

Slaughter: XVIII

September 28, 2009 | 1st Mariner Arena - Baltimore, Maryland

XVIII

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 4 v

! 0

0 ! - - -

Slaughter XVIII

28 Sep 2009

1st Mariner Arena,

Baltimore, Maryland (seats 13,500)

Friend or Foe

"

doozer" We go backstage just moments before the show

So, whose up first?" Mr. Cool, sporting the Cool Title and athletic gear asks the former Dream Champion.

"I was thinking we should target some of the new guys

kind of like a Welcome to Dream type of deal." The thought of initiation by egging brings a smile to CCJ's face.

"Yeah

That sounds like a pretty COOL idea Doozy. My only concern would be leaving the vet's... the blood, sweat, and TEARS of Dream out of all the fun. If we target them first, maybe it could give these rooks something to look forward to. Other than a laundry list of losses. Plus, don't know if I

d be able to sleep at night knowing that the rest of the supposed talent felt left out." Doozer, in jeans and an Egg Bandit

s t-shirt chirps back

sometimes I get you. This happens to be one of those times. I wouldn't be able to sleep either. I

d be tossing and turning if I knew that Level One felt slighted since he wasn't crowned, King of

Yolk." The two MEGA, BLOCKBUSTER, SUPER-DUPER Dream stars share in quite the laugh. A laugh the both of them probably need. The tension

s easing. That

s not to say come time to put up or shut up (God Willing) they won't

attack each other like ravenous wolves.

Slaughter: XVIII

There
s a small group of survivors The Dooze doesn't
want making it into that final match. Mr. Cool tops that list. I know, I heard The Dude say it.

"I say the next person to walk through those doors get
s an egg
Better yet, lets move to area with more traffic. Allow ourselves more of a selection." "Like
the street? Cause
I am equally proficient in the art of tossing eggs at moving targets. It
s what I do." "I got an even better place. Follow me. I all ready told The Dude to start scouting locations
Doozer stands to exit the room, followed by
CCJ. Before they can head out, Whammy beats them to the
door; opening it in a panic from the opposing side.

"Thank God! I thought you two were going at it. I heard a fuss from all the way down the hall. Phew
I was a tad nervous there for a minute. By the way
you guys know why The Dude is building a fort near the staging area?" "No way! A Fort! Cool!"

CCJ bolts out of the locker room. Whammy, donning a
What the hell is going on
look puts two eggs and two eggs together. He shares some final words with Doozer, who is bent over
doubling up on eggs.

"Just try not to get into too much trouble out there
Cancer tends to take things way over the edge. Not sure if you really understand the full extent of his
childishness. I
ll be back here
when you need me." The Dooze chuckles, allowing the comment to go in one ear and out the other. He then
double checks his cartons, making sure there's more than enough eggs to go around. With eggs for everyone
and anyone on his mind he exit
s the room. Soon after, a loud scream is heard emanating from the hallway. Followed by...

"What the F
CK! THIS is MY SHOW Damn IT! SECURITY!!!" Whammy peeps his head out the door, just enough to spot
Mark Zylbert, standing there, face painted with Egg shell and yolk.

"Bandits
One, Slaughter
Zero!" Doozer can be heard screaming back to Zylbert as he flee
s the scene of the crime. He is heading in the direction of Fort Egg, presumably to meet up with the rest of
Bandits. Friends or Foes
looks like friends
for now. Keep in mind, we still have a whole show to get through. Speaking of

Slaughter: XVIII

Introduction

"

jasonwhiteside" The DREAM logo appears across the screen then explodes into the Monday Night Slaughter on HOTv logo. Once it fades away the camera pans across the Slaughter entrance stage. Pyros begin to fire in the air and the fans scream.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Monday Night Slaughter on H.O.T.v in full HD! I'm Jason Whiteside and we're coming to you LIVE from the 1st Mariner Arena in Baltimore, Maryland."

The camera pans across the fans holding signs and screaming.

"Tonight will be exciting as a new DREAM Champion will be crowned! It all starts right now."

Severed Ties

"

nathanparadine" A shot of the Monday Night Slaughter set is shown, before the stage explodes in a fantastic pyro display, before by Placebo starts to blast over the arena sound system. Nathan Paradine walks out onto the stage dressed in a dark business suit and his usual designer sunglasses, smirking as he glances over the sea of fans crammed into the building. Clutching a microphone in one hand and a briefcase in the other, he marches towards the ring and slides in under the bottom rope, climbing to his feet and pausing to straighten his jacket. As the music dies away he again surveys the audience, before raising the mic to his face to speak.

"You know, when I last stood inside this ring two weeks ago, I didn't actually expect my demands to be met," he says, amusement in his voice.

"In fact,

I was fully expecting to be released from my contractual obligations to this place for having the sheer audacity to question my place here. However, Mark Zylbert isn't the trumped up moron I first thought him to be. He gave me what I wanted, and for that... I thank him." Nathan slowly starts to pac backwards and forwards, before pausing and staring at the briefcase in his hand. He looks up and starts to speak again.

"What I have here in this briefcase is my Hostility contract, which guarantees me a future there for another three months. After spending two weeks on the sidelines, I've realized that this isn't the place for me. The DREAM is over for Nathan Paradine... I'm hostile through and through, and I'm going home tonight."

A resounding mix of cheers and boos meet this statement; Paradine reaches up and slides his sunglasses off his face, tucking them into his collar.

"Yeah, you heard me right. Tonight is my last night in DREAM, and I intend on leaving on a high note... Beating Doozer for the championship should do just that, just so I can take that belt back to Hostility with me and throw it in a trash can... right where it damn well belongs!"

Slaughter: XVIII

The boos are slowly but surely growing as Paradine speaks, and the self-proclaimed "Australian Submission Machine" grins as he savors the hatred from the fans.

"Boo me all you want. It won't ever, EVER, change the fact that DREAM is nothing more than a glorified pimple on the arse of the wrestling world. In fact, I-

Paradine halts mid-sentence, as someone runs out from backstage.

Fully expecting a confrontation with someone seeking to defend DREAM, Paradine whirls around and drops both the mic and the

briefcase, raising both of his fists. However he lowers them in surprise when his lawyer/agent/secretary hybrid Emily Baronetta climbs into the ring, frantically waving at him. She speaks in a hurried tone to Paradine, whose face grows paler and paler as she speaks. Suddenly he scowls, as the camera manages to pick up a single line of his verbal tirade.

"Hostility can't fire me! I'm Nathan Paradine!"

