

Slaughter: XXII

October 26, 2009 | Bank of America Stadium - Charlotte, North Carolina

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Slaughter XXII

26 Oct 2009

Bank of America Stadium,

Charlotte, North Carolina (seats 73,504)

My Milkshake

"

markzylbert" Travis Williams walks into Mark's office in a Cow Costume.

"Dude, what the fuck are you?"

Mark asked Travis.

"I

m a fucking cow, what are you, Tommy Crimson?" Mark looks down at himself with a surprised look on his face.

"I am just wondering why you are dressed like a cow

Travis stands up, grabbing a sharpie marker from the pocket of Mark.

"I

m a Jersey cow, that are the biggest heifers known to the dairy industry!" Mark nods, "But why the costume?"

Travis turns around, and writes on the suit.

"Because, it

s perfect!" Travis turns around as Mark takes a swallow of his coffee. On the costume is the name LORA KIRK! Mark spits coffee all over the room.

"DUDE, THAT IS TOO FUNNY!"

Travis laughs, "I thought so too

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Mark shakes his head, trying not to laugh too hard.

"Mark, if your boys, THE EGG BANDITS, show up on Insomnia I am going to shrink your roster by two more people!" Mark looks at Travis and nods.

"Be my guest
Travis, I hate those douche bags as much as
you, IF NOT MORE!" "Glad we can be on the same page, let
s watch the show!" They turn on the monitor and both men take a seat.

"Not too close Mark, you cannot have my milkshake!"

Introduction

The DREAM logo appears across the screen then explodes into the Monday Night Slaughter on HOTv logo. Next the intro video package begins to air set to Drake ft. Kayne West, Lil Wayne, and Eminem's . We get superstar shots of everyone currently on the Slaughter roster with different action shots in a dark blue tint. Once it fades away the camera pans across the Slaughter entrance stage. The entrance is accompanied by a burial plot with a nearby tracker and front end scoop. Pyros begin to fire in the air and the fans scream.

The camera lands on Jason Whiteside who is dressed as Elvis.

"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 Bank of America Stadium in Charlotte, North Carolina for an extra special Halloween themed
Slaughter!" The camera pans across the fans holding signs and screaming.

"Buried Alive and Last Ride will showcase the top talent in DREAM as we give away two pay per view caliber championship matches tonight! But enough of that, it's time to kick this shindig off!"

Morels

"

tylerstraven" The live feed switch's to outside the Bank of America Stadium where there can be loud chants being shouted the camera can quite make out what is going on as there is a line of event security's yellow shirts blocking the view of the camera it's only after a few moments of the camera man barging his way through that we finally get to see what all the noise is about. The scene is utter chaos as there is a large group of protesters chanting and going around in circles with signs as another group try to push their way past the security detail. The camera manages to get a close up of one of the picket signs which reads "EGG BANDITS CRUEL" well others condemn the DWF as a whole for allowing the cruelty to the unborn chickens inside the eggs It's then that the camera man runs forward to a woman who appears to be talking to a news camera crew she has on a black shirt with the letters ASPCA she has a very angry look on her face as she talks to news women standing beside her and the chants from the activist get louder as the camera man locks in as she starts to speak.

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"We here at The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are disgusted and repulsed that in today's day and age that a company would allow such vile acts by its employee's and to allow it to happen on national television it just goes to show that Dream Wrestling Federation management has no sense of what is right or wrong they only care about their almighty dollar than those poor unborn chicks that get splattered for entertainment".

As Jade talks to the reporter a group of about five of the protesters form behind her waving their signs and doing thumbs down motions as she talks about DWF it's then that a familiar face makes his way through the group it's none other than The New Zealand Sensation himself Tyler Straven, His black hair is slicked back a smile is across his face he has on a pair of black dress pants a pair of sneakers and blue shirt with the words "Insomnia No1" written across it in black the camera man quickly realizes who it is and zooms in on Tyler as he grabs one of the picket signs and starts to chant to the news camera.

"Down with Slaughter down with Egg Bandits". Tyler really starts to get into it as he starts to march back and forth screaming at the top of his lungs the same chant over and over again causing Jade to even stop her interview with the news camera team and they get their camera locked onto him as he marches back and forth chanting before he stops and makes his way over to the two camera's and starts to talk to them.

"My name is Tyler Straven I am an employee of this company and I am disgusted at that the actions of the Egg Bandits I can't believe that this has been allowed to go on as long as it has I know for a fact that such a thing would not be allowed to happen on Insomnia and the reason why I am here tonight is that I have been placed on the list that these barbaric animals claim will be hit with these creatures inside those shells that have feelings and are alive". Tyler wipes a fake tear from his eye trying to keep a smile from creeping across his face as he looks back up at the camera's and continues to talk.

"It is this very thing which is why I believe that New Zealand is the far superior country to America because this sort of vile act would not be tolerated at any level and the mere thought of such an action being undertaken by a New Zealander is just beyond belief and that's why I am here tonight because this is just more proof that the American dream is dead but fear not public because Tyler Straven is here to once again bring you back to the light to once again bring back common decency to not only your lives but to your television". Tyler is still struggling to hold back his laughter as some of the protesters behind him start clapping at what he is saying as he points the arena behind and once again starts talking to the gathered camera crews.

"I have no doubt in my mind that somewhere inside that building the Egg Bandits are plotting their next assault using those poor defenseless egg's I can only hope that DWF officials will look outside here today and once and for all put a stop to this inexcusable loss of life and for once put some honor and pride before making money or maybe just maybe I might have to take matters into my own hand something that if the people within those four walls would just stand up for what is right and do their job I wouldn't have to and know I'm not talking about walking into the arena tonight and lowering myself to the lowest form of expression in violence O no friends the pen is far superior to the sword". Tyler raises his hand and makes a motion with his hand it's then that a protester hands him a bucket the camera zooms in to see that the bucket is overflowing with red paint a smile creeps across his face as he looks back up at the camera and starts to talk once more.

"If the DWF official fail to stop another attack I am going to be forced to step in of my own accord if another

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attacks happen here tonight I will be left with no choice but to go and file a order with the court to get the Egg Bandits to stop as well as get a restraining order because I will not be assaulted in such a manner I will not be used as a target and become apart of this most deranged form of entertaining the DWF fans who by the way should be ashamed of themselves but for now I guess there is only one way to make my point in the hope that somebody in the front office will take notice".

Tyler turns away from the camera and starts to make his way towards the entrance of Bank of America Stadium with his bucket sloping red paint as he dose so another ten protester join him with buckets as well, Tyler comes to the entrance way were there is a Slaughter logo hanging and the grabs his bucket with both hand and

empty's its contents onto the logo witch sets of a chain reaction as the rest of the protesters start clapping as the other start to throw there's over it as Tyler turn to the following camera's and say one simple thing.

"Egg Bandits your American dream is DEAD".

