

Tuesday Night Insomnia: III

August 25, 2009 | Chevrolet Centre - Youngstown, Ohio

III

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Tuesday Night Insomnia III

25 Aug 2009

Chevrolet Centre,

Youngstown, Ohio (seats 6,000)

One Good Turn

"

levelone" Pyro explodes from the entrance way of the Chevrolet Center in Youngstown, Ohio, as the sold out crowd for the third official edition of Tuesday Night Insomnia begins its weekly broadcast. The fans are in a frenzy tonight, screaming and up out of their seats they wave signs and hold up t-shirts throughout the crowd.

"Get Well, Tessa" signs especially litter the arena, along with various "T-Money's Getting Bull-DOOZED" and otherwise derogatory statements towards some of the most hated wrestlers in the company. A wide shot pans over the crowd, taking in some of the fans, before the camera finally centers on the ring. Suddenly, the lights in the arena begin to dim. The fans are immediately thrown into a frenzy of boos as "Yes Please" by Muse begins to rock the brand new sound system on the Insomnia set, and from the entrance way emerges the most despicable man in professional wrestling today. Women's and Tag Title over each shoulder, 'The Mike Effect' Mike Polowy steps through the curtain, a fact that seems to bother the crowd even more since he was not even scheduled to appear on the show tonight. There is a large bandage on his forehead, along with one on his forearm, and a large bruise is prominent on the side of his face. Polowy runs a hand down his well pressed black dress shirt, admiring himself for a moment as he brushes some dust off his preppy looking pre-destroyed jeans. MPlow makes his way slowly but surely down the ramp, stopping to roll under the ropes and into the ring. He receives a microphone from the timekeeper, and paces the ring for a moment while he waits for the crowd to settle down. Instead of quieting down, however, a chant of "YOU GOT FUCKED UP!" followed by five claps gets started from back of the arena, until eventually the entire crowd has gotten involved. In the production truck, the DREAM team manages to eventually start bleeping out the curse word, but the live crowd has once again managed to piss off the censors.

"Freaks in the cheap seats, pipe down!"

Polowy hollers, the irritation in his voice not exactly subtle. Strange for a man who prides himself on playing it cool.

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"I've got a few things that need to be addressed here tonight."

The logic behind getting a crowd full of people who hate you to quiet down by insulting them is flawed, at best, and the chant only gets louder. Polowy rolls his eyes, crossing his arms as he stands in the center of the ring, and eventually the chants do subside enough for him to continue his tirade in the making.

"First off,"

MPlow continues, unabashed.

"I'd like to address Lora KirK, who has been anti-climatically crowned the number one contender to my DWF Women's Championship. I'd like to apologize to Lora, because as much as I was looking forward to tearing her vagina in half like a phone book tonight, the doctor's of the Dream Wrestling Federation have informed me that I cannot compete again until next week. My medical clearance is of the utmost importance, and after being viciously attacked on

Sunday night by McGillah Gorilla and her team of menstruating Marys at WWR's Completely Deranged... a match I walked out of STILL undefeated, I might add... the doctors have informed me that I sustained enough wear and tear on my body to keep me on the inactive list for the

week." As he says this, he gestures toward the bandages on his head and forearms, curling his eyebrows and lips into a mocking sad face.

"That being said," he presses on. "Assuming you hold onto that number one contender's slot one more night, Lora? I can assure you that next week, you can join the list of women who have fallen short in their quest to avoid my size elevens and their dreams of becoming DWF Women's Champion."

He chuckles, a hint of sadistic intent in his voice as he clears his throat.

"But now on to the most important reason I'm out here tonight..."

MPlow straightens up, the smile leaving his face quickly.

"I'm out here tonight because last week, our beloved Insomnia commissioner thought it appropriate to send me on a wild goose chase that ended in having a...

man's penis thrust inches away from my face." The crowd goes nuts, laughing and even getting a small "YOU'RE A HOMO" chant started amongst the minority of the crowd. Polowy does NOT look amused.

"Yeah, laugh it up."

MPlow grunts, shuddering.

"Cause you see, I'm a man who can appreciate a good joke. And last week? Well, that was a pretty good joke. I spent the last week thinking about it. And thinking about it. And thinking about it... just trying to come up with a way to repay my buddy Crimson for what he did to me last week. And this afternoon, it finally came to me. I thought, Crimson, that since you got to play such a funny joke on me last week, that this week I'd

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offer you up an even better joke, free of charge.

So if it wouldn't be too much trouble, I think you should come down here right now and listen to my awesome, funny joke." He lowers the microphone, waiting for the opening riffs to Crimson's theme music. However, not only is there no theme music, but the entranceway remains pretty much barren. He waits about ten more seconds, before shaking his head.

"Alright,"

MPlow muses, shrugging his shoulders.