Emily shakes her head and continues speaking, and Paradine finally nods. He reaches down and picks up the microphone and stares at up the ramp.

"Mister Zylbert, I'm really, truly sorry for the words

I've spoken tonight. In fact, I can see now that my future is with

DREAM, not Hostility. Oh, and I'd like thank you for the title shot, sir. Thank you very, very much. I hope you have a fantastic evening, too." Nathan nods frantically and forces a grin onto his face, while Emily merely rolls her eyes. Both of them exit the ring and make their way up the ramp, as resumes playing over the PA. What could Emily's sudden appearance mean, and why did it cause Paradine's sudden change of attitude? We fade to commercial.

Marshall vs. 501

"

marshall" "Now to kick off the tournament, folks, this is Jason Whiteside at ringside and I don't know about you, but I

am as excited as it gets!" The Prodigy

s "Run with the Wolves" hits the sound system and the lights in the arena dim as Patient Five-Zero-One steps ominously onto the top of the entrance stage. He pauses for effect at the top whilst looking out around at the crowd with a grimace on his face.

"A couple of new faces to begin the night in our Lucky Draw match! Making his way down to the ring now, is Five-Zero-One, who will face his opponent, already in the ring, Marshall."

The darkness in the arena is interrupted by flashing strobe lights as Five-Zero-One slowly walks down the entrance ramp. Five-Zero-One finally reaches the ring, and he slides in before posing for the crowd once more on the nearest turnbuckle. He exchanges glares while pacing around the opposite corner from where Marshall stands.

Slaughter: XVIII

"You can see it in their eyes, everyone

These two know they

ve been given a break tonight. Instead of having to fight in TWO War Gamez matches to make it to the Main Event, the winner of this match just has to fight in the final to determine the Semi-Final participants of the tonight

s tourney!" The bell rings. DING Marshall, trying to catch 501 off guard, rushes his opponent. Looking to connect with a strong clothesline, 501 with a side-step to counter and flips Marshall to the ground with a hip toss.

"Quick counter by Five-Zero-One, right there, he

s looking alert to start the night."

Back to his feet in a hurry, Marshall is greeted by a hard right hand. Another. And

another, leaving Marshall standing stunned and wavering. 501 steps close to Marshall, rears back, and- "A HUGE headbu- NO, No Marshall

ducks, grabs Five-Zero-One and knees him in the gut!" 501 doubles over, breathless. Marshall hooks his head with his left arm and prepares for a suplex. He gets 501 about half way up, but the larger, kicking wrestler forces his way back down to his feet.

"Marshall just got overpowered, right there. 501 is showing his stuff in this first match, that

s for sure." Already in position, 501 follows through with a sloppy suplex of his own. Marshall, again, is quick to get up. He takes a swing at 501, blocked. He takes another, blocked.

Persisting, Marshall swings a third

time, but the prepared 501 ducks and swiftly sidesteps behind his opponent while locking him in a full-nelson hold.

"Five-Zero-One is dominating the match so far. He seems to have an answer for every move Marshall showcases. Oh wow! Marshall somehow wiggles out of the full nelson just as Five-Zero-One was about to lift him up for the slam!"

Just as his feet hit the matt again, Marshall shuffles back to stand side by side with

501. He hooks his left arm around his opponent, and then hooks his leg around the others just the same; all quicker than one can blink.

"Impressive side Russian leg sweep pulled off there by Marshall."

Close to the turnbuckles, Marshall hops up to the

2nd rope and slings off performing a lightning fast corkscrew leg drop on 501.

"What a change of events! Marshall has turned this match around with two super fast maneuvers! A brawler by nature, it seems like he

s adapting to being the smaller of the two out there and countering with his speed."

Marshall grabs 501 and lifts him up by his head. He whips 501 into the ropes. 501 bounces off and comes back looking for a running right hand

Slaughter: XVIII

Marshall shuffles, HUGE SIDEWALK SLAM.

"That shook the ring a little, folks! What a slam! Marshall, coming out of nowhere, looks to be walking away with this one."

With 501 out on the matt, in prime position, Marshall rushes to the nearest corner and climbs up to the top turnbuckle. He launches into the air
looks like a corkscrew 450 splash
HE HITS IT!

"Oh, Marshall with a devastating aerial attack right there! He goes for the pin!" 1
501 lifts! He lifted his shoulder just in time. With the damage he
s taken, as fast as he
s taken it, I can
t believe he found it in him to lift that shoulder!" Marshall pounds the matt in frustration. He picks 501 up by the head, again. He whips him into the opposite corner. He runs after 501. 501 crashes into the corner and _SMACK_ a high speed body check into the turnbuckle. 501 stumbles out of the corner like an injured zombie. Marshall pursues him, turns 501 around, and kicks him in the gut.

"Looks like Marshall is going to try and put 501 away with a pumphandle slam
Marshall goes for the initial lift, but 501 doesn
t move an inch. Marshall strains himself red. Still not an inch
How is Five-Zero-One finding the strength? He
s been beaten down left and right..." 501 punches Marshall in the kidney region. He punches his again, and again. Marshall gives in, letting go of the hold to set up his pumphandle slam. 501 stays lowered around Marshall
s midsection, but shuffles into a bearhug position.

"Five-Zero-One is displaying UNCANNY strength! He
s now just lifting Marshall up straight from that awkward position
SPINEBUSTER! Holy smokes, Five-Zero-One just picked up Marshall and slammed him down like he didn
t weight a pound!" 501 picks up the lifeless body of Marshall and whips him into the ropes. Marshall reverses the whip! 501 bounces off the ropes and leg sweep by Marshall. 501 is back to his feet within no time.

"It looks like since he started to show life again, Five-Zero-One is feeding off of Marshall
s energy." Marshall throws a hard right. An alert 501 ducks, steps, and
TAZMANIAN CHOKE-HOLD!

"Oh WOW! Five-Zero-One with a slick counter saw his opportunity to apply a standing chokehold and took it!
This isn
t good for Marshall, the two of them are right in the middle of the ring and Five-Zero-One is relentlessly tightening his hold every second." Marshall
s eyes close and his body goes limp. The referee approaches and lifts Marshall

Slaughter: XVIII

s right arm. It drops. He lifts it once more... Drops. A third, and last, time
Drops. _DING_DING_DING_ "There you have it, people, Five-Zero-One with not only a victory in his Lucky
Draw match, but a message

You better believe he

s not being overlooked after what he just did here to kick the night off! What a match!"

