

Slaughter: XI

July 12, 2009 | Boutwell Memorial Auditorium - Birmingham, Alabama

XI

Imported Archive Notice

This show was automatically imported from a legacy Word document. Formatting, spacing, and structure may contain inconsistencies and should be reviewed before final publication.

8 B L

Slaughter XI

12 Jul 2009

Boutwell Memorial Auditorium,
Birmingham, Alabama (seats 5,000)

No respect

"

kellyevans" We open up to backstage

Michael Polowy had began to grow restless; and being the great tag team partner Level-One was, he showed his loyalty by continuing his search for a contender the women's championship, which Mike had held high above his head in respect. Despite dealing with his own problems, being weighed down by the world heavyweight championship for one; he never forgot about his tag partner, and was on the search immediately as the show began. This time though, he wasn't on the streets trying to find a few hookers with AIDS ridden needles looking for a place to vent their anger (they have a mean pimp slap for a hoe, trust us) but in fact, he was in the DREAM arena; which wasn't that far fetched from that said element. This building was scummy, filled with scummy people wrestling for scummy company; it was a challenge trying to find a noble competitor worthy of taking on a man as great as Michael Polowy. Along the way though, he grew a bit hungry. So he found himself stopped at the snack table. There weren't

too much healthy options; but nothing horrible either. He found himself opening up a donut box; from it emerges a Boston cream donut. He looks at the treat; and then at his stomach. He's built, he's muscular and he's in shape, and so he uses his best judgment and exercises self reserve by placing the donut back into the box.

Have to watch that fat intake

Level-One turns around to see a fat women standing right behind him. He looks up at her, as she points at the box.

Is that Boston cr

The fat dyke asked. Level-One picks up the box, handing it over to her.

Yeah, there

s about a dozen in there. Take them all

The fat dyke groans, as she grabs the box and turns away. It is then when Level-One stammers up a brilliant

Slaughter: XI

idea
Do you wrestle?
He asked. The fat dyke merely bit into her Boston cream donut; before turning around and walking away. -Jump cut-
Are you out of your mind?
Level-One stood besides a dorky stage hand; who weighed about 100 pounds soaking wet. Short, skinny, the frame of his glasses clung to his lifeless face.
Come on. Stop being such a coward. I hear you sit down and play video games for HOURS on end. Your telling me you can't put Michael Polowy on the back for a three count, like you do on the game?
I'm a button masher
The stage hand replies in monotone. Level-One doesn't seem to get the drift, nor can he decode such ridiculous terms.
Besides, I can't wrestle in DIVAS division. I don't want to lose to a girl, do you know how embarrassing that is?
Level-One stops, pauses and strokes his chin before shaking his head back and forth.
he replies flatly.
Michael Polowy isn't a woman though. He is a man. It'll be like fighting for a credible championship and everything
Well what's the point of a women's division if he's just going to fight men all day
The stage hand quizzes. Level-One looks at the stage hand with a dumbfounded look on his face. He shakes his head back and forth; treating the man as if he was dumb as a bag of immobile rocks. Level-One grips the young kid's shoulder, looking towards him.
Good point
Level-One says, his eyebrows shooting up in the air with intrigue. Back to square one
Jump cut- He found himself looking around; every corner, every open locker room door; and he still couldn't find Michael Polowy a creditable contender for his championship. Perhaps he was searching too hard, perhaps he wasn't allowing it to come natural. I mean, if the contender was worthy, they would find Michael Polowy themselves, right? Level-One carried his DWF world championship by his waist allowing half of his belt to drag along the floor before being
WHACKED! Level-One's head recoils back, as he stumbles around on losing footing. He looks up as he sees Kelly Evan's marching past him; heading towards the ring. Level-One curses his breath and fights the urge not to grab her by the hair and drop her neck first on the concrete, but then his rage quickly fades. He closes his eyes, before cracking a sly smile.
Get her Polowy

Slaughter: XI

he utters as the scene fades.

A New Nightmare Starts

"

traviswilliams" Standing outside the arena, a man is smoking a cigarette. A security guard stands near him, attempting to get his attention. Security Guard - "Excuse me sir? Hey, pal!"

The guard grabs the cigarette from in between his lips and tosses it to the ground

Stomping it out as the guy shakes his head. Security Guard - "Do I have your attention now?"

The guy gives a slight sound of laughter from his vocal cords, before he locks eyes with the security guard.

Security Guard - "Either produce a freakin

ticket pal, or take your nonsense somewhere else. There is a show taking place here!" The guy starts to fish around in his pocket, as he grabs out his cigarettes, and his lighter and hands them to the guard. Guy - "Hold this for me, while I find what I am looking for."

The guy reaches deeper into his pocket, and comes up short of producing a ticket for the show. Guy - "Sorry, I guess I cannot find it!"

He reaches towards the guard and grabs a cigarette from his box, and grabs the lighter. He places the butt in between his lips, and lights it. The guard looks at him annoyed. Security Guard - "I

M NOT GOING SAY IT

The guy punches him right between the eyes, laying the guard out on the asphalt. The guy reaches down, and grabs his cigarettes, putting them back into his pocket. A camera man catches it all, as the man calls him over. As he kneels before the guard, and looks at him and the camera. Guy - "The name is Travis Williams, and I don

t need a "FREAKIN

TICKET!" I work here!"

Travis stands up, taking a drawl off his cigarette. He blows the smoke towards the camera and smirks. Travis Williams - "I guess they say, "You can

t teach an old dog new tricks?" I say, you can

t stop an old dog from attacking! Dream, it

s time to wake the hell up, REALITY IS HERE!" Travis drops his cigarette on the chest of the guard, before walking straight into the arena.

Team Danger versus USXF

"

thenewera" "Welcome ladies and gentlemen to another exciting edition of Sunday night Slaughter, I'm your host Jason Whiteside and what a night we have in store for you!" 'Feel so numb' by Rob Zombie hits the sound system. After a few moments it morphs into 'Born in the USA' by Bruce Springston. The team of USXF steps out and begins to head towards the ring.

"Here comes the team that literally stole their contracts to get into the DWF!" 'Simon Says' by Drain STH begins to play and the former tag team champions come out. Greer and Walker make their way to the ring.

Slaughter: XI

Once in, their music fades. Tyrone Walker and Lady America start off in the ring as the bell sounds to begin the match.

"Tyrone

Walker is asking the referee to have Shaun XF to come into the ring. Although, I agree that Lady America shouldn't have to face the former Tag Team Champions, she is apart of an inter-gender team and can be booked to face anyone." Walker holds his hands up, refusing to wrestle.

"Lady America just slapped The Black Jesus."

Tyrone rubs his cheek and grabs her by the hair, pulling her close, yelling.

"America kicks Walker in the shin, causing him to release her. He lunges forward, she ducks a clothesline. They both turn, boot to the gut of Walker. Lady America off the rope, bull dog."

Lady America pops up and tags Shaun XF in. XF jumps over the top rope into the ring.

"Tyrone

Walker underestimated Lady America's spunk. XF lifts Walker. Hard chop across his chest, Walker whipped across the ring. On the return, Tyrone Walker leaps, catching Shaun XF with a forearm smash to the head." XF holds his head as he hits the mat. Walker crawls to his corner, reaching to tag in his partner.

"The tag is made."

As Walker rolls out under the bottom rope, Stephen Greer enters over the top rope.

"The king of pain is in the ring now. The former World Champion grabs XF, yanking him to his feet."

Greer pushes Shaun XF up against the ropes, using them to whip him with momentum.

"Shaun

XF on the return, Greer meets him with a big boot." Stephen Greer holds his arms out, puts his thumbs up, and as he mouths 'King of Pain' uses them to point to himself.

"Greer yanks a leg of XF up, he drops an elbow to the inside of Shaun's leg."

As Stephen gets up, he taunts Lady America.

