

Nightmare: 2000

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2000

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A computer-generated image of DWF appears as a low rumbling sound can be heard. Then suddenly the image explodes outward and fast-paced rock music begins to play, and a computer-generated image of the DWF appears in the distance in the background we see clips of various DWF stars, we see Mr. E, then Cro, followed by

Dazz

"The Warrior of Evil" ,and Da American Luchidor, Bob,

Wolf,

Jack

"The Poser"

Harding, Meklon and latest Hall of Famer... SSS. These last images fade into the interior of an arena, thousands of screaming fans then a commentator's voice can be heard.

Jerry: Welcome to DWF Nightmare 2000!!

Don: This event is going to be huge!! Almost all titles on the line!

JW: Yeah, and the last 3 matches are huge, each one could be a main event for 3 different PPVs!

Don: Well, just a little note, our ring announcer today is Charisma!

Jerry: Well let's get right to the matches!

The Relic Vs. Spear Tables Match(First one Through a table 3 times loses)

Don: This match is a table match.

JW: Yes , and the first to put their opponent through three tables will be declared the winner.

Jerry: The fighters are coming to the ring.

[Relic makes his way to the ring. Spear follows behind him closely. Relic notices he has Spear on his tail and he turns around to charge Spear. Spear is already waiting with a closed fist. Relic falls to the ground. They are now right outside of the ring on the entrance ramp. Relic tries to stumble to his feet but Spear rears back and gives Relic a soccer kick to the rib cage. Relic rolls in pain.]

Don: ATTA KICK!

JW: Cheapshots never win a match. Unless you do them right.

Jerry: That's right , a good lowblow or kick to the rib cage never hurt anyone!

[Spear pulls Relic to his feet. He walks with him to the ring. Spear irish whips Relic into the stairs. Relic grabs his back in pain]

Don: Spear really has the upper hand here!

JW: He's unrelentlessly sticking to Relic!

[Relic tries to get to his feet but to no avail. Spear grabs a chair and smashes it against Relic's skull. Spear

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pulls a table from under the ring. He rolls Relic into the ring. Spear then wedges the table between the gaurd rail and the ring apron. He slides into the ring with Relic. Spear grabs Relic by his arm and whips him to the ropes. Relic returns to Spear and is met with a backbody drop sending him over the top rope. Relic crashes through the table.]

Jerry: That makes this match 1-0 in Spears favor!

[Relic landed hard on the ground. Spear goes to the outside and pulls Relic from the pile of table pieces. Relic has already regained his composure after taking a break in the pile of rubble. He meets Spear with a lowblow. Spear falls to the ground. Relic races to his feet. He stomps away on Spear. Relic leaves Spear laying on the ground and goes to grab a chair. He returns to the scene and sees no sign of Spear who rolled under the ring. You see Spear stand up on the other side of the ring.]

JW: Spear crawled under the ring to stay away from Relic!

Jerry: Hes a coward!

Don: A smart coward!

[Relic looks arround in disbelief. He had just left him here and now he was gone. Spear is sneaking abehind Relic. He has a chair in hand. Relic catches onto the game when a fan tells him the scenario. Relic continues to act like he doesnt know whats going on. Spear starts to raise the chair over his head. Relic the drops back and kicks Spear in the stomach before the chair gets brought into play. Relic then reaches under the ring for a table. He pulls one and slides it into the ring. He then rolls Spear into the ring. Relic sets the table up in the middle of the ring. He pulls Spear to his feet. Relic picks Spear up and scoop slams him to the ground. He picks him up again. He positions him near the table. Relic kicks Spear in the stomach and powerbombs him through the table.]

Don: Relic just evened this one up at 1-1!

[Relic pulls Spear out of the pieces of table. He pulls him to his feet. He irish whips Spear to the ropes. Spear returns and ducks a clothesline. Spear bounces off the other side and comes back Relic tries another clothesline , but Spear ducks it again. Spear spring boards off the other side ropes and bounces back with an elbow that catches Relic right in the jaw. Relic falls to the ground. Spears rolls outside of the ring and grabs another table. He sets it up right on the edge of the ring apron. Spears gets back into the ring. Relic stands back up and goes to the ring apron. Spear meets him there. They start to exchange boxing punches. Spear starts to fall onto the table he set up. He grabs Relics arm on the way down and both men crach through the table!]

Don: Thats even at 2-2!

JW: This is becoming quite the match!

[Relic and Spear stand right back up. Relic gets into the ring and waits for Spear. Spear gets a table and slides in. Relic starts to stomp away on Spear. Spear goes to the ground. Relic picks him up and piledrives him onto his neck. Spear falls to the ground and doesnt move. Relic sets the table up in the corner and sets Spear on top of it. Relic climbs to the top rope. Relic is going to end the match right here! Relic jumps off with a elbow drop!

WAIT , SPEAR ROLLED OFF OF THE
TABLE! RELIC CRASHES THROUGH THE TABLE!!! DING DING DING]

Don: WE HAVE A WINNER!

JW: An exciting match with an exciting ending!

Jerry: That is one for the books!

[Relic stands up. Out of spite he continues stomping on Spear and leaves the ring.]

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Charisma: Here is your winner, Spear!

Thaila The Heartbreaker Vs. May Hem Women's Championship JW: OK welcome back everyone and now we have another title on the line.

Jerry: That's right JW, next on the card is a grudge match for the DWF Women's Championship Title. These two combatants, Thaila The Heartbreaker, and May Hem are 2 of only 3 women wrestlers in the whole DWF.

Don Havone:

Yes, I know the

business, and I also know that this Women's title doesn't mean squat, there's only 3 women in the Dream Wrestling and 2 of them are in this match.

JW:

OK, Don Certainly has his comments and knows the business, but, anyway, let's check out the match.

Thaila The Heartbreaker's music plays as she goes down to the ring. She tests out the ring ropes and waits for her opponent, the champion May Hem to come down to the ring.

May Hem's music finally plays as the fans are anxiously waiting for her. There is a spectacular pyro show as she walks down to the ring.

Don Havone: This is surely going to be a great match, as 2/3 of the whole women's division is in this match. All three men laugh at Don's joke.

The actions starts as Thaila the Heartbreaker sucker-punches May Hem in the gut and then tries to execute a ddt, but May Hem sees this and then reverses it into a suplex.

JW: one... two... thr..... NO, we almost had a quick victory but Thaila kicked out at the last second.

Thaila gets up quickly and then punches May Hem a couple of times before running against the ropes and missing with a weak clothesline because May Hem ducks. Thaila continues to run when May Hem starts to run, they both hit each other with clotheslines and then both go down. The referee starts going for the ten count.

Referee: (Throwing up fingers as he says numbers) 1... 2..... 3... 4... 5...

Each woman starts trying to get up but no avail.

Referee: 6... 7...

JW: Looks like this match may end early after all.

as The referee starts to count to 8, both women start to get up.

Referee: ... 8... 9...

Both women get up just barely before the Referee can make the ten count.

They're both winded very much and are leaning in each corner.

Then May Hem charges at Thaila and gives her a spear.

Thaila is down and May Hem may be looking to finish her here.

May Hem goes up to the top rope and tries to execute a big splash. She then gets up and starts to get the crowd on their feet.

Jerry: What is she doing?

Don Havone: It's simply a rookie mistake, if I was her manager, she wouldn't do that because I KNOW THE BUSINESS! AND...

May Hem goes back up to the top rope and attempts the same manuver, but this time Thaila moves out of the way and makes May Hem hit the mat hard.

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JW: May Hem really made a mistake with that manuver, she should have went for the cover when she had the chance.

Don Havone & Jerry: THAT'S WHAT WE SAID!!!

The action continues as both women are staring each other, then they lock up. Thaila gets May Hem in a head lock, but when

Thaila least expects it, May Hem gets her in a back body drop that shakes the ring a little bit with a furious thud of the back of Thaila the Heartbreaker.

ALL

ANOUNCERS: WWWWWWOOOOOOOOWWWWWW

May Hem goes for the cover and the referee slides over and counts, 1... 2...

Don Havone: NO!

JW: She didn't get her this time, but this match is surely getting interesting.

May Hem quickly gets up and goes outside the ring for a steel chair. She gets it and attempts to hit the almost done Thaila with at. AS she puts the chair over her own head to attempt to hit Thaila The Heartbreaker with it, The Referee takes it away from her and throws it outside of the ring. May Hem starts arguing with the referee when Thaila schoolboys her. The ref

counts, 1... 2... KICK OUT!!!!

JW: Almost got her that time, will this match ever end?

Jerry: I don't know, but it sure is entertaining.

Don Havone: Damn Straight!

