

Slaughter: XL

March 10, 2010 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

XL

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Slaughter XL

10 Mar 2010

The Slaughter House,

Orlando, FL (seats 8,796)

....Demons....

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chrisjamez" [Screen fades up to a gray and white scene from TMD pinning Chris Jamez on the March 3rd show of Slaughter. TMD is shown celebrating his victory, as Chris Jamez is struggling to his feet. The word PAIN, in bright red flashes across the screen The scene slows down to show a soft smile spread across the face of Chris as he struggles to his face, and he wipes spit from his mouth. TMD is shown walking back through the entrance. The word SUFFERING, in white flashes across the screen The scene returns with Chris tumbling up the walkway, his hairy back to the camera, as the camera man follows Chris up the entrance ramp. Sweat pouring down his back. A second camera follows TMD as he makes his way to his locker room and a chair. Where he leans back against the wall and exhales deeply. The word REVENGE, in purple flashes across the screen. The scene from last weeks Slaughter returns with the camera still focused on the hairy back of Chris Jamez, he turns around and with the lens directly in the face of Chris, we see him form a sneer on his mouth, and peer at the crowd. The word SOON, in red flashes across the screen, as the screen fades to black.]

Charlie Blackwell vs. Chris Jamez

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charlieblackwell" "Charlie Blackwell is an impressive rookie here in DREAM. He has been so close to gold, battled through losses, and last week he ended the undefeated streak of Tex Terror!" "Though Jason, he must face Chris Jamez, the man who went tooth to nail with The Masked Dollar last week in a street fight!" "It was a match that many are still talking about Lucien, and a bat aided TMD in victory!" "Though this week, no bats and there are rules. Can Jamez find himself back on the winning side?" [Jamez Entrance] "You see the mark on the throat of Chris Jamez?" "Chicks dig scars, but I am not sure if they like the whole throat bruising!" [Charlie Blackwell Entrance] "Notice that Kenzie is holding onto her copy of Wrestling Managers for Dummies book?" "That book is right on one thing Whitehead, she is not the brightest bulb in the house. Hell, she is not even brighter than a Wal-Mart brand light bulb!"

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The referee signals for the bell. D I N G ! ! ! Chris and Charlie shake hands, and then step back.

"A good sign of sportsmanship right there!" "Please, I am scared they may hug next!"

As the two men circle the ring in the 40th edition of Slaughter in the opening contest, they step into the center and lockup with a collar and elbow. Both men struggle to get the upper hand, but Jamez quickly shoots the arms up around the head of Blackwell, and slaps on the headlock.

"Tonight is a huge step for DREAM. We celebrate the 40th installment of Slaughter!" "And amazingly, it just finely started to get better

What does that mean?" "They now have me out here to carry your nerdy ass!"

CJ grinds the forearm into the side of the face on CB. Blackwell shoots through the arms of Jamez, and grabs the head, pulling Chris into a headlock of his own.

"This is not normal!" "What, chain wrestling?"

Charlie grinds the hold in, as he spins around to the back, grabbing the left arm and applying a hammerlock. With the wrist the central point of his right hand, and the elbow with

Charlie

s left, Chris is starting to sweat from the pain.

However, Jamez is quick to try and nail an elbow, but Blackwell is far enough out the way.

"The long arms of Charlie Blackwell finally pay off Whitehead!" "With his reach, Chris Jamez cannot get close to him with an elbow!"

Jamez steps to the side, and turns inside and around, applying a hammerlock of his own to Charlie. The Chris pulls the arm back and up, as Charlie dances around the ring until he can reach the ropes. From there, the referee forces a release from Chris Jamez.

"Jason, each week this rookie shows me that he is learning slowly, but surely!" "Ring positioning and ropes are great weapons to any wrestler inside that squared circle!"

Kenzie gets on the ring apron, screaming at the referee about making Jamez break faster when her boyfriend is in the ropes. Blackwell is distracted by her actions, and Chris uses the chance to come from behind and school boy him up. Kenzie hops down, looking discourage that her actions hurt Charlie and not aided him. ONE

Charlie is able to roll through, breaking the pin by Chris!" "Two rookies on the same side, make a mistake that almost cost one the match! Kenzie needs to her ass in that corner or get back to a kitchen and bake her man a pie or something!"

Charlie rolls to the outside, as he starts to question the actions of his girlfriend, Kenzie. She shows him the page in the book that she got the tip from, but he just closes it, and rolls back in.

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"He needs to focus on Jamez and Jamez only!"

CJ laughs at the two, but is quickly silence when Charlie nails him with a standing dropkick out of anger for the laughs. Charlie goes to the head, and flats Chris Jamez out. Charlie Blackwell backs up to the ropes and charges in, jumps up and drops the knee across the chest of his opponent.

"Beautiful knee by Charlie Blackwell. This is the style this kid needs to use Jason!"

Charlie goes down into the cover, and hooks both legs of Chris Jamez. The referee leaps over the two men and goes down in a slide.

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"Oh man, Lucien. That style almost got him a victory at the start of the match!" "Exactly why the greenhorn should be using it!"

Kenzie is on the floor thumbing through the book, as Charlie Blackwell grabs up Jamez and shoots him into the ropes. On the return, Charlie lines up the clothesline, but Chris ducks. CJ off the ropes with a flying forearm as Charlie hits the canvas and rolls outside the ring.

"That impact leveled Blackwell! Kenzie is down checking on her boyfriend Lucien!" "She is attempting that whole manager thing Jason. Right now, she is playing both roles well!"

Chris Jamez exits the ring, and grabs Kenzie up by the waist and removes her from Charlie.

"Notice how Chris Jamez is trying to stay on Charlie that is how a wrestler does it!"

Jamez grabs up Charlie by the hair and rolls him back into the ring. Chris climbs up the apron, but his leg is grabbed by Kenzie.

"What is she doing?" "She is helping Charlie, THAT IS HER

JOB!" Jamez leans down to get her off, as the referee is checking on Blackwell. Kenzie takes the big book and slams it over the head of Jamez.

"NOW THAT HELPED!"

The referee calls for the bell, as he just disqualified Charlie Blackwell for Kenzie's action.

"That will not sit well with Charlie Blackwell. He was not at risk of losing yet!" "That is what happens when you put someone out there at ringside Jason. You take the risk of this happening!"