Refreshed

[The videotron screen flashes and T

Money's face appear on the big screen. His eyes are squinted and he is holding a cigarette in his mouth.] "If I
may speak some words of wisdom to you folks tonight." [T

Money takes out the cigarette and smoke covers his face and the screen.] "What you see tonight is not a
indication of what I have in store. My demons will be unleashed and reign and the top I will. Coming soon to
an arena near you! A new verison, a better verison, and more dominant verison is coming. Hope your
ready..." [T

Money laughs, then takes another drag of his cigarette. Scene fades.]

The Second Victim

"

doozer" We cut live to Fort Egg

here comes the King of UNKOOL

show em

what it

s like to taste Coolness

s your turn to carry the torch." The Dude, standing safely behind the cardboard walls of Fort Egg begins to
have second thoughts. After some more coaxing from Mr. Cool, he pulls the trigger. Misfire.

"DUDE! What is wrong with you? Can

t you throw an egg? You can

t squeeze it so hard you tart.. Your wasting them. Treat it like a feather, not a rock you

rook!" Doozer, berates his old pal for his shoddy technique. Mr. Cool now moves into firing position

s cool Doozy

Someone else will come, this spot is perfect. No one can spot us behind these walls." On cue

Oh shit! It

s fucking Zylbert! Let

s get him again!" All three men

Hahaha" Cancer, anxiously awaiting for the perfect opportunity "This is going to be soooo much better then
getting picked number one. I

Il teach him for skipping Mr. Cool and thinking he would be able to get away with it! Audio difficulties my ass!
HEY!

Mr. Cool stands, exposing himself from the cover known as Fort Egg. He begins waving his fee arm rapidly
in the air, gaining the attention of the still fuming Slaughter Commish. Then, violently shouts out at him

TWO - NOTHING..." Impact. You sunk my battleship.

"...BANDITS!"

Slaughter: XVIII

And like that
the Bandits have struck once more this evening.

"Oh shit guys

My match is up next. Got to run!" CCJ takes off towards the ring. Zylbert begins to give chase, but spots Doozer still hiding behind Fort Egg. The Two Timed Commish charges in, destroying Fort Egg in the process.

"DOOZER! Get you ass back here!"

The Dooze and The Dude scurry off into the shadows, escaping Marky Z's wrath and fury. The SITLL EVEN MORE fuming Commish begins to stomp all over the now fallen Fort Egg. In the process, splattering the unused eggs all over the bottom of his shoes and suit pants. Up to his ankles in egg shells, with his right arm bent at a ninety degree angle he begins to shout. His clenched fist shaking a few inches higher than his head

DAMN YOU BANDITS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Jeeez, someone's upset. Can't blame the poor guy. He's just letting out some of the frustration that comes with being egged... TWICE. In one show.

Cancer Jiles vs. Dark
vs.

Mike Polowy vs. Nathan Paradine
vs. Lust vs.

Mike Hunt vs. Level-One
vs. T.J. Parker vs.

Jak Nemesis vs. Elvis
hunt vs. T-Money
"

dark" "Coming to the ring, from Philadelphia Pennsylvania, Mr. Cool.... Cancer Jiles!" A chorus of boos rains down from the DWF faithful as CCJ struts to the ring. He taunts the fans, who have developed a fine love to hate you relationship with the superstar. Upon arrival, Cool Cancer Jiles slides under the bottom rope then climbs up the turnbuckles. He reciprocates the fans' appreciation of him, flipping them off a couple of times before finding his final resting place; a seat atop the third turnbuckle. He stays perched there, awaiting the bell. 'Sex on Fire' by King Leon begins to play as the Vegas pirates of poontang, Elvis and Mike Hunt, step out.

Slaughter: XVIII

They make their way down the ramp before finally entering the ring. 'Binge and Purge' by Clutch hits and Dark is next out. As he hits the ring, Lust is next out to his theme music and little fan reaction. 'Stay Wide Awake' by Enimen hits and T-Money makes his way down to the ring to join the rest.

"Close your eyes and imagine, feel the magic, Vegas on acid, seen through Yves St. Laurent glasses..."

The crowd erupts as the opening lines to Kanye West's

"Diamonds From Sierra Leone" fills the arena and

T.J. Parker comes out from the backstage area. Doing his best to get the crowd into the moment, T.J. bounces from one side to other throwing his hands in the

air, pointing to himself, and crossing his arms to pose center stage. His descent to the ring is a quick one as he sprints and slides underneath the bottom rope, popping to his feet on the other side, and leaping to the 2nd turnbuckle to pose once more for his fans. T.J. soaks up the adoration before hopping down to stretch out while awaiting the match to begin.

"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. Behind him Mike Polowy and Jak Nemesis appear. Level-One lowers his hand looking into the crowd; whom craves for his entertainment, even as they boo relentlessly. Slow and methodically the three men work their 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. A few moments later the competitors get ready for the match.

"Mike Hunt and Dark kicking things off in this War Gamez elimination match. The rules are simple. Two men in the ring, the other three on the apron. tags can be made to anyone and pin fall, submission, or count outs will cause elimination. the last two men in the ring move on."

The bell sounds to begin the match.

"Dark initiates the lock up."

Hunt overpowers him, tossing Dark easily to the mat.

"Dark to his feet, and he is angry."

Dark charges Mike who wraps his arms around the illustrated man.

"Big bear hug. Mike Hunt squeezes with all of his might. being the biggest man in the ring, he may very well be one of the two who move on."

Slaughter: XVIII

Hunt slams Dark down.

"Bear hug into a front slam."

Mike jumps vertically, and falls.

"Standing splash. Hunt crushes the former world champion."

He hooks Dark's leg and attempts a quick pin.

"The referee counts. kick out at two. Dark somehow able to escape."

As Mike gets up he pulls Dark up with him.

"Hunt pulls back with authority, HUGE chop. Dark's chest glows."

Hunt grabs Dark's arm and whips him into the ropes. As he hits them, Polowy leans over and slaps him.

"Mike Polowy tags himself in."

Mike Hunt plows through Dark with a clothesline as Mike Polowy enters the ring. Dark rolls to the apron.

"Polowy rushes Hunt. He ducks a clothesline attempt."

Both men turn to face each other.

"Polowy with a hard right. Another. He has to reach up, but he is connecting."

Hunt goes to grab him, but Polowy slips under his reach and behind him.

"Forearm shot to the kidneys of Hunt. Polowy now down with a knee chop to Mike Hunt."