Both women start

Thaila quickly gets up and then is quickly followed by May Hem. May Hem is banging Thaila in the corner with many punches and kicks. She is then thrown across the ring into the other turnbuckle and squashes the referee in the corner.

Jerry:

The referee is down, THE REFEREE IS
DOWN!!!!

May Hem goes straight to the referee and tries to revive him. Why she is doing that, Thaila goes on the outside of the ring and gets the steel chair. Just as May Hem gets the referee in condition to continue the match, and stand on his own two feet, Thaila nails May Hem with the chair and the referee sees it. He calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

The referee whispers something in JW's ear.

JW: OK, as it seems, the winner of this match, and still the
DWF Women's Champion due to Disqualification, May
Hem!!!!!!

The referee raises the hand of the fallen and bloody May Hem as Thaila the Heartbreaker spits in her face.

Don Havone: May Hem may have won the match, but I'm damn sure that she has not won the war, especially in her condition that she's in as of this moment.

Mr.E Vs. Genecide Novice Championship

Jerry: Well, Don, up next is the Novice Championship Match between present belt holder Mr. E and Genecide.

JW:

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This is gonna be some match, Jerry. No matter what the outcome, this is Mr. E's final defense of the Novice Belt. Come midnight tonight, he begins the third month of his contract with the DWF and must surrender the belt to Darren for re-assignment.

Don: Man, I don't know who to root for.

JW: Because these men are both prime athletes?

Don: Nyah. Because Genecide's a moron, and Mr. E won't join my stable!

("Sea of Sorrow" hits the speakers, prompting the Dark Angel Genecide to come down to the stage. His fans cheer as he is introduced by the ring announcer and warms up.)

Jerry: you have no interest in this match, Don-even with the intrigue that has boiled up ever since Snow Slash tricked Mr. E into tasing Genecide on Friday Night Clash last week?

Don: They were know-nothing jobbers then and are know-nothing jobbers now!

(Genecide stays in the ring, "Sea of Sorrow" continuing to play.and no Novice Champion. Annoyed, Genecide grabs the mike.)

Genecide: What's wrong, E? Afraid to face the man you f
ed up last week? Afraid to get your punishment? Face Your Master!

(The lights go off for a second. The fans buzz. Some snap pictures-and in the flash is revealed Mr. E looming behind his opponent!)

JW: Oh my God! It's Mr. E!

Jerry: It's been so long most fans have forgotten his old bag of tricks!

(The Professional Extreme launched a flurry of punches to the back of Genecide's head as the lights come up. Genecide stumbles forward, then drops down for a leg sweep that knocks Mr. E against the ropes. Genecide rolls up and executes a spinning heel kick that connects with Mr. E's chin, then spins and follows through with a standing drop kick out of the ring.)

Don: Wow! Good recovery from a surprise attack by Genecide!

(As Mr. E stumbles to his feet, the Dark Angel climbs to the top turnbuckle and launches himself for a full body press-except Mr. E side steps, hooks Genecide's neck and proceeds to face slam him into the floor!)

JW: Ouch!

Don: A beautiful attempt at a high risk maneuver by Genecide backfires.

(The ref begins the count.1...2...3

Jerry: That's the problem with gambling on a high-flying stunt like that.the variables can spell tragedy.
(Mr. E scoops up Genecide and, with a roar, drives him into steel steps. The referee's count continue.4.5.6...
E tosses Genecide into the ring and follows him, stomping on the challenger's forehead as he comes through.)

Don: So far, this is shaping up to be pretty brutal.

JW: We have to wonder if Mr. E has Genecide's Cell Match for the US Championship in mind as he goes after the man with such fury..

(Mr. E drops an elbow on Genecide's sternum.1.2.KICK OUT!)

Jerry: And the first pin attempt is defused by Genecide!

(Mr. E pulls Genecide to a kneeling position. He prepares to lay down a punch, but Genecide executes a low blow that makes Mr. E release his grip on the challenger)

Jerry: Woah! Looks like the tables are turning!

(Genecide follows with a series of punches to the chest and head, then Irish Whips Mr. E into the turnbuckle.

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Genecide follows in quickly with a back body splash, then turns and smashes E's head into the turnbuckle one-two-three times. Genecide hops onto the second rope and hurricaranas the Champ onto the mat.)

JW: It seems Genecide is in charge now here at Nightmare.

(Genecide executes a legdrop on Mr. E, then a second. He goes for a pin.1.2.KICK-OUT! The two combatants get up and Mr. E spears Genecide. The challenger stumbles against the ropes and Mr. E grabs hold of him and pulls him into a suplex.)

Don: Spoke too soon, JW!

(The Professional Extreme goes to ropes and springboards into a moonsault. He goes in for an elbow drop, but Genecide rolls out)

Jerry: I think we'll all agree that this is shaping up to be anyone's game here.

(Genecide executes a leg drop on Mr. E's sternum. He gets up, snarls at the crowd and goes in for the Nail in the Coffin)

JW: Looks like it's just about over..

(-but Mr. E reaches up before he can grab him and puts one hand around his throat.Genecide chokes)

Don: WHOA! Genecide, caught by surprise by Mr. E

(The referee orders the two wrestlers to break it up, and Mr. E tosses Genecide aside. He gets up and grabs Genecide to his feet just long enough to execute the spinning face slam called the Dog Pounder)

Jerry: Dog Pounder! THAT'S going to leave a mark.

Don: Or two, or three..

(Genecide does a drop toe hold and rolls up painfully. He grabs Mr. E and fires him to the turnbuckle, but E catches the ropes on either side and uses them to springboard off into a flying clothesline. Mr. E covers.

1.2.kickout and reversal by Genecide. 1..2.kickout)

JW: one thing you can't deny.both athletes are giving it their all here.

(Genecide plants his boot in Mr. E's side, then smoothly executes an elbow drop on his chest. He picks up Mr. E and tries to whip him into the turnbuckle-but the Professional Extreme reverses and sends Genecide into the turnbuckle. Mr. E executes a running drop kick to Genecide's back. Genecide turns and goes for a clothesline, but Mr. E ducks under and grabs the arm, locking it under his right arm in a high position)

Don: Oh no, we've seen this before.

Jerry: This could be it..

(--and Mr. E locks in the Final Sanction, shaking Genecide like a broken rag doll.)

DON: Final Sanction! FINAL SANCTION!

(Genecide's arm goes limp..the bell rings. Mr. E releases Genecide from the Final Sanction, and the other wrestler drops to the floor)

Referee: Your winner and still Novice Champion... Mr. E!

(The ref raises Mr. E's hand. The Professional Extreme asks for and gets the mike.)

Mr. E:

As of midnight tonight, I have reached the legal limit the rules of the DWF say I can't keep the honor of being your Novice Champion.

(The crowd boos at the thought. Mr. E waits for it to die down.)

Mr. E:

So, I ask

Darren, the owner of this federation, to come down to the ring and take back the belt I have worn so proudly all this time.

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Darren comes down the ring and and shakes Mr. E's hand. Then he takes the belt and leaves ringside
Razor Blade Vs. Kevin Marx Vs. Jocco vs. Secret Guy Peoples' Championship - Wolf is the Ref Don: Here's
the moment of truth, guys, who will be that secret guy?

Jerry:

Well, I have herd a lot of rumors floating around...

JW: Yeah, I've heard Nas, SSS, and even Bonzo the Clown!

Jerry: Who the hell is Bonzo the Clown?

JW: I don't know, thought it would sound good...

Don: Well, here is the People's Champ himself, Wolf!

[Wolf steps out onto the walkway. He is clean cut for a change. This is the first time he has ever stepped into
a ring with his hair tied back. His black and white shirt is only obstructed by the People's Title hung over his
shoulder. Wolf gets into the ring and grabs a mic.]

Wolf: Well, tonight is a big night. We have matches all over the place for every title imaginable. The
Hardcore, Dream, and the US among others will take place tonight. Now it is time to crown a new People's
Champ.

[Wolf puts down the mic and takes the belt off of his shoulder. He raises it high in the air and climbs up on
every corner to show the crowd. He hands it the the announcer and waits in the ring.]

Don: Here comes Razor Blade!

[Razor Blade's music plays and he walks down with a mic. He stops at the top of the walkway.]

Razor Blade: As all of you may know, I haven't been very active in the DWF. That's because the staff never
put me on the roster! I never knew I had a match. I'm going back to that other fed, I can't handle this one.

Jerry: He's leaving?

JW: That's what it looks like!

Don: I'll buy the beers!

Jerry: After the event, Don, let's hope our the other combatants don't simply quit.

[Kevin Marx's music plays and he walks down the ramp. He drop kicks Razor Blade as he walks by. A fight
ensues, but security breaks it up quickly. Marx runs in and slides into the ring.]