"I guess I can understand your apprehension. Maybe my joke isn't going to be that funny, you're probably thinking, right? Well let me start out with a preview joke, of sorts. This is one of my favorites. What do you call a DWF commissioner who gets fired after his third show because he got slapped with a sexual harassment lawsuit for setting up a glory hole in the women's bathroom? I'm sure you can guess the punchline, so I'm suggesting you get your ass down here before I get an itchy trigger finger and speed dial my attorney."

As if on cue, by the Deftones hits the PA system as Commissioner Tommy Crimson makes his way down the ramp. He looks apprehensive, but unintimidated, as he climbs the ring steps and gets into the ring, his own microphone already in hand.

"That's more like it, Tommy."

MPlow smiles, showing some teeth.

"I'm glad you saw things my way." "Sorry, ManPlow,"
Crimson begins, to a huge pop from the crowd.

"I guess I just didn't recognize you without a giant c[bleep]k in front of your face."

The crowd erupts into cheers again, while MPlow tries to keep his composure.

"God, that's soooo funny."

Polowy laughs, mockingly.

"You should really consider being a comedian, Tommy. But I have a joke for you, and I really think it's going to blow you out of the water. I mean, you'll be telling this one around the water cooler for years, I promise."

As he speaks, there is an outcry of booing from the crowd. The source becomes evident immediately, as from either end of the crowd, both DWF World Champion Level One and DWF Tag Champion Jak Nemesis climb over the guardrails. Tommy Crimson doesn't even notice Polowy's teammates roll under the ropes, stealthily making their way into the ring and creeping up behind the DWF commissioner.

"Alright, Tommy."

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He chuckles, trying to maintain his cool.

"Here it is. You ready for it? So there's this guy... we'll call him MPlow, for the sake of the joke. Following me?

This guy, MPlow...

he's standing on the phone talking to his boss. We'll call his boss William Peters, once again, you know, for the sake of the joke. And while he's talking to his boss, he expresses some interest in wanting to move up in the company... maybe even running his own show.

Of course, Mr. Peters has no openings for someone to run a show, he tells MPlow... and so MPlow makes a little suggestion. He says to his boss... 'Bill, how about you let me run Insomnia?' Well Peters thinks about, and he says 'Well, Tommy Crimson seems to be doing a great job. I don't think so...' And so MPlow... you ready for this? God, this is really hilarious. MPlow asks Peters... 'What if Tommy Crimson got sick? Or if he was injured? Do you think you'd let me run Insomnia if Tommy Crimson was physically unable?' And do you know what Peters says, Tommy?" "What in the hell are you..."

Crimson begins, only to be cut off.

From behind him, Level One and Jak Nemesis take a lumbering step forward, practically breathing on him.

"Don't interrupt me, Tommy."

MPlow looks down at him sternly, shaking his head.

"This is the best part. Here's the... punchline... Mr. Peters? He says... yes."

Immediately, Level-One and Nemesis spring into action, knocking Crimson to his knees with a vicious double clothesline from behind. Before Tommy can lift himself back up, each of Polowy's goon squad grabs one of his arms, violently holding him into place down on his knees as Polowy paces around in front of him, the smile leaving his face.

"You think you're pretty f[bleeping]ing funny, don't you Tommy?"

MPlow sneers, his tone turning hostile.

"Walking into this company and taking a huge dump all over guys like me and Level-One to try and remake the name for yourself that people stopped caring about the second that shitbox little promotion you used to run went under. You make me sick, Tommy."

He reaches forward, slapping Crimson across the mouth with a stiff open hand. With no ability to recoil after the slap, his neck simply cranks hard to one side, and even Nemesis and Level-One wince instinctively.

"But I'm a good humored man, Tommy."

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He continues, his voice lightening a bit.

"I've even got a few more jokes for you. They're real zingers. What do you call a man with no future who runs his mouth too hard and gets his teeth kicked in on national television? Or even better... what do you call a talentless hack commissioner who's going to be taken out of here on a stretcher tonight? Don't go guessing yet, cause there's a third. What do you call a guy who's gonna learn some f[bleep]ing manners before he decides to play a funny little prank on his most talented employee? Do you know, buddy?"

He leans in really close, ignoring as Level One and Nemesis both scoff a little bit at being called less talented than their third partner. MPlow gets right into the commissioner's face, but instead of answering, Crimson simply clears his throat, hawking a huge wad of spit into the face of his captor. The crowd goes nuts, but Polowy barely even looks angry, simply wiping the spit from his face.

"It's you, Tommy."

Polowy finally answers, rhetorically.

"Enjoy your vacation."

