Bashed in the USA: 2009

September 13, 2009 | MGM Grand Arena - Las Vegas, Nevada

2009

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Bashed in the USA 2009
13 Sep 2009
MGM Grand Arena, Las
Vegas, Nevada (seats 17,157)
Introduction
"
jasonwhiteside" The DREAM logo appears across the screen then explodes into the Monday Night Slaughter on HOTv logo. Once it fades away the camera pans across the Slaughter entrance stage. Pyros begin to fire in the air and the fans scream.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Bashed in the USA 2009 in full HD and only on Pay Per View! I'm Jason Whiteside and we're coming to you LIVE from the MGM Grand in Las Vegas, Nevada."

The camera pans across the fans holding signs and screaming.

"This capacity crowd is ready for some action, and I think we outta give it to them!"

The camera moves up to the staging area. Suddenly, William
Peters' music begins to play and the fans get on their feet for the DREAM owner as he steps out, microphone in hand. Peters begins to strut down the ramp.

"Although he has not made his presence felt much since DREAM returned, when he has appeared, William Peters has delivered earth shattering news. Last week it was the announcement of tonight's Crimson versus Mark Zylbert match and the upcoming brand split."

Peters enters the ring and heads to the center where he awaits the fans to calm down. He raises the mic to his mouth and begins to talk.

"Welcome to Bashed in the USA!"

The fans roar.

"Tonight is guaranteed to be historic, as tonight we will see Tommy Crimson and
Mark
"Little Shot"
Zylbert compete for the number one draft pick of the new DREAM brand split." Huge pop.

"I've gotten a lot of letters and calls this week, with questions and concerns over the split. Many are asking, why? You see, when
I acquired DREAM, I acquired one of the most successful intellectual properties in wrestling history. Time and time
again, DREAM has proven to be the best of the best." Huge roar.

"Seattle has the Fan's Wrestling Organization."

Pop.

"Florida has Legacy of Champions."

Pop.

"Hell, Canada has All-Star Championship Wrestling."

Pop.

"Well, the world has DREAM."

The roof is rocked by the fan excitement.

"When I introduced Slaughter to the world via DTN, more people tuned in week after week then any other show on basic cable. When we made the jump to H.O.T.v, we broke records.
But when we launched Insomnia, I knew there was no stopping our
momentum." Pop.

"However, there is no order. There is no distinction between brands other then name and time aired. We have a talent all over the place, with no real way to keep up with what's going on."

Crowd agreement.

"Then we have two separate personalities who think they run things around here. We have the loud mouth, hardcore loving, censor pushing Tommy Crimson on Insomnia. Then we have a DREAM legend's little brother. Quiet, decisive, competitive Mark Zylbert on Slaughter. Between the two of them, they can't work together. So I figure, lets give them their own space and talent to work with and see what happens."

Crowd Pop.

"Know what I think? I think DREAM is about to surpass everything, including it's own history."

HUGE roar.

"Lets get to work, and lets see who will be... BASHED IN THE USA!"

He throws the microphone down as his music hits and the fans scream. Bashed is underway.
Communique
"
mikepolowy" The picture suddenly fades out and is replaced with another scene- this from what appears to be a dungeon. A man dressed in a neatly pressed blue denim shirt, a pair of crotch-hugging shorts right out of the 1960's, and black socks and deck shoes appears. Generalissimo Tomas: "Hello. I am Generalissimo Tomas. You can call me Generalissimo Tomas. I am the duly elected dictator of the island of Puerto De Macoris. Earlier this week,
I 'secured' the services of one, Dawn McGill. You may know her as the
'6 Foot Demolition Machine in a Short Skirt.' Some call her McGillah Gorilla. Others- the Jolly Pink Giant. You see, like the United States imperialist machine oppressors, due to the imperialist oppressing wrestling federations who spew their propaganda about their superiority over other, how you say, lesser wrestling federations- such as the Puerto De Macoris Wrestling Federation, my personal favorite.
Therefore, I concorted an elaborate and downright brilliant plan to infiltrate the
infidel, oppressing machine by bringing in someone with the ability to not only hold their own with the other, so-called champions in NFW's Bunkhouse Brawl, but win it as a tribute to those other federations, but especially the Puerto De Macoris Wrestling Federation, downtrodden, held down, and stepped upon by the imperialist pig elitists. However, an infidel named Mike Palooly-" Voice: "IT'S POLOWY YOU FUCKING DOLT! POLOWY!
OW!" Generalissimo Tomas: "...as
I was saying, Mr. Palooly made the unfortunate mistake of laying hands on the champion of Puerto De
Macrosi, Dawn McGill-" Voice: "McGILL? THE CHAMPION OF POOTO DE MACARONI? WHAT A JOKE!
OW! KNOCK IT OFF!" Generalissimo Tomas: "...again, as I was saying, because he laid a hand on our champion, he must therefore pay the ultimate consequence- summary execution!"

Voice: "WHAT? SUMMARY EXECUTION? YOU'VE GOT TO FUCKING KIDDING ME? YOU CAN'T DO THAT, I'M AN AMERICAN CITIZEN! WHERE'S MY FUCKING LAWYER!
OW!
HEY, KNOCK IT OFF
HEY!" Generalissimo Tomas: "So, I regret to inform you that Mike Polouey-"

Voice: "FOR THE LAST FUCKING TIME, IT'S POLOWY! POLOWY! POLOWY! POLOWY!
JESUS, ARE YOU THAT FUCKING STUPID
OW!..." Generalissimo Tomas: "...will not be attending the show tonight. This ends our communique.

Adrien Cochrane vs Cody Brews
"

codybrews" "It's time for the opening match! This should be a fast paced, high flyer with the two individuals involved."

The lights dim a tad and begin to flash as Cody Brews' music begins to play. The fans give a semi dull, yet positive, reaction to him as he steps out from the back. Brews raises an arm to the sky before walking down the ramp.

"Cody Brews making his DREAM pay per view debut. Brews has had his ups and downs since debuting in DREAM, but has proved he can pull off entertaining matches."

Brews walks up the stairs and enters the ring as the lights go back to normal and his music fades. he uses the ropes to stretch while waiting for his opponent.

"I'm personally excited about Cody Brews' opponent, who is making his DREAM debut tonight. Adrien Cochrane has been a man I've followed most of his career. To have him here in DREAM, is just the icing to the cake tonight."

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 walks down the ramp 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.

"This is what we've been waiting for, Bashed in the USA is about to officially kick off!"

Adrien extends his hand to Cody, who shakes it before they both back away and await the bell.

"The bell sounds to start the match. Quick lock up. Brews takes control, placing Adrien Cochrane in a wrist lock. Cochrane now reverses the lock into his own. Quick kick, followed by an Irish whip. Brews off of the ropes, arm drag by Cochrane."

Both men get to their feet. Brews rushes Cochrane.

"Another quick arm drag, this time into an arm bar. Adrien Cochrane applies pressure."

Cody Brews kicks his legs, and is able to break free.

"Both men to their feet.
They run at each other. Cochrane down, Brews leaps over
him." Adrien jumps to his feet and turns as Cody hits the ropes.

"Brews on the return, Cochrane down, leap frog over Adrien Cochrane."

Cody stops, and they both turn. Cody runs at Adrien again.

"Brews ducks a quick clothesline attempt, they turn, boot to the gut of Cody Brews by Adrien Cochrane."

Cochrane runs to the ropes, comes off of it and jumps.

"Scissor kick by Adrien Cochrane."

Brews eats mat as Adrien gets back to his feet. Cody rolls over to his back as Adrien runs at the ropes. he leaps to the second.

"Moonsault that hits his mark!"

The fans pop loud for Adrien Cochrane who gets to his feet in a hurry.

"Cochrane to the corner, climbing the turnbuckles."

Once he is up at the very top he puts his hand over his eyes and peers across the sea of fans as the cameras flash. He turns around and sits on the top turnbuckle.

"Cody Brews now getting to his feet."

Once Brews is up, Cochrane stands straight up and
leaps, catching his head , then twisting down.

"Tornado DDT from the top rope!"

The roar from the crowd is insane.

"Adrien Cochrane now lifts brews to his feet, placing him in a side headlock."

Adrien Cochrane applies pressure to Brews, however, Cody is somehow able to slide out of the lock behind Cochrane.

"Brews with a vertical jump, standing dropkick to the back of Adrien Cochrane. How he was able to do that after that big DDT, amazes me. Cody Brews proving once again he is one of the most resilient men in professional wrestling today."

Cochrane is sent forward into the ropes, as he hits them and is shot backwards, Brews runs, leaping to the second and jumping off with an elbow.
However, Adrien Cochrane is able to hook his arm in and in one motion carry him over to the mat and into an

arm bar.

"Quick thinking by Adrien Cochrane may have gotten this back on track. He applies pressure to Brews's arm."

Brews throws his legs forward, and uses the momentum to stand up, twisting out of the arm lock that Cochrane had applied, while at the same time twisting Cochrane over and to the mat. The fans cheer at the back and forward action.

"Brews to the ropes, he grabs the top, pulls himself up and forcefully leaps to the second, bouncing off with momentum. Brews crashes down across Cochrane and the referee goes to count. Kick out at one."

The crowd claps as both men begin to get to their feet.

"Cochrane grabs the arm of
Brews, Irish whip into the ropes. Brews on the
return, he leaps with a double leg sitting drop kick, Cochrane ducks and lifts. Quick thinking by Adrien Cochrane as he throws Brews to the mat. Power bomb." More clapping. Adrien Cochrane pulls Brews to his feet.

"Chop by Cochrane, followed by another, and another. Brews now leans back and comes forward with his own."

Adrien grabs his chest.

"Swift kick to the side of Cochrane's legs by Brews. Adrien Cochrane to one knee. Brews runs past him, off the ropes, soccer style kick to the back of Adrien Cochrane's head."

Cochrane falls forward to the mat, holding his head. Brews leans over him, and bends down. Cochrane throws a leg up, kicking The Angry Mexican in the face.

"Cochrane quickly able to get to his feet. Don't count him out yet folks. He turns Brews around, whip, no, reversed. Cochrane sent towards the corner."

Brews runs behind him. As Adrien Cochrane gets to the corner post he grabs the top rope and leaps up. Brews crashes through the post as Cochrane lands behind him.

"Adrien Cochrane takes advantage of the situation, grabs Brews's head, inverted DDT!"

He steps over Brews and climbs the corner post to the top rope. Cameras flash as he holds his arms out before jumping.

"Swanton bomb! He hits his mark."

Adrien lays back across Brews's chest and the referee drops. As he counts Adrien raises fingers in the air to go along with him.

"DENIED AT TWO! Cochrane can not believe it!"

The crowd rumbles.

"Both men now getting to their feet. Cochrane rushes Brews. Brews sidesteps, lifting Adrien and sending him now crashing into the corner post."

Cochrane bounces off of the turnbuckle, Brews runs and grabs the top
ropes, throwing his legs up behind him, wrapping them around Cochrane's neck. He legs go, swinging around.

"Hurricarrana!"

Both men take a moment to catch their breath before rolling over and pushing themselves up.

"Neither man will give up as they both head to their feet."

They slap hands out of respect, then lock up.

"Getting back on track with a lock up. Cochrane with a knee to the gut of Brews."

He grabs the back of Cody's head and leaps up with his knees, as his knees both go up he pulls Brews down, smashing his jaw into his knees.

"WHAT A MOVE! I don't even know what to call it!"

Adrien Cochrane turns Brews over and covers him, hooking the leg.

"The referee drops to count. One.. two.. three!"

The bell sounds.

"That's all she wrote as Adrien Cochrane pulls off a big win in his debut match tonight at Bashed in the USA!"

Adrien's music begins to play as he gets to his feet. The referee pulls his arm up, holding it in victory.
Adrien Cochrane bends down and helps Cody Brews up. Once he is up, Adrien and Cody
hug, then Cochrane grabs his arm, holding it high in the sky.