Jay Price vs. T-Money

"

tmoney" The camera moves to the top of the stage. 'Stay Wide Awake' by Eminem starts to play. T-Money steps out. He raises both arms before throwing them down and continues to the ring as Whiteside comments on his recent match. He slides in and leaps to his feet. Quickly T-Money runs to a turnbuckle and raises and arm to the fans before jumping down and running across to the opposite post, doing the same thing. His music fades out and the lights return to normal. The lights in the arena all go out except for two spotlights shining in the ring. The spotlights pan out into the crowd and begin circling the people in attendance as they all stand up and begin booing. The spotlights go out and blasts of red and white pyro go off from the ends of the stage. The spotlights come back on, this time focused on the center of the stage as

Lloyd Banks

"Lights, Camera, Packin" begins blasting out of the arena's PA system. The big screen is still black but the word Kiladelphia, written in bold white letters, begins fading in and out. One more blast of red and white pyro go off at the ends of the stage as silver sparks rain down on the center. Jay Price steps out from behind the falling sparks with his head down, both spotlights now focused on him. He's dressed in his ring attire, consisting of red wrestling boots with black laces and a pair of black shorts that come halfway down his thighs. The big screen is now showing various moments from Price's career, including his win over Anastasia Petrova where he won the WCF TV Title, the moment at WCF's WAR PPV where he stood proudly alongside Torture after aligning himself with the ToT, and various instances of him hitting the Busted Grill and Kiladelphia Driver. Price stands at the top of the ramp as the crowd begins booing him and chanting random obscenities at him, but he shows no signs of caring what they think. The lights at this time are still out as both spotlights continue to shine on him. He lifts his head and stares down his opponent with a smirk on his face. He begins to walk down the ramp slowly, taking his time to make the opponent wait on him. As he makes his way to the ring steps the crowds booing intensifies because he is taking his time, but he doesn't care. He finally makes his way into the ring where he holds his arms up above his head, closing his eyes as he seems to soak in the boos that are raining down on him. He steps back towards his corner and the spotlights that were shining on him go out and the arena's lights come back on. Price waits for the match to begin with a confident, yet arrogant, smirk on his face.

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"We're kicking

Slaughter off tonight with yet another big debut as T-Money faces the newcomer, Jay Price" The bell sounds to start the match and the two men lock up.

"Price able to break away from T-Money."

He jumps back and quickly comes forward with a kick to the gut of T-Money.

"Swift boot to the mid section of T-Money."

Price grabs the left arm of T-Money, holding it out. He then rolls under the arm, and behind T-Money placing Money's arm behind his own back.

"Jay Price applying pressure to the arm of T-Money."

Money lets out a yell in pain. He attempts to roll around and out of the lock, but Price uses Money's own momentum to to get behind him with the arm and twist Money to the mat. He jumps up, with a standing leg drop across the chest of T-Money.

"Jay Price in full control as he gets to his feet, lifting T-Money with him. Kick to the midsection of T-Money. Price follows up with a elbow to the temple followed by a big chop to the chest."

Jay grabs T-Money, going for a belly to belly suplex.

"Reversal, T-Money with the suplex."

As Jay Price hits the mat, T-Money gets to his feet and begins to viciously stomp his opponent.

"T-Money may be able to turn this match around right here."

On the way up, Jay Price pushes T-Money back. He grabs his arm and pulls him.

"Short arm clothesline. That looked as if it knocked Money silly."

Price picks a leg of T-Money up, stretches it the thrust it down.

"Jay Price trying to hyper extend the knee of T-Money."

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

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

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

"T-Money now trying to get his bearings."

T-Money struggles a little before overpowering Jay Price enough to reverse the hold.

"Inverted figure four by T-Money!"

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

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

T-Money boots Jay Price in the gut and follows it up with a head butt. As Jay Price stumbles around, T-Money mounts the second turnbuckle behind him. Jay Price turns to see him leap.

"T-Money grabs Jay Price's head in mid air, twisting. Big DDT!"

Jay Price is out on the mat, as T-Money holds his back from an improper landing.

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

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

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

T-Money finally begins to move. Using the ropes, he pulls himself up.

"T-Money is the first up, however, he is showings signs that he may have hurt his back."

Money bends over, grabbing Jay Price's head, and pulls him to his feet.

"Big chop by T-Money that leaves Jay Price's chest glowing. An Irish whip sends the new guy hard into the corner. T-Money follows up with a huge splash."

As T-Money moves away, Jay Price falls face first to the mat.

T-Money mounts Jay Price, placing his hands under Jay Price's chin and locking his fingers.

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

Jay Price is able to reach out and grab the bottom rope, breaking the chin lock.

"T-Money to his feet, pulling Jay Price up with him."

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Price pushes Money back and kicks his opponent in the stomach. He brings him into a double arm DDT like hold. Price then lifts T-Money straight up into the air, holds for a few seconds, and then executes a seated brain buster like drop.

"Kiladelphia Driver from nowhere!"

Price covers T-Money, hooking his leg.

"The referee drops for the count."

As he hits three, he calls for the bell. Jay Price's music begins to play again.

"Jay Price with an impressive debut over T-Money!"

Jay pulls his arm away from the referee who tries to hold it in victory as we get a replay of the Kiladelphia Driver that ended the match.

The Arrival of Perfection

"

bishopsteele" The big screen comes inside the arena. The screen is black as "Forever starts to play throughout the arena.

The fans stand and start getting hype to the music as it blares through every speaker in the arena. Words start to compile on the screen all jumbled up. They then begin to scatter and start forming a poem. 'This is a warning The Arrival of Perfection is upon you' The big screen then shows a scene of downtown Atlanta, GA. As the camera is filming a Black Chevy Tahoe SS pulls up to the curbside. The driver side door opens and out steps Bishop Steele. He is wearing a Black Atlanta Braves hat with red trim, a red and black LRG t-shirt, LRG faded jeans and tan Timberland boots. He walks over to the passenger side of the Tahoe and leans against the vehicle. He speaks.

"You guys thought that I would make a debut at Slaughter tonight. I guess I fooled you this time, although it still is early and I could make my presence known at the end of the night who knows, but more importantly I wanted all my fans to know and the DWF roster to know that I have arrived and soon each and every one of you will soon feel the pain in which I will inflict on your bodies. This message is a mere threat to whoever feels they have what it takes to defeat me. I am True Perfection a god unlike no other you may have read or heard about in stories. I'm simply the greatest and I will prove that when I become the champion and have a

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piece of gold around my waist. For now I will leave you with this. Sit back and enjoy your time as champions and undefeated no bodys, cause when

I enter the essence of Perfection will elumintae throughout the DFW and everyone will know why I'm Simply Sweet, Simply Perfect and Simply That Damn

Incredible." Bishop gets back into his Tahoe and drives off. The camera fades with smoke from Bishop's tires engulfing the screen leaving a lasting image of downtown Atlanta nightlife on the screen.....

Arriving to Slaughter

"

dark" B.R. Ellis is seen walking backstage. Yea, he didn't have a match but he wanted to be there to meet some of the guys he'd be working with on Monday Nights.

"Ellis you rat bastard, there you are!"

Dark steps out in front of him.

"Ah,

Dark, I see you made

it." Dark puts his cigarette in his mouth to shake B.R.'s hand.

