone!"

Mahogany grabs himself and yells in pain.

"Walker lifts Rich to his feet. Double whip to the ropes."

As Mahogany is on the return, Tyrone Walker catches him and lifts.

"Huge back body!"

As Mahogany goes over, the king of pain catches him.

"He throws Mahogany, giant power bomb! Amazing double team action by the tag champs."

Slaughter: IX

Mahogany rolls out of the ring to the outside. Van Doom goes to check on him as Kelly Evans plays the crowd for Team Danger.

"Rich Mahogany may want to chalk this one up as a loss and go home. I'm unsure how much more the love machine can take."

The camera pans over to see Mike Polowy and Level-One coming from the back.

"What's this?"

They slide into the ring and attack the champions.

"The referee calls for the bell as The Mike Effect and level-One come to Rich Mahogany's aid."

Polowy exchanges punches with Tyrone Walker as level-One boots Stephen greer.

"Heavy chop to the chest of the World Champion by Level-One. Polowy pushes Walker back, leaps, dropkick!"

Level-One grabs Greer.

"Belly to belly suplex, allowing Level-One to display his strength."

On the outside, Rich mahogany is up. He grabs the chair from under the time keeper.

"Mahogany ready to deliver some pay back as he rolls into the ring with that chair."

Polowy and Level-One stomp the champions and cheer Mahogany on. They lift the World Champion, Stephen Greer, to his knees and hold him for Mahogany.

"A devilish grin comes across Mahogany's face."

He lifts the chair, places it on Greer's forehead and pulls all the way back.

"And he swings!"

Instead of hitting Greer, he redirects the shot last minute, cracking the skull of mike Polowy.

"MY GOD! WHAT A SHOT!"

Mahogany spins, swinging and connecting with Level-One. A sickening thud is heard.

Slaughter: IX

"I don't understand."

Mahogany drops the chair and smiles at the bodies laying in the ring. Both Kelly Evans and Magda Van Doom enter the ring.

"Team Danger to their feet."

All three men, and both women raise each others arms in victory.

"This was premeditated! They set Polowy and Level-One up!"

The camera zooms in on Polowy and Level-One who are laid out cold then pans in on the new super group, standing tall as we go into commercial.

Setting Up Bashed in the USA

"

jasonwhiteside" As we return from commercial the camera pans in on Jason Whiteside. What a night folks, the excitement has been turned up it seems.

"Tonight, before we leave you we want to highlight not only one of the best matches in Dream history, but the career of the man they call Doozer."

He goes through his papers some.

"We will be showing, in it's entirety, from Bashed in the USA 2001, the main event. A stables match. This should be an exciting look back."

The screen fades to the old 'Bashed' logo before going to the match.

Doozer Career Highlight: Bashed in the USA 2001

"

doozer" Johnny D: Alright folks, now for the Main Event of Bashed in The USA!!! Pat Riot: Yes, this is the biggest match of one of DWF

s Biggest PPV"s ever!!! Johnny D: Yes, the stable of

The Canadian Punishers vs. Extreme Cruelty

vs.Two Mystery Stables!!! This is going to be one hell of a match. Pat Riot: Right now, the only people we know that are in this match are wrestlers such as

Doozer, Canada

s

Hero,

Y2W Pat Walsh, The

Extremist, Hardcore Kinch, and Aleister Crowley!!! Johnny D: Wow, those are pretty damn big names here in DWF. Pat Riot: I know

A remix of "Blame Canada" named "Don

Slaughter: IX

t Blame Canada" blasts over the
P.A. System as Doozer, Canada
s

Hero, and Pat Walsh make their way down to the ring looking rather serious and focused on the match.)

Johnny D: Wow, look at them

This Canadian Punishers group looks like they are on top of their game. Pat Riot: Actually, Johnny, they are known as The Canadian Clan now. Don

t ask me why they changed it, but they did. Johnny D: Yeah, it
s a good thing they changed it too. The old name sucked

As everybody gets ready for Extreme Cruelty to make their way down to the ring
three figures come out from the backstage area

Pat Riot: Who the hell is that? Johnny D: Well, it looks like Apocalypse, Plague, and Daemon

S ARMY!!! Pat Riot: Where is Extreme Cruelty? Johnny D: Who cares? Hell

s Army is here!!! (Some mystery type of song blasts over the P.A. System as two men and a woman make
their way down to the ring

Pat Riot: It

s The Crew!!! Johnny D: Yeah, there

s Rebel, Katy, and

Oh my god!!!