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Jamez shakes off the effects of the shot with the book as the referee raises his arm in victory. Charlie is at the ropes questioning Kenzie's action as Jamez makes an exit towards the ramp.

WTF??

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kenzieblair" Jamez exits leaving Charlie, Kenzie, and the referee in the ring.

Charlie shakes his head and looks at her as if to say, Kenzie holds out her hands.

"Whoa! What did I do?"

The referee just looks at Kenzie as if he's thinking 'do you even have to ask?' "What did I do?" "Let's go, Kenz,"

Charlie takes her free arm and tries to lead her towards the ropes. But Kenzie stands her ground and in between quick peeks at page 125 of Wrestling Manager for Dummies (the chapter about arguing with the referee when you get caught doing something you shouldn't and then try to say you didn't) stays in the referee's face.

"Look, miss. I saw you hit Jamez with the book. That's an automatic disqualification,"

The referee attempts to get around her.

"Now, if you'll excuse me." "Excuse me, my ass!"

Charlie tries to move her towards the ropes again.

"Kenz, let's go." "Hold on, Charlie. This guy screwed you out of a possible win." "No

Miss Blair, YOU screwed Charlie out of a possible

win," With that, the referee heads for the ropes to exit.

Without hesitation, Kenzie takes the book and whaps it over the back of the referee's head.

"KENZIE! NO, NO!"

Charlie lifts her up and swings her away from the referee.

"Ow!"

The referee rubs his head.

"I am so sorry sir."

Charlie drags Kenzie towards the ropes.

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"LET ME GO! CHARLIE BLACKWELL, YOU'D BETTER LET ME GO THIS INSTANT."

She lets out a high pitched squeal as Charlie pitches her over the top rope and she lands in a heap on the floor below. He then climbs out and then literally drags her all the way to the book." The referee stands there and watches it unfold.

"Ow! He rubs the spot where Kenzie nailed him with the book.

"What the fuck!"

Tex Terror vs. Eddie Stitchard

"

eddiestitchard"

As we return from commercial, Tex Terror is entering the ring where Eddie Stitchard is already standing.

"Eddie Stitchard making his DREAM debut against Te Terror here tonight." "Tex's beginnings have been rocky Jason, but he shows that he has some potential." "Fully agree."

Tex's music fades and the bell sounds.

"Eddie starts the match off, runs at

Tex Terror. Terror grabs his arm and follows through, Irish Whip into the corner!" Eddie bounces off of the the post and turns to receive a big boot to the face from Tex Terror.

"The Boot Heel!"

Tex drops to his knees and covers Eddie as the referee counts the three. the bell sounds.

"Did you see that? Tex Terror just defeated his opponent in mere seconds!" "You know Jason, this guy's mustache is hilarious, but that was amazing!"

We get a replay of the whole 'match' as Tex celebrates in the ring.

Pre-Match Jingle

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adriencochrane" "It's something unpredictable, but in the end it's right. I hope you had the time of your life." [Who else would be playing an acoustic guitar and singing a Green Day? It's Adrien Cochrane of the Egg Bandits, of course! The fans pop as the cruiserweight from New Orleans put the finishing touches of his cover song on the acoustic guitar he always travels with. As Adrien strums the final chord of the song, he looks over near the entrance of his locker room and smiles.] Adrien: "So, how long have you been listening in?"

Cancer: "Long enough to know that you actually aren't a bad musician." [Fans pop again for the Mr. Cool himself. Adrien laughs at the actual compliment from Cancer Jiles.] Adrien: "Thanks. Trying to play Doozer for tonight and try to give encouraging words before my handicap match." [Cancer laughs this time.] Cancer:

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"Something like that, A to the C. You're an eGG Bandit. I want to make sure you're ready to win this match tonight. We need to get back on a roll tonight." [Adrien stands up and pats his friend on the back.] Adrien: "You and Doozer go get ready for the tag match. Don't worry..." [Smile from A to the C.] Adrien: "...I got this."

Mr.

Hardcore/Kitty Purry vs. Adrien Cochrane

"

mrhardcore" 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.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are about to see
Adrien Cochrane face off with Mr. Hardcore and his girlfriend, Kitty Purry in an
Inter-gender Handicap match. Last week, Cochrane, a proud member of the eGG Bandits, picked up the win,
and our esteemed
General Manager, Mike
Polowy, signed this match." "As much as I don
t like any of these competitors,
Whiteside, I hate the eGG Bandits more. I hope Mr. Hardcore and Kitty Purry beat Cockring
s ass all over the
ring." "Lucien, it
s Cochrane." "Cochrane, Cockring; tomato, tomahto."

The lights go out of the arena suddenly Pyro lights from left to right across the stage the music hits as the lights in the arena kick on flashing to the beat of the song the crowd goes crazy as Mr. Hardcore, along with his longtime girlfriend, Kitty Purry, make their way to the ring as they enter the ring and approach the turnbuckle. He raises his right hand, while Kitty watches on, as the Pyro goes off one more time before the music stops, as they prepares for battle

This should be an interesting match. Mr. Hardcore wants to avenge his girlfriend
s loss and wants to beat up Adrien Cochrane, so he
s getting two for the price of one." "Mr. Not-So-Hardcore is about as dense as a brick, and his girlfriend
doesn
t look too bright, neither. This
ll be a snore-fest if I ever saw one." Before the referee can ring the bell, "Yes, Please" by Muse plays on the PA system, and out comes the

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General Manager, Mike Polowy. He is wearing a pair of baggy jeans, one of his T-shirts from the merchandise stands, and a pair of brand new work boots. There is a smirk on his five o'clock shadowed face, and the fans are jeering the snide GM.

"Mike Polowy is gracing us with his presence once again on Slaughter tonight." "You should show some respect for our GM, Jason. Who knows, you might be fired by the end of the night. Besides, whenever he comes out here, there's always something important on his mind." Mike Polowy, with a microphone in hand, raises it to his lips.

"I was thinking about this Inter-gender Handicap match, and I had an epiphany: a simple wrestling match isn't going to do. We have a hardcore wrestler, his lovely girlfriend, and an insipid eGG Bandit. So I said to myself, Self, what would make this match better? It's where the epiphany came in. Instead of your regular, run-of-the-mill wrestling match, this match is going to be contested under Hardcore rules. He pauses and sniffs.

"Hardcore rules. Have fun, kids."