Hunt goes to one knee as Polowy runs back, and bounces off the ropes.

"Polowy with a boot to the back of the head of Mike Hunt! He's proving size doesn't matter."

Mike Polowy walks over and tags Nathan Paradine in.

"A man with a strong MMA background now entering the ring. Mike Polowy weighed his options and chose based on the better man to face someone of Hunt's size and stature."

Paradine grabs Hunt's head, wrapping his arm around his neck and falls completely to the mat himself, pulling back, chocking Hunt.

Slaughter: XVIII

"Nathan Paradine going right for a choke out or submission. He applies pressure, but the big man doesn't seem to be giving up."

Cancer Jiles rushes the ring.

"The self proclaimed Cool Champion in the ring. He runs across to the ropes, leaps to the second. Moonsault. Jiles lands across the back of Mike Hunt."

The referee begins to warn Jiles. At that time, Polowy re-enters and runs over, kicking Hunt in the ribs. Mike Hunt begins to tap, but the referee is busy trying to get Cancer to exit.

"Dark rushes the ring! He leaps, shoulder block! Mike Polowy is tackled to the mat."

Dark begins to land hard rights into Mike's face. The referee turns to see him and tries to get Dark off of Polowy.

"Nathan Paradine releases his hold. Cancer runs past the referee and drops an elbow to the back of Hunt as Nathane Paradine stomps away at him."

From the back runs Mike's cousin, Elvis Hunt.

"Elvis Hunt is running down to aid his cousin!"

Lust is just staring in the ring at the mess as Elvis slides in. Cancer turns toward him.

"Elvis Hunt with a big spear! The Anarchy Champion is taken down!"

The crowd pops. Suddenly, from the back runs Jak Nemesis down the ramp.

"Mike Polowy's tag team partner is here!"

Nemesis slides in the ring and rushes Dark, raising his leg. Dark looks up.

"Leg lariat by Nemesis! This settles the concerns on if Nemesis will upset with Polowy who left him hanging at the pay per view."

Elvis Hunt comes up behind Nemesis, grabbing his neck.

"Inverted DDT!"

Former World Champion and affiliate to Polowy and Nemesis, Level-One, runs down.

Slaughter: XVIII

"Level-One is here!"

As he slides in the ring, he runs over Elvis Hunt with a clothesline. T.J. Parker rushes down to aid.

"T.J. Parker is in the building! He runs at the former World Champ."

Level-One grabs him.

"Belly to back suplex!"

Lust finally enters and walks, cautiously around the brawling men. Studying, waiting for his first move.

"The referee has lost control of this match."

T-Money heads down the ramp.

"T-Money now heading to the ring. All ten men that are supposed to compete in the first two War Gamez matches are brawling. I can't even keep up with the action!"

The referee calls for the bell as every man continues to fight. Everyone is finally to their feet, each participant choosing someone to attack.

"Hell has broken loose! The bell continues to sound."

Lust and T-Money exchange blows while Polowy and Dark go at it. The Hunt cousins fight Level-One and Jak Nemesis as Nathane Paradine takes a cheap shot at Cancer Jiles. The bell rings frantically.

"We have at least ten officials running down now. This is total anarchy!"

The officials rush the ring and try to break it up, pushing wrestlers back as well as they can.

The bell still rings. Suddenly, Mark Zylbert's music begins to play.

"Here comes our general manager!"

Zylbert steps out with authority, and a microphone.

"Cut the bell! Stop it!"

The bell quits ringing.

"Back it up, back it up!"

Slaughter: XVIII

Finally, the officials are able to push all of the participants away from each other. they seem to calm enough to listen to Zylbert.

"You all want a piece of each other? You want to try and take over my show?"

Zylbert is visibly upset.

"What makes you think I wont fire each and every one of you right now and bring in an entire new roster?"

Polowy can be seen scoffing.

"Ok, you want to take it up a notch? Lets do this Monday Night Slaughter style."

A massive pop from the crowd erupts.

"This match will be restarted. It will still be a War Gamez Elimination style match including all eleven of you."

The crowd roars.

"The winner will go on to face Doozer and the winner of the first match in a triple threat match for the DREAM Championship!"

The crowd roars again.

"Now, you have five minutes to get your act straight and get ready for your match!"

The wrestlers have mixed reactions to the announcement as Mark Zylbert's music hits and he turns to exit the stage area.

"What an announcement folks! Officials are trying to get things back in order as we go to commercial break. We'll be right back."

The men in the ring begin to head to the apron as we fade to commercial. As we return, Lust and Level-One are in the ring, with the remaining nine participants on the apron.

"Welcome back. Former World Champion, Level-One, will be starting the match off against newcomer, Lust. They lock up. Level-One quickly takes control with a knee to the mid section of Lust. Irish whip into the ropes, as Lust returns, back elbow smash by Level-One."

Level-One reaches over and tags in Mike Polowy. As Polowy enters, Level-One lifts Lust and holds him.

"Mike Polowy with a fist to the gut of Lust, taking control from Level-One."

Slaughter: XVIII

Level-One exits the ring as Polowy takes Lust over by his head. As Lust sits on the mat, Polowy begins giving him big rights to the head.

"Former

Tag team Champion, Mike

Polowy, continuing to keep control as he welcomes Lust to DREAM with his fist." Mike lets Lust go and he falls to the mat. Polowy just smirks and shakes his head before taking a few steps back.

"Polowy takes a few steps forward now and jumps up. Leg drop across the chest of Lust."

Mike turns over and covers Lust as the referee drops to count.

"Lust has just became the first person to be eliminated from this huge eleven man match."

Mike gets to his feet and uses his right one to kick lust, effectively rolling him out of the ring.

"Mike Polowy now awaiting the next person."

The guys on the apron seem to be talking to each other about who is next in the ring. Finally, Elvis Hunt goes ahead and enters the ring.

"Elvis

Hunt in the ring behind Polowy. He waits. Mike Polowy turns, Hunt runs, BIG SPEAR! The king of bling lets out a furious roar." Hunt runs over and knocks Jak Nemesis off of the apron, followed by Level-One.

"Hunt taking care of anyone who may aid Mike Polowy."

Mike is up to one knee as Hunt runs towards him, he rolls over his back, flipping Polowy over, leg up, into a pinning position.

"Oklahoma roll up. The referee counts. Polowy is able to kick out at two. Close call for the former Tag team Champion."

Mike rolls over and pops up, tagging in Nathan Paradine.

