

Slaughter: XXXI

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Slaughter XXXI

6 Jan 2010

The Slaughter House,
Orlando, FL (seats 8,796)

Introduction

"

jasonwhiteside" "That's right folks, welcome to Wednesday Night Slaughter!"

The camera pans across the screaming fans that have jam packed the arena.

"I'm your host, Jason Whiteside and what a show we have for you tonight as we open the Slaughter House for business!"

We land on the entrance way and pyrotechnics begin exploding around the stage. As the smoke clears, the lights which were flashing go back to normal.

"We're not even going to waste any time tonight. Let's get right into the action!"

Rob DeVille vs. Grimoire

"

grimoire"

As we head ringside, Grimoire is already in the ring.

"DREAM's newest acquisition, Grimoire, is ready for his debut match." 'Fever Dream' by Tyler Bates begins to play. Rob DeVille heads down from the back. Once in the ring his music fades and both men prepare for the match. The bell sounds and neither man moves.

"We get a deep stare down, not a single movement."

Grimoire grins mischievously at DeVille. Rob then runs at him. Grimoire sidesteps DeVille, fluently wrapping him into a sleep hold.

"DeVille to one knee as Grimoire applies pressure. If he can put Rob DeVille out this early, he can go home."

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Rob DeVille struggles a bit, only causing Grimoire to apply more pressure to the hold. DeVille stops fighting, and begins reaching for the ropes.

"Grimoire has DeVille too far from the ropes to break the hold. He may very well already have this match won."

DeVille begins trying to reach above his head, attempting to do anything to break the sleeper.

"Rob DeVille is almost out!"

DeVille finds Grimoire's face, but Grimoire bites his fingers.

"The pain shooting through Rob DeVille's hand is enough to bring him to."

Rob is able to overpower Grimoire enough to push himself up. He elbows Grimoire in the ribs, causing him to release his hold.

"Short arm clothesline sends Grimoire to the mat."

Both men quickly get to their feet. This time when they get up, Grimoire ducks the clothesline attempt. He quickly turns with a sharp kick to the back of Rob DeVille's knee, causing it to buckle.

"DeVille to one knee. Grimoire off the ropes, goes for a bull dog."

Rob moves quickly, catching Grimoire into a fireman's carry, over to a slam. As he gets to his feet, he limps over to the corner, propping himself on the turnbuckle.

"Grimoire to his feet, he rushes the injured DeVille. DeVille moves, causing Grimoire to slam into the corner post at full speed.

"He may have just injured his shoulder as he hit the post."

Grimoire stumbles back, but DeVille with force drives his head into the top turnbuckle. The fans begin counting as he continues to slam Grimoire's head into it.

"Ten consecutive meets of Grimoire's head and that top turnbuckle."

DeVille lets Grimoire go. As Grimoire tries to keep his footing, Rob DeVille hits a beautiful belly to back suplex.

"Nicely done by the opponent."

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Rob DeVille makes his way to his feet. He pulls Grimoire to his feet, placing Grimoire's head between his arm.

"DeVille lifts Grimoire up, dropping him on his head."

Grimoire's body lays in a heap, not moving. DeVille uses the ropes to pull himself up.

"Rob DeVille has turned the tables in this match, but can he keep the momentum?"

As DeVille begins to pull Grimoire to his feet, Grimoire puts a big right hand into his 'jewels'. DeVille bends over in pain, allowing Grimoire to grab his head and use his own to crack DeVille's jaw.

"Rob to the mat in a lot of pain."

Blood can be seen coming from DeVille's mouth.

"He may have bit his tongue, or broke a tooth out. Either way there is blood from the mouth of Rob DeVille."

Grimoire holds onto the ropes, and shakes off his moment of being on the other end. He see's DeVille's blood, and he likes it.

"Grimoire with heavy stomps to the head of Rob DeVille."

Grimoire grabs Rob's head and pulls him to his feet.

"Irish whip by Grimoire, NO, it's reversed! Grimoire off the ropes, big boot by Rob DeVille!"

Grimoire hits the mat hard. DeVille lifts him up, then scoops Grimoire.

"DeVille runs, power slam!"

The fans get on their feet as it is anyone's match.

"DeVille off of the ropes, he leaps up, fist drop."

Rob DeVille quickly covers Grimoire, but is denied at two.

"Rob managed to get a count of two before the kick out. With an opponent like Grimoire, you need to always hook the leg."

As DeVille gets to his feet, he pulls Grimoire up with him.

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"DeVille lifts Grimoire high into the air, setting up a vertical suplex."

Before DeVille can fall back, Grimoire maneuvers to fall and land behind him.

"Reverse DDT by Grimoire!"

Grimoire floats over to a cover.

"Kick out by Rob DeVille!"

The fans are into the match, cheering, yelling, and banging chairs.

"There is likely to be a riot if we keep getting these near falls!"

Both men find their ways to their feet.

"We're back at square one as Grimoire and DeVille stare at each other. What a match this has been!"

Grimoire and DeVille rush each other, Grimoire ducks a clothesline. Both men off the ropes. As they return, Rob leaps.

"Shoulder block, taking Grimoire down!"

He quickly covers Grimoire.

"The referee goes for the count, again!"

Grimoire kicks out.

"ANOTHER KICK OUT!"

Rob DeVille gets to his knees, then up to his feet. He walks over to the referee to complain.

"DeVille unhappy with the referee's count."

Grimoire rolls up to his knees, then hooks under DeVille's legs, rolling him back to the mat. The referee drops and counts.

"WE HAVE A THREE! Grimoire takes the win!"

The bell begins to ring. Grimoire quickly lets go of DeVille and rolls out of the ring under the bottom rope. The referee joins him on the outside to raise his hand. Inside the ring, Rob DeVille still can not believe he lost.

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A Public Protest

"

jimmyriley" We're outside The Slaughterhouse. Well, we would be, if we were there three hours earlier, as fans were lining up outside. In fact, the screen even says "EARLIER TODAY" in the bottom left corner, and there's one recognizable face among all the others.

"People! I am here to garner your support!"

Jimmy Riley is on a wooden box, megaphone out to his right as he uses a radio-esque transmitter to speak through it. People are generally ignoring him, with two people having gathered around him.

"Last week, the eGG Bandits accompanied Adrien Cochrane to Appalachian Wrestling, and they sided with the inferior promotion in the war between Appalachian and Defiance!"

A few people cheer for Adrien, Doozer, and Jiles, but he is still being ignored.

"Do you understand!? This is what we have to face! Inferior wrestlers, inferior product, and I am here to offer the Superior Alternative! Join me in my crusade against the World Wrestling Alliance, and together we can take back OUR promotion!"

The two people who had gathered just turn and walk away. Jimmy puts the megaphone down by his side, and looks around, a sad look on his face.

"They don't understand..."

The camera slowly zooms in on his face.

"I'll find people who understand exactly what we're trying to accomplish."

And away we go!

Marshall vs. Bishop Steele

"

marshall" As we return ringside, 'F.I.G.H.T' by Unwritten Law plays through the speakers and Marshall is making his way down the ramp.

"Next up we have this man right here, Marshall, taking on Bishop Steele."

Marshall walks up the steps and enters the ring as his music fades. The lights get dim and the crowd silences. 'Forever' cues over the PA system and the crowd gets hype. Pyros go off on the corners of the stage. The curtains open and out comes Bishop and Alexis Steele on to the stage. Bishop stops on the middle of the stage and looks around at the crowd as he soaks in the essence of the hype and screaming. He then looks at Alexis and nods to her to signal that it is time. He then makes his way down to the ring with

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Alexis right behind him. He then climbs into the ring and holds the ropes so Alexis can get into the ring. He stands in the middle of the ring and Alexis poses in front of him, as that happens Pyros go off on the corner post of the ring and then the lights come on.

"Steele has almost a cult following here in DREAM. Many are wondering, when he will get his shot at major gold."

The bell sounds to begin the match and the two men quickly lock up.

"Bishop Steele struggles a bit but breaks the lock with a kick to Marshall's mid section."

Marshall catches himself and charges Bishop, who takes him down with a drop toe hold.

"Bishop Steele quickly attaches the cross face with arm bar. He knows he must put Marshall out for good, so he'll need to use anything he can."

Marshall reaches for the bottom rope and grabs it.

"Bishop Steele unwillingly releases Marshall from the cross face, maneuvers to his feet."

Marshall uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, as Bishop waits, itching to attack. Once up, Marshall turns to see Steele charge him.

"Marshall catches Bishop Steele in a belly to belly position. Suplex! That was executed perfectly."

Marshall quickly pulls Bishop Steele to his feet. He hooks him in belly to back.

"Suplex! Marshall holds on, pushes himself up with Steele still hooked in, ANOTHER! He still holds tight."

Marshall delivers a third belly to back suplex on Bishop Steele, this time releasing him as he falls back.

"Marshall heading to the top turnbuckle. He measures Bishop Steele up and leaps... Big Leg Drop!"

Marshall hits his mark. Bishop Steele holds his chest in pain as his aggressor rises to his feet.

"Marshall now pulls Bishop Steele up, grabs his arm.
Irish whip into the corner. He follows up, BIG
SPLASH!"