Polowy snaps his fingers, and on cue

Level One and Nemesis lift Crimson to his feet. Not missing a beat, Polowy drops down out of the ring, reaching under the apron for something. When he emerges, the crowd is whipped into a frenzy as they see the object he has procured. In one hand, he holds a roll of duct tape. In the other? A small metal weight. He rolls back into the ring, kneeling down long enough to tape the weight to the center of his right shoe. Tommy begins to panic, struggling against the weight of the two men holding him in place, but he's helpless against their restraint. MPlow takes a few steps backward, licking his finger and holding it in the air to 'judge for the wind'. Finally, he rears back, charging forward and swinging his right leg in front of him, kicking Tommy Crimson as hard as he can square in the testicles. Immediately, the Insomnia commissioner buckles, collapsing as his face goes white, but Jak and Level-One don't let him go. He remains slumped in their arms as Polowy removes the weight, booting Crimson in the stomach and securing hitting The Mike Effect, watching with a sneer as Crimson lies face down on the mat, unconscious beyond belief.

"This has been a special message, brought to you in part by the FCC, Tommy."

He laughs, spitting on the fallen body of his boss as EMTs sprint towards the ring to help.

"I know you'll never watch your language, but maybe when you get back, you'll watch your god damned mouth."

He delivers a snap kick to the side of his employer's head, chuckling. MPlow drops to his back, rolling out of the ring along with Jak and Level One. The three men make their way slowly up the ramp, watching with glee as the Insomnia commissioner is loaded onto a stretcher and the show cuts to commercial.....

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William Avery vs blue phoenix

"

williamavery" Returning from Commercial break, we see

Commish Crimson being pushed out of the arena as Insomnia Online Reporter, Dave Skaggs catches him briefly before he is put into the ambulance.

Skaggs: Crimson, what do you have to say about Polowy possibly taking over your show, now that he has taken you out?!?!? Crimson: Ugh argh... Skaggs:

Sir, I am so sorry this happened. Folks what will be the implications of what has happened to our fallen commish here

tonight? Will Dream actually let Mike Polowy take over Insomnia now? What will happen now? Back to you Sin, and Capps.... Sin: Thank you Skaggs! Welcome back to Insomnia, everyone.

Tonight has already been crazy, Capps. To start the night off Polowy came to the ring and called out Crimson. Then

he, Level One, and Jak Nemesis proceeded to beat the hell out of him. It was a vicious attack and he was carted out of here on a stretcher and once we have an update on his condition we will update you. Capps: Ah Crimson, learned a lesson, Sin. I hate to say it but when you f

k with those guys man, they don

t take the christian approach to it. Turn the other cheek so to say. Sin: Either way he is the boss and im sure when he gets back hell will be to pay. The first match of the night is about to start, right now! William Avery is the ring already awaiting the arrival of the Blue Phoenix! by Prodigy hits the arena and the crowd gives a mixed reaction. The Blue Phoenix runs to the ring, sliding in and the two start throwing punches. The referee rings the bell as Phoenix throws Avery into the corner turnbuckle. Suddenly Phoenix grabs the referee and throws him into the same corner, sandwiching Avery! Sin:

Jesus, Phoenix has lost

it! Now the referee is down! Phoenix slides out of the ring, as

Avery is getting slowly back to his feet. Phoenix picks up a chair as Avery is using the ropes to get back up, Phoenix bashes him in the head with the chair. He throws the chair in the ring and slides back

in, going straight after Avery. Before he picks Avery back up, he unfolds the chair and sits it in the middle of the ring. Avery, now on his knee

s is brought to his feet by Phoenix. Avery is thrown into the ropes, and then tripped by Phoenix, face first into the chair.

Looking over, Phoenix notices the referee coming

to, and kicks the chair out of the ring, and hits the ropes getting a running toe punt on Avery! Avery holds his ribs in pain while Phoenix circles ready to attack again... Capps: Haha, he has completely dominated Avery this match. Jesus, he has used that chair to destroy Avery. Sin: The referee has been knocked out, and is still having trouble getting to his feet.

When he hit Avery at first, I believe he hit his elbow because he was knocked out. The Blue Phoenix is on top of his game tonight for sure. Phoenix has Cross Arm Breaker on

Avery, but he refuses to tap. The referee now watching to see if Avery will tap. Phoenix continues to apply pressure, more and more. Finally Avery somehow manages to grab the ropes and the referee breaks the two up. Avery makes it to his feet for the first time in the match without Phoenix on top of him. Phoenix drop kicks him however, and sends him back to the mat hard. Phoenix begins to stomp on Avery as he turns over he is now bleeding from the chairshots earlier. The referee stops Phoenix and rushes in to make sure Avery is

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okay, and he nods and smiles at Phoenix with the blood trickling down his face. Phoenix grabs Avery by the back of his head and smashes it into his knee. Wiping the smile off his face, then Phoenix drags him to the middle of the ring. He applies THE CHICKEN CLUTCH! The two men are now both getting bloody from Avery being opened up. The referee gets on the mat to watch Avery. He raises his arm, and no movement. The referee does it once more and still nothing. He drops his arm a third time, and still nothing. The referee calls for the bell and attempts to get The Blue Phoenix to release the hold, and he refuses! After a few more seconds he releases the hold, and the referee and raises his hand high as the victor! Capps: Avery was completely dominated in this match. I mean Phoenix was all over him from the beginning to end. Awesome showing! Sin: Yeah he embarrassed Avery, he came to play, and Avery's game face wasn't on. We'll be right back after paying some bills.