"Paradine now entering the ring."

Elvis gets to his feet and they meet up in the middle of the ring.

"Lock up by Paradine and Hunt. Quick whip by Nathan, sending Elvis into the ropes. Hunt ducks a clothesline attempt. They both turn towards each other. kick to the gut of Paradine followed by a huge DDT!"

Slaughter: XVIII

The crowd pops loud as Elvis hunt covers Nathan Paradine and the referee counts.

"Our second elimination has just been made by Elvis Hunt!"

Elvis tags in his cousin Mike, as Dark goes ahead and enters the ring.

"Big Mike hunt back in the ring, possibly the cause of the change to this huge ten man match. He is set to square off against former World Champion, Dark after this commercial break."

We fade to commercial. As we return, Dark has a sleeper hold applied to Mike Hunt.

"Welcome back fans. Dark applies pressure, trying to take the big man out of the match."

Mike flings his arms, but is unable to break the sleeper.
On the apron, Elvis Hunt yells for Mike to stay awake.

"The former World Champ has that sleeper locked nice and tight, it looks as if he isn't going anywhere as Mike Hunt begins to fade."

Jak Nemesis rushes the ring.

"The referee calls it before Nemesis can get to Dark. Mike Hunt is eliminated."

Dark drops Hunt, and catches Nemesis.

"Quick belly to back suplex, Jak Nemesis hits the mat."

Dark flips Jak off as he gets to his feet.

"Nemesis will continue this match as we are now down to eight men remaining."

Jak rolls over and pushes his way up. He stretches before engaging Dark.

"Nemesis approaches Dark with his fist up like a boxer. Right jab, followed by another to The Illustrated Man's face. Now a left."

Jak places a foot behind Dark's ankle and pushes him back, sending him to the mat.

"Jak Nemesis lifts the legs of Dark. Boot to inner thigh of the former World Champion."

Dark grabs between his legs as Jak walks over and tags Level-One in.

"Level-One returning to the ring. Two former World Champions now inside of the squared circle."

Slaughter: XVIII

Level-One grabs Dark's head and pulls him to his feet.

"Forearm to the back of Dark."

Dark takes a few steps forward, selling pain to his upper back.

"Level-One runs, he jumps grabbing Dark's head. Bulldog."

Level-One rolls up to his feet and smiles as he tags in an unsuspecting T-Money.

"T-Money now entering the ring, surprised as we are at the tag from Level-One. Money lifts Dark to his feet. Big right chop by T-Money, followed by another. Irish whip, sending Dark into the ropes. The former World Champion on the return. T-Money meets him with a knee to midsection."

Dark flips over his knee, landing on the mat.

"T-Money jumps, big knee drop across the chest of Dark"

The fans give out a negative reaction to T-Money as he covers Dark and the referee drops.

"Kick out at two. Money just can't close the deal on Dark."

T-Money gets to his feet. He runs and comes off of the ropes.

"Elbow drop by T-Money."

As he gets to his feet. He runs and hits the ropes again. This time, Cancer Jiles reaches over and tags himself in stopping
T-Money in his tracks.

"Jiles wants a piece of action."

T-Money turns and begins yelling at Jiles who just enters the ring and pushes past him.

"Jiles stomps away at Dark."

T-Money grabs Jiles' shoulder and turns him around. Jiles steps back and leaps forward.

"Super kick by Cancer Jiles!"

T-Money stumbles back and through the ropes as Cancer turns his attention back to Dark.

"If Jiles wins this match he will be going to the main event, facing his new partner as well as 501 for the DREAM Championship."

Slaughter: XVIII

Dark is up to his feet, thanks to the nearby ropes. He reaches over and tags in Jak Nemesis who is caught off guard as he was talking to Mike Polowy. Dark rolls under the ropes as Nemesis reluctantly enters the ring.

"Dark doing the smart thing, and tagging in someone else so he can gather himself."

Jak offers his hands up for a test of strength, which Cancer accepts.

"Test of strength ended quick as Cancer Jiles kicks Jak Nemesis in the stomach."

Cancer runs, hits the ropes.

"Cancer on the return, he leaps, shoulder block, taking Jak Nemesis down."

Jiles pops to his feet and runs to the corner and up the turnbuckle.

"Cancer leaps back, with a big splash. He hooks the leg of Jak Nemesis as the referee counts."

As he hits three, Cancer gets up to his feet quickly, ready for the next participant to enter.

"T-Money returning to the ring now to finish what he believes Cancer Jiles started. He runs at Jiles who side steps, drop toe hold!"

Cancer reaches up and grabs under T-Money's chin, locking him in place.

"Jiles' now trying to take another out."

T-Money can't fight it and the ropes aren't close enough to grab, he begins tapping and the referee calls it.

"T-Money submits as Cancer Jiles has put us at the final six men as we go to commercial break."

The show fades to commercial. As it returns, Cancer Jiles has his arms tied up in the ropes as T.J. Parker kicks him in the chest.

"T.J. unties Cancer from the ropes."

Cancer falls forward to the mat, holding the middle of his body.

"During the commercial break, T.J. Parker finally entered himself into this huge match up with the intentions of becoming the DREAM champion."

T.J. lifts Cancer's left leg up and drives it into the mat. Cancer rolls over to his back holding his knee in pain.

Slaughter: XVIII

"T.J. Parker trying to put Cancer Jiles' legs out of commission, possibly thwarting any plans for that deadly super kick in the rest of this match."

T.J. runs at the ropes, jumping to the second.

"Moonsault! He hits his mark perfectly."

T.J. covers Cancer Jiles, hooking his leg.

"If T.J. can eliminate Cancer, he will have taken out one of the major threats remaining."

Cancer Jiles kicks out at two.

"Almost a three count, but Cancer saved himself just in the nick of time."

T.J. gets to his feet with his hands on his hips.

"Parker was certain he had him."

Cancer gets to one knee behind T.J., then takes a chance, lunging forward and wrapping him up.

"School boy out of nowhere!"

The referee drops and counts.

"In a matter of seconds, T.J. Parker's dream of winning this match is shattered as Cancer Jiles eliminates him."

Jiles uses the ropes to get up, showing obvious discomfort as he places pressure on his knee.

"Dark now back in the ring."

Dark runs at Jiles, who side steps and leaps to the side, throwing his hand out and tagging in Mike Polowy.

"Polowy re-entering the ring fresh as Jiles makes his way to the apron. Smart move by Jiles."

