

Slaughter: XIX

October 5, 2009 | Nassau Coliseum - Uniondale, New York

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Slaughter XIX

5 Oct 2009

Nassau Coliseum,

Uniondale, New York (seats 18,000)

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 Nassua Coliseum in Uniondale, New York." The camera pans across the fans holding signs and screaming.

"Tonight will be exciting as the new DREAM Champion is in six man tag ation! It all starts right now."

I love good-byes

"

cancerjiles" Backstage the Bandits as preparing for the huge three man tag match, later this evening. We spot Mr. Cool checking himself out, wondering which shoulder to rest his

Cool Title on. Then, The Dude starts off the conversation

Hey, so I think he is leaving."

Mr. Cool begins to laugh

s about damn time. Fucking guy

Then The Dooze

You know, I almost feel sorry for Level One. He really seemed to enjoy his time here. I think the fed will be worse off then it all ready

is, now that he is..." Mr. Cool and The Dude look over at Doozer, both men wondering what the hell he is talking about. Even Whammy, is a bit surprised by the comment.

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"You on crack Dooze? We got a main event spot and your smoking crack before the match. You're pulling my chain
t ya?" The Dooze replies.

"What do you think Jiles?"

Mr. Cool looks over at The Dude, and then glances over to the corner where Whammy Jammy sits. He then responds, sounding concerned for Lester, and his last days at Dream.

"He said he thought there would be banners and shit
lets throw him a going away party. Egg Bandit style. Whammy, go to tell the rest of the the roster that tonight will be Level-One
s smell ya later galla." The Dude interrupts.

"Make sure to have chips and soda.

Don
t want to half ass it, I mean he says he carried this promotion. The guy deserves something." Doozer finishes
Other then The Dooze kicking his ass right out the door." The scene ends with Whammy, asking The Dude for help, who reluctantly agrees. The two men walk out the door from the Bandits locker room. Mr. Cool still shuffling his title back and forth says to Doozy
This party is going to rock! I love good-byes." The Dooze nods his head, as he pulls a fresh carton of jumbo sized eggs from his locker.

"Been saving these for a special occasion."

"Dress Me up and Call Me a Sharp Dressed Man!"

"

jessejamester" Standing amongst the backstage camera, a familiar but totally out of normal dressed up Nemesis Warrior. Hair slicked back into a nice ponytail, face trimmed down so only his goatee is visible, unlike the grizzly Adams beard he sported the week before on Insomnia. The smooth texture of the white tuxedo makes Jesse look like a saint straight from heaven, especially with his piercing sapphire eyes. Staring into the camera, his oh-to-familiar face lights up in a smile and he begins. Jesse: Could it be that the world's one and only has come to SLAUGHTER!? The crowd in attendance pops at these words like somebody just told them they were getting free tickets! Jesse: Sadly not. However, do to

Insomnia

Guards, I was unable to make my announcement on Insomnia last week, thus I am here. Settling down, the cheer goes to a hum of silence, feet smacking the cement stairs stop and eyes advert to the drop screen. Jesse: It seems I
ve gone back on my word. I told people when Evolution Pro Wrestling closed I would retire. Well, damn it, I m just not done with this just yet! Stepping towards the camera he pulls the camera up to his face and looks into it. Jesse: You can call it an itch, and maybe it is, but I know the feelings a good one! When I finally step between those ropes this dogs got a whole lotta
teaching to do with these dreamers! A pop arises from the crowd but fades as Jesse steps back and speaks

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again, letting his whole upper body be recognized. Jesse: To any wrestler here in attendance tonight, and to any of the

Insomnia superstar that may be watching, I
m waiting for a challenge

So come get

it! Letting his hair down he shakes his head to mess it up some more and looks to the side. Jesse: Theirs
another shooting for the Dream-Championship Travis Williams, and my dreams don
t get shattered like that of Level-One. He cocks his head back at the camera, a half smile on his face. Jesse:
I

ll be there soon enough, count the days. Pointing a finger at the camera he nods and walks off the screen, in
the distance you can hear him say something, "Damn do I look good!"

Marshall vs. Dark

"

marshall" "Time for the first match of the night here, everybody. We
re going to have Marshall, a new face here in DREAM who put up a fight against another new face in Patient
Five-Zero-One last week, facing off against a recently returned veteran known around DREAM as Dark!
Should be a great match to kick off another amazing show here on Monday Night Slaughter." by Unwritten
Law hits the arena

s p.a. system and Marshall makes his way out onto the top of the ramp way to a fairly weak, mixed reaction
from the crowd.