As Marshall moves out of the way, Bishop Steele stumbles forward. Marshall gets in a three point stance, then chops his knee, causing him to hit the mat.

"Marshall shows why he is a force to be reckoned with."

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Marshall turns Bishop Steele over on his back, then climbs to the second rope. He jumps backwards, landing rump first onto Bishop Steele's chest.

"Bishop Steele gasp for air as Marshall shows no signs of letting up. When you face Bishop Steele, you can't, as he'll use any opportunity he can against you."

Marshall pulls Bishop Steele to his feet again.

"Irish whip to the corner. Bishop Steele shook the whole ring when he hit it."

Marshall sits him up on the top turnbuckle then climbs himself. As he begins setting up for a superplex, Bishop Steele slams a right into his head.

"Bishop Steele fighting back now with lefts and rights. Marshall tries to hold on as Steele smashes him repeatedly. Bishop Steele grabs Marshall's head in a lock, and pushes off using the ropes, turning in the air. The crowd roars.

"HUGE DDT FROM THE TOP! Marshall is out cold!"

Steele gets to his feet and takes a moment before continuing.

"Bishop Steele continues to control the match as he begins stomping the knees of Marshall. Where is he going now?"

Bishop exits the ring. He reaches in and pulls Marshall towards the edge, positioning his legs on each side of the turnbuckle.

"Bishop Steele grabs Marshall's leg and slams his knee into that unforgiving steel. I think he wants to seriously hurts Marshall as he does it a second time."

Next he grabs both of Marshall's legs and yanks the back, smashing his family jewels.

"Marshall visibly in pain as Bishop Steele continues to afflict as much damage as he can."

Bishop Steele rolls back into the ring and pulls Marshall to the center. He jumps up and falls with both knees towards Marshall.

"Marshall MOVES! SOMEHOW HE MOVED!"

Bishop Steele rolls around on the mat holding his knees in pain. Marshall pushes himself to his feet. He lifts Steele up, grabs his head and trunks, lifting him up, and bringing him down into a huge DDT.

"Picture perfect DDT!"

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The referee checks on Bishop Steele and begins counting as Marshall stands, hands on hips, looking down at his opponent.

"That dangerous DDT may have ended this match."

At about 6, Bishop Steele moves. By 8 he is almost up.

"Bishop Steele makes it to his feet. The referee checks him and he says he is OK to continue. Marshall does not look happy."

The circle each other before locking up.

"Aggressive lock up. Marshall quickly head butts Bishop Steele to break the lock."

As Bishop Steele grabs his head in pain, Marshall takes him down with a drop toe hold, quickly moving into position for a chin lock.

"Cross

Face, Marshall locking in a move used on him earlier." Bishop Steele is able to reach the bottom rope as he grabs it, and holds on.

"Marshall to his feet. He stomps the upper back and neck of Bishop Steele before grabbing his head and lifting him up."

Marshall whips Bishop into the turnbuckle.

"He follows up with a running elbow smash."

As Marshall moves away, Bishop Steele falls face forward to the mat, but only temporarily as he is yanked back to his feet.

"Marshall pushes Bishop Steele back, and with force whips him across... No, reversal by Steele. Marshall is sent across the ring, into the opposite corner"

Bishop Steele follows up with a running splash. As he pulls away, he grabs the top rope for leverage and stomps away at Marshall, until he slumps down.

"Bishop Steele's momentum is halted early as Marshall grabs up under his legs and lifts. He runs, spine buster."

The crowd gets loud as Marshall makes his way to his feet.

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"Marshall turns Steele over, face down and grabs a leg. He lifts it up and forces Bishop Steele's knee right into the canvas hard."

Bishop Steele grabs his presumably throbbing knee in pain.

"Marshall up the turnbuckle, he aims then jumps only to meet the knees of Bishop Steele."

Marshall bounces off of Bishop Steele's knees and flops on the mat, holding his midsection. We get a recap of the failed frog splash.

"Marshall rolls out to the floor to catch his breath.

Bishop Steele up. He runs, BASEBALL SLIDE!"

Bishop Steele slides under the ropes and hits his target. As Steele exits the ring, Marshall begins to get up.

"The begin exchanging lefts and rights outside the ring."

Bishop Steele grabs Marshall's head and slams it into the side of the ring before rolling him in.

"He follows Marshall into the ring. Steele on his feet, pulling Marshall up with him."

Bishop Steele chops Marshall's chest, before whipping him across the return.

"As

Marshall returns, Bishop Steele lifts. Back body

drop!" Marshall grabs his back and yells in pain, but a few moments later turns over and gets to his feet.

"Marshall is up again. Both men staring each other down. So far this match has been pure excitement folks. Bishop Steele and Marshall lock up again."

Bishop Steele takes the lead, as he breaks the lock and whips Marshall into the ropes.

"On the return, Marshall attempts a clothesline, but Bishop Steele ducks."

Both men quickly turn around.

"Kick to the midsection of Bishop Steele. Marshall follows up with an elbow to the temple followed by a big chop to the chest."

Marshall grabs Bishop Steele, going for a belly to belly suplex.

"Reversal by Bishop Steele with the suplex."

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As Marshall hits the mat, Bishop Steele gets to his feet and begins to viciously stomp his opponent.

"Bishop is showing that he can keep up with anyone DREAM sends his way."

On the way up, Marshall pushes Bishop Steele back. He grabs his arm and pulls him.

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

Marshall picks a leg of Bishop Steele up, stretches it the thrust it down.

"Marshall trying to hyper extend the knee of Bishop Steele."

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

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

As he places the lock on and leans back on the mat to apply pressure, Bishop Steele yells in pain.

"Bishop Steele now trying to get his bearings."

Steele struggles a little before overpowering Marshall enough to reverse the hold.

"Inverted figure four by Bishop Steele!"

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."

Bishop Steele boots Marshall in the gut and follows it up with a head butt. As Marshall stumbles around, Bishop mounts the second turnbuckle behind him. Marshall turns to see him leap.

"Bishop Steele grabs Marshall's head in mid air, twisting. Big DDT!"

Marshall is out on the mat, as Bishop Steele holds his back from an improper landing. The referee begins counting both men as neither begins to get to their feet.

"Both men in a world of pain, as they have pushed each other tonight."

Bishop Steele finally begins to move. Using the ropes, he pulls himself up.

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

He bends over, grabbing Marshall's head, and pulls him to his feet.

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"Big chop by Bishop Steele that leaves Marshall's chest glowing. An Irish whip sends him hard into the corner. Bishop Steele follows up with a HUGE SPLASH!"

As Steele comes out of the corner, he pulls Marshall with him, taking him towards the middle of the ring. He places Marshall's head in between his legs and yells out to the crowd.

"Looks like Steele may be about to finish this."

He flips over Marshall's back, flipping Marshall over with him into a flipping pile driver.

"NO REMORSE! NO REMORSE!"

Steele sits up with a smile on his face before moving over and covering Marshall. He begins the count.

"There's the three! Bishop Steele pulls off a big win over Marshall."

We get a replay of the No Remorse before fading.

Conning Cancer

"

cancerjiles" Mark Zylbert sits in his office when there is a knock on the door.

"Come in."

Cancer Jiles walks in.

"You wanted to see me?"

Zylbert sits the papers he has down.

"Yea, just for a moment Cancer."

Zylbert stands up and walks over to him, placing his hand on his shoulder.

"You know Jiles, you are DREAM's top superstar. You have taken the 'You Call It' Champ.." "COOL Championship Mark." "Ok, the 'COOL' Championship. You have taken that title to the top. I want to even be as bold as to say, you are the face of DREAM, not Doozer."

Cancer places his hand son his hips and looks confident.

"I appreciate that Mark." "No problem, now go get ready to referee the main event."

They shake hands and Cancer leaves. Mark walks over, picks up his phone and dials a number.

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"Yea, he just left. He bought it. Yea. Bye."

He hangs the phone up, puts his feet on his desk and leans back.

"Gonna put those asses in the seats."

The Challenge

"

doozer" We go backstage where Doozer is sitting on a table, shining his DREAM Championship. Poncho walks in and up to him.

"Why, hello little guy."

He hops down to tower Poncho.

"What can I do for you?"

Poncho takes a deep breath and puts his chest out.

"I challenge for the belt!"

Doozer raises an eyebrow.

"I see."

Poncho nods.

"I challenge tonight!"

Doozer tilts his head down and shakes it a bit.

"I'm sorry little guy, but The Dooze just isn't wrestling tonight. Especially, against you. Who put you up to this?"

Poncho looks angry.

"Tonight! Match! Poncho and Meester Doozer!"

Doozer shakes his head. Poncho reels back and kicks Doozer hard in the shin before running off. Doozer hops on one leg.

"You little son of a bi..."

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Charlie's First On-Air Promo

"

charlieblackwell" Kenzie Blair and Charlie Blackwell in the ring. Charlie has a microphone and gets ready to speak. Charlie seems very nervous.

"Charlie Blackwell here and tonight I'm...I'm...going to wrestle Nathan Paradine...and...I'm a huge, huge fan of his. I loved his work over at Hostility..."

Kenzie elbows Charlie.

"...and...Nathan Paradine. I may not have the ring experience you've got. I may not have the championships you've won. But...I've...I've got-"

Kenzie finally has enough and snatches the microphone from his hand.