"America in the ring. She pushes Stephen Greer, who returns the favor."

As Stephen pushes her, America stumbles and falls back.

Slaughter: XI

"That was uncalled for."

Greer turns and lifts Shaun XF up. Shaun comes out of his 'daze' and shoves Stephen back. He grabs Greer's shoulders and jumps up. Greer goes up and comes down with XF who lands on his knees.

"Stephen Greer's jaw meets the top of Shaun XF's head!"

Walker enters the ring, XF gets on his hands and knees as Lady America is up and runs, using XF's back to leap up.

"Team work as Lady America flies through the air, dropkick connects! Shaun XF scrambles to cover Stephen Greer."

The referee drops to count.

"Kick out!"

By this time Lady America has made her way back to the apron, and is turned to towards the fans. Shaun looks angrily away, and Stephen Greer pops up, rolling XF into a surprise school boy.

"WAIT! The referee is counting... WE HAVE THREE!"

Greer lets go of XF and rolls out of the ring with Walker as their music hits.

"Just when you thought it was going to be the team of USXF, Team Danger prevails again!" TD begins walking backwards up the ramp, before turning and heading up. When at the top of the stage they begin to act sick, coughing and holding their stomachs.

"Well, they said they were too sick to wrestle tonight, but after that showing I think they may just be faking it."

In the middle of over exaggerating their 'sickness' they both just stop, wave it off and walk through the curtains.

My #1 Fan

"

mylesjake" The camera's are backstage, as Myles Jake is walking hand-in-hand with his wife, Kiersten Jake. The crowd explodes in cheers for Myles and admiration for Kiersten who is walking gingerly through the backstage area. Myles calls over a backstage assistant with his hands. The assistant runs over and Myles kisses his wife on her cheek. Myles Jake: "My number one fan is here tonight!"

The crowd cheers again, chants of "My-les! My-les!" is heard through the arena. Kiersten blushes, and looks

Slaughter: XI

down to the floor a bit shy. Myles Jake: "Take her, bring her to the VIP seats at the front, and get her anything she needs okay?"

Assistant: "Yes, sir."

Myles Jake: "I love you, baby"

Jake kisses her again and then watches as turns down a hallway with the Assistant. Myles smiles again, showing true joy that his wife is here with him.

Slinging his duffel bag over his shoulder, Jake goes in the opposite direction.

It Ends Tonight

"

lupincy" "Ladies and gentlemen, I am here with Myles Jake and Lupin Cy the two men who terrorized Owen Manton last week, and are en route to two hard fought matches tonight. Lupin Cy taking on Owen Manton, and Myles Jake taking on T-Money."

The crowd roars in excitement from the ringside area, as the camera pans from Kelly, the stunning brunette Dream Wrestling Federation interviewer, to Dream Wrestling's favorite faces: Lupin Cy and Myles Jake. Jake is in his street clothes, with red Alabama U Crimson Tide t-shirt underneath a black blazer and jeans on. Lupin Cy stands beside him in his traditional garb, blue suit in tow and his green hair still as ridiculous looking as ever. Kelly: "Myles Jake, your wife, Kiersten is here tonight. How excited are you that she is taking in her first live show since being hospitalized?"

Myles Jake: "Kelly, I am absolutely thri-"

Lupin Cy: "Wait, you brought your wife tonight?"

Myles Jake: "Uh, ya."

Lupin Cy looks confused for a moment, and Myles Jake turns his attention back to the interviewer. Myles Jake: "Kelly, I'm thrilled that Kiersten arrived safely. I'm hoping to put on a good show for her tonight, and defeat T-Money right here in Huntington, Alabama!"

The crowd roars at the cheap attempt to get a pop from the crowd. Jake smiles widely. Kelly: "Obviously, from last week's attack on Owen Manton, the fans are going to be interested on how he will respond tonight - especially in a match with yourself, Lupin Cy. Are you worried you guys went too far?"

Lupin Cy: Myles Jake: Myles Jake interrupts, and the camera shows that Lupin Cy is a bit agitated by Myles Jake interrupting. Myles Jake: "We didn't attack Owen Manton. In fact, watch the tape, we never touched the poor fella. Instead, the 'Puritan' looked like a fool begging for mercy."

Kelly: "Right. Lupin, are you prepared for the match tonight?"

Lupin Cy: "As prepared as I

Slaughter: XI

It ever be. Owen and I both know that the time for talk is over and it's about time we finally put our money where our mouth is. It's time for us to step off our clouds and get back down to Earth. Because I know, you know, Myles knows . . . and EVERY SINGLE PERSON in this arena tonight knows that "The Puritan" is in desperate need of a true-blue reality check."

The crowd roars at Lupin Cy, a fan favorite here in Dream Wrestling. Kelly: "What's next for Owen Manton?"

Lupin Cy: "I'll tell you this-"

Interrupting again. Myles Jake: "I'll tell you what,

Kelly. You watch and see what's next for Owen Manton. And let me guarantee you this, Cy and I will send Manton packing and he

won't show his face at a Dream Wrestling event again. You can count on that." Jake walks away, leaving Lupin Cy by himself with Kelly. Cy looks confused as to what is going on, being interrupted by Myles Jake twice and then Jake simply walks off.

Mike Polowy versus Kelly Evans

"

mikepolowy" The fans in the arena pipe up as the lights begin to dim and the opening rock riff to

Muse's

"Yes Please" pours through the sound system. There is an abrupt chorus of jeers and boos as Hostility's patron saint, 'The Mike Effect' Mike Polowy, steps out from behind the curtain and onto the ramp. MPlow flexes a bicep, slapping the DWF Women's Championship over his arm and giving it a little kiss. He then turns to his other shoulder, looking lovingly at the DWF Tag Title as well. Smirking, he takes a cocky, casual stride down to the ring, carefully hopping up the ring steps, ducking under the second rope and sauntering into the ring. 'Stupid Shit' by Girlicious begins to play.

"We are about to have Mike Polowy's first Women's Title defense right here once Kelly Evans comes out."

Kelly doesn't come from the back as her music continues to play. The Mike Effect props himself up on the top rope, staring down the ramp.

"Polowy is ready, but where is his opponent?"

The referee calls for the bell. Once it sounds they wait. A few moments later the referee begins his count.

"I heard Kelly refused to take part in inter-gender wrestling, but never thought she would no show a title match no matter what."

The referee hits ten and calls for the bell.

"Mike Polowy retains via forfeit."

Slaughter: XI

He shakes his head in disappointment as his music begins and he is handed the title back. Suddenly Kelly Evans comes from the crowd, sliding into the ring behind him. She grabs his shoulder, turning him around and boots the champion in the stomach.

"What's this?"

Kelly grabs Polowy and goes for a double underhook DDT, but is denied by Polowy who just lifts her up and slams her hard to the mat. He throws the belt down and begins stomping away at her before letting up.

A Sad Realization

"

mikepolowy" Mike Polowy stands with his arms in the air, holding the championship belt over his head as if he's expecting some kind of confetti and fanfare. The crowd responds with a resounding chorus of boos, but Polowy may as well be hearing an arena full of screaming, cheering fans for all he seems to notice. After a moment of cocky self appreciation, however, the look on his face turns serious quite quickly. He motions towards the time-keeper, as Kelly Evans struggles to lift herself up on the ropes. He makes his way toward the turnbuckle, grabbing hold of the microphone he requested, as his theme music fades away into the din of the angry crowd, until it eventually shuts off completely.

"Wait just a second, sweetheart."

Polowy begins, condescendingly. Kelly Evans can't help but comply, as he makes a slow approach toward her still aching frame. He stalks closer to his prey, looking her over like the patron of a butcher shop.

"See, last week, myself and my compatriots made an example out of your boys in Team Danger."

He continues, his face contorting into a twisted sneer.

