

Slaughter: Slaughter XXXIV

January 27, 2010 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

Slaughter XXXIV

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Slaughter XXXIV

27 Jan 2010

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

Introduction

"

jasonwhiteside" "Welcome to
SLAUGHTER for Orlando, Florida in our very
own, SLAUGHTER HOUSE! I am Jason Whiteside."

The logo appears as the pyro goes off.

"Tonight, semi-finals of the Slaughter TV Title and a Tag Team Title contest. So lets kick off SLAUGHTER
RIGHT NOW!"

Let's Make A Deal

"

xanderdaniels" A knock on the door of Travis' office echoes.

"COME IN!"

Yells Travis, without paying attention.

"You wanted to see me T-Willy?"

Xander Daniels is standing over his desk, with a smirk on his face. Travis looks at him with a look that could
kill quicker than a 45 to the head.

"It's Mister Williams!"

Xander shrugs his shoulders and takes a seat.

"Hurry, I have a match in five minutes, so spill it, or I am gone!"

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Travis sets down his pen and fakes a smile.

"I dislike you and those who followed you here to DREAM. So let's get one thing straight. This is not HOSTILITY, this is DREAM. I am your boss, and you will show me the respect I have earned!"

Xander is looking around the office staring at the titles on display that Travis has won.

"Huh?

Sorry, I was not paying attention Mister

Willy!" Travis slams his hands on the desk, making Xander jump.

"Do you want to collect a paycheck from DREAM?"

Xander nods his head.

"Then show me the respect I DESERVE!"

Xander puts up his hand.

"Look, instead of throwing your power and hatred around, why not just give the chance to prove to you, that YOU NEED ME? Picture it, you on staff, me in the ring, we make the perfect combo!"

Travis raises an eyebrow, interested in what was just stated.

"I like you already XanDan! I tell you what, you've got a deal. Prove to me tonight you deserve to be on my side and we have a partnership!"

Xander and Travis shake hands, as he stands to exit his office.

As the door opens up, Xander goes to step through and turns to look at Travis.

"You won't regret your decis..."

Suddenly, the door is slammed on the leg of Xander, sending him to the ground.

As the door opens back up, Syd and Chaz are there.

"Travis, you should not bring innocent people into your bullshit! He is a means of a start, the war comes tonight!"

Travis stands from his chair throwing his coat off.

"You want to start something? Just because I am retired, does not mean I am unable to beat you two lackies!"

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Chaz and Syd laugh, as they slam the door on his leg once more before disappearing. Travis rushes to the door screaming down the hall.

"GET
THIS MAN SOME HELP, SOME
EMTS!"

Setting Up Shop

"

themedollar" We are taken to the main entrance of the arena, where there are still a few stragglers filtering in. Naturally, the first thing the fans come across is the vendor area, where every piece of DREAM memorabilia imaginable can be found

for a price. Displays and stalls line the hallway, right from the front door all the way to the concession stands. And at the very end of

vendors row

sits a small wooden desk. Various items are strewn across the table, in no particular order. One would think that a serious merchandise vendor would have everything set up and ready to go hours before the show started. However, this unfortunate soul arrived late to the arena, and is still struggling to pin up his banner, which is obviously homemade, behind his table. And who is this poor, unfortunate, and tardy soul? Well, it's none other than DREAM

's resident

wrestling salesman

The Masked Dollar. His mask muffles his voice, but he is clearly grumbling about something as he puts the finishing touches on his stand.

"I can
n't believe the company couldn
t even spring for cab fare to the arena!" TMD mutters to himself.

"I had to scrounge up all my loose change for the bus.

This is ridiculous, I could have been set up and making money already

Reaching into a large duffel

bag, The Masked Dollar pulls out an assortment of mugs and shot glasses, all with his likeness printed on them. He arranges neatly on the table, and then leans over and unzips his backpack, which is resting on top of the

Steel Folding Chair, which he has sitting behind the desk. He reaches into the backpack, this time producing a pile of standard 8 headshots of himself. Ever-so-carefully, he places the pile on the corner of the table, just in case some fans want the most coveted signature in the industry. As The Masked Dollar continues to busy himself with maximizing his sales potential, a young boy, probably ten or eleven years of age, walks up behind him to check out his wares.

Unaware of the boy

's presence, TMD turns around holding a
10lbs.

Sledgehammer in his hands. Startled by the boy, TMD drops the hammer. Of

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course, the hammer lands on TMD's foot, causing him to erupt in a profanity-laced tirade. The child screams and runs away, leaving The Masked Dollar to tend to his aching foot. Hopping up and down on his good leg, TMD massages his injured extremity, hissing and cussing when he applies more and more pressure. After nearly tripping on his own chair, TMD takes a seat, and rests his foot on the edge of his display table. Wincing in pain, The Masked Dollar nearly misses the young boy's return. Keeping a watchful eye on the child, TMD watches as he approaches him cautiously.

"Sorry Mister," the young boy mumbles apologetically.

"Jesus Christ kid, you can't just go around scaring people like that!" TMD hollers at the kid.

"What if I was holding a Samurai Sword or a jar of SARS? Things could have gotten a lot uglier!" The child, who is nearly in tears, apologizes again and again. Eventually, The Masked Dollar starts to calm down, and realizes that the young boy had no ill intentions towards him, and accepts the apology.

"So TMD says, hinting that the boy had a reason for approaching his stand in the first place, "Do you see anything you like?"

Slowly, the child raises his arm, and points to a wooden Ball-in-a-Cup toy. The Masked Dollar stares at the Ball-in-a-Cup for a second, and then down at his foot, which is throbbing with pain. He looks back at the wooden toy, and then over at the boy, who is staring back at him.

"You mean to tell me that I might have to get my foot amputated, all because you wanted to look at the cheapest piece of crap I've got here?" The young boy doesn't know what to say, so he remains silent.

"Come on, kid!"