"What sportsmanship from Cochrane. Just what DREAM needs in a time when people such as Mike Polowy, Level-One, Cancer

Jiles, and Travis Williams dominate with their evil ways." We get a couple shots from the match as we fade.
This fire burns
"
levelone" We open up to a shot of Jak Nemesis accompanied by Level-One, walking down the backstage hall ways. Jak Nemesis leads the duo, with Level-One trailing behind with caution gripping his title with a fragile gasp of uncertainty for what exactly awaited ahead. With a world title defence hanging in the balance at the end of the night the last thing Level-One wanted to do is opt out, due to any alternate circumstances
Jak, where the hell are we going?
Level-One presses for an answer.
m supposed to announce my stipulation for my match tonight, not causing a ruckus backstage with you
Level-One says in protest. His eyes scanning every last detail about the backstage hall way and then burning the images deep within his mind.
Speaking of which
Jak Nemesis swiftly counters, spinning around to face the DWF world champion, causing Level-One to freeze in his own footprint.
You still haven
t come to a decision?
Jak Nemesis asks.
Well, I
ve thought about a few things
Level-One states nodding his head solidly, hoping to believe his own lie. This spikes the interest within Jak Nemesis as he folds his arms in his hands.
Have you thought of a hell in a cell match?
Jak Nemesis asks.
Too big, I mean this is Travis Williams we
re talking about
Level-One states cockily. Jak Nemesis nods his head in agreement; but just as quickly as he shakes the possibility of a hell in a cell match, he comes up with yet another wild stipulation
A fun house of horrors match?
Jak Nemesis asks prompting a look of confusion on the face of Level-One.
What? As if you don
t want to rip the eye balls out of his socket
Level-One bobs his head in agreement, but even then it didn
t sound right.
I don
t know it just seems a little out there, you know?
Jak Nemesis pauses, his face turning into an emotionless stone.
No, I don
Level-One sighs.
You know how I am. I don
t DO gimmicks. What ever happened to an old fashion singles match?
Level-One asks, Jak Nemesis. Jak Nemesis merely shakes his head and continues down the
hall, with

Level-One following close behind once again.
You need an intervention, Level
Jak Nemesis
says, before stopping in front of a large door. Level-One confused stares at the door, propping his world title on his shoulder. Jak Nemesis takes two steps back, before rushing forward, booting the door open. BAM
Holy shit
Level-One says, observing a large storage room. It just wasn
t any storage room, it was a weapons storage room. A hardcore brawl fest, fit for anyone wanting to inflict pain on not only themselves but on their opponents. Jak Nemesis smiles as he walks on in, observing the weapons inside--it was nothing he hadn
t seen before.
Stop sign
rail road spikes
shit, Level do you see that flame
thrower?
Jak Nemesis says marching towards the weapon, examining it as it rests on a shelve. Level-One bends over, lifting up a large metal pole, with a big metal spikes hanging on the other end. Examining it with wide eyes, he merely whispers under his breath
m not even going to ask
he says, tossing the pole with the metal spike ball to the side. Jak Nemesis picks up the flame thrower and makes his way back to Level-One. Level-One examines the weapon, as Jak Nemesis lifts it up in the air.
Alright. So I took your hardcore tolerance into account and I think a plain flat out anything goes match sounds like the show stealer the main-event is meant to be
Jak Nemesis says, before examining the flame thrower, further.
I don
t know about this
Level-One says, before pointing to the flame thrower.
But that thing sure looks like fun..."
So, hardcore match it is?
Jak Nemesis asks, looking up at Level-One over his shoulder. Level-One scans the weapon storage room one last time before dropping his attention back to the gun, he shakes his head back and forth.
To be honest Jak, I
m thinking a submission match is the route to take tonight
Jak Nemesis looks at
Level-One; as if he had been the crazy one.
Seriously? All this for nothing?
Well you get to keep the flame thrower
Level-One says, padding Jak Nemesis onto his shoulder.
You know, your right.
Now let me try this out
Jak Nemesis says pointing the hose towards a storage shelve. Level-One shakes his head and waves his hands in protest.
No, Jak

you don
t want to
Level-One
s eyes expand, as a blast of flames shoot out of the hose, spreading up the large storage shelve. The two watches the flames, as the fire alarm begins to ring off. The tandem nod to each-other, and immediately make a break for the exit.
and the fire continued to burn.
USXF vs. Polowy/Nemesis
"
thenewera" 'Dead Bodies Everywhere' begins to play as Jak Nemesis steps out with his tag title. He raises it high before heading to the ring.

"Jak Nemesis seems to be coming out alone. The rumors are flying that Mike Polowy and Dawn McGill are both not in attendance. Can Nemesis defend the titles himself?." 'Feel so numb' by Rob Zombie hits the sound system. After a few moments it morphs into 'Born in the USA' by Bruce Springston. USXF runs down from the back to the ring. A few moments later they are deciding who will start the match. As the bell sounds Shaun XF and Mike Polowy are in the ring to begin the match as their team mates and the other two people are on the apron.

"Shaun XF of USXF will kick things off in this tag team championship handicap match."

Shaun XF runs at
Jak Nemesis
"Nemesis scoops XF up, and slams him down."

The ring shakes. Jak goes for a cover.

"This could be it for Shaun XF all ready!"

America enters through the ropes and runs in, stomping Jak Nemesis for the save.

"Jak Nemesis to his feet, as if the stomp did nothing but agitate him."

Jak clothesline Lady America.

"Nemesis doesn't even care that Lady America is a woman as he almost takes her head off!"

Jak nemesis looks down at America with no remorse.

"Behind Nemesis, school boy by Shaun XF"
Jak is able to kickout and pop up to his feet. America is up, she runs at the ropes and bounces off of them, as Nemesis turns she jumps.

"Drop kick by Lady America!"

Lady America is told by the referee to exit the ring. She heads to the apron.

"Shaun XF getting to his feet. He pulls Nemesis up with him. Chop, followed by another. he grabs his arm, whip.
No, Jak Nemesis reverses. Shaun XF on the return. Arm drag. Both men up. XF runs at Nemesis again. Another arm drag. Both up again. Once again Shaun XF charges him. Jak Nemesis
sidesteps, knee to the stomach of XF. Right into a DDT!" Jak Nemesis gets up, and looks to the entrance stage as if hoping that Mike Polowy is just late.

"Nemesis lifts Shaun XF to his feet. Shaun pushes Nemesis back. Nemesis retaliates with a thumb to the eye of XF."

Shaun grabs his eye and turns away. the referee warns Nemesis.

"Jak Nemesis grabs Shaun XF's head and directs him to the nearby corner post. He introduces his head to the top turnbuckle."

Nemesis pushes XF into the corner, back to the post. He then grabs Shaun, sitting him up on the top then climbing up himself.

"Nemesis with big punches to the head of Shaun XF."

He locks XF in and lifts.

"Superplex!"

Shaun XF crashes to the mat. Nemesis grabs his back in pain as well. Lady America screams for Shaun to make the tag.

"Where is Mike Polowy?!"

Both men crawl, slowly, to their corners. They reach.

"Nemesis seems to have forgotten he is partnerless."

XF makes the tag and Jak begins to pull himself up.

"Lady America rushes the ring."

America lunges forward with a shoulder block, taking down sole tag team championship defender. Both get to their feet.

"Lady America runs at Jak. She uses his legs to run... up him. She locks her legs around his head... hurricaranna.. NO!"

Jak lifts her, runs forward, and slams her down.

"Powerbomb!"

She is sent close enough to land into the ropes, being propped up on them. Shaun XF reaches in and down as far as he can and slaps her shoulder.

"XF makes the tag!"

Shaun grabs the top rope and leaps up, standing on the top then using it to fly off, flipping in the air and landing leg first across Nemesis. He sits on top of Nemesis, leans back and places his arms around Jak's legs, bringing them forward into a pin.

"They could do it! They could do it! the referee counts."

As his hand hits three, the arena erupts.

"USXF WINS THE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP TITLES! USXF WINS!"

The fans are on their feet as USXF's music hits. Lady America is up on her feet. She realizes what happened and embraces Shaun in a hug.

"Many thought they couldn't do it, but they did. I have to suspect that Mike Polowy not showing is a major factor, but I guess we will never know now!"

From the audience, crosses Shawn FX and Miss USA.

"This is not a part of the schedule, it seems as if Shawn FX and Miss USA have paid for tickets and are now invading ringside."

The fans are on their feet, trying to see what is happening. FX and America are mouthing to them as security rushes, grabbing FX and USA.

"As I said, this is not planned folks. Shawn FX and Miss USA are now being escorted from ringside by security."

The camera focuses back on the titles being handed to the new champions, who hold them high in the air with pride.

Fun in Puerto De Macoris

"

mikepolowy" Scene: A dark, dinghy courtroom. The lights intermittently flicker off and back on. Six well-armed paramilitary soldiers escort Mike Polowy into the courtroom. One of them constantly pokes Mike in the back with his semi-automatic weapon in order to keep him moving. Mike does not look happy as the soldier directs him to a table in front of where the judge sits. The Bailiff walks in. BAILIFF: "All rise."

Again, the paramilitary soldier pokes Mike in the back to get him to stand. Generalissimo Tomas enters and sits down where the judge is supposed to be. MIKE: "What a minute! You're that General guy. I thought you had to go home to change your clothes."

One of the soldiers strikes Mike's sterum with the butt of his rifle. MIKE: "OW!"

Generalissimo Tomas walks in and wipes his hands off with hand sanitizer. He's wearing a blue denim shirt and crotch hugging shorts, albeit a different pair. The Generalissimo picks up a tooth flossing 'sword' off the bench and runs it through his teeth. GEN. TOMAS: "I would have been here sooner but, how you say, a gas tanker truck was parked at my favorite gas station. So I had the driver summarily executed and then it took a couple of my men a few minutes to move the truck out of the way."

MIKE: "That's retarded. Why didn't you just pull in and-OW!"

Again, Mike's chest is on the receiving end of the butt of a rifle. GEN. TOMAS: "I...have my
Mr. Paloowy." MIKE: "For the last time, it's Polowy-
OW! WOULD YOU STOP THAT!" GEN. TOMAS: "As
I was saying, I have my ways. I never go to gas station when tanker truck is there. They always blow up in the movies.
That's why I never go to bank when there's a Brink's truck parked out front. Or go to convenience stores, people get shot there." He rears his head back and laughs. The paramilitary men also laugh at the irony of what Generalissimo Tomas just said. GEN. TOMAS: "Can I have the charges against Mr. Paloowy?"

Mike begins to correct him but decides for the better to let it go. A paramilitary man hands him a sheet of paper. Generalissimo Tomas looks at the paper and becomes very angry. He waves the paper around violently. GEN. TOMAS: "What...what is
PARAMILITARY GUY: GEN. TOMAS: "Not that! THIS!"

Generalissimo Tomas turns the paper around to show him. GEN. TOMAS: "This is typed in Times New Edition. I decreed that all official Island of Puerto De Macoris correspondence was to be typed in Helvetica. It's the more morally correct font."

PARAMILITARY GUY: "I am most sorry, Generalissimo. I promise it will not-
Generalissmo Tomas pulls out a pistol and shoots him. He is dead before his body hits the floor. GEN. TOMAS: "Times New Edition...hah!..."

He crumples up the paper and throws it away. Then he rewashes his hands with the hand sanitizer.

"There. All better. Now, the charges against Mr. Palooey is attacking the duly appointed champion of the Island of Puerto De Macoris."

MIKE: "WHAT? THAT'S NOT TRUE! I NEVER TOUCHED YOUR CHAMPION OF PROTO DE MACOMBE OR WHATEVER THE FUCK THIS PLACE IS-
OW! STOP THAT!" GEN. TOMAS: "I see. So you claim that you did not lay a hand on the champion of the Island of Puerto De Macoris."

MIKE: "YES! CAN I GO HOME NOW?"

GEN. TOMAS: "Kevin. Play the tape."

KEVIN: "Yes SIR!"

An old, obsolete film projecter begins to hum. On a torn and tattered projection screen, Mike, L-1, and Jak's attack on Dawn McGill plays. GEN. TOMAS: "Now, Mr. Paloooey. Do you deny that the man in this film is you?"

MIKE: "Of course that's me. Me and Level-One and Jak are kicking the crap out of McGillah Gorilla."

GEN. TOMAS: "I see."

MIKE: "That's it? That's all you got? SERIOUSLY! CAN I LEAVE THIS SHIT-HOLE NOW?"

GEN. TOMAS: "You do know Miss McGill is the champion of the Island of Puerto De Macoris."

Mike starts to respond but the full implication of what Generalissimo Tomas has just said hits him. Finally, Mike makes the words exit h is mouth.
MIKE: GEN. TOMAS: "How you say, Miss McGillah...Gorilla, is champion of the Island of Puerto De Macoris."

MIKE: "Oh. Fuck me. Um, can I talk to my attorney?"

GEN. TOMAS: "No. I think we hear enough. My ruling is- guilty! The sentence is....summary execution."

MIKE: "WHAT!"

GEN. TOMAS: "Take him to the back. Summon the firing squad."

MIKE: "Y-YOU CAN'T DO THAT! I'M AN AMERICAN!"

GEN. TOMAS: "Yes we can. You see, there are some dictators who like to torture. There are others who like to rip off the populace and hoard as much money as they can. There are those who just want to project their

will. We...we do summary executions. Okay. I need to go home and change so let's reconvene in one hour for the summary execution."