"But I'm afraid that wasn't quite enough. They decided to grace our television sets this week, which was a nice change and all... but all that left their mouths was pure disrespect. No congratulations on a clean sweep of the DREAM title division. No pat on the back or passing of the torch to obviously superior athletes. And most of all, no wishes of luck in our future endeavors."

He shakes his head side to side, closing his eyes for a moment and letting out a sigh. Kelly Evans backs herself into the corner, putting as much distance as possible between herself and the Women's Champion.

"Instead, it was a verbal slap in the mouth."

Polowy grunts, sweeping his dominant arm back as if he is going to crack Ms. Evans across her own soft cheeks. She arches back, but he pulls the swing before making any sort of contact.

"It was a line of insults and pithy, meaningless comebacks. It was a sad gesture, really, and a good example of everything that is wrong with this company. Last week, we crowned a new DWF World Champion! We crowned two new DWF Tag Team Champions! And what could your friends Greer and Whathisface do in the

Slaughter: XI

wake of such a momentous occasion?

They could do what ALL black men do best, Kelly... they ran away from responsibility...." At this, even the southern-bred Alabama fans have heard just about enough. Obvious racism is cheap heat for a reason, and the chorus of boos that follows is almost deafening.

"They ran away from the job they needed to do this week."

He continues, ignoring the outcry.

"They should have challenged us to a rematch. They should have invoked whatever clause every wrestler seems to have magically written into his contract, and they should have put up a fight. Instead? They're going on the sick list. They're retiring to a free pay-check while their gravy train slowly rolls off the track. And they are making the example we made of them last week out to be a great deal of NOTHING. And I'm afraid I just can't have that. Maybe the DWF officials won't listen to us just because we took out two third of Team Danger... but they'll have to listen if I make an example out of the whole damn thing..."

He smiles, broadly and with a hint of evil in his eyes. Kelly Evans is quick to attempt to bail out of the ring, but her attempt is in vain, as the second she hits the apron, she's met by newly crowned DWF World Champion Level-One! The fans scream for the head of the man who robbed Stephen Greer of his Heavyweight Championship last week, as he grabs Kelly Evans by the hair in his standard woman-bashing fashion, pushing her back into the ring and holding her firmly in the corner.

"A lot of people read my little blog this week and though I was speaking metaphorically..."

Polowy muses, a chuckle escaping his lips as he shakes his head.

"...When I talked about being able to look a broad in the eyes and let her have one in the baby maker. They thought it was some outspoken statement about the women's rights movement, and all about stopping progress. And for those people, for the one's who doubted me, I'd like you especially to turn up the volume on your Rent-To-Own television sets, and get as close to the screens as you possibly can."

He motions to Level-One, yelling something away from the microphone that can't quite be made out.

Level-One smiles with the glee of a kid in a candy store, jerking

Kelly Evans by the hair as he tosses her into the turnbuckle. Struggling, Evans is helpless as L1 stuffs each of her legs through the bottom ropes, leaving her straddling the bottom of the turnbuckle, her arms bound in the ropes. Polowy takes his place in the turnbuckle opposite Ms. Evans, moving his arms up and down as if he was kickstarting a steam engine.

"I've always hated it when I debut a brand new signature move, and no one ever knows what its called, so here's a little preview. It's called The M-PLOW....."

He charges forward, running full speed and guns a-blazing as he stops just short of Kelly Evans, swinging his leg back in a horrific arc and making a connection to her lady parts at full strength. The crowd winces, as

Slaughter: XI

does Level One, as a victorious Michael Polowy delivers just about the hardest kick a woman has ever received in the vagina. Evens immediately slumps forward, falling out of the ropes, as Polowy stands laughing in delight. Immediately, EMTs rush the ring to help the poor, shattered woman crying on the mat, but MPlow pays no mind.

"This is it, folks."

He continues, stepping over an EMT as if he was a mere inconvenience, not even fathoming the horrific act he's just committed.

"This is the culmination of my efforts. I put heart and soul into this division, and this is how it treats me. With disrespect. No real challengers. No real competition. Just whore after whore teaching me that women have never, and never will be, equal to me in any way, shape or form. I work harder, make more money, eat, sleep, and f[bleep]k harder than any broad in this business, and sadly it seems like that just isn't going to change.

Every day, I have to hold this

Women's title just a little closer to my chest, and give it just a little more love, because I know that the women's division is dying. It has a cancer. A festering sore named Kelly Evans, and Miss USA, and Trailer Park Trash. But never fear, loyal fans... I am the cure. I am the lance, ready to impale the boils and the banes infecting the DWF Women's Championship division. And I assure you that as long as there is vag to be kicked, I'm gonna keep on lacing up these boots and leaving my footprints there." He sneers, dropping the microphone near the

EMTs as he bails out of the ring. With Level-One at his side, Polowy holds up his dual championships, talking trash all the way up the ramp and bantering with the fans. In the ring, the fallen microphone can still pick up the cries from Kelly Evans as she's being attended to by medical staff, and the show cuts to commercial.

Get Your Eyes Checked

"

manton" Owen Manton stands in the backstage with his wrestling gear on watching the monitor smirking at the Lupin Cy and Myles Jake interview that just completed. Manton nods his head in approval of what he saw, we assume, and he turns to begin to walk down the hall. Enter: Ben, the Dream Wrestling staff member who has become an interviewer of Owen Manton. Or atleast trying to be an interviewer. Ben: "Owen! Please! One more shot!"

Owen stops and scans the small guy from head to toe, considering his question for what turned out to be a long time. Owen Manton: Ben has a look of satisfaction and excitement on his face. Owen Manton: "But you have to walk with me. I have things to do."

Owen turns and begins to walk quickly down the hall way of the arena as if he has things to do and people to see. Ben: "Alright... after what happened last week, with Lupin Cy and Owen Manton absolutely humiliating yo-"

Owen stops on a dime, turning to Ben and gets a frustrated / annoyed look on his face. Ben steps backwards

Slaughter: XI

a few feet in fear of being pushed again. Manton pushes his hair back from his forehead, and steps closer to Ben. Owen Manton: "Humiliated? Big word coming from a small punk who can't even get a job at this craphole."

Ben: "Um So-So-Sorry?"

Owen Manton: "Listen up...Benjamin... in no way, shape, or form was I humiliated last week. You need to get your eyes checked kid, the only person that was humiliated was Myles Jake for having to get some help from his greasy, ol', down syndrome, boyfriend otherwise known as Lupin Cy."

Manton smirks now, the aggression lifted after that short rant. He taps Ben on the shoulder. Owen Manton: "You're doing good, son.

Better every week. Now walk with me, I have something to do and I could use your help." Ben: Ben puts his tape recorder in his pocket and begins to follow Owen Manton down the hall and around the corner.

Cody Brews versus Jak Nemesis

"

jaknemesis" "Dead Bodies Everywhere" by Korn began to play over the speakers. Out from the back came Jak Nemesis.

"Out first in this singles match is one half of the Tag Team Champions, Jak

Nemesis." As Fury climbed into the ring his theme music was replaced with "Through Struggle" by As I Lay Dying and Cody Brews came out from behind the curtain sprinting to the ring. Brews slid into the ring under the bottom rope and ran straight towards Nemesis with rapid fire fists to his face and the referee quickly called for the bell.

"The two can't wait to tear into each other. It's been a war of words all week long."

Brews quickly lifts Nemesis to his feet and nails a vertical suplex.

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

Brews whips Nemesis to the ropes and he has to duck a clothesline as Nemesis comes charging back.

"He nearly took his head off, and there he is with a clothesline that takes Cody down."

Nemesis lifts Brews to his feet for a back breaker.

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

Brews kicks away at the head of Nemesis, causing him to release the hold.

Slaughter: XI

"Cody with those super accurate stiff soccer kicks to the back, arms, chest, and face of Jak."

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

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

Brews pulls Nemesis to his feet and whips him towards the rope, Nemesis reverses it.