TMD begs, "Gimme a break here. Wouldn't

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t you rather buy this totally awesome
Remote Controlled Monster Truck?"

Sure enough, The Masked Dollar reaches down into his duffel
bag, and reveals a two foot tall, black and green monster truck.

Hesitantly, TMD hands over the controls to the monster truck to the young
boy, who can
t believe his eyes.

"Here kid, tell ya what. I

ll let you take it for a test drive before you pay up." The boy nods and smiles, and immediately focuses on
racing the truck through the crowd of people gathering around the vendor displays. Suddenly, a man with a
clipboard emerges from the crowd of people and marches right over to
The Masked Dollar. With confusion in his eyes, TMD stares at the
man, waiting for him to speak.

"Umm

Mr. Dollar?" the man asks in a calm tone.

"Mister Dollar was my father

s name," TMD snaps back playfully, "Please
call me TMD." "Okay

Mr. TMD

the man corrects himself, "You had better go and get ready, your match will be starting soon."

Suddenly, there is a roar from the crowd at ringside, which seems to catch the attention of The Masked
Dollar more than the stagehand
s warning.

"Oh shit

MY MATCH!" TMD screams. He looks down at his street clothes that he
s wearing, and then at his
Wrist Watch which starts beeping.

"Damn

I still have to get ready

Looking around wildly, TMD spots the boy chasing after the monster truck as it whizzes in and out of the
pedestrian traffic. As the boy runs past The Masked
Dollar, the wrestler grabs him by the back of the collar and drags him over to his display table.

"Okay kid, I

ll cut you a deal," TMD starts off, "I have some business to attend to out in the ring. If you can stay here and
watch my stuff
hell, maybe you wanna try and sell some stuff while you

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re at it
I'll split my night's earnings with you
eighty "Fifty/Fifty!" the child blurts out to TMD
s amazement.

"Come on, you
re breaking my balls here
TMD pleads, "Seventy "Sixty/Forty!" the haggling prodigy retorts. The Masked Dollar takes one more look
at his watch, and cringes as the ringside fans erupt in cheers once again for whatever it is going on in the
ring. The black mask gets even darker as TMD begins to perspire, showing that he
s running out of time and options.

"DEAL!" screams The Masked Dollar. Quickly, he reaches out and shakes the kid
s hand, before disappearing in the blink of an eye. As the scene fades out, the child gets comfortable on the
steel folding chair, and kicks his heels up like he owns the joint.

Castor Strong vs. The Masked Dollar
vs. Xander Daniels
"

thethemaskeddollar" "As we just saw, Xander Daniels has suffered a bad break in his leg due to the bodyguards
of Chris Bladez, which leaves me to believe ONE THING. We have a change to the opening match here on
Slaughter!"

The lights dim so the arena fills with blackness and the thousands of camera flashbulbs. The four industrial
size strobe lights begin to pulsate to the kick drum of

Behemoth's
"Ov Fire And The Void".

Out from behind the curtain comes the smug yet confident, Castor Strong. As the spotlight operator follows
him down the
ramp, pyrotechnics shoot off in the air from the stage. Showing little to no emotion, a handful of fans try to
reach out and touch Castor but he pulls his arm in to give them the cold shoulder. He walks up the ring stairs
but in a show of great etiquette, wipe's his boots on the apron before entering the ring. Strong slowly walks
towards the far turnbuckle again with no emotion, just a glaring look in to the vast audience in attendance. He
places both feet on the turnbuckle and just stares. No motion, no mannerism, nothing. Just a cold hard stare.
Stepping down from his perch, he then wraps his arms around the ring ropes and thrusts his back in to the
rubber covered fiber to stretch his back out for the battle that is to come.

"This is the first time seeing Castor Strong in a DREAM ring! He looks to be in great shape, and ready to tear
down the Slaughter House tonight!" "DIRTY--ROTTEN--FILTHY--STINKING--RICH!"

The crowd screams along with the lyrics, as
Warrant is blasted over the PA system. Green strobe lights begin to flicker and flash throughout the arena as

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'The Walking Infomercial' himself, The Masked

Dollar, appears from behind the entrance curtain. He stops at the top of the ramp, throws his arms up in the air, and flashes the all-to-familiar 'pay up' hand gesture.

As the music continues, TMD marches down to the ring and slides in under the bottom rope. He immediately heads for the

corner, where he ascends the turnbuckles and raises his arms in the air again.

Having shown off enough, The Masked Dollar then turns and takes a seat on the top turnbuckle, and he awaits the beginning of the match.

"The Masked Dollar is a strange one to say the least! He throws around his money as much as Bladez, if not more! Who is going to win their debut? Let

s get to the action to see for ourselves!" The ready signals for the bell

DING The two men lockup in the center of the ring. Castor pulls Dollar into a standing headlock.

"Decent chain wrestling by the two new comers to DREAM!"

Dollar shoots him off into the ropes, on the return, attempt at a shoulder block by Dollar has both men standing off with one another.

"Evenly matched between the two men! This could get interesting!"

Castor hits the ropes and returns throwing a clothesline.

"He ducks, catches the arm and head!"

He lifts him up in a rock bottom like move, and slams him on his knee.

"DEAL BREAKER!"

The Masked Dollar goes into the cover.

THREE!

The Masked Dollar just picked up the W and in under two minutes!" The Masked Dollar stands to his feet celebrating, as the referee raises his hand.

"Stay tune, we will be back after a short commercial break!

Arrivals.

"

jimmyriley" As seems to be par for the course, we're outside The Slaughterhouse, with the "Earlier Today" chryon in the lower left corner of the screen. This time, however, instead of protesting the World Wrestling Alliance, Jimmy Riley is simply walking into the arena. It would be easier, however, if he wasn't being followed.

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"Mister Riley! A word, just a minute!"

A very proper looking man in a suit is just now catching up to Jimmy, carrying a microphone with the DREAM logo in his hand.

"Mister Riley, it's a big night, tonight, you step in the ring with former CWO World Champion Muru. Any last minute thoughts?"