Two Paramilitary men grab Mike's arms and start dragging him to the back courtyard. MIKE: "HEY...STOP...I WANT MY LAWYER!.....YOU'D BETTER GET MY FUCKING LAWYER DOWN HERE NOW!....HEY!.....(Mike's ranting fades as the Paramilitary men drag him out the door leading to the courtyard in the back.)
Family Ties
"
chrisbladez"
Chris Bladez stands inside the locker room of tonight
s challenger, Travis
The Dark Shadows
Williams. Chris has a few scuff marks on his
face, from what probably was his run in with the inmate that Travis left him to deal with.

"You ready?"

Travis looks up at Chris, with the question ringing fresh in returning superstar
s head.

"You could assume so!"

Travis shakes his head, dismissing the answer Chris just gave him.

"Explain something to me Christopher
When I left you there yesterday
How did you end up with all of those marks on your face?" Chris shakes his head, as he hangs it low.

"So I waited out there, and a few people entered. I waited longer, and out walked some extremely huge black guy. He had that look of being pissed off on his face. I thought hard, but I swung. He threw me to the ground. I ate the steps, and he told me if I would act as if this never happen, he would not arrest me."

Travis starts to laugh.

"So what did you do?"

Chris smirks, as he eyes Travis.

"I agreed, and he helped me back to my feet. We shared a laugh about it, and I kicked him as hard as I could in the nuts and ran like hell!"

Travis starts to laugh, puzzled by the reply of his somewhat family member.

"So, let me get this straight! You agreed, he helped you up, and you two laughed? You followed up with a swift kick to junk? What happen after that?"

Chris shrugs.

"He went to a knee, and some loud mouth small dude comes out. He started screaming at the man, but I guess he had all he could take. In an instant, he nailed him like Kearse hitting Roethlisberger in that Steelers game Thursday night. He puts him in custody and I ran like hell!"

Travis and Chris laugh aloud together, realizing the hell they put the guy through.

"Well Christopher
Tonight won
t be that easy. That Aussie is not going to give you a victory. You will have to beat it out of him mate!" Chris nods, agreeing.

"Hey, at least I do not have to worry about trying to beat Level-One!"

Chris laughs, but Travis shoves him.

"That is not a joking matter dipshit! Tonight, our family ties become lace in golden royalty! I
m taking the strap from Level-One! BY HOOK or BY CROOK!"

Nathan Paradine vs Chris Bladez
"
nathanparadine" Capps: Welcome back to Bashed in the USA, and this is our first match here tonight for the Insomnia crew. Sin: That
s right man, we are scheduled for three matches here tonight and we get the honor of the Main Event. A true honor, because the match could be the best match we have covered since being brought into Dream. Capps: I won
t take anything from our first match, Sin. Think about it
man, Nathan Paradine! Paradine! Sin: What about The Madman with C4? Anyway he is on his way to the ring. The lights turn out in the arena. Smoke starts to pour out from the entrance.

"Calm Like a Bomb" by Rage Against the Machine starts to play over the arena. Finally firework start to go off from inside the smoke. Blue and gold lights start flashing as Chris Bladez makes his way out from the back. The crowd goes into a frenzy, they start to chant C4..C4..C4! Bladez points out to the crowd before he makes his way down to the ring. Fireworks go off again this time in the shape of birds and one thousand shoot of in sets of ten with each step Bladez makes down the ramp. Bladez slides under the ropes and walks over to one of the ring poster and looks out over the crowd again pointing . The music slowly starts to fade out as another blast this time from above the ring as blue and gold sparks drop from the ceiling. The lights goes back to normal and Bladez hops off the ring post. Sin: There
s The Madman with C4, man. He looks ready to go, tonight. Last week on Insomnia he along with Travis

Williams helped Crimson take his show back. Capps: Yeah, no one cares... Nathan Paradine makes his way to the ring. The boo
s can be heard throughout the arena. The crowd begins to chant, "Bladez!", "Bladez!" as he makes his way to the ring. Paradine just stares down Chris Bladez as he climbs in the ring. Paradine looks around at the crowd still screaming his opponents name as he suddenly charges Bladez! The two square off with Paradine getting the better of Bladez to start. Paradine brings Bladez down to the mat hard. He swivels around and uses his legs to get a scissor hold on Bladez. He applies more and more pressure. Te referee watches both of Bladez hands for a tap. He picks his hand up once, and drop it. The referee picks his hand up again, and drops it when
Bladez lifts it back into the air. The crowd responds to this cheering him on. Bladez uses his strength to pick up Paradine in a powerbomb like position. Before Paradine can release the hold, Bladez brings him down hard on the mat. He breaks the
hold, and hits a knee. Paradine kicks at Bladez, now laying on his back but misses. Bladez jumps on top of Paradine and begins hitting him right and left, right and left. The referee is trying to break it up as the crowd counts along with his punches...1....2....3....4....FIVE! Bladez stands up off Paradine at the ref
s urging. Capps: What a crock... Sin: The Mad man with C4 IS HERE! Bladez rushes back to Paradine, picking him up by his head, and slings him into the ropes.
On the recoil Bladez goes for a spear backing into the ropes himself. As he lowers his head coming in for the spear, Paradine reverses it into a Guillotine
CHOKE! They both fall to mat and immediately Bladez is gasping for air as Paradine applies more pressure. Bladez is desperately reaching for the ropes at this point as the referee is down on his stomach watching for a tap. Paradine has quieted the crowd with this deadly MMA move. Capps: Haha, this shit is over with... Sin:
Don
t say that just yet, Capps....Not Just Yet... Bladez reaches with all his
might, finally one finger inches barely across the ropes. Suddenly he grabs complete hold of the rope and the referee attempts to break the hold. Paradine holds it on tight, until the referee begins to count. Finally he releases Bladez, and stands over him breathing heavy. Bladez holds his neck from the hold, then suddenly Paradine begins to mud stomp him. He rolls around in the ring attempting to get away from the blows. He trips Paradine up, and gets to his feet rolling around into an ankle lock.
Before he can get a secure hold, Paradine flips around to kick him off. He hits the turnbuckle and bounces off. Paradine is back to his feet and gets caught with a
SPEAR! Sin: BOOM! NICE RECOVERY BY Chris Bladez! Capps: Sin, your such a kiss ass... Sin:
No, I just know a great wrestler when I see one...
Capps: Blah Blah... The spear brings both men down to the mat, and Bladez uses Paradine
s head to steady himself on his feet, and gets off a Double Arm DDT! He hits the ropes as Paradine is now using his elbows to attempt to get up again! Hitting the ropes he catches Paradine with a huge BIG BOOT! He rolls him up for the pin, using the ropes for leverage with his right leg.... 1.....2..... The referee stops the count and shakes Bladez leg that is on the ropes. He gets up and begins to argue with the referee that it was an accident. Capps: So much for your good guy.... Sin: Argh... The referee and Bladez is arguing as he is caught from behind with a dropkick to the back of his head. Paradine, gets to his feet as Bladez stumbles to his. Wobbily, but now back on his feet quickly after the drop kick, Bladez turns to find Paradine in the ring. As he turns he is runs straight into a Spring Board Jawbreaker Lariat! The crowd is booing Nathan Paradine now that the match has turned in his favor. He looks around at the fans and shrugs the boo

s off. Bladez is still reeling from Paradine
s previous attempt to take him out, when Paradine lunges at him. Bladez moves out of the way, and Paradine runs through the ropes of the turnbuckle and hits the shoulder hard on the metal ring post. Bladez holding his neck again from all the stress it has endured, pulls Paradine
s slinging him to nearly the middle of the ring. Bladez hits the ropes, and leg drops Paradine
s neck causing him to thrash around in the ring. Bladez follows up, by grabbing hold of his legs into a Sharpshooter! Paradine is in the middle of the ring and is still thrashing around to reach the ropes now. He reaches, and realizes quickly he is just to far away. He attempts to use the strength in his legs to break the hold. Bladez just sits down hard on his back applying more and more pressure. Paradine uses his elbows and hands to climb closer and closer. Bladez tries to drag him back to the middles, but Paradine just will
s his way toward the ropes, and his hand hits the mat as he reaches and reaches! Bladez hears his hand hit the mat, and drops his legs raising his hands high into the air. The referee looks at him almost confused, knowing that Paradine was reaching and not tapping. Bladez is now on the top rope the referee yells at Bladez as he turns to jump down that the match is not over. It is too late as he walks right into a Paraplex, right into a Mark of Judas!! Bladez thrashes around the ring trying to reach the ropes himself now! He thrashes finally tapping out! He hits the mat three times, and the referee calls for the bell. Paradine doesn
t release the move and continues to hold it tight even after the bell has rung. The referee finally gets help from other referee
s. After the urging and tugs from the referee
s he releases the hold, and stands holding his hands high to a roars of boo
s. The referee of the match holds his hand high into the air, victorious! Capps:
What a match, I knew he would pull it off. That submission hold is
deadly! Sin: Everyone in this arena though he tapped out! Capps: No Everyone didn
t. See our fine Insomnia Referee up there? He didn
t think he tapped, so he didn
t.
This is a great win for Nathan Paradine. Great match, We still have so many great matches lined up for you here
tonight! Sin: So much more to come!
Title Aspirations
"
nathanparadine"
Immediately after his match, Nathan Paradine rolls out of the ring and demands for a mic to be handed to him. When the timekeeper hesitates he half lunges forward and snatches the microphone
away, walking around ringside as he starts to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is bulls[BEEP!]!" he roars into the microphone, as the crowd gives him a small hail of boos.

"I left Hostility to come here and compete in DREAM, hoping to open up a new chapter in my career. I'm leaving behind countless hundreds of thousands of dollars, a main event spot, titles matches, EVERYTHING, so I can come here and drag DREAM out of the mud and turn it into a respectable wrestling promotion, just like I did with Hostility."

Nathan climbs up onto the ring and using the ropes to balance himself, looks around almost sadly.

"This is a joke. I have to fight losers like TJ Parker and Chris Bladez?
Give me a break. Regardless of the outcome of my last two matches, I am demanding a match for a sanctioned DREAM
championship, and I'm going to give management two weeks-" Nathan pauses, and holds up two fingers.

"To meet my demands, or else I'll cut off ties with this company entirely. Now I know that management probably won't agree to this, and that's fine with me.
To prove that I'm serious, I am refusing to step into the ring for those to weeks to show that I am serious about this. Make a note in your
calenders, people. September 29th is the deadline for this company, and more than likely I'll ever have to step foot in this place again. Thank you, and enjoy... the goddamn... show!" Nathan flings down the mic and jumps off the ring, pausing only to slide off his elbow pads and fling them into the crowd before marching up the ramp and disappearing backstage.

Lora Kirk vs. Lady America
"
amymason" Capps:
This could be one of the best matches of the night, Sin.
Sin:
I couldn
t agree more, Capps. Lora Kirk won the Women
s Championship in her surprise victory over Mike Polowy a few weeks ago.
Capps:
Yeah, He was
cheated, it was a tragedy... Sin:
Naw, I think he is being a little whiny
bitch, like always... Capps: Anyway...This next match is for the Dream Women
s Championship! Lady America and Kirk will do battle, and battle right now! Sin: I been looking forward to this...Ohh yeah... The patriotic tune by Bruce Springsteen, "Born in the USA" pipes up from the loud speakers shaking the rafters. The crowd is on their feet! A well tanned athletic young woman wearing red, white, and blue bursts from behind the curtain carrying Ol
Glory. She smiles as she high fives several of the fans. As she walks by she spots a young girl and pauses for a moment, hugging her as the camera zooms in. She waves the flag back and forth for the fans. She also waves her free hand to her fellow Americans seating further back and gestures to everyone taking in the festivities from the upper decks. Chants of America,
America, America begin.
Sin: You just have to love her spirit. She has been on Tuesday Nights, quite a bit, Capps. Capps: Yeah, she
s really patriotic.
Until Kirk gets out here to beat that ass, If I was
her, I wouldn
t have even showed up.