Doozer's answer... Interrupted?

"cancerjiles" "When you walked, through the door, it was cleeee-ar to me re the one, they adore, who they caaa-ame, to see The crowd absolutely erupts! The words echo throughout the arena as We Made You by Eminem hits Slaughter's sound system. DREAM Wrestling's Doozer steps out and stands on top of the ramp. He's wearing his Superman T-shirt and Red Sox cap, as usual.

"Well there he is, folks Dream Wrestling's only active Hall of Famer, Doozer. If he wasn't holding that microphone in his right hand I'd say he looks ready to wrestle, right now." Doozer holds the mic up to his mouth.

"How's it goin' The crowd pops again. It's going well, now.

"You guys wanna do me a favor?"

A resounding bellows from around the stands.

"Then tell me this The Man?" Capps interjects, "He sure has a connection with the fans

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He always has
The Myth?" "YOUUU!!!!"

Doozer stands still for a moment, looking confused.

"So, who's
The Legend?

"YOUUUUUU!!!!"

A smile stretching from ear to ear, Doozer lowers the microphone from his face and walks over to the right end of the ramp, to address the other half of the crowd.

"Then
s The Dooze?" "YOUUUUUUUUU!!!!!!!!!"

The sound of that response couldn't be matched. Capps describes it perfectly, "I swear this crowd just shook the entire complex with that answer! This is amazing! I haven't seen such support for a wrestler since Well, since I used to watch Doozer fight in Dream Wrestling over eight years ago!" "I was hoping to say that. See, The Dooze has an important decision to make..." The DREAM star paces back and forth, atop the rampway.

"To T-Willy or not to T-Willy?... That is the question." He smiles wide and chuckles for a quick moment. Capps commentates, "I think Doozer's referring to the proposal from Travis Williams... When Williams walked out at the end of their elimination match at WWR and asked The Dooze to join himself and Cancer Jiles... How could it even be a question after Doozer beat down Travis yesterday night on Slaughter?... But we also saw yesterday night that Doozer's manager, The Dude, already has quite the Soft-side, if you will, for Mr. Cool I wonder if that plays any effect in Doozer's decision?" "I just want to make sure that, no matter what happens from here on out No matter who I seem to help, or hurt That you all know who I am You all know that I am The-" The DREAM legend is cut off by the crowd, "DOOOOOZE!"

He nods his head, reassured.

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"So, T-Willy

Mr. Williams... My answer is this

I MIGHT help you and Jiles out."

Completely shocked, Capps

comments, "That is

Wow... DREAM is unpredictable these days! Doozer JUST attacked Williams on Slaughter!" Doozer continues, "I have stipulations

I will not call Jiles anything but that. I will not refer to his first name. It's not right. I will not call him Mr. Cool.

He

s not that cool

The crowd applauds in agreement.

"And

I will call you, Travis Williams

T-Willy

For as long as I wish." The crowd pops, again. Apparently, they enjoy the new nickname.

"It

s the

Tragic Trifecta, I guess

Although the word tragic makes it seem like we are some

estrogen-infected, EMO band

It work on it... Keep cool." Another insane pop from the crowd as

We Made You

by Eminem blasts through the system. Capps announces, "Is Doozer really teaming with Travis Williams and Cancer Jiles?! This is completely insane!

I wouldn

t be thrilled if I was Level One, Mike

Polowy, or Jak Nemesis right now!" As Doozer is about to head backstage...

Bad to the Bone

hits the PA System. The crowd all ready on their feet turns it's attention back to the entrance way. Then the customary booing and taunting of Cool Cancer Jiles follows as he struts out of the guerrilla position over towards Doozer. A smile comes across The Dooze

s face as CCJ finalizes his approach. I guess now was the time to make his presence known. Can't call Mr. Cool not COOL and get away with it... well not in public. Cancer stands there, keeping a safe distance looking over at The Dooze. The two have a three-second stare down, eyeing the other one up. Wondering... What if? Doozer extends the first olive branch when he decides to step up even closer to Caner Jiles; not much space separates the two. Now both men stand face to face, atop the ramp. CCJ first to pull away begins walking around the rampway... circling Doozer as the roar of the fans has started to subside. He stops, standing a few feet from Doozer and INFORMS...

"Hey, I don't know if you got the memo... DOOZE."

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The crowd boo's; knowing that they aren't going to like what Cancer has to say next.