Don: There's Jocco, and Cro's with him too!

[Wolf slides out of the ring and confronts the two.]

Wolf: I'm not going to let you have Cro here at ringside. No one is going to interfere in this match on my
watch.

Cro: F

of, little man. I'm going to be in this match, like it or not. Go bash a car!

[Cro tries to walk past Wolf, but Wolf steps in his way. Cro bumps Wolf a little. The two man stand there,
chest to chest. Wolf gives him a light push back and Cro responds with a shove that sends Wolf back three
feet. Wolf runs up and gives Cro a low blow! Jocco kicks Wolf in his back, sending him onto his face. Cro rolls
around in pain. Wolf gets up and blocks a punch by Jocco. He gouges his eyes, then throws him into the rail.
Wolf picks up Jocco and slams him on top of Cro!]

JW: Wow! The match hasn't even started yet!

Jerry: And the other two compeditors aren't even getting tired yet. Jocco is going to have a slight
disadvantage here.

[Wolf pushes Jocco off of Cro and grinds his heel onto Cro's fingers. He picks him up and drops him onto the
concrete. He picks up a chair from under the table and cracks it over Jocco's back. He hits Cro with it and he

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sets the chair up. He puts Cro on it in a sitting position.]

Don: He wouldn't...

JW: I think he would!

[Wolf rushes up to the apron and he climbs the ropes. He stands on the top rope and jumps off! Jocco pushes Cro out of the way, but Wolf hits Jocco with the Wolfbite!.]

Jerry:

That's it, Jocco is

out! There's no way he can recover from that!

[Wolf gets up and examines the damage. He picks up the chair and hits Cro with it twice over the back! Wolf goes under and grabs a table! Marx walks over to Wolf.]

Marx: Hey, man, let's get this match started.

Wolf: Lemmie take care of some business first.

[Wolf sets up the table just outside of the ring. He picks up the chair again and hits the rising Cro straight into his already pummeled back. He pulls the ring steps away from the ring post and puts them straight under the middle of the table! Wolf picks up Cro and puts him onto the table. He slaps him around some and walks over to Jocco who is stirring. He kicks him a little to keep him down and jumps back up to the apron. He walks over to the corner and climbs up to the top rope. The crows cheers in anticipation. Wolf jumps off...]

Don: Holy mother...

JW: Get him WOLF!

Jerry: HE HIT THE WOLFBITE!

[Wolf flips in the air and connects with his skull right on Cro's stomach. His body breaks through the table and his back breaks across the stairs and his body goes limp. Cro falls unconscious and doesn't move. The paramedics come in and wheel him away as Wolf watches with disdain.]

JW: There's no way Wolf is going to let Jocco win this match now.

[Wolf picks up the dazed Jocco and throws him into the ring. He calls for the bell and Marx runs up and kicks Jocco, knocking him onto his back.]

Don: What happened to the secret guy?

JW: Maybe it was all a hoax?

Jerry: No, he's right here.

[Jr. VP Jerry rips off his headset and his tie. He runs down to ringside. He just stands there as Marx beats down on Jocco. Marx goes to throw him into the ropes towards Jerry, but Jocco reverses and sends Marx into the ropes. Jerry grabs Marx's foot and drags him out. Jerry kicks Marx's knee and then hits it across the post. Jocco climbs up to the ropes, recovering his strength. Jerry goes to throw Marx into the rail, but he reverses it and Jerry hits it hard.]

JW: I can't believe he is out there fighting. I almost want to laugh.

Don: Yeah, but his frail body bouncing around like that can't be healthy.

[Both JW and Don bust out laughing as Jocco clotheslines Jerry from the top rope.]

JW: He'll feel that in the morning!

[Jerry is lying on the floor, but Marx rushes over and shoves Jocco into the rail. Wolf yells at them to get into the ring. Jocco limps up, but Marx kicks him on the floor. He gets leverage on the guard rail and keeps kicking him. Wolf is fed up. He climbs to the top rope and does a missile dropkick on Marx!]

Don: He came out of nowhere!

[Wolf gets up and checks on Jerry. He whispers a few things to him. Jerry grins a little, then looks like he's

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playing possum on the floor there.]

JW:

What are those two thinking up. I've seen them work together before. Wolf won the Dream Title with the help of Jerry, Wolf may be returning the favor right here.

[Wolf walks over to Jocco and punches him out! Wolf rolls Marx into the ring and stomps on him some and starts yelling at him.]

Wolf: You listen when I talk to you! No one disrespects me when I talk to them!

[Jerry climbs up into the ring. He walks over to Marx and rolls him up into some kind of submission move.]

JW: I remember that move! That's the Layoff! Jerry's finisher!

Don: Wow! Jerry will actually eliminate someone!

[Marx holds on for a minute, then Jerry wrenches down on the hold. Marx reaches for the ropes, but he can't quite get there. Marx starts to rappidly tap out on the matt and Wolf rings the bell.]

Ring Announcer:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Kevin Marx has eliminated by Jr. VP Jerry by submission.

[Jerry releases the hold and Kevin Marx limps back to the locker area. He punches a jeering fan on his way out and security has to hold him back. They excort him out of the arena.]

JW: A tough break for Kevin Marx. Now, let's see how badly Wolf is going to beat down Jocco for him.

[Jr. VP Jerry rolls outside with Wolf following him. Jerry picks up Jocco and rolls him into the ring. Jerry throws him into the ropes, but Jocco ducks a clothes line attempt and spears him from behind! Wolf falls on his knees laughing as Jerry falls face first onto the matt!]

JW: Wolf and Jocco? Wolf and Cro? Wolf and Cro and Jocco?!

Don: Is it the allignment of the planets?

[Jocco stomps on Jerry some then covers him. Wolf counts the pin, although it's not very fast...1...2...3!]

Charisma: Your winner, by pinfall, Jocco!

JW: I can't believe Wolf just let Jerry lose like that! He's still lying on the matt.

[Wolf climbs to the top rope and does the Wolfbite on Jerry!]

Don: Now that's just adding insult to injury!

[Wolf hands Jocco the People's title and they walk off together.]

DAL Vs.

"Real Deal"

Joe Oneill Light Weight Championship - Wolf is Special Reff

Don: Hmm...can you say screwed?

Jerry: Shut up Don...

Don:

All these years, I have never seen someone humiliated SO badly.

Jerry: Shut Up Don...

Don: And here I was, respecting you ALL the time...HAHA!

[Jerry lunges for Don's throat and pushes him out of his chair. He beats his head wildly with the mic. He realizes that it's padded and rips off the cover and hits him with the...Cover?]

JW: OK, you two, play nice!

[Jerry bashes Don's face against the control pannel, sending sparks everywhere. Don lies on the floor, a bloody mess.]

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Jerry: Wow, that felt real good!

JW: OK, looks like we'll do this one while Don recovers.

[Wolf grabs a mic]

Wolf: Ok, which dumba

appointed me to ref this match? I never volunteered to ref this match and some corporate big shot named Darren is makin me, so I'm going to make this plane and simple...don't screw with me.

Jerry: Big words from the guy who just lost his People's Belt.

[DAL runs down to the ring and the crowd pops! He gets them all psyched up and ready to go. He slides into the ring and climbs up on the corner and salutes the crowd. Wolf runs over and pushes him off of the corner and onto the cement below!]

Wolf: Stop wasting my time. I got better things to do!

[The Real Deal comes out to much of the same response. When he is about ten feet from the ring, he walks over to where DAL fell. He goes to pick him up, but Wolf hits him with a suicide dive!]

Wolf: Now you're even. Get in there and wrestle.

JW: Wow, someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed...

Jerry:

No, I think

it's just his time of the month.

Wolf:

Jerry, I already kicked you ass this

week, I know you're talking shit up there about me. Don't think I won't!

[Jr.

VP Jerry becomes very silent and crosses his arms across his chest. Behind him, Don groans in pain and rolls onto his back. In the

ring, Wolf throws both DAL and Real Deal into the ring. He rolls in himself and calls for the bell.]

JW: Wow, both men are down from the start!

[DAL gets to his feet first, and hits Oneil in the stomach as he tries to get up. DAL runs to the ropes and elbow-drops him on his way back. He quickly climbs to the top rope and jumps off, but he misses the drop kick as Oneil rolls away.]

JW: What a miss my DAL.

[Oneil gets up quickly and nails DAL in the back with his heel. He throws DAL into the corner and charges at him, sandwiching him in the corner. He pummels him down and starts choking him with his foot. Wolf rushes over and pushes Oneil off of him. Oneil glares into Wolf's eyes and pushes him back. Wolf grabs Oneil's throat, picks him up, and chokeslames him!]

Jerry: Think this one is a little one-sided?