"Jak with a huge power slam as Cody came back off the ropes, and the pin! Only two though."

Nemesis lifts Brews up and beats away at his chest with chops backing him into the corner.

"Jak climbs the ropes, Diamond Dust out of the corner. The pin, two and three fifths!"

Brews slowly gets to his feet holding his face from the pain, Nemesis grabs him and launches him through the air.

"Cobra Jakplex! Cobra Jakplex! Cody Brews just landed directly on his head! Jak with the pin fall, two and nine tenths!"

Nemesis lifts Brews to his feet and sends him running to the other corner.

"Cody reverses the Irish whip, Jak hits the buckle and staggers to the center of the ring, drop kick to the knee." Brews hits the ropes once more, and nails Nemesis with a Shinning Wizard.

"Cody ties up the arms of Jak, Arms Across America! Jak just won't give up. The referee keeps asking and he keeps saying no!" Brews releases the hold and pulls Jak to his feet, he's got his arms wrapped around his own neck.

"Cody with the standing cobra clutch, Wrath Of Brews!"

Nemesis blocks the implant face buster, spins out of the cobra clutch into a wrist lock then Irish whips Brews across the ring.

"Jak ducks a clothesline from Cody and takes off towards the opposite side of the ring."

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

"This is it! Jak Nemesis and Cody Brews are both down, this looks like a car wreck. The referee is giving them until ten to get up!"

Slaughter: XI

Both men begin to move. They both try to pull themselves up using the ropes.

"Who's going to get up first? Who can make it by 10?!"

Brews falls back to the mat as nemesis makes it up right as the referee hits the magic number. The bell sounds.

"Jak Nemesis has done it! Cody Brews had an impressive showing for his debut here on Slaughter, and it could have been anyone's match. However, tonight that anyone is Jak Nemesis."

The miss-issued proposition

"

jaknemesis" The foundations of DREAM wrestling changed last week; and the man whom brought it down felt as if he had been left under the rubble. From behind the curtains he emerged his face a solid granite mask with not even the slightest boo registering within his ears. His tag team partner Michael Polowy, singled behind in a state of self reservation. Jak Nemesis stared down the ramp from his position in the center of the ring, specifically keeping his eyes pointed at the DWF world heavyweight championship, which Level-One cared by the strap, the belt half way dragging alongside him. You could tell by the look on his face; the world title didn

t mean much to him, at least at the moment. He knew he had to save the credibility of the title; but that would take work. And in his exhausted state of mind, it wasn

t hard to believe he was done playing the super hero. Finished with being the good guy; trying to save a company, which didn

t even appreciate his help.

Behind Level-One, Michael Polowy tried to talk some sense into his partner; the women

s championship and the tag team title strapped over both his shoulders why doing so. Perhaps the weight of the gold explained his delay entry to the arena, and why the boos weren

t quite at its climax until he walked out beside Level-One. Level-One wielded a microphone in his hand. He waited for the crowd to quiet down, and when they didn

t; he demanded they shut up, and that only made them louder. So, he stood there

waiting until they truly quieted down, and when they got tired of booing, and Jak Nemesis became tired of waiting for the tripe Level-One planned to spit; he finally opened his mouth.

Last week; I

m sure you all know what happened. Even though I wasn

t told BEFORE hand that I had been given some type of title shot; I ended up walking away with the world heavyweight championship

Level-One states, glancing down at his world title before shaking his head back and forth in shame.

Now some ask me, why did you pick up the pin if you didn

t want the world title?

And for that, I feel as if I have a right to SUE

DWF!

Level-One exclaims, sending the crowd into a booing frenzy. Michael Polowy shouts expletives into the

Slaughter: XI

crowd, stopping away as Level-One continues this time slowly pacing his way down the ramp.

It is unfair and undermines competition if I am forced to LOSE a match because I didn't want to win a world title. I never agreed to such ridiculous stipulations; I never once offered that commitment. I have been SUCKERED into this title picture, and the DWF should be a shame for what they've done to me!

Level-One screams into the crowd; which has them booing even louder, they couldn't imagine how becoming a world champion was anything but a great accomplishment.

Now, I am forced to be the CORNERSTONE of this federation! It

s like your girlfriend asking you to marry her, when you were only hitting it for a one night stand and then not having the choice to say no!

I have been FORCED into a commitment, I never anticipated, wanted, or strived for

Level-One delivers, stopping out-side the ring apron; he looks up at Jak Nemesis.

So we have a problem

Michael Polowy makes his way back into the view, quickly slipping into the ring. His main purpose to back Jak Nemesis up, as Level-One rolls into the ring VIA bottom rope. Jak Nemesis never removes his eyes off Level-One as he places the world championship right beneath his feet.

Jak Nemesis I have come up with quite possibly the biggest proposal in the history of world wide wrestling around the world!

I have put my emotions aside, I have put my pride on the down-low, and I

m willing to elevate your career to a whole new level!

Level-One states to his own pleasure. Jak Nemesis looks to Michael Polowy, who merely looks away from his own tag team partner; he knew how this one was going to turn out.

What is it?

Jak Nemesis asks, after reaching over into the head of Level-One

s microphone. Level-One cracks his neck back and forth, before putting his proposal on the table.

Tonight, Jak

Nemesis; is your time to be a

WORLD champion. See, I

ve made a bad decision.

So, what I

m offering you is simple. You give me your tag team title, and I

ll TRADE your for the world heavyweight championship

Super heel heat emerges from the crowd; the ultimate disrespect had been put forth tonight, and they weren't taking it for one bit. Even Jak Nemesis is taken aback by the proposal, while Michael Polowy shakes his head back and forth, not knowing which stance to take on the issue. Jak Nemesis reaches over and swipes the microphone from the hand of Level-One.

"You think you made a bad decision? Let me cast your mind back to last week and remind you exactly how things went down. I was the man who laid out Tyrone Walker with the Euthanasia. I was the man who put him down for the three count and I was the man who then stood aside and allowed you to make that pinfall and

Slaughter: XI

win that shiny belt of yours. You
re not offering me a good trade, you
re offering me nothing. You have that belt because I allowed you to win it. You two want to save the DWF?
You claim to be doing good around here and now you want to trade me the World title like some damn
baseball card?" Jak pauses as the crowd roars in apparent approval of his words.

"Well that
s not gonna happen champ. You
re the man around here now so let
s just see what you can do. Mike and I will handle the tag belts and as we both know the Mike Effect can
handle any whore who tries to take that Womens belt from him. So I hear the offer that you extended me and
I accept, you can consider yourselves another member strong - and we
re packing all the gold around here!" The crowd reaction turns to boos as Mike Polowy smiles and applauds
Jak
s decision, and Level-One simply stares at Jak. Nemesis soaks in the crowd response before once again
raising the microphone to his lips and returning the World champions' stare.

"...but champ
just remember who it was that allowed you to be on top, because I can knock you off your perch just as
easily." Level-One nods his head back and forth, before lowering his head. Level-One fires off an indiscriminate
right hand which Jak Nemesis ducks under. Jack Nemesis comes back with left and right, which is swerved
by the athletic big man. Michael Polowy slips in driving his shoulder into the stomach of Level-One pushing
him back into the turnbuckle; trying to contain one half of his tag partners. Jak Nemesis marches around the
ring, ready for a scrap, while Michael Polowy does his best to talk sense into Level-One, and once he comes
him down, he
s quick to call for a microphone.
I don
t know what the hell has gotten into the both of you, but do you know how foolish we look right now?
Michael Polowy states playing devil advocate. Michael Polowy looks back and forth at both men as he
continues on.
t you realize it? We hold four titles between the three of us; we hold ALL the titles between the three of us.
We are the best DREAM has to offer
Michael Polowy smirks.
We are powerful, we are smart
Michael Polowy pauses before running his finger alongside his face.
And we are good looking
Which means we don
t divide and BE conquered. We combine as one entity, and never will we be stopped
Michael Polowy speaks his voice of reason which comes down both Level-One and Jak Nemesis.
So, let
s get on the same page. Shake hands, move on
and let
s do what we

Slaughter: XI

ve come here to do!