Jimmy Riley stops, putting his bag on the ground, and turns to look at the man, an incredulous look on his face.

"This guy was a World Champ, sure, but how long ago was that? Years! What has he proven lately? That he can beat Johnny Legend? Legend isn't Psymon. He can beat Clarence Williams? ANYONE can beat Clarence Williams!"

The interviewer pauses for a second, letting the answer sink in.

"Now, Mister Riley, there's also next week. If you win, you'll face either Charlie Blackwell...or Bishop Steele. Lose, and it's Castor Strong."

Riley shakes his head, again looking at the interviewer as if he's an idiot. After all, he probably is.

"Castor Strong isn't even a question at this point. Blackwell? I beat him already, and no amount of training in the world will get him where he needs to be, and that's on my level. Bishop Steele, on the other hand..."

Riley looks up at the sky, thinking to himself for a moment.

"...Heh. He's not Adrien Cochrane. Oh, how I'd have loved to avenge that loss. No, Bishop Steele isn't Adrien Cochrane, but he'll be a fine competitor. Now if you'll excuse me..." Jimmy begins to walk off, with the interviewer trying to follow.

"Mister Riley, one last question!"

Riley abruptly stops, and turns to look at the man following him.

"No, no more questions. You can sit here and wait for me to leave...whatever your name is." "It's Taylor, sir. Taylor Jones. You...you hired me to do this." "Good! That means you will sit here and wait for me to leave."

And with that, Jimmy Riley turns and walks right into the building, leaving Taylor Jones standing there, a slightly depressed look on his face.
Be Vewy Quite, I'm Hunting Vermin
"

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psymon" "Chris
Bladez, Ozric

Mortimer, and Mike Polowy, come on out." Psymon is prowling the Slaughterhouse backstage arena. In his right hand is his custom-made mallet, with the name on the hammerhead. He is dressed in a pair of black, baggy pants, and a black hooded sweatshirt with the word on the front in a white, Old English font.

"The Monster" is scanning left and right, looking for the men who are now breathing down his neck: he attacked Chris Bladez last week, and Ozric Mortimer and Mike Polowy came during his match against Clarence Williams. No matter really; he is going to get the upper hand, one way or another. He walks up to the cameraman, looks around, and then presses an index finger to his lips.

"Be vewy quiet, I
m hunting vermin." He walks away from the cameraman, continuing his hunt for the vermin.

Muru vs. Jimmy Riley

"

jimmyriley" "We are in the semifinals of the Slaughter Television Title tournament! We have Jimmy Riley squaring off against the man of the hour, MURU! Who will advance to the finals next week? Let s head to the ring!" Like a bad headache, the immediate buzz created by the hip hop superstar collaboration between Kanye, 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.

"Last week, Jimmy Riley got LUCKY! By the end of his match with Bladez, he was about to be put down. However, he escaped with a count victory after Psymon chased Bladez out the arena. He won t get that lucky this week!" Up on the tron a picture of the earth is seen. The earth then explodes as pyro and explosions fill the arena. The entrance ramp is filled with smoke as "Ladies and Gentlemen" by Saliva begins to play. Muru then walks out through the fog and makes his way down the ramp. Along the way to the ring he slaps the hands of a few fans and the he slides into the ring. He then raises his hands to the air as the crowd cheers.

"There he is fans! The rookie of DREAM that has took this place by storm! Defeating the likes of Clearance Williams and ending the undefeated streak of Johnny Legend who replaced Nathan Paradine last week. I honestly do not believe Paradine would have been able to stop this REDHOT bastard they call MURU!"

Muru starts to stomp, getting the fans behind him.

S GO MURU

S GO MURU!

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Jimmy Riley seems to be annoyed by the fans and the actions of Muru.

SHUT THE HELL UP!

Riley screams to the fans, holding his hands over his ears.

"This is the typical good verse evil! Jimmy Riley is being reeled in by Muru!"

Muru jumps up on the middle turnbuckle and poses to the crowd.

YEAH!

Muru points to the turnbuckle and Jimmy Riley follows suit.

Jimmy jumps down pissed off.

"Jimmy should not care about the fans, as he dislikes them anyway!"

Muru goes to the same turnbuckle Riley was on and poses.

WOOHOO!

Muru turns and shrugs his shoulders. As he turns back to hop down, Riley charges in clubbing him from behind in the lower back. He grabs the hair of

Muru, and pulls him down off the turnbuckle onto his canvas head and back first.

DING

"I would safely say that Riley is fed up with playing this game!"

Riley starts to stomp Muru while he is on the ground. He stops, and point to him for the crowd.

BOO! FUCK YOU RILEY!

Screams some HOSTILE fans in the arena. Jimmy just cracks a smile, amused by the fans hatred for him.

"Stay on him, or you will not win this match Jimmy!"

Jimmy takes the side of his boot, and sticks it into the throat of Muru while grabbing the ropes to choke Muru with no remorse.

"He has to be careful to not get disqualified by the referee. He keeps on, and he will be exactly that. Out of the tournament due to his anger issues!"

Jimmy Riley releases the choke before the referee count hit five, but is warned for his actions.

"Stay tune, we need to take a quick commercial break!"

January 31st 2010

ONLY ON Pay Per View

"

PPV" SCRAMBLED DREAMS

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"Welcome back!

While we were gone, Muru countered a German

suplex, and nailed one of his own!" A replay of the German suplex reverse is shown, as Muru blocked with his legs, elbows Riley in the head, and rolls around him, dropping Riley on his head and neck with one of his own.

"At this moment, Muru is on the top rope!"

Muru leaps off, going into a seated position, and driving a leg across the throat of Riley with a massive leg drop.

"WHAT HANGTIME HE GOT!"

Muru rolls over and hooks the inside leg. The referee gets into position.

Riley rolls a shoulder up at the last minute.

"So freaking close! That leg drop almost sent Riley home and Muru into the finals!"