JW: Hey, you gotta do what you gotta do.

[Don rushes at Jerry from behind, knocking him into the plexiglass of the pressbox. Jerry pushes back and Don flies over the floor. JW flips through some channels and finds a nature show about monkeys.]

JW: DON! It's you mother's side of the family!

[An add for comes up.]

JW: Aww, now they're slaughtering your good ol' dad. BBQ's ON ME!!

[Don is too wrapped up with Jerry as he is getting the living hell beaten out of him.]

Jerry: What B

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You want some of this? How's THAT feel? Huh? You want more? Huh?! I'll give you more! SAY MY NAME B

JW: Jerry...you're getting a little wrapped up in the moment...

[In the ring, DAL has the upper hand as Oneil is still feeling the effects of that chokeslam by Wolf. He throws Oneil into the ropes and runs right over him, but he bumps into Wolf! Wolf glares at him as DAL thinks nothing of it. DAL turns away from Wolf, but Wolf grabs his shoulder and turns him towards him. Wolf points his finger and DAL and scolds him real hard. DAL glances away and gives Wolf a low blow! DAL follows up by running to the ropes and spring boards back onto Wolf!]

Jerry: Why doesn't he DQ him right there?

JW: He doesn't want to see DAL win his title back.

[Wolf gets up and sprints at DAL and knocks him back into the corner. Wolf backs off of him as he slumps down. He drags him by the hair into the middle of the ring and puts Oneil on top of him. He counts quickly...12 DAL gets his shoulder up!]

JW: What heart by DAL!

[DAL gets up quickly and stomps on Oneil. He throws him into the ropes and dropkicks him down. He runs up to the top rope, jumps off, and hits him with the big leg drop!]

Jerry: As tired as Oneil is, that just might finish him!

JW: Not at the rate Wolf is counting.

[Wolf hits the mat once. He looks up and yawns like nothing is going on. He stretches out his neck some and hits the mat a second time. DAL is getting pissed off and grabs Wolf's arm while keeping the pin and throws it against the mat for the third count!]

JW: DAL WON! He defended his title!

[The bell sounds and Wolf is seriously pissed off. He picks up DAL and throws him into the ropes and he spears him! Wolf hops up to the top rope and looks at the massive Nightmare crowd. He jumps off, flips, and connects with the WOLFBITE!]

JW: That's already the third time tonight that he had connected with his infamous finisher!

Jerry:

Well, DAL sure earned that victory.

Meklon Vs. Jose Santiago Hardcore Championship

Jerry: Here we've got the Hardcore Championship up for grabs-Jose Santiago, the Latino War Child, going up against the only man to defeat him for this title so far, Meklon.

Don: Hey, if Jose is Mexican, shouldn't he be the Chicano War Child?

Jerry:

Don't speak, Don.

Just.don't speak.

("Living La Vida Loca" hits the speakers and Jose Santiago comes out with the Mexican flag in one hand and a garbage can full of appliances in the other. He tosses the garbage can into the ring and leaps and climbs over the top rope. The crowd starts spewing hate at the Champ and Jose goes to the top rope and starts giving everyone the finger.)

JW: As always, the Mexican Sensation endearing himself to this crowd here on Nightmare..

(Meklon's music hits the speaker, and the man himself comes out. He raises his hands to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd, and Jose grabs a steam iron from his garbage can and rushes out of the ring to give the man a faceful of metal)

Don: Ouch! The bell hasn't even rung and Jose Santiago goes in swinging.

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(Jose hits him over the head with the iron again, then kicks him in the stomach. Jose tries a second kick, but Meklon catches Jose's foot and pushes him to the ground. Meklon runs to the announce table and grabs the bell)

Meklon:

Pardon me, I gotta borrow this.

Jerry:

Well, I think the

bell's going to ring one way or another.

(Jose has gone under the mat for a chair. He's about to turn to wallop his opponent when Meklon smashes him in the fact with the bell, which peals once.)

JW: Well, that's not the official start of the match bell, but it might have to do.

(Mek is about to hit Jose again with the bell, but Jose blocks it with his chair. He twists and smacks Mek in the back of the head with the chair, then grabs him by the neck and drives him into the steel post. Meklon staggers back. Jose executes a chop and then Irish whips him into the steel stairs.)

Jerry: We're seeing the way the fans have come to expect him-relentless, brutal and without mercy.

(Jose runs at Meklon with the chair and smacks Meklon across the back. He grabs Mek and throws him back into the ring. As Jose turns and yells at the crowd, calling them 'putas' and 'bendehos', Meklon gets a moment to recover, and he grabs a baseball bat from Jose's garbage can. Jose climbs back into the ring and gets smacked in the back of the head with the bat. Meklon wastes no time in scooping the shocked Jose up and slamming him down hard onto the garbage can, which crumples like an aluminum Coke can.)

JW: Meklon finally seems to have gotten an edge here.

(Meklon picks up the iron, kneels on Jose's chest and starts smacking him with it in the face. There's a splash of blood as Jose's lip splits open.)

Don: First blood to Meklon!

(Meklon gets up and pulls Jose up by the hair. Jose executes one, two THREE low blows, freeing himself. The Mexican Sensation plants a boot in Meklon's stomach, then leaves the ring to get another chair and leaves it right outside the ring. He takes a run at Meklon, drops and performs a head scissors takedown.)

JW: WHAT a move by Jose Santiago.

Don: I wanna know what he's going to do with that second chair.

(Jose reaches into his garbage can and comes out with a length of electrical cord. He loops the wire around Meklon's neck and pulls him up.)

Jerry: Good Lord!

JW: this is just plain nasty.

(Jose Irish Whips Meklon to the ropes and tries to smack him with the bat, but Meklon goes under the weapon, grabs the garbage can and slams it hard on Jose's back. Jose falls to his knees. Meklon takes the cord and chokes Jose with it. Jose elbows Meklon to free himself, but Meklon plants a few elbows into the small of Jose's back. Jose is in obvious pain, but drops, rolls between Mek's legs and comes up behind him. He lifts Meklon up and tosses him over ropes onto the steel chair! Jose then grabs the garbage can and goes over the ropes, splashing on Meklon with the garbage can between them! There's a count.1.2. a feeble kickout from Meklon)

Don: The tide has turned in Jose's favor.

JW: Tide? More like a tsunami!

Jerry: I'm starting an office pool-how many bones is Meklon going to walk away with broken..

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(Jose gets the first chair and partially opens it, closing it loosely on Meklon's knee before executing a leg drop onto it. Meklon screams in pain as Jose gets up and screams, "How you like that s&puta?" He executes another leg drop onto the chair-shod leg, then scoops Meklon up and drops him onto the steel crowd-control grate.

JW: Good Lord!

Don:

Put me down for eighteen, Jerry.

(Jose climbs up onto the apron, yells at the audience and executes La Cuchucha on his fallen foe! Meklon is unnervingly still.)

Jerry: La Chucuracha!

Don: Meklon is DONE!

(The referee counts.1...2...3!)

Charisma: Your winner, and still champion--Jose Santiago!

(Jose rails at the crowd, grabs his Mexican flag and beats Meklon with it until the flagpole breaks. He stalks off, yelling at the crowd all the way)

Extremist Vs. Mistral Mcguinnes Vs. Omega Gold Vs. Case Vs. Genecide Vs. Snow Slash Vs. Cap Vs. Aleister Crowley US Championship - JW HELL MATCH. 60 minutes match. The ring is 1 1/2 times the size of a normal ring. Hell in the Cell is Around it. Whoever has the most pins by the end of the time limit wins.

JW: Welcome back to some more GREAT DWF action! What a night we have had and look what we have coming up. Jerry what do we have?

Jerry: That would be. Your match.

JW: My Hell Match! Yes! Let me get started telling this. This is almost twice as big as the normal ring. It has a cage around it. A Hell in a Cell! This is a sixty minute math, and I have arranged for a special referee. Now whoever has the MOST pins by the end of the night will become our new United States Champion.

Don: Why did Bob give up his title?

JW: Dur Dur Dur maybe because... he has been gone for a month!

Jerry: Guys Guys Guys. Who is the special Referee?

JW: I wont say right now. But you will see.

[Extremist's music plays over the PA. The crowd gives a mixed reaction. Behind him comes Omega Gold. Omega Gold runs up and grabs him by the hair. He runs with Extremist right into the cage. Omega walks him along side the cage and right into the door. Omega throws Extremist into the cage and into the ring. Omega and Extremist exchange punches. Extremist gains the upper hand and throws Omega against the ropes. Extremist connects with a clothesline.]