Mike steps out of the way of a charging Dark, watching as the former World Champion smashes into the corner post.

"Dark favoring that right shoulder has he stumbles back."

Mike comes full force forward.

Slaughter: XVIII

"He almost takes Dark's head off with that clothesline!"

Polowy falls down and covers Dark, hooking the leg.

"Mike Polowy may have it."

The referee's hand hits three.

"Mike Polowy has just eliminated Dark!"

Elvis Hunt re-enters the ring, running behind Polowy. He drops.

"Hunt chops Polowy's knee."

Polowy is down on one knee as Elvis Hunt kicks him hard in the back. Mike falls face forward, holding his back in pain. Elvis rolls him over and mounts Polowy, hitting a barrage of lefts and rights.

"Mike Polowy is trying to cover his head from the big rights and lefts of Elvis Hunt. Hunt making an impression as he aims to take out a former champion."

Hunt stands up and looks over at Level-One, pointing as if saying he's next.

Level-One steps halfway into the ring and the referee runs over to warn him. As he does, Polowy takes the split second he has and comes up with a low blow. Hunt grabs himself and falls face forward to the mat.

"Level-One back to the apron as the referee returns his attention to the men in the ring. Mike Polowy now to his feet."

Polowy stands over Hunt. He bends over and lifts Hunt up by his legs, placing him headfirst on the mat. Polowy steps over his flinging arms and jumps.

"The Mike Effect!"

Polowy covers Hunt and the referee drops for the count.

"We are down to three now with Elvis Hunt being eliminated. This is bad for Cancer as the two other men remaining are team mates."

Cancer Jiles enters the ring, staring at Mike Polowy who is still a little wobbly from the beating Elvis Hunt gave him.

"Both men lock up to continue this match. The former Tag Team Champion takes control with an Irish whip. Cancer Jiles off the ropes and on the return, he ducks a clothesline attempt by Mike Polowy."

Slaughter: XVIII

Both men quickly turn to face each other.

"Boot to the gut of Jiles."

Mike Polowy grabs the back of Cancer Jiles' head and yanks him backwards to the mat.

"Polowy grabs one of Jiles' legs."

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

"Standing drop kick by Cancer Jiles."

As Mike Polowy hits the mat, Cancer quickly grabs his head and lifts him up.

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

Cancer quickly covers Polowy.

"Only a one count."

As Cancer gets to his feet, he once again pulls Mike Polowy to his.

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

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

As he turns around, Cancer runs at him.

"Mike Polowy moves, pulling the top rope down."

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

"Mike

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

"Slingshot. Mike Polowy flies into the nearby corner post."

Slaughter: XVIII

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

"Polowy turns,
Jiles lunges forward, BIG
SPEAR!" He quickly goes to cover Mike Polowy, however this time the referee stops before his hand hits the mat for a one count.

"Mike Polowy is somehow able to put his leg up on the bottom rope. His resilience is like none other."

Jiles gets to his knees. he hits the mat in anger before getting to his feet.

"Quick and very angry stomps by 'Mr. Cool' Cancer Jiles. It's kind of hard to picture him as Mr. Cool when a couple of failed pin attempts causes him to lose his cool."

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

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

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

"Cancer Jiles runs."

Mike Polowy quickly grabs the ropes, pulling himself up and side steps as Cancer comes crashing through with a boot up. His leg wraps into the post before he falls back hitting the mat.

"Maybe the opportunity that Mike Polowy needed to turn this match around."

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

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

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

"Cancer ducks, they both turn."

Jiles hits a quick, but effective super kick.

Slaughter: XVIII

"TERMINAL CANCER FROM NOWHERE!"

Cancer Jiles covers Mike Polowy and the referee drops for the count.

"Mike Polowy could be gone... NO!"

Level-One rushes in and stomps Cancer before exiting.

"Level-One with the save! However, remember that this is every man for himself."

Cancer gets up and rushes over, complaining to the referee.

Behind him, Mike uses the ropes to pull himself up enough to fall forward and tag the extended open hand of Level-One.

"Level-One is in the ring!"

Cancer sees Level-One, and pushes through the referee, but it is too late. Level-One runs past Cancer, who turns. Level-One doesn't miss a beat as he flips backwards, kicking Cancer Jiles.

"Pele Kick! Level-One goes for the pin."

The referee drops and counts. He counts along with the referee's falling hand as he hits three.

"Level-One and mike Polowy are left! the two partners, the two friends!"

Cancer rolls out of the ring and has a look of disgust on his face. Level-One looks at Mike Polowy who carefully steps into the ring. They mouth a few things back and forwards.

"Wow, this could go any way."

Level-One reaches out to shake hi hand before beginning.

"Sportsmanship between fri... WHAT?!"

Level-One grabs mike's hand and pulls him into a big gut kick. He quickly grabs his head and swings into a perfectly executed DDT.

"Level-One screwed Mike Polowy! He's going for the pin!"

The referee drops and counts the three. The bell rings.

"Level-One is going to the main event for the DREAM Championship! But at what cost to his friendship?"

Slaughter: XVIII

Level-One gets up and raises one arm. He then makes the 'belt will go here' motion around his waist. he looks down at Mike and can be seen mouthing 'It's nothing personal'.

"I can't believe my eyes."

We get few replays before going to commercial break.

Third Time's a Charm...

"

markzylbert" Doozer's shown kneeling on the cement floor, just around a corner near Mark Zylbert's office. The Dream Hall of Famer is wearing something new today. It's an egg-yolk yellow baseball jersey. In black text, across the chest, reads The Egg Bandits. With the top two buttons undone, you can see the good ol' Superman T-shirt underneath. All's well.

"One-zy,

Two-zy, Lil Big Shit... the

Third's a Doozy..." Poor Mark has already been egged twice tonight. This looks like a third is in order. Doozer pulls a cell phone from his jean's pocket and reads the time. He turns to his side, hidden from view, and grabs something. The Dooze holds, beside his head, the weapon. He has this figured out. He waits...

"Alright, whew... There he is... Here we go. Got him once tonight, already. Gotta come through, here..."

There he is... Slaughter commisioner, Mark

Zylbert, steps out of his office and - SPLAT Doozer jumps out from hiding in glory. He's the man, right now. Mark looks thoroughly pissed off, wiping yolkly embarassment off his face.

Just as Zylbert opens his mouth to speak, The Dooze chucks the entire carton at him. The commish dodges the projectile. Running off to

wherever, you can hear Doozer shout, "You drafted me, Lil Shit. The One and Only... Dream Champion!"