Muru looks at the referee with a bit of disappointment in his eyes. As he lifts up Riley by the hair, the pants are grabbed, and Riley throws Muru forward into the corner, causing Muru to slam his shoulder hard on the ring post.

"You may not like the guy, but he without a doubt, did what he had to do to prevent Muru from keeping the offense!"

Riley slowly pulls himself up, as Muru is still in the ropes with pain streaming from his expression.

"Riley just needs to keep working on that left shoulder, and it could be CHECK MATE!"

Riley is on his feet, as he pulls Muru out, and throws him back in once again.

"Oh man, that does not seem like it would be fun! Another steel post meeting for Muru's shoulder!" Riley grabs the pants, and pulls Muru back out. He turns him around, grabbing the arm and putting it across the chest.

"OH

MAN, ARM BREAKER

/ SINGLE ARM DDT! That is going to send a shockwave of pain into Muru

s shoulder!" Riley rolls him over and lays on top of him as the referee goes into place.

NOPE!

Muru is able to get his foot on the bottom rope.

"Smart move by Muru, using his ring positioning to break up the pin attempt!"

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Riley stands to his feet, and grabs Muru by the legs and drags him across the ring.

"Riley is up, KNEE DROP!"

Riley drops the knee on the left shoulder of Muru. Riley rolls him over, and puts Muru in a cross face!

"Oh man, Muru has to escape this before he loses this match or even his career!"

DO YOU GIVE UP MURU?

Muru shakes his head no.

"Muru is not willing to give this match up yet!"

The crowd starts to cheer on Muru.

MURU!

Muru starts to slide on his stomach towards the ropes. Inch by inch, his feet are getting closer to them.

"He is almost there!"

Riley releases the lock, and clubs

Muru in the head. As he goes to lock it back in, Muru slides to the ropes. Riley locks it on, and Muru uses the ropes to roll them both over.

THREE!

Riley releases the hold, as the bell sounds.

"I do not think Riley knows what happen!"

Riley stands to his feet, raising his hands in victory.

"Muru escapes with a victory, when is Riley going to realize that?"

Muru gets to his feet, as the referee raises his hand in victory. Riley goes nuts, shoving the referee.

"He knows now!"

Riley nails Muru with a right hand, and then shoots him off into the ropes.

"This is a sore loser fans!"

On the return, Riley goes for a clothesline, ducked, Muru hits the breaks. Riley turns around and is nailed with a stepping shining wizard as he falls out the ring.

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"Muru is the last man standing! And your winner!"

The referee gets back into the ring, raising Muru's hand. Riley is on his feet on the outside, slamming his hands on the apron, pissed off at the referee's decision.

"Jimmy is out, Muru moves on! We will be back after this commercial break!"

Offer Accepted

"

dawnmcgill"

With the High Octane Wrestling LSD title belt over one shoulder and a Missouri Valley Wrestling Tag Team title belt over the other, Dawn McGill stands in the middle of the ring.

Dawn: "Well, tonight

I'm here in beautiful Orlando to cheer on my cousin, Charlie

Blackwell, in his big match tonight against Bishop Steele. Charlie's come a long way in two months and I'm very proud of him. However,

I'm also here on behalf of the Missouri Valley Wrestling Association. As you all know now, Missouri Valley joined Dream Wrestling Federation and five other outfits in the World Wrestling Alliance.

"This Sunday night at Scrambled Dreams, there's going to be a

WWA Caged Hell Match for Bragging Rights that'll feature C.R.I.P from Appalachian Wrestling, Joe Drago from

Defiance,

Kronin from Wrestling Midwest, Ryan Faze from High Octane

Wrestling, and Adrien Cochrane from Dream. Now, when

Missouri Valley joined Dream, CEO Jason Carmondy received a note from William Peters here at Dream. It reads as

follows:..." Dawn pulls a slip of paper out of the pocket of the long, black overcoat she's wearing and unfolds it.

"MVW, it is NOT too late to be added to our PPV on the 31st. It'd be a great way to introduce the feds to the alliance."

Dawn then folds the paper back up and puts it back in her coat pocket. Dawn: "I'd like to say that on behalf of the Missouri Valley Wrestling Association...I accept your offer. See you Sunday night."

Business As Usual

"

themedollar"

Backstage once more,

Vendors Row

looks less like a commercial

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area, and more like a war zone. Several stands are on fire, and memorabilia is scattered everywhere. Event workers and maintenance crews are working hard to clean everything up, but it's a losing battle.

Coming upon the disaster zone, The Masked Dollar is all cleaned up from his match, and is back in his street clothes (his mask is still on, of course). Taking one look at the flaming tables, and shredded clothing, TMD screams at the top of his lungs and hurries over to his display table. Somehow, this is the only table that survived. And sitting there, looking innocent as ever, is the young boy TMD left in charge while he was in the ring.

"What the hell happened here kid?"

TMD demands to know.

"Not that it really matters to me, I'm still in business. And where's my remote controlled monster truck? You going to buy it or what?" The kid has his face buried in one of many

Comic books, and pulls his fingers away from the pages long enough to point across the hall to one of the flaming vendor tables. The two foot tall monster truck is on fire itself, and is embedded into the front of the display table. Clearly, that little monster truck was the cause of all this commotion. The Masked Dollar turns back around to admonish the young boy

for his reckless behavior, only to find that the boy is gone along with several of the Ball-in-a-Cup games. TMD is beside himself, under the impression that he'd been swindled. However, a small grocery bag in the middle of the table catches his eye. Nervously, he opens up the bag and finds numerous rolls of nickels, which the young boy had left in payment for the toys he had taken. TMD just shrugs his shoulders and slides the bag of nickels into his backpack.

"Ten bucks is ten bucks."

However, The Masked Dollar's ordeal isn't over

yet, as he has yet to notice the large mob of people forming behind him; all of them vendors, who fell victim to the young boy

's menacing driving skills. TMD turns around, and once again is startled into dropping the contents of his hands, which happens to be his homemade banner this time. It crinkles as it comes to rest on the floor, breaking the awkward silence.