Bashed in the USA: 2009

"Closer to Home"

Matthew Harwood hits the PA system as Kirk makes her way to the ring. She walks down the ramp never taking her eyes off Lady America. She walks up the steps, and crosses the ropes into the ring. She stands in her corner staring down America. Capps: She

s dead meat... Sin: Naw Naw, you bet your ass America came to play... Capps:

The size advantage is just too much, Sin. Just way too much... The Referee calls for the bell as the two women lunge at each other. Kirk uses her size advantage to hip toss America to the mat. She wrestles her around into a chokehold. America reverses the hold into an armbar. She takes down Kirk with a swinging choke to the throat. She goes for a quick

pin! 1......2..KIRK KICKOUT! Capps: Haha, no way... Sin:

America means business here tonight, Capps. Kirk throws America off her. America rolls out of the ring to catch her breath. Kirk watches as she does this and dives through the ropes taking her down. The two women roll around on the outside thrashing and fighting with each other. Kirk rolls ontop of Lady America and pins her to the ground and headbutts her hard. She then does it

once, and then again. The referee has already started to count and is to six. Lora gets up off of America and rolls in the ring. She gets to her feet as the crowd is willing America to her feet. The Ref

s count reaches 8 when she finally gets up and rolls in the ring. A frustrated Kirk begins to stomp at her soon as she rolls in. She picks her up, and gets her setup for a pumphandle slam. Kirk picks up America and drops her hard with the move. She splash pins her! 1............2............KICKOUT! Capps: DAMN! He HIT THE MAT 3 TIMES! Sin:

Naw he didn

t brother, I watched that

close! Capps:

Ah... Kirk is obviously frustrated as she stands up. She begins to argue with the referee with her back to Lady America. She turns, Snap

Suplex! America stands back up holding her back from picking up the much heavier opponent. She points to the top turnbuckle the crowd is cheering her on! HIPTOSS OF DOOM! Kirk hits the mat hard with America using her own weight against her. Kirk is shaken from the toss, and rolls out of the ring. Lady America climbs to the top turnbuckle, and yells, "Hey Bitch!". Kirk turns to catch a back somersault cross body! Both women fall to the outside. Kirk and Lady America both attempt to rise to they

re feet. Kirk shakes off the attack from the high flyer, and grabs her by the hair of her head. She uses it to hit her head against the top of the security barrier! Sin: Damn, that using your head! Capps: So Cliche

Lady America is being bounced off everything around the ring area while the referee is still counting, and now approaches five. Kirk throws America into the steps head first, and then slides into her backside first. This collision causes America to fall to the mat, lifeless. Kirk rolls back in the ring as the referee is now at eight. She climbs back out of the ring and and rolls America back in the ring, with the crowd still strongly behind America. She goes for the pin!

1...........................2.........................KICKOUT!! Capps: Damnit....She had her, stupid Referee... Sin: HOLY SHIT! America gets the arm up just in time. Now Kirk is frustrated beyond belief. She nearly slaps the referee for not counting to three. America wobbles to her feet, falling back into the ropes as

Lora turns to see she is back to her feet. She charges going for a clothesline from hell, America

Ducks! She yanks the top rope down tripping Kirk and causing her to flip over the top rope and to the

outside. She falls down in the middle of the ring after this. Kirk is shaken up from this, and smacks her head trying to get it all back together. The referee is counting her out again, when she slides back in. She is met by a missle drop kick! Kirk still doesn
t go down! Lady America hits the ropes and on the recoil hits a bulldogg on Kirk, and finally brings her down. She rolls Kirk over and then points to the ropes. She climbs to the top turnbuckle and pumps the crowd up while standing up there. Sin: Wasting Time...Wasting Time... Lady America takes flight! She does a backflip in mid air for a SWANTO.....KIRK IS UP AND CATCHES HER IN MID AIR! SpineBuster by Kirk! She hits the ropes, elbow drop! Kirk gets back to her feet, and hits the ropes yet again. She jumps across America in the middle of the ring to catch the ropes again. On the way back she hits a devastating SPLASH!
To Lora
s shock, America rises to her
feet, just about to hit the mat again she flips her into a.. Capps:
LORA
S EMBRACE, IT
S
OVER!!!! Lora lands on Lady America
s chest facing her feet, with the pin..... 1.....2.....3.....WINNER
AND STILL DREAM WOMEN
S CHAMPION, LORA
KIRK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Sin: She retains her title here, but so many women are gunning for her. Capps:
Like I said to begin with, Sin. It is her size that gives her the advantage. There is no woman in Dream that can stop
her, and I mean she beat Mike Polowy. He is my favorite wrestler of all time, and maybe the best. Sin: Oh yeah? How come he isn
t the World Champion? Capps: Because he and Level One are BFF
s, everyone knows that... Sin: On that note, we
ll send it to the Slaughter team for your next match. We will be back for the Main Event, jesus what a match this one was. How could you possibly not watch the rest of this Pay Per View after that! Capps: Stay Tuned! If you don
t, your a stupid ass, you know why? Sin: Why?!? Capps: Cause your bitch ass just paid 50 bucks to watch this, and your going to change the channel?
Haha, What the F...
Above and Beyond

"
whammy" We cut backstage to the Cool Champ
s locker room. Whammy is seen in his best Armani suit. CCJ is in his ring gear, consisting of: sneakers, black mesh Adidas shorts, and something new
something a little different.

"Is that a hockey jersey?"

Whammy asks. Cancer smiles and turns revealing the name on the back of the jersey

Mr. Cool. I know, what a shocker.

"I wanted to make Zorro feel more at home out there tonight. Figured he must be used to getting his ass kicked by hockey players, hence the move to wrestling. Talk about plans backfiring, leaving a promising Cancer starts to laugh at the fact that CPZ once had promising attached to his name.

"

career as a bench warmer in hockey to come face Mr. Cool in a hardcore match for the Coolest title around." Whammy still standing there, waiting for an answer that makes sense.

"Ok
m still a bit confused."
Always the showman, CCJ responds
This is a Pay Per View
Wham, I don
t want to short change my opponent. I want to go above and beyond to make this match as memorable as possible for Casey. So I figured that I would bring out all the stops, give him the best of both ass kicking worlds. Last week I defeated him as a wrestler
tonight I defeat him as a hockey player." Whammy reaches out and grabs a hockey stick resting in the corner
I guess that explains why this is in here." CCJ now grabs a hockey helmet, complete with a visor and decals out of a duffel bag. He places it on his head and gets strapped in.

"Hey, give me that hockey stick.
I plan on breaking it over that wanna-be NHL-DWF moron
s head. You see Whammy, I got the
jersey, I got the stick, and
I got the helmet. I am good to go, CPZ is going to shit a brick when he see
s the hockey version of Mr. Cool is coming to the ring. I petitioned the ring crew for a strip of ice leading to the
ring, for me to ICE SKATE my way down for the opening bell. They said it wasn
t in the budget, good thing too
Whammy finishes
Because you can
t Ice Skate
as long as it
s not a distraction, I won
t give you a hard time about the costume. I think the helmet maybe the greatest idea you have ever come up with
actually."
Cancer laughs and as he leaves his locker room
I am chalk full of great ideas
you just choose not to listen to them. See ya in a few, I
m going check this guy so hard into the

guardrail, he may just call it quits right then and there. Stupid bastard trying to take Mr. Cool
s Stanley Cup
what a shame." The ring announcer can be heard all the way in the back as Jiles makes his way towards the entrance ramp. CCJ twirls the hockey stick around, trying to better familiarize himself with it, so that he may be able to use more effectively against CPZ.
Malcolm Dred-King vs. B.R. Ellis
"
malcolmdredking" A loud bang sounds followed by a custom guitar rift. B.R. Ellis comes from backstage.

"B.R. is coming into his first pay per view appearance, knowing the odds are against him. Malcolm Dred-King has proved time after time he can dominate almost any opponent. B.R. wants to avoid this and pull in a big, and much needed, win."

B.R. enters the ring and his music fades. Malcolm Dred-King's music begins to play. The fans begin yelling. The roar grows even more as pyros explode.

"Both of these men have the fans behind them, however, it seems they are backing MDK more."

MDK steps out and the sea of fans get even louder. He makes his way to the ring. Once in, his music fades.

"And the bell sounds to begin the match."

They slap hands before locking up.

"B.R. Ellis takes control, putting Malcolm Dred-King in a side headlock. He applies pressure."

Malcolm wraps his arms around B.R. and lifts.

"Ellis slammed to the mat. Malcolm Dred-King maneuvers himself around and locks Ellis in a chin lock."

Malcolm pulls back and Ellis yells in pain.

"It could be over as early as it began is Malcolm Dred-King can make 'Texas Best' submit."

Ellis is able to reach out and grab the bottom rope.

"The referee breaks the lock."

Malcolm gets to his feet.

"Dred-King pulls Ellis to his feet. Hard chop across his chest, followed by another."

The lights flash off for a few seconds.

"What was that? It seems we may have some sort of power issues. Either way, back to the match as Malcolm Dred-King whips B.R. Ellis across the ropes. Ellis off the ropes, MDk follows up, he leaps, flying clothesline!" The crowd pops.

"Maclolm Dred-King covers Ellis."

As the referee drops the lights flash off again for a few more moments. As it comes back up, the referee is on his knees looking around and B.R. kicks out.

"MDK may have just been robbed by the power issues we seem to be having. King back to his feet, pulling Ellis up with him. Halfway up, Ellis with a shoulder into the gut of Malcolm Dred-King. Fireman's carry over into an arm bar." The fans pop as B.R. applies pressure. Malcolm is able to push himself up, and reverse the arm bar into his own.

"Malcolm Dred-King now applying pressure to Ellis. MDK seems to have kept control of this match for the majority of it. Oh what the hell."

The lights are off again. This time they are off long enough for fans to get ansy. Cameras flash and noise erupts before they come back on. Ellis and King both stand in the ring with their hands on their hips.

"Even the competitors are getting annoyed with these ongoing issues it seems. Once again, we apologize fans as the lights continue to go out."

Both men slap hands again and lock up once more, to restart the match.

"Knee to the mid section of B.R. Ellis, followed by an European uppercut. Ellis is sent to the mat."

The lights go off.

"This is just..."

In the middle fo the ring, an orange glow can be noticed.

"What's that?!"

The lights come back on and we see Dark, standing over Malcolm Dred-King, smoking a cigarette. The fans go absolutely nuts.

"It's DARK! Dark is back!"

B.R. pushes himself up. He and Dark shake hands. B.R drops to his knees, then covers Malcolm Dred-King. The referee drops and begins counting. Dark counts along with him.

"One... two... THREE! B.R. Ellis wins with assistance from Dark! It was Dark all along with the lights going out! Dark is back! Dark is back!"

Ellis' music hits and Dark raises his arms high in the air as he celebrates his first pay per view victory.

"I can not believe that the former World Champion has returned."

A Special Guest
"
markzylbert" Mark Zylbert is backstage. His arms are crossed and a smile comes across his face.

"I appreciate you coming man, I really do."

We can not see who he is talking to, and they give no reply.

"With you in my corner, after this week of training, I know that Slaughter will in fact come home with the number one draft pick."

He looks over at the nearby clock.

"It's time."

Crimson versus Mark Zylbert
"
tommycrimson" "This next match is for the number one draft pick between Insomnia and Slaughter! It features a man who's brother is maybe the most famous wrestler to ever step into a DREAM ring and the past his prime former wrestler, now lead of
Insomnia, Tommy
Crimson." Red smoke enters the arena, as red lights beam around the arena. 'Headup' by the Deftones hits the PA, and the Commish of Dream Wrestling walks out. The crowd goes crazy, as he stops on the top of the ramp, and gets down on one knee, and shows off even more to the crowd. The crowd keep chanting as he stops on his way and signs a kid
s autograph. He slides in the ring, and climbs one turnbuckle crossing his arms in the air and then banging his head, slinging his long red hair in every direction. He drops down and heads for the next turnbuckle repeating every movement from the last turnbuckle. He does this on all four turnbuckles as he jumps down, he points to the smoke at the entrance..."The Fury" can be made out as it fades away.

"Tommy Crimson getting a good reaction from the crowd."

Mark Zylbert's music begins to play.

"Here comes the general manager of Slaughter!"

Zylbert steps out of the back. behind him walks out a familiar face.

"MY GOD! It's the Big Shot!
Zylbert's brother and the biggest name in DREAM history, Matt
'The Big Shot' Zylbert!" The fan reaction absolutely destroys and reaction that Crimson got. Disgust comes across his face as the Zybert brothers make their way down the ramp.

"Big Shot isn't dressed to wrestle, as he appears to be here more or less for support as his brother has never had a match in his career in the business."

Once to the ring, The Big Shot gives his brother some words of encouragement and sends him into the ring.

"Big Shot will look on from out here as Zylbert and Crimson prepare for their match."

Crimson looks confident as he has the experience and the size advantage. The bell sounds to begin the match. Tommy leans down and tells Zylbert he can have the first punch, pointing at his chin.

"Tommy Crimson is taunting Zylbert, teasing him."

Crimson even closes his eyes now. Zylbert looks aggravated. He leans back, as he comes forward with a punch, Crimson opens his eyes and sidesteps, grabbing Zylbert's arm and putting him down to the mat hard in an arm bar.

"Oh come on."

Zylbert screams in a lot of pain as Crimson smirks, applying pressure. Big Shot leans in and yells for Mark to get up, slapping the apron.

"Mark Zylbert kicks frantically."

His legs are able to move under the bottom rope. the referee breaks the arm bar.

"Crimson to his feet, pulling the smaller Mark Zylbert up."

He scoops him up and slams him down to the mat.

