

Season's Beatings: 2009

December 27, 2009 | Cobo Arena - Detroit, Michigan

2009

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Season's Beatings 2009

27 Dec 2009

Cobo Arena,

Detroit, Michigan (seats 12,191)

Introduction

The DREAM logo flashes across the screen. As it sits there, snowflakes fall, covering it. Suddenly it explodes revealing Mike Polowy's face with a Santa beard and hat. The Season's Beatings logo zooms up from the bottom of the screen and knocks the Polowy face out of the way. As that explodes away we go live, the camera panning over the sea of screaming fans in the sold out arena.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen,

I am your host, Jason

Whiteside, and this is SEASON'S BEATINGS!" The camera continues to pan over the fans until it finally rest on Jason.

"We have a hell of a night tonight fans as the 'You Call It' Championship is on the line under 'COOL' rules against Mike Polowy."

As he talks we get a computer generated match promo featuring the competitors.

"We also have a HUGE unification match as Doozer, the current DWF World Champion, meets Lupin Cy, our DREAM Champion. Only one man will walk out with gold as the new DWF DREAM Champion."

In this match promo, Doozer is holding his World title and his Tag Team belt.

"This is the last pay per view of 2009 as we head into a new year, a new home arena, and under the banner of the World Wrestling Alliance. Santa is in the house and he has promised the gift of one damn good show! Lets get it started, right now. Welcome to DREAM. We run this here!"

The camera pans away and over the fans landing on the top of the stage once again.

The Return of the Monster

"

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psymon"

The fans are buzzing in the Cobo Arena in Detroit, Michigan. The first match is about to kick off, but before the match can start, The area is swallowed up by darkness. Nothing can be seen nor heard for a few seconds as flashbulbs light the arena. A few seconds pass, and the Megatron kicks on. Nothing but static can be seen. A few seconds later, a word appears on the screen, in an Old English font, and in big, black letters. The word reads this:

LATHEM

Finally, a soft drumming from a bass drum starts to beat. It's faint at first, then it becomes louder, along with some heavy guitar playing.

When everything is finally crescendos, Mark Hunter utters two words over the PA system... NOTHING REMAINS! Explosions are heard and the lights come back on in the arena as 'Nothing Remains' by Chimaira starts to play. A figure, dressed in a hooded trench coat is standing on the ramp way, looking out at the crowd. He then flips open his hood and the figure is revealed to the "The Monster"

Psymon!

"Oh my goodness!"

Jason Whiteside exclaims, and he cannot believe what he is seeing.

"That

s Psymon! Psymon is at Season's Beatings! What the hell is he doing here?" The long-haired, full-bearded man with a Dimebag Darrell Abbott goatee in honor of the late guitarist, walks down to the ring with a smirk on his face. He rolls into the ring, gets to his feet, and the smirk hasn't left his face. Some of the fans cannot believe that Psymon is in a wrestling ring.

"It

s been, what, a year and a half since Psymon's been in a wrestling ring? It's going to be interesting to see what the ever-controversial superstar has on his mind, and why he's in DREAM Wrestling." Whiteside states. 'The Monster' removes a microphone from his trench coat pocket and lifts it to his lips. The fans are buzzing excitedly, while others aren't too sure about to make of this.

"Were you expecting Santa Claus?"

Psymon says, and the fans give him a mixed reaction. He continues to look through the fans, getting a feel as to how the DREAM fans behave, react, etc.

"So it

s been awhile since I've seen a wrestling ring. Hell, it

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s been a year and a half since I
ve been to the United States, so if I go on a Japanese rant, my apologies. I bet the denizens of DREAM
Wrestling are wondering why I
m here. I
ll tell you why: I
m taking a break from mixed martial arts to get back into the wrestling ring and, of course, to dominate, and
from what
I
ve seen from the DREAM Wrestling roster, I see lots of lambs waiting to be
slaughtered." The fans give 'The Monster' another mixed reaction, and all Psymon does is smile at them.

"Cancer Jiles
Travis Williams
Lupin Cy

ll all fall to me. I absolutely do not believe that the denizens of DREAM Wrestling can fully fathom what they
ve gotten themselves into when they signed me to a contract. I
m going to turn this establishment upside-down and covet what I desire: championships. It appears that
Lupin Cy is the top dog in this establishment, holding the DREAM Wrestling Championship. But before I go
on to
snap him like a twig, perhaps
I should start small and work my way up. Cancer Jiles. You
re at the bottom of the totem pole with your so-called title. Allow me to let you in on a little secret, Mr.
Jiles: DREAM Wrestling does not find you cool. In fact
just the opposite. You can sit on your throne, spewing your arbitrary in to the masses, but they will pay you
no mind. Your three-time championship reign is nothing more than a farce, an afterthought. You and your
eGG Bandit brethren are nothing more than the vexatious pimple on the ass of society. But enough about
them and their epic failure in life. This isn
t about them; this is about me." There are more jeers and than cheers in the fans
mixed reaction this time. There are quite a few Cancer Jiles, Doozer, and eGG Bandit fans out there, and
they don
t take lightly to Psymon
s words.

"From this moment forward,"
Psymon begins, "I
m putting this establishment on notice.
The Monster
has returned to professional wrestling; heed my warning clearly and carefully, because I
m not going anywhere!" Psymon drops the microphone and leaves the ring. The fans tell 'The Monster' what
they think of him by bad mouthing him, or giving him praise for his words. Before he disappears into the back,
he turns around to flash one more crooked smirk, then disappears behind the curtain.
Wrestling 101
"

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kenzieblair" "At the

WWR Supershow II- Christmas in the Caribbean, Charlie Blackwell ran into a brick wall named Yamamoto Tanaka. How did he

fare?" (courtesy of the WWR- Johnny Suave and Tessa Martin announcing) Kimber: "Weighing in at three hundred and fifteen pounds. He is the Japanese Destruction Machine and the Puerto de Macoris Heavyweight Champion! YAMAMOTO

TANAKA!" A spotlight illuminates a small area in the back of the ball room where Tanaka makes his entrance followed by paramedics and a portable defibrillator. He stops and glares at Blackwell who seems genuinely worried in the ring. Suave: "Oh my

Tessa: "Run Charlie, run!"