[Backstage: Aleister Crowley is seen walking around backstage. He ducks behind a stack of ring fixtures. Another person comes up from behind and begins his walk to the ring. Aleister comes out from hiding and dropkicks the guy. It is CAP! Aleister grabs something laying on a tray, it is either a bat or a rod. He picks it up and busts it over his back then over his head. He leaves Cap in ruins. Aleister continues his walk to the ring.]

Jerry: Aleister just kicked the crap out of that Cap guy. Wait who is coming from the entryway now!

Don: Looks like Case with his briefcase. And listen to the crowd!

[Case comes down to the ring with his briefcase. He steps into the cage and goes for Omega Gold. Case rams his briefcase into Omega's head. Extremist comes up on his back and low blows Case. Extremist attempts to open up the briefcase but can't find the combination. Omega gets up and attacks Case. Case

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stands up. The two begin to fist fight. Omega begins to gain the upper hand.]

[Backstage: Mistral Mcguinnes is rushing to the ring followed by SnowSlash. Seems as if SnowSlash is chasing her. She steps out of the entryway and down the ramp followed by SnowSlash. Both of them rush into the cage quickly shutting the door. Mistral is still being chased. She slides into the ring. SnowSlash also slides into the ring. He is met by boots by Mistral Mcguinness.]

[Crowley slowly comes to the entryway. He is slowly walking towards the match. He steps out and faces the crowd. The crowd cheers wildly!]

JW: There is one of the final three contestants of our match. Aleister Crowley!!!!

Jerry: Well I doubt if Cap will show after the beating he got. And Genecide is well not showing up is what I heard from the hotline.

Don: I knew that...

JW: Dur Dur Dur ME too Dur Dur Dur

[Crowley goes back inside of the entryway and grabs something. He puts it in his pocket and goes to the cage. He begins ascending the cage. He reaches the top. The guys in the ring are fighting with every inch of their life. Crowley takes the thing out of his pocket and proceeds to cut the wire. He cuts it open and one peice of the cell goes flying down. It lands on SnowSlash and Case. Crowley jumps onto it smashing the peice of the cage into their face. Omega looks at Crowley and clothelines him.]

JW: WHERE IS HE!

Jerry: Where is..... who???

[The lights dim down into their blackening. Pajanarama blaes over the PA system and the crowd erupts. Out comes a guy in a ref shirt carrying a padlock and a chain. He runs to the cage and gets inside. He wraps the chain around the posts and padlocks it. The lights turn back on and it is BOB!]

Don: IT IS BOB!

JW: Dur Dur Dur My Name is Don I see the obvious Dur Dur Dur

[Somehow while the lights were off Case was pinning SnowSlash. Case gets up and gets Bob's attention. Bob gets down and count. ALEISTER IS PINNING SNOWSLASH! Case tries to attack Aleister but Mistral hits him! Bob counts 1..... 2..... 3!!!!]

[Extremist and Omega are fighting. Omega pulls a quick DDT. Omega pins but Bob's back is turned congratulating Aleister. Omega gets mad and jumps over the ropes to the floor. Omega gets under the ring for some things. He pulls out three tables. He places two on top of eachother outside of the ring and puts the other in the ring. He wedges the third one between the turnbuckle. He walks over to Aleister and attacks him. He throws Aleister towards the turnbuckle. Aleister reverses it and throws Omega into his own table! The crowd cheers!]

JW: Ha Ha Ha Ha!

[Mistral climbs the top rope and dropkicks SnowSlash. Mistral pins. Bob counts 1..... 2..... Kick out. Mistral gets up and attack Aleistar. Mistral slaps Aleistar. Aleistar about hits her but merely pushes her away. Extremist comes from behind and puts Aleistar in a sleeper. Sleistar goes down. He begins to fight back. Aleistar elbows him. Aleistar throws him against the ropes. Snow Slash ducks a clothesline and uses a double leg takedown. Snow Pins Bob counts, 1..... 2..... Kick out. Snowslash gets mad, he repetedly kicks Aleistar.]

[Extremist is kicking Omega further putting him in the table. Mistral jumps on Extremist's back. Extremist turns around and falls on his back. Mistral is squished between Extremist and Omega. Extremist pulls Mistral out and pins her. Bob counts 1..... 2..... 3!]

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Don: 25 minutes into the match and only two pins!

JW: 25 minutes ehrrrr I think it is uhhhhh 30 minutes.....

Jerry: Yeah Don your ummmm clock is off.

[Case lashes out at Mistral. He is pissed at her. He begins to slap her repeatedly. She strikes back with a blow to the face. Mistral decks Case. The 5 are all duking it out in the ring. This continues for a while longer.

Omega throws Case out of the ring. Omega is thrown out by Mistral, who is lifted over the ropes by SnowSlash. Extremist slams Snowslash. Extremist swings at Snowslash but misses and hits Bob. Bob looks pissed at him. Snowslash sees Mistral, Omega, and Case outside of the ring and joins them. Case launches an assault. Omega comes from behind with some type of weapon. Snowslash throws Mistral into the cage. Omega hits Snowslash in the front of the face. Both Mistral and Snowslash are busted open.]

[In the ring Aleister is fighting Extremist. Extremist tries for a cheap shot but Aleister blocks it. Aleister eye jabs Extremist. Extremist complains to Bob, but Bob ignores it. Extremist argues and jabs his finger into Bob's chest. Extremist turns around to fight Aleister and Bob takes Extremist down. Aleister drags him to the ropes and Bob sets him up.]

JW: POWERBOBBER!!!!

[Bob puts Extremist into the Powerbobber! Extremist crashes through both of the tables! The crowd erupts. Aleister jumps over the top ropes and goes for the pin. Bob counts the pin 1..... 2..... 3!!!!]

Jerry: Two for Aleister! Man! only 15 more minutes!

[Bob tells Aleister something then Bob goes over to the other guys. Case and McGuinnes are both fighting. Bob yells at them both.]

[From the entryway comes Cap. He comes straggling along trying to get in the ring. Bob laughs at him.]

[Aleister is wandering around the other side of the ring. Bob is telling the time keeper to ring the bell. He walks over to Aleister and raises his hand.]

Ring Announcer:

The Winner of this match and NEW DWF USA CHAMPION, Superstar Aleister Crowley!!!!!!

Jerry: Is it just me or was that seemed rigged?

[Bob and Aleister Crowley get out of the ring. Bob turns around and chunks the padlock key into the crowd. Bob turns around and locks the other people still in the ring.]

JW: How?

Jerry:

Well, Bob ignored half the pins..... Bob ripped us of about 10 minutes. What kinda crap is that?

JW: No I believe your wrong Jerry. I mean Bob is one of the best refs here in the DWF.

[While they are talking the ring crew comes and repairs the broken cell and try to get the remaining people out of the cage.]

Don: I tend to disagree. I mean we have two more matches left.

JW: And that means what? What are you talking about?

Cro Vs. Mack Jac Vs. Rahszul Vs. Mr. E Vs. B Vs. Doc Heavy Weight Championship SteelCage, Ring is 1 1/2 times the size of a normal ring(First 2 out of the cage, have a falls count anywhere match right outside the cage.)

Jerry: Here comes our semi-main event, a 6-man brawl inside a cage for the Heavyweight Championship

JW: I can't wait for this puppy! We have the top competitors here in the DWF! Except for Cro. As you know

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Cro was taken by EMTs earlier.

Ring Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen the following is a 6-man Cage match followed by a Falls Count Anywhere match, and it is for the DWF Heavyweight Championship!

Introducing first, Mack

Jack!

[Mack Jack's music plays, and he comes down the aisle without much fan response at all. He climbs into the ring and does his best to rile up the crowd but with no success. Soon, however, his music is replaced by "Typical American" on the P.A. system]

Don: Here is a guy who could take this match far here. I mean he is a potential.

JW: Potential my ass. Look who he faces. Rahszhul. I mean Rahszhul..... Jac.... Jac..... Rahszhul.....
hmmmmm

Don: I am just saying Mac Jac has potential.

JW: Potential... for this match, with the people he is facing he has about as much potential as my garbageman. Same with this next guy. Doc.

[Doc comes to the ring next.]

Don: He has proven he has potential by facing Bob.

JW: You faced Bob.... You don't have potential. Facing Bob is nothing. Beating Bob is something.

[Mr. E comes out full blast to his theme. The crowd gives a mediocre cheer.]

Don: Don't say it.

JW: Too Bad. Mr. E? I thought it was Easy E with a new identity at first. But then I realized Mr E actually has a spec of talent.

Jerry:

Laughs beneath breath

JW: Wait next is my pick. Rahszhul.

[Posin' aint easy either is screamed over the PA system and the team of Jack Harding and Rahszhul come to the ring. The crowd seems to be on his side. The other guys are in the cage already. Rahszhul runs down the ramp and into the cage. Poser walks over to the announcer's booth and takes a seat.]