"But, I'm the only guy around here that is allowed... that has the PRIVILEGE of being called Mr. Cool."

Doozer, a bit confused, tries to respond, but CCJ quickly raises his hand up and continues to bring the Hall of Famer up to speed.

"I have earned it, and you will call me it. Damn it, because if you don't... well then Mr. Cool, is going to turn into Mr. ANGRY!"

Doozer shutters, as if he just got a chill...

"Oh... I'm so scared..."

He hesitates, then looks around to the crowd to build anticipation. Doozer turns back, an inch from CCJ's face, and yells, "JILES!"

Cancer shoves The Dooze back, then hastily removes his Mr. Cool t-shirt, and then very carefully his brand NEW shades. He steps up even closer to Doozy's face. The two men... nose to nose.

"DOOZER... The legend, the blah, the blah, the whatever you have these people here convinced you are... YOU will respect my wishes. I am Mr. Cool. I told the whole world last night that I get to do whatever the fuck I want to do... that also applies to our little friendship as well." Red is the color of the legend's face, staring right back into Cancer's eyes.

"You think you can talk to me like that, Jiles? Deal's broken. I don't need you two. Did you see what I did to your big buddy last night? I'll Dooze and Abuse the both of you. Have fun answering to T-Willy about how you killed this, Cancer." Doozer drops his microphone and finally leaves.

"We Made You" by Eminem kicks in a little late. Cancer Jiles wears a worried look on his face as he stands there in shock. He too then heads backstage. Cappss ends it with, "What a chain of events. For a brief moment it looked like the strongest alliance to embrace DREAM Wrestling was about to be formed, but then disintegrated, in front of our eyes, because of a clash of egos... I don't know, folks. Looks like nothing will be able to stand up against Level-One, Polowy, and Nemesis." "Let The Revolution Begin" [We cut backstage and find "Canadian Gold"

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Tina Davis and with her tonight are two friends that she seems eager to introduce them to us, but the first individual beats her to it...] Man - Evening wrestling fans! The name is Joshua Curtis and I'm one of the associates to Ms. Davis here. To my left is her girlfriend of now 10 years and her name is Juri, but we like to call her the "Beautiful Leopard" for reasons that I assure you will be come readily apparent as we get better acquainted Joshua Curtis - Now...you may be asking yourself "Who the [BLEEP] are you and why should we care?"

Perfectly valid questions and honestly the best I can give you is this: I am the man many people know as the "Manager of Champions" and these two ladies here have at one point or another held a title in a promotion with me behind them. Why are we here? Well Tina's here because she's under contract and we hear she's been struggling. I came after getting a phone call from Juri telling me that Tina's been in a bit of a depression as of late and she felt I could help her. I'm going to do my best and she will be speaking in a minute, but first I gotta address the so-called "Women's Champion"

Mike Pollock or some crap like that! Mike I've been in this business a long time and have done and pulled a lot of crap and gotten yanked from companies because of it. What I've NEVER heard of is the fact that a guy stooped to the level of actually competing in a women's division and winning their belt! YOU my friend have officially disgraced this company, this industry and more importantly your CAREER!!! How important to you is it to walk around and say that you hold a title that a 5 foot something, buck 40 pound woman should be holding? Really kid who the [BLEEP] put you up to that? Do you get off on it? A little light in the boots? What is it? Here's what you need to know Mike: Soon...very soon your life in this company is going to become hell! I will promise you that one way or the other WE will make sure you no longer have that belt and if you lose it to Tina great, but our sole mission right now is to make your life ABSOLUTELY MISERABLE until you drop the belt and if we can add a bonus and put you out then super...Tina tell the ladies you got tonight what they can expect [As Joshua walks off camera Tina comes forward and begins to speak...] Tina Davis - Ladies tonight you are about to find out what its like when you are in the ring with a member of "The Revolution".

"Lady America"

I've never heard of you so I can't speak about you too much, but Lora I commend you for beating me the first time and I wholeheartedly congratulate you. The problem is its not as clear cut to the Women's title match as you think as tonight you have to beat me and Lady America in a triple threat for your contender spot. Simply put my dear good luck because I've only one gear and that's straight ahead and I hope do your best to keep the title shot and may the best woman win!