Tanaka stomps to the ring. Kenzie quickly bails. Charlie has a deer in the headlights expression. Tanaka charges. Charlie ducks just in time as Tanaka

s arm whizzes by above. Charlie scrambles between Tanaka

s legs and rolls to the other side of the ring. He gets up and charges Tanaka before he can get turned around and begins flailing away at him. Suave: "I

m not sure that

s a very good idea." Tanaka lifts Blackwell up by the throat with two hands and slams him to the mat. Suave: "And I was right."...

"Later on..."

Kenzie winds up a third time and swings the purse towards Tanaka. He ducks. The purse misses. Tanaka leaps forward and tackles Kenzie, crushing her below him. Crowd: "OOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!"

Suave: "HOLY CRAP! TANAKA LANDED SMACK DAB ON TOP OF KENZIE BLAIR! SHE S OUT!" A pissed off Tanaka grabs Kenzie by the hair and takes her up to the top turnbuckle. The paramedics at ringside power up the defibrillator. Tanaka puts Kenzie in position for the Destroyer. Crowd: "RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Suave: "WHAT

S GOING ON? IT

S DAWN MCGILL!" McGill and her Singapore cane run in from behind Tanaka. She swings as hard as she can and connects on Tanaka

s scrotum. His eyes suddenly bulge and he drops Kenzie. Suave: "HOLY CRAP! SINGAPORE CANE TO THE TESTICULAR REGION BY MCGILL!"

Tanaka stays frozen in place on the top turnbuckle. McGill climbs up quickly and turns Tanaka around. She begins to lift as if to do a powerbomb and then slams Tanaka to the ground, digging her shoulder into his stomach. Suave: "BLUNT FORCE TRAUMA! McGill climbs out and pulls Blackwell back into the ring. I don

t believe it! McGill puts Blackwell on top of Tanaka. Cover. One. Two. THREE!" Tessa: "I don

t believe it." Suave: "CHARLIE BLACKWELL HAS JUST PULLED OFF A HUGE UPSET OVER PMWF

CHAMPION YAMAMOTO TANAKA!"

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Dawn pulls Kenzie out of the ring. Tanaka begins to come around. Dawn: "CHARLIE. RUN!"

Charlie takes one look at the stirring Tanaka and sprints to the back. -----

LOCKER ROOM: Charlie Blackwell stands on a scale while Dawn McGill checks the reading.

"171, Charlie. You've gained 6 pounds in just over a week."

Charlie smiles and steps off. He presses his hands against the wall and stretches out his legs.

"Much better,"

Dawn says.

"Now, after a solid week of training do you feel ready to go out there?" "Because if you can survive Tanaka, you should be able to handle Daymare tonight, right?"

"Just go out there and follow the game plan."

Charlie nods.

"Dawn, can I try out that new submission move tonight?" "Not yet.

We still need to work on it. But soon, Charlie. Very soon."

Bandits will be Bandits

"

doozer" "Let's see... I think that if someone else, other than Mike of course, is going to get egged tonight, it should be..."

The Cool Champion says aloud.

"CJ, you should be thinking about DEFEATING Mike, and your COOL Title defense."

You're right about that Whammy.

"Not about who else deserves to be egged. Come on now. We have worked long and hard on this one. You win, considered yourself catapulted to heights you never imagined. To SUPER COOL, if you will. It's time to start focusing..."

Whammy, always the voice of reason, continues to plead with Mr. Cool, whose Champions grin still says 'thinking about who else I want to egg'.

"Doozer, please tell him. You have faced Mike before..."

Doozer, holding the world title in his hands, says...

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"Yeah, ummm... Mike is tough cookie inside that ring. You know he wants to win this match... badly. I mean, it's his comeback, his re-debut onto the Dream scene. He gets his hands on a title... he gets his hands on YOUR title... you'll be jumping through hoops to get it back. You don't want to do that, do ya CJ?" "Huh, you talking to me, old man?"

Cancer says, nonchalantly playing the Dooze for some fool. I assure you, CJ was paying attention. He wouldn't carelessly brush aside advice from an ICON. Said icon, continues his pep talk.

"He wants to win, I know you do, too... but it's different for Mike. He NEEDS to win. You are going to be facing a man whose back is against the wall. He is going to come at you with everything, and after that he's gonna throw more shit, and do even crazier things to walk away victorious. You need to be focused, you need to be ready."

Mr. Cool has gotten plenty of rest these past weeks. His batteries should be fully charged. There should be no excuses... on his end.

"Guys... chill out. I'm Mr. Cool. I own pay per views. I own big matches. I get it. Mike Polowy is going down in a heaping shit flame from hell itself. I am going to kick his retarded ass so hard in the face, people won't be able to recognize him when I'm done. Shit, T-Willy may look better than Mike after this; and that's with the stupid face paint." "Okay then. If you say you're ready... then your ready. Wham, he's good to go. Now let's figure out who we're going to egg."

Doozer and his eggs. His love affair with the oval shaped yolkyness may be the only thing greater than his drive to win the Dream Championship.

"Lot's of new guys around Dream. I say the first guy we see, who hasn't wrestled in a match, yet gets egged." "I'm down."

CCJ says. He stands up, still dressed in street clothes and unzips the gym bag laying in front of him. Cancer reaches in and rescues the COOL title from it's grasp. He checks it over, gives it a kiss, then drapes the COOLEST title in all of sports over his left shoulder, covering his cold blooded heart.

"Me too!"

The Dude, who is dressed in a similar fashion to that of Mr. Cool proclaims. He rises from to his feet, as well. No duffel bag full of gold, so he walks over to the one CCJ was just robbing, and throws one half of the tag team titles over his shoulder. These damn Bandits have a strangle hold on all the gold. Whammy runs to the door.

"HEY! Wait one second here...", He blocks the Bandits' only exit, halting them from leaving the room.

"Guys... this is too big of a night. You each have title matches... you each will be held under a microscope.

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No eggs... not at least until the COOL Rules match. Lets end 2009 with a bang. What do ya say?"

Maybe... Nope. Cancer bats a blind eye towards Whammy, showing his concerns; no concerns at all.

"Dude, go up ahead and start to scout some possible targets. See if any of those new tag teams are here to check out the event."

CJ demands as the Dude pushes by Wham and heads out for his recon mission. CJ turns around and addresses Doozer...

"I wouldn't mind sending them an early message, what about you?"

Doozer holds up his hands, revealing the egg arsenal.