JW: Here we go baby! Good to see ya Jack

Harding: Yeah well Poser Inc. is going to be reigning tonight. We got me, the true DWF champ and Rahs the soon to be Heavyweight champ.

[Rahs begins to attack Mack Jac. Then the lights go black once again. A pair of sirens go off. An Ambulance begins to come through backstage area. The crowd cheers. In the driver's seat is CRO!!!! The crowd erupts. It drives right up to the ring. Cro is obviously hurt. He wobbles to the ring. He gets into the cage. Out of the back pops a guy in a mask. He is holding something.]

JW: who is that from the back?

[Cro stands away from everyone else. Mr E and Doc pair off into their own little area outside of the ring. All of a sudden B pop up from under the ring! He attacks both Mr E and Doc!!!! Mac Jack goes for Rahszhul.]

[The masked man comes over to the cage. Rahszhul and Mack Jac begin to brawl. Mack Jac knocks Rahs down and begins to climb the cage!]

JW: MORON!

[The masked man comes over and sticks that object onto the cage. IT IS A CATTLE PROD! The electricity flows through the cage and shocks the hell out of Mack Jac.]

Jerry: Lots of attempts at escape early in the match here, but no success. How will anyone get out of here

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JW: Dur Dur Dur I wanna be like Don so I cling a cage with a top on it Dur Dur Dur.

Harding: Hahahahahahahahaha

[B tackles Doc and Mr E. Mr E fights back while Doc fights Mr E. They get into a three man fight. Mr. E is thrown to the cage and the masked man shocks it again.]

[While nobody is looking Cro sneakfully looks around at all the fighting and looks at the cage door. He opens the door and walks out. All five of the other guys see this and rush to the door to try to stop him. They all grab the cage and the masked man shocks them again! Cro begins to laugh at them.]

JW: Looks like Cro was smart enough to do that. I mean besides Rahszhul who else would have thought of that. We have Mac Jack who wanted to climb a covered cage! What a Moron!

Don: Well we have one man out of the cage already. Wait the one guy is putting a padlock on the door!!!!

[The man takes off his mask.]

Don: IT IS BOB! THAT GUY IS BOB! CRO STOPPED AND PICKED UP BOB!

Harding: I thought Bob was gone! Damn! Here he comes to screw up the day!

JW: Screw up the day? No I think you mean to bring this place ratings!

[Inside the cage Rahs is kicking Mr. E's ass. Mr. E goes for a big elbow to the midsection but he is stopped and thrown down. Doc comes up from behind and pounds on Mr. E. B sneaks up from ringside and takes Rahszhul down. Rahs gets up and Doc comes over to beat him while he is down. Mac Jack cheap shots B.]

[Mr. E is laying face down on the ground. Doc goes for a pin. Nobody is there to count so he gets mad. Doc turns around to begin a rampage and Rahszhul nails him with a forearm smash. Doc tries to get back up but Rahszhul hits him and puts him in a camel clutch. Doc cries out in pain. He taps but no referee. Rahszhul cranks back and Doc is in even more pain. Mac Jack climbs the top rope as does B. The two go flying off. B dropkicks Rahszhul in the back of the head and Mack Jac frog splashes Doc, who is already hurt. Doc is pretty much out.]

JW: Damn I wish we could see shit like that more often. What a match! But how are they supposed to get out? Isn't there a roof and locked door?

Jerry: believe so.

Don: That's right. Cro has this match wrapped around his finger. All he needs to do is rest his hurt body so he can be ready for one man who gets out of there.

Jerry: I bet he thought of that..... what do you know. He did. Look he is just lying there.

[Rahszhul throws B, the fallen one, into a turnbuckle. Rahszhul revs up and .runs towards B. Rahszhul jumps on him. He pulls B out of the corner and throws him over the ring ropes to the floor. Rahszhul gets down there and gets some things from under the ring. He grabs a trashcan with miscellaneous items in it. He empties the trashcan and puts it over B's head. Rahszhul pulls out a ring bell and slams it into the trashcan. B falls over and is sitting up on the cage. bob takes the prod and shocks him. B jumps up and falls back down away from the cage.]

[Mr. E is outside the ring and Mack Jac climbs the ropes. Mr. E is walking around trying to cool off when Jac jumps off and cross body blocks him. Mr. E falls down hard as does Jac. Jac gets up straggling and heads for the door. He walks over to it and tries to open it. Bob puts the prod on the cage and it shocks the hell out of him. Jac's hair is standing up!]

[Still in the ring is Rahszhul and Doc. Doc low blows Rahszhul from behind. Rahszhul goes down hard. Doc too is faint.]

Don: Hey man this needs to stop.... these guys are about dead..

JW: Yeah Don... D-E-D Dead aren't they. I wanna see more! I mean it isn't everyday you see action like this!

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Harding: HmMMM JW are you mocking him?

[Rahszhul gets up pissed. Doc begins to get up as well. Rahszhul walks over to the turnbuckle and rips the top pad off. Doc gets up and rahszhul kicks him. Rahs throws him toward the turnbuckle. Doc reverses it. Rahszhul hits the ground. Doc grabs Rahszhul and hits his head 3 times on the bottom rope, 3 on the middle and one on the bare steel top ring rope. Rahszhul is busted open.]

JW: Damn look at the blood flow. This match has been well over 40 minutes and they are still at it, sure not as much as they were but they are still hurt. HaHaHa Cro and bob are just sitting outside the ring laughing.

Don: It's not funny. Wait what is Cro telling Bob.

[Cro gets up and Bob walks to the cage door. Bob unlocks it and walks over to Mr. E. Bob shocks him with the cattle prod. He then drags him to the door.]

Don: What is Bob doing?

[Bob drags him out of the cage and right to Cro. Cro stomps on him but then grabs his midsection as it hurts. Mr E looks around and is surprised that he is outside of the cage. Cro turns around in pain. Bob walks over to him. Mr. E gets up and charges at Cro and Bob. Both of them turn around and get taken down. Mr. E stomps on Bob. Mr. E gets on Bob and punches him. Cro gets up from behind and puts a Dragon sleeper on him. He lets go of Mr. E and puts a dragon suplex on him.]

Jerry: This isnt looking too good for anybody. Look they are still fighting in the ring... well the two that can stand. B is STILL out and Jac is probably dead by now. Rahs and Doc are duking it out right now!

Harding: CANT YOU SEE THAT REF! WHAT ARE YOU STUPID!

JW: Be careful Jack that could be your special ref.

Harding: Whats so special about him?

JW: hmMMM good point.

[Cro picks up Mr E and puts a spinebuster right on the ramp!]

Jerry: MAN! A SPINE BUSTER! WHAT A MOVE! There is the ref! Here he comes with his coffee from the back. It is about time he gets his slobbish ass out here.

Harding: C'Mon Rahszhul! That was yours!

[Cro pins Mr. E on the ramp. the ref counts. 1..... 2..... 3!!!!]

Jerry: We have a new Heavyweight champion!!!!!!

Charisma: Here is the winner and NEW DWF Heavyweight champion of the DWF... CRO!!!!!!!!

[Bob walks back to the cage and opens the padlock. Everybody in the ring is lain out and hurt. Bob walks to the back. Cro walks back to the ring to get his belt.]

Darren: Wait a minute there Cro. Now last time I looked you cheated for this win. Now that is a bunch of shit. So, right now, you are stripped of the title. Get your ass to the locker room.

[Cro grabs the belt. Darren stares at him and Cro puts it back. Cro heads back to the locker room.]

Harding: Look how close Rahszhul is! He can take it!

JW: Look at Doc though.

Darren: This match is going to end and we will have an undisputed Champion. So, the next one out of the cage gets their pinfalls anywhere match for that belt.

[In the cage B, Doc, and Rahszhul are all getting up. Doc is the closest to the edge of the cage. Rahszhul is nearing as well. B is too far off. Doc and Rahs are both crawling ot the edge. Doc picks up some peice of metal and throws it at Rahszhul. Doc takes the lead in this crawling race. Doc is crawling and reaches the cage! Rahszhul grabs his foot.]

Charisma: This next is a fall count anywhere match outside of the ring. Now that we have determined the two

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with the most endurance we will now see who deserves this title.

Harding: BOOOOOO RAHSZHUL WAS RIPPED!

[Doc straggles up and walks over to his opponent. Mr. E is lain out almost unconcious from eh spine buster. Doc trips and headbutts Mr. E's groin. The ref looks confused and counts it as a pin. 1..... 2..... 3!]

JW: Doc is the new champion!

Charisma: Here he is your new DWF HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION! HE IS THE DOC!!!!!!!

Jerry: Whoa! Doc has finally made a name for himself!