"Looks like our fans here at DREAM aren
t sure what to think about Marshall just yet

Marshall makes his way into the ring without wasting time. He walks over to a back corner of the ring and
awaits his opponent for a few mere seconds. Then, "Binge and Purge" by Clutch fills the stands and crowd
gives a much stronger, more positive reaction as Dark appears beneath the big screen.

"There
s nothing to be mistaken with this reaction.

Sure seems as though the fans are happy to see a familiar face making his way down to the ring right now
s going to be the car mechanic versus the drug addict, Marshall verse

Dark, the rookie vs. the veteran

Both wrestlers are now in the ring, let

s enjoy the match!" DING Dark waits in the opposite corner of Marshall, looking at his opponent and grinning.
Marshall, with little patience, charges.

"Marshall

s looking to start off quickly here as he

OH MAN, what an elbow counter by Dark! Experience proving to be the wiser as Dark suckers Marshall into
running at him and shoots a sharp elbow straight to Marshall

s jaw." Marshall stumbles around the ring, holding his face where Dark just connected with a strong elbow.
Dark follows and grabs Marshall by the shoulder, turning him around and whips him into the corner

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turnbuckle.

"Dark whips Marshall into the corner and runs after him

strong body check by Dark! Marshall staggers forward and falls to his knees. Dark with a DEVASTATING KICK TO THE GUT!! That had to be painful, folks!"

Holding his midsection and grimacing in pain, Marshall falls over on his right side. Dark takes a step closer to him and delivers a couple hard stomps.

Marshall, writhing in pain, rolls onto his back.

"Dark, proving to be relentless against the new guy, pounces down and starts mangling Marshall on the mat. Talk about a one-sided bout so far, everyone. Luckily for Marshall, it looks like he

ll be able to reach for a rope."

The ref repositions himself better to see Marshall as he blindly grasps at a rope

at anything. Right as it seems like Marshall could finally make a grab, Dark releases a hand from his opponent

s throat and knocks the arm away. Dark releases the mangle

immediately, knowing Marshall can reach the rope, and grabs his opponent

s right leg to start dragging him to the center of the ring. Marshall, with just enough strength, lifts up his free leg and boots Dark, who stumbles back a few steps.

"Marshall with an impressive defensive push back right there,

I

m surprised he can even lift a leg right now

Dark bounces right back and clotheslines Marshall as soon as the wrestler gets to his feet. This time, Dark picks Marshall back up and whips him into the ropes. Marshall bounces for the first time and comes running back toward

Dark, who bends over forward getting ready for him.

"SWINGING NECKBREAKER COUNTER BY MARSHALL!"

Marshall pops back up quickly after the move and lifts up Dark, still on the matt. Marshall quickly boots Dark in the gut and hooks him in preparation for a vertical suplex, which is successful. Marshall, back up quickly once again, goes to pick up Dark from the mat once more.

"OH, cheap shot by Dark!"

The ref charges up into Dark

s face and gives him the business for delivering the cheap shot as Marshall tip-toes around the ring holding his private area. Dark, pushes the ref aside and marches up to

Marshall.. BIG HAYMAKER FROM DARK.. ANOTHER, Marshall hits the matt. He

s back up within the blink of an eye

ANOTHER

HAYMAKER!

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"Dark is not taking it easy on the new guy, tonight. Marshall, standing stunned, gets whipped to the ropes by Dark

MARSHALL COUNTERS! What an impressive TORNADO DDT by Marshall!" Dark is down. Marshall lifts him up by the hair on his head and sets him up

Pumphandle Suplex!

"Oh wow! I didn

t think he

d be able to pull that off kind of move just yet! Marshall with one of his signature moves against Dark

That looked painful, people!" Marshall drops down for the pin, 1

kickout!

"I can

t believe Dark kicked out of that one. The match sure turned around fast, it seemed like just minutes ago Marshall couldn

t get a- OH, another low blow by Dark!" The ref, now steaming in Dark

s face, gets pushed to the side. Marshall, bent over writhing in pain, gets his head grabbed and locked under Dark

s left arm

WHAT A DDT BY DARK! Looked like he just implanted Marshall

s head into the matt with that one." Dark goes for the pin, 1

Kickout.