"That's what

I thought. My man, Doozy. Only guy in DREAM I don't mind..." -That much- is whispered in Cancers mind.

"Nobody messes with the undefeated tag team champions."

Nobody! Sorry, but they are undefeated. Don't ya hate it when CCJ has valid point?

"Nothing personal, Wham. This is what we do. We stop egging people... we are letting them win."

Doozer says as he passes by the beleaguered Wham-man.

"WE need to egg... for the kids' sake."

Nice job, Mr. Nice Guy. The door closes to the Bandits locker room, leaving Wham behind to figure out a way to clean up the mess the Bandits are about to make. Something never change.

Daymare vs. Charlie Blackwell

"

daymare" Two spotlights of sunny yellow and white intersect over the aisle. Mumbles from the crowd, as the soft beginning of 'Rooster' by Alice N Chains plays sweetly in the ears. Casually walking out is the Yellow and Orange masked Daymare, who pauses at the entrance looking around. He clasps his hands together, and in three moving chops puts them near his head.

It's Naptime. As the chorus kicks in, Daymare kicks his left leg out and bends forward stamping one fist into the floor and pounding into his chest. He front rolls through that pose and quickly walks through the aisle as 'We don't wanna die' chills the bones. Reaching ringside, he grabs the middle rope and jumps up but slides under the bottom rope on his back. Kipping up, he stands statuesque with what appears to be labored breathing not moving an inch until given instruction.

Opening notes to Charlie Robison's 'My Hometown' play

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Charlie walks down to the ring with his valet/girlfriend Kenzie Blair.

"Well, I had a buddy back in eighty-one And we made ourselves a pact We were heading for the new pipeline And we were never coming back We worked eighty hours working time and a half But LaGrange was too damn hot We drove back home at the end that week And we spent it all on shots..."

Charlie holds the ring ropes open for Kenzie to slide through.

"So I'll see you Houston If I ever get out that way I'll see you in Dallas But I won't have long to stay If you're ever out west son And you're feeling like slowin' down I'll see you around Around my hometown..." "This should be an amazing high flying match as both of these men dominate the airspace of DREAM."

After posing, Kenzie heads out of the ring. Both men continue to prep for the match.

"This is Daymare's second DREAM pay per view, but Blackwell's first. I'm sure they both want to give it their all."

The bell sounds to begin the match.

"Lock up by both men.

Blackwell uses his height to place Daymare into a side headlock. However, Daymare quickly counters pushing Charlie into the ropes."

As Blackwell comes off of the ropes, Daymare leaps catching him with a big shoulder block. On the outside of the ring, Kenzie slaps the apron.

"Both men waist no time rolling to their feet. Daymare rushes Blackwell, arm drag by the new comer. Up again, Daymare runs, another arm drag, this time into an arm bar." The crowd pops as Charlie Blackwell applies pressure to the arm bar.

"Blackwell wanting to fare better then his match against Jimmy Riley a couple weeks ago."

Daymare pops his feet up and out, raising to a standing position, he twist his arm, throwing Blackwell to the mat. Charlie rolls over and to his feet.

"A lot of energy here folks as both men stay up as much as possible."

They both run, past each other, bouncing off of opposite sides of the ring. As they return, they both leap with a cross body.

"DOUBLE CROSS BODY BLOCK!"

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As they slam into each other, both men go down. The fans are on their feet to watch as if a car crash just happened in front of them.

"Both men are in pain as the referee begins the count."

We have a split screen, showing us the double cross body.

"What a mid air collision. Both men still down."

As the referee gets to six, they both begin moving. Slowly heading to the ropes.

"It is down to who will get up first!"

As the referee hits nine, they both use the ropes to get up. The crowd gives a slight pop.

"They rush each other. Daymare under a clothesline attempt by Blackwell. They both turn, drop kick by Daymare catches his mark!"

He quickly gets up and runs to the corner, leaping up and throwing both legs out. As both legs hit the top of the ropes, he uses the momentum to flip backwards in a big .

"What a huge move! WAIT! CHARLIE BLACKWELL GETS HIS KNEES UP! DAYMARE IS CAUGHT!"

Daymare hits Blackwell's knees, hard. The crowd goes insane as he bounces up from Charlie's knees and hits the mat in pain.

"Blackwell rolls over and pushes to his feet."

He looks out to the thousands of fans as the cameras flash. Charlie knows he is now in the spotlight and has the ball. It's time to run with it. As he heads to the turnbuckle, down the ramp a man can be seen heading. Dressed in street clothes it's unsure who this man is.

"We have a visitor coming from the back, what does he want?"

Blackwell positions himself up on the top turnbuckle and balances himself as he stands up. The unknown man walks around the ring and crosses his arms, watching from the outside as Daymare begins to get to his feet.

"I'm not quite sure who this unknown person is, but he is observing what could be the end of this match as Daymare gets to his feet."

Once Daymare is up, he turns and Charlie leaps.

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"MISSILE DROP KICK FROM THE TOP ROPE!"

Blackwell flies through the air and the cameras flash as he hits his mark. He quickly covers Daymare and the crowd counts along with the referee.

"Three! Blackwell gets the pin!"

The crowd pops as Charlie gets to his feet.

"Blackwell with a much needed, and huge, victory here at Season's Beatings!"

The referee holds his hand in the sky as his music hits. The plain clothes man on the outside walks over and grabs the microphone from the announcer then slides into the ring.

"I think we're about to find out who this guy is!"

He stands up and signals for them to cut the music. As they do he gets close to Blackwell's face and raises the microphone up.

"Congratulations on your pay per view win Blackwell."

Charlie mouths 'thanks.' "Enjoy it, because I'm Rob Deville and starting the next Slaughter I am here to help restore a little wrestling to the Lightweight Division."

He drops the microphone and heads to the ropes as Charlie's music hits again.

"Well folks, we just met Rob DeVille. and apparently he's here to jump start our Lightweight Division which hasn't been acknowledged since last April. Things could get very interesting."

Blackwell watches DeVille walk up the ramp. He hadn't posed himself as a threat to Blackwell, be he did succeed in stealing his thunder from a hard fought win.

Do You Dream?

"

jimmyriley" The hood is up. In fact, you can't see Jimmy Riley's face, because it's pointed at the ground. However...you can hear his voice.

"Do you dream? That's not some kind of metaphorical pun on the name of the promotion, it's a real question."