Harding: Where the hell is the ref when you need him? Rahszhul got ripped off! Damnit!

JW: Well that was just a kick ass match. I mean everyone is hurt, we have a new champ, and the cage is still standing..... sort of.....

[The DWF cage looks so much worn compared to its original form in the begining of the night. Poser gets up and gets Rahszhul out of the ring. Poser helps Rahszhul to the locker room. The DWF crew is in charge of helping the rest up. The cage rises and the cleaning is nearing it's end.]

JW: Damn what a match. That coulda been the main event easily.

Don: This was nothing compared to what the main event will be.

JW: there is no way something can top this! This had everything!

Jerry: Only one way to find out.....

Jack

"The Poser"

Harding Vs. Wolf Vs. Prime Time Dream Championship - Special Guest Ref - Special Guest Ring

Announcer - Special Guest Enforcer - Elimination match Jerry: Well finally folks, we've made it to the main event! And what an event this has been so far! Don: And things are looking even better. JW: Shh... Charisma is about to call in the special Ring announcer! Charisma is in the middle of the ring with the mic Charisma: I would now like to call in the special Ring announcer... Darren! Darren comes down to the ring Don: Well you heard Charisma right! Darren is the special ring announcer. So Darren will be taking Charisma's spot in the match. Darren takes the mic from Charisma and she leaves the ring Darren: And now, to firstly announce the Special Guest Enforcer.... Jerry: It's going to be Cho'Gall! Darren: Source!!! Source comes down to the ring and the crowd isn't to sure whether to boo or cheer him. Source gets in the ring and shakes Darren's hand. They nod to each other and Source goes out of the ring and stands by it. Darren: And now, our Special Guest Referee... Jerry: Half-Life!! I know he'll return tonight! Darren: MIKE HUNTER! Don: Wrong again Jerry The crowd pops and goes psycho. Mike Hunter makes his way to the ring in his reff uniform. He slides in the ring and slaps hands with Darren. He points at Source and Source points back JW: I think that was the smartest thing I've ever seen Source do! Haha. The crowd calms down as Darren begins to call in the wrestlers

Rock Superstar by Cypress Hills plays

Darren: And entering first, weighing at 280 pounds... Prime Time!! The crowd boos him as he walks down the ramp, he climbs into the ring and onto the turnbuckle. He starts flexing for everyone. He points at Darren and Darren points back. Darren: Ok, cut the music. Nextly...

The Logo is displayed over the Titantron. The entry way fills with fog. The howl plays, then Wolf's Music begins to play

Darren:

From A Log Cabin in Michigan, Weighing at

243 pounds... he likes long walks in the parts and little girls... Wolf!!! Wolf runs down to the ring and slides in.

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He goes face to face with Darren. Wolf starts to laugh then Prime Time attacked him from behind. Source slides in the ring and separates them. Wolf slides out of the ring and grabs the mic from Darren

Wolf:

I just want to make an announcement here. Shadows of Apocalypse... you guys are horrible, I am way better than anyone else on the team, so I quit it!

The Crowd cheers and Wolf gets in the ring to accept the cheers, Prime Time hits Wolf from behind again... Source stopping them again.

Darren: Ok girls, play nice. Lastly...

Hair On a Dog's Back" By Guns N Roses Plays

Darren:

The soon to be Ex-Dream champion, The bringer of twinkies, weighing at a whooping ton,

Jack

"The Shitter"

Harding!

Jack

"The Poser"

Harding, Wolf and Prime Time all stand inside the ring and begin a massive staredown competition. The three continue just standing there staring at one another. The wild and restless crowd begins to boo as they begin throwing objects like food

containers, beer cups, popcorn boxes, torn up signs and paper begin filtering down to the ring. Jack nods his head to Prime Time, who slightly returns the nod. Then, suddenly Harding and Primetime rush Wolf. Wolf sees it coming and drops to the canvas, and thrust punches both men in their family jewels. Then, quickly he rolls out of the way. Jumping to his feet, he grabs both men by the hair, and slams their heads together. The fans go absolutely crazy.

Jerry:

Oh, My

God!!! Did you see what Wolf did!?!?

Don: Dur dur dur, I haven't went anywhere Jerry, dur dur dur!!!

"The Poser" is trying to get up using the turnbuckle, and struggling at best. Wolf looks out on the audience who seem to be getting behind him and howl's like he's "Barking at the Moon". Prime Time gets to his feet and does a rolling pin clutch on the Wolf. Mike Hunter drops to the mat and begins a count. 1... 2... Harding, now on his feet, drops a vicious elbow on Prime Time, breaking the count. Harding then goes for a pin. Mike Hunter counts once again, 1... that's it, Wolf throws Harding off and gets to his feet.

Don:

Now this kind of ass kicking, I can live with.

Ha, ha, ha.

Jerry: That Wolf is fast!

And these three guys are sure proving why they are Main Eventers.

Nightmare: 2000

Now, Prime Time and Wolf grab hands and rushing forward, and executing a double clothesline, knock

Jack Harding up and over the top rope. Harding lands on the floor and don't move. Prime time Signals to Wolf to climb the turn buckle and jump off onto Harding. Wolf nods and climbs the turnbuckle. As soon as he's up on top, Prime Time knocks Wolfs legs out from under him and Wolf too, falls to the floor. The fans are just going crazy with the action inside of the ring.

Jerry: What a back handed thing to do! Did you see th....

Don:

Don't even say it. If Wolf was that blind and couldn't see that coming... well, I just don't know.

Mounting the turnbuckle, Prime Time does a

450 from the top and comes crashing down onto both Wolf and Harding. The fans have been out of their minds screaming at some of the Top Notch action taking place here tonight. And this match has been no different. Prime Time lifts Wolf up by the hair, and Irish Whips him into the steel ring post, but Wolf holds on and reverses it sending Prime Time into the post. Prime Time hits head first and is split open like an over ripe watermelon.

Jerry: A Reversal, damn, Prime Time is opened up like a can of sardines!!!

Don:

He's gonna need some medical attention, I can see that from here!!!

Jack Harding picks up Prime Time and rolls him into the ring. Prime Time goes for the cover, Hunter stars the

count, 1... 2... suddenly at the count of two, someone steps out of the crowd, rushes past security and pulls Mike Hunter out of the ring, stopping the count.

Jerry: What's this, what's this, what's this!?!?!!

Don: Hey! Isn't that Lion!?! What the hell is he doing here!?!

Lion, the damage done, for now, heads over and shakes hands with Darren, who offers him a seat. Jack Harding goes for another pin attempt, but this one gets broken up by Wolf who has re-entered the ring. Harding and Wolf exchange blows back and forth. Prime Time is still down, still bleeding like a stuck pig. Harding and Wolf both use the ropes, bouncing off of them, and catapulting themselves at each other. They hit each other with a running lariat knocking each other down. The fans begin to scream frantically as Wolf crawls over, inch by inch on his way to cover

Prime Time. Wolf covers Prime Time. Again, Mike Hunter starts a count.

1... 2... suddenly, through the ring itself, pops up Source, who quickly grabs Wolf and sending him into the referee. Both Hunter and Wolf are dazed. Source grabs Prime Time and tosses him out of the ring. He begins beating on him.

Jerry: Tonight, these fans are getting there money's worth, that's for damn sure.

Don: Hey! Somebody has got to do something here!!!

Lion: I'll sure as hell do something!!!

Lion gets back up and returns to the ring. Then, Lion helps Source dismantle Prime Time. Lion heads back once again and sits with

Darren, who shares a good laugh. Mike Hunter gets up, still a bit dazed, and sees Prime Time on the ground. He stops the fight. 1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6... 7... Prime Time struggles to get to his feet. 8... 9... 10!!!

Nightmare: 2000

Jerry: Prime Time is outta there!!!

Don: Hey! That wasn't fair!?!

Prime Time glares at Wolf and Harding, still fighting inside the ring.

He shakes his head in disbelief and heads up the steel ramp. As he nears the top, Andy Sweeney rolls out in a wheel chair. Prime Time looks at him and chuckles.

Then, he heads up the ramp.

As soon as he walks past, Sweeney stands up out of the chair and follows him a few steps up the ramp.

Prime

Time, feeling something, stops and slowly turns around. As he turns around, he finds himself face to face, eye to eye, with Sweeney. Andy reaches back and comes at Prime Time with a fist to the face. PrimeTime stumbles back and Andy charges him and tackles him to the ground. He pummels him repeatedly in the face. Andy stands up and picks up a chair that was leaning against the wall. PrimeTime starts to stumble to his feet, but Andy NAILS Primetime in the head sending him back down to the cold cement. He sets the chair up and picks PrimeTime up. Andy Irish Whips him to the wall. PrimeTime collides with the wall and sees his chance. He charges back at Andy, but Andy belly to belly suplexes PrimeTime onto the chair forcing the chair to snap in half and PrimeTime to slide against the wall and stay there in a limp fashion... Andy starts to talking into the camera that has caught this on tape.