"Tommy Crimson sticking to the basics. In his day, this man was an amazing, high flying superstar. However, many surgeries through out the years have nearly grounded him indefinably."

Crimson leaps up and comes down with a big leg drop. Big Shot winches seeing his brother landed on.

"That's got to hurt."

Crimson gets to his feet, showing obvious discomfort in his knees. He looks over at the corner post and to the fans before pointing to the top.

"I think Tommy Crimson wants to fly! The fans want it too!"

Crimson heads over and begins climbing the turnbuckles, slowly. Once up, he turns towards Zylbert and looks down, then out to the roaring crowd.

"This is it, we are going to see him soar!"

The cameras flash as Crimson leaps, in mid air he does a back flip and lands perfectly, as if he was still the 20 year old show stopping superstar he once was.

"That was beautiful! Crimson did something many thought he'd never do again, he flew!"

Big Shot can not believe it. Crimson rolls over on his back and rest on the mat, obvious pain from the move sets in.

"Mark Zylbert never had a chance, not even with his brother out here. All Tommy Crimson must do is make the pin"

Crimson raises an arm up and turns over, placing it over Zylbert. The referee drops to count.

"This may be it!"

Big Shot climbs the apron, and slides halfway in, pulling Crimson's legs, successfully breaking the pin.

"Save by Big Shot."

Big Shot slides back out and holds his hands up as the referee yells at him from inside the ring. Tommy Crimson stands up and looks down at him, obviously mad.

"Behind Crimson is Zylbert, getting up!"

Mark Zylbert lunges forward with a low blow.

"Low blow by Zylbert! Now a classic school boy!"

The referee turns to see it and drops.

"One... Two... NO! KICK OUT! Mark Zylbert almost stole this one!"

Exhaustion begins to set in as neither one of these men are in the physical place they should be to be

wrestling.

"Both competitors now getting to their feet. Zylbert ducks a clothesline attempt, runs at the ropes. Off of them, he leaps!"

Tommy Crimson catches Mark Zylbert in mid air and smiles.

"Big Shot slides in the ring!"

Crimson sits Zylbert down and puts his fist up, challenging Big Shot.

"Big Shot and Crimson exchanging words"
The referee yells for the two men to break it up and Big Shot to leave. Mark runs behind Crimson, hitting a forearm shot to his back.

"Crimson surprised by Zylbert. Another forearm. Mark Zylbert now holds Tommy Crimson from behind."

Big Shot looks out to the crowd and smiles he then points at Crimson and smiles even bigger.

"Big
Shot steps back. He gets ready. There he goes, SUPER
KICK!" Big Shot stops just centimeters from Crimson's nose and holds the leg up in position. He puts the leg down and Zylbert releases Crimson, stepping forward to his brother, and screaming.

"What... what just happened?"

Crimson steps back, crossing his arms and just laughing. Zylbert looks over at him, then at his brother who is now smiling, then back at Crimson.

"I think Zylbert just pieced together the puzzle."

Big Shot steps back and shoots forward.

"SUPER KICK! Big Shot just took down his own brother!"

Crimson covers Zylbert and the referee reluctantly counts.

"Three. Tommy Crimson has won, with the aid of The Big Shot, the number one draft pick in the brand draft!"

Big Shot is tossed a microphone from the outside. He leans down.

"I guess you know now Mark.. I am not my brother's keeper. Next time, before you step in with the big boys, you know you can win on your own."

He throws the mic down with force. Crimson taps him on the shoulder, turning him around. He offers his hand.

"Crimson pulls off a big one here folks."

Big Shot steps back.

"SUPER KICK! He almost took Crimson's head off!"

Big Shot's music begins and he exits the ring. The camera zooms in on both men down as we fade.

Tessa Martin vs. Mike Polowy
"
jasonwhiteside" "Well, Tessa Martin is out but still no Mike Polowy....or Dawn McGill."

Tessa stands inside with her hands on her hips. The referee comes out and climbs into the ring.

"Tessa had a nice win the other night over DWF Women's champion Lora KirK. She was to have met arch-nemesis Mike Polowy tonight but again, he does not seem to be in the building."

The ref calls for the bell.

"For what it's worth, there's the bell. And our referee begins to count Mike out."

The crowd starts to count along. (2) (3) (4) (5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10) He waves his hands and calls the match.

"So Tessa will get the win here tonight."

The referee holds her arm up in victory. And it appears something hits Tessa. A wide, wide grin suddenly forms as if she's had some magical revelation. She calls out for a microphone.

"And she has asked for a microphone. I'm sure this isn't the way she envisioned winning but we'll have to see what she has to say. Tessa turns on the microphone.

"Mike? I don't know where you are tonight but, man, you have sure created quite the hornet's nest backstage. Now, I don't want to stir up any trouble between you and your pets, but I saw both Level-One and Jak Nemesis backstage and if looks could kill, you'd be facing a firing squad right now."

The crowd cheers the Extreme Pizza Delivery Girl.

"Well, no matter where you are, all I have to say to you tonight is, aren't technicalities a bitch? You see, you may have used technicalities to try and weasel yourself back into the Dream Wrestling Federation Women's title. You may have used technicalities to get your match with Lora KirK thrown out two weeks ago because

a man, tested positive for too much testosterone in your body. DUH! I'm totally shocked. Who knew?" She holds her arms out in mock surprise.

"But Mike, there
a stipulation to this match that you yourself worked out with DWF Owner William Peters and Slaughter GM Mark Zylbert. And those stipulations were as follows: if you won, you'd get the reclaim the Women's title when your thirty day suspension from the Women's division was up. But if I won..." Tessa smiles.

"...If I won, you were permanently banned from the women's division...AND..."

The crowd cheering causes Tessa to pause momentarily.

"...AND you, Mike Polowy, would come out and make a most, PUBLIC APOLOGY-"
Again, the crowd goes crazy.

"...heh, heh...I so want a front row seat for that...
clears throat
so Mike, when it comes to the women's division, from this day forward it's...MPLOW OUT!" Out of nowhere, a large figure climbs into the ring and blasts Tessa from behind. Whiteside: "Wait...THAT'S LORA KIRK!"

KirK nails Tessa with the Women's belt. She drops it on the ring canvas and grabs Tess. Hip drop and KirK lands on Tessa
s chest facing toward their feet.

"Lora's Embrace! And she's locked it on with the reverse headscissors. What in the world is she doing?"

The referee tries to pull Lora off. He gets tossed aside. She rolls off and turns Tessa over to apply a rear naked choke hold.

"KirK's choking her out! And now DWF officials and security run down to the ring. They're trying to pull KirK off the Extreme Pizza Delivery Girl. It looks like as her battle with Mike Polowy comes to an end, a new one arrives in the form of DWF Women's Champion Lora KirK. KirK has sent a strong message here tonight that she will not give up her title easily. However, even with all that going on, the overriding question of the night on everyone's mind..."

KirK is finally pushed back. She picks up her title belt and raises it in the air.

"...where in the hell is Mike Polowy?"

Doozer vs T-Money
"
doozer" The camera moves to the top of the stage. 'Stay Wide Awake' by Eminem starts to play. T-Money steps out. He raises both arms before throwing them down and continues to the ring as Whiteside comments

on his recent match. He slides in and leaps to his feet. Quickly T-Money runs to a turnbuckle and raises and arm to the fans before jumping down and running across to the opposite post, doing the same thing. His music fades out and the lights return to normal. Doozer emerges from the entrance as bold voice blares through the arena, singing "When you walked, through the door, it was clear to me... You're the one they adore, who they came to see..." as a remixed version of Eminem's 'We Made You' plays through the sound system. The pop from the crowd quickly swamps the words of the song as Doozer stops at the top of the ramp. Above him, the words "The Man" flash across the mega-screen as the fans scream, "The Man!". Then, even louder, they bellow, "The Myth!" right as the screen reads so. Lastly, "The Legend" echoes through the arena when those pair replace the last on screen. Doozer, smiling at his fans all around the arena, nods his head under that trademark, official Boston cap he always wears backwards. Elbows at each side, he bends his arms up so his hands come up on both sides of the Superman logo on his t-shirt. Looking like a basketball star after scoring a clutch basket, he pinches his Superman t-shirt and pulls it out from his body, showing off the logo. As he emphatically lets go of the shirt red, blue and gold fireworks blast off the ramp to his sides. The fans start, "DOO-ZER. DOO-ZER.DOO-ZER"

The wrestling star struts down to the ring, swerving between both sides of the ramp to catch the hands of his fans. He encircles the entire ring, connecting with as many hands as he can. Doozer then rolls into the ring and is quickly up to his feet. He climbs one of the turnbuckles. He pinches his shirts again, showing the Superman logo to his fans who pop back with a huge cheer. He jumps off and walks to the turnbuckle diagonal to him. He does the same to another large pop from the crowd.

"Here we go, for weeks Doozer has had his return teased, and tonight folks we finally have it upon us!"

Doozer and T-Money stand ready as the bell sounds.

"Doozer challenges T-Money to the test of strength, and T-Money accepts."

Both men clasp their hands together and begin to attempt to over power each other.

"T-Money struggles a bit but breaks to hold with a kick to Doozer's mid section."

Doozer catches himself and charges T-Money, who takes him down with a drop toe hold.

"T-Money quickly attaches the cross face with arm bar. He knows he must put Doozer out for good, so he'll need to use anything he can."

Doozer reaches for the bottom rope and grabs it.

"T-Money unwillingly releases Doozer from the cross face, maneuvers to his feet.

" Doozer uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, as T-Money waits, itching to attack.
Once up, Doozer turns to see
T-Money charge him.

"Doozer catches T-Money in a belly to belly position. Suplex! That was executed perfectly."

Doozer quickly pulls T-Money to his feet. He hooks him in belly to back.

"Suplex! Doozer holds on, pushes himself up with T-Money still hooked in, ANOTHER! He still holds tight."

Doozer delivers a third belly to back suplex on T-Money, this time releasing him as he falls back. The crowd pops.

"Doozer heading to the top turnbuckle. He measures T-Money up and leaps... Big head butt!"

Doozer hits his mark. T-Money holds his gut in pain as his aggressor rises to his feet.

"Doozer now pulls T-Money up, grabs his arm.
Irish whip into the corner. He follows up, BIG
SPLASH!" As Doozer moves out of the way, T-Money stumbles forward. Doozer gets in a three point stance, then chops his knee, causing him to hit the mat.

"Doozer shows why he was a force to be reckoned with."

Doozer turns T-Money over on his back, then climbs to the second rope. He jumps backwards, landing rump first onto T-Money's chest.

"T-Money gasp for air as Doozer shows no signs of letting up. When you face T-Money, you can't, as he'll use any opportunity he can against you."

Doozer pulls T-Money to his feet again.

"Irish whip to the corner. T-Money shook the whole ring when he hit it."

Doozer sits him up on the top turnbuckle then climbs himself. As he begins setting up for a superplex, T-Money slams a right into his head.

"T-Money fighting back now with lefts and rights. Doozer tries to hold on as T-Money smashes him repeatedly. T-Money grabs Doozer's head in a look, and pushes off using the ropes, turning in the air. The crowd roars.

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

T-Money gets to his feet and takes a moment before continuing.

"T-Money continues to control the match as he begins stomping the knees of Doozer. Where is he going now?"

T-Money exits the ring. He reaches in and pulls Doozer towards the edge, positioning his legs on each side of the turnbuckle.

"T-Money grabs Doozer's leg and slams his knee into that unforgiving steel. I think T-Money wants to seriously hurts Doozer as he does it a second time."

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

"Doozer visibly in pain as T-Money continues to afflict as much damage as he can."

T-Money rolls back into the ring and pulls Doozer to the center. He jumps up and falls with both knees towards Doozer.

"Doozer MOVES! SOMEHOW HE MOVED!"

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

"Big time DDT!"

The referee checks on T-Money and begins counting as Doozer stands, hands on hips, looking down at his opponent.

"A dangerous DDT right there, and it may have ended this match."

At about 6, T-Money moves. By 8 he is almost up.

"T-Money makes it to his feet. The referee checks him and he says he is ok to continue. Doozer does not look happy."

The circle each other before locking up.

"Aggressive lock up. Doozer quickly head butts T-Money to break the lock."

As T-Money grabs his head in pain, Doozer takes him down with a drop toe hold, quickly moving into position for a chin lock.

"Cross Face, Doozer locking in a move used on him earlier." T-Money is able to reach the bottom rope as he grabs it, and holds on.

"Doozer to his feet. He stomps the upper back and neck of T-Money before grabbing his head and lifting him up."

Doozer whips T-Money into the turnbuckle.

"He follows up with a running elbow smash."

As Doozer moves away, T-Money falls face forward to the mat, but only temporarily as he is yanked back to his feet.