Lady America vs. Lora Kirk

vs Tina Davis

"

lorakirk" Sin: Tina Davis has made her statement clear. Now she has to prove because its time for our second match of the night. She is the first to make her way to the ring tonight and looks ready to prove her statements true, here tonight! Capps:

Yeah I love this part, We have the sexiest women in wrestling if you ask me. I wonder if Lora Kirk is any kin to Captain

Kirk? Sin: Who?! What? Capps: You know Captain Kirk, like from Star Trek?? The patriotic tune by Bruce

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Springsteen, "Born in the USA" pipes up from the loud speakers shaking the rafters. The crowd is on their feet! Bell: Ding! Ding! Ding! 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. Lady America and Davis immediately begin to brawl in the ring before Kirk has even got to the ring. The crowd has mixed reactions as "Closer to Home"

Matthew Harwood hits and Lora Kirk runs to the ring. She slides in and Davis swings at her, and she ducks. Missing Kirk she hits Lady America knocking her to the mat. Kirk hits Davis with a double axe handle, and slings her into the ropes, on the recoil she is hit with a drop kick. Kirk jumps to her feet still breathing heavy. Lady America comes from behind her and brings her down with swift kick to the knee. Kirk falls on her stomach and America grabs her ankle and applies an ankle lock!! Capps: Whoo these b

ches can FIGHT! Sin:

Yeah there
s a fine. Young Ladies, Capps...Young Ladies... The referee is watching for a tap from Kirk as Davis creeps up from behind and using Lady America

s shoulders throws her to the mat. Kirk rolls out of the ring to recover as Davis now ontop of Lady America begins to choke her. The referee is breaking the move up as Davis hears someone whistle and looks up. Just as she

does, Kirk dives off the top turnbuckle with a shoulder BLOCK! Sin:

Jesus, Kirk is a great wrestler. She may be one of the best in the women
s division.

Capps: That

s the number one contender to Polowy

s title. She has to win this match to get to Polowy! Sin: What a pansy... Capps: Who? Kirk? I think she
s a hottie, just look at that ass... Sin:

Shut up Capps, I was talking about MPlow. All three of the women are now on the mat. Lady America crawls over to Davis and pins...

1.....2.....KIRK BREAKS IT UP! Sin: That was Close! Capps: No Doubt! Kirk, using Lady America
s hair brings her to her feet. Over the shoulder back breaker! Kirk drops America on the mat, and turns to a spear from DAVIS! Davis falls to the mat still trying to catch her breath from the top rope attack from Kirk. She goes for a pin but Kirk rolls her up and holds on to the ropes just out of the ref

s view... 1.....2....Referee breaks the pin seeing Kirk holding on to the ropes. Lady America takes Kirk by her hair now, and pushes her on the ropes using the ropes to choke her. The referee tries to break the hold, but Davis bulldogs Lady America into the ropes causing her to hit her throat on the ropes, and this sends Davis over the ropes and onto the outside of the ring. Kirk, and Lady America both fall on the mat holding
they

re throats attempting to catch they

re breath! Capps: Did you see how hard Davis hit that fan barrier?! Sin: Yeah the medics are coming to

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check on her right now. She may have hurt herself bad there, but that was one of coolest bulldogs I have ever seen. The medics come to check on Davis while the two women in the ring are getting back to their feet. The medics call for a stretcher and Lady America watches and concerned about Davis while behind her Kirk lays in wait. Lady America turns and receives a SPEAR! Knocking the air she just regained back out of her! Kirk goes for a pin, and as the referee gets to one and a half she lifts America's head up off the mat. She lifts her up and then up into air for a backbreaker! The crowd screaming "America! America!", trying to get Lady America to get back into the match. Kirk climbs the top turnbuckle and dives off hitting a frog splash on Lady America and roll

her up! 1.....2.....KICKOUT! Kirk jumps to her feet and begins to argue with referee about the count. Holding three fingers up right in his face, demanding he count correctly. She folds to of the fingers down, leaving just her middle finger flying in his face. The ref warns her as she turns around Lady America throws a punch hitting her in the face, knocking her on the mat. America follows up by getting on top of her and smacking her open hand in the face over and over. The referee pulls her off, after counting to three. She shrugs the ref off and goes over to Kirk and picks her up by her hair, and Kirk lowblows her. She just smiles at Kirk, then Kirk gauges her eyes and smiles as she lets go to rub them from the pain. As she turns Kirk gets a Gorilla Press off on her. Lady America surprisingly is jumps back up using the crowd to push her on. She is met by a hip toss by Lora and that is followed by LORA

SEMBRACE!!! 1.....2.....3!!!!!!! The referee counts to three, and Lora jumps to her feet to mixed reactions from the crowd. Lady America just covers her face in defeat missing her chance at Polowy's title. Lora kicks Lady America as she exits the ring, and smiles as she passes the medics as they push Davis out of the arena on a stretcher. Capps: That was a great match. One of the young ladies is off to the hospital and Lora keeps her number one contendership. She is one mean bitch. Sin: I couldn't agree more, she took the best these two women had and still won the match. She may not be able to be stopped. Then again Polowy is looking like an unstoppable force as well. That could make a great match and Kirk being the size she is actually more fair than Polowy

as more recent matches in this division. We will be back after a word from our sponsors!

Our Main Event is coming up and the winner of that match will become next in line for a shot at Anarchy Champion, Travis

Williams! Capps: Stay Tuned! You suck if you change the channel after what you have seen so far, tonight!