"Wouldn't miss this for the world. Slaughter, aint nothing else like it."

He walks to the side of B.R., picking a sandwich up off the table set for the talent, holding his smoke in his free hand. After taking a bite, he talks with his mouth full.

"'ve been hinking bout 'hose eGG 'andits"

B.R. looks at him. Dark swallows his bite.

"I've been thinking bout those eGG Bandits and put the order in my friend."

B.R. shakes his head.

"You didn't?" "I did."

Dark smirks as he takes a puff of his cigarette.

"Yea, got a crate of them in my dressing room. I think we should strike tonight!"

B.R. shakes his head again.

"This is stupid." "No, it's genius. Come on, let me show you the goods."

They walk off as we fade.

Is The Dooze... nervous?

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"

eggbandits" The spotlight switches backstage. Spelled out in golden letters across the front of a cracked open locker room door is the name

Doozer.

Inside sits the man himself; DREAM Champion Mike Polowy

s challenger. He

s hanging out with the rest of the eGG Bandit crew. Whamford Jameson paces frantically, in his butler attire and reverse-Michael Jackson skin pigment change (can anyone say Jeffrey from Fresh Prince?), looking more nervous than Doozer and Mr. Cool combined. Cancer Jiles

or Link by the looks of him, slouched down in a metal chair, looks like he hasn't

a care in the world. He leans toward The Dude, sporting his eGG costume sitting a yard or so away, then taps him on the arm and whispers.

"What

s up with the old guy? He afraid that coffin

s gonna come a couple years earlier than his life expectation?" The two of them giggle like a couple little girls. Doozer

wearing a full-blown Chicken suit with Mike Polowy

s wrestling attire stretched over it and a matching gray and red Justin Timberlake beanie over his big chicken head, leans forward in his seat with chicken elbows on chicken knees

both chicken hands holding each other.

He lets the comment that he must have easily overheard go uncontested. Realizing this non-reaction is quite uncharacteristic, Whammy Jammy stops pacing immediately and turns to Dooze.

"Is there something wrong, Doozer? Is there anything I can do?"

Doozer drops his chicken head down so the others can only see the top of his Mike Polowy's Timberlake beanie. You can tell he

s a bit embarrassed that the others have picked up on his mood. He clears his throat and puts on his best tough guy voice. Feeling a bit undermined by the Wham-Man

s quicker move to his aid, The Dude

s real manager

sits up straight in his chair and decides to reach out.

"You

wanna egg Whammy?" Whamford looks cross at Dude, who just shrugs back.

"I mean

if it makes you feel better, then anything. Right, Wham?" Clever move for The Dudebaker

No." Was that a stern and stubborn

to egging Whammy Jammy? Now

even Cancer is concerned.

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"Hey, Doozy
you, uh
wanna head out back for a mo
ya know?" Doozer redirects his focus on CJ now, who is motioning to him
bringing his right hand, pointer finger and thumb pinched together, up to his mouth and inhaling
obviously hinting toward the two taking part in a traditional Native American ritual to rid the demons of stress
obviously. Could he really be THIS nervous to face Polowy for a chance at going from DREAM
s 1st 3x DREAM Champ to its first 4x Champion?
Or maybe he
s still isn
t over the fear of caskets... yeah, It must be that one. As the cameras fade out as quickly as they came
in, you can hear Mr. Cool taking a GOLDEN opportunity.

"You like girls, Doozy?" "N- wait
screw off, Jiles." Giggles from CJ and Dude accompany the fade to black.
501 vs Marshall

"
marshall" "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. 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 the bell. The bell sounds, signaling the start of the match.

"Stare down by both opponents. Its anybody's move as the crowd intensity soars. Hear we go! Both men rush
each other. Marshall goes for a clothesline, but misses as 501 ducks."

Marshall quickly turns toward Patient Five-Zero-One who goes for a big boot. Marshall jumps back, a look of
surprise on his face.

"It could have been almost over for Marshall if 501 would have connected. Marshall now taking his time,
studying his opponent."

They lock up. Marshall breaks the lock, and quickly places his hands around Patient Five-Zero-One's neck,
lifting him up.

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"The referee warns Marshall, who tosses 501 to the mat."

Patient Five-Zero-One grabs his back in pain as he starts to get to his feet.

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

Patient Five-Zero-One holds his stomach as he rolls out of the ring.

"It looks like Patient Five-Zero-One is trying to regain composure, by taking a break outside the ring."

Marshall rushes the ropes as Five-Zero-One moves towards the ring. Patient Five-Zero-One reaches in under the ropes, sweeping Marshall off of his feet.

"501 climbs to the apron. Holding onto the top rope, he uses it to lunge himself over, landing with a leg drop, connecting with Marshall.: The crowd begins to get into the match as Patient Five-Zero-One climbs the nearby turnbuckle.

"501 flies. Huge elbow drop off the top rope!"

He makes the cover, hooking the leg.

"Kick out at two and nine tenths!"

Making sure not to be discouraged, 501 rises to his feet as Marshall uses the ropes to get up himself.

"Patient Five-Zero-One waits patiently behind Marshall, he looks as if he is about to apply that deadly K.I.A. Instead he just waits for Marshall, waiting to attack."

Marshall holds onto the top rope, looking to the crowd as if he knows something is amiss. Marshall turns and Patient Five-Zero-One lunges forward.

"Marshall quickly takes Patient Five-Zero-One down with a spine buster. He knew it was coming and was ready."

Marshall makes his way to his feet before lifting Patient Five-Zero-One to his feet.

"Will Marshall pull off a much needed win, or will 501 be able to come back? We'll find out after this commercial break!"

The show fades to a short commercial break before returning with a Golden Dreams promo.

"

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ppv" "Irish whip to the turnbuckle. The force behind that was enough to bounce Patient Five-Zero-One off of it." 501 grabs his lower back and falls to the mat, wrenching in pain.

"Marshall stomps 501."

Marshall walks over to the ropes, looking out to the crowd. Behind him, 501 begins to move. He then jumps "Whoa! Somehow 501 gathered enough strength to roll Marshall up with a school boy! Marshall quickly kicks out."

Marshall pulls 501 up with him. Patient Five-Zero-One hits a forearm shot to Marshall's face. Without hesitation Marshall blocks a second shot and headbutts 501.

"501 stumbles back. Marshall runs behind him."

Marshall goes to bull dog 501, who sidesteps behind him.

"Wait! He wraps him up. K.I.A!"

Five-Zero-One applies the choke and falls to the amt, wrapping his legs around Marshall who begins to tap almost immediately.

"501 hooked in that deadly K.I.A with no warning and it paid off. he's going to Golden Dreams!"

A Taste of Their Own Medicine

"

brellis" "Dark, this isn't going to work."

B.R. and Dark stand by a crate in a dark portion of the hall.

"Shhh. I think they're coming this way." "This is stupid man."

The crate begins to have noises from inside of it. Around the corner walks Cancer Jiles and Doozer. They pass Dark and B.R. with the crate who quickly get against the wall. Once they pass Dark looks at B.R.