Michael Polowy slams the microphone to the canvas, as he calls both men on. Level-One clenches his teeth, and Jak Nemesis remains cool but cautious. Jak Nemesis stare face to face; while Michael Polowy drills the way of unity into their heads with reminders of shaking each-others hands. Both Level-One and Jak Nemesis extend their hands; but both find themselves shaking both hands of Michael Polowy. The two notice this and quickly whip their hands away. Michael Polowy hangs his head, shaking it back and forth in disappointment. They had a long way to do in his mind. Level-One merely slips in-between the ropes after retrieving his world heavyweight title while Jak Nemesis nods his head up and down at Michael Polowy, before slipping through the middle ropes making his exit as well. Michael Polowy noticing he s in the middle of the ring, with the crowd booing; he can t help but strike a fancy, pose with both of his titles raised high above the air. He pull it together, eventually; or so he hoped. He's A What?!?!

"

manton" "Ask me what I thought of that match"

The voice of Owen Manton is heard, and the camera shows Manton standing with Ben outside of the arena, by his rental car. Manton still has his wrestling gear on. Ben: Ben fumbles for the tape recorder, pulling it from his pocket and quickly hitting record. Owen Manton: "It sucked. Now hand me that drill."

Ben turns towards the drill and then looks back at Owen Manton with a face of shock and sadness. Manton keeps on doing something in his car, sitting on the driver's seat. Manton looks at Ben with a confused look. Owen Manton: "Listen kid, did I not say it in english. The drill, retard"

Ben doesn't move, staring at his tape recorder. Owen Manton: "WHAT?!"

Ben: "I just recorded over everything you were telling me about your past, and how you started wrestling, and the championship reign at Turbo, and Dream Wrestling, and all the promises..."

Manton smirks. Owen Manton: "The drill, please."

Ben: Owen Manton: Ben: "Can we do it again?"

Owen Manton: "Absolutely not!!"

Ben: Owen Manton: "THE DRILL!"

Ben passes the drill over to Owen Manton, looking very dejected and hurt by losing all the information that he gained from Owen Manton, he sits on the pavement, Ben: "Mr. Manton."

Owen Manton: Ben: "The security system is cool and all, but..."

Ben pauses. Owen Manton: "But what?"

Slaughter: XI

Ben: "Well, Lupin Cy is a bounty hunter... he probably knows ho-"

Owen Manton: "Whoa...whoa...whoa... he's a what?!"

Ben: "A bounty hunter"

Owen Manton: "A bounty hunter?"

Ben: Owen Manton: "Like the dude with the long goatee and the wife with big tits? That kind of bounty hunter?"

Ben: Owen Manton: "They carry night sticks, and pepper spray, and act like wanna-be cops, who spend most of their time catching low-lives and drug addicts?"

Ben: "I guess?"

Owen stops what he is doing, placing the drill on the seat beside him, leans back in the chair and begins to tap the steering wheel. Owen Manton: "Bounty hunter."

Ben: Owen Manton: "Does that mean... I am bounty?"

Ben shrugs. Ben: "I guess so."

Owen smirks. Owen Manton: "I am Myles Jakes bounty! Myles paid Lupin Cy to take me out!"

HAHAHAHAHAHA Owen Manton begins to laugh a very maniacal laugh, stopping only to breath and carrying on for atleast two minutes. Ben: Owen Manton: "WHAT?!"

Ben: "Why are you laughing?"

Owen Manton: "I thought Rich Mahogany was a joke... but this is an even bigger joke."

Ben looks confusded, Owen Manton steps out of his car and begins to walk to the arena. Owen Manton: "Bounty Hunter! Ha!"

Ben remains sitting on the pavement as Owen Manton leaves him by himself, looking at his tape recorder very...very sadly.

Owen Manton versus Lupin Cy

"

manton"

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

Slaughter: XI

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

"Quick lock up. Manton takes control, placing Cy in a side head lock."

Lupin stomps the foot of Owen.

"Lupin Cy able to roll out of the lock behind Owen Manton. Swift kicks to Manton's legs."

Lupin turns Owen around.

"Lupin goes to whip Owen, reversal. Cy on the return. He ducks a clothesline, off the opposite ropes. Leap frog."

Both men stop in their tracks and turn to face each other.

"Cy goes for a kick, Manton catches his leg. Lupin Cy in trouble now. No, enziguri!"

Lupin quickly covers Owen.

"Easy kick out by Manton."

As they both begin to get up, Owen grabs and yanks both legs from out under Cy.

"Lupin hits the mat hard.

Owen Manton steps in, Cy is able to break free and kick him back."

Owen stumbles back, Lupin turns over and pushes up

"Two quick chops by Cy, he runs and bounces off the ropes, on the return.

Lupin Cy ducks a clothesline. Both men turn, Cy leaps twisting backwards, PELE KICK CONNECTS!" Lupin quickly floats over into a pin.

"He doesn't hook the leg, kick out at two. Boy, that Pele kick almost took Owen Manton's head off."

Slaughter: XI

Owen uses the ropes to pull himself up, as he turns around Lupin Cy is up and runs at him, leaping.

"SPLASH!

No, Owen Manton

moves! Cy flies into that corner post." Lupin takes a dizzy step back into Owen's grasp.

"Inverted DDT! it has to be over."

Owen smirks and covers Lupin, and the referee drops and covers.

"The referee stops at two, Lupin Cy gets his foot on the bottom rope!"

Manton has a look of 'are you serious' on his face as he begins to get up.

"Owen Manton pulls Lupin up with him. Grabs his arm, whips Lupin Cy into the nearby ropes, Cy leaps to the second, jumps back." He catches the head of with a kick Manton, and brings him down.

"Head Shot! Lupin Cy just up'd the anty a bit!"

Lupin covers Manton slowly and the referee drops to count.

"We may have a winn.. NO! Another kick out by Manton!"

The fans are getting into the action of the match as both men are using the ropes to get up.

"We are just a few minutes into this competition, but both men have went at it 110% from the sound of the bell. They are drained."

They both hold onto their respective top rope and glare at each other across the ring before bolting towards each other like wild locomotives.

"DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE! THEY TAKE EACH OTHER DOWN!"

The referee waits a moment and then begins his ten count.

"Neither man is moving. I think they just decided to push themselves too hard, too early."

The referee gets to ten and calls for the bell.

"Neither man is able get up, we have a no contest."

Both men start to get up slowly. They look at each other, examining. Where could this go from here? Who

Slaughter: XI

would be the next to get the upper hand? We go to commercial.

Setting up SuperClash 2001!

The crowd slowly retreats its roars from the action-packed Main Event. The focus of nearly everyone in the arena is brought upon Jason Whiteside, as he makes his way from ringside up and into the ring itself, with a microphone in hand.

"What a night!"

Whiteside pauses knowing the fans would pop with appreciation for yet another stunning Dream Wrestling show.

"... Now I'm guessing... You probably have a pretty good idea, by now, why I'm standing here... This late in the show."

The crowd, responding promptly to Jason's last statement, starts chanting.

"Doo-zer! Doo-zer! Doo-zer!"

Fans can be seen all over the arena with all the various, old 'Doozer' posters from years ago. The level of nostalgia for the superface Dream Wrestling alumni reaching levels never observed. Jason Whiteside politely clears his throat to regain focus.

"Yes, yes, yes. I look forward to this as much, if not more, than each and everyone of you. And tonight... Well, tonight, I have the pleasure of presenting a very significant match in the illustrious career of..."