There is a Hall of Famer himself, JACK

THE POSER

HARDING!!! Pat Riot: Wow, this match is getting better as more stables come down

s going to be the fourth? Johnny D: Could it be Bob, Nas, and

Wolf, The

Untouchables? (The same Mystery type of song blasts over the P.A. System as three more wrestlers make
their way down to the ring

Pat Riot: It looks like Thomas Ruble

and MIKE EXTREME!!! Johnny D: And beside him is Chainz!!! Chainz and Doozer had a match not long ago
and they fought a

no decision

battle, this is going to be a great match. (Thomas Ruble grabs a microphone.) Thomas Ruble: Now, my
stable here

Well, we aren

t going to wrestle.

These other stables are just a waste of our time. Instead, I am appointing

myself, Mike Extreme, and Chainz to be the Special Enforcers in this match!!! So, it is now a three way
stables elimination match. Now, let

s get it on

Doozer and The Rebel hook it up while Canada

s Hero and Apocalypse exchange blows. Daemon and Jack Harding duke it out. On the outside of the ring,
Pat Walsh and Plague decide to double team Katy. Pat Walsh gets Katy in a chokeslam position and at the
same

time, Plague does the same. Then, they both bring Katy by the neck to the announce table and DOUBLE

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CHOKESLAM her right through it.) Johnny D:

Well, I

m not any

doctor, but I

d say Katy is out of this match

Pat Riot:

Yeah, I guess you are right.

(While in the ring, Doozer throws a right hand towards Rebel, but it is blocked. Rebel then throws a left to

Doozer, but

Doozer blocks it and kicks Rebel in the midsection and dishes out a devastating DDT. Canada

s Hero then whips Apocalypse into the ropes, Apocalypse bounces off the ropes and charges back at CH

looking for a

clothesline, but

CH counters with a magnificent Samoan Drop. Pat Walsh then turns to Plague and whips him into the barricade. As Pat Walsh goes to pick up Plague, Plague kicks him in the balls. Thomas sees this and runs up to Plague and Pat and kicks Pat in the balls. CH then runs towards the ropes and dives over them and connects with a flying clothesline to Thomas. Mike Extreme then runs over in the aid of Thomas and turns CH around, kicks him in the gut, and delivers a huge power bomb to the cement floor of the outside.) Pat Riot:

What an action packed match!! Johnny D: I

m getting confused on who is on who

s team. Pat Riot: Well

s just watch and try not to say anything stupid. (Inside the ring, Jack Harding and Daemon are exchanging punch after punch in the corner of the ring. Jack then gets Daemon backed up against the ropes and dishes out a big clothesline, putting Daemon through the ropes and to the outside of the ring. Jack then turns and watches Doozer and Rebel still fighting like there

s no tomorrow. Jack then walks up to the two of them who are still fighting and ignoring him, then Jack glances at Doozer, then he glances at the Rebel. He pauses for a moment, and cleans the clock of Rebel. Jack then picks up Rebel and Body Presses him to the outside of the ring. Jack then faces Doozer, and throws a right hand

that connects and sends Doozer to the mat. Doozer gets back up, but to be hit with another right hand.

Doozer gets up again, Jack goes for another

right, but Doozer ducks and kicks Harding in the midsection, then jumps up while Harding is doubled over and delivers his finisher

THE DTV SPECIAL!!!) Johnny D:

Doozer just gave Harding a modified version of his old finisher, The Green Monster. Pat

Riot: Yeah, he calls in The DTV Special. Johnny D: That is intense. (Doozer goes for the pin

Ref: 1

KICKOUT BY HARDING!!! Pat Riot: Jack Harding is the first person to ever kick out of Doozer

s Finisher!!! Johnny D: Well, he is a DWF Hall of Famer. Pat Riot: That

s true. (Doozer whips

Harding into the rope, Harding charges back and they collide both clotheslining the other and bringing eachother down to the

mat, hard.

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Outside the ring, Extreme and Chainz are double-teaming CH while Pat Walsh suplexes Plague to the hard cement floor. Rebel and Daemon decide to hook it up and Rebel sends Daemon flying into the steel steps. Rebel then picks the steps up and smashes them over the head of Daemon. Pat Walsh picks up Plague and throws him into the ring where Doozer and Harding are still lying. Pat Walsh whips Plague into the corner and lifts him to the top turnbuckle. Walsh then signals for something and delivers the WALSH ECUTION from the Top Rope!!! Johnny D: Wow, that was Pat's finishing move from the Top Rope!!! Pat Riot: What an Evenflow DDT!!! (Walsh covers Plague

Ref: 1

3 Announcer: Plague of Hell

s Army is now eliminated from the match and will be escorted backstage. (Mike Extreme then picks up Plague over his shoulder and walks up the ramp, then as

Mike walks up the ramp, Dusty comes running from the backstage area and spears Mike Extreme, this then causes