"Looks like Dark was hoping for that one

Marshall just had all the momentum going right there, he

s not going to give up that easy!" A frustrated Dark picks up Marshall and whips him into the corner,

NO, Marshall reverses

Dark hits the turnbuckle with force. Marshall ensues.

"Marshall

s got Dark in the corner here

s throwing right hand after right hand, he

s having no mercy for the old man right now; this is vicious! Marshall keeps throwing haymakers and Dark is just looking more and more out of it with each connected blow." Marshall throws another haymaker that

connects and Dark can barely stand upright by himself anymore. Marshall takes him and lifts him up to the second turnbuckle.

"Oh no, it

s not looking good for the Dream veteran, right now

ve heard about this move." Marshall hooks his left arm around Dark

s head. He signals to the crowd and drops back

landing directly on his opponents head with extreme force!

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"THAT
S IT! THAT
S THE FALLOUT BY MARSHALL! This one
s in the books, folks!" 1
3!!!!

"Marshall takes it away from Dark, tonight. It wasn't easy, but youth outlasted experience tonight
Or Dark was too wasted to know what he was doing
Either way, Marshall with a big victory to start off the night here on Slaughter!"
Denied Entrance
"

nathanparadine" We cut to the parking lot, where a sleek black limo is shown pulling up. The back door swings open and Nathan Paradine steps into view, dressed in a dark suit and his usual designer sunglasses. He straightens his suit jacket, muttering mutinously to himself as he starts to walk towards the backstage entrance.

"Hostility can shove their contract up their asses... Have to kiss Mark Zylbert's ass to keep a job in this place... Polowy as the champion... what is this world coming to?"

He shakes his head as he approaches the door, where a burly security guard is shown stuffing his face full of donuts and coffee from a Starbucks cup. Nathan watches him in mild disgust for a moment, before clearing his throat. The guard pauses in his gluttony and looks at Paradine.

"What do you want? This entrance is for wrestlers and staff only, no general admission. Go and buy a ticket like everyone else."

Nathan smirks and slides his sunglasses off his face, his blue eyes glinting angrily.

"You don't know who I am!?" he demands, actually stamping his foot on the ground.

"I'm Nathan Paradine! I'm one of Slaughter's biggest attractions!"

The guard sighs, and pulls a slip of paper out of his breast pocket. He glances over it, then looks at Nathan again. He sighs and stows the slip of paper away, then takes a walkie talkie off his belt and speaks into it.

"Hello, Mother Duck? This is Little Duckling,
I'm at the- I know, Mr. Zylbert.
I'm sorry, I won't use codenames again. Yes sir, it won't be a problem. Uh, I've got a Nathan Paradine here, he says he is a wrestler. Should I let him in?" The guard pauses and nods his head as Zylbert speaks, then returns the walkie talkie to his belt.

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"Mr. Zylbert says you're not allowed in. Go and buy a ticket sir, and enjoy the show."

A vein in Nathan's temple twitches as he opens his mouth to protest, however the guard points towards the entrance of the parking lot. Nathan growls, turns around and walks towards the entrance, cursing Mark Zylbert under his breath.

Elvis Hunt vs. Lust

"

elvishunt" 'Sex on Fire' by King Leon begins to play as the Vegas Pirates of Poontang, Elvis and Mike Hunt, step out. They make their way down the ramp.

"The King of Bling, the Sexy Knicker Slicker, King of Kool, Elvis Hunt, climbs in the ring to face Lust in singles action here tonight." Mike watches from the outside. The bell rings.

"There's the bell. Hunt and Lust lock up in the middle of the ring."

Hunt drops Lust with a right hand. He leaps and does a 360 horizontal turn, driving his elbow into Lust's chest. Hunt applies an arm wrench and keeps him grounded.

"Corkscrew elbow drop and then an arm wrench. Hunt now pulls Lust up. He grabs him from behind.....Belly-to-back suplex. Hunt drives Lust's shoulders right back into the mat."

Leg drop by Hunt. He drags Lust back up and sends him into the ropes. Elvis greets him on the return with a jumping clothesline. Hunt covers but doesn't hook the legs. The referee gets to one before Lust easily kicks out. Lust sweeps the leg and knocks Elvis off his feet. Lust kicks Hunt on the mat. He slaps the chicken wing on.