"Im Level 13!"-Busta Capps

Time's Up!

"

tmoney" Doozer walks backstage passing by different people. Out of know where he is attack by T-Money. Money spears him to the ground and starts landing a series of punches. Capps: T-Money just attacked Doozer in the back! All hell has broken loose!

"Fight! Fight!"

Some in the crowd of people yell out. Doozer rolls over ontop of Money and begins to ground and pound as Money tries to fight his way out of it. Money grabs Doozers arms and rolls him on his side as both men exchange blows. Referee's and officials show up and try to get in between the two men. Sin: Let 'em fight!

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Fuck it, I want to see some blood! Officials finally get in between Doozer and T-Money as both men try and run at each other again. T-Money gets free and Doozer gets free at the same time as both men clash like two bulls. They exchange right and lefts, as spit and blood start to fly. Officials are able to regain control. Capps: Control has been re-taken, but only god knows for how long. Money and Doozer both have blood running from their noses and neither man loses eye contact with the other as officials break them up and drag them both their separate ways. T-Money yells out, "You should have kept your friends with you!"

Capps: This won't be the last time these two meet up! It's been heating up for weeks and it just reached its boiling point! Sin: DOOOZERRR versus T-Money, sounds like a classic to me!

Tensions Arise

"

caseypierrozabotel" Casey Pierro-Zabotel is in the backstage area warming up for his match, as his face dawns a big smile.

"That was brilliant last night! Absolutely brilliant! Sometimes I amaze myself! When I stepped into that ring and kicked Malcolm Dred-King right in his head, and knocked out more of his brain cells. Then to be able to go after Doozer and extract some redemption on him, was oh so sweet!! Gentleman, understand now this is not a game for old timers looking to redeem what they once had, people like me are here to carry the torch of the DWF" "And TJ Parker, don't think I forgot about you Mr. I was born into the wrestling business, and I had everything handed to me on a silver platter. You want to run your gums, we'll just see how well your gums do for you in that ring when your teeth are falling from them in that ring tonight."

Casey continues walking along, as he gets to the area near the entrance curtains.

"As a matter of fact, our match is about to occur in just a few moments, hope you're ready I know I am. Oh and finally, MDK how you feeling buddy? Feeling a bit under the weather? It's all part of competition my friend, think you can deal with me? I doubt it. From out of no where a voice is heard, the voice of MDK....

"I can deal with it!"

MDK lunges at CPZ, tackling him to the ground. MDK with a series of right hands to the face of CPZ. CPZ rolls over turning the tides on MDK with rights of his own.

"Break it up!! Break it up!!"

Security runs in. But these two are wanting to tear one another apart. They break through the security, and are trading blows. Both men shove aside any security that tries to get in their way. MDK knocks CPZ to the ground and goes down to try and lock in one of his submission moves, acrippler crossface, CPZ is struggling to get out the hold as he rolls onto his back. Security again intervenes breaking them apart. MDK still wants a piece of CPZ, however this time CPZ backs off from the situation and retreats.

T.J. Parker vs Casey Pierro-Zabotel

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"

caseypierrozabotel" 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. Capps: CPZ! CPZ! Sin: Yes he is on his way to the ring! So you all know what that means, it is time for our Main Event and I can

t wait! Capps:

Yeah, CPZ is going to put a hurting on ole T.J.

Hooker, fo

sure! Sin:

I wouldn

t say that, Capps. His name is T.J. Parker and is a great wrestler if I may say so myself. He has worked hard since joining the roster here at Dream. CPZ has also had impact since joining as

well, and that

s why I just know this will be a great match. I have no doubt

S...

"Close your eyes and imagine, feel the magic, Vegas on acid, seen through Yves St. Laurent glasses..."

The crowd erupts as the opening lines to

Kanye West's

"Diamonds From Sierra Leone" fills the arena and

T.J. Parker comes out from the backstage area. Doing his best to get the crowd into the moment, T.J.

bounces from one side to other throwing his hands in the

air, pointing to himself, and crossing his arms to pose center stage. His descent to the ring is a quick one as

he sprints and slides underneath the bottom rope, popping to his feet on the other side, and leaping to the

2nd turnbuckle to pose once more for his fans. T.J. soaks up the adoration before hopping down to stretch

out. Sin: Main Event Time! Capps: This is going to be good, real good. The referee calls for the bell as the

two men circle each other, and finally both latch on to each other.

CPZ overpowers Parker and brings him down to one knee. The crowd is heavily behind Parker in this match

and he reverses the hold and hip tosses CPZ off to the side and he bounces through the ropes onto the

outside. Parker hits the ropes as Casey is getting to his feet. Building up speed from the ropes, Parker dives

through the ropes in a shoulder block

move, but CPZ dives out of the way! Parker hits the outside floor hard, and CPZ just begins stomping him

after missing him. The referee is now counting and is to six, as CPZ rolls Parker in the ring, and then follows.