"All right, enough of this crap. Nathan Paradine. Tonight, you have the pleasure of wrestling my Charlie here in the Slaughterhouse. You might have a size advantage. You might have more experience. But you don't have the heart that Charlie Blackwell has. You might knock him down a few times but I guarandamntee you that Charlie will get back up. You might walk in here expecting an easy walkover, Crocodile

Dundee, but after Charlie pins your shoulders on the mat and the referee counts to three, you'll leave here knowing that Charlie Blackwell has more heart in his little pinkie than you do." Charlie looks very uncomfortable. His eyes dart back and forth from Kenzie to the back as if he's waiting for someone to come out.

"So do you understand what I'm saying, Paradine? I'm going to be right in Charlie's corner to cheer him on and support him. And most of all, to be there if you do anything out of line...if you do anything to try and take advantage of Charlie..."

Kenzie holds up her purse.

"...cause this purse and the can of whup ass inside of it is going to knock a little sense back into you."

She drops the microphone and motions to Charlie that it's time to leave.

Psymon vs. Varga

"

varga" Jason Whiteside picks up after the break, "Welcome back, everybody. Get ready for some tough competition with this next match. It

ll feature

Hey, what

s going on?!" The area is swallowed up by darkness. Nothing except scattered flashbulbs lighting can be seen nor heard for a few seconds. Suddenly the Megatron kicks on. Static. The word LATHEM appears on the screen. Then a soft bass drum starts to beat. It's faint at first and then becomes louder, complemented by

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heavy guitars.

When everything crescendos, NOTHING

REMAINS! Explosions go off as the lights come back on in the arena and "Nothing Remains" by Chimaira starts to play. A figure, dressed in a hooded trench coat, with a short-handled, stone head mallet, is standing on the ramp way, and is looking out into the crowd. He flips back his hood. It
s Psymon. The crowd greets him with a mixed reaction as he walks down to the ring.

"It

s THE MONSTER, Psymon, in his debut match here in DREAM!"

I shout these words to those who never listened, I pen this letter with the utmost conviction. It
s been dark in

here, cold and relentless, it

s been too long, and I can no longer fight this. Too late to change my mind. Nothing Remains I

ve silenced the pain. Psymon walks off the ramp and slides into the ring. He gets into the middle of the ring, raising his mallet in the air, as flaming pyro explode from all corners of the ring.

"I hear good things about Psymon and he has surely made it known that he wants respect and he wants it fast. Let

s see if he can get it tonight verse his opponent!" All these years passed, no one heard true feelings, you continued to act like you knew me. Did you ever stop to think that I

d be able to look in your eyes and say that I

m stable? Too late to change my mind Nothing Remains I

ve silenced the pain. Psymon removes his hooded trench coat, tosses it over the top rope, along with his mallet. He then sits down in one of corners awaiting his opponent.

"Looks like Psymon

s ready! I wonder where Var-" "Trust Me" by Jim Johnston cuts off Jason Whiteside and starts playing over the loud speakers as Varga comes out from the back with a slow, deliberate walk as the fans start booing.

"Here he is, Varga! The crowd doesn

t seem so thrilled to see him back." He looks at the fans with disdain before reaching the ring. He then climbs into the ring and glares at Psymon while wearing a devilish grin on his face.

"The bell sounds to start this match."

Psymon and Varga circle around the ring, eying each other closely. Simultaneously, they both charge in and grapple. Psymon snaps Varga into a headlock and tightens the hold immediately. Varga pivots, grabs the midsection of his opponent, and forcefully gets out of the lock by thrusting Psymon forward into the ropes.

"Varga sends the Monster into the ropes

Psymon on the return

Varga swings

DUCK! Psymon spins Varga around. Quick kick to the gut! Powerful DDT! That had to hurt! Quick cover!" 1

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KICK OUT!

"A mere one count for his effort

and now both competitors are on their feet. Psymon lands a hard right hand to the face! OUCH!" Varga stumbles back a couple steps, holding his face. Psymon sees the opportunity and charges.

"Varga with the trip! Psymon

s down on his stomach. Varga kneels down, both of his knees on his opponent. It

s a bow and arrow hold!"

Barely a yard from the ropes, Psymon squirms a couple inches and grabs onto the bottom rope with desperation. The referee pushes Varga out of the hold. Using the ropes for

aid, Psymon pulls himself to his feet. As he turns to face Varga, he receives a swift boot to the midsection and doubles over. Varga locks his right arm around Psymon

s head and pulls him away from the ropes. Then he bends forward himself and throws Psymon s arm over his own head.

"Looks like Varga is setting up a vertical suplex."

Varga lifts Psymon up, but gets him only half way before his opponent kicks back down.

"Psymon is back to his feet. He

s countering with his own suplex! Looks like a hanging suplex as The Monster holds his opponent vertical for several moments now

OH MY! Psymon just transitioned the hanging suplex into a sit down powerbomb! He

s going for the pin again!" 1

KICKOUT!

"Somehow Varga found the power to kick out after that high impact move!"

Psymon stands and reaches down to lift his opponent.

"The ref must not

ve seen that hit. What a cheap low blow by Varga!" Psymon doubles over, holding himself, and shuffles around the ring in agony. Varga bounces off the nearest ropes and charges back toward his opponent.

"PUNT TO THE HEAD! We saw Varga pull this off against CPZ in his debut! That just sent Psymon straight on his back!"

Varga picks Psymon up and whips him into the corner turnbuckle. He follows, delivering right hand after right hand to keep his opponent out.

"I wonder what Varga

s trying to do now

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s got Psymon in a hold like he
s ready to try another suplex
Varga lifts Psymon up high enough to get his legs up on the top rope while still holding onto his head
underneath his arm.

"Oh my, could he be
Varga lifts and pulls his opponent back into the ring by his head
ROPE HUNG DDT!!! Psymon
s gotta be out! Varga for the pin
KICKOUT!

"Varga
s quick back up to his feet, pulling
Psymon with him. He whips Psymon to the
No, Psymon reverses the whip. Varga bounces back and jumps up for a cross body
PSYMON GRABS
HIM!
Psymon
s running with Varga in a
OH, SIT OUT
POWERSLAM!" Psymon pins- 1
3! The bell sounds.

"We have a winner! Psymon has just defeated Varga in this exciting match!"

Psymon's music hits as his hand is raised. Vara rolls out and heads up the ramp as we get some replays of
the match.

The Second Challenge
"

poncho" Doozer whistles as he walks up to a vending machine filled with delicious soda.

"Hmm.. Pepsi, or Coke?"

As he tries to make his decision, Poncho walks up behind him.

"Meester Doozer."

Doozer sighs.

"Not you again."

The Dooze turns and looks down.

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"Meester Doozer. Tonight, we have match for belt!"

Poncho pumps his chest out again. Doozer turns back to the machine and puts his money in. Once the second quarter drops, Poncho pushes him to the side and presses a button.

"I weel have match!"

He kicks Doozer in the shin again before running off. Doozer jumps on one leg holding his shin.

"Son of a.. what.. ah come on!"

He puts his leg down and pulls out the drink that Poncho chose.

"Who the hell drinks Grape Fanta? Jesus."

He sits the drink on a nearby table and walks off.

"Annoying little bastard."

As the scene gets quiet, Bishop Steele enters.

"Oh shit, Grape."

He looks around, picks the soda up and exits quickly.

Nathan Paradine vs Charlie Blackwell

"

charlieblackwell" Opening notes to Charlie Robison's 'My Hometown' play. Charlie walks down to the ring with his valet/girlfriend Kenzie Blair.

"Well, I had a buddy back in eighty-one And we made ourselves a pact We were heading for the new pipeline And we were never coming back We worked eighty hours working time and a half But LaGrange was too damn hot We drove back home at the end that week And we spent it all on shots..."

Charlie holds the ring ropes open for Kenzie to slide through.

"So I'll see you Houston If I ever get out that way I'll see you in Dallas But I won't have long to stay If you're ever out west son And you're feeling like slowin' down I'll see you around Around my hometown..." by Faith No More blasts over the sound system as smoke fills the entrance to ramp. Nathan Paradine walks into view, dressed in his ring trunks, a leather jacket and his trademark sunglasses, a confident smirk on his face. He marches down to the ring, sliding under the bottom rope and climbing to his feet. He glances around and takes his jacket and sunglasses off, handing them to a member of the ring crew before backing away into the corner to await the start of the match.

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"What a match this should be folks, with Nathan Paradine making his grand return to DREAM. However, one must wonder what's going through Charlie Blackwell's head as Paradine has about a 60 pound size difference on him, putting Blackwell in a similar position as he was when he faced Jimmy Riley a couple weeks ago."

As the two men prepare for the match, the bell sounds.

"Here we go, Blackwell versus Paradine."

Nathan comes forward in a MMA grapple based stance as Charlie weighs in his options.

"Blackwell back and off the ropes. Runs towards Paradine."

Charlie slides under Nathan's legs, and rolls up to his feet.

As Nathan turns around, Charlie leaps with a standing drop kick that comes off as a tad sloppy but hits its mark.

"Charlie Blackwell displays his athleticism with that drop kick."

Paradine catches his footing and heads towards Charlie.

"Blackwell under Paradine's arm as he swings."