"Lets do this, time to give them a taste of their own medicine."

B.R. shakes his head.

"Stupid I tell you."

Dark reaches into the crate and lifts out a chicken. It begins flapping it's wings and making a horrible sound.

"Hey eGG Bandits, egg this!"

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He takes a few steps and throws the chicken, which in turn flaps its wings enough to reverse momentum and come back at Dark. It begins clawing him, wings still flapping, making a horrible sound as it uses its beak to peck at him. B.R. can't help but laugh.

"I told you this was stupid."

Cancer and Doozer stop, turn and see what's happening. They look at each other and begin cracking up before walking off.

"God damn chicken!"

Dark is able to fight it into the crate when two other chickens pop out and begin attacking him.

"HELP ME ELLIS!"

Dark runs off, chickens still attacking as B.R. begins to laugh. He sighs.

"What a start for the chickEN Chokers."

He looks into the crate and walks in the direction Dark ran, laughing all the way.

Tessa Martin Shoots on Lora Kirk

"

tessamartin"

Balancing herself on crutches and her right leg encased in a cast, Tessa Martin stands in the middle of the ring surrounded by several wrestlers from Missouri Valley Wrestling.

TESSA: "First, I want to thank everyone who's sent cards and flowers to the hospital. I appreciate it. I want to thank my girls in the ring with me for picking me up at the hospital. This is really the first time I've been out since the surgery. I guess in times like this, you find out who you're real friends are. But enough about Dawn McGill because, as mad as I am with her for what she did to me, it pales in comparison to happened the next night."

VIDEO SCREEN: "...at the end of the day the most shocking event was

Womens Champion, Lora

Kirk, walking away from DREAM and vacating the title. At this time it is unsure of the exact events that lead up to Kirk leaving, but many feel that Ms. Kirk felt the egos backstage where inflated and refused to work with the talent on Slaughter." TESSA: AUDIO (Lora Kirk): "See, professional wrestling is different. I've learned that now. When I started out with DREAM, I didn't take this line of work very seriously. To me, it was just a weird hobby, a way to make a quick buck.

But I've learned that professional wrestling is nothing like any other career you can get caught up in. As a professional wrestler, I have to have more stamina than even you paramedics. As a professional wrestler, I have to put up with ten times more shit than you office workers. On top of all that, wrestling is unforgiving. Either you get it right the first time, or you don't get it right at all. Either you've got it in you, or you don't have it in you." TESSA: "What brilliance from such a literate mind. Either you've got it in you or you

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don't. Well yeah, Lora, we found out you don't. You have the balls to tell me that don't have what it takes to be the Champion and then the moment things get a little hot in your kitchen, you run out the freakin' door.

Fuck you. You ran out the door because last Tuesday night you finally got it through your big fat head that you couldn't beat me clean. Period. Until my ex-best friend nailed me with my own pizza box, I was kicking your

big, fat ass all over the ring. AUDIO (Lora Kirk): "That's right. Either you have what it takes to seize whatever your heart desires or you wind up as a rung on the ladder for someone smarter, stronger, faster, better. There are no second chances. It's the epitome of what Yoda was talking about. 'Do, or do not. There is no try'."

TESSA: "That is right.

That's why you quit. You couldn't hack it, Lora. You didn't have what it took to seize whatever your heart desired. You're not a rung on the ladder, you're the freakin' rug. Do or do not? Well, we all now know what you chose- do not. And that, my dear Lora, is what really pisses me off. You see, you wouldn't have had a sniff of a chance at the title in the first place had I not been taken out by Mike Polowy. You couldn't beat me. You never beat me cleanly. Hell, you couldn't even beat

RxQueen. So for you to whine about 'egos' backstage when you head swelled to the size of your big fat ass after you won the title is the most laughable thing I've ever heard. You strutted around the backstage of DWF like a queen bee and expected everyone to kow tow to you. You totally disrespected your fellow wrestlers and and on behalf of Tina Davis, Amy

Mason, and anyone else who had to put up with your bullshit I have just two words for you, Lora-..." VIDEO SCREEN: Lora Kirk gives the camera a wink before going back to studying the lovingly polished bronze spiders on the face of the title belt. TESSA: "...Fuck you.

Congratulations, Lora. You FLUNKED Wrestling

101. In fact, you not only FAILED, you EPIC FAILED! Good riddance to bad trailer trash and have fun feeling up the guys at the airport."

Daymare vs Mad Max

"

madmax" Mad Max's music begins to play and the lights flash different variations of red. The big screen says 'Lets get ready to get HOSTILE!' followed by the name 'MAD MAX' bursting through them. Max steps out from the back. He heads towards the ring.

"Mad Max needing a win here to send him to the Golden Dreams main event."

Max stops near the ring, going over to the barrier. He scratches his chest then reaches over plucking a hot dog out of a kids hand. He shoves it in his mouth, eating it like he hasn't eaten in days before turning and running the rest of the way, sliding into the ring. Two spotlights of sunny yellow and white intersect over the aisle. Mumbles from the crowd, as the soft beginning of 'Rooster' by Alice N Chains plays sweetly in the ears. Casually walking out is the Yellow and Orange masked Daymare, who pauses at the entrance looking around. He clasps his hands together, and in three moving chops puts them near his head.

It's Naptime. As the chorus kicks in, Daymare kicks his left leg out and bends forward stamping one fist into the floor and pounding into his chest. He front rolls through that pose and quickly walks through the aisle as

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'We don't wanna die' chills the bones. Reaching ringside, he grabs the middle rope and jumps up but slides under the bottom rope on his back. Kipping up, he stands statuesque with what appears to be labored breathing not moving an inch until given instruction.

"This should be an interesting match as both of these men have very contrasting styles."

The bell sounds to begin the match.

"And we're off. The winner of this match heads to the Golden Dreams main event for the DREAM Championship."

Daymare runs at Mad Max, who in turn just throws a quick jab into his throat. As Daymare grabs his throat in pain, the referee warns Max. Mad Max pushes past the referee and closed fist punches Daymare in the side of face.

"Mad Max may be disqualified if he can't quit using tactics like this."

Max grabs the back of Daymare's head and directs him to the nearby corner, where he introduces his head into the top turnbuckle.

"Daymare bounces off that turnbuckle, allowing Max to hit a short arm clothesline."

Mad Max promptly begins to choke Daymare against the referee's wishes.

"Oh come on, now that is just uncalled for!"

Max lets go of Daymare right as the referee counts four. The fans boo the hostile homeless man as he gets to his feet. Mad Max leans down and grabs Daymare by the neck with both hands, pulling him to his feet. He promptly sends him flying into the ropes. As Daymare returns, Max bends down to catch him, but doesn't.

"Daymare leaps over Max grabbing him by the waist. Sunset flip!"

Max kicks his legs and avoids the pin.

"That could have been an amazing comeback win if successful. Hopefully Daymare can turn this match around."

Daymare rolls up to his feet and awaits Mad Max as he gets to his.