"Lust grabbing some momentum. He's got the crossface chicken wing locked in. But Hunt grabs the bottom rope and he has to break the hold."

Hunt goes for an atomic drop. Lust reverses and he tries his own atomic drop. Hunt reverses that and puts a knee to Lust's back. He pulls his arms back. Hunt reaches behind Lust's back and hooks his head with the other hand. Then he hooks the leg and falls backward and pulls Lust to the mat back-first.

"Russian Leg Sweep by Elvis Hunt. He covers again. Lust kicks out."

The referee indicates 'two' on the count. Hunt reaches back and pulls Lust's head over his shoulder. He spins around and drops down to one knee forcing Lust face-first into Hunt's knee.

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"Hunt with a shoulder facebreaker!"

Hunt follows with an elbow drop and then hooks the legs. The referee makes it to two before Lust kicks out. Hunt hits Lust with a right hand punch. Lust is driven back into the corner. Hunt places him on the top rope and applies a front face lock. Elvis drapes Lust's arm over his shoulder and falls backwards, flipping Lust over him.

"Superplex. We've got another cover."

Lust again kicks out at two. Hunt knees Lust and rolls back to his feet. He drops the leg across Lust's throat and then climbs the corner turnbuckle.

"He's going to the air! Frog splash! Hunt bounces off Lust and lands a few feet away. He gets underneath and lifts Lust up...fireman's carry gutbuster."

Elvis Hunt covers Lust and the referee counts.

"Elvis

Hunt puts Lust away. One half of The Pirates of Poontang show that even though Insomnia has the Tag Team Championships, Slaughter has one of the toughest men in tag team wrestling."

We fade to commercial.

From The Ticket Booth, With Love

"

nathanparadine" We cut to the front of the building, where a large mob of fans are shown huddled around the ticket booths. Nathan Paradine is shown standing near the front of a long line of people still trying to buy tickets for the show, fidgeting and checking his watch every few minutes. Finally he exclaims in frustration and marches towards the front of the line, pushing an old man, a teenage girl and two of her giggling friends and a midget out of the way to get there. He slams his hands down on the small desk and presses his face against the glass separating him from the ticket booth attendant.

"GIVE-ME-A-TICKET-NOW!" he mouths, pointing towards a roll of ticket stubs. The attendant nods, tears one off and hands it to him. Nathan grins and turns towards the entrance.

"Agh, finally I can get in... Food and warmth and light... it's as dark as blazes out here..."

As Nathan walks towards the entrance however a hand falls on his shoulder and spins him around. His face contorted in a snarl, he finds himself face to face with three black men, all of them looking distinctly unhappy. The biggest one steps forward and shoves him, and Nathan falls down onto the pavement heavily.

"Yo yo yo, look what we got ourselves here, some cracka who thinks it's fun to racially discriminate against other people." "W-what!?"

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Nathan croaks, climbing up off the ground.

"I've got no idea what you're talking about-" "Oh, we heard you.

"It's as dark as blazes out here."

Some people don't take to kindly to that kind of speak these days, G.

Foo', I ought bust a cap in yo' ass right now for sayin' shit like that!" the smallest member of the group pulls a handgun out of his hooded jacket and points it at Nathan, who manages a small squeak.

"Please... I don't want to get a cap popped in my arse!" he pleads, holding up both his hands.

"Look, this is just a misunderstanding, I meant it was black out here!"

All three black men look at each other, furious expressions on their faces. The large one speaks again.

"OH TELL ME YOU DID NOT JUST SAY THAT. You still think this is funny, little man? Huh? You still think this is a big joke? Well foo' we abouts to bust yo' ass right here in front of all these people, you think that's funny!?" "No, no, wait!"

Nathan shrieks, as the three men advance on him. The scene cuts back towards the ring.

T.J. Parker vs. T-Money

"

tmoney" 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 his opponent. by Eminem plays.

"And here comes T-Money. Last week, he came up a little short in that eleven man free-for-all to determine the Dream Champion. This week, he tries to get back on the winning track."

T-Money climbs into the ring. He keeps his eyes on Parker as he pulls against the top rope. The referee calls for the bell.

"There's the bell. T-Money and T.J. Parker lock up in the middle of the ring."