"You use money, pal!" one of the infuriated vendors yells. It can be heard from the back of the crowd, "Oh, homie don

play them games!" TMD looks around for an escape route, but literally has nowhere to run. He glances down at the backpack containing the bag of rolled nickels, and then up at the mass of angry vendors. Slowly, reluctantly, and grief-stricken, The Masked Dollar holds up his backpack and hands it to the nearest vendor.

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The vendor looks through the bag, and doesn't look impressed.

"You really think ten dollars in spare change is going to cut it?" the vendor demands.

"Buddy, you owe us all a lot of money, and I suggest you start right now and settle all these debts."

No

s supposed to be making a profit, not amassing a huge debt. Ah hell, this is what always happens to The Masked Dollar

s something he

s grown accustomed to. Like he always says, "Money lost is better than money never found". The mob of vendors slowly closes in on The Masked Dollar, readying to beat him to a pulp. Suddenly, the perfect distraction pops up in the form of an exploding remote controlled monster truck. The mini-explosion forces everyone to scatter in fear, giving The Masked Dollar the chance to escape out of the building, much like he did on last week

s show. As the image fades to a commercial break, the confused and outraged vendors start searching high and low for the rouge salesman, but he's long gone by now.

Charlie Blackwell vs. Bishop Steele

"

charlieblackwell"

The next match is to determine who will face Muru in the finals next week on Slaughter. As the young rookie, Charlie Blackwell takes on the massive Bishop

Steele! Let

s get to the ring for the start of this match!" 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..."

There is the rookie that is burning rubber where he goes! Could this 19 year old become the first ever DREAM Slaughter Television Champion? I bet Bishop Steele has something to say about that one!" 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 curtain 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

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hype and screaming. He then looks at Alexis and a nod to her to signal that it is time. He then makes his way down to the ring with 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.

"There he is, Mister Steele. He received a first round bye, and then defeated Adrien Cochrane and HOSTILITY former Champion, Xander Daniels last week!" The referee points to Kenzie and Alexis and points towards the back. YOU TWO, GO!

Bishop Steele tries to argue with the referee, but loses the fight.

"It s going to be a one on one fight! As Kenzie and Alexis are on their way to the backstage area to watch this match on monitors!" DING The referee signals for the start of the match.

"Steele and Blackwell are ready to go, as they circle the ring!"

They step into center of the ring, and lockup. Steele uses his power to pull Charlie into a headlock.

"This is a true test for the rookie. As Bishop Steele has more time invested and is a lot bigger and stronger!"

Charlie throws a few elbows to the midsection, as each one causes them to take a few steps back with each elbow.

"Charlie has Bishop up against the ropes!"

Charlie throws one more elbow for good measures and sends Bishop off into the ropes.

"And the rookie is freed!"

Bishop hits the ropes, as Charlie steps forward, and is bull dozed over by Bishop on his attempt at a shoulder block.

"What is this kid smoking?

He is tall and skinny, I am guessing some crack! He cannot budge Bishop!" Bishop hits the ropes, as Charlie rolls over and Bishop steps over.

"Off the ropes he goes, Blackwell back on his feet!"

Leapfrog by Blackwell, as Bishop hits the ropes again, hip toss "Bishop rolls under the bottom rope, after being surprised by Charlie from that hip toss! Stay put, we need to take a short commercial break!
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ONLY ON Pay Per View

"

PPV" SCRAMBLED DREAMS

"And welcome back!

While we were gone, Blackwell got to close to the ropes." A replay of Charlie trying to go after Bishop is shown. Bishop uses the rookie mistake to pull Charlie out under the bottom rope, and on his back on the mats.

"Bishop has

Charlie pressed over his head, OH

MAN!" Bishop drops Charlie on the security railing neck first.

GET BACK IN THE RING NOW!

The referee issues a warning to Steele, who ignores him completely.

"Bishop Steele has Charlie up, bear hug lock, lower back into the ring apron!"

Bishop lets go, and grabs the hair of the rookie and throws him back into the ring.

"He is just toying with the rookie now!"

Bishop slides into the ring, and gets to his feet. Charlie is on his hands and knees, but Bishop just kicks him in the ribs, flipping Charlie over on his back.

"That could have cracked a rib or two!"

Bishop goes down, shoving his forearm and elbow into the jaw of Charlie, in a pinning position.

OH NO!

Charlie manages to roll his shoulder up at the last minute.

"That was a close call for the rookie.

All his hopes and dreams were almost shot down by Bishop, NO PUN

INTENDED!" Bishop stands to his feet, jerking up Charlie by the hair. He puts him on his shoulder and walks into the corner.

"Bishop with a full steam ahead!"

He slams Charlie into the turnbuckle and turns around and runs to center and slams him with force.

"OH MAN HE JUST SPIKED HIM!"

Bishop stays down for the cover as the referee is in to count.

Charlie kicked out at the last possible millisecond!" Steele looks at the referee with disappointment, but just slams the canvas frustrated.

Slaughter: Slaughter XXXIV

"That whole good guy persona flies out the window when you are stepping into quicksand huh?"

Bishop pulls Charlie up once again, and lets him stagger in the center of the ring.

"Bishop off the ropes!"

And he nearly takes Charlie's head off with a lariat that sends Charlie flipping inside out.

"THAT WAS ONE HELL OF A CLOTHESLINE!"

Bishop goes down for the cover, but the referee informs him that Charlie is under the bottom rope.

"If he had gotten Charlie in the center before now, it could have been the end of this match!"

Bishop stands to his feet, and lifts up Charlie once more. He takes him back into the corner.

"The anger is starting to set in!"

Bishop grabs the middle ropes and throws his shoulder into the midsection of Charlie.

"Shoulder thrust into the stomach!"

Bishop pauses again, and shoots another one into the midsection.