Charlie steps forward, placing Paradine in a side lock, then drops.

"Russian Leg Sweep by Charlie Blackwell."

Both men roll to the side and up. Blackwell runs at Nathan Paradine who catches him with a knee to the gut. He rolls behind Charlie, wraps his arms around his waist and leans back.

"Belly to back suplex by the Australian Submission Machine, Nathan Paradine." Paradine roughly pulls Blackwell to his feet.

"Multiple knife edge chops by Paradine. Brute force behind each one."

Nathan grabs Charlie's arm, twisting it around then yanking as he stomps down. Charlie lets out a yelp of pain as he grabs his shoulder. Paradine runs past him, bouncing off the ropes as he returns he drops down behind Charlie.

"Nathan Paradine with the chop to the knees of Charlie Blackwell, sending him down."

Nathan turns Charlie over and covers him as the referee drops to count.

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"Two count and kick out by Charlie Blackwell. He just barely got his shoulder up there."

Nathan looks up at the referee and just shakes his head before getting to his feet.

"Nathan Paradine now stomps away at Charlie Blackwell."

Paradine turns Blackwell over on his stomach, and lifts his left leg up, before driving his knee into the mat. Charlie grabs his knee and rolls over in pain, allowing Nathan to leap up and come down hard with a knee drop across his chest.

"Nathan Paradine now leading the onslaught against Blackwell."

Nathan Paradine lifts Charlie to his feet. He grabs his arm and whips him towards the corner post, running behind him. Charlie grabs the top rope, stopping himself, and uses it to lift himself up. Nathan Paradine slams into the corner post as Charlie Blackwell lands on his feet behind him. He drops to the mat, cupping under Paradine's legs, rolling him up.

"School boy attempt! The referee counts. Paradine is able to kick out easily at two. Charlie Blackwell just threw Paradine off a bit with that quick thinking."

Blackwell rolls back and up his feet. Nathan Paradine stares at him in a kneeling position and keeps his eyes on Blackwell as he stands.

"Nathan Paradine rethinking his approach after that pin attempt."

Paradine walks over, getting himself into a ready stance.

"Lock up in the middle of the ring."

Nathan forces Charlie back into the ropes, he uses them for momentum as he whips Blackwell across the ring.

"Charlie

Blackwell on the return, Paradine ducks down. Leap frog by Blackwell. To the ropes and off." Nathan drops to the mat, and Blackwell hops over him. He takes a few steps, stops and turns as Paradine gets to his feet. Charlie jumps with a sloppy but effective dropkick.

"Standing drop kick that connects, sending Paradine to the mat."

Charlie runs, jumps to the second rope while grabbing the top. He bounces down and uses the ropes to leap up, landing his body across Nathan's. The fans give him a pop.

"Charlie Blackwell using his agility and the ropes to gain some much needed momentum in this match."

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Blackwell gets to his feet, quickly, pulling both of Nathan's legs up. He steps in between and wrap's his legs around before attempting to turn Paradine over.

"Blackwell going for a sharpshooter."

Charlie looks uncomfortable with the move as he just can't quite get Paradine over. Nathan struggles, finally breaking his legs free, and kicking Charlie backwards.

"Charlie Blackwell stumbles back as Nathan Paradine gets to a three point stance. He waits... and pounces forward, running through Blackwell with a clothesline. Blackwell just is at a full disadvantage in this match up folks."

The fans boo Paradine who waves them off, stomping Blackwell some more.

"At 165 to

Paradine's 235 pounds, Charlie Blackwell just can't seem to overcome the brute force of Nathan Paradine's attacks, and it is very apparent here as he can do nothing but cover his head as Nathan stomps away at him still. Does this man have no heart?" Paradine covers Blackwell, but Charlie throws his foot over the bottom rope, denying Nathan a pin.

"Nathan Paradine even more upset now, as he gets to his feet, pulling Charlie Blackwell up with him. Hard chops to the chest of Charlie, followed by a swift kick to his lower legs."

Charlie barely stomps himself from crumbling after the kick.

"Nathan Paradine with a big right, followed by anot.. no, Charlie Blackwell is able to block the fist. He returns fire with his own shot."

The fans begin to get behind the under dog as he hits a few more hard fist. He runs back, and comes off the ropes. Nathan bends down.

"Blackwell over Paradine, sunset flip!"

The referee drops and counts.

"One.. two.. Thr... NO! Kick out by Paradine!"

The fan groans in unison as Nathan Paradine escapes another surprise pin by Charlie Blackwell. The crowd explodes as he flips Paradine over into a pin and the referee drops for the count. As he hits two, Nathan is able to kick out to the fans discontent.

"Close call, Charlie Blackwell almost had Paradine there."

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Both men begin to get up. Halfway up, Nathan Paradine grabs both of Charlie Blackwell's legs, and yanks up, putting his back down hard to the mat. He holds Charlie's legs up and leans back.

"Slingshot!"

Blackwell is shot into the turnbuckle. As he hits, his body falls limp over the ropes, standing upright in the corner. Paradine walks over and locks him under his arms, pulling back.

"Nathan Paradine has a full nelson locked in. It could be over for Blackwell."

Charlie stomps the foot of Paradine, and bashes his face with the back of his head. As Nathan lets go, Charlie rolls under his arms and behind him locking in a half nelson of his own. He grabs his neck with his free arm, and wraps his legs around Nathan's body, falling back to the mat.

"The Katahajime! Will Nathan Paradine himself tap?!"

Nathan refuses to tap out as he never submits, but soon it appears he is fading. The referee checks him, then frantically calls for the bell.

"It seems that the referee is calling this a knockout. Nathan Paradine did not submit, he refused to, and it cost him his consciousness!"

As Charlie Blackwell celebrates his victory the referee checks on Paradine.

Accept This

"

adriencochrane" We head to the eGG Bandits' locker room where Cancer Jiles, Doozer, and Adrien Cochrane sit.

"Look Adrien, we're glad to have you with us. Right Doozey?"

Doozer nods.

"Oh yea, it's awesome."

Adrien smiles.

"I'm glad to be apart of the eGG Bandits too guys. I mean, come on, this is the most dominating team in wrestling today."

Cancer agrees.

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"True, but it's a lot more than that. We have a reputation to uphold. Everyone who is in our way must be egged!"

Doozer taps Cancer on the shoulder.

"How about Polowy? You still haven't gotten him."

Cancer gets a bit annoyed.

"I will, trust me, I will."

Suddenly through the door barges Poncho.

"Meester Doozer! Match!"

Doozer stands up.

"That's it, I'm going to kick the hell out of this little..."

Cancer stands and stops him.

"Don't even sweat it Dooze. We need to get Adrien to his spot, it's time for his match."

The shot goes outside the door. We hear some rustling around before the door opens and the three men step out. The camera man walks into the room to see Poncho upside down in a trash can, kicking his feet.

Jimmy Riley vs. Adrien Cochrane

"

jimmyriley" "Interesting match here folks as Mike Polowy will referee the meeting between the two World Wrestling Alliance originals."

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 dressed in a striped referee shirt. 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.

"There he is. All we can do is hope that he will be fair after his words with Adrien Cochran last week on Slaughter."

Like a bad headache, the immediate buzz created by the hip hop superstar collaboration between Kanye,

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Jay, Wayne, and T.I. cuts immediately into whatever you were doing or thinking; "No one on the corner has swagga like us Swagga like us Swagga swagga like us No one on the corner has swagga like us Swagga like us Swagga swagga like us As the beat kicks in, out comes Jimmy Riley, clad in plain blue trunks, blue kneepads, and black boots. He's wearing a gray, unzipped hooded sweatshirt, with the hood pulled up over his head.

Without paying any attention to the crowd around him, Riley marches toward the ring. He slides into the ring, and stands right up, throwing the hood back and his hands into the air before simply walking to his corner and standing quietly, awaiting the match to come. The arena lights dim as the quick guitar intro from "Last One to Die" kicks into full force.

Once the third line of the verse echoes from the arena, Adrien Cochrane comes out from behind the curtain with cheers from the fans. He hops to the ring as the chorus blares throughout the arena.

"We got right You got it wrong We're still around Last one to die We're going up You're going down We're still around Last one to die!"

Adrien slides into the ring as the music fades and the lights return to full brightness.

"The action is about to start here as Mike Polowy calls for the bell to ring."

As the bell sounds, Riley and Cochran stare at each other.

"Here they go, quick tie up by Riley and Cochrane."

Jimmy is able to push Adrien backwards and into the ropes. He uses them to whip Adrien with momentum across the ring. As he bounces off the ropes, Jimmy systematically takes a few steps forward and raises his foot. Cochrane crashes into it and hits the mat.

"Big boot by Riley."

Jimmy steps over Cochrane, and turns around. He lifts Adrien up by the head and pulls him more towards the center of the ring before standing him fully up.

"Jimmy Riley raises his hand high and comes down across Cochrane's chest with a thunderous knife edge chop."

Even Mike Polowy winches as Adrien's chest glows.

"He raises his hand again, another huge chop."

Adrien leans over forward slightly holds his chest in pain. Jimmy uses this as a good time to introduce Adrien's temple to his forearm.

"Another one of those nasty forearm shots by Riley, wearing Adrien down slowly."