Whiteside takes a deep breath and bellows with emotion, "The Man, The Myth, The Legend..." Jason stops and extends his microphone hand out, gesturing to the crowd to finish. The crowd, not caring whether the commentator gestured or not, instantly roars- "THE DOOZE!"

Whiteside, nodding his head and grinning, brings the microphone back to his mouth.

"So now, let me bring to you... A match featuring three Dream Wrestling greats! The current Dream Champion, at that time, Caged Explosion-"

Jason is quickly cut off by a short pop for a great, late Dream Wrestler beloved by many.

"- defends his title against a Dream Wrestling great, Chainz-"
Again, the commentator is cut off. Yet, this time, boos fill the air as a hated rival of both Doozer and Caged Explosion is named.

"- and our one and only... DOOOOOOOZEEERRRRR!!!!"

Slaughter: XI

The entire arena dims to a near pitch-black. All that can be seen is a faded 'SuperClash' logo, on various big screens, slowly coming into focus. The match begins.

Doozer Career Highlight: SuperClash 2001!

Jason Karso: The following match-up is scheduled for ONE FALL and is a triple threat match for the Dream Wrestling Federation Dream Championship! (The crowd pops to that statement.) Jason Karso: First, from Fenway Park in Boston, Massachusetts, weighing in at 263 pounds; this will be his last ever Dream Wrestling Federation match..... Doozer!! ("Highway to Hell" by Ac/Dc plays as Doozer makes an amazing entrance from the back to a HUGE OVATION from the fans!) Jim Katz: A very emotional moment right here as this will be the last time Doozer walks down the ramp heading into a DWF match. Sam:

Hey Jim, I got a question. What happens to the Dream Championship if Doozer wins here? If he

s retiring, he can

t retire with the Dream Title! Jim Katz:

Well I

m not sure about that. If Doozer does win the Dream Title, I would assume that it would become vacant.

Sam: Then what happens from there? Jim Katz: I

m not sure. That decision would be up to Mr. Ruble, unfortunately. Sam: What do you mean unfortunately? He

s a fair man! Jim Katz:

I don

t think so, Sammy. Jason

Karso: His opponent, from Brookeville, Maryland, weighing in at 245 pounds..... Caged Explosion! (by The Offspring plays as Caged Explosion appears on stage to a HUGE pop!) Jim Katz: And now here comes two-time Dream Championn Caged Explosion, who looks to become the first ever three-time Dream Champion! Sam: It

s going to be very tough though. I mean this match is going to feature the three best superstars in the Dream Wrestling Federation today! Jim Katz: And that

s why this match was also one of the most anticipated match-ups of all-time. Jason Karso: Their opponent, accompanied by Dazz; from Birmingham, Alabama, weighing in at 295 pounds; the Dream Wrestling Federation Dream Champion..... Chainz! (by Ice Cube plays as Chainz walks out with the Dream Title and Dazz by his side to a HUGE amount of heat from the fans. When he enters the ring, all three men look at each other.) Sam:

Ya know Jim, I don

t think Chainz even cares if it

s Doozer

s match. All he wants to do is remain the Dream Champion. Jim

Katz: Well that shows how uncaring he is. Sam: He

s Chainz, he can be whatever he want. After all, he

s Mr. Ratings. Jim Katz: Please.... (Doozer and Caged Explosion look at each other, but then suddenly nail Chainz with hard right hands. They irish whip him off the ropes and execute a double elbow!) Sam: Wait a minute! This is a triple threat match..... every man for himself! Jim Katz: Yeah, why? Sam: THEY

RE DOUBLE TEAMING CHAINZ! Jim Katz: Because Chainz deserves it. Sam: I hope this isn

t like the Wild Card Races match where Doozer and Caged Explosion double-teamed The Big Shot basically

Slaughter: XI

the entire match! Jim Katz: And arrogant cowards like The Big Shot deserve that too. Sam: You just wait till he returns from injury.... (Both men now grab Chainz by the hair and toss him over the top rope to a big pop!) Jim Katz: And over the top rope goes the Dream Champion! (After tossing Chainz over the top rope, Doozer and Caged Explosion get into a stare-down to another big pop!) Sam: YES!! THIS IS WHAT I WANT TO SEE; DOOZER AND CAGED EXPLOSION DUKING OUT! Jim Katz: And this crowd is half and half for each! Sam: Do you see this, Jim?! LET THE TWO GOODY TOO SHOES SLUG IT OUT FOR THE DREAM TITLE! I VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE THIS! (As Doozer and Caged Explosion go face to face, Chainz gets up on the outside and pulls out Caged Explosion. He then slams his face right into ring apron and starts to back into the ring.) Sam: Damn! Jim Katz: Well Chainz just pulled out Caged Explosion and slammed his face right into the apron. (As soon as Chainz enters the ring, Doozer nails him with some kicks to the back. He now irish whips Chainz and follows up with a hip-toss. Meanwhile on the outside, Dazz sees Caged Explosion down so he picks him up and irish whips him right into the steel steps!) Jim Katz: Aw come on..... (Referee Danny Richards saw Dazz do what he just did and gives him the signal to go to the back!) Sam: What?! Jim Katz: Well apparently, referee Danny Richardson saw Dazz send Caged into the steel steps and now he s sending him to the back! Now if Chainz wins, he s gonna have to win it fair. Sam: I bet Caged Explosion payed the referee! (Finally, Dazz goes to the back as Doozer works on Chainz with some more kicks. Doozer now bounces off the ropes and goes for a flying head scissors, but Chainz counters with a face-first slam!) Sam: Yeah! Great counter! (As Caged Explosion pulls himself up using the apron, Chainz knocks him back down with a baseball slide. Chainz now picks up Caged Explosion and drops him so that his neck lands on the ring apron!) Jim Katz: Chainz has a good advantage right now.... Sam: I hope that move just broke PUKE Explosion s neck! Jim Katz: How could you say that?! Sam: Because I hate him. (Chainz gets up on the apron now but before he can get back into the ring, Doozer gets up and slingshots him back in instead! Doozer nails him with several knife edge chops before taking him down with a textbook dropkick right to the face.) Jim Katz: Beautiful dropkick from Doozer! (Doozer now gets Chainz in an arm bar, but Chainz reverses it and somehow follows up with a super kick right to the jaw!) Sam: What a superkick! I never thought Chainz could do that. You gotta give him some credit right there. (Chainz powerbombs Doozer at this point and then goes for the cover.) Sam: Hey, this could be over already! Jim Katz: 1.....2..... and Doozer kicks out! It takes a whole lot to pin Doozer, if that s possible. Sam: Of course it s possible. He s been pinned before. And where the hell is Caged Explosion? Jim Katz: Still on the outside where he suffered a numerous amount of damage from Chainz and Dazz. Sam: I bet he s faking it and playing possum. Jim Katz: Well from here, he looks pretty hurt. (Chainz pounds the mat in fury after getting a near fall. He now irish whips Doozer into the corner and immediately follows with a hard ram. Doozer goes down and Chainz then drops an elbow to the sternum.) Sam: If Chainz can just keep this up, he

Slaughter: XI

ll retain.... (Caged

Explosion starts to get to his feet right by the steel post. Meanwhile in the ring, Chainz goes to pick up Doozer, but Doozer retaliates with some punches to the mid-section and then follows up with a modified atomic drop!) Jim Katz: Big atomic drop right there! (Chainz goes into the corner where Caged Explosion is and Caged pulls him down and crotches him into the steel post to a big pop.) Sam: Woah, right into the steel post! Jim Katz:

And right in the groin area, Chainz is feeling a lot of pain.