"Doozer pushes T-Money back, and with force whips him acro... No, reversal by T-Money. Doozer is sent across the ring, into the opposite corner"

T-Money follows up with a running splash. As he pulls away, he grabs the top rope for leverage and stomps away at Doozer, until he slumps down.

"T-Money's momentum is halted early as Doozer grabs up under his legs and lifts. He runs, spinebuster."

The crowed gets loud as Doozer makes his way to his feet.

"Doozer turns T-Money over, face down and grabs a leg. He lifts it up and forces T-Money's knee right into the canvas hard."

T-Money grabs his presumably throbbing knee in pain.

"Doozer up the turnbuckle, he aims then jumps only to meet the knees of T-Money."

Doozer bounces off of T-Money's knees and flops on the mat, holding his midsection. We get a recap of the failed frog splash.

"Doozer rolls out to the floor to catch his breath.
T-Money up. He runs, SUICIDE
DIVE!" T-Money flies through the ropes and hits his target. As they hit the floor, both men hit hard.

"Neither man is moving."

A few moments later the referee begins his count.

"I believe they could be seriously hurt, lets take a look at that suicide dive again."

We get a replay of T-Money flying though. Both men get up at the last possible second.

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

T-Money grabs Doozer's head and slams it into the side of the ring before rolling him in.

"He follows Doozer into the ring. Money on his feet, pulling Doozer up with him."

T-Money chops Doozer's chest, before whipping him across the return.

"As Doozer returns, T-Money lifts. Back body drop!"

Doozer grabs his back and yells in pain, but a few moments later turns over and gets to his feet.

"Doozer is up again. Both men staring each other down. So far this match has been pure excitement folks. T-Money and Doozer lock up again."

T-Money takes the lead, as he breaks the lock and whips Doozer into the ropes.

"On the return, Doozer attempts a clothesline, but T-Money ducks."

Both men quickly turn around.

"Kick to the midsection of T-Money. Doozer follows up with an elbow to the temple followed by a big chop to the chest."

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

"Reversal by T-Money with the suplex."

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

"T-Money showing why he won such a violent tournament less then two months ago."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Inverted figure four by T-Money!"

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

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

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

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

Doozer is out on the mat, as T-Money holds his back from an improper landing. The referee begins counting both men as neither begins to get to their feet.

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

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

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

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

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

As T-Money moves away, Doozer falls face first to the mat.
T-Money mounts Doozer, placing his hands under Doozer's chin and locking his fingers.

"Both men have locked in multiple chin locks, hoping to just cause enough pain their opponent will stay down as the referee counts."

Doozer struggles, somehow getting T-Money's fingers loose enough to bite them. T-Money screams in pain.

"Doing anything he can to get free, Doozer has to get free to have a chance to win.

" Doozer grabs the ropes and begins to pull himself to his feet. T-Money gets up himself, still holding his fingers.

"Doozer swings at T-Money who ducks, he grabs Doozer from behind and lifts. T-Money falls back, landing

Doozer on the back of his neck!"

T-Money rolls out of the ring, reaching in and pulling Doozer out with him.

"A couple big rights to keep Doozer subdued."

T-Money grabs the back of Doozer's head and introduced him to the barrier.

"T-Money is in full control!"

Money gives Doozer a few big fist, causing him to stumble up the ramp.

"This could go anywhere! But if T-Money wants to win, he needs to get Doozer back into that ring before the referee counts them out."

T-Money swings at Doozer, who ducks and lifts him up.

"Atomic Drop outta nowhere!"

T-Money goes down, as does Doozer who seems to be totally drained now.

"Last moment effort by Doozer, but it just wasn't enough as T-Money is already getting back to his feet."

T-Money stomps away at Doozer before pulling him to his feet.

"Money whips Doozer towards the ring."

As he gets to the ring, he hits the side of it. Money quickly runs down, rolls Doozer in and slides in right as the referee brings his hand down for the tenth time.

"Very close call for T-Money! Both men getting to their feet. Boot to the gut by The Dooze!"

As T-Money slumps over Doozer places his head beside his leg and lifts him up, slamming him down.

"The Abuser! Doozer covers T-Money!"

The referee counts, the fans counting along with him.

"THREE! Doozer beats T-Money once again!"

Doozer stands, limping a tad, then has his hand held high.

"Will this loss be the one that T-Money needs to be able to move on from this feud he has kept up with

involving The Dooze? Hell, will they even be on the same show after next week? I think Doozer has finally been able to put T-Money behind him, and can move on to bigger things with this win here at Bashed in the USA!"

We fade.
More Fun and Games in Puerto De Macoris
"
mikepolowy" "Do you have any last requests?"

Generalissimo Tomas flosses his teeth while waiting for Mike Polowy to respond. Four of his Paramilitary men lined up about ten feet apart each with their rifles at the ready. Mike stood about thirty feet away against a brick wall riddled with bullet holes and tried to make sense of a situation that seemed completely illogical to him. Then it hit him... MIKE: "That's it...I'm being Punk'd. You're punking me, aren't you?"

GEN. TOMAS: "Punked? I don't understand."

MIKE: "This is just some elaborate prank that someone is pulling on me. ASHTON! COME ON OUT?"

Generalissimo Tomas looks confused. He turns to Kevin. GEN. TOMAS: "Ashton? Do we have an Ashton?"

MIKE: "COME ON, KUTCHER! HA...HA! VERY FUCKING FUNNY! COME ON OUT! YOU HAD YOUR JOKE! HA, HA! YOU GOT ME GOOD."

KEVIN: "We don't have an Ashton."

MIKE: "FUN'S OVER. GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CONTRACT SOME COMMUNICABLE DISEASE.....OR WORSE."

GEN. TOMAS: "READY!"

The four Paramilitary men cock their rifles. MIKE: "Oh, shit. WAIT! DON'T YOU HAVE TO GO CHANGE YOUR SHIRT OR SOMETHING?"

Everyone laughs...except Generalissimo Tomas. GEN. TOMAS: "AIM!"

MIKE: "NOW WAIT! WAIT A SECOND! I WAS JUST KIDDING!
AW, COME
ON! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!..." GEN. TOMAS: "FIRE!"

Mike's eyes widen and then he closes them tight and braces himself for.....nothing? The air is still. The only sound, footsteps coming from inside the courtroom headed towards the courtyard. The door opens and Dawn McGill walks out to Generalissimo Tomas. DAWN: "Well Mike, you're half right."

Mike looks at her incredulously. MIKE: DAWN: "You know, Mike. There are some perks to being the champion of the Island of Puerto De Macoris. I have my own paramilitary guard to follow me around, even though
I made the mistake of leaving them in the dressing room Tuesday night which gave you and your Mike-ateers Level One and Jak a free shot at me. But most importantly, I get special dispensation to use them when certain information comes to my attention about a certain alleged
ex-girlfriend of yours whom you use to justify kicking women in the crotch and holding a title belt that you don't have the right chromosomes for." MIKE: "What are you talking about?"

DAWN: "My good friend Nick Shavings, he's a detective for the City of Chicago. He's got sources and contacts everywhere. He ran this so-called Lisa person that you keep babbling about through any number of different agencies and each one came up with the same conclusion..."

Her eyes burn right through Mike. DAWN: "...she doesn't exist."

MIKE: "WHY...THAT'S CRAZY! YOU'RE MAKING ALL THIS UP, McGILL!"

Dawn holds up a thick file folder that contains reams upon reams of paper and smiles. DAWN: "Oh really? Okay. Guys, he's all yours."

GEN. TOMAS: "I love summary executions. FIRE!"

MIKE: The four Paramilitary men aim and fire their weapons. Mike again braces himself and closes his eyes...but a funny thing happens...he's not hit. GEN. TOMAS: "Imbeciles! I told you to make sure you switched out the blanks for the real bullets. OH! Someone is going to get summarily executed for this!"

MIKE: ".....ALL
RIGHT, ALL
RIGHT! YES! I ADMIT IT! I MADE THE WHOLE THING UP! THERE'S NO LISA! THERE NEVER WAS A LISA. SHE'S NOT A REAL PERSON!
THERE,

ARE YOU HAPPY
NOW?

" DAWN: "Yes, Mike. I am. And now that you've cleansed your soul, admitted your misdeeds, and came clean not only to me but to the entire Dream Wrestling Federation audience watching us live on tonight's pay per view..."

She winks at Kevin who shows the mini-camera marked with a MTV 'Punk'd' sticker on it to Mike. And Ashton Kutcher walks in. He flashes a thumbs up to Dawn. DAWN: "...don't you feel better now?"

For once in his life, Mike Polowy is speechless.

DAWN: "Hey Ashton, can I catch a ride home in your private jet?"

ASHTON: "Sure. Let's go."

Mike's jaw drops and he watches in abject shock as McGill and Kutcher head towards a waiting limo. Kutcher holds the door for Dawn as she gets in...he follows and the limo speeds off towards the official airport of the Island of Puerto De Macoris. Mike turns to Generalissimo Tomas. MIKE: "And I suppose I'll have to fly back to the States in the turboprop piece of shit tin can with propellers."

The Generalissimo nods affirmatively. MIKE: "Aw...fuck me."

Casey Pierro-Zabatol vs Cancer Jiles
"
cancerjiles" CPZ's theme song "Warriors of Time" by Black Tide begins to play over the speaker system as the lights in the arena begin to darken. A lone spotlight shines on the entrance ramp as CPZ emerges from the curtains. He views his surroundings and begins to slowly make his way down the aisle with the lights slowly coming back on as the one spotlight follows him.

"Tonight is a big night for CPZ
Tonight he can capture the Anarchy Championship from Cancer Jiles and leave Las Vegas a very lucky man!" The camera heads back to the entrance ramp.

"Coming to the ring, from
Philadelphia Pennsylvania, Mr. Cool.... Cancer
Jiles!" A chorus of boos rains down the from the DWF faith full as CCJ struts to the ring, wearing hockey suit.

"Cancer Jiles is dressed like he's about to play in the stanley cup."

He taunts the fans, who have developed a fine love to hate you relationship with the superstar.
Upon arrival, Cool Cancer Jiles slides under the bottom rope ascending the turnbuckles. He reciprocates the fans appreciation of
him, flipping them off a couple of times before finding in his final resting place; a seat on top of the third turnbuckle. He stays perched there, awaiting the bell.

"He would love nothing more than to walk out of here tonight still Anarchy Champion! However, is Mr. Cool, cool enough to defeat CPZ for a second week straight? This time, he must do it under ANARCHY RULES!"

Cancer hands off the title to the referee, as he holds it up for the crowd, he showcases it to CPZ, and then into the camera.

"For those folks scoring at home
ANARCHY RULES is simple. There are NONE! Pin falls and submissions can be scored anywhere, and nothing is off limits. There will be a clear cut winner here tonight!"

The bell sounds, DING
DING!

"CCJ and
CPZ step into a collar and elbow tie up. Quickly, CPZ with a side
headlock!" Cancer attempts to grind in on the headlock, but CPZ is fighting him with everything inside him.

"The challenger could find himself being worn down here early in this match. Which I am sure is CCJ
s main idea, but if CPZ is not careful! It will be easy pickings for the champion!" CPZ throws an elbow, followed by a second one. He shoots Cancer off into the ropes.

"Big boot attempt by Cancer, ducked by the challenger. Cancer turns around and BOOM!"

CPZ dropkicks Cancer. The champion rolls out the ring, to the floor.

"I do not think the challenger is going to give him much room here to breathe."

CPZ grabs the top rope, and shots himself over.

"Cork screw over the top rope! CPZ nails Cancer with a big move early in the match!"

CPZ back to his feet, as he grabs the head of the champion, lifts him up.

"I am not sure what the challenger has in store for the champion, he should have covered him. Never know when you could get a quick three count and escape the match unharmed!"

CPZ slams the face of Cancer Jiles on the security railing.

"CPZ is wasting no time in turning this into complete anarchy! He is taking Cancer beside the ramp, bashing his face against the security railing after every few feet."

In the open space beside the top of the stage and the fans, Cancer kisses the steel railing one more time before CPZ is happy with his destruction.

"Cancer stumbles, FACE FIRST ON THE CONCRETE! CPZ covers him
Cancer kicks out right before the three.

"The champion saved himself there. Barely escaping the pin attempt!"

CPZ looks at the referee for a signal, but all he gets is two fingers in his face for his luck.

"Rookie mistake on behalf of CPZ, instead of arguing with the official
He should capitalize on what looks to be a slightly bleeding Cancer!" Challenger back to his feet, as he lifts

up the champion and takes him backstage.

"I apologize to those at home, we have a camera on rout to them as I speak. As soon as they are in place, we will get back to the action!"

CPZ has Cancer at the catering table.

"Hey, can someone grab me a bottle of water, my throat is getting a little dry!"