Jimmy Riley looks up at the camera. There's still some shadow imposed over his face from the sweatshirt's hood, but you can see his eyes are slightly red. He makes a quick sniff, then continues.

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"Do you dream?

Because I do. The day before I stepped into a wrestling ring for the first time, I dreamed. I dreamed of the star I could

become, the fame that was before me. I dreamed of my future, and what it held." His face is calm, with red in his cheeks. He shakes his head, and looks off to the side.

"My dreams didn't come true.

Time and time again, I found myself disappointed in me. I came to think of myself as a failure. A choker. And I came to hate

myself, and everything I thought I fought for." He stops, and looks down again. Another sniff. Jimmy composes himself, then looks up at the camera, his face now painted with anger.

"Then I realized that the only person, the only thing I had in my life to fight for? It's me. So I took my time away, getting my head right to come back to wrestling, and to be my very best. I said it last week, I'll say it again tonight; four years...is a long, long time. And I'm not ready for another four years like the ones I just had. Tonight is the end of year four. Tonight is the beginning of year five."

A deep breath. Jimmy Riley is focused, not just on the camera, but on what's beyond it.

"Two thousand ten is the year of Jimmy Riley. So all the big shots here in DREAM? Lupin Cy, the Egg Bandits, Dark,

Polowy, Adrien...every single one of you are on

notice." His hands come up from his sides, throw his hood back, and then run down the front of his face.

"Do you dream? I do. I dream about DREAM."

Replay from WWR Supershow II- Mike Polowy vs. 'The Grim Reaper of Hostility' Steve Harrison

"

mikepolowy" "The Grim Reaper Of Hostility"

Steve Harrison- Hostility vs. Mike Polowy- DWF

Kimber: "Making his way to the ring.

From Atlantic City, New

Jersey, former DWF World Champion, he is MPlow! MIKE POLOWY!" Crowd:

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Kimber: "His opponent, coming down to the ring, he is Hostility

s Extreme Champion, from Alexandria,

VA,

The Grim Reaper of

Hostility, STEVE HARRISON!" Crowd: "RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Suave: "HARRISON RIGHT TO THE RING AND THEY

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RE NOT GOING WAIT FOR THE BELL! HARRISON AND POLOWY THROW EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK AT EACH OTHER!" Harrison gets the better of the exchange. Polowy goes right to the floor.

Crowd: "BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

PALOOOEY (clap, clap clap-clap-clap)

PALOOOEY (clap, clap clap-clap-clap) Polowy grabs the microphone from Kimber Marshall. Polowy: "FOR THE LAST

TIME. IT

S POLOWY. NOT POLOOEY!".....Polowy tries a headbutt and both men go down like a deflated balloon. Polowy with an uppercut and some strong lefts, off the ropes and a roaring forearm! ENZIGUIRI by Harrison! Kick to the head by Polowy! Brainbuster COUNTERED TO CATTLE MUTILATION!!!

Polowy rolls it over, Harrison gets the MMA elbows then back to Cattle

Mutilation!! Polowy with a GREAT escape into the brainbuster!!! 1

2.9899!!! Crowd: "THIS MATCH RULES! (clap, clap clap-clap-clap), THIS MATCH RULES! (clap, clap clap-clap-clap)

Wild punches by both men, Polowy tries a brainbuster but Harrison escapes! GOD

S LAST GIFT! 1

NO! Suave: "WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT

S THIS?" Dream Wrestling Federation owner William Peters is out to the ring. He

s looking right at Steve Harrison. Suave: "THE

DWF OWNER WILLIAM PETERS, LOOKING LIKE A BAD TOURIST IN THAT HAWAIIAN SHIRT AND BERMUDA SHORTS I MAY

ADD, HAS COME OUT TO THE RING." Tessa: "Johnny,

Steve Harrison has been the subject of some controversy at Hostility because of his alleged ties with Dream. Apparently, Hostility thinks he

s a hired gun from

DREAM, working for

Peters. In fact, I know for a fact that management wants to get the Extreme Belt off Harrison because they're afraid he

s going to turn up on DWF TV with

it." Suave: "So what is Peters out here

after 55 minutes?" Peters, still staring right at Harrison, gives him a thumbs up

and then gradually turns it to a thumbs down. Suave: "What does that mean?"

Harrison takes a deep breath. Polowy lifts him up

Suave: "MIKE EFFECT!"

Crowd: "BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Peters smiles. Polowy covers. Harrison makes no attempt to escape. Match over.

Ghost of Christmas Past

"

doozer" Doozer opens his dressing room door and steps out. He turns to The Dude to let him know that he'll

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be right back.

"Hey, I'll be right back."

The Dude waves in acknowledgment as Doozer closes the door and walks down the hall. As he turns the corner what he see's turns him white as a ghost. Tom Lexian, better known as Legend, Inc., and Tony Mastermind, known as Disciple X, sitting on some boxes with a few of the younger DREAM talent standing around.

"Then Doozer said, but that's my parakeet!"

They all begin laughing at Legend, Inc's joke. Doozer doesn't budge.

"Oh hell, speak of the devil."

Legend, Inc. slides off the box and walks over to Doozer, Disciple X behind him. Legend extends his hand, in which Doozer cautiously grips and shakes.

"We where in the area, figured we stop by and give some of the guys there a little insight on The Dooze on the road back in the day."

Doozer takes it all in for a moment before replying.

"Yea... fun times."

Legend, Inc pats Doozer on the shoulder.

"You're just lucky you aren't getting in the ring with Legend, Inc. Seeing how I've held four DWF titles, but never got a chance to get my hands on the DREAM Championship." A serious look comes over his face as Doozer comes back.

"Yea, Lucky."

Legend takes a step forward, standing nose to nose with The Dooze.

"We have some business to take care of..."

He points between himself and Disciple X.

"...so we're going to head on. Just remember Dooze, in this business... never say never."

He walks past Doozer, ramming their shoulders. Disciple X laughs as he passes Doozer on the other side,

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hitting his shoulder as well. Doozer stands, frozen in time almost, as we fade ringside.

Jimmy Riley vs. Zero

"

zero" The arena lights dim and flash red momentarily, as a countdown appears on the big screen. Five... Four... Three... Two... One... Zero.