T-Money rakes Parker

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s face and gouges his eyes. He sends Parker for a ride off the ropes and rams into him with a shoulder block. Parker bounces right back up and out of nowhere hits a standing drop kick. Parker pulls on the leg. T-Money swings his foot over and connects to the side of Parker's head.

"Fast action to start the match. T-Money with an enzuigiri."

T-Money pulls Parker back on his feet. Parker rakes the eyes and applies a front face lock. He spins and sits.

"Parker right back with a swinging neck breaker. Now he s raining punches down on T-Money!" Both men up. Parker behind T-Money. He lifts him up and falls backward, sending T-Money right over him.

"German suplex on T-Money. Parker gets back to his feet and he sends him out to ringside."

The referee starts the count. Parker picks up a steel chair and drills T-Money over the head with hit.

"T-Money is busted open! The referee is threatening to disqualify him."

Parker drops the chair and starts throwing punches. Parker steps back and the leaps at T-Money, striking his face with his elbow.

"Rolling elbow smash. Now Parker slams T-Money s face into the ring apron. And again." T-Money s face is a bloody mess. Parker rolls T-Money into the ring. He covers and hooks the legs.

"No! T-Money kicked out at 2!"

Parker stands behind him and grabs T-Money s right arm and then his left. He pulls both back and falls backwards, launching T-Money right over him. , "Aztecán suplex sends T-Money to the mat!"

Parker covers. T-Money again kicks out at two. T-Money gets up and pokes Parker in the eyes. He swings his foot around and kicks him in the head. Parker drops to his knees. T-Money goes to the second turnbuckle. He launches an elbowdrop and connects with the top of Parker s head. Parker lists to the right and collapses. Rollup by T-Money. Parker kicks out at two. Parker up. T-Money keeps the pressure on. He brings Parker down back first across his knees.

"Backbreaker by T-Money. He pulls him up. He's going for the Stardom!"

T-Money goes to lift Parker. Parker grabs his arm and puts him in the powerbomb position. Parker lifts him up. T-Money flips over him and pushes Parker into the ropes. Parker off the ropes and right into a clothesline. T-Money again sends Parker for the ride. Parker off the ropes.

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"He ducks the clothesline...reversal...now it's Parker sending T-Money off the ropes. Face slam!"

T-Money lands face first on the mat. Parker takes a leg and starts to spin. T-Money kicks him away with the other leg and rolls back to a semi-standing position. Parker tries a right hand. T-Money blocks. Boot to the stomach by T-Money.

"T-Money takes him back the back of the neck and slams him down. Beautiful bulldog!"

Rolling thunder right across Parker's back. T-Money up to the top turnbuckle. He leaps and lands on Parker's upraised knees. Both men quickly get up.

"Some how both men are still able to move with the swiftness of a cheetah!"

T-Money runs at T.J. Parker.

"Fireman's carry by Parker into a jackhammer slam!"

Parker gets to his feet and runs towards the corner. He jumps to the top turnbuckle and drops down, splitting his legs over the top rope. He flips himself backwards and lands on top of T-Money. However, T-Money uses his own momentum against him and is able to roll Parker up into a pinning position and places all of his weight on the legs of T.J. Parker.

"The referee counts. We have a winner! T-Money pulls off a surprise victory after both men showed amazing athleticism!"

His music hits as his arm is raised.
Congratu-IEGG-tions!

"

cancerjiles" A large banner hangs from the ceiling. It reads..

Smell ya later -

The Egg Bandits, dressed in their ring attire, anxiously await the arrival of their honored guest.

"You told everyone to come, didn't ya Whamster?" Whammy responds.

"Yeah, Zylbert, the whole crew. I bet everyone thinks it's a ploy so that you guys could egg them. Maybe these guys aren't

as stupid as you three make them out to be." Doozer responds

Then we will take the party to the idiots instead. Grab the soda and chips, were heading to Level-One's locker room." Mr. Cool, all smiles grabs a two liter of Pepsi, while The Dude grabs a the few bags of chip and dip. Whammy grabs the pizza

s as they head off to find the GREATEST wrestler ever. Oh yeah, and Doozy has his special edition JUMBO

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sized eggs. Only the BEST for the GREATEST... The Bandits arrive at L-1
s locker room. They are about to bust into the famed wrestler
s locker room when
WAIT! I got an idea!" Mr. Cool stops The Dude before knocking on the only-person-to-lose-to-T-Willy
s door. CCJ then lays out the plan of attack(spilling the eggs perhaps). All the Bandits agree to it, except
Whammy. Wonder why?