Scene cuts.

Doozer vs 501 vs Level-One

"

doozer" "Run With the Wolves" by the Prodigy hits the sound system and the lights in the arena dim as Patient Five-Zero-One steps ominously onto the top of the entrance stage. He pauses for effect at the top whilst looking out around at the crowd with a grimace on his face. The darkness in the arena is interrupted by flashing strobe lights as Five-Zero-One slowly walks down the entrance ramp. Five-Zero-One finally reaches the ring, and he slides in before posing for the crowd once more on the nearest turnbuckle. "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

Slaughter: XVIII

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. Doozer emerges from the entranceway as bold voice blares through the arena, singing "When you walked, through the door, it was clear to me... You're the one they adore, who they came to see..." as a remixed version of Eminem's 'We Made You' plays through the sound system. The pop from the crowd quickly swamps the words of the song as Doozer stops at the top of the ramp. Above him, the words "The Man" flash across the mega-screen as the fans scream, "The Man!". Then, even louder, they bellow, "The Myth!" right as the screen reads so. Lastly, "The Legend" echoes through the arena when those pair replace the last on screen. Doozer, smiling at his fans all around the arena, nods his head under that trademark, official Boston cap he always wears backwards. Elbows at each side, he bends his arms up so his hands come up on both sides of the Superman logo on his t-shirt. Looking like a basketball star after scoring a clutch basket, he pinches his Superman t-shirt and pulls it out from his body, showing off the logo. As he emphatically lets go of the shirt red, blue and gold fireworks blast off the ramp to his sides. The fans start, "DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER.DOO-ZER"

The wrestling star struts down to the ring, swerving between both sides of the ramp to catch the hands of his fans. He encircles the entire ring, connecting with as many hands as he can. Doozer then rolls into the ring and is quickly up to his feet. He climbs one of the turnbuckles. He pinches his shirts again, showing the Superman logo to his fans who pop back with a huge cheer. He jumps off and walks to the turnbuckle diagonal to him. He does the same to another large pop from the crowd.

"Triple threat action coming your way for the newly re-instated DREAM Championship! Doozer was the DREAM Champion when it retired, and many feel he should still be champion, including himself."

The bell sounds to begin the match.

"Doozer and level-One quickly rush each other. Rights and lefts fly. these two act as if they have waited for this moment, as if everything has leaded up to right now!" 501 waits patiently, watching. Calculating the time to strike. The time is now.

"501 runs and leaps!"

Doozer and Level-One both turn as 501 throws both arms out.

"Double clothesline!"

He runs through both DREAM top tier stars and the fans get on their feet. Who is this man? Can he really defeat two of the most historic men to ever be in DREAM?!

"501 leaps, knee drop to Level-One! To his feet"

He raises his hand and stares at it blankly before falling.

"First drop to Doozer! This newcomer may just dominate the top biggest names in DREAM." 501 rushes to his feet as Level-One and Doozer turn over and get to theirs. As 501 looks out to the crowd, behind him,

Slaughter: XVIII

Doozer and Level-One join forces momentarily. they run as 501 turns.

"Double team clothesline by Level-One and Doozer! 501 goes over the top rope!" 501 crashes, hard, to the floor on the outside as

Doozer and Level-One stare at each other. The two men circle. As Level-One goes to lock up with Doozer, The Dooze simply shoves him back.

"Doozer hoping to pull off a victory in this DREAM Championship match by defeating the former World Champion. Level-One attempts to lock up again, and is denied once more."

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

"Both men have the making of the next DREAM Champion."

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

"Level-One meets the mat after a big boot by Doozer."

Doozer grabs the back of Level-One's head and pulls him to his feet. He directs him to the nearest corner post and slams the One's head into the top turnbuckle. As he lets go, Level-One bounces up and stumbles a few steps back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Level-One takes a moment to gather his thoughts and come up with a new offense to try. While on the outside he stomps 501 to keep him down."

Doozer leans over the top rope and yells at Level-One to get back in the ring. Level-One reaches in under

Slaughter: XVIII

the bottom rope, and yanks The Dooze' foot, causing him to fall to the mat.

"Just the break Level-One needs."

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

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

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

"Doozer is sent head first into the ring side barrier. Level-One runs at The Dooze."

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

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

Level-One grabs Doozer.

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

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

"Level-One entering himself now. He has shown why he has been able to dominate in almost any situation against almost any adversary."

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

"Level-One appears to be about to attempt a suplex on The Dooze."

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

"Doozer is able to pull out of Level-One's grip, boot to the gut. The Dooze now grabs him, knee to the stomach of Level-One. Doozer now pulls him through with a hard hitting short arm clothesline."

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

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

Level-One quickly gets to his feet and runs to the ropes, as he comes off of them and heads back towards

Slaughter: XVIII

The Dooze, he leaps with a drop kick to the back of Doozer' head, who falls face first to the mat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Another big shoulder block!"

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

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

He hooks his head and lifts, holding him high for a few moments before dropping him, floating over into a pin.

"HUGE float over vertical suplex! Executed with perfection by Level-One!"

As the referee drops to count, 501 slides into the ring and is able to drop a double axe handle across the back of level-One to break up the pin.

"Don't count 501 out yet!"

Mike Polowy steps out from the back, his head bandaged. he slowly makes his way down the ramp.

"What is Polowy doing here?!"

Level-One jumps to his feet and backhands 501 who lands on his ass in the ring. Anger comes across his face. Then he sees Polowy.

"Level-One doesn't seem to be phased as he pulls Doozer to his feet."

Slaughter: XVIII

Level-One scoops Doozer up and slams him down hard. 501 begins to use the ropes to pull himself up.

"Mike Polowy pulls 501 down and out of the ring! He's here to help Level-One! He knows it was all business!"

Polowy leans 501 against the apron and begins punching him as level-One stomps Doozer inside the ring.

"All he has to do is pin one man, and that man may be Doozer!"

Outside the ring, Mike Polowy goes to whip

501, but 501 is able to counter and send Polowy into the guard rail. As Mike bounces off, 501 wraps him up and slams him down.

"Full nelson slam by 501 to Mike Polowy on the outside!" 501 runs and slides into the ring. Level-One turns.

"SPEAR BY 501! HE SPEARED LEVEL-ONE!" 501 quickly hooks Level-One's leg and the referee drops and counts. His hand hits three.

"WHAT?! 501 won! 501 is the DREAM CHAMPION!"