"Reise, Reise" by Rammstein starts to blast out of the arena sound system, as wisps of smoke float across the stage. Zero appears from behind the curtain dressed in a long black overcoat, his painted face betraying no emotion as he strides down to the ring and dives headfirst under the bottom rope, climbing to his feet and shrugging off his coat as the lights return to their usual hue. Like a bad headache, the immediate buzz created by the hip hop superstar collaboration between Kanye, Jay, Wayne, and T.I. cuts immediately into whatever you were doing or thinking; "No one on the corner has swagga like us Swagga like us Swagga swagga like us No one on the corner has swagga like us Swagga like us Swagga swagga like us As the beat kicks in, out comes Jimmy Riley, clad in plain blue trunks, blue kneepads, and black boots. He's wearing a gray, unzipped hooded sweatshirt, with the hood pulled up over his head.

Without paying any attention to the crowd around him, Riley marches toward the ring. He slides into the ring, and stands right up, throwing the hood back and his hands into the air before simply walking to his corner and standing quietly, awaiting the match to come.

"Jimmy Riley returns to pay per view as he faces Zero in this next bout."

They stretch and prepare for their match as the bell sounds.

"Riley and Zero lock up, this match is under way and will prove to be exciting."

Jimmy Riley takes the lead early, as he breaks the lock and whips Zero into the ropes.

"On the return, Zero attempts a clothesline, but Riley ducks."

Both men quickly turn around.

"Kick to the midsection of Jimmy Riley. Zero follows up with an elbow to the temple followed by a big chop to the chest."

Zero grabs Jimmy, going for a belly to belly suplex.

"Reversal by Jimmy Riley with the suplex."

As Zero hits the mat, Jimmy Riley gets to his feet and begins to viciously stomp his opponent.

"Riley showing a bit of that mean streak he displayed against Charlie Blackwell a couple weeks ago on Slaughter."

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On the way up, Zero pushes Jimmy Riley back. He grabs his arm and pulls him.

"Short arm clothesline. That looked as if it knocked Riley silly."

Zero picks a leg of Jimmy Riley up, stretches it the thrust it down.

"Zero trying to hyper extend the knee of Jimmy Riley."

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

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

As he places the lock on and leans back on the mat to apply pressure, Jimmy Riley yells in pain.

"Jimmy Riley now trying to get his bearings."

Jimmy Riley struggles a little before overpowering Zero enough to reverse the hold.

"Inverted figure four by Jimmy Riley!"

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

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

Riley takes charge, slapping Zero's chest with authority.

"Big chop by Jimmy Riley that leaves Zero's chest glowing. An Irish whip sends him hard into the corner. Jimmy Riley follows up with a huge splash."

As Jimmy Riley moves away, Zero stumbles forward.

"Riley grabs the back of Zero's head, directing him to the corner."

Jimmy sends Zero into the turnbuckle, back first. As he stands, propped up on the ropes, Riley delivers several calculated, hard shots to the side of the head.

"Jimmy Riley follows those closed fist with a side knee to Zero's mid-section. He has slowed the pace down, allowing himself to not only control the match, but deliver more damage to Zero in the long run."

Jimmy pulls his hand back, delivering a calculated chop to Zero's chest followed by a swift kick to his legs, immediately into a forearm to head.

"Jimmy Riley still punishing Zero."

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As Jimmy backs away from the corner, Zero takes a wobbly step forward. Riley slides in behind him, and wraps on a sleeper type hold.

"Sleeper hold by

Jimmy Riley. With that hold securely locked in, Riley moves Zero to the middle of the ring, allowing him to apply it longer without the worry of a rope break."

As it looks like the referee is about to declare the match over via knockout, Riley grips the hold one more time then leaps

up, coming down with his stomach hitting the mat as Zero's back hits.

"What a move. Jimmy Riley not ready to end it yet, he just hasn't dished out enough punishment."

Riley gets to his feet. Slow and methodically, he makes his way around Zero, giving a stomp every few steps. Jimmy stops, bends over and slaps Zero. The fans begin to boo heavily.

"Jimmy Riley adds insult to injury, slapping Zero."

He smirks and steps back.

"Riley lifts the leg of Zero, turning him over."

He then grips Zero's leg with both hands and drives his knee hard into the mat. Zero grabs his knee and rolls around.

"Riley leaps, bringing a big knee down across the chest of Zero."

As he gets up, he pulls Zero to his feet with him.

"Riley grabs the arm of

Zero, Irish whip into the ropes. Zero on the

return." Jimmy Riley catches Zero on the rebound with a kick to the mid-section, followed by several more karate style kicks. He then runs past Zero, comes off the ropes and hits a running knee strike to the temple of Zero.

"The Riley Rush!"

Zero pops up, turning away from Riley and falling gracefully to the mat. Jimmy turns him over and covers him, hooking the leg. The referee drops and begins the count as the fans boo.

"Jimmy Riley secures the win here at Season's Beatings. You have to admit, he just gave himself a Christmas gift with the beating he gave Zero."

Jimmy's music begins to play and he gets to his feet, basking in the boos from the crowd as we get a few

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replays of moments from the match.

The time is near

A low frequency hum can be heard coming from the DREAM Wrestling video screen at the top of the entrance ramps. This was a lesson in anticipation. It was almost time. The sound of native american chanting and drums can be heard over the PA and the monitor reveals a shaman dancing about a ring of fire. A booming voice over narrates (though it's obvious that the sound mix was a bit rushed and off for the venue). All lights in the arena drop. The tron goes black. Flash pots fire, engulfing the entrance area in a temporary shot of blinding light. If you looked just at the right moment, through the haze, you could almost make out the silhouette of a large, well-proportioned man with long hair against the entrance portal. A booming voice can be heard, echoing across the public address system: "Bite of

Fire, Strength of

Earth, I am become Death, the Destroyer.. of dreams." "I am nature's Force."

Lights suddenly return to full power. The tron comes back online with an image that would otherwise be commonplace. Given context it would prove to be foreboding... The Dream Corporate Logo.. as the tron completed it's reboot process.

Force vs. Bishop Steele

"

force" 'Downfall' by Trust Company blast through the speakers as the big screen flashes the word Force.

"Force looking to take home a much needed big win tonight as he faces a man who has made quite a name for himself so far here in the DWF."

As Force makes his way down the ramp, slaps the hands of screaming fans.

"Force was once a fan like those, in the crowd cheering his favorite performer. Now, he's here, on pay per view."