"The rookie cannot take much more!"

Bishop takes Charlie, and sets him on the top turnbuckle.

"Bishop going up there with him!"

Bishop attempts to suplex him off, but Charlie head butts him, and shoves him off.

"The rookie still has fight!"

Bishop goes back, but Charlie kicks him in the face and makes Bishop stumble backwards.

"Oh man, Charlie is on the top rope perched!"

Charlie leaps off with a cross flying body press, connects.

THREE!

Charlie is thrown off Bishop, but it's too late.

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"The rookie has done it YET AGAIN! He will face Muru in the finals for the Slaughter Television Championship!"

Bishop is on his feet, shaking his head. Charlie is trying to get to his knees as Bishop stalks him.

"Oh man, what is going to happen?"

Bishop extends a hand, and Charlie looks around nervous.

"I am not sure if I would trust him or not either!"

Charlie takes the hand, and Bishop helps him up.

"What sportsmanship shown. Bishop is raising the hand of Charlie!"

Bishop shakes his head and exits the ring.

"Next week, the rookie and the DREAM rookie squad off to determine the first ever DREAM Slaughter Television Champion. Stay tune, we need to take a commercial break!"

Departures.

"

jimmyriley"

Outside the building, Taylor Jones has been pacing back and forth.

He's been outside all evening, oblivious to what's happened inside the Slaughterhouse. Just as he's about to pack up and leave for the evening, the door bursts open...

"ARRRRRRRGH!"

Jimmy Riley is furious, and turns, kicking the door closed behind him before he stomps over to Taylor.

"I had him! I had Muru, and I let it slip away! You wanna know who just became the most unlucky son of a gun in Dream? It's Castor Strong. And whoever wins next week, whoever walks out of the Slaughterhouse with that TeeVee Title?

They'd best watch their back. Because I want it, I want that belt." Riley simply storms off, with Taylor Jones trailing after.

Official Statement

"

sydmason" by Pink Floyd plays. The crowd gets to their feet thinking Chris Bladez is coming out, no one has heard or seen bladez since last week attack by Psymon. Chaz Creed and Syd Mason come walking out first. Laura Bladez comes walking out behind them. The three of them start walking down to the ring. Syd and Chaz hold down the ropes for Laura. Syd walks along the outside of the ring and grabs a microphone. He

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slides into the ring and hands Laura the microphone. , stops playing. Laura turns towards the video screen where a live feed of Chris Bladez laying in his hospital bed is showing.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, as you all know last week on Slaughter, my husband was viciously attacked by Psymon. These attack were unprovoked, and uncalled for.

Due to this heinous attack, Chris has suffered numerous of injuries. A few broken ribs and cuts and bruises all over his body. And why

Psymon, because he put faith into you and you lost? How do you sleep at night?" The crowd starts booing, she waits for them to stop.

"The real reason I am here tonight though, is to talk to you Travis. I am blaming everything that happened to Chris largely on you. I watched the video footage, you knew he was going after Chris, and you didn't stop him. Threats were made and yet you did nothing. I thought you were his friend. You were the one to originally asked him to come back after Golden Dreams. You have a lot to answer for Travis." The crowd starts booing once again as soon as they heard his name being said.

"So here I am Travis, waiting for you to answer me, but also asking you to cancel this match. End it before Chris, or anyone else gets hurts or worse killed. You see what Psymon, is capable of doing, and you know how far Chris can go!! I beg you Travis, end it now, before things get worse. Don't let this match happen. Tears begin to fall from her face. The crowd is quiet, waiting to see if Travis Williams, will be coming out to answer her. She drops the microphone, and the three of them begin to exit the ring. Once the three of them are out of view the camera moves up to the video screen where there is a close up of Chris's face. His eyes shoot up open. With a sinister smile on his face, he utters once words before giving a horrific laugh.

"BOOM!!!"

The video goes to back stage where the door to Psymon's locker room is blown off, and smoke is pouring out of his locker room.

The Fire Dept. are making their way to scene with EMTs following behind. One of the firemen rush inside the room to check for bodies and the scene gets cut out as Chaz Creed, Syd

Mason, and Laura Bladez walking past the view of the camera.

eGG Bandits vs. Grady Bunch

"

gradybunch" "The main event tonight pits The Grady Bunch facing The eGG Bandits for the DREAM Tag Team Championship. However, via dreamwrestling dot com, we found out that The Grady's suggested a stipulation to Travis, and he ran with it. This match is under REM rules. And for those who are unsure what that is, all

I know is, THERE ARE NO

RULES!" 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

Slaughter: Slaughter XXXIV

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.

"Terry and Jared, look to end the undefeated streak of their opponents tonight and walk out the new tag team champions!" "As he transforms to a whole 'nother being... SUPER DUPER..."

Daps and pounds hits the PA, The Dooze and Mr. Cool make their way down to ringside. Half way, the two Bandits open on on the spectators... tossing random eggs into the crowd, the dumb fans act as if they were free hot dogs. The smart fans, knowing their calling card, pull out and open up their umbrellas. Used to shield them from the forthcoming EGGING onslaught. Mr. Cool and The Dooze show no bias, as children, grown men, and old ladies who for some reason come to our show, are unmercifully pulverized with Eggs by the Bandits. Eventually, the EGGING subsides and Egg Bandits climb into the ring, and await the bell.

"This is the main event for Sunday!

Doozer and Cancer Jiles, Title verse

Title! However, tonight they must work together as a team or they will walk into

Scrambled DREAMS without the title, Tag

Champions, considering a team from Defiance stole the tag titles!" Suddenly, the lights dim, and "Back Against The Wall" by Cage The Elephants start to pour into the arena as Travis Williams makes his way out onto the ramp. With a mix reaction from the crowd, a clapping welcome from The Grady Bunch and two very pissed off eGG Bandits. Travis has a microphone in his hands.