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Jimmy grabs the back of Adrien's head and directs him towards the turnbuckle, almost just tossing Cochrane into the corner. As he steps towards him, Adrien grabs the top rope and lifts himself up, wrapping his legs around Riley's neck. The fans pop.

"Cochrane tightens his legs around Jimmy's neck. He desperately needs to make an offensive move here."

Adrien pushes up using the top ropes, and spins Riley around, attempting to go for a huracanrana.

"Jimmy Riley is able to catch his footing."

He grabs Adrien's arms in mid flip, and lifts him up high, then brings him down to the mat.

"Power bomb. Riley doesn't release and brings Cochrane up again."

He drops Adrien once again, still not letting go, and lifting again.

"If

Riley lands this third drop, Adrien may very well be done for." Mike Polowy watches as Adrien rises up. His eyes grow as wide as Riley's when Cochrane begins to struggle. Jimmy stumbles back just a bit, enough to give Adrien and his fans hope.

"Cochrane struggles, and it able to pull his hands free!"

The fans pop again. Adrien grabs Jimmy's head and pushes off of it, falling backwards. However, as his momentum seems to be about to take

Riley down, Jimmy uses his brute power to step back, leaving Adrien hanging upside down from Riley's neck.

"Adrien unable to flip Riley. Jimmy steps.. he.. he steps over the arm of Adrien Cochrane, and now the other!"

As Jimmy does this he stares blankly forward at the referee, Mike Polowy, as he has Cochrane situated for his own 'Riley Effect'.

"A slap in the face to Mike Polowy by Jimmy Riley as he has Adrien Cochrane in Polowy's signature Mike Effect!"

Polowy begins yelling at Riley who just continues to stare blankly. He begins to take his steps forward, and Mike refuses to stand for the disgrace any more.

"Polowy forward with a big right."

Jimmy steps back with the punch, allowing one of Adrien's arm to come free. Mike grabs Cochrane's leg and

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rips it from Jimmy's neck, causing Adrien to fall to the mat.

"Polowy pushes Riley back, still verbally drilling him about going for The Mike Effect."

Adrien begins to crawl towards the ropes. jimmy pushes past Polowy and stomps his back. Polowy grabs Riley's should and turns him around, yelling obscenities about the move usage.

"Jimmy Riley just wants to finish Adrien Cochrane off as Mike Polowy wants to discuss The Mike Effect."

Riley can be seen mouthing 'You do your thing and let me do mine' before turning back to Adrien.

"Jimmy Riley should take into consideration that a pin fall victory relies solely on the man he just upset."

Jimmy walks over and turns Adrien over on his back. he leans down and grabs Cochrane's feet, picking them up. Riley looks out to the crowd and goes to lift Adrien, but it's too late.

"Adrien had time to gather some strength while Mike and jimmy where bickering!"

Adrien uses his legs to kick Jimmy back. As he stumbles back and turns, Polowy shoots forward with a kick to his stomach.

"What?!"

He then drives through Riley with a clothesline. Mike stares down at his dirty work as Adrien crawls over and drapes an arm over Riley. the fans pop.

"Polowy to the mat. He counts!"

He hits a one.. then two.. As his hand drops for the three he stops it, looks up and flips Adrien Cochrane off. The heat index from the crowd shoots up 120 degrees.

"Jimmy is saved by the seeds planted between Cochrane and Polowy last week on Slaughter!"

Mike gets to his feet and steps back, admiring his handy work. Adrien gets to his knees and looks up at Mike, shaking his head.

"I know Adrien personally, and he just doesn't deserve that type of treatment. This is a man who takes time out of his life to give back, and here he is being disrespected and robbed of a victory."

Adrien goes ahead and gets up to his feet. He looks out to the crowd, then at Mike. An asshole chant begins and Adrien holds his arms up as if telling Polowy to listen.

"Adrien Cochrane allowing the fans to express themselves at Mike Polowy's distasteful actions as an elected

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official of this match."

Polowy just shrugs Cochrane off and mouths for him to 'get back to your match.' Adrien looks to see Jimmy moving around, attempting to get up.

"Cochrane is back on track in this match. He turns from the referee and runs past Riley, leaps to the second rope."

As Jimmy stands up, Adrien leaps from the ropes.

"Moonsault!"

He crashes into the arms of Jimmy, sending him back to the mat. The crowd pops. Adrien pushes up and runs to the corner, and up the turnbuckle.

Inside the ring, Jimmy Riley begins to get up.

"Adrien Cochrane on the top, turns to face Riley, who is now standing in the ring."

Adrien looks out and throws his arms to the side before leaping.

"Axe handle from the top rope!"

As he flies, Cochrane comes down but is met with a fist to the stomach by Jimmy Riley.

"Flight denied by Jimmy Riley!"

Riley wraps his arm around Adrien's neck, and hooks his trunks.

"Jimmy Riley lifts. Good hang time before the drop. Vertical suplex!"

Riley rolls over and rises to his feet. He shows no sign of ending the match as he wants to inflict more damage to Cochrane.

"The pace of this match has been set as steady, allowing Riley to distribute damage to his opponent."

Jimmy begins stomping Cochrane, making his way around him in a circle. A new stomp each step.

"Methodical in his offense, jimmy Riley is sending a message."

Riley turns Cochrane over on his stomach, and lifts his left leg up, before driving his knee into the mat. Adrien grabs his knee and rolls over in pain, allowing Jimmy to leap up and come down hard with a knee drop across his chest.

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"Total control by Riley who continues his vicious assault on Adrien Cochrane."

Jimmy Riley bends down, slapping Adrien Cochrane. He then places his hands around Adrien's throat, and lifts him up to his feet. He grabs his arm and whips him into the ropes.

"Adrien

Cochrane on the return, Riley ducks down. Leap frog by Cochrane. To the ropes and off." Jimmy drops to the mat, and Cochrane hops over him. He takes a few steps, stops and turns as Riley gets to his feet. Adrien jumps with a dropkick.

"Standing drop kick that connects, sending Riley to the mat."

Adrien runs, jumps to the second rope while grabbing the top. He bounces down and uses the ropes to leap up, landing his body across Jimmy's. The fans give him a pop.

"Adrien Cochrane using his agility and the ropes to gain some much needed offense in this match."

Adrien begins to pull Jimmy to his feet.

"Riley pushes Cochrane back!"

He begins kicking Adrien in the mid section.

"Those karate style kicks to the gut of Cochrane, it only means one thing."

Riley runs and bounces off the ropes, as he returns he raises his knee to Adrien's temple.

"The Riley Rush!"

Jimmy drops and covers Adrien. Mike Polowy slides beside them and drops his hand.

"It could be over!"

As his hand comes down the third time, he stops. Polowy gets on his knees and flips Riley the double bird.

"JIMMY RILEY DENIED! Next time he'll think twice about using The Mike Effect!"

Jimmy slams his fist on the mat and gets to his feet as does the referee.

"Riley is livid!"

He steps up into Mike's face. Suddenly the crowd pops like crazy.

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"What's this?!"

Cancer Jiles jumps the barrier from the crowd and rushes the ring, eggs in hand.

"It's Cancer Jiles! He's here to collect on his egging!"

Polowy sees Cancer and shoves Jimmy Riley back and into Jiles as he enters the ring. Polowy quickly runs and slides under the bottom rope to exit and begins up the ramp. Jiles pushes past Jimmy and slides out of the ring himself, chasing Polowy up the ramp and backstage.

"We are referee less!"

Adrien begins to get up behind Jimmy Riley who still can not believe what has happened. From the back runs an official referee.

"Here comes a replacement referee!"

Riley turns as Adrien, out of nowhere, lunges forward with a boot to the gut.

"Cochrane with a boot as the referee enters the ring!"

He grabs Jimmy's head, and turns, dropping.

"THE ADRIEN CUTTER!"

The crowd pops. Cochrane covers Jimmy, and the new referee drops for the count. The fans count along with each hit to the mat.

"Adrien Cochrane gets the three! He has beat jimmy Riley!"

Cochrane celebrates.

"The newest eGG Bandit pulls off a big win to add to the team's impressive victory list."

Duping Doozer

"

doozer" Doozer is heading through the halls still when he runs into Travis Williams.

"Just the man I wanted to see."

Doozer looks at Travis, as if studying his intentions.

"What do you want Travis?"

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Travis holds his hands up.

"Just to tell you, I am not mad at you for anything that happened prior to my retirement. I am actually glad to have faced you."

Doozer just looks at him.

"You see Doozer, you are DREAM. You are the man. The only active hall of fame member on the roster."

Doozer places a finger up.

"The DREAM Champion, and one half of the DWF Tag Team Champions as well."

Travis clasp his hands together.

"DREAM Champion, yes, the top of the sport. But for the Tag Championship, I mean, you know as much as I do that Cancer Jiles is a bit flaky. He got you booted from High Octane, remember."

Doozer rolls his eyes.

"It was a scheduling conflict."

Travis chuckles a bit.

"Several? Just a coincidence, right? Maybe you are right, maybe he isn't holding you down."

Doozer steps forward.

"What do you mean holding me down? No one holds The Dooze down."

Travis backs up.

"Hey, it's all good champ. Not trying to ruffle any feathers. Just throwing it out there. Anyway, have a great night."