Force walks up the steps, tripping slightly, but able to catch himself. He enters the ring between the ropes and his music fades. The lights get dim and the crowd silences. The Slaughter theme, Forever, cues over the PA system and the crowd gets hyped. Pyros go off on the corners of the stage. The curtains open and out comes Bishop and Alexis Steele. Bishop stops on the middle of the stage and looks around at the crowd as he soaks in the essence of the hype and screaming. He then looks at Alexis and nods to her to signal that it is time. He then makes his way down to the ring with Alexis right behind him. He then climbs into the ring and holds the ropes so Alexis can get into the ring. He stands in the middle of the ring and Alexis poses in front of him, as that happens Pyros go off on the corner post of the ring and then the lights come on.

"Bishop Steele wants to be one step closers to taking home gold, and he can do that tonight if he defeats Force."

Alexis heads to the outside of the ring as both men warm up.

"We're about to get ready for the 'You Call It' number one contender's match. The bell sounds and we get

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things started."

The two men lock up.

"Steele quickly takes the lead as he whips Force into the ropes."

As Force returns he meets the elbow of a spinning Bishop Steele, sending him to the mat.

"Force sent right down by Steele."

Bishop leaps up, bringing a leg down as he drops it onto Force's chest.

"Quick leg drop by Bishop Steele."

Steele gets to his feet, lifting Force up with him. Force stops halfway, and picks Bishop up.

"Inverted Atomic Drop by Force!"

Steele bounces up and back to the mat.

"Force lifts Steele back to his feet."

Bishop pushes Force back before throwing a big right at him that connects.

"They both are now exchanging rights and lefts.

Steele sends Force into the ropes. On his return, Bishop Steele connects with a knee to the gut." Force flips over Bishop's knee, landing face up on the mat.

"Quick knee drop by Steele."

As Steele gets to his feet, he pulls

Force up with him. Halfway up, Force sends a fist into the midsection of Bishop Steele.

"Hard chop now by Force, followed by a second. Irish whip into the corner."

Force follows through by running towards Steele with his knee making contact. As Force moves out of the way, Steele falls foreword to the mat.

"Big, vicious stomps by the home grown Force."

Force grabs Bishop Steele and yanks him up.

"Another

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Irish whip by Force, Steele on the return." Force comes with a knee to Bishop's stomach, followed by a DDT which seemed a bit quick, but did its job.

"DDT by Force!"

Steele holds his head, showing that he may have hit it a bit harder than intended on the mat as Force holds the inner part of his arm.

"Force may have caught his arm the wrong way on that landing there."

Force rolls over and gets to his feet. He moves his arm around and continues on, pushing through whatever pain there may be and stomping Bishop Steele.

"Force lifts Steele to his feet. Double hand scoop, Force runs and jumps. Power slam!" The fans pop as Force gets up and yells out to them. He eats up the spotlight as the fans begin to back him even more.

"Force pulls Steele to his feet. Whipped into the ropes."

As Bishop returns Force goes for the STP, but Bishop pushes his arms forward with all his might, causing Force to lose balance.

"Something to Prove countered by Steele."

Bishop runs at Force who is able to gather his bearings. Force rolls out a tad and leaps, grabbing Bishop's head and hits a guillotine neck breaker..

"SOMETHING TO PROVE OUT OF NOWHERE! The crowd explodes. Force crawls over and covers Steele as the referee drops and begins his count. the fans count along with him.

"Three! Force gets the three and now is the official number one contender going into 2010 for the 'You Call It' Championship!"

As his music hits and he gets to his feet, Force has his arm extended into the air by the referee.

"Our first home grown superstar is on the road to making a name for himself with this big victory!"

Force leans down on the top rope, with one arm raised as he screams a victorious roar to the fans.
An Early Beating this Season?

"

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doozer" Doozer rushes up to Mark Zylbert's door and begins pounding on it.

"I know you're in there Zylbert, we have to talk."

He begins fidgeting with the door knob. opening it. As he walks in, Zylbert's chair is pointing towards the wall. Doozer walks over and slams his fist on the desk.

"I want some answers

Zylbert, I want to know why

Legend, Inc and Disciple X where backstage!" The chair doesn't move, and nothing is said.

"Damn it Zylbert! I need to kn..."

The chair turns around to reveal not Mark Zylbert... but his older brother, Matt Zylbert, better known as The Big Shot.

"Wha... wha..?"

Doozer takes several steps back as The Big Shot just stares at him, not saying a word. Doozer bumps into two people, the camera pans out and we see Legend, Inc with Disciple X. He twist around. He's surrounded.

"What's going on?!"

Big Shot stands up, moving some paperwork around on the desk, before walking around. He walks up to Doozer and stares at him, still saying nothing. Legend, Inc and Disciple X move out of the way as Big Shot walks through and out the door.

"Hey

Dooze, Merry

Christmas."

Legend, Inc begins to laugh as he and Disciple X disappear out the door as well. Doozer just stands there. A few moments later Mark Zylbert walks into the room.

"What do you need?"

Doozer just pushes past him and leaves the room.

"Wonder what's bothering him."

He shrugs and heads to his desk and sits down. He looks down at the top of the desk.

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"Ah, some new contracts. Peters must have been busy."

We fade out.

chickEN Chokers vs Brothers of Prophecy

"

brothersofprophecy" "Never Would Have Made It" by Marvin Sapp plays over the PA system and Brothers of Prophecy stand at the top of the ramp with each carrying a Bible. They raise the Bibles over their heads and keep them that way as they make their way to the ring. They set the Bibles on the commentators table and slide into the ring. The lights begin to flash. COME AND GET IT. Well, I'm heading down a southern trail, I'm going chicken huntin' Chopping redneck chicken necks I ain't saying nothing To the hillbilly stuck my barrel in his eye Boomshacka boomshacka hair jumps in the sky Suddenly from the back, the Insane Clown Posse skip out with B.R. Ellis and Dark behind them.

"It's the Insane Clown Posse!"