Andy: Today is the Superstar's return. Today I am making a challenge. I have been in the DWF for a year at Superclash and have never gotten a chance in the middle of the ring for that title. So, at Superclash I am making a challenge to the winner of this match, for that gold around his waist... I know he has the balls to accept my challenge, hes the Dream Champion right? Its my time at Superclash. I been here a year and it wont be for nothing.

Andy walks away from the scene. Source runs out there and gives a few shots to Prime Time! He then grabbed his hair... and threw him off the 15 foot ramp edge!

JW: That's insane!!

Meanwhile, back at ringside, Darren gets up and walks to the ring. He grabs a microphone and starts to talk.

Darren: I heard what you two were saying, and I can hear what these fans what done here. And because I'm in a very good mood, I'm letting Source here, replace Prime Time.

Source hits the ring and begins hitting everybody. Source knocks Wolf down and goes for a cover. Hunter goes for a fast count, but,

Wolf rolls his shoulder. Harding runs over for the save. As soon as Wolf gets up, Wolf and Harding turn towards Source. They start to move towards him. Harding grabs Source and Wolf kicks Harding in the side of the

knee, taking him off his feet. Harding grabs at his knee, as Wolf and Source beat the living hell out of him.

Jerry: Tonight, has been one hell of a night!

Don: It sure as hell has been!!!

Source and Wolf start to work together on Jack Harding as they remember about his injury to his neck at the hands of Cro. They set Jack up on a table in front of the Dreamatron while Source holds Jack down on the Table, Wolf climbs the Dreamatron. Wolf lands on

Jack's neck causing him to flip from the impact. Jack goes soaring over the 15 foot ramp edge.

JW: That's Insane!! And he just missed Prime Time

DON: I think Jack might be injured... and badly. The crowd doesn't know what to think about that and neither do I!

Nightmare: 2000

Wolf runs to see Jack over the edge and Source grabs Wolf and rams his head into the Dreamatron. Source climbs down to where Jack is. Mike Hunter grabs the mic beside ringside

Mike Hunter:

This match is a falls count anywhere match... now

Mike Hunter jogs down to where Jack Harding and Prime Time fell off. He gets down there and finds Source. Source puts his foot on the Dream Champ, Jack Harding... the pin.

1... 2...3! Harding is injured badly and been eliminated.

Jerry: Unbelievable!!

Don: What in god's name is going on around here tonight?

Wolf is split open, and Hunter steps in to see if he's alright. Wolf tells Hunter he can continue and they begin brawling in the center of the ring. Wolf, having had enough, kicks Source between the legs. Source slows down a lot, but it doesn't stop him. He goes to one knee then gets up. Wolf runs a drop kicks him, he loses some of his balance, Wolf runs at him again... grabbing his heels and he hits the ground hard!! Wolf jumps ontop of him and feeds him punches to his face! Source throws him off and begins to get up. Wolf quickly retaliates and gives Source a dropkick as Source was on his knees!! Wolf jumps over him and rams his head into the steel aisle!!

JW: The Crowd is really going wild for this one!!

Jerry: Come on Wolf!! You can do it!

Wolf does a leg drop, hauls Source up... and gives him...

Don: Piledriver on the steel Aisle!! That could put Source out for good!

Wolf covers!

JW: Mike Hunter just got out of the ring... he is making his way there, but using his sweet time!!!

Jerry: Finally Mike Hunter gets there... he begins the pin! 1!..... 2!.....

Don: THRE... kick out!! How is Wolf suppose to win! The ambulance attendants are taking Prime Time and Jack Harding away from ringside and to the hospital. I hope those two are alright.

Wolf goes face to face with Mike Hunter and starts yelling in his face! Source slowly gets up from behind him. Wolf turns around and sees Source running at him!

Jerry: Duck Wolf Duck!

Wolf ducks, swings Source around, kick to the mid section and DDT!!

Don: And on steel! Wolf probably watched himself do that move since he is so close to the Dreamatron, almost under it now.

Wolf gets up from the DDT, he sees Mike Hunter... Kicks him in the stomach... DDT!!

JW: OH! The Ref is out, but when he called this match a Falls Count Anywhere... it's a brawl!

Wolf gets up and punches Source a couple more times. He waves for a reff!

Jerry: He needs a reff!

Jerry gets up, and takes off his suit... He has a reff uniform underneath it!! Jerry goes running to Wolf. Wolf sees him and pins Source!

JW: The Pin! 1... 2... Kick out!! Aw dammit! That was so close!

Wolf gets up and kicks at Source. He picks Source up, and climbs the Dream A Tron a bit with him! He Pulls him up to the first barrier at the bottom of the Dreamatron.

Don: Wolf is setting up Source for the Wolf bite!!!

Wolf has it set up! Mike Hunter sees this and gives Jerry a low blow! He runs up and grabs Source's foot and they fall down and off the dreamatron!

Nightmare: 2000

Wolf was at the bottom of the fall, Source on the top! Mike Hunter does the pin! 1... 2... KICK OUT!!!

JW: I can't believe Wolf kicked out!

Don: Jerry just rolled to the ring and he is crawling to us.

Source gets up and throws Wolf down the ramp... Wolf rolls to the bottom of it and touches the ring. Source and Hunter make it to him. Source tosses Wolf in the ring and Hunter slides in. Source gets in and Wolf kicks his left foot out and hits Source's groin area! Wolf rolls up and gives Source another DDT!! Wolf jumps up and goes to the top rope! Flying Headbut!

JW: Connection! And welcome back Jerry!

Wolf pins! 1..... 2..... kick out!

Jerry: What the hell! Hunter doesn't know how to reff!

Wolf goes to the top rope again!

Don: Darren gets up and runs to the ring!

Darren hits Wolf's foot and Wolf hits the ground hard! Source gets on his hands and knees and crawls to Darren. Darren hands Source a roll of silver dollars! Source gets up... Wolf gets up. Source cracks the roll over Wolf's head!!

JW: Wolf is out and bleeding even more!!

Source looks for Wolf, finds him, crawls to him and just lays on him for the pin!!!

Don, JW, Jerry: 1!.... 2!.... KICK OUT!!!! WOLF KICKED OUT!!!

Don: How the hell did he kick out!

Jerry: I guess he just wants this title so damn badly!

Source gets up slowly and Wolf rolls to his side to the ropes. Source grabs Wolf's foot and pulls him to the middle of the ring.

JW: He is calling for the Apocalypse!

Don: For all you people out there who never watched Source before, that's his version of a Sharpshooter!

Jerry: Hmm... that reminds me, shouldn't the Shadows of Apocaylpse be out here helping Wolf?

Source puts on the Apocalypse!

Jerry: Wolf is hurting badly!

Wolf, almost screaming in pain pulls himself towards the ropes. And again he concentrates on not feeling the pain and moves closer! Only a couple more strides and he's at the ropes. He does another! And another!! He reaches for the ropes and doesn't touch anything! Wolf looks up and Lion is holding the bottom rope back! Darren from outside the ring hits Wolf's head with a chair!!

JW: What the hell!

Source pulls himself to the middle of the ring again. Wolf is out! Mike Hunter grabs Wolf's wrist... picks it up and drops it, it hits the mat. 1!! Mike Hunter picks it up and drops it, it hits the mat again!! 2!!

Don: Talk about suspense!

Mike Hunter picks up Wolf's wrist one more time.... He drops it... Right before it hits the mat Wolf stops it!!

Mike Hunter kicks Wolf's face and Wolf's wrist hits the ground!! Hunter signals for the bell!

DING DING DING!

Darren gets on the mic

Darren: Your winner, and the NEW DREAM CHAMPION... SOURCE!!!!

Jerry: NNOOOOO!!!!

JW: We have a new Dream Champion!!! I think it's great!!

Nightmare: 2000

Don: Great!?! We all just got screwed!!!

Jerry: Wolf Would have kicked out if stupid Hunter never interfered!

Darren gets on the mic

Darren:

Now, I would like to announce our nice new stable

here! I, the Owner will be the manager. The members will be Mike Hunter,

Source, Lion and leasly... Prime Time.

Darren throws down the mic and this new stables leaves ringside with the unconscious Wolf is laying in the ring. A couple ambulance Attendants go to aid Wolf.

JW: Dur Dur Dur... until next time! KEEP WRESTLE'N KEEP F'N AND KEEP DWF'N

0 g5 w5 F

f g &h uh

5 OJ QJ

6 OJ QJ]

J! h