He heads back to his office, and the fans are cheering. Adrien Cochrane instantly paled after hearing the news.

"Oh boy, Adrien Cochrane is in trouble." "I absolutely love it! Mr. Hardcore is going to do us a favor and send Cockring to the hospital!"

The referee calls for the bell, and Mr. Hardcore is, obviously, going to start this match. He has a gleeful perhaps a malicious smile on his face. He cracks his knuckles, eyeing his opponent, as Adrien Cochrane is trying to figure out how to get himself out of the match. Mr. Hardcore lunges after Cochrane, wraps his huge right hand around his throat and, with one arm, lifts him high into the air, and slams him hard onto the canvas.

"He calls that the Hardcore Slam, Lucien, and by the look of that massive Choke Slam, it looked pretty hardcore!" "I couldn't agree more, Jason! Man, I've been agreeing with you too much lately. I need to stop that. You suck, Whitehead!" The eGG Bandit arches his back after the impact of the one-handed Choke Slam. Kitty Purry gets her man's attention and slides a chair into the ring. Smiling at Kitty Purry, he bends over, picks up the chair, and thanks her. He waits for Adrien Cochrane to get to his feet. He pulls himself up, wincing as he does so, and gets to a vertical base. When he turns around

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which will doom him

he walks right into a massive chair shot, courtesy of his opponent. Cochrane falls backward like a ton of bricks, as if he got hit by, well, a chair. Tucking the chair underneath his right armpit, he bounces off the ropes, jumps as high as he can, and does a Chair Drop across Cochrane's face.

"Oh my goodness! First a chair shot, and now a Chair Drop across Adrien's face! His mother isn't

going to recognize him after this match!" "And there

s blood, Jason! Don't

forget the blood! Cockring is busted wiiiiiiiiide open! Kitty Purry is bouncing up and down a show for the male audience and calls to her boyfriend.

The

"King of Hardcore"

Mr. Hardcore looks over at his girlfriend, and Kitty has her hand out, wanting a tag. Mr. Hardcore goes over to his corner, tags Kitty in and, as per her instructions, Mr. Hardcore drapes the chair over Adrien Cochrane's face.

"This doesn't

look good, ladies and gentlemen." "Whaddya mean, Whiteout? This looks great!

If Hardcore and Purry can take out Cockring, I

ll be the happiest man

alive!" Kitty Purry climbs up to the top rope, and steadies herself. She leaps off, going for a Guillotine Leg Drop, but somehow, somehow, Adrien Cochrane gets out of the way!

"How in the

What the

My sentiments exactly, Lucien. I have no idea how he got out of that one!" The fans are cheering, obviously behind

Adrien Cochrane. He is wearing a grotesque crimson mask. Meanwhile, Mr. Hardcore is aiding his girlfriend, who is holding her leg and bawling in pain. Her right leg landed hard across the steel chair. Athletic trainers and members from the EMT are running down to the ring, getting Purry out of the ring.

"This is unfortunate for Kitty Purry. If we can, we

ll update you on the condition of her leg." "Hey! Cockring has the chair! Turn around, Hardcore!"

As if listening to Lucien Walker, Mr. Hardcore turns around and faces his opponent. Boy that's a

mistake, because after he turns around, Adrien Cochrane, member of the eGG Bandits, throws the steel chair right in Hardcore

s face! RAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

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Wiping blood from his face, Adrien Cochrane stalks his opponent, picks the chair up, and repeatedly beats Mr. Hardcore about the head, face, and body.

"Adrien Cochrane is going to town on Mr. Hardcore with those chair shots!" "Cmon Hardcore, get your ass up! You call yourself a hardcore wrestler, then show me!"

After softening Mr. Hardcore up with the multiple chair shots, Adrien Cochrane sets the chair in the middle of the

ring, and goes after his opponent. He picks up Mr. Hardcore heaving him up by an arm and slaps on a Front Face-lock. He positions Hardcore's head behind the chair and delivers a DDT, driving Hardcore's head onto the chair.

"DDT onto the chair! Adrien Cochrane is getting the momentum he needs!" "I don't know how this kid can do anything. He's lost a lot of blood, and now he's in control. Unbelievable." Adrien Cochrane, formally known as "The Original Prankster", points over to a corner and climbs it.

His back is facing his opponent, Mr. Hardcore, who is slowly coming to. He gets to his feet, grabs the chair, and goes over to his opponent. He raises the chair and smacks him across the back, causing the eGG Bandit to straddle the top turnbuckle. Lifting Cochrane from his armpits in a crucifix Hardcore walks out from the corner of the ring and delivers a Crucifix Power Bomb!

"Hardcore's Edge! Mr. Hardcore pulls off the Hardcore's Edge!" "Talk about your copyright infringement, Whiteside!"

Instead of going for the pin, Mr. Hardcore leaves the ring and rummages underneath the ring. He pulls out a table, sets it up outside, and rolls back into the ring. Adrien Cochrane, blood dried on his face, and the wound in his forehead in sticky coagulation, slowly stirs from the Hardcore's Edge maneuver. Grabbing a handful of hair, the "King of Hardcore" lifts Cochrane to his feet, and lifts him up onto his shoulder in a Power Bomb position. He runs over to the side where the table is set up and tries to throw Cochrane over the top rope and through the table. Cochrane escapes the last second by sliding off his shoulder. With a confused look on his face, he turns around and walks right into Adrien's Lightning Strike Super Kick!

"Lightning Strike! Adrien Cochrane cold cocked Mr. Hardcore right in the face!" "Mr. Hardcore tumbled over the top rope and lands on the table. Thankfully he didn't go through the table. But he's gotta get off that table and kick Cockring's ass!"

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Adrien Cochrane climbs the corner closest to the table on the outside. He faces his opponent, Mr. Hardcore, who is lying prone on the table.

Steadying himself on the top turnbuckle, Adrien looks down at Hardcore, makes a cross, and launches himself off, administering a picture perfect Swanton Bomb! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

"Oh my God! Swanton Bomb off the top turnbuckle and through the table! Mr. Hardcore couldn't move out of the way!" "Cockring is going for the pin-fall! Cmon Hardcore, kick out!" As Adrien Cochrane goes for the cover, the referee slides out of the ring. ONE YES!" "Adrien Cochrane came so close in defeating Mr. Hardcore in his own match!" "There haven't been a lot of people who can match up to Mr. Hardcore's abilities as a hardcore wrestler!" Adrien Cochrane is one sore eGG Bandit. He gingerly gets to his feet, holding his lower back. It's obvious that he tweaked it after pulling off that Swanton Bomb. He heaves Mr. Hardcore to his feet and rolls him into the ring. Cochrane follows suit and rolls into the ring. He picks up Hardcore again, kicks him in the gut and delivers the Adrien Cutter.