Why I never liked chicken pot pie? Or the chopped chicken on rye? So tell Mr. Billy Bob I'm a cut his neck up Slice, poke, chop chop, stab, cut What can you do with the drunken hillbilly Cut his freaking eyes out and feed em to his Aunt Milly Willy Willy chicken neck, chicken hunting gotta love it Hit him with the twelve gauge bucket, chicken nuggets Laid out all over the grass Then his little hound dog will eat em up fast Last as long as you can my man Cuz when that chicken head hits the fan, you got Blood guts fingers and toes Blood guts fingers and toes Blood guts fingers and toes Sittin front row at the chicken show so... ICP dances around the ring as Dark and Ellis stand on the top turn buckles in opposite corners. The Brothers of Prophecy stand on the outside, grossed out by what they are seeing. Who's going chicken huntin, we's goin' chicken huntin' Who's going chicken huntin, we's goin' chicken huntin' Who's going chicken huntin, we's goin' chicken huntin' Cut a freaking chicken up, right! Dark and Ellis hop to the ring as the music fades. Shaggy 2 Dope and Violent J run to opposite corners and up the turnbuckles, crossing their arms tot he screaming crowd before hopping down and exiting the ring.

"What an entrance for the chickEN Chokers!"

As the bell sounds, Dark and Bob Wilson kick the match off while ICP stands ringside.

"Shoulder and elbow lock up. Dark forces Wilson to a knee, and into a side headlock to take control early."

He applies pressure, then pulls Wilson to his feet, still in the side headlock, over to the ropes.

"Dark now running Bob Wilson's eyes down the edge of that rope."

As he lets go, Bob grabs his face and stumbles around, selling the pain.

"Dark down with a chop to the back of the knee of Bob Wilson!"

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Bob drops to one knee. Dark takes a few steps back and then runs forward, throwing a big boot out, that kicks Bob in the back of the head.

"He tried to take Bob Wilson's head off!"

Wilson falls face first to the mat, out cold as Dark steps over him and tags in B.R. Ellis. Ellis enters in, bends down and grabs Bob under his arms and lifts up. Bob's body stays limp as Ellis pulls him, then snaps down.

"DDT on a motionless Bob Ellis. I think he may be seriously injured from that huge boot by the former champion."

From the apron Billy Wilson watches on in shock, as his brother fails to move.

"B.R. Ellis leaps up. Leg drop across the back of Bob Wilson!"

Ellis gets up and walks over, tagging Dark back in.

"Good team work by the Chokers as they continue to completely dominate the Brothers of Prophecy."

As Dark returns to the ring, he lifts Bob's left leg up, driving his knee into the mat.

"Bob Wilson needs to make a tag, but I'm afraid to say that I do not see that happening as Dark and B.R. Ellis have localized him near their corner."

Dark straddles Bob's back, grabs his hair and pulls back until the referee warns him. He then slams Wilson's face into the mat.

"This is a massacre. Billy Wilson can't do anything to save his brother unless he interferes."

Dark gets up and tags in B.R. Ellis again. This time, Billy Wilson has had too much as he enters the ring.

"Billy Wilson to the rescue! He runs at Ellis... CLOTHESLINE by B.R! Save denied as the chickEN Chokers continue to lead this, well, I can't even call it a match."

Ellis scoops Billy Wilson up, then slams him down. Billy rolls directly out of the ring.

"B.R. lifting Bob Wilson to his feet. Hooks him in and lifts."

B.R. holds Bob vertically for what seems to be an eternity, before dropping.

"GIGANTIC SUPLEX BY B.R ELLIS!"

The entire ring shakes as B.R. rolls over on top of Bob Wilson and the referee drops. The fans count along

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with him as he hits the three.

"The chickEN Chokers win this one with no objective from The Brothers of Prophecy at all. I just don't see how Bob Wilson can not be hurt folks."

We get several replays of the damage done to Bob. Inside the ring the referee holds The Chokers' arms in victory as the Insane Clown Posse enter the ring and celebrate with them. Outside of the ring, the Wilson brothers stand, defeated. Billy Wilson grabs a microphone from the nearby announcer.

"Hey, Chokers..."

The music cuts.

"Yea, you, with those face painted idiots in the ring. Congratulations, you beat the Brother's of Prophecy. You did exactly what everyone said you'd do."

Bob Wilson sells the hell out of his in match injuries, barely able to stand.

"Well guess what."

The Chokers lean over the ropes, waiting.

"God has once again denied me and my brother of what we deserve. For all of the times we went door to door, preaching his word. For all of the times we ate our vitamins and said our prayers! This was supposed to be the night we got our glory!"

He rips his white dress shirt off.

"The Brothers of prophecy are no more. Now it's just me and my brother Billy, The Wilson Brothers, and we're going to kick your asses!" He throws the microphone down, leaps up the apron, and grabs both of the Choker's heads, jumping down to the floor, with them flying backwards and down in the ring. The Wilson Brother's music hits as Billy holds his brother's injured arm up.

"The Wilson brothers how vowed revenge as they denounce God! What have the the chickEN Chokers done?!"

In the ring, ICP checks on the Chokers.

Replay from

WWR Supershow

II- The Egg Bandits vs. Angels

of Death

"

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eggbandits" WWR Tag Team # 6 The Egg Bandits (Cool Cancer Jiles and Doozer)-

DWF Tag Team Champions vs. WWR Tag Team

#18 Angels of Death (Angel Casey and Angel Scott)- MVW Tag Team Champions ...Casey gets an arm wringer and snaps Doozer to the mat. She applies a chinlock and grinds her knuckles into Doozer's temple! Doozer gets out with a single elbow to the gut and applies a side headlock. Casey throws him off and Doozer knocks her down with a shoulder block. A leapfrog sequence leads to a trio of armdrags from Casey, who keeps an armbar locked on. She tags out to Scott, who hits a punch to the gut, but Doozer goes to the eyes and tags Jiles in. He puts Scott in a full nelson so Jiles can hit a punch, and Jiles gets a side headlock. Scott shoves him off and Jiles's shoulder block doesn't work, the first or second time. Jiles reminds of his "shoulders like boulders" and distracts Scott long enough to kick her in the gut, and he thrusts his crotch. Scott's shoulder block works much better, and she lights him up with a chop before tagging Casey in. Suave: "So far, the Angels have more than hung with the Egg Bandits."