(Caged now gets back into the ring and he and Doozer double suplex Chainz. Both men now look at each and tie-up!) Sam: HERE WE GO! (Both men go into the corner and make a clean break. Chainz gets back up now and clotheslines Doozer from behind over the top rope! Caged Explosion fights back though for Doozer by clothesline Chainz over the top rope!) Jim Katz: Now it seems that all three men will be battling it out on the outside! (Caged and Doozer take turns slamming Chainz

s head into the announce table. They now pick him up in suplex form and drop him THROUGH THE TABLE, stomach first!!) Jim Katz: CHAINZ JUST WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE ANNOUNCE TABLE! Sam: THIS ISN

T FAIR AT ALL! IT

S BEEN ALL BLATANT DOUBLE-TEAMING THROUGH OUT THIS MATCH! (After putting Chainz through the announce table, Doozer and Caged Explosion exchange punches and the action goes back into the ring. Caged goes for a northern lights

suplex, but Doozer counters with an elbow to the back, followed by a sunset flip.) Jim Katz: Sunset flip, 1.....2..... not enough! (Doozer now makes his way to the top rope and when

Caged Explosion gets up, Doozer delivers a missile dropkick right to the chest of the two-time Dream Champion!) Jim Katz: Missile dropkick and both men are down! Sam: That also had some effect on Doozer. (As both men are down, Chainz starts crawling to toward the ring apron and is just able to get in the ring. He then crawls over to Caged Explosion and puts his arm across his chest!) Sam: LOOK AT THIS! Jim Katz: 1.....2..... NO, No, not enough! Sam: He was so close! (Chainz looks frustrated as he works on Caged Explosion. He goes for a short arm clothesline now, but Caged Explosion ducks, delivers a kick, and then gives Chainz The Big Bomb, followed by the cover!) Sam: NO!! Jim Katz: BIG BOMB!

1.....2..... (Doozer delivers an axe handle to the back of Caged Explosion breaking up the cover. Caged Explosion fights back though by sending Doozer right over the top rope!) Jim Katz And there goes Doozer over the top rope! (Caged Explosion bounces off the ropes but colides with Chainz into a double-clothesline!) Jim Katz: ALL THREE MEN ARE DOWN NOW! Sam: What a match!! (Caged Explosion and Chainz crawl over to the ropes where they get to their feet, using the ropes as leverage. They now meet in the center of the ring where Chainz attempts a right hand. Caged blocks it and follows up with a right hand of his own. He now follows up with more right hands before knocking Chainz down! He now goes for a flying crossbody, but Chainz ducks and catches Caged Explosion. Chainz then follows up with The Chainz Hazard!!) Sam: CHAINZ HAZARD! THIS ONE

S OVER! MAKE THE COVER CHAINZ! Jim Katz: Well there s The Chainz Hazard and all Chainz has to do is make the cover here and he retains probably. (As Chainz is crawling over towards Caged Explosion, Doozer gets up from the outside and goes up to the top rope. He arrives at the top just as Chainz goes for the pin!) Sam: 1.....2..... (Doozer delivers the Pesky Poll right on to Chainz to break up the cover!) Sam: WHAT?!? Jim Katz: PESKY POLL FROM DOOZER TO BREAK UP THE PIN! (Chainz just gets to his feet by

Slaughter: XI

the ropes where Doozer clothesline him over the top rope. Doozer now goes over to Caged Explosion, and pins him while hooking the leg!) Sam: DOOZER

S PINNING CAGED EXPLOSION! Jim Katz: 1.....2.....3! DOOZER DID IT!! NEW CHAMPION! NEW CHAMPION! Sam: I DON

T BELIEVE IT! Jason Karso: Here is your winner and the NEW Dream Wrestling Federation Dream Champion..... DOOZER!! ("Highway to Hell" by Ac/Dc plays as referee Danny Richardson gives Doozer the Dream Title, to which he raises in the air as everyone in the crowd gives Doozer a HUGE STANDING OVATION!) Jim Katz: DOOZER HAS DONE IT! Ladies and gentlemen, in his last

DWF match, Doozer becomes the Dream Champion! WHAT A MOMENT.... WHAT A MATCH!

T-Money versus Myles Jake

"

tmoney" "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 camera moves to the top of the stage. 'Stay Wide Awake' by Eminem starts to play. T-Money steps out. He raises both arms before throwing them down and continues to the ring as Whiteside comments on his recent match. He slides in and leaps to his feet. Quickly T-Money runs to a turnbuckle and raises an arm to the fans before jumping down and running across to the opposite post, doing the same thing.

"The bell sounds and we start things off with a Myles Jake initiated test of strength."

After a pretty even match up, Myles gains control with a boot to the mid section of T-Money.

"Myles Jake lifts T-Money erect. Huge chop by the veteran, another. He grabs the arm of Money. Irish whip, reversed. Myles off of the ropes. Rising knee smash by T-Money ."

Money gets right to his feet. He lifts the legs of Myles Jake up, then leans back, falling to the mat. Jake firmly plants himself above T-Money.

"Myles Jake stops in mid motion."

The look on T-Money's face is of shock. Jake bends over, going to one knee around Money. With his left hand he grabs T-Money's head, with his right he begins to punch.

"Big rights. Myles Jake has much experience over T-Money, which Money is learning now. Jake is giving him a crash course in wrestling greatness 101 tonight."

Myles gets up and steps forward. He puts his hands on his hips and listens to the crowd who seem to be

Slaughter: XI

behind him.

"Many said Myles Jake no longer had it in him. That he should hang up his boots. Tonight he wants to prove them wrong as well as send a messege backstage."

As T-Money begins to get up, Jake hits the ropes.

"Leg Lariat by Myles. He crashes through T-Money."

The crowd rumbles. Myles goes for a cover.

"Kick out by T-Money. I'm unsure how, but this match isn't over yet."

As Myles gets up, he lifts Money with him. T-Money throws his arms up, causing Myles Jake to be surprised.

"T-Money catches Myles off guard. He pushes him back, swift kick to the knee of Myles Jake."

Myles goes down to one knee. T-Money lifts him up.

"Another swift kick to that knee again."

Jake goes back to one knee again. T-Money grabs his head and delivers a couple rights of his own.

"T-Money lifts Myles to his feet. He whips him across the ring."

Myles collapses a few steps in, as an old knee injury was aggravated by those kicks. As he falls, the upper part of his body falls though the ropes, leaving him propped up halfway out of the ring on the middle rope.

"This may be a golden opportunity for T-Money to put the veteran out."

Money exits to the apron. He runs along side of the ropes, leaping up and coming down with a leg drop across the back of the neck of Myles Jake.

"T-Money falls to the floor as Myles' throat bounces off the ropes, shooting him on his back in the ring."

Myles grabs his throat in pain and kicks his legs as Money slowly gets to his feet on the outside of the ring.

"T-Money slides back into the ring. He lifts that leg of Myles Jake and boots the inside of his injured knee."

T-Money drops Myles' leg and bends over to lift him up, but is met with a quick jab to his eyes. As T-Money holds his eyes, Myles turns over and pushes him self up.

"Myles pushes through the pain and rushes T-Money, he grabs him, lifts, SPINEBUSTER!"

Slaughter: XI

The crowd goes crazy as Myles Jake goes for the pin.

"Kick out by T-Money."

Both men begin to get up slowly.

"Any man's match."

As Myles Jake turns towards T-Money, Money slides up under his arm hooking it in. He lifts.

"Out of nowhere, STARDOM! He covers."

The referee drops.

"Somehow T-Money pulled off a big win over Myles Jake! What a match that was, good back and forward action."

Who Looks Stupid Now?

"

lupincy" The incredible match comes to an end, and the crowd is still stirring from an awesome bout. Suddenly, by Nine Inch Nails, begins to pound through the system to a loud chorus of jeers from the Alabama crowd. Owen Manton walks out from the entrance with a grey zipped hoodie on, over a black t-shirt and jeans. Manton's black t-shirt has white text that says "I survived Alabama 2009" which draws boo's from crowds that are able to read it. Manton passes by T-Money, as Money makes his way towards the back. Manton mouths a few words at him, causing Money to turn and Manton then throws his hands up pleading ignorance. Manton turns towards the ring and Myles Jake is in the ring watching. Manton pulls a microphone from his back pocket stopping just before getting to the ringside area. Owen Manton: "Cut my music."