"Adrien Cutter! Not very many people have kicked out of that move!" "Mr. Hardcore can, Whitewash because he's hardcore!" After planting Mr. Hardcore with the Adrien Cutter, he rolls him onto his back and flops on top of him. ONE THREE! NO! Mr. Hardcore kicks out of the Adrien Cutter!

"I told you, Whitehead! I fucking told you!" "Sheesh Lucien, you don't have to be an ass about it." "Of course I do; it's part of my job." Adrien Cochrane can't believe that Mr. Hardcore kicked out of his finisher. Getting to his feet, he gets Hardcore to his feet, goes for another Adrien Cutter, but Hardcore counters by pushing Adrien into the ropes. After the rebound, Hardcore throws a Big Boot right in Adrien's face.

"YEAH! Eat boot leather, you smarmy prick!" "Mr. Hardcore got the boot up and it connected with Adrien Cochrane's face! This is going to be one long match at this rate." Mr. Hardcore, back in the driver's seat, heaves himself up with the assist of the ropes. He stumbles over to his opponent, picks him up and goes for the Straitjacket Power Bomb, better known according to Hardcore as the Hardcore Bomb. He crosses Adrien Cochrane's arms in front of him and bends him over. But somehow, Cochrane breaks free from the Hardcore Bomb

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attempt. He grabs a hold of one of Hardcore

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arms, does an arm wringer, spins Hardcore around, and

ADRIEN CUTTER!" "Aw, sh

Adrien Cochrane, member of the eGG Bandits, rolls Mr. Hardcore onto his back and goes for another pin-fall. ONE

THREE! The referee calls for the bell, and "Last One to Die" by Rancid plays on the PA system, and the fans are on their feet! RAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

"What a hard-fought victory for Adrien Cochrane! He has pin-falls over Kitty Purry and Mr. Hardcore in two weeks!" "I doubt that matters, Whitewash, because I imagine Cancer Jiles is going to abuse him for not winning the match right or something.

Backstage Interview w/Talon

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traviswilliams"

Travis Williams is standing by with Talon, The Dream Champion, when it is shot to him...

"I am standing by with

DREAM Champion, Talon.

Talon, this week you are stuck in a position of referee. One man is Pysmon and the other is the guy who turned his back on you in HOSTILITY and Reality Checked you last week. Any words?" Travis eyes the face painted hero...

"Well T-Willy, old buddy old pal, what we've got here is the old rock and the hard place. Except I'm choosing which one I would rather kick in the face more. On one hand, you've got Psymon, the Psensational Idiot Psavant, with all of his indy music and forty-year-old angst that comes with living in your mom's basement. On the other... my best friend, my main man, that asshole that makes a living out of putting the knife in my back."

Talon gives a big smirk...

"Can we expect you to be fair and call this thing down the middle though Talon?"

Travis almost slams the microphone in the nose of the champ trying to get a reply...

"You know it.

The fans and everyone watching can expect the same Talon that they've always seen... from bell to bell, I am the image of professional. So when the

referee's time from bell to bell is happening, you can expect me to not play favorites or decide I just want to beat on both of them. That being said, if they put their hands on me... I'm not a spindly little girl like some of these refs. I'll knock 'em out." Talon holds up his fist to show the world...

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"Any words for Doozer and his bandit of misfit middle aged wannabe teenagers?"

Travis gives a smirk of his own...

"Yeah: Stay out of my ring. You aSS Bandits want to parade around pretending to be the DREAM Team? You want to sign on to whatever inane idea Mike Polowy has so that you can have your shenanigans actually sanctioned for once? Go ahead, but stay out of my way. I am the DREAM Champion for a reason, and if you step foot in that ring during my match tonight, I'll just have to show you."

Talon walks off from Travis as Travis points to the camera to send it back to ringside...

B.R. Ellis vs. Bobby Dean

"

beautifulbobbydean" "Beautiful Bobby Dean!" "Oh man, not that fruit cake!" "Yes! He takes on BR Ellis tonight Lucien. The newest member of the eGG Bandits is looking to create a streak in DREAM that would make even the Bandits tag team record look shameful!" "They ve only lost the match to the Grady Bunch Jason!" "I know, and BBD is looking to go longer undefeated than that!"

BR Ellis is standing in the ring warming up, waiting for his opponent to enter the ring.

"See Jason, that man has one determination right now

Defeat a bandit!" "Something that has been few and far in between for him and even his now fired tag partner, Dark!"

The lights dim, a sole spotlight shines directly at the center stage.

"You're the Best" by joe Esposito begins to play and the fans immediately begin to boo. Bobby Dean comes walking out from behind the curtain, stopping in the center of the spotlight.

With his diamond encrusted robe flowing about him, BBD twirls showing off his dazzling robe before walking down the entrance ramp arms out to the

side, the spotlight following him every step of the way. BBD walks up the steel steps but before stepping through the ropes he stops and wipes his feet. After stepping through the ropes BBD walks to the center of the ring, offering one last twirl as the fans continue to jeer.

"Now that man right there is what you call,

WALKING WITH A LIMP WRIST!

Why Lucien? Because he likes to look good and standout among everyone? So judgmental!" The referee calls for the bell

D I N G The two men lockup in the center of the ring with a collar and elbow. Bobby quickly slaps on the headlock and flips Ellis over his hip and to the canvas with a side headlock.

"Great quickness by Mister Dean here!" "He loves to quickly get men on flat on their backs I see!"

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Ellis comes to his knees and throws an elbow into the midsection of Dean. They come back to their feet, as another elbow is thrown. Ellis shoots Dean off into the ropes and on the return Dean lands flat on the canvas after a shoulder block by Ellis.

"Ellis looks to have the strength and power over Bobby here!" "Duh! Jason, you must have repeated a few grades!"

BR Ellis goes down and covers Bobby Dean as the referee goes down in position. ONE Bobby Dean easily kicks out before the referee starts down for the third count.