Doozer continues on his way. Travis crosses his arms and leans up against the wall, smiling.

Johnny Legend vs. G-Man

"

gman" 'Man Without Fear' by Rob Zombie starts to pour into the Slaughter House, as the fans stand to their feet and cheer the entrance of Johnny Legend. As he walks out, he gives a friendly but cocky smirk before walking down the isle tagging any hand that will extend far enough to grasp the flesh on flesh gesture. He gets to the ring, and dives under the bottom rope. Standing to his feet he throws his arms up in an angle as

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the fans cheer him even louder before his music comes to an end.

"Johnny Legend looking to continue his DWF winning streak as he faces Greg Manix tonight."

The arena lights dim and 'I'm The Man' by Belly starts to play. Green strobe lights and spotlights go off in the arena and money starts to fall from the rafters as the fans break into a frenzy. The screen comes to life with clips from the career of Greg Manix before being shattered by his name. As this happens, pyrotechnics start to go off in various colors and Manix steps out onto the ramp. He stands there for a second, taking in the crowd reaction, before making his way down the ramp and into the ring. Once he is in the ring, he goes from corner to corner, taunting the crowd to react further.

"As the bell sounds, Johnny Legend challenges Greg Manix to a test of strength. Manix accepts."

They clasp hands, and begin the test of strength.

"Neither man, can at this point, gain control."

They both struggle, with G-Man taking control. Manix with a knee to the midsection of Legend. He grabs him, hip toss into an arm bar." Johnny Legend places his free hand on G-Man's arm for leverage, throws his legs out into a bridging position, before twisting. Manix is jerked forward, and over, landing on the mat. As he quickly gets to his feet, both men are back at square one.

"Quick action from both men."

Now, the stand face to face.

"They lock up. G-Man able to break the lock. He whips Legend across the ring."

As Johnny returns, G-Man drops to the mat. Legend leaps over him, hitting the ropes on the opposite side. This time as he returns, Manix is up. He bends down to catch Legend.

"Leap frog by Johnny Legend."

Legend stops. Both men turn, with Legend going for a quick super kick.

"Denied by Greg Manix, and turned into a Dragon Screw Legwhip. For a man of his size, Greg Manix has the speed and agility that rivals our smaller talent." Both men pop to their feet again.

"Quickly, Greg Manix with a hard chop. Johnny Legend follows up with his own."

They both exchange several chops. Manix steps back, smirks, then sidesteps a swing by Legend. He shakes his finger as saying 'nope' and hits a hay maker, knocking Legend to the canvas.

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"Greg Manix is full of himself tonight."

The fans are giving Manix a not so positive reaction. He looks out at them, smirks again, and just waves them off before stomping

Johnny

"Manix still in control of this match, at much of the fans distaste."

He bends down and slaps Johnny before pulling him up. On his way up, Johnny flings his arms up, catching G-Man off guard.

"Johnny runs past G-Man, hits the ropes, on the return, he leaps... bulldog. The Living Legend may have opened up a spot for some offense if he can capitalize."

Legend runs to the corner post and climbs the ropes, as G-Man turns over to his back.

"Johnny Legend leaps, huge flying head butt connects!"

The fans pop as Johnny makes the cover. The referee drops to count.

"Kick out at two. Legend waste no time as he gets to his feet. He hits the ropes, on the return. He leaps, big leg drop! Another pin attempt."

The fans pop again as the referee begins to count.

"Kick out at two again. You just can't keep Manix down."

Johnny gets up, pulling G-Man up with him. he grabs his left arm and goes to whip him.

"Reversal by Manix."

As Johnny hits the ropes and returns, Manix gets ready to catch him.

"Johnny jumps, bicycle kick to the face of Greg Manix!"

The fans begin chanting 'Let's Go' and stomping their feet.

"The crowd is pumped here in Orlando!"

He grabs Manix's legs and lifts them up, holding, then falling backwards.

"Slingshot into the corner post!"

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G-Man hits the post hard and twist backwards, allowing Johnny to catch him with a quick swinging neck breaker.

"That HAS to be it for Manix!"

Legend quickly covers him and the referee begins to count.

"No, the referee stops the count as Manix grabs the bottom rope!"

Johnny pulls himself to his feet, using the ropes. He holds the top one, looking to the crowd in disbelief.

"Johnny

Legend can not believe that Greg Manix has done it again. I'll have to admit, Legend has put up more of a fight than I expected him to be able to with

Manix's size." G-Man begins to get up. Johnny goes to grab him, but Manix catches him and lifts.

"Reverse Atomic Drop out of nowhere!"

Johnny grabs himself and falls to his knees. G-Man runs across the ring and comes off the ropes.

"Shining Wizard!"

G-Man crashes through Johnny with force. He looks out to the crowd with a devilish grin before moving Legend away from the ropes.

"Greg Manix going for the pin attempt. He hooks the leg of Johnny Legend."

The referee drops for the count. However, there is a rumble from the crowd. From the back runs someone.

"Who's that?"

G-Man gets to his feet, forgetting his pin.

"Wait.. that's.. that's.. KLASH!"

Klash stops outside the ring. G-Man leans over the ropes, yelling at him.
Behind Manix, Legend gets up.

"Johnny Legend to his feet."

Manix holds onto the top rope. Johnny grabs his feet and lifts, pulling Greg up, still holding onto the top rope. Legend pulls back, freeing G-Man's grip, and drops to his ass, planting Manix's face into the mat. He turns Manix over and covers him.

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"The referee counts. THREE! JOHNNY LEGEND CONTINUES HIS DREAM WINNING STREAK!" 'Man Without Fear' begins to play and Johnny gets up, running to a nearby turnbuckle and up it, throwing his arms out.

Outside the ring, Klash backs up the ramp, staring at G-Man down in the ring.

"It looks like Manix has just hit a speed bump in his plans to come in and take the DREAM Championship."

The Egging of Mike Polowy

"

mikepolowy" Mike Polowy rushes through the parking lot. Cancer Jiles can be seen not too far behind him. An egg flies past Mike's head, barely missing him.

"Come here you squirrely bastard! I get to egg you!"

Polowy looks back and is able to dodge another egg.

"Damn it Jiles, leave me alone!"

He rushes over to a black car and fumbles with the door handle, finally opening it. As he gets in and closes the door, an egg hits the window. The car starts and pulls off as Cancer catches up.

"I'm going to get you Polowy!"

Cancer raises a fist in the air and shakes it like an old man at the paper boy as we fade to commercial.

Force vs. Casey Pierro-Zabotol

"

force"

As we return, Force and Casey Pierro-Zabotol are already in the ring.

"Get ready for something special up next, folks. This match up, featuring Casey Pierro-Zabotol verse Force, can not disappoint! I haven

t heard the rules, specified by Mr. Cool himself, as of yet

but I sure am interested

considering what

s in front of me right now!" A set up for the wildest of imaginations; everything is possible. The ring is surrounded by tables. The mat is covered with tacks. Standing atop the countless tacks are two ladders. On top of each ladder sits a cage. Inside the cage lays a carton of eggs. Oh, the possibilities

This is insane!

In my career of calling matches, I have

nev- WHAT THE?! A cell is lowering from above! It looks like it

s pulsating with electricity, too! What the hell is going on here?!?! Cancer Jiles really put out all the stops for

Slaughter: XXXI

this one! Looks like he wants to keep pushing his title to the top of DREAM after that fight he put up with Mike Polowy on Season

s Beatings! It appears as if we are about to behold some sort of tack-infested, ladder-egg-nested, surrounded by tables... rested-" Whiteside clears his throat.

"

electric-voltaged, who-the-hell-could-tell in a cell match!!!!"

Suddenly

"Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood hits the PA system. The crowd goes wild as they know who to expect from the song.

"Well here comes the COOL Champion, himself. Oh! He
s accompanied by his fellow tag champion, and current DREAM Champion, Doozer!"
Cancer Jiles, Adrein Cochrane and Doozer step out from
backstage, the original Bandits with mics in hand. The crowd pops even louder at the sight of the DREAM
Champ. Both of the original Bandits are dressed casually, not being booked for the night, in their Egg Bandit
t-shirts and jeans. CJ brings his mic up to speak.

"Please, please
Quiet down for Mr. Cool. I know I
m that COOL, but contain yourselves, please. I had to come out here because
I haven
t chosen the stipulations for this match yet. Everything you see in, and around, the ring is just a possibility.
To be quite honest,
Doozy, I just don
t know what to do
zy. For
starters, I requested a pool of sharks with laser beams attached to their dome pieces, but you don
t see that down there, do ya Doozy?" Mr. Cool shrugs, looking toward his tag partner for advice.
Chuckling in reaction to Cancer
s plight, Doozer ponders for a moment and then speaks up.

"You know what, Jiles? When The Dooze looks down at the amazing-ness down yonder, he sees two things
really. He sees a crazy electric hell in a cell match with tacks all over the mat
and he also sees an insane table, ladder combo with some ultimate egg action at the end. You pickin
what The Dooze is growin
you know what Dooze does when it comes down to two, equally awesome choices?" "He flips a coin?" "No.
Well, sometimes
but not for important choices like these. When he sees two equally awesome choices
and two equally awesome dudes
he puts two and two together." CJ looks at Doozer, still confused. Doozy clarifies.