"I
m not doing that!" Mr. Cool begs
This is what he wants
he told me Wham. It
s time you earned your egg-stripes. You do this
here, now
and you will be my brother, Doozy
s brother, and The Dude's as well. Come. All you have to do is get him out here." Whammy hangs his head
Fine." The Dooze, CCJ, and The Dude setup all the goodies for the party. The Dude even runs back to grab
the banner so that when Level-One emerges from his locker room, he spots it and hopefully is overtaken with
appreciation. Finally, after everything is to
Mr. Cool
s liking, Whammy knocks on the door.

"Who is it?... cunt."

A few more knocks on the door
What the
this better be good!... Cunt."
The door opens, Whammy stands their like a deer in
headlights, just trapped in L-1
s OH-SO-impressive aura.

"What the fuck do you want
What the fuck is all this shit... Cunt." Damn, he said he ate cheeseburgers not pizza. So much for tailoring to
Level-One
s pre-Madonna needs.

"Eh
Hey. This is from Dream
they wanted to give you a worthy going away party. So
enjoy." Whammy turns to walk away, then the fallen champion grabs him by the shoulder, Whammy
immediately starts to run away, forcing Level One to take a few steps out of his locker room
Take this ass-clown!" Mr. Cool emerges from the corner and tosses an egg. He shoots
He misses. Kind of. The egg hits Whammy. Level-One goes to charge
yooo-whoooooooooooo." That would be Doozer. The man who just recently pinned Level-One last week on

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SLAUGHTER. The two Bandits have Level-One in the mist of crossfire.

"Have fun on the shelf... Ya big cunt!"

Another egg is tossed
the jumbo double orb of yolky-ness that literally had L-1 written on it. Doozy shoots
HE SCORES! The massive egg cracks all over the face of Lester Only.

"See ya later alligator!" "After while CROCK-adile!"

Good bye Level One, your gift for all the hard work
an Egg Shower. Clean-up, ya filthy animal.
All's Well That Ends Well... Kinda.

"

markzylbert" We fade in inside the office of Mark Zylbert, where a battered looking Nathan Paradine is shown holding an icepack to his face. His once fine suit is now in shreds, and several large bruises and the occasional cut are visible on his hands and face. Mark Zylbert is sitting behind his desk, regarding Nathan with amusement. He looks down at several papers on his desk and then signs one, speaking as he does so.

"Well Nathan, I'm sorry about the miscommunication in the parking area. You wouldn't believe how many times fans have pretended to be wrestlers to try and get in-" "Save it,"

Nathan growls, taking the icepack away from his face and revealing a dark bruise around his right eye.

"I was beaten and robbed at gunpoint! They took my wallet, the pack of gum I had, even my arena ticket! How do you expect to explain that away, Zylbert?"

Zylbert sighs and looks up, leaning back in his chair and sliding his hands behind his head.

"Misadventure, I think. Besides, who could've known that you'd incite three ordinary black men to violence, eh? Anyway, all's well that ends well. You'll be granted access to the arena every week from now on, no more buying tickets for you. And I have the police searching for those men who stole your wallet. Now look, there's still the main event match, why don't you go to one of the VIP rooms and watch it, help yourself to the complimentary foods and drinks and relax, all right?"

Nathan nods, stands up and walks out of the room. Zylbert shakes his head and opens a drawer in his desk, pulling out Nathan's wallet. He stares at it for a moment, before chuckling and returning it to his desk, making a mental note to give it back to him eventually. It had cost him a few tickets to the show for the three men he'd asked to do the scare job, but he'd managed to get his own back on Nathan Paradine for what he'd said last week... for now.

Mike Polowy/Level-One/Jak Nemesis vs. Doozer/Cancer Jiles/501

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"

mikepolowy" '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. Eminem's 'We Made You' begins to play and the fans erupt as Doozer and Caner Jiles step out from the back. They stand on the top of the ramp with their hands on their hips, looking out to the fans. They then mouth something to each other and point to the ring before soaring down the ramp and sliding in. Both men pop up to their feet. they criss cross each other across the ring, each climbing a turnbuckle and raising their arms to the crowd before the music fades.