The referee pops up and starts yelling to not call the bell that it was only two.

"No, the referee is saying he did not hit three. I know I saw his hand hit three." 501 gets up and begins arguing with the referee as we see a replay where it is shown at like the last possible millisecond, Level-One's shoulder raises.

"My God, he should be given that just on how amazingly close it was."

Doozer uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, as does Level-One. 501 looks around and sees both. As the run, he leaps out of the way, allowing them to run into each other. They crash hard and both turn and fall to the mat.

"501 is showing that he in fact DESERVES to be in this match!"

Both Doozer and Level-One push up to one knee and begin to get up. Mike Polowy slides into the ring just as Level-One lunges forward, clotheslining 501, almost taking his head off. Level-One stands up, toe to toe with Mike.

"This could go either way for Doozer right now."

They talk. level-One continues to tell Mike that it wasn't personal. Mike shakes his hand and they hug.

"Doozer could be in trouble!"

Slaughter: XVIII

They turn and run at Doozer who braces himself.

"Wait, Mike Polowy stopped."

Level-One stops himself and turns to see Mike standing, arms crossed. He mouths, 'It's nothing personal'. Level-One turns and gets a boot to the gut by Doozer. He hooks both arms and lifts Level-One high, and plants him with huge DDT.

"The Abuser! Doozer covers!"

The referee drops and begins counting as Mike Polowy exits the ring and walks around on the outside.

"THREE! THREE! DOOZER WINS THE DREAM CHAMPIONSHIP! DOOZER WINS THANKS TO MIKE POLOWY!"

Doozer's music hits and the referee raises his arm as he hands him the DREAM Championship. Outside, Mike is grabbing what looks like a microphone.

"My God fans, what a night. Doozer has won the DREAM Championship thanks to mike Polowy getting back at Level-One for his tactics. Everyone thought it'd be Jak Nemesis who would add strife to the trio, but this... nothing will ever be the same again!"

Balloons begin falling and fireworks shoot. Doozer celebrates as only The Dooze can. Mike Polowy walks up the steps and enters the ring. He pulls the referee to the side and whispers to him, then shows him a piece of paper.

"What's this?"

The referee quickly exits the ring and runs to the time keeper's table as Mike motions for them to cut Doozer's music. Doozer turns and smiles at Polowy who grins back before raising the microphone up.

"Congratulations Doozer."

Doozer leans forward and talks into the mic.

"Thanks Mike."

He leans back and pats the belt on his shoulder as Mike continues.

"You see, the referee is showing that paper to the time keeper as we speak."

Doozer looks and shakes his head yes.

Slaughter: XVIII

"When Nemesis and I lost the Tag Team titles and were drafted to Slaughter, our rematch clause was revoked."

Doozer looks confused.

"You see, we went to mark Zylbert about it and he agreed, it wasn't fair. We held the titles for a long while and deserved title shots."

Doozer shakes his head in agreement. He claps at Mike's title reigns.

"Well, Dooze... I can call you Dooze right?"

Doozer shrugs and shakes his head yes.

"He did us one better. He signed for each of us, a contract. For a title match anywhere, anytime here on Slaughter."

Doozer's smile fades.

"Since I can't recover my Womens Championship, and we aren't able to get a rematch for the Tag team belts, I figured... well,

Dooze, I think that DREAM Championship will do nicely." Now Doozer grips his new belt tight.

"As I said, anytime, anywhere. Zylbert forgot the small print, he left it wide open. And, well, Dooze, that time is now."

Mike suddenly slams the microphone into Doozer's head, a loud crackle comes over the PA as he falls. Mike mounts him and begins to hit him with big rights. The bell sounds.

"Wait, is this an official match? My God, it is!"

Polowy gets up, pulling

Doozer up with him. He grabs Doozer's arm and whips him through the balloons and across the ring. As he returns, Doozer leaps with a cross body block.

"Polowy caught him!"

Mike flips Doozer down, facing out, and steps over his arms. He leaps.

"THE MIKE EFFECT!!! THE MIKE EFFECT!"

Mike Polowy turns Doozer over and covers him, the referee is back in the ring and counts.

Slaughter: XVIII

"THREE! THREE! Mike Polowy is the new DREAM Champion! MY GOD!"

Polowy's music hits as he grabs the belt. he waste no time, refusing to let the referee raise his hand before rolling out of the ring. Mike grips the belt to his chest and drops to both knees, almost crying out of joy.

"Level-One screwed Polowy to get the title shot. Polowy screwed Level-One to get revenge. Mike Polowy screws everyone with help from Mark Zylbert! WHAT A NIGHT!"

Suddenly, Jak

Nemesis' music hits. Mike's eyes grow WIDE as he looks at the top of the stage where Jak Nemesis stands.

"It's Jak Nemesis! Wait, he has a contract like that too! What.. what's going to happen?!"

Jak makes the 'title will go here' belt motion to his waste then raises his envelope high that one can only assume has his title shot in it. Polowy stands and they stare as the copyright fades up and the screen to black.

R S T b c d e f

h C J U a J j

h C J U a J j

h C J U a J h 5 C J

a J h C J a J j h C J U a J h 5 C J

h 5 C J 0 K H

0? :?

1 2 K L

h C J U a J j

h C J U a J h 6 C J j a J j

h C J U a J j h C J U a J j h C J U a J j O h C J U a J h 5 C J

a J h C J a J

6' 7' 8' O' P' v' w'

p3 q3 T4 U4

5 6 6 6 6 [6

6 r6 s6

8

9 9

9 R: S:

0? :?

j3 h C J U a J j b h C J U a J h 5 C J

a J h C J a J

j h C J U a J h C J a J G

B A B .C /C

J C K C

D T E U E

Slaughter: XVIII

F 6G 7G
J ,J DJ EJ yJ zJ
h CJ U aJ j
h CJ U aJ h
5 CJ
aJ h CJ aJ
h CJ aJ j h CJ U aJ j h CJ U aJ CBK CK DK gK hK
M 1S 3S 4S 6S
h CJ U aJ h 5 6 CJ
aJ j h 6 CJ U] aJ # j - h 5 6 CJ U
h 5 6 CJ U
aJ h 6 CJ] aJ h CJ aJ
h CJ aJ j h CJ U aJ j
h CJ U aJ
h h KH h j h U h 6 CJ] aJ h CJ aJ
h CJ aJ j h CJ U aJ j
5 h CJ U aJ j
2 h CJ U aJ !Y
0 0 P :p
tH,U;