Plague to fall right on Extreme. Dusty then retreats back to the backstage area leaving Mike Extreme on the ramp with a knocked out Plague laying heavily on top of him. Back at ringside, CH is mounting a comeback against Chainz and Thomas. CH connects with a right hand to

Chainz, then one to Thomas, again to Chainz, and another to

Thomas. Then, CH backs up a bit and charges at both Thomas and Chainz and connects with a huge double clothesline.) Pat Riot: Wow, look at Canada

s Hero cleaning house. Johnny D:

Shut up and let me watch

On the other side of the ring, Daemon and Rebel are still fighting. Daemon is bleeding as result of that stair shot to his head. Rebel then whips Daemon to the ring post. Rebel then gets a steel chair from the crowd and smashed it over Daemon

s head. Rebel then throws Daemon to the inside of the ring. Doozer and Jack Harding are starting to get to their feet and as they

do, they charge at each other and just like before, double clothesline in mid-air, knocking them both right back down. Rebel sees his opportunity and goes for the pin on Doozer

Ref: 1

kickout by Doozer (Rebel can

t believe it and picks Doozer up, who low-blows him. Doozer gets to his feet delivers the DTV Special to the doubled over Rebel. Doozer goes for the pin

Ref: 1

3!!! Announcer: Rebel is now eliminated from the match. He will now be escorted to the backstage area.

(During the match, Mike finally got back to his feet and escorted Plague to the back. He then walks back to the ring and picks up Rebel and escorts him cautiously

looking for any wild Dusty

to the backstage area. Meanwhile, in the ring,

Y2W and Apocalypse throw punch after punch. After about three-four punches between the two of them, Apocalypse starts to gain the upper hand. Doozer sees this and starts to walk towards

them, but is attacked from behind by Daemon who gets Doozer up on his shoulders and performs an Electric Chair Drop. Daemon then helps double-team Y2W and they double powerbomb him. Apocalypse then goes for the pin

Slaughter: IX

Ref: 1

3!!! Announcer: Pat Walsh has now been eliminated from the match. Special Enforcer Mike Extreme will escort him back to the backstage area. (With this, Mike Extreme does so as the match goes on. CH is still outside the ring fighting off Chainz and Thomas. But now, Thomas is laying on the ground looking badly wounded. CH then, takes Chainz over to the Spanish Announce Table where he lifts him up to the top of the table and Piledrives him right through the Spanish Announce Table. CH then climbs to the inside of the ring where he comes up behind Daemon and gives him a modified cradle for the pin.) Ref: 1

Apocalypse goes to break it up, but Doozer clotheslines him in time.) 2

3!!! Announcer: Daemon has now been eliminated from this Stables Match. He will now be escorted backstage by Mike Extreme. (Mike Extreme then gets inside the ring and hauls Daemon to the backstage area. Back inside the ring Doozer and CH are double teaming Apocalypse. CH gets him down to the mat with a body slam as Doozer climbs the top turnbuckle and delivers THE PESKY POLL to the fallen Apocalypse. Then, CH then slaps on his finishing maneuver, which is a submission hold, named THE CANADIAN PUNISHER and forces Apocalypse to tap out.) Announcer: Apocalypse has now been eliminated and will be escorted backstage by Mike Extreme. (Mike Extreme then drags the fallen Apocalypse backstage as Doozer decides to sit down in the corner while CH and Jack Harding duke it out.) Johnny D: This has been one hell of a match. So many people have been eliminated in just a short period of time. Pat Riot: The match started off slow, but now everybody is just falling like ducks. (The ref goes to the outside of the ring and examines the still knocked out Katy and tells the announcer something.) Announcer:

Due to knock-out, Katy has been eliminated from the match. And she will be escorted backstage by EMTs. (EMTs make their way down to the fallen

Katy with a stretcher. They then carry her off backstage while inside the ring, CH and Jack Harding are still fighting. Jack then knocks CH to the mat with a clothesline. Doozer then gets up from his sitting position and decides to help out Canada

s Hero. Doozer charges at Jack

Harding, but he misses and accidentally spears CH. Doozer turns around looking furious with himself and gets a dropkick from Jack. Jack then pins CH while Doozer is down

Ref: 1

3!!! Announcer: Canada

s Hero has now been eliminated from the match and will be escorted backstage from Mike Extreme. (Extreme then drags CH to the backstage area while Jack goes for the pin while Doozer is still down.) Ref: 1 Reversal by Doozer) Ref: 1

3!!! Announcer: The winners of this 3 Way Elimination Stables Championship Match are the CANADIAN CLAN!!! (The Canadian Clan gets the Stables Belts and race up the ramp, as the scene switches back to Johnny D and Pat Riot) Johnny D: What an amazing ending to an amazing night! Pat Riot: Until next time, keep DWFiing!

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