"Not even close Lucien!" "It was worth a shot!"

BR picks up BBD and shoots him into the ropes. Ellis drops the head as Dean comes at him and thrashes him with a boot to face that pops him up. Bobby stiff toe kicks him the midsection to double him over. BBD turns around, hooks the arms, turns and lifts Ellis up and drops him on his neck and head.

"Verta Breaker! Beautiful Bobby Dean is dragging him towards the ropes!" "He is going for the Shooting Star, GOD DAMN!" BBD jumps forward and cuts backward with and drops the leg across the neck of BR Ellis.

"ITS OVER!"

Suddenly the lights in the arena go out. When they come back on Ellis is outside the ring on the floor and BBD is facing the ramp. Behind him is Azrael. The crowd goes nuts in a mix reaction.

"He s back Lucien!" "I am no fan of the HOSTILITY guys, but I am actually damn glad to see him right now!"

Azrael rushes Dean, grabbing the waist and hitting the ropes. He goes backwards in a roll and up they go into a German suplex.

"A rolling German!" "I can see that Jason! We are not on the damn radio!"

The bell sounds as the referee is disqualifying BR Ellis. Az grabs up BBD and puts him between his legs. He makes a cross in the air, as he lifts BBD up on his shoulders. Grabbing the arms he holds him over his head. He tosses him forward and grabs the waist and finishes in a sit out power bomb.

"I know that move Jason, it s The Crucified!" "That is exactly what just happened to Beautiful Bobby Dean!"

Azrael stands over BBD as the rest of the Bandits hit the stage and make a mad dash towards the ring. Az hits the canvas and rolls out and hops the security railing and exits through the fans.

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"COWARD!" "Coward? It

s all of them and just him! I would bail too!" The Bandits slide into the ring and instantly check on their partner.

"Well the streak of Beautiful Bobby Dean lives on, as he takes this win by disqualification!" "It was over with anyway Jason. Azrael just wanted to taint his record!"

Proving Grounds

"

bishopsteele" Scene flickers on inside the locker room of the Television Champion Bishop Steele. Standing by the mirror with his back to the camera, we catch Alexis, looking gorgeous and always holding the television title over her shoulder. The camera pans around to the front of Bishop who seems startled by the camera for a moment and then smirks.

"Oh my bad I almost forgot that you guys were coming and if I knew when you was coming I might have, you know cleaned up."

Bishop chuckles...

"Anyways as most of you know who are here in the arena, my title will be on the line tonight against a man that has beaten me once already. Yes I'm talking about you Masked Dollar." "The only thing that will make this different from the previous match is the fact that the outcome will be much different, but according to some of the wrestlers and workers around here, they feel you will be taking my title tonight and that not only tickles me but it also makes me wonder if you are the real deal." "I mean I have payed my dues and defeated some of the best competition this federation as put in my path for this title and now everyone is putting their money on you to take me down." "Well I got news for you Masked Retard, this title is mine and will stay mine until hell freezes over. Tonight will be my proving ground and my opportunity to prove to upper management that I'm a True Icon in this federation. I should be held in the highest regard to all other greats that have paved the way before. Tonight Masked Dollar just like any other night I will prove why I'm True Perfection and The current Television Champion, but I will also prove why should always bet on black." "Better bring the kitchen sink, better yet bring your helmet, cause its back to the short bus you go."

Bishop starts to chuckle as he and Alexis head out of the locker room, making their way to the ring for his match.....

The Masked Dollar vs. Bishop Steele

(c)

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bishopsteele" "Tonight, we a have a rematch of sorts!" "The Masked Dollar will face the man he beat on Slaughter 37!" "Bishop Steele is the man, and last week, he defeated the first ever DWF Slaughter Television Champion, Muru!" "However Jason, The Masked Dollar won himself the right to face the winner! So tonight, we get a rematch of sorts!"

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'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 '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.

"He seems so ready Lucien. That cocky swagger to him, and those lackluster warm ups. You know he smells gold in his near future!" "He has beaten the man once, he can do it again. So let's see if we crown a new champion again this week!"

The lights get dim and silence fills the arena in anticipation of the next match.

cues of the PA system and the crowd gets hype and erupts. The lights start flickering orange and red. The chorus starts to play as the DREAM Vision shows the nightlife in Atlanta, GA. It may not mean nothing to ya'll But understand nothing was done for me So I don't plan on stopping at all I want this shit forever man, ever man, ever man I'm shutting shit down at the mall And telling every girl she the one for me And I ain't even planning to call I want this shit forever man, ever man, ever man. After the chorus plays the curtains open and Alexis Steele walks out followed by Bishop Steele. The crowd starts to chant Perfection as he stands on the stage and soaks in the essence of the cheering and screaming of the fans. He then raises his arms and red and orange pyros go off simultaneously across the stage. He then makes his way to the ring while the first verse plays. Last name ever, first name greatest Like a sprained ankle boy I ain't nothing to play with It started off local but thanks to all the haters I know G4 pilots on a first name basis And your city faded off to brown, nino She insists she got more class, we know Swimming in the money come and find me, nemo If I was at the club you know I ball (Bald), chemo

Drop the mixtape that shit sounded like an album Who'd have thought a country wide tour would be the outcome Labels want my name beside the X like malcom Everybody got a deal, I did it without one

Yeah, nigga I'm about my business Killing all these rappers you would swear I had a hit list Everyone who doubted me is asking for forgiveness If you ain't been a part of it at least you got to witness Bitches While making his way down the ramp he touches hands with the fans in the crowd showing love to his fans. He then climbs into the ring and holds the ropes for Alexis to get in. She poses in the middle of the ring as Bishop climbs the turnbuckle and raises his arms. The chorus plays will he smirks at the crowd as they cheer. It may not mean nothing to ya'll But understand nothing was done for me So I don't plan on stopping at all I want this shit forever man, ever man, ever man I'm shutting shit down at the mall And telling every girl she the one for me And I ain't even planning to call I want this shit forever man, ever man, ever man. Bishop then climbs down and stands behind Alexis in the center of the ring as she poses in front of him. He raises his hands again and red and orange pyros go off on the corner post as they stand in the center of the ring.

"There is our new champion! Bishop Steele, the massive man with his new gold!" "I was waiting on the black comment!" "I am not the one who states that he is a fan of grape soda!"