His entrance music comes to an abrupt stop, as Manton surprises everyone by not getting in the ring. Owen Manton: "I'd talk about you getting your old, wrinkly ass involved in my match against your boyfriend ... but I'm more interested in, well... something else"

Manton smirks and the crowd boo's again. Owen Manton: "You see, I've come back to the ringside area to pay a visit to my girlfriend."

Myles Jake's eyes turn from anger to pure hatred, as he watches Manton pace around the ring stopping just in front of his wife. Kiersten stands in a bit of fear, grabbing the barricade's in front of her for support. Owen Manton: "I was so pleased that Kiersten Jake decided to come tonight. And I wanted to take this moment, to officially welcome her and thank her for the blo

ob prior to my match." Crowd boo's again as Myles Jake begins to exit the ring. Owen Manton: "Granted, it sucked alot of energy out of me prior to fighting Lupin Cy which was the reason that the guy actually had a chance against me. I always heard Olympians weren't suppose to f

Slaughter: XI

k before events and now it makes sense-" Manton ducks a haymaker from Myles Jake, and Jake's right fist lands square across the jaw of his wife - Kiersten Jake. Security rushes to her aid as fans are forced to move back feet away from his wife. Myles' eyes are wide in shock as Manton then slugs Jake with the microphone dropping Jake to his back immediately. Owen Manton: "I learned that trick from Daaaarrrrkkkkkkkk last week"

Manton throws the mic to the ground and picks Jake up by his hair. Manton begins to mouth off for a few moments at Myles who looks exhausted from his match, and then Irish whips him straight at the steps. The whole ring shakes as Jake flips over the steps and lands heavily on the ground. Manton then grabs Jake's limp body and drags him over to the announce table. Both announcers move out of the way, as Manton takes the back of Myles' hair and smashes him face first into the table multiple times.

"My God! Manton is ripping Jake apart again." "Where is Lupin Cy?"

The camera's cut backstage as Lupin Cy is standing watching the monitor in front of him shaking his head. Cy has a towel around his neck and simply turns and walks away from the monitor.

"It looks like Myles is by himself, this time!"

Manton grabs Myles and brings him to his feet again, and as security and DWF staff members rush to break the two up, Manton has just enough time to lay a vertical suplex onto the cement floor as

Myles' screams in pain. The camera's watch as Manton lifts his arms in innocence again and leaves the ringside area. The camera then shows Kiersten Jake who is coming conscious very slowly with security and trainer's helping her.

"Manton has done it again! That bastard has done it again!"

Manton grabs his microphone from the floor. Owen Manton: "Who looks stupid now Myles Jake? You brought your wife to the ringside area? You retard!"

Manton throws the microphone into the ring and leaves the carnage.

Level-One versus Pierce

"

pierce" 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

Slaughter: XI

as he stands slowly. An abnormal smile stretches over Pierce's face, ear to ear. "Put you on game" By Lupe Fiasco ruthlessly attacks the stereo system with little regard; shaking the ear drums of the crowd of thousands. Red smoke seeps through the upper ramp; and ripping through the curtains Level-One finds himself on top of the ramp; taunting the booing fans. Creating a
with his left hand he places his index finger behind his thumb forming his initials
as the red and white pyro shoots up in the air indiscriminately. Level-One lowers his hand looking into the crowd; whom craves for his entertainment, even as they boo relentlessly. Slow and methodically he works his way down the ramp, before sliding under the bottom rope. Level-One paces around the ring, his red eyes capturing the essence of his surroundings. This is where he belongs; he smiles.

"The champions looks ready for this non title contest."

The bell sounds.

"They lock up. Pierce quickly with an eye rake to the champion."

Level-One grabs his eyes and turns away from Pierce.

"Forearm to the back of the champ. Pierce grabs the head of Level-One and guides him to the corner."

Pierce slams Level-One's head into the top turnbuckle then twist him around so his back is to the corner.

"Devastating big chop by Pierce. He follows up with another."

Pierce grabs the top rope and holds it for leverage as he places the bottom of his boot into the throat of Level-One, choking him.

"The referee warns Pierce as he continues to keep Level-One pinned in the corner, choking."

He lets go, and Level-One stumbles forward.

"Pierce catches him, inverted atomic drop."

As Level-One holds himself in pain, Pierce hits a short arm clothesline.

"I think Pierce is trying to send a message to the PtG members by attempting to destroy the champion."

Pierce covers Level-One.

"Kick out at one. Level-One is one tough s.o.b, it's gonna take a lot more then that to keep him down."

Frustrated, Pierce gets to his feet.

Slaughter: XI

"Angry stomps by Pierce. He now grabs the head of Level-One and lifts him to his feet."

Pierce runs past Level-One, who turns around.

On the return, Pierce jumps.

"Cross body.. Level-One catches him! He turns it into a back breaker!"

Level-One gets up and looks out to the crowd before leaping.

"Huge knee drop by our World Champion!"

Level-One gets to his feet and lets out a primal yell before yanking Pierce back up.

"Big right by the champ. Another. Now a left jab."

He grabs him.

"Belly to back suplex!"

Pierce crashes to the mat, but Level-One snatches him right back up.

"The champion lifts

Pierce over his shoulder. He runs, POWER

SLAM!" Level-One adjust himself and hooks the leg of Pierce.

"The World Champion gets the three count. He proved to everyone backstage that he can take the pain as well as dish it out. Will there be anyone who will be able to stop him?"

We fade to black as the camera zooms in on Level-One holding the title high.

Misplacing Trust

"

lupincy" The camera opens to a shady and unmarked area deep within Boutwell Memorial Auditorium, offering the kind of silence that gives some sort of low level hum that s guaranteed to drive a person insane. Despite the solitude & serenity, the tap of sharp steps on solid ground permeates the air in swift, successive strokes. The camera pans ahead to find DREAM s Lupin Cy pacing to and fro, heaving quick breaths from a cigarette as he marches from one side of the picture to another.

Running his hands through his green hair in frustration, Cy finally acknowledges the camera s existence but doesn t cease the pacing.

"Myles Jake. I gave you my respect. I gave you my support. I gave you my word. The whole point of what I do boils down to one fact: I never miss. But, in order for this point to be maintained and the purpose of our

Slaughter: XI

plan to be successful, there was just one simple rule: Do . . . Not . . . Help me."

The cigarette looks as though it had been in use for longer than what is normally recommended for most smokers, the long stem of ash nearly to the edge of the brown filter. Cy examines it closely, removing from his mouth and flicking it off into the distance beyond the camera's sight.

"Myles, we all know that you're smarter than this. More importantly, we all know that you're better than this. The only person responsible for anyone that loses their sense of touch or ability is themselves. But I would love to be hesitant with as much wherewithal as I can muster to believe that you would never let yourself get completely out of touch with what you're best at." Cy's demeanor starts to look more and more sympathetic, almost making the DWF star look as though he wishes to take back everything just as soon as he speaks it.

"Above all else, bringing Kiersten here when you knew what could have happened. Your problems with Owen started with her and bringing her here tonight was nothing short of cooking with gasoline. While every family may have the right to act in whatever fashion they fancy, defending your family in the right way will ALWAYS ultimately fall to you.

" "You should've known what the right thing to do was and I'm beginning to think that you just chose to ignore it. When something like this goes wrong and the plan becomes royally shot to sh[bleep], there's usually only way to fix the situation. As much as I hate to think that this is what should be done, I sincerely hope you understand what I'm doing when I say . . ."
Lupin pauses briefly before begrudgingly looking the camera in the face and acting as if he could only live to regret his words. The camera is only left to absorb the reverbs of Cy's closing words.

"Sometimes it's just best to cut your losses and walk away."

Y Z [f g h i