The challenger goes to slam the head of the champion into the table.

"Cancer blocks, he shoves the challenger into the brick wall!"

CPZ looks to have the breath taken from his, but attempts to shake it off.

"CPZ charges in,
CANCER DROP TOE, CPZ FACE FIRST THROUGH THE
TABLE!" Cancer rolls over on top of the challenger, attempting to hook the leg.

"The referee slides into position
NO! CPZ Kicks out at the last split second!" Cancer looks at the referee with disbelief.

"The champion is feeling the effects of the action, but the challenger does not look to be in that good of a position either!"

Cancer grabs the glass coffee pot from the other table, with about a half of pot of steaming coffee left.

"What in the bloody hell! OH MY! He shattered the coffee pot across the face of the challenger, we could need some medics over there!"

CPZ falls limp to the ground, where he grabs his face in extreme pain from the hot coffee.

"Cancer looks around, but is thinking twice."

Cancer wants the referee to clean him off, but gets nothing that he wishes for.

"Cancer places his boot on the challenger, and yells at the referee to count him out!"

The referee slides into position
NO! The challenger still has fight left!" Cancer looks at the bloody challenger is disbelief. As the referee gets to his feet, he is shoved by the champion.

"Not sure what he plans on doing by pissing off the official. I do not blame the referee for not wanting to

count. LOOK AT THE GLASS!"

Cancer is shoved back by the referee.

"The officials in DREAM do not tolerate being pushed around by the wrestlers! Cancer needs to regain focus, and finish off his challenger."

Cancer stumbles back, but goes face to face with the referee.
Meanwhile, CPZ is up to his
feet, using the wall for support.

"CPZ does not look happy at all!"

The referee points behind Cancer, where CPZ waits.

"Champion turns around, boot in the midsection, DDT!"

Both men lay motionless on the cold floor.

"There will be no count outs on knock downs. This match will have a winner!"

CPZ starts to crawl down the hall a bit, as Cancer starts to move.

"I am not sure if the challenger realizes this or not
But he must pin the champion or make him submit to win this match! There is no escaping!" Cancer starts to crawl after his challenger, who finds himself at a steel chair, using it to pull himself up.

"Cancer is almost to his, YES! The champion is up!"

Cancer bounces off the walls down the hall trying to get to his challenger.

"As Cancer turns the corner, a steel chair meets the champion, sending the blood pouring!"

CPZ drops the chair, grabbing the wall for support.

"CPZ lets go of the wall and falls on the champion. Referee quickly in there! ONE
NO! Cancer finds away to muster up from the count!" CPZ shakes his head in complete horror, not sure what to do to beat the champion.

"The challenger is feeling the effects of frustration sitting in!"

CPZ gets to his feet, grabbing up the champion.

"These two men look to be heading into the bedroom!"

CPZ slams the head of the champion into the wooden door of the men
s restroom.

"Cancer knocking wood here, literally!"

Cancer rolls inside the bathroom, as the door closes behind him. CPZ takes a moment to breathe, and goes in after him.

"Challenger giving chase now, as the champion looks to be taking a bathroom break. You at home, stay in your sits, I can promise you one thing. SOMEONE IS ABOUT TO HAVE A SHITTY DAY!"

The door swings open, as CPZ heads into the bathroom
Holy crap! The champion just booted the door, crushing the challenger in between the door and the metal frame." CPZ falls to the bathroom floor. As Cancer turns on the water in the sink.

"WHAT IS HE DOING?"

Cancer splashes his face, cleaning the blood that is attempting to dry.
Looking into the mirror, Mr. Cool tries to fix his hair.

"I have heard of being egotistical, but COME ON!"

Styling his hair, and regaining his composure, the champion gives no thought to his challenger who is getting up.

"TURN AROUND CHAMP!"

Water hits the floor, grabbing the champion
s attention. Grabbing a paper towel, he shakes his head.

"Do not tell me that is about to clean up his mess! Does he realize that CPZ is behind? He deserves to lose his title!"

CPZ rushes the unexpecting champion.

"This is going to be nasty!"

Cancer drops to the ground, as the challenger slips on the water and trips over the champion.

"Oh man, CPZ just ate the sink. He took half of it to the ground with him!"

Cancer turns to see his opponent in a bloody mess as water shoots out from the broken sink.

"Cancer looks stun! He drops the paper towel and covers a wet and bloody CPZ. ONE
THREE!" Cancer stands to his feet, as the referee raises his arm in victory.

"Call
Mr. Cool, Mr.
Lucky! Cancer Jiles escapes the Anarchy Rules match still your Anarchy Champion!" Cancer gives one more look into the mirror, fixing the one hair that won
t quite stay down.
A little more serious this time...

"
doozer" The crowd POPS after seeing Doozer on the big screen. He
s sitting back in a comfortable looking chair, wearing a sweatshirt and jeans, and not looking very happy. The camera pans away from the DREAM legend and reveals Whammy also in the locker room. The Dooze crosses his arms and speaks up.

"What is watching this stupid match going to do, really?"

Whammy answers, "Get you a leg up on the competition. With next week off, you
ll have plenty of time. All you need to do is take a match seriously, do your homework, and you can defeat any other wrestler here in Dream
you know that." "Well, not gonna argue with it. Can
t I do it tomorrow, though? Why don
t you just watch it and give me the highlights?"
Shaking his head in despair, Whamford Jameson
s surely tired of trying to manage this type of wrestler. All the talent in the world with little to no
self-motivation
Then, the light bulb flickers on above The Wham-Man
s large dome.

"You don
t want people to think Cancer is leading your team, do you?" An immediate head-jerk and glare from Doozer. This is what makes Whammy successful. He continues, "He has the only title out of you two. He hasn
t lost a match yet, but you have." "I lost one, Wham-Jam-Thankya-Ma
am, and I was rusty, and T-Money was there watching me, and I couldn
t stop thinkin
of him, and I didn
t get good sleep the week before that, and I-" Whammy
s done listening to Doozer pull excuses out his ass.

"It could really hurt your look if people think you

re the one following Cancer. The only way you
re going to stop that from happening is winning that World Title." Suddenly, the locker room door swings open. The fleeting figure that must
ve pushed it is barely caught by the cameras. Doozer looks, a little bewildered, over to Whammy and shrugs.

"Almost looked kinda like Dude
Right as they both turn back to the television, set on
DREAM
s Pay Per View tonight, Cancer Jiles jumps out into the open
doorway; a carton of eggs in his left hand. Mixed reactions from the crowd greet CJ on the big screen. He plucks an egg and launches it into the room, nailing Doozer in the back of the head.

"EGG-HEAD!"

Doozer yells in fury, "I
m gonna kick your ass, Jiles!" Mr. Cool throws a second egg toward Whammy, but his manager barely dodges it.
Seeing Doozer rising quickly and angrily from his chair, CJ slams the door shut and bolts. Whammy hastily moves himself in between The Dooze and the door with his hands extended out to stop the rampaging wrestler.

"Just get ready for the title shot. Whenever it is
ll be ready. Cancer won
t respect you until you
re wearing a title bigger and better than his. I
ll get a wet and a dry towel so you can get that egg out of your hair." The scene slowly fades to the sight of Doozer watching Bashed in the USA from his locker room. Whammy
s working frantically with the towels on the back of Doozer
s head. Usually this type of disrespectful drive-by would mean war and The Dooze would be out for revenge
but as you can see, it
s a little more serious this time
A little

Travis Williams vs Level-One
"
levelone" Sin: Busta, this has been a privledge and honor to be apart of this pay per view. I mean we have witnessed some of the best matches thus far since we got here. Now we get the honor of all honor
s in my opinion. Capps: What is that? Sin: Stupid, we get to do the Main Event, the one for all the marbles, The Dream World Heavyweight Title match! This match has been building and building. On Slaughter and on Insomnia these two have found each other to battle before they would eventually meet here one on one. This match is not just any kind of match, ladies and gentlemen. This match is a submission matchup. Capps: Your opponent must submit for you to win. You can pin your opponent all day, pin the referee, the ring post, a hooker in the crowd, you have to make them submit! Sin: A hooker in the crowd, Capps? Capps: Yeah...It

s an example... Sin: I didn
t realize your mother came to the show, anyhow! This has been building and now it is time. So ladies and gentlemen if you would, introducing first, Travis Williams! The lights in the arena dim, as the steady sound of a phone being left off the hook beeps throughout the arena. The hollow sounds of a woman
s voice saying, "House Keeping, HELLO" followed by some knocking and another . The guitar strums ever so lightly.

"You Find Me But I Don
t Know What You Wanna Say Well God Is Great And God Is Good But God Didn
t Help Me When He Could And Love Dances Slowly By!" As the sounds of Sixx AM
s "Courtesy Call" slams into the arena, the lights come back partly as the man of man personas known only as
Travis Williams, The Dark
Shadows, walks out on top of the stage. The crowd tosses mix reactions towards the veteran of the sport, as he stands perfectly in the center of the aisle away from the fans
fingertips.

"This Is Just A Courtesy Call This Is Just Matter of Policy This Is Just An Act of Kindness To Let You Know That YOUR TIME IS UP!"

Travis walks down with his arms beside him, elbow to his palms out in front of him with his palms open facing towards the air. He walks to the ring, where he stands for a second. He looks around the arena, and grabs the middle rope and steps up on to the apron. He wipes his feet on the apron, and then steps between the top and middle ropes. He enters the ring and walks over to a corner awaiting the opening bell, never blinking. Sin: The Dark Shadow, looks ready to go man. Last Tuesday when the Polowy takeover came to an end it was this man who helped that happen. Many people predict he is Insomnia bound in the draft coming up. Capps: We don
t need him... Sin: What!?! Are you crazy, Capps? Have you finally flipped your fucking wig? Capps: We can
t say fuck on the air, man. This isn
t Insomnia... Sin: Yeah, its pay per view. We have the right to say anything, right? Capps: Crimson, your favorite boss, is rumored to be getting fined nearly 100k next week. So see what happens to you after that little stunt. Sin: You said it too, asshole...Anyway damn, Here comes the WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION! LEVEL ONE! "Put you on game" By Lupe Fiasco ruthlessly attacks the stereo system with little regard; shaking the ear drums of the crowd of thousands. Red smoke seeps through the upper ramp; and ripping through the curtains Level-One finds himself on top of the ramp; taunting the booing fans. Creating a
with his left hand he places his index finger behind his thumb forming his initials
as the red and white pyro shoots up in the air indiscriminately. Level-One lowers his hand looking into the crowd; whom craves for his entertainment, even as they boo relentlessly. Slow and methodically he works his way down the ramp, before sliding under the bottom rope. Level-One paces around the ring, his red eyes capturing the essence of his surroundings. This is where he belongs; he smiles. Level One hands his Dream World Title to the Referee and he holds it up in the middle of the ring before handing it to the outside to another referee. Capps: I have been waiting all night for this, my butthole has tightened! Sin: Fag. We
re Ready to Roll! MAIN EVENT TIME HERE AT BASH IN THE USA! The Referee calls both men to the

center of the ring. Williams wearing his signature face paint walks toward Level One as they both stand in the center. The crowd is standing on they
re feet in anticipation. The referee gets the floor, and explains the rules of the match. He calls for the bell as both men walk back toward the corners where they stood before called to the middle of the ring. Soon as the bell rings they both turn quickly and run at each other. Capps: DING DING PLAYA! The two men grapple in the ring, with
Level One getting the upperhand to start with. He uses an armbar and twists Williams arm. Williams flips backwards using his leg strength to reverse the pressure putting it on L1. Level One does the same reversal and Williams releases him before he can get hold of his arm again. This causes Williams to nearly fall, Level One uses a devastating
BACKBREAKER!!! Sin: Damn, that had to hurt, Bad! Capps: Hey don
t play in the kitchen, if you don
t wanna get burned... Williams falls to the mat, and Level One falls to the mat as well locking in the Clover Leaf Leg Lock! Williams hits the mat with both elbows attempting to escape the hold. The referee gets down on his stomach to match both of Williams hands. Williams looks to his right and to his dismay, the ropes might as well be 1000 miles away. However, when he looks left quickly he notices they are just in reach and he dives with all his power toward them. He grasp the ropes in his arms, and the referee breaks the hold. Level One stands up and hits the ropes with his back. He comes back in on Williams hitting him with a knee smash sending him back on the mat. L1 hits the mat again quickly with a Tri-Angle Chokehold!! Sin: Level One may be just too much for Williams in this particular kind of match. Everytime he gets a move on he is like a rattlesnake going in for the kill. Capps:
You he
s the Champion, What did you think that was going to
change? Williams grabs the ropes, and
Level One reluctantly releases the hold. L1 stands up Williams and throws him in the ropes. Going for a clothesline, Travis suddenly
ducks, hits the ropes as Level One turns to see what just happened. Williams gets L1 with a short armed clothesline! Level One hits the mat on his stomach and Travis grapples him on the mat for a Boston Crab! Level One is reaching like crazy to get to the ropes. He reaches and reaches. Sin: Level One could TAP HERE! Capps:
Yeah Right, Come on
L1! L1!
Williams releases the hold. This catches the crowd, Capps and
Sin, and everyone watching by surprise. Williams then gets L1 in a ankle lock and drags him to the center of the ring. Williams twists the ankle attempting to break it. Level One is screaming out, scratching the mat reaching for the ropes. Level One twists and contorts his body attempting to get out of the hold. Williams just applies more and more to it. Finally after all his thrashing he flips the move around and grabs both Williams arms, using his legs to sling shot him through the ropes and to the outside. Williams falls off the apron and hits the security barrier outside. Level One stands up, and obviously his left leg and ankle is hurting from the back to back moves. Travis meanwhile, outside the ring is trying to regain his composure from being sling shot to the outside. Level One crawls through the ropes and to the outside. He and Williams begins swapping blows with each other. Back and Forth and the crowd are screaming, "OH!, OWE! DAYUM!". Finally Travis notices Level One protecting his leg, and begins kicking him in his weakened leg. This brings Level One to