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The referee is given the title, as he folds it and holds it high in the air. Circling the ring for all the fans in the Slaughter House to see. He brings it down, and shows it to The Masked Dollar who rub the center plate. The referee shows it to the camera, and hands it off. He calls for the bell and slaps his hands together. D I N G "My money is on TMD Jason! What about you?" "I don't bet Lucien!" "Pussy!"

They circle the ring and grab towards one another. They finally step in for the lockup, but Dollar throws a knee into the midsection. Bishop falls to a knee and TMD throws a forearm across the shoulder blades of Steele.

"The Masked Dollar is quick on the attack!" "He is showing signs of a true veteran, taking the perfect chance to pin an attack when your opponent has no idea it is coming!"

Dollar grabs up Steele, and takes him back into the corner. He grabs the top rope and starts to stomp Bishop Steele down onto the canvas as the referee is counting. At four, TMD gives one more stomp to the forehead and backs off.

"The Masked Dollar is testing the ropes on the referee here!" "He has to the count of five before he risk being disqualified, he broke after four!"

The Masked Dollar takes the side of his boot and jams it into the throat of Bishop Steele, choking the very life from his lungs.

"Oh man! He is going to get disqualified Lucien!" "He broke again before five, quit your whining!"

TMD backs up and adjust his mask. He starts back towards Bishop, but Steele throws in a forearm into the midsection of Dollar. The Masked Dollar stumbles backwards, and Bishop Steele lunges forward with another forearm to the midsection.

"The champ is trying to make a comeback Lucien, does he have enough in the tank?" "It's early Jason, so it is possible!" Dollar stumbles back again, as Bishop uses the chance to catch his breath. Though a second too long for the champion, as his challenger is back to stalking him. TMD dashes towards his opponent, but Steele uses amazing speed and agility, as he swings behind Dollar and grabs him by the waist and throws him over his head.

"The champ just nailed a German Suplex!" "I thought the speed and agility would be the secret weapons of The Masked Dollar, but I may be wrong!" "The great shape Bishop Steele is in, it's not really a surprise!" Bishop Steele pulls up The Masked Dollar by the arm, and throws him into the ropes. On the return, Bishop throws him high in the air and as TMD comes back down, Steele shoves on the back.

"FLAP JACK!" "What height!"

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Bishop grabs up Dollar again.

"Why is this idiot not making a cover?" "Maybe he wants to add the final nail in his coffin!"

Steele throws TMD over his shoulder, as the mask man gets a good look at the lights. Both hands of the champion tightly around the waist, he bounces up and down before dropping to his knees.

"Impressive back breaker!" "The target is the middle to lower back area, the hardest back injury to heal from!"

Bishop throws him over to his back, and rolls over into a cover hooking the far leg. The referee is in place, he checks the shoulders of the challenger.

ONE

THR

"OH MAN!" "He got the shoulder up Jason! The Masked Dollar at the last split second was able to roll the shoulder up!"

Bishop Steele looks at the referee, as the champion is hoping he was able to get the three before the shoulder came up.

TWO ONLY STEELE!

The referee claims with excitement. Bishop slowly gets to his feet, in complete disbelief. He looks around the Slaughter House, as the fans are cheering for him like mad dogs.

"I do not think The Masked Dollar will be taking home any kind of reward for being the favorite!" "It does not matter if these morons like him or not, Steele needs to get focus back on Dollar, or the veteran will dim his lights in a hurry!"

Bishop Steele leans down and grabs The Masked Dollar by the head and starts to lift him up. As TMD is to his knee and one foot flat on the canvas, he throws a thumb to the eyes of Steele, blinding the champion.

"COME ON NOW! That was dirty for even him!" "A foul is only a foul, if the referee throws a flag on the play Jason, remember that!"

The challenger grabs the champs

head and drops him hard with a snap DDT on the canvas. Both men lay on the canvas motionless. The referee checks on both men, as they breathe heavily as their chests pound up and down.

"The referee looks to be ready to start his ten count Lucien!" "The challenger has taken abuse for the past few minutes. He was just able to strike back to get the chance to recover!"

ONE Both men lay on the canvas, still not moving

TWO The fans in the arena are all standing, waiting for a sign of life from either men.

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THREE

"Both men are still down Lucien, we could see this match be thrown out if someone does not get to their feet to break his count!"

FOUR

"I, nor the fans, want to see it come to that Whitehead. GET THE HELL UP!"

FIVE The sounds of the fans getting behind Steele start to ring out. SIX

S GO STEELE! LET

S GO STEELE!

SEVEN The Masked Dollar starts to roll to his side. EIGHT He is on his stomach an inch away from the champion. NINE The challenger inches over as the referee goes up for the ten, but Dollar collapse with his arm on the champion. As the referee drops to the canvas. ONE

The champion throws his shoulder up, and The Masked Dollar rolls over to his back.

"The challenger was just a split second from being the new champion!" "I still have faith in him Jason! He will do it!"

The fans in the arena are cheering for Steele, as both men start to their feet.

"The champion has to do something here Lucien!"

The Masked Dollar throws a right hand, Bishop Steele throws a right. They exchange another round of right hands, as Dollar seems to be taking the hardest impact. TMD throws his third, blocked, Steele grabs the arm and pulls him in.

"SHORT ARMED CLOTHESLINE!" "Come on Dollar, you cannot exchange blows with someone like Bishop!"

Bishop Steele heads to the top rope, where he stays there in a ready position. The Masked Dollar is slowly gets to his feet and turns around, as Bishop nails him with a diving shoulder block.

"The agility of the champion maybe too much for the challenger!" "I maybe impress by him, but I am not sold, like the TMD Brand has done for me!"

Bishop crawls over to his challenger, and shoots the half nelson to turn him over and hooks a leg. The referee is down in position.

ONE

THRE

"YES YES YES YES!" "Calm down Lucien, your old ass will end up having a heart attack out here!"

Bishop looks up at the referee in horror, as he is unsure how his opponent just kicked out. Steele lifts up

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Dollar and throws him into the corner. After a brief delay, he charges in with a splash, but TMD moves. As Bishop stumbles out, he is given a dropkick to the back, sending him back into the corner.

"The Masked Dollar seems to putting Steele on the top rope!" "I see the Bottom Dollar coming his way!"