"Mad

Max runs at Daymare, Daymare jumps with a standing drop kick to the knees of Max." The fans pop as Mad Max goes to his knees.

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"Swift kick across the chest of Mad Max."

Mad Max tenses up as takes the kick, before falling back to the mat.

Right as Max falls, Daymare showcases his agility by turning and leaping up and back.

"Standing moonsault! Wow, this guy here has the agility of a jungle cat!"

Daymare hooks Max's leg and the referee begins to count.

"Kick out at two. Mad Max is one tough son of a gun, so amazing agility or not, you need to do more then that to keep him down for the count."

Daymare pops to his feet, as Max slowly gets to his.

"Daymare runs, off the ropes."

He leans into a cartwheel, coming up with a kick that almost takes Mad Max's head off.

"What a running cartwheel kick!"

Daymare continues with his momentum, leaping over a downed Mad Max and heading to the ropes where he leaps to the top with ease, and jumps back.

"MOONSAULT OFF THE TOP ROPE! This man has the speed of a cheetah on coke and the balls of a armless midget fighting a bear!"

The crowd pops loud as Daymare opts to not go for a finish and gets back to his feet. He heads over to the corner, backing into it and climbing up. He leaps with a frontward flip into a splash.

"Mad Max gets his legs up! Knee to the incoming gut of the high flying Daymare!"

Daymare bounces off Max's knees and back to the mat, holding his mid section. Max rolls over and pushes up to his feet.

"Mad Max gives Daymare no time to recuperate as he yanks him to his feet."

Max begins delivering hard rights and lefts into the stomach of Daymare.

"Mad Max wanting to possibly injure his opponent as he focuses on where Daymare landed from that high risk maneuver."

Max grabs Daymare and whips him hard into the ropes. As he returns, Max throws a boot up catching him in the mid section. He then hooks both of his arms under

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Daymare's, lifting him.

"Max runs forward, double under hook power bomb! The Overdose!"

Max gets to his knees and dust his hands off before getting the rest of the way up. Daymare rolls to his side, obviously in discomfort and pain.

"Mad Max lifts the leg of Daymare, kick to his inner thigh."

He kicks Daymare again, relentlessly.

"Max now lifting Daymare's other leg. He holds them, leaning back. Slingshot!"

Daymare flies into the nearby turnbuckle, as he hits he stumbles back into the grasp of Mad max who lifts him up on his shoulders.

"The dreaded torture rack. I'mn unsure how Daymare can withstand the punishment that Mad max is dishing out to him."

Mad Max applies pressure as he certainly does put Daymare through torture. He suddenly twist Daymare around and slings him out in front, dropping to the mat.

"It looks like Max tries to break the neck of Daymare with that one there folks."

Max glides over Daymare, covering him. He counts along as the referee counts.

"SOMEHOW DAYMARE KICKS OUT! That was two and nine tenths! It had to be!"

The crowd pops loud and Max becomes obviously pissed as he gets to his feet, violently pulling Daymare up with him.

"Elbow to the temple of Daymare, another. Mad Max is getting, well, mad as he wants to make his way to the main event of Golden Dreams."

Max grabs Daymare, and lifts him up above his head into a military press. Daymare kicks his feet, and is able to slide out of Max's grip. As he comes down, he grabs his opponent's head.

"Military Press reversed into a big DDT by Daymare! I am overly impressed by this guy right here, hell, both of these men have impressed me tonight!"

He floats over, covering Max.

"The referee drops for the count. We may have a winner... WE DO! Daymare wins!"

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The bell sounds.

"Daymare will be going to the pay per view main event."

the (Golden?) eGG Bandits

"

doozer" "Quit being a big chicken, already

re acting like Polowy." We are back in Doozer

s locker room and from the sounds of Cancer

s voice the DREAM Hall of Famer has not improved much. Not sure where Whammy or The Dude are right now

Also not sure if the pun by Mr. Cool was intended or not, but The Dooze

dressed in a big chicken costume with Mike Polowy imitation wrestling gear on

does nothing but stare blankly back at his tag partner sitting across from him.

"Look, man

we have a chance to be a golden duo, tonight. I just need to take down Jakky-Poo like clockwork and you have to put Polowy in his place

the back of that hearse." It

s eerie to hear encouraging words from Cancer directed toward Doozer. Really must be the Halloween time of year

Nevertheless, it does seem to have some boosting effects on the man in the chicken suit.

"You really think I got him this time?"

Mr. Cool

still dressed as Nintendo

s Link from the Legend of Zelda; watch out for your bitch, T-Willy

stands up looking almost shocked by the question.

"Honestly, Doozy

m sorry if I ever made you think you couldn

t take that poon with both hands tied behind your back. I know I

ve given you a hard time

all the time, but that

s in fun. Polowy is your Nemetard. The only difference is Mikey boy, since he has no dignity at all, used that golden ticket as a cheap shot to steal a win and belt from you

Jakky-Poo at least used his to formally challenge me. Oh, yeah and Polowy beat you in that title defense

but you were knocked into Five-Zero-One land and didn

t even know what you were doing in that match. It

s even now. It

s Doozer versus MPlow

and you know you got this."

I

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m speechless
that was
that was just beautiful, Mr. Cool. Now standing
up, as well, Doozer inflates with a fresh source of confidence and brings the whole chicken suit back to the
ironical joke that it was meant to be
and not the pathetic, symbolic portrayal of The Dooze
s essence that it had become.

"We
re gonna do it, Jiles. After tonight
ll be the Golden eGG Bandits." As the cameras fade out, it seems like Doozer
s final comments must have rung a bell with Cancer.

"Awww, that
s who I should
ve been
Willy Wonka! Next year
Trick or Treat
"

markzylbert"
As we return from a commercial break, Mark Zylbert is in the middle of the ring. His music is fading out and
he holds a microphone in his hand.

"In the spirit of
Halloween, I wanted to come out and offer
you, the fans a chance to participate." Huge pop from the fans.

"So, I'm going to leave it up to you. What shall it be, trick or treat?"

He holds the mic out to capture the huge reaction, mixed of course, as some fans yell 'trick' as the others yell
'treat'. he holds his hand up and the noise dies down.

"OK. Tonight I do have a treat in store for you."

They pop.

"To the men already booked at Golden Dreams in the main event, they may see this as some sort of trick. But
I assure you it is most definitely a treat."

Huge pop.

"With the recent, lets call them network issues, I am sad to inform you that tomorrow night will be the last
Tuesday Night Insomnia."

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Saddened pop.

"What can I say? Even with Travis Williams as the champion..."

He pauses to chuckle to himself a bit.

"and Tommy Crimson putting people in seats."

He stops to laugh again.

"I'm sorry, that was so ridiculous I couldn't even hold my composure."

He laughs more.

"Point blank, they stunk up the ratings and the network was cutting the show back to an hour taped event in which the matches would be taped before Slaughter."

Fan boo time.

"Well, me and Mr. Peters got together and came up with a solution. A middle finger to the network, if you will. We're pulling *Insomnia* and starting next week all of your favorite superstars, and some of the not so good ones, are returning to Slaughter!"