Parker jumps to his feet, and CPZ looks impressed with this. Parker superkicks Casey and this brings him to

his knee

s. Parker follows up with a underhook DDT! Capps: Jesus, that was fuc

ing awesome! Sin: Jumping the bandwagon already, huh? Capps:

you... Parker goes for a pin... 1.....2.....KICKOUT! Parker sits up, and stands to his feet eating up the crowd.

He flexes as they cheer him on. Casey sneaks up behind him pulling off a backbody drop. Parker rolls around

in the ring holding his back in pain. CPZ stomps on Parker

s back again and again. Finally he gets Parker in a boston crab putting more pressure on his back. The

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referee gets down watching both hands of T.J. as he swings his hands wildly reaching for the ropes. Finally he reaches the ropes and the ref rushes in to break it up. CPZ notices that Parker is holding his back as he stands to his feet. Using this to his advantage he gets off a belly to belly suplex. Parker is now flat on his back as CPZ gets to his feet and walks over to Parker. He picks him up to attempt another belly to belly when Parker wraps his arms around CPZ

s neck and gets off a jawbreaker using the top of his head for the impact! Both men hit the mat! Capps: Get up CPZ! Sin: Great Reversal! These two men are wanting that title shot at Williams. Capps: Wouldn't you? Sin: Williams has been on top of his game as of late. Last week he and Giles attacked the World Champion. If were still wrestling, hell yes I would want a shot at that title. Parker gets to his feet first and Casey soon follows. Casey runs at Parker and is met with a go2SLEEP! Parker goes for a PIN!

1.....2.....1/2..KICKOUT! Sin: Almost won right there! Capps: Almost? This isn't

horseshoes...He just lost his focus there... Parker now with the momentum on his side, picks up CPZ in a fireman

s carry! He drops CPZ hard on the mat, and the looks at the turnbuckle, then points to it. The crowd erupts in cheers as he makes his way over. Parker climbs one, and the second, finally getting to the top of the turnbuckle and stands straight up. The crowd is going crazy as he signals for a Shooting Star Press! He takes flight, and before he hits, CPZ rolls out of the way. Parker hits the mat hard and bows over rolling around from the pain. Casey takes advantage of his misfortune and jumps on Parkers back getting his arms around his head for a crossface hold!

The referee come in to break it up because Parker immediately grabs hold of the ropes. The ref counts and before he can get to three, Casey releases the hold. Parker using the crowd as motivation gets to his feet, and runs at CPZ. Parker goes for a clothesline but misses, and CPZ uses his speed, to get off a Tilt a Whirl BACKBREAKER! Capps: That is an awesome move! Sin: I

ll say! CPZ goes in for a pin but before the referee can count, he just pulls up Parkers head up. Parker headbutt

s Casey! CPZ falls back, and Parker slowly gets to his feet. Parker superkicks CPZ as he attempts to dive at him. Parker follows up with a bulldog as Casey gets to his knees! Finally he climbs the turnbuckle, not wasting time like he did last time. He takes flight and this time lands his Shooting Star Press and goes for a pin! 1.....2.....KICKOUT! Parker cannot believe this. Frustrated now, but still using the fans motivation he carries on.

He brings Casey to his feet. CPZ then elbows him in the gut, Parker still holds on. Finally a second elbow causes him to release

CPZ! Casey grabs the back of Parkers head for a Knee Smash! Before he can fall back, he uses all his strength to sling him into the corner turnbuckle. The force causes Parker to hit the turnbuckle and bounce his head off the mat as he lands. CPZ walks over to his opponent and picks him up, sitting him on the turnbuckle. The fans are booing and throwing cups, and different trash in the ring. With the lock in he leaps off performing the... Capps: DROP OF DEATH!!! DROP OF DEATH! YES! Sin: Damn... CPZ goes for the pin after he hits his finisher! 1.....2.....3!!!!!!CPZ WINS and New Number One Contender to the Dream Anarchy Championship!!!!!! Parker is out in the ring, as Casey Pierro-Zabotel hand is raised high as it is announced he is the new number one contender. Sin:

Well your man won this match, Capps. He is now the number one contender to the Dream Anarchy Championship! We have just recieved word that Crimson

s internal bleeding has stopped and he is in stable condition. However it is very unclear at this point what will

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happen next week. Capps: Whats so unclear asshole? Polowy is our new boss, you make everything so difficult. The America public is retarded but not completely dumb. They don't need everything broke down for them. You heard Polowy, he's taking over this motherf... Sin:

Yeah I doubt the powers that be would... Well before I can say that, TUNE IN NEXT WEEK TO FIND OUT! From Dream Wrestling Im Sin, along with Capps and Goodnight!

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