one knee, and he low blows Williams, causing him to fall down. Level One rises to his feet, and is now hopping over to Williams, who is still bent over from the cheap shot. Level One takes the action back to the ring rolling Travis back in. He leaves his head hanging outside on the apron, exposed. Level One limps to the top of the steps and jumps off with his elbow bent and out front of his body. He lands the elbow right on the skull of Williams. This opens Williams up, and the blood trickles down his face as he covers his face from the blow. Level One shakes his left leg, and attempts to get his wheel running at hundred percent again. Capps:
This match is truly living up to the hype, Sin. Level One just as expected by everyone is in full control.
Sin:
This match is far from over, Capps... Williams gets to one
knee, still covering his face. Level One rolls back in the ring, and Williams axe handle chops him before he can get back to his feet. Williams stands up using the ropes and blood running down his face. His face paint toward the top of his head is beginning to wear off as he wipes the spot where he was cut by the elbow. He follows up with a Stalling Brain Buster! Williams kicks his legs in the air, and gets to his feet old school. The crowd is beginning to turn toward Williams side. He picks up Level One in a scoop slam then heads toward the closest turnbuckle. He points down at L1, as he climbs to the top. Level One lunges at the turnbuckle knocking him off and onto the outside. Williams is down! Level One falls to his hands and knee
s in the corner. Williams begins to stir on the outside as the referee is checking on him after his bad fall. Level One dives through the ropes and Williams pulls the ref in front of him allowing him to take the fill force of the dive. Williams falls to the side as Level One nearly takes the referee
s head off. All three men are laying outside the ring, all on they
re backs breathing heavy. Williams and Level One begin to stir at about the same time, attempting to get up. Level One is the first to stand and looks down at the referee obviously frustrated from his missed shot at Williams. He walks over to the announcers and throws Capps out of his seat, grabbing it and closing the chair. He turns right into a Chair Shot from Travis!
Level One lands on the Announcers table head first. Before he falls off to the side, Williams helps him
on, onto the table. Laying him on his back and he then lies the chair on his chest he just cleaned his clock with. Williams looks at the top turnbuckle and smiles as the blood trickles down the side of his face and over his lips. Williams looks like a monster with the face paint mixed with his own blood as he climbs the apron. Williams gets to the top turnbuckle and notices Level One begin to stir, and holds his fore head out and takes Flight! Sin: Holy... Williams lands the Flying Headbutt and the crowd erupts as the table explodes beneath the two men as Travis hits the move. Both of the men lay on the floor lifeless. The referee is attempting to get to his feet as they hit the move. Level One is the first to move, immediately grabbing his rib section from taking the chair laying on his chest, along with all of Williams weight. Level One rolls over on his side and is screaming grabbing his ribs. One maybe more is obviously broken. Travis slowly begins to come too just as the referee gets up. Williams spits blood from his mouth and a tooth! Sin:
Jesus, Capps get
up! We have got to call this match. I just knew that would have killed them both. This is the fight of both they
re lives! Damn you are getting your money worth if you are tuned in here tonight, for sure. Williams is bleeding from his mouth now, and Level One obviously has a broken rib, maybe two. The Referee realizes what has just happened and rushes in to make sure the two men are okay. Neither of them confirm defeat as they begin to try to stand up. Finally they get to they
re feet and are face to face. They begin to swap blows, with Level One landing a DDT! Level One just stays down after hitting the move as the referee, still wobbily, asks them once more if everything is okay. Capps:

Damnit, I was nearly killed
there, Sin... Sin:
Welcome back, Capps. This match could be the best I have ever covered in my career. Neither of these men have quit in them. It
s amazing what they have done so
far, and no end in sight. Damn my hat is off. Capps: What did I miss? Sin: Shut up.... Level One gets behind Williams as he tries to shake off what just happened. L1 gets a german suplex off! Williams head hits hard. Level One stands back up so slowly, and kicks Williams in the head using his boot to irritate bad cut on Williams head. He laughs at Williams, still holding his ribs turns away. Williams begins to crawl the security barrier to his feet. Everyone in the crowd is on the edge of they
re seat seeing this as L1 turns back around. He see
s that Williams is back to his feet holding himself up on the barrier. Level One looks at the ground shaking his head in disbelief. Williams just holds his head up and smiles, blood all over his face, and his white teeth with blood in the seams. Level One lunges at Williams with everything he has left, and Williams flips him over the security barrier, then falls to a knee. L1 becomes enraged as he now uses the same barrier to get to his feet. Williams still on a knee, as Level One reaches over the barrier to begin to choke him with both hands. Williams fights to get away from him. Level One keeps choking, even as the referee intervenes. Finally the ref with Williams help, breaks the hold. Williams hits his a knee again, as Level One just falls over the barrier to get back across. Drained of most energy and not much left, all he could do at this point. Williams crawls toward the ring, leaving little droplets of blood as he does do.
Finally, Travis gets to his feet and lands elbows first on the apron still trying for the ring. Behind him Level One creeps slowly. He uses grabs ahold of Travis to bash his head into the apron. After he does
this, L1 rolls Travis in the ring, and then slowly climbs in after him. Capps:
Jesus, Look at Williams...They should stop this...
Sin:
Im starting to think that is the humane thing to do here. Williams fights off L1 as he gets in the ring. Williams is brought to his feet by the injured World Champion. He hooks Williams up, LEVEL
ADVANCE! Level One goes for the pin!! .... Level One, looks up at the referee who is shaking his head no. It comes to the nearly drained World Champ just what he means. Williams is out on the mat so Level One just falls on the mat and gets the HAAS PF PAIN APPLIED in the corner!!!! The referee gets in to watch Williams for a tap. Williams doesn
t move, so the referee lifts one of his dead paws. His hand hits the mat. The referee looks toward the bell keeper but decides to lift his hand once more, and once more it falls again. The referee decides to pick it up one more time before declaring the submission. He picks up Williams hand for the third and final time, and drops it.... Williams hand is not even a quarter inch from touching the mat when he suddenly brings it back up as high as he can to grab onto a rope in the corner. The referee breaks the hold immediately as Level One hits both knee
s looking up at the referee and the crowd in disbelief. Sin: He CANNOT BELIEVE IT! Capps: Neither Can I? How many times have you seen someone come out of that submission hold? That is one of the better submission holds in Dream today! Sin: Both of these men are bleeding, one on the outside and im almost certain Level One has internal bleeding, one of these men could die here tonight. I believe that is the only way one win
s and another loses. One of these men will have to die for this match to end! Level One is arguing with the

referee, still sitting on his knee
s. He complains that all the blood Williams is losing could kill him when the referee points at Level One
s side, which he still is grasping.
Level One attemps to get the submission hold back on Williams in desperation and frustration. Williams rolls around the ring to escape being caught by Level One. L1 rolls on his stomach to grab one of Williams arms as he tries to roll away. When he does this, Williams elbows him in the
nose, and causes his eyes to water and nose begin to bleed. The mat has blood stains in different spots. When Level One, goes to to wipe his eyes and now bleeding nose, Williams rolls back over onto his belly, and onto L1
s back. He applies the CROSSFACE! Level One is now thrashing around the ring just out of reach of the ropes, as he rolls side to side, but Williams is holding on as tight as he can. Level One continues to reach for freedom, for those ropes. He reaches with everything he has, as Williams just tightens his hands and grip on him. The two men are now entangled as Level One begins to drift off, the crowd is all on they
re feet. Capps:
Listen to this crowd, Chase...What do you make of
it? Sin: Neither one of this men are particular fan favorites, its just the match they are having. This match is an instant classic. Level One takes one final lunge with all of his energy left and nabs the ropes. Pulling himself as close to them as he can. The referee breaks the move up, as Williams tries to stand to his feet, but just falls back to one knee in exhaustion. Level One, now holding his neck as he gets to his feet, watches Williams as he starts towards him. Williams grabs onto L1
s tights to get ahold of him at the waste, but his plan backfires when Level One gets hold of him. Level One grapples him into a belly to belly suplex slinging Williams over his head and shoulders. The ring bounces from the thunderous thud. L1 gets Williams by his right arm and pulls him back up, and then German Suplex!
Still holding on, German
Suplex, AGAIN! He lets go with the second and falls to the mat beside Williams and goes for a pin one moment only to realize the mistake again. Level One looks at the crowd who are all on they
re feet now, and picks up Williams once again, and Williams brings his head up fast with a headbutt, hitting Level One on the chin and causing him to buckle. They fall to the mat in the center of the ring. Capps: These men are wasted, someone throw in the towel...Someone save Our World Champion...He is Dream.... Sin: These two men have more heart than brains. I hope there is no permanent damage from this match. We could be watching both of they
re last matches... Williams comes to looking over at Level One. He notices after his eyes adjust that they are in the center of the ring, and rolls around L1 to apply THE TAP INTO REALITY! Level One fights it as he has every move applied so far by Williams! Level One fights and fights this move attempting to escape as Williams tightens the hold constricting the bloodflow. Like a Boa Constricter, he holds his prey in his grasps as he applies more and more pressure. The referee is now on his stomach and lifts L1
s hand into the air, and drops it....His hand his the mat with a thud that can be heard through the arena almost as the crowd watches on almost silent...The referee lifts his hand once more....Another loud thud! As his hand hits the mat again....For the third and final time Level One
s hand is lifted in the air, and dropped..... His hand falls, and finally that final THUDDDDDD! Is heard, as Williams rolls off Level One to a sitting position on his knee
s looking around in complete disbelief. The referee call
s for the bell as he reaches down to hold Williams hand high! Sin: WE HAVE A NEW WORLD

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION! WE HAVE A NEW DREAM CHAMP!
HOLY SHIT, TRAVIS WILLIAMS HAS BEATEN LEVEL
ONE, WILLIAMS HAS DONE IT! Capps: Hell must have frozen over, man! Goddamnit! The crowd is having mixed emotions over the win as Williams pryo
s goes off throughout the arena as "Courtesy Call" blasts over the PA systems. The referee climbs through the ropes and outside the ring as the crowd is cheering and some are having mixed reactions as the music stops suddenly. Williams is handed the Dream Heavyweight World title as the fans attention is squarely on the stage. LUPIN CY IS AT THE TOP OF THE STAGE!
The Crowd is in shock, Williams throws his title over his shoulder and is helped to his feet by the referee then he finally notices
Lupin!
He points at Williams as the two stare each other down, Williams pats his World
title, and points back, and smiles. He smiles with blood stained face paint, and the very sight of him begins to have smaller children in the crowd cry. Lupin still pointing pats his chest in a "Beat me", motion. Williams just watches as he exits holding his title close, as
Lupin fades to the back, Williams looks around taking in the match he just had. Everything around the ring is
destroyed, and Level One is still out.

Capps: What a Pay Per View...I just Don
t know how we can top this one! Sin:
I don
t see a way either, Capps. I am just excited I got to be apart of such a night. This has been amazing from every
aspect, simply amazing. Awesome.... Capps: That
s all you can say really, from Dream Wrestling, Slaughter, Refund, and Insomnia crews we are signing out! Sin: Remember folks this week there won
t be an Insomnia or Slaughter, but they will return the week of September 28th, 29th. However, this coming Friday the first installment of Friday Night Refund will hit the air, and don
t miss it! A great show is lined up and you would be foolish to miss it, from the
Dream Team, Im Chase Sin....
Capps:
Im Busta Capps...From THE MGM GRAND IN BEAUTIFUL LAS VEGAS NEVADA, GOODNIGHT AND GOD
BLESS! Sin: What?! Nite Folks...

U b c d e