HUGE CROWD POP.

"However, next week won't be a regular show. Oh no. Next week will be a super special TAG TEAM GAUNTLET NIGHT!"

Even larger pop.

"That's not all. Oh no. Every active tag team will participate. We even will be bringing out the mystery box of surprises and joining single competitors into teams to participate. Fun for the whole family!"

Once again a massive pop.

"After the show you can head to dreamwrestling.com and find out who's teaming with who."

He waits a moment before continuing.

"I'm in a good mood, and to Company Policy's delight I guess I'll put a king size candy bar in their pale. They will face the team that makes it through the gauntlet in a Tag team Championship match!"

Pop. Zylbert walks over and leans on the top rope for a moment before walking back to the middle of the ring.

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"Now, the treat doesn't end there. Oh no, it goes all the way to Golden Dreams."

Pop.

"I'm not sure why Cancer Jiles enjoys referring to the Anarchy Championship as the "Cool Belt"

I'm not sure why Tommy Crimson wanted to bring in a copycat and call it the "Fury Title". What I am sure of is that nonsense is over in the Ultimate Jeopardy match. As there both championships will be combined."

Mixed reaction from the fans.

"Now hold on. Jiles gave me an idea, re-branding the belt once he got it. The new title will be the "You Call It" championship. The person who retains the championship calls its stipulations."

Questioning pop.

"That's right, one championship reign it may be just a title. The next, an Anarchy Championship. Someone may even go crazy and make every defense a submission only match. I want the talent to utilize their creativity and give you, the fans, something new and different."

Huge pop.

"Some of you may be wondering about the men set to face each other for the "Fury Title" at Golden Dreams.

Don't worry, as

Chris Bladez, Tyler

Straven, and Upton Osgood are heading to the main event match!" Hellacious pop that shakes the roof.

"That's right, nine men enclosed in steel in Ultimate Jeopardy!"

Continuing pop.

"But wait, there's more!"

The crowd pop gets unbelievable.

"Let's not forget that Lupin Cy and Travis Williams are set to face for the World Championship. I wanna spice things up. It's been suggested we'll be merging the World and DREAM titles. Well, not at the moment. Oh no, but what we WILL be doing is throwing both Williams and Cy into what will be an intense, over packed cell to face nine others with that championship being on the line as well."

Words can not describe the crowd reaction at this point.

"Twelve men, one ring, surrounded by a one hundred percent American built steel cell in a Caged Hell Ultimate Jeopardy Elimination Match!"

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Do I even need to tell you there is a big pop at this point?

"The last man in the ring will walk out the DREAM Champion."

Pop.

"The man he pins shall become the new, or maybe retaining, DWF World Champion."

Another pop, of course.

"The man eliminated before then will be Mr. You Call It Champion."

The noise grows.

"Twelve men, three walk out champions. Simple as that!"

His music hits. The crowd is still going insane. Caged Hell will certainly be that. We head into another commercial break

Jak Nemesis vs Cancer Jiles

(c)

"

cancerjiles" 'Halo' by SOiL begins to play and Jak Nemesis steps out of the back to a mixed reaction. He walks over to the burial plot set at the top of entrance ramp and looks down. He turns towards the shovel sticking out of the ground and the tractor fixed with a front end scoop. Determination comes over his face. Jak Nemesis heads down the ramp towards the ring.

"Last week Jak Nemesis shocked the world as he chose to use his title shot on Cancer Jiles and unveiled that he and Mike Polowy where working together the entire time! Now, we have a pay per view caliber Buried Alive match for the Anarchy Championship here on this special halloween edition of Slaughter!" 'Bad to the Bone' hits the sound system. A chorus of cheers rains down the from the DWF faith full as CCJ struts to the ring. He makes his way down quickly. Upon arrival, Cool Cancer Jiles slides under the bottom rope then climbs up the turnbuckles. He reciprocates the fans appreciation of him, holding his title high before finding in his final resting place; a seat atop the third turnbuckle. He stays perched there, awaiting the bell.

"Cancer Jiles almost killed Jak Nemesis the last time they met, this time he must bury him to keep that belt as we head into Golden Dreams in a couple weeks."

The bell sounds. Both men walk over and the referee explains to them that in order to win the match, they must place their opponent in the plot at the top of the stage and add at least 3/4ths the dirt on top of them. Count outs would not be called, submissions and pin falls are invalid. They agree and the match begins.

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"Both men lock up as the bell sounds. Jak Nemesis takes control early on with an Irish whip. Cancer Jiles off the ropes and on the return, he ducks a clothesline attempt by Jak Nemesis."

Both men quickly turn to face each other.

"Boot to the gut of Jiles."

Jak Nemesis grabs the back of Cancer Jiles' head and yanks him backwards to the mat.

"Nemesis grabs one of Jiles' legs."

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

"Standing drop kick by Cancer Jiles."

As Jak Nemesis 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 Jak's arm, whips him across the.. no, Jak Nemesis reverses. Cancer Jiles off the ropes, he leaps, big shoulder block takes Jak Nemesis down."

As Cancer gets to his feet, he once again pulls Jak Nemesis to his.

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

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

As he turns around, Cancer runs at him.

"Jak Nemesis moves, pulling the top rope down."

Cancer goes over the top rope, catching it as he goes over. Nemesis 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.

"Jak

Nemesis 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 Jak's legs, he leans back, falling to the mat.

"Slingshot. Jak Nemesis flies into the nearby corner post."

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

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champion.

"Nemesis turns,

Jiles lunges forward, BIG

SPEAR!" The Anarchy Champion gets back to his feet. he looks up at the top of the ramp, then back down at Nemesis.

"Quick and very angry stomps by 'Mr. Cool' Cancer Jiles."

Cancer yanks Nemesis 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 Nemesis 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 Jak Nemesis."

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

"Cancer Jiles runs."

Jak Nemesis 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 Jak Nemesis needed to turn this match around."

Cancer Jiles holds himself in pain as Jak Nemesis 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.

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

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

"Cancer ducks, they both turn."

Jiles throws his his leg straight out, but Jak is smarter then that. He knew it was coming.

"Jak Nemesis hooks under the leg of Cancer Jiles, rolling over to the mat. Dragon Screw leg take down."

Jak slides backwards out of the ring as Cancer gets back to his feet. As Jak hits the floor, he stands straight up and looks up to see Cancer run at the ropes.

"Jiles jumps through the air over the top rope!"

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Jiles throws his arms out as he soars. Jak slides quickly back into the ring under the bottom rope, allowing Cancer to slam into the floor, with nothing breaking his fall.

"My God!"

The front row fans can be seen, obviously in shock as Cancer twitches.

"I don't know what to say, he literally fell a good ten feet to hit the ground straight."

We get a replay. You can see Jak slide back in and Cancer hit the floor, hard.

"I don't know what to sa..."

Jak Nemesis had climbed the turnbuckle and leaped from the top. He flies down, landing a huge leg across the back of Cancer Jiles.

"WHAT THE HELL?! Jak Nemesis has no care for the fact that Cancer Jiles may be seriously injured!"