"In case you have not noticed, I am a pretty pissed off guy! Last month, you two swindled me and stole a part of my legacy! When you moronic drones decided to put on my Anti-Hero gear, and play those mind games, YOU HAD TO KNOW THAT I WOULD GET REVENGE! To make everything else stack onto that hatred, you two allowed those tag straps to be stolen.

So when Terry came to me and asked for a special stipulation, I was more than happy to give it to him! REM is a process that happens while you sleep. It

s a pun, if you failed to realize that! However, the rules are simple. It

s lights out! DREAM does not sanction this match, but seeing how DREAM does not have the tag straps, they are ON THE LINE! So referee, ring the bell, do not ring it again until there is a pin fall or submission scored somewhere!" Travis smirks, and "Back Against The Wall" by

Cage The Elephants plays once more, Travis makes his exit. The two teams stare down one another, but wait for action until the bell is sounded.

"Stay put, we have to a short commercial break!"

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ONLY ON Pay Per View

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PPV" SCRAMBLED DREAMS

"Welcome back to

Slaughter from Orlando, Florida. It

s time for our main

event, tag straps on the line, Grady's vs Bandits!" The referee signals for the bell. DING Doozer and Jared lockup as does Jiles and Terry.

"We

ve got a double collar and elbow tie up!" Jared and Terry both throw knees into their stomachs, as Terry and Jared each shoot their guys off.

"Irish whip by Jared and Terry on both Doozer and Cancer!"

On the return, they attempt clothesline.

"Doozer and Cancer duck the clothesline attempts

They hit the other side and on the return

Flying forearms by the tag champions!" Terry and Jared both bump extremely hard, and both roll outside under the bottom ropes.

"The Grady Bunch is trying to take a time out here!"

They are both on opposite sides of the ring, as Cancer and Doozer both mouth the top ropes.

"Cancer shoots off with a cross body on

Jared, Doozer with one on

Terry!" Terry dodges Doozer, and adds an extra shove for the crash and burn.

"Jared caught Cancer from midair! Doozer ate mat on the outside!"

Jared rushes into the ring post slamming Jiles

back into it.

"Oh man, he just ate the steel ring post with center of his back!"

Jared holds him there, pushing Jiles into the post.

"He looks to be trying to force Cancer to touch his feet to his head around the ring post!"

Terry is on the other side choking Doozer with the side of his boot, using the security railing for extra support.

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"As Doozer grasp for air, the referee is checking Cancer for a potential submission!"

As Jared bends Jiles in half, the referee is right there.

DO YOU WANNA GIVE UP CANCER?

Jared is seen doing all he can to bend him as far as he will go.

AHHHHH, NO!

Jiles reaches with his hands and grabs the face of Jared, digging his finger tips into the eye sockets, and raking them.

"Holy hell! Jiles is resorting to his roots with the eye rake

Jared is up against the security railing unable to see!" Terry grabs up Doozer by his golden hair, and motions for the camera man and wire handler to move from the steps.

"Bad intentions on the mind of Terry at the moment!"

Terry goes to shoot Doozer, but Doozer swings around still holding onto Terry and shoots him off instead. BOOM! As Terry hits the steel steps with full force, the sound echoes across the Slaughter House.

"Doozer with a reversal! Terry almost moved the ring and the steps upon impact!"

Cancer is seen crawling towards the entrance ramp, as Jared staggers after him.

"Jared looks to be stalking Cancer at the moment!"

Doozer rushes in on Terry, and drives a boot into the side of the face, crushing the skull between his boot and ring steps.

"He could have just shattered his jaw!"

Jiles is to his feet, as Jared turns him around and they exchange blows.

"Cancer cannot swing as powerful as Jared, this is a dumb move!"

Doozer grabs the time keeper and removes him from his chair.

"Doozer has a chair!"

Jared finally makes Jiles go to knee, but Jared is met by Doozer.

"OH

MAN, CHAIR

SHOT!" Jared bows out, and is met with the steel fold up chair once again.

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"Doozer is abusing Jared with the steel chair!"

Doozer throws down the chair, as Jiles gets back to his feet.

"Looks to be some double teaming about to take place!"

Doozer plants his boot into the midsection of Jared, as Jiles and Doozer hook the head of the massive Jared. They snap him over with a double suplex.

"ON THE STEEL RAMP!"

Doozer and Jiles both pile on Jared, as the referee rushes over.

Jared manages to shove both men off of him before the referee can reach three.

"The heavyweight is not through just yet. They are going to have to punish him a bit more to gather a victory in this match!"

Doozer and Jiles lift Jared off the ramp, and throw him into the security railing.

"This is exactly what the eGG Bandits need to do! Stay on Jared and punish him into defeat."

Jared pulls himself up, as Doozer shoots Jiles into him.

"Looks to be,

NO, Jared just back body dropped Cancer Jiles into the front row!" Doozer comes rushing in, but he kisses the big boot of Jared.

"All four men are down. We will use this chance to take a short break. We'll be back after this commercial break!"

January 31st 2010

ONLY ON Pay Per View

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PPV" SCRAMBLED DREAMS

"Welcome back to

Slaughter fans. While we were gone, Terry and Jared have both been on the offense. Let's go back and look at some

replay!" Jared power slams Doozer on the steel ramp, and got a two count. Cancer Jiles is put into a Boston crab by Terry, and would not submit no matter how much pressure was put on his lower back.

"That is just some of the action that took place during the break!"

On the stage, Jared has Doozer lifted high up over his

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head, and flings him forward into the steel framing of the set.

"Oh man, he threw him like Brett Favre connecting on a pass!"

Terry has Jiles on his feet in the crowd, slamming him into every seat part of a folded chair they pass.

"It looks as if Cancer Jiles is starting to trickle a little blood from his forehead area!"

Terry spikes him down once more and motions to the fans.

MOVE OUTTA THE WAY!

The fans dodge fast, as Terry attempts to send Cancer into the chairs, but Jiles reverses it and sends Terry crashing into about twenty folding chairs.