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"Rock, paper, scissors, my friend

It'll be the electric cell slash tack match. You can be the egg-ladder combo table match. You ready?" Jason Whiteside comments, "This is just ridiculous! It seems as though the DREAM Champ and the COOL Champ, combined the Tag Team Champs, are going to do a rock, paper, scissors to see what type of match CPZ and Force will compete in tonight. I am at a loss, folks

I am at a loss."

Unexpectedly, Cancer holds his hand up to Doozer as if he was telling his partner to stop. Looking as if he just had an

epiphany, CJ brings the mic to his mouth.

"That

s it. That

s exactly what they

It'll do. Screw all this fancy match crap. Rock, paper, scissors for the winner. Doozy, you might be old, but you're a genius!"

Inside the ring, Force and Casey

Pierro-Zabotel stare at each other.

"Folks, the competitors can not believe this. They must play rock, paper, scissors to find a winner in this match where the 'You Call It' Champion has chosen the rules."

Force stares at CPZ as the bell sounds.

"This is going to happen. Force knows he is guaranteed a 'You Call It' title shot, so I am sure he will use this embarrassment for revenge."

At the top of the stage, the three Bandits are laughing. Suddenly from the back runs Chris Bladez. He pushes through Cochrane and Doozer, landing hard fist into Cancer Jiles.

"It's Chris Bladez!"

Inside the ring, both Force and CPZ look up towards the ramp in disgust. Not only is their 'match' a joke, but now

Chris Bladez is interrupting. Before too long, Doozer and Cochrane pull Bladez off of Jiles and he is knocked down, and being stomped on by the three eGG Bandits.

"This is just, well, I have no words for it folks."

Inside the ring, both Force and Casey Pierro-Zabotel have exited to the apron, leaving the ring.

"It appears that there will be no match. What a turn of events."

The fans seem unhappy with the end result as we fade to commercial.

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The Locker Room Meeting

"

traviswilliams" A meeting that took place last week at the end of Slaughter is shown. Every member of the DREAM roster is there, as Travis Williams stands before them eager to talk.

"First off, thanks for actually sticking around."

You can hear some mumbles and then one voice.

"WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHOICE DOUCHE BAG!"

Everyone looks at Travis with the look of uncertainty on their faces. They know someone is about to be given a pink slip for the disrespect.

"Well, thanks CJ, if I count on anyone being honest around here, it's you or Scotty. Now, where was I?"

Everyone snickers at that.

"I am not here to screw anyone over. I am not here to stand behind a few and to hell with the rest. I am the direct connection between you all and the owner. You want more money, you come to me. You need time off, fill out a request forum. You want to fuck CJ's mom, twenty bucks before you enter. I must warn though, never let affection turn into infection, always wear protection!"

CJ looks at Travis with a disgusted look on his face.

"I kid you man, calm down. You need to have ideas to be in DREAM, because we want to not only please our fans, but we want to please our employees. Without you all, Billy, Marky, and myself would be sending out resumes right now trying to collect the Obama money and some unemployment benefits! So, you have an idea? My door is always open, unless I close it. Either way, you can drop me an email if you must. The tag team four way is just the start. I plan on giving everyone an equal chance at going after a belt. You never know, that kid you was ribbing last week on his debut match maybe the next man facing Scotty for that DREAM Championship. However, we could see someone like Polowy gunning after it once again. The possibilities are unlimited. Until you limit yourself!"

A few of the guys cheer a loud YEAH, and some clap.

"So, before we wrap this up tonight. Know, 2010 is not just a repeat...2010, WE RUN THIS SHIT!"

Travis dismisses the men, as scene fades.

The Grady Bunch vs Brent

and

Colt Brodas vs ChickEN Chokers

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vs Billy and Bob Wilson

"

gradybunch" "It's that time guys! Last week announced this main event as his first order of business as Head of Talent Relations for DREAM. It's a massive four way tag team elimination match, which will rank the tag teams in contenders to the eGG Bandits' Tag Team Championship. With the winner of tonight's match getting their shot at the eGG Bandits next week on Slaughter! Extra bonus? No disqualifications and Cancer Jiles and Doozer will be the guest referees. Four teams, two referees which are the champions, we are bound for all hell to break loose here in the Slaughter House. Welcome to DREAM 2010!" "Daps n Pounds" by Kid Cudi starts to pour into the arena, as the crowd in the

Slaughter House goes nuts. The eGG Bandits members, Cancer Jiles and Doozer, current reigning Tag Team Champions, and You Call It and DREAM Champions, make their way out. Both men are in DREAM referee shirts, and black basketball style Nike shorts. They step into the ring, and wait for the tag teams that will partake in the match.

"There are the tonight's main event special referees. How will this work out for everyone in this match? I can assure you that no pin fall will be missed, and no submission ignored.

Though, I can promise you that no one will be shoving those guys around!" "Never Would Have Made It" by Marvin Sapp plays over the PA system and Brothers of Prophecy stand at the top of the ramp with each carrying a Bible. They raise the Bibles over their heads and keep them that way as they make their way to the ring. They set the Bibles on the commentators table and slide into the ring.

"There is no love between those two tag teams in the ring right now. Many believe that the Wilsons are the uncrown tag team champions from back when USXF had the straps!"

Lyric to 'I Want It All' by Queen kicks in. It can't be, can it? YES! -- Terry Spruhen, with beautifully sparkled Chocolate Vest, struts out with lips perched and fluffing out his Perm. Falls to his knees, swiping his forehead twice with cocksuredness, until finally the big man comes out more subdued and stands beside the kneeling Spruhen, arms relaxed. Spruhen pops up, walking well-ahead of

Borchard. Talking and more talking to anybody who will listen. Reaching ringside, Spruhen is already engaging the Official in words while Borchard has methodically pulled himself up onto the apron and stepped over the top rope rather effortlessly. Spruhen folds his vest, neatly. Slides into the ring near the post and sits in the corner, grinning like a damn fool as Borchard rests his arms on the top rope and you know.-- just know, he's ready.

"The Grady Bunch may have picked up a win that is iffy last week on Slaughter, but their debut was a success, and there is no arguing that point! Can they go 2 and 0?"

Colt Brodas charges through the curtain to a chorus of fans he doesn't feel are deserving of seeing his matches. They just simply don't pay enough, but a good match he will have. Colt leaps into the air and does a spin kick at the entrance as Brent stalks in behind him. Colt taunts the fans more so by ignoring their insults as he shows a spark in his step getting to the ring. Brent is close behind. Once ringside Colt climbs onto the side of the ring and up the corner, showing off his tattoos and admonishing his opponents abilities. Brent

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meanwhile is center of the ring, fight stance, ready to rumble.

"Many believe last week, a roll of half dollars tainted the debut of this team.

However, I would think they are expecting the same sort of dirty tactics from The Grady Bunch this week!" "WHO GOING CHICKEN HUNTING? WE GOING CHICKEN HUNTING!"

Insane Clown Posse's

"Chicken Hunting" starts to blast throughout the arena, as Dark and BR Ellis step out on top of the ramp. The crowd starts to boo them extremely loud, but the chickEN Chokers honestly do not care. They head down the isle in the middle, out of reach of all the fans. As they get down to the ring, both men jump up on the apron with their knees and stand to their feet. They look at one another and give a perverted gesture to the crowd, before stepping through the ropes. As both men walk over to a corner, their music cuts to an end.

"There they are, the team that took

The eGG Bandits to the limit on Slaughter XXIX. Dark and Ellis, The ChickEN Chokers make the fourth team and final team to enter this match. One can only hope all hell is not broken loose, without some sort of order. Then again, this is a no rules match, and pinfalls and submissions count anywhere!"

Before the bell can sound, Brent and Colt Brodas are on top of Jared and Terry of The Grady Bunch, pounding fist to flesh in the facial area. Doozer and Cancer have a good laugh, as Doozer calls for the opening bell. DING Billy and Dark start to exchange rights and lefts, as Ellis and Bob roll to the outside brawling.

"This match is already too wild for two men to handle. I am not even sure they care about handling it to be honest with you. Whatever team wins tonight, may not be in any condition to battle The Bandits come next week!"

Cancer steps outside the ring and onto the floor, monitoring the action from there. Terry and Brent are in the ring on their feet now, exchanging blows.

"Terry just kicked Brent in the manhood! That is going to sting for sometime!"

Doozer is laughing nonstop at what he just saw. Terry covers Brent!

"ONE...TWO...NO! Colt breaks it up!"

Colt dives onto the back of the head of Terry, preventing the pinfall from being successful.

"One team member losing, they are both done for. Since it is elimination style, do not expect to see some other team saving another. Team mates will only save their own team, to protect their own ass!"

Jared comes up from behind Colt, but is leveled with a pele kick. Colt covers Jared!

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"ONE...TWO...NO! Jared gets the shoulder up before Doozer gets to three!"

Dark and Billy are on the outside, as Billy Wilson is thrown head first into the steel ring post. Dark decides to play the steel stairs with the head of Billy, one blow after another!

"Those shots are echoing throughout the Slaughter House! One can only imagine how much more Billy can take to the head!"

Dark throws down Billy and covers him. Cancer is right there...

"ONE...TWO...NO! Billy got a shoulder up!"