Jak rolls over and gets up, with a slight limp from landing rough. The fans boo him as he flips Cancer off before grabbing his head, and pulling his motionless body up and placing him over his shoulder.

"Jak Nemesis is actually carrying what may be a, I hate to say this, dead Cancer Jiles to that burial plot!" Once at the top of the ramp, he drops Cancer on the ground, and uses his foot to roll him into the grave.

"Cancer Jiles is in the plot! All Jak Nemesis has to do is cover him with dirt!"

Nemesis walks over to the tractor and climbs up on it.

"It may be over!"

He goes to crank it up, but it doesn't start. He tries again. Nothing.

"It seems that Jak Nemesis is having some trouble starting the tractor."

Nemesis gets out and walks to the front, looking at the hood. he raises it up and stares at the engine, trying to figure out what's wrong.

"Jak Nemesis needs to focus on covering Cancer Jiles up with dirt then mechanics."

Suddenly, the fans explode with excitement.

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"What's this?"

A hand raises from the grave and grasp onto the side. Cancer Jiles pulls himself up and rolls out onto the ground.

"Cancer Jiles is out of the grave!"

He pushes himself to his feet and looks at Jak Nemesis. Jiles then pulls the shovel from the ground and walks behind Jak.

"Cancer Jiles taps Jak Nemesis on the shoulder!"

Jak turns around as Cancer swings the shovel, bashing his head. Nemesis falls to the ground, not moving. Cancer flings the shovel into the ground and walks over Jak and to the tractor.

"Cancer Jiles laid Jak Nemesis out with that shovel!"

Cancer reaches into his trunks and pulls some sort of small part out. he reaches into the tractor and fits the part into the engine block.

"Cancer Jiles rigged the tractor before the match!"

Jiles points to his head to show the fans he thinks ahead and climbs into the seat of the tractor. In one try he starts it up.

"Jiles hops down to the ground and is rolling Jak Nemesis into the grave. All he has to do is cover Jiles with a majority of that dirt pile and he retains his title!"

Cancer gets back on the tractor. He has some difficulty figuring out the controls, but it finally moves forward.

"It seems that Cancer Jiles is having issues working the scoop."

Jak Nemesis' arm rises up and grabs a hold of the side. He pulls himself up to the ground. Jiles sees Nemesis and climbs from the seat of the tractor to the hood.

"What is he going to do?!"

He runs and leaps, but by that time Jak had grabbed a shovel, swinging and connecting in the middle of Cancer's stomach. As Jiles sits, slumped over outside the grave, Nemesis comes across the back of his head with the shovel, Jiles hits the ground hard.

"Cancer Jiles is out!"

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Jak rolls him into the grave and begins shoveling dirt manually.

"Jak Nemesis may have this! He may have it!"

He throws the shovel down and climbs into the driver's seat.

"It seems that Nemesis is more familiar with how that tractor works as he uses the scoop to push the dirt in."

The referee looks at the grave and begins waving his arms. the bell sounds.

"WHAT?! JAK NEMESIS HAS DONE IT! HE HAS DONE IT!"

Jak gets out of the tracker and climbs to the hood, holding his arms up as cameras flash. A steady boo makes its way through the noise as the referee hands Nemesis the Anarchy Championship.

"Jak Nemesis has that custom 'Cool Championship' in hand as he has buried Cancer Jiles alive. I can't believe my eyes."

We get replays of the match as well as more celebrating.

A Minor Set Back

"

dark" B.R. Ellis and Dark sit on a bench in the locker room.

"I told you it was a stupid idea."

Dark presses a bandage on his head.

"It wasn't stupid, just not planned out right. A minor set back is all."

B.R. smirks.

"So, no more chickEN Chokers?"

Dark looks at his injuries, the crate, and then B.R.

"Oh no, there will be some chickens choked alright. These in this damn box!"

He kicks the crate, hurting his foot.

"OUCH!"

B.R. shakes his head some more.

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"Look Ellis, I'll work out the details. But if those pansy boys are going to throw eggs, damn it, we're gonna throw chickens."

B.R. looks at his deranged partner.

"Now i think I know why they keep firing you from this show." "Shut up. I got some thinking to do."

We fade.

Mike Polowy (c) vs Doozer

"

mikepolowy" As we return from a commercial break, the camera pans over the ring. Outside the ring, a Hurst is parked. Coming down the ramp is a casket, being rolled by six men in black suits.

"Well folks, it's time for the main event of this spooky edition of Slaughter. As we await the arrival of our superstars, we have a casket being rolled down to join the Hurst which is parked ringside. In this Last Ride match, you must first get your opponent into that casket, close the lid and it must be slid into the back of that Hurst with the door closed. The winner will walk out the DREAM Champion. But what kind fo celebration can there be when you known in just two weeks you will face multiple opponents all gunning for your belt in an Ultimate jeopardy match?!"

Once the casket is ringside, the men open the lid and stand back, hands crossed and in a straight line. Waiting for when they are called upon to help send some unlucky bastard to his demise.

"Here we go! Main event action coming your way."

Doozer emerges from the entrance way 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.

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"The fans love The Dooze!"

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 stakes are high here folks. It's anyone's match as both of these competitors are at the top of their game here in DREAM."

As the bell sounds to begin the match, the two men lock up.

"Doozer wants to grab that title for a fourth time, if only for two weeks. I am sure he will do whatever it takes to walk out with it tonight."

Doozer puts a side knee into the midsection of Mike Polowy, placing him quickly into a side headlock.

"Doozer applies pressure, continuing to keep control of the match."

Mike Polowy stomps the foot of Doozer, causing him to let go. He then rolls behind The Dooze, sliding his arms up under Doozer's and locking his fingers behind the hall of famer's head.

"Polowy places Doozer in a full nelson lock."

Doozer now stomps M-Plow's foot, and slides out, rolling behind his opponent, grabbing him by the waist.

"Belly to back, big bear hug by The Dooze."

He lifts a little, causing pressure on the lower back of Mike who attempts, and fails to move out of the hold.

"Mike Polowy unable to break free."

Doozer displays his power as he tilts back enough to lift Polowy a little higher, then lunges forward throwing his legs out as he plants M-Plow's face into the mat.

"Big face buster by Doozer."

As Doozer gets to his feet, he pulls Mike Polowy up with him. Once up, M-Plow pushes Doozer back, then follows up with a chop.

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"Big chop, followed by another. Doozer now returns the favor with his own. Doozer grabs the arm and whips Mike... No, reversed by Mike Polowy. Doozer into the ropes, on the return now."

Mike Polowy bends down and catches him.

"Big back body drop by Mike Polowy."

Doozer hits the mat and grabs his back in pain as M-Plow gets to his feet.

"Polowy yanks Doozer up by his head, directing him to the near by corner post."

He slams Doozer's head into the top turn buckle before pointing to the post across the ring and walking Doozer over to it.

"M-Plow introduces Doozer's head to that opposite turnbuckle. He now seems to be making his rounds to the next. The head of The Superman bounces off of that turnbuckle."