TMD follows up behind him, as

Steele throws a few elbows to his challenger knocking him back to the canvas. Bishop flips down and before he can turn around, The Masked Dollar goes under the arm and lifts him high up in the air, in mid motion he turns him upside down and drops him in a pile driver like move.

"OH
MAN, THAT WAS
IMPRESSIVE!" "Whitehead that is his infamous, The Buck Stops Here, and its lights out for the soon to be former champ!"

TMD rolls over, throwing his forearm into the jaw of the champion and hooks a leg. The referee is in place.
ONE
VE GOT A NEW SLAUGHTER TELEVISION CHAMPION!" "YES WE DO JASON! THE MASKED DOLLAR IS THE CHAMP!"

The referee hands him the championship, as he looks at it and then raises it high in the air. Suddenly the crowd goes crazy as Chris Jamez is on the top ropes. TMD turns around and is drilled with a missile dropkick. Jamez grabs the title, as TMD stumbles up. Jamez slams the center plate over the head of the champion.

"What in the hell?" "It
s revenge Lucien, paybacks are bitches I heard!" Jamez holds the title high in the air over TMD, as the fans in the Slaughter House go nuts! He drops the belt on the chest of The Masked Dollar and Chris Jamez exits the ring and heads through the crowd as security and referees start to fill the ring.

Hostile DREAMers

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talon" The scene opens to the locker room of the DREAM Champion himself, Talon, who is sitting on the wooden bench, his face painted in black and white to match the referee shirt adorning his torso. He is staring down at the DREAM Championship belt, nestled in his lap as he holds it with the protective aura of a parent holding a child. The door swings open, and Talon looks up with surprise to see- of all people- the man he calls best friend, the man who has made a career out of superkicking Talon in the face and stabbing him in the back, and the man who has never ceased to judge him for the past... Chris Bond. Talon nods in acknowledgment of Bond's arrival. Talon: Hey mano, what's up? Bond tilts his head to show Talon the "Team Hostility" flag that he has been carrying with him. It looks as though Bond made it himself. Bond: Check it out, champ slash ref slash broham slash backstabber. Stitched together with the blood, sweat and tears of everyone who was ever in Hostility. Yourself included. Remember back then, when you were hostile to the core? Talon shakes his head sadly and rises to his feet. Bond: Yeah, back then... everything you did, you did for Hostility. It must be eating you alive, seeing your people persecuted by a guy with a grudge against you,

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specifically. Talon still doesn't speak, placing the DREAM Championship belt on his shoulder. Bond swishes the flag. Bond: It must be tearing you apart... seeing this happen and knowing that they're in DREAM instead of Hostility because the Heart of Hostility got up and left. That the Heart of Hostility decided that he wanted to be a DREAMer instead. Talon: Hostility was dead long before I left... champ. Hostility died the moment you kicked me in the face and handed the title to an undeserving prick, starting a chain of undeserving champions that poisoned it to its core. Hostility died when James Milenko stopped fighting for what he believed in and started fighting for The Almighty Dollar. Bond swishes the flag again. Bond: No need to get emotional, brother man... I'm just here to remind you where your loyalties should be in this whole Hostility-DREAM thing... because even when you and me were fighting, we were doing it for Hostility. It was the most important thing in our lives, and it should be...

I'll see you out in the ring, Mr. Referee. Bond walks out of the locker room, swishing the flag again as he closes the door, leaving the DREAM Champion alone with his thoughts and his championship belt. A frown on his face, Talon pats the belt on his shoulder before stepping off-camera.

Paradigm Shift

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psymon" "His name is
Bond, Chris
Bond, and he

ll end up on the heel of my boot." Psymon answers the first question the interviewer asked. He then asks Psymon about his tenure in Hostility.

"The Monster" smirks, and says the following: "Well, my time there wasn't too bad. I made some friends there, but after awhile, the Hostile Administration and I didn't see eye-to-eye, so we parted ways." Speaking of the Hostility, the interviewer asks Psymon about the former members of Hostility being apart of DREAM.

"It doesn't matter to me all that much. It's obvious that DREAM takes the rejects of former federations, just to make a name for themselves. Take guys like Mike Polowy and Talon. Talon is the current DREAM Champion, while Polowy is the former champion and, somehow I imagine the DREAM Administration were on drugs when they made this move is the General Manager of Slaughter. What more can happen in this company to make it a sweltering cesspool? And now we have the Hostility title, and Doozer, who was never apart of Hostility volunteers reluctantly, mind you to be the champion." Psymon shakes his head.

"There's a paradigm shift in DREAM, it seems. The obviousness and assumptions of this company have been drastically changed. This place isn't a DREAM; it

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s a NIGHTMARE." Psymon walks away from the interviewer, getting ready for his match against Chris Bond.

Psymon vs. Chris Bond

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psymon" Chris Bond def. Psymon via finisher. Match to be added at a later date.

eGG Bandits vs. Grady Bunch (c)

Jason Whiteside: And here we go with our main event of the evening... tonight, the eGG Bandits get their long-awaited rematch against the Grady Bunch, for the DREAM Tag Team Championships! They stole the belts, but can the Gradys hold onto them, or will the Bandits reclaim what is theirs going forward in the war against Hostility? We're about to find out! Lucien Walker: God, Jason, do you ever stop to listen to yourself? The viewers do not want to listen to you verbally pleasuring yourself to the eGG Bandits and every other goodie goodie in this company!

Seriously, I bet the upcoming match between Doozer and Talon is like a Boy Scout wet dream of yours! Lucien sounds like he wants to continue, but the arena falls to a hush.

"As he transforms to a whole 'nother being... SUPER DUPER..."