"Five-Zero-One will team up with the eGG Bandits in this main event six man tag match." 'Dead Bodies Everywhere' by Korn hits the sound system. Jak Nemesis steps out. He raises both arms straight out and turns to face the jumbo screen as explosive charges fire over his head. He twist around in a twisting motion to one last explosion before heading down the ramp.

"One half of the former tag team champions making his way down the ramp now.

With the Tag Team Championship title belts going to Insomnia, Nemesis has an open shot at the DREAM title here on Slaughter that he can cash in at any time. Will tonight be the night?" One in the ring, Jak's music fades. The fans in the arena pipe up as the lights begin to dim and the opening rock riff to

Muse's

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

"The current DREAM Champion and the man who he could face at any time, standing in the same corner for the time being." "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.

"Five Zero One will start the match out against former World Champion, Level-One. 501 has already proved to be the superstar to look out for as he dominated his time last week in the main event."

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The bell sounds and quickly the two men lock up.

"Level-One takes control, Irish whip. 501 on the return now, hip toss by Level-One."

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

"Power slam by Level-One."

From the apron, Mike Polowy and Jak Nemesis watch, as well as watch each other. The trust is gone.

"Level-one with multiple vicious stomps to the newcomer."

He walks over and raises his hand to tag in Jak Nemesis. Jak gives him an awkward snarl and tags him before entering the ring.

"Jak Nemesis in the ring. This man here has a contract for a title shot whenever he pleases. You have to think that Mike Polowy will be watching his back once this match is over."

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

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

"Big shoulder block!"

The fans pop. 501 jumps to his feet and run, leaping out with a tag to Doozer.

"Doozer in the ring now."

As Doozer rushes Jak Nemesis, Jak gets to his feet. He ducks a clothesline attempt by The Dooze, they both turn and Nemesis kicks Doozer in the gut.

"Nemesis grabs Doozer's head and jumps, bringing his knee up."

As he smashes Doozer's jaw into his knee, Doozer falls to the mat and Jak Nemesis rolls over and comes up, tagging in Mike Polowy.

"Jak Nemesis' former Tag Team partner in the ring now. The DREAM Champion lifts the former DREAM Champion to his feet."

Polowy grabs Doozer around the waist and lifts, bringing him down across his knee.

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"Inverted atomic drop by the champ."

Doozer grabs himself and falls back to the mat. Polowy spits on him.

"Now that is in bad taste."

Polowy steps back and tags in Level-One.

"Even though they are in an odd place, the team of
Mike Polowy, Jak

Nemesis, and Level-One are working together as a team. Making frequent tags to keep each person fresh."
Level-One steps in and lifts Doozer's legs. he looks out to the crowd then stomps his inner thigh. He
continues to hold Doozer's legs up, stepping in.

"Level-One begins to turn Doozer, and lowering himself applying pressure. Will the self-proclaimed
Superman tap?"

Finally, Cancer Jiles has had enough as he rushes the ring.

"Jiles in, swift kick to the back of Level-One."

Level-One lets go of Doozer and falls to his hands and knees. Mike Polowy rushes the ring, Cancer pops
forward with a super
kick, connecting. The crowd pops.

"The DREAM Champion is down!"

Nemesis runs in behind Cancer, who side steps. As Jak runs past him, he turns in time for Jiles to leap
forward with his trusty leg of power and connect with another super kick.

"Cancer Jiles cleans house!"

Level-One pushes himself up, but falls quickly to one knee.

"It seems that Level-One may have twisted his knee when he was knocked off of Doozer. The one thing
about submission holds that involve the legs, if a wrong move is made, anyone can be hurt, even seriously."

The referee can be seen checking on level-One who grabs the ropes and pulls himself up, letting out a
scream of pain as he limps. Jiles runs at him with a super kick, but L1 is able to grab under his leg and lift
back, sending him over the top rope and crashing to the floor. Level-One then collapses to one knee again.

"I think Level-One may have indeed injured himself folks. however, both of his partners are out cold in the
ring!"

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Doozer crawls over and tags in 501 who enters the ring in a hurry.

"501 looking to capitalize on the injury of Level-One."

He lifts Level-One's head up with his left hand and begins to deliver big rights to the side of his face. He then grabs around level-One's neck and violently pulls him to his feet, Level-One's knee is obviously injured as he still has a very noticeable limp.

"Quick snap suplex."