Dark looks at Cancer and starts an argument. 'WHAT THE HELL JILES?' Dark shoves the You Call It Champion, almost to the floor. 'IT WAS ONLY TWO CHEWBACCA!' Cancer nails Dark with a hard right hand, putting him on the floor.

"Oh man, you knew the tempers of those two teams would not be at ease! I honestly believe they hate one another!"

Cancer grabs Billy, and drags him overtop of Dark, and gets into position...

"ONE...TWO...Dark manages to kick out!"

Cancer shakes his head, ashamed that The ChickEN Chokers are still alive in this match!

"One can only assume that Cancer was attempting to get rid of those two, not assist The Wilsons in getting one step closer at another shot at their titles!"

On the other side of the ring on the floor, Ellis is stomping the hell out of Bob Wilson, as the fans are actually counting every stomp, that is currently at seventy-one!

"I am not sure Ellis' desire, but I can only assume he is making a point of showing that he can walk all over anyone!"

Colt and Jared are in the ring, as Terry manages to trash the head of Brent into the security rail from the apron with a nasty high knee knocking him off the apron. Terry and Jared grab Colt, Terry lifts him up for a suplex, as Jared catches him in sit out powerbomb. Terry and Jared both cover him. Doozer is right there.

"ONE...TWO...THREE!"

The Grady Bunch jump to their feet, grabbing Colt and throwing him outside the ring.

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"Colt and Brent Brodas have been eliminated from this match, and it did not take a roll of half dollars!"

Terry and Jared take their time, catching a rest break while ChickEN Chokers and The Wilsons are on the outside brawling. Dark and Ellis join together on the outside, but both are on the floor crawling away from Billy and Bob Wilson. As the fans cheer at the sight they have been seeing in this main event.

"These DREAM fans are going nuts over this match. It's been action packed without a doubt!"

Ellis stands to his feet, dazed and confused.

"The Wilson's are about ten feet away on both sides..."

They both come charging in.

"ELLIS DUCKED!"

Ellis ducks a double big boot face smash, as both Billy and Bob nail each other in the shoulders knocking them down on the floor.

"I do believe with that one kick, Ellis would have been needing medical treatment!"

Ellis covers Bob, as Cancer is right there.

"ONE...TWO...NO! Bob gets a shoulder up!"

Ellis looks at Cancer with disbelief, but quickly crawls over to Billy and hooks both legs.

"ONE...TWO...NO! Billy rolls a shoulder up in time!"

Ellis is completely distraught now! As he cannot believe he did not pin at least one of the Wilson's. Dark makes his way into the ring, where he comes to a stare down between himself and the Grady Bunch.

"OH MAN! Shit is about to start raining now!"

Terry and Jared stay close, as they start to circle the ring at the same pace as Dark.

"This is the game of wait, who is going to drawl first?"

Ellis grabs Billy Wilson and throws him into the ring, followed by Bob. As Ellis slides in next to his partner, and the Wilson manage to pull themselves up by the ropes. In the ring, a triangle waiting to explode!

"Its about even playing fields!"

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Dark and Terry go face to face, as Ellis and Jared go face to face. Billy and Bob feel left out, so they come in the between, but in return, are nailed.

"ITS A SETUP! They hooked the Wilsons in, and then decided to eliminate them first!"

Terry and Dark are stomping the hell out of Billy, while Bob is being double choked in a corner by Ellis and Jared.

"The Wilsons are being dealt with, as if they are not wanted to decide the number one and number two contenders!"

Dark grabs up Billy by the hair, as Terry hits the ropes.

"TERRY JUST KNOCKED HIS HEAD OFF!"

Terry hits a lariat on Billy Wilson that would make Stan Hansen smile.

"Dark goes into a cover, as Cancer is down for the count."

Dark hooks both legs as Cancer takes his time getting down to the canvas.

"ONE.....TWO.....NO!"

Billy gets a shoulder up, as Dark realizes that the count was an actual slow one.

"Dark is not happy one bit! Cancer is trying his damndest to piss that man off!"

Jared has Bob up in the air in a vertical suplex, Ellis springs from the corner and spears Jared in the midsection, as both men crash, leaving Ellis the only one unharmed in the event.

"Oh my, Ellis with a nasty shoulder spear to the midsection."

Ellis grabs up Bob Wilson.

"Ellis sets up Bob, as Terry hits the ropes!"

The lariat connects, as Ellis does a chop block flipping Bob inside and out! Ellis quickly in the cover, hooking both legs, as Doozer is down to count it.

"ONE...TWO...THREE!"

Doozer signals that the Wilsons have been eliminated from the match, as it is left to two final teams.

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"The Wilsons are done for, as a double team move just sent them packing! Now we have The Grady Bunch and the ChickEN Chokers!"

Terry and Dark decide to lockup with one another.

"Collar and elbow tie up this late? It's like we have a whole new match taking place!"

BS Ellis charges in with a clubbing forearm to the back of Terry.

"I knew this was not going to be the whole, MAY THE BEST TEAM WIN!"

Dark and Ellis takes Terry back against the ropes. They both throw a knife edge chop across the chest, as they send Terry off.

"Irish whip by the ChickEN Chokers!"

In the return, Terry ducks the double clothesline attempt.

"There's Jared!"

Jared charges in taking out Dark, as Terry hits the ropes and comes back.

"Ellis is set for the back body!"

Terry puts the boots on, and kicks Ellis in the shoulder, flinging him back up.

"Follow the red foot print to see how dead on that blow was!"

Terry grabs the left arm of Ellis, and kicks him in the midsection.
After the impact, Terry shoots off Ellis into the ropes.

"Irish whip by Terry, as Jared is choking Dark in the corner!"

As Ellis returns, Terry catches him in a
t-bone position.

"T-BONE SUPLEX!"

Dark grabs the waist of Jared and shoots him to the outside on the floor.

"Jared just kissed the cement face first."

Meanwhile Terry crawls overtop of Ellis, and hooks both legs. Doozer is down to make the count!

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"ONE...TWO...NO!"

Just as Doozer's hand was about to hit three.

"Dark just saved his team's shot at those tag team titles next week. Though I am sure Doozer and Cancer Jiles would have loved to see The Grady Bunch walk out with that chance!"

Dark dropped a knee into the back of the head of Terry, breaking the pinfall. Jared is trying to get back to his feet on the outside, but has no such luck.

"Dark and Ellis are together on a team now, as they hold their hands around their necks as if they are choking."

Dark grabs up Terry by the hair.

"Terry is being sent off, as Ellis sits on the top turnbuckle with his feet on the middle ropes."

Terry returns, as Dark lifts him high and straight up in the air towards Ellis, who leaps off the ropes.

"OH MY! WHAT A CRASH IN MID AIR!"

Ellis hits what looks to be a spear or some sort of midair tackle on Terry, sending both men flipping inside out on impact.

"The fans just loved that move!"

Dark covers Terry quickly, as Ellis aches in pain in the corner.

"ONE...TWO...NO!"

Out of nowhere, Jared flies off the top rope with an elbow to the back of head and neck, breaking up the pinfall. Jared grabs Ellis and throws him into a corner, and starts to shove his shoulders into the midsection, one after another.

On the other side of the ring, Terry and Dark are both getting to their feet slowly.

"This match is becoming a matter of divide and conquer!"

Terry is taken back into the corner by Dark, as he starts to stomp the living hell out of him. Both hands on the top rope, thrust after boot thrust, Dark buries them into the midsection of Terry.

"There is the stomping a mud hole in someone and walking that thing dry!"

Jared stops with his shoulder thrusting, and takes his forearm and drives it into the throat of

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Ellis. As he chokes the hell out of Ellis in the corner, Doozer has no choice but to try and convince him to release the hold as no decision can be made from it.

"Jared is not trying to get a win on it, but trying to put Ellis out cold!"

Dark grabs Terry by the arm, as does Jared with Ellis. Both men shoot their opposing opponent into the center of the ring.

"Not sure if they realize it, by they just sent an opponent in at their own team mate!"

Ellis and Terry hit head to head in the center of the ring, as Dark drops down behind Terry in a school boy, and Jared rolls up Ellis with an inside cradle. Doozer and Cancer Jiles both go down, to make the count.

"ONE...TWO...THREE!" "ONE...TWO...THREE!"

The bell sounds, as Doozer and Cancer both just realized what just took place!

"WHO WON THE MATCH?"

Doozer and Cancer start to point at a different team each, as both men seem to stand behind their decision.

"Safe to say, this match produced two teams winning.

The Chicken Chokers and The Grady Bunch got the victory pin. We are just left with the puzzling question, WHICH ONE

WINS?" Cancer and Doozer exchange words, arguing about their own decisions. Jared and Dark are both right there trying to put in their two cents.

"There is no decision yet, but Dark and Jared both want that win!"

After several words being tossed in by the two, Cancer and Doozer stop their little riffle and smirk.

"OH

MY, The eGG Bandits just dropped the only two men standing!" Cancer and Doozer nail the two with hard elbow/forearm shots. They toss up their hands, and walk out as

Kid Cudi's

"Daps and Pounds" starts to play!

"We have no decision here, one can only assume that the eGG Bandits do not care which one of those two teams they face next week. For everyone here in DREAM, GOOD NIGHT!"

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