Daps and pounds hits the PA, The Dooze and Mr. Cool make there 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 themselves 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. Jason: Whoa, a few of those almost hit us! Lucien: If only they had the balls to do it... here comes a REAL tag team! 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. Jason: The referee holds the belts up in the air and the bell rings, and we are underway as the COOL Champion Cancer Jiles locks up with Terry Spruhen! Lucien: Ah, yes, the sheer god of power that is Terry Spruhen gets the first chance to crack the eGG Bandits. Jason: I think that's highly- attempted hip toss by Jiles is reversed by Spruhen, who smashes Jiles with a clothesline!- unfair of you, Lucien. The eGG Bandits deserve their rematch. They were, after all, undefeated as the DREAM Tag Team Champions. Jiles gets to his feet, dusting himself off before nailing Spruhen with a couple of quick shots to the chin, spinning around and nailing a kick to the midsection! Lucien: They were undefeated as the Tag Team Champions... until they ran into the force of nature that is the Grady Bunch. And look at where they've been since then! Doozer loses the DREAM Championship to Cancer Jiles... Jiles bounces against the ropes, trying to get enough momentum to take Spruhen down, but Spruhen with the chokeslam to put him on his back! Lucien: Then Jiles vacates the DREAM Championship, showing us exactly what kind of man he is (which is not one at all)... Spruhen lifts Jiles to his feet... another chokeslam

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on the COOL Champion! Lucien: Then the supreme weenie of Hostility, Talon, takes the opportunity to win the title and singlehandedly flush DREAM's Heavyweight Championship scene down the drain! Jason: Spruhen goes for the cover... but Jiles reverses it into a school-boy roll up! ONE! TWO! THREE-NO!!! Terry Spruhen gets the shoulder up just in time as Cancer Jiles rolls away, pounding the mat in frustration! You can see the look of surprise on Spruhen's face, as he did not see that coming! Lucien:

Hmm, I may have to give Cancer Jiles more credit. He

isn't always a heroic coward, like his tag team partner, and he does actually seem to show some brains every now and then! Jason: It's something that you could see all the time, partner, if you weren't so biased against guys like Jiles and Doozer! Jiles waits for Spruhen to get up... dropkick! Spruhen is back on the mat, and Jiles is on fire! He parades for the fans a bit, before bouncing off the ropes and nailing Jared Borchard with a dropkick that sends him off the turnbuckle, onto the mat outside! The referee doesn't seem to like that, but won't push the disqualification as Cancer picks Spruhen up and drags him over to Doozer, who he tags in! Lucien: Ugh, wake me up when it's over... Jason: You know, Lucien, you'd realize this was a great match if you didn't bring all your negativity to the table. Lucien: Do you even realize how easily I could crush you, pencil neck? Jason: Is that a threat? Lucien

mocking tone

Is that a threat?

Back in the ring, Doozer delivers shots to the face of the wounded

Spruhen, as Jared Borchard tries to get in the ring... the referee stops him, giving Cancer Jiles time to hit a missile drop kick from the top rope, sending Spruhen flying! Jiles rolls out of the ring just in time to avoid the referee's gaze. Lucien: WHAT?! WHAT IN THE HELL IS THAT? THEY CAN'T DO THAT! Doozer lifts Spruhen to his feet, attempting a suplex... but Spruhen is able to block it, hitting the Hostility World Champion with a suplex of his own! Spruhen gets to his feet first, waiting for the legend that is Doozer to rise... big boot! Lucien: Now that's how you make a comeback against insurmountable odds! Spruhen, not trusting the prone Doozer this time, lumbers over and tags in his partner, as Jared Borchard explodes into the ring! Jason: The fresh Borchard in against a motionless Doozer right now... Lucien: I know, finally we'll get some justice against the airtime thieves that are the eGG Bandits. Borchard lets Doozer get to his feet, before peppering him with big blows sending him stumbling back against the ropes. Borchard then runs back, bounces against the ropes, throwing himself like a speeding locomotive against Doozer... the Hostility Champion lowers himself, sending Jared Borchard over the ropes! Jason: The crafty Doozer is trying to send Borchard over the side! Lucien: Probably to get some rest for that arthritis of his. Borchard, however, lands on the ring apron and jabs Doozer in the head with an elbow! He steps back into the ring, right in the path of a fireman's carry by Doozer! He slams Borchard onto the mat, then goes for the cover! ONE! TWO! THREE-NO!!! Borchard gets his shoulder up, just as Cancer Jiles and Terry Spruhen join the fray, exchanging blows around their partners! Jiles with a left, and a right, and he refuses to give up, and so does Spruhen! This is devolving into chaos in the ring! The referee goes to kick Spruhen out of the ring, and while his back is turned Borchard has the tag team championship belt... and he blasts Jiles in the back of the head with it! Jiles goes down as Borchard tosses the belt at Doozer, prompting him to catch it... just as the referee turns around! Jason: What a dirty trick! Lucien:

Don't hate the player, Jason... hate that your player

isn't smart enough! The referee angrily rips the belt out of Doozer's hands, threatening to disqualify the Bandits on the spot, as Doozer tries to argue with him, giving him the belt and holding his hands up. Borchard, meanwhile, tosses Jiles from the ring! Doozer gets back to work, attacking Borchard as he valiantly

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tries to fight the fight against two healthy opponents, while his tag team partner is unconscious outside the ring! Doozer catches Borchard off-guard with a shot, enough for him to snap off a DDT! Spruhen enters the ring as the referee looks out at the unconscious Jiles, and Doozer immediately goes to town on him! Doozer with a left and a right... hip toss! Spruhen is on his back, and Doozer is reigning supreme with both of the Grady Bunch on the mat! Doozer looks around, ready to hit the Abuser on Borchard... but 'Through the Fire and the Flames' blasts through the sound system as the DREAM Champion himself steps through the curtain, a grin on his face as he holds the belt on his shoulder, patting it and watching the match. Lucien: WHAT?! WHAT IN THE HELL IS HE DOING HERE?! Jason:

Relax, Lucien. Talon has a right to watch the match too.

Lucien: But... but... but with him here, now it's gonna turn into a kumbaya Boy Scout love fest between him and Doozer! Respect between opponents and all that shit, they win the Tag Team Championships and then wrestle at the Pay-Per-View for the love of the game... fuck that!

Instead of moving down the ramp, Talon just stands there...

watching, as Doozer looks on in confusion. The Grady Bunch doesn't look on in confusion, however, as they grab Doozer... PENSACOLA PLUNGE!!! Doozer is out cold, and now Talon is walking toward the ramp!

Lucien: NOW THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! Jason: NO! Borchard goes for the cover. ONE! TWO! THREE! The Gradys retain the DREAM Tag Team Championships! The Gradys are still on top of the tag team world, thanks to a little trickery, some luck, and a timely appearance by Talon! Cancer Jiles is still out, the Gradys are still celebrating, and the crowd in the Slaughterhouse is just confused by this turn of events as Talon slides into the ring, holding the DREAM Heavyweight Championship over Doozer's body, silently staring down with no remorse at all at the man who will challenge him for that very title in just a few weeks!

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