Mike Polowy points to the final corner post and takes a groggy Doozer over to it. As he goes to slam his head into the final turnbuckle, Doozer grabs the top rope, denying him.

"Not this time Doozer says! He now gives Mike Polowy a taste of his own medicine, grabbing his head and slamming it into that turnbuckle."

The fans begin cheering loud as Doozer pulls Mike Polowy's head back far before ramming it into the turnbuckle again.

"Mike Polowy stumbles back."

He turns back to face Doozer.

"Doozer lifts him over his shoulders into a fireman's carry."

Doozer holds Mike up and turns to display his strength to the fans, before slamming Polowy to the mat. The crowd pops. Doozer bends over to lift him up, and is met with a quick thumb to his eye. Doozer grabs his eyes and stumbles back.

"Mike maneuvers to his feet."

He grabs Doozer and bends him over, holding him by the side before lifting.

"Gutwrench suplex by Mike Polowy." "Both men getting to their feet. Mike Polowy runs at Doozer, drop toe hold by Doozer who immediately locks in a cross face!"

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Polowy begins to kick but is unable to break free.

"Mike

Polowy may be in trouble as he can not even tap out to get free, Doozer applies more pressure. If he can make Polowy pass out due to the

pain, he can easily place him in that casket and this match can be over with!"

Finally, Doozer lets Polowy go. As

Mike's head hits the mat Doozer gets up.

"Doozer to his feet, he seems to be signaling to the outside for the pallbearers to be ready."

He bends down and lifts Polowy up. Halfway, Mike punches Doozer in the midsection.

"Forearm to the face of Doozer now. Mike Polowy, our DREAM Champion, on a come back."

Mike grabs Doozer's arm and whips him across the ring, running to the opposite ropes and using them to gain momentum himself.

"Both men heading towards each other at full speed! Doozer goes for a clothesline, but misses as Mike Polowy ducks."

The Dooze quickly turns toward Polowy who goes for a boot to the gut. However, he jumps back and out of the way.

"Doozer with his quick thinking may have slowed the pace of this match back down as the opponents study each other."

They lock up. Doozer sends a knee into Polowy's gut, then leans forward grabbing his legs and yanking back, sending Polowy hard to the mat.

"Doozer sweeps Mike off his feet in an attempt to regain full control of this match."

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

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

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

"It looks like Polowy is trying to regain composure, by taking a break outside the ring. But, is that a smart move as outside the ring is parked that transport to the other side?"

The Dooze rushes the ropes as The Mike Effect moves towards the ring. Polowy reaches in under the ropes,

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sweeping Doozer off of his feet.

"Mike Polowy climbs to the apron. Holding onto the top rope, he uses it to lunge himself over, landing with a leg drop, connecting with The Dooze."

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

"Mike Polowy flies. Huge elbow drop off the top rope!"

Mike Polowy rises to his feet as Doozer uses the ropes to get up himself.

"Polowy waits patiently behind The Dooze, preparing to attack."

The Dooze holds onto the top rope, looking to the crowd as if he knows something is up. Doozer turns and Polowy lunges forward with a big kick.

"The Dooze quickly takes Polowy down with a Dragon Corkscrew leg drag. He knew it was coming and was ready."

Doozer quickly lifts Polowy to his feet.

"Will Doozer pull off another win and send Polowy to the gates of hell, or will Mike Polowy be able to come back and retain his championship for at least two more weeks? We'll find out after this commercial break!"

The show fades to a short commercial break before returning.

"Here we go, another lock up in this amazing match. Polowy quickly with the side knee into the mid section of The Dooze."

He grabs Doozer in a headlock and uses his free hand to quickly hit him with a close handed fist. As he lets go Doozer falls back to the mat, but as quick as he went down, he is up, sweeping Polowy off his feet with a leg sweep.

"Doozer to his feet, Polowy pushes up."

As he is getting up, Mike grabs both of Doozer's legs, and yanks back, dropping him to the mat.

"Mike steps in, but Doozer is able to use his power to kick Polowy back."

Mike Polowy stumbles back, releasing The Dooze's legs. Doozer leaps up to his feet.

"Roundhouse kick by The Dooze."

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Polowy hits the mat again. Mike rolls over and begins to push himself up. The Dooze straddles his back, hooking his arms under those of Mike Polowy, and locking his fingers under his chin.

"Doozer trying to were the champion down even more before attempting to put him out for good."

The more Mike tries to gets his hands up to pull The Dooze's fingers apart, the more he falls to the mat, allowing Doozer to get a better grip.

"Mike Polowy has nowhere to go."

Polowy reaches back, finally finding The Dooze's head, and jabbing a thumb into his eyes.

"Doozer immediately lets go."

He grabs his eyes and falls side ways to the mat. Mike Polowy grabs his throat and rolls over to his back, gasping for air.

"Both men now crawling to the ropes, using them to pull themselves up."

Once up, The Dooze runs across the ring at Mike Polowy.

"Polowy catches Doozer and lifts."

He drops The Dooze's neck across the top rope, as Doozer bounces up and back, he hits the mat.

"Polowy off the ropes, he leaps, big leg drop. Doozer MOVES!"

Mike Polowy grabs his ass in pain as Doozer turns over and pushes himself up.

"Mike getting to his feet, he is met halfway by a big boot from Doozer to the mid section. He hits a text book DDT, taking The Dooze down!"

Mike quickly gets up. He calls out to the pallbearers. As they roll the casket to the edge of the ring, he uses his foot to roll Doozer over and under the bottom rope, into the casket.

"Doozer is in the casket! Doozer is in the casket!"

Mike quickly exits the ring, jumping to the floor. He rushes over and grabs the lid, but before he can close it, Doozer sits up and pops him with a big right. The fans go berserk.

"Doozer is not out yet!"

Doozer rolls out of the casket and begins delivering big rights and lefts.

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"Doozer whips Polowy into the side of that box of death."

As Mike is hunched over the casket, Doozer grabs the lid and slams it down across him. He raises it up and slams it again.

"Doozer trying to put an end to this match and he may very well do it right here!"

He lifts the lid and rolls Polowy into the casket.

"The Dooze closes the lid!"

He yells for the pallbearers to push it into the Hurst. The lid begins to come open and Doozer runs and jumps on top of the casket. He rides along as it is pushed. When they get to the open back of the car, Doozer slides off and helps push it in. We can see the casket beginning to open in the car, but Doozer shuts the door quickly. The bell sounds.

"DOOZER DID IT! DOOZER DID IT!"

Doozer is handed the belt and he holds it close to him as the Hurst pulls off in the background.

"Mike Polowy is taking his last ride as Doozer is celebrating."

Doozer runs, sliding into the ring. He run and climbs the turnbuckle, holding the shining red belt high in the sky.

"Doozer has become a four time DREAM Champion, but for how long? In two weeks he will face Ultimate Jeopardy inside Caged Hell. Can he hold on, or will this reign be short? We'll find out at Golden Dreams, and we'll see you next week here on Slaughter!"

The camera zooms in on Doozer as it fades to black.