"Oh man, let

s see that once more!" A replay of the of Terry crashing into all the chairs is shown from several different camera angles, as fan do their best to dodge him and the chairs as they slide.

"This match is completely out of control, and I am pretty sure this is exactly what Travis wanted to see tonight. As it is no surprise that he has pure hatred for all things that surround Doozer and Cancer Jiles!"

Backstage, Travis is seen watching the destruction, with a smile on his face.

"SEE THAT! Exactly what I am talking about. Travis is extremely excited about the torment the eGG Bandits are being put through!"

On the ramp, Jared is posing towards

Doozer, as he flexes, showing Doozer the arms that give him the power he used to throw him into the set.

"Jared is a big man, with extreme power. Doozer can assure you about that!"

Jared starts to stalk Doozer, as Doozer tries to slide back.

"Doozer is not ready for anymore punishment!"

As Jared reaches down, Doozer grabs the tights and falls back.

"Oh man, Jared just kissed the steel on the set!"

Jared goes face first into the steel on the set. As he stumbles back, blood pours from what looks to be his nose and maybe even his mouth.

"That might be a nose broken, or some serious dental surgery needed!"

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Doozer pulls himself up, tossing a right hand to the bloody face of Jared, as Jiles is seen choking Terry with a chair in the crowd.

"The Bandits seem to be getting their second wind!"

Doozer grabs Jared by the hair, and slams him face first into the steel once again. Jiles throws his chair down, and grabs up Terry.

"Jared cannot keep taking abuse to the face! And Terry was just sent over the security railing by Cancer Jiles!"

As Terry uses the ring skirt to pull him up, Cancer leaps on the security railing and flies off with a shoulder block sending Terry to slam back first into the ring apron.

"That was impressive there! Cancer just risked his own health to torture him Terry a bit more!"

Doozer plants his boot into the midsection of Jared and plants him face first on the stage with an even flow style DDT. Doozer rolls him over and hooks the legs as the referee is down.

NOPE!

Jared rolls his shoulder up before the referee can get a hand down for the three

That was one major DDT by Doozer. He almost gained a victory off of it!" Cancer waits for Terry to turn around after getting to his feet again

JILES WITH A SUPER KICK TO THE CHIN!"

As Terry falls flat on the mats, Cancer goes down for the pin as the other referee comes down to make the count.

Terry kicks
out!

"If the referee would have been there, I can only assume that The eGG Bandits would be retaining and Travis would be one pissed off man!"

Cancer slides to the outside, grabbing a chair from the front row.

"Cancer has a chair, and you know this is going to end in a bad way for Terry!"

Doozer is up on the stage, applying a figure four leg lock on Jared.

"OH
MAN, OLD SCHOOL TYPE
MOVE!"

As Doozer tries to take the legs from Jared, Cancer takes his time getting back into the ring.

"Doozer maybe trying for a submission or to take the big man

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s legs away from him." As Cancer slides in, he waits for Terry to pull himself up by the ropes. Cancer stands in position, as Terry slowly staggers around.

"Cancer is looking like Jeter!"

Cancer lifts the chair over his head and slams it down. Terry drops, avoiding the chair, as it hits the top rope and slams back into Cancer's face.

"HE MISSED IT!"

Cancer drops the chair and drops to a knee. Terry hits the ropes as Cancer daze, stands back to his feet, and is flipped inside and out with a nasty lariat by Terry.

"What a clothesline!"

Jared looks to be trying to hold out on the pain, but is coming close to tapping the steel to end the Bunch's hopes in being the champs.

"Jared cannot hold on much longer!"

Terry rolls outside the ring, grabbing the chair from inside the ring.

"Terry is heading to the stage; hopefully he can make it in time!"

Jared is about to tap, but suddenly. BANG! Terry slams the chair over the head of Doozer, before Jared taps breaking the submission.

"That could have given the DREAM Champion a concussion!"

Terry grabs up Doozer and throws him in a flip off the stage onto the concrete floor.

"Terry follows, as Jared is getting to his feet!"

Terry grabs the head of Doozer, picking him up and stuffing it between his legs.

JARED, SPIKE

Terry lifts him in a

piledriver, holding him in position for a few seconds. Jared jumps off the ramp grabbing the legs of Doozer as Terry goes into a sitting position for a spike piledriver.

"OH MY! Spike Piledriver on the floor!"

Terry rolls him over, as he and Jared both pile on him.

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"The referee is getting off the stage!"

As the referee gets to the floor, he goes into position.

THREE Jared and Terry jump to their celebrating their title win.

"Jared and Terry are the winners!"

WE HAVE NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, MINUS TAG STRAPS!" Cancer is at the bottom of the ramp, is disbelief.

"The man who holds HOW Tag Titles, and the You Call It Title, just lost one of his three titles tonight!"

Jared and Terry make an exit to the back, as Cancer is stumbling to Doozer.

"I think that is concern in the eyes of Cancer, his partner could have suffered a career ending blow with that chair shot and piledriver!"

Cancer helps Doozer to his feet, as referees rush to their aid, helping Doozer. Travis Williams is seen in his locker room with a big smile on his face.

"That is one happy guy watching on the monitors!"

Doozer limps a bit, and shoves off the referees as the fans in the arena go nuts.

"Doozer is manning up here!"

Cancer and Doozer shoot smiles at one another as they embrace in a hug.

"Even with the PPV on their heels, the two are still friends and partners!"

Doozer and Cancer let go as Doozer stumbles backwards, but is kicked by a sidekick from Cancer Jiles.

"OH MY GOD TERMINAL CANCER! Cancer just dropped his partner with that foot on his chin!"

Cancer stands over Doozer, as the referee has both belts in his hands; Cancer grabs them both, and hold them high in the air. Travis is seen on the screen clapping at what he just eyewitness.

"This is truly what we can expect at

Scrambled DREAMS, I

m Jason

Whiteside, GOOD NIGHT!"

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Slaughter: Slaughter XXXIV

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