As Level-One hits the mat, his hurt leg bounces off the mat, and he grabs it, still in pain. By this time Polowy and Nemesis have made it back to the apron as well as Cancer Jiles. Both Mike and Jak use the top ropes to hold themselves up, still selling the super kicks but now reaching in trying to get a tag from L1.

"501 stands over Level-One. he leaps up and drops, standing head but. Does this man feel no pain as he pops right back up?"

He then pins Level-One.

"Two count, Level-One is able to get his shoulder up." 501 stands up, lifting Level-One's legs. A look of discomfort comes over L1's face as 501 leans back.

"Sling shot into the corner!"

As Level-One hits the corner, he see's that it is the one with his partners, and is able to reach forward, tagging an outreached hand of Jak Nemesis. L1 then rolls out of the ring to a waiting medical crew as Jak enters in.

"Level-One receiving medical attention outside the ring as Jak Nemesis greets 501 in the middle of the ring with a flurry of rights and lefts. this match just turned into a two on three."

Both men meet up in the middle fo the ring and stare each other down before locking up.

"Lock up. Nemesis takes control, placing 501 into a side headlock. 501 able to slip out and roll behind him. Belly to back. He lifts."

Jak goes over 501, but lands on his feet displaying agility. He pushes 501 who runs into the ropes.

"501 on the return, Jak Nemesis catches him, big back body drop!"

We can see Level-One being helped up the ramp by the medical personal.

"Level-One is officially out of this match now folks, he must have hurt his knee badly."

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We see a slow motion replay in a split screen. As Cancer kicks him, he lifts up, twisting his leg which was holding Doozer's in the submission move, then he falls to the left, landing on the same knee. The split screen goes away.

"Hopefully it isn't too serious as Level-One was on his way to the top again after losing the World Title at Bashed."

The camera zooms in to see Level-One at the top of the ramp, he has the medical team turn him to face the DREAM fans. He looks out across the sea as if giving them a silent goodbye before being helped to the back as we go back to ringside.

"Jak

Nemesis looks up the ramp at one of his partner's being taken to the back. This gives 501 enough time to make the tag, Doozer is in again!" Jak see's Doozer and goes to tag Polowy who steps back and jumps to the floor. Surprise comes over Nemesis' face as he turns.

"Polowy screwed Nemesis! Boot to the gut by Doozer!

He grabs him and lifts, THE

ABUSER!" Doozer covers Jak Nemesis and the referee counts. The fans pop.

"Doozer makes the pin! Doozer, 501, and Cancer Jiles wins!"

Doozer's music hits as his partners enter the ring to celebrate. Doozer and Jiles seem happy with 501 as they both give him high fives. Nemesis crawls over to the corner and tries to pull himself up in the background as Mike Polowy slides in behind the trio with a chair.

"The DREAM Champion has that steel chair, he swings!"

Polowy cracks the chair across 501's back, followed by a shot to Cancer Jiles' skull. He then thrust it into the gut of Doozer.

"Polowy holds the chair up and bring sit down hard across the back of Doozer!"

As all three of 'the good guys' are laid out Mike yells for a microphone. He walks over to the corner where Nemesis is barely able to hold himself up using the ropes and leans in, before speaking.

"You want your shot? Huh? You want to come out here and pretend you are somebody last week. Yea, you got a piece of paper like I had saying you get a shot. But guess what Nemesis, that is only because I carried us to the Tag Team Championships. only because I won us the matches. Only because I am the man here in DREAM. You, you where just a tag along.

Oh, I remember the

'accidental shot' a few months back. Don't think I've forgotten. Hell, it's lead up to this." He brings the mic

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across Jak's head, a loud feedback sounds out as jak falls to his knees.

"One was just taken to the back, he's gone. The eGG Bastards are out cold, and that mental patient is in la-la land. There's nobody here but us Nemesis. You'll get your shot alright, when I say you do!"

He drops the mic and brings the chair across Jak Nemesis' back repeatedly. Behind him, Doozer is able to get up. He waits patiently. Mike drops the chair and turns, Doozer lifts him up on his shoulders and brings him down.

"POWER SLAM!"

Doozer's music hits again as he looks down at Mike Polowy then over at Jak Nemesis.

"What a tangled web we weave. that's all for this week folks, this has been Monday Night Slaughter!"

The screen fades to black and the show goes off the air.

M N O [