Tessa: "That last exchange illustrated Angel Scott's power and she chopped the hell out of Doozer before tagging Angel Casey in."..... Jiles trips up Casey and Doozer lands on top of her for the cover. One Scott makes the save. Both Angels in the ring. She throws Doozer out of the ring. Casey low blows Jiles. Scott picks him up and Casey takes the legs. Suave: "THEY'RE GOING FOR THE DSD- DEATH SPIRAL DROP! CAN THEY HIT IT!" An egg splats against Casey's face and she lets go of Jiles's feet. Tessa: "That's Dawn McGill again!" Suave: "McGILL HEAVES ANOTHER EGG AND NAILS ANGEL SCOTT! JILES FROM BEHIND. TERMINAL CANCER! COVER ONE! TWO! THREE!"

Mike Polowy vs. Cancer Jiles

"

cancerjiles" The fans in the arena pipe up as the lights begin to dim and the opening rock riff to Muse's 'Yes Please' pours through the sound system. There is an abrupt chorus of jeers and boos as Hostility's patron saint, 'The Mike Effect' Mike Polowy, steps out from behind the curtain and onto the ramp. MPlow flexes a bicep, before slapping himself several times on the chest and pointing towards the ring. Smirking, he takes a cocky, casual stride down to the ring, carefully hopping up the ring steps, ducking under the second rope and sauntering into the ring.

"Coming to the ring, from

Philadelphia Pennsylvania, Mr. Cool.... Cancer

Jiles!" A chorus of boos rains down the from the DWF faithful as CCJ struts to the ring. He taunts the fans, who have developed a fine love to hate you relationship with the superstar.

Upon arrival, Cool Cancer Jiles slides under the bottom rope then climbs up the turnbuckles. He reciprocates

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the fans appreciation of

him, flipping them off a couple of times before finding in his final resting place; a seat atop the third turnbuckle. He stays perched there, awaiting the bell.

"You Call It Championship Match folks! Under 'COOL Championship' rules there are no rules to how this match will take place. The topic of discussion though is the clause in Mike Polowy's contract that states that he can not be egged by The Bandits. A 'COOL' stipulation is if Cancer Jiles wins, he gets to egg the loser."

As both men stretch, the bell sounds.

"We're under way, what a title match this will be!"

Mike Polowy challenges Cancer Jiles to a test of strength.

"Jiles reluctant, but accepts the challenger's offer."

As they grasp hands, both men begin pushing. Polowy begins to overpower Jiles.

"Mike Polowy gaining control, wait, no... now Cancer putting all he has into it."

Polowy begins to lean back as Cancer takes the lead. Suddenly, Mike breaks the lock up with a boot to Cancer's stomach, followed by a rising knee to his face. The fans begin to boo as Jiles hits the mat.

"Mike Polowy taking the low road, catching the champion off guard."

He bends down and grabs Cancer's head, pulling him to his feet.

"Mike Polowy forces Jiles into the corner. He raises back, big chop. Another."

Mike grabs the top rope for leverage.

"Furious stomps by Mike Polowy to the champion."

Cancer falls to a sitting position as Polowy continues to stomp.

"Mike Polowy wanting to make a statement tonight as he goes for the 'You Call It' Championship."

Mike yanks Cancer up with force, grabs his left arm, and sends him so hard across the ring that he falls to the mat as Cancer bounces off the ropes with authority. Polowy lunges up with a clothesline that seems to have been meant to take Cancer's head straight off.

"My lord what a clothesline by Mike Polowy!"

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He walks around and stands over Jiles, who is face down. Polowy reaches down and grabs both of Cancer's legs, pulling them up. He struggles a bit, but is able to dangle Cancer upside down. He steps over his left arm, then his right. The fans are on their feet in disbelief as Mike Polowy is about to end the match.

"Polowy is about to go for the win right now as he sets up The Mike Effect."

As he re-arranges himself, Cancer wraps his arms around Mike's calves. He begins to struggle. Polowy attempts to regain full control but can't.

"Jiles fighting it!"

Cancer begins to pull with his legs around Mike's neck, and finally does it.

"Cancer Jiles uses his legs to bring Polowy down!"

Mike is flipped over, forward, and to the mat. The fans pop. Cancer is obviously disoriented as he rolls over to the edge of the apron and lays, in pain, halfway hanging out of the ring.

"I have never seen anyone counter The Mike Effect like that in all of the years I have followed Mike."

Mike continues to roll, holding his head from a hard landing.

"Simply amazing."

We get a replay of the counter.

"Polowy, using the ropes to pull himself up now."

He looks around and sees Cancer hanging halfway out of the ring. He runs over to the ropes, grabs onto the top and looks out to the crowd.

"What is Mike Polowy planning on doing?"

He uses the ropes to lunge himself up and over, throwing his legs out in the air. As he comes down with a leg drop across the neck of Cancer, he hits the side of the apron wrong himself, and then hits the floor on the outside awkward. The fans begin chanting 'Holy shit'.

"My God! Mike Polowy just went air born!"

Cancer sells the hell out of the leg drop as he flops around on the mat, gasping for air. On the outside officials are checking on Polowy.

"I think Mike Polowy may have just injured himself folks."

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We see a replay where Mike hits the apron wrong then the floor even worse.

"You never like to see this is our sport."

A referee stands up and makes the 'X' sign with his arms.

"I haven't seen Mike move, this can't be good."

More officials begin down the ramp, behind them a stretcher comes.

"This match looks to be over as they are bringing a stretcher out for Mike Polowy."

The crowd is almost at a hush as the fans stand, trying to see if Mike is OK. We get more replays of the blotched landing.

"They are carefully moving Polowy to the stretcher. We still have no official word on what exactly is wrong. However, the way he landed it could quite be a career ending injury."

While they strap Mike to the stretcher, protecting his neck, Cancer uses the ropes and pulls himself up in the ring.

"Cancer Jiles making his way up, I don't think he knows what is going on."

He walks over and looks outside of the ring at Polowy on the stretcher. Cancer climbs the turnbuckle to get a better view from above.

"Jiles can't believe that it's over already."

He looks out to the crowd then down to Polowy. He begins yelling to the crowd, getting them pumped.

"Cancer Jiles trying to get the fans behind him, but why?"

All of a sudden, he shows us why. He yells down and the officials look up. Cancer points down at Polowy.

"He isn't?!"

Then Cancer leaps, with the perfect five star frog splash. The officials all jump out of the way as Cancer lands through Polowy, breaking the stretcher in two. The arena roof is blown off by the fans.

"HE DID!"

We get replays from several angles then go back live, to see Cancer roll in pain as Polowy is in obvious agony. Cancer rolls over and uses the side of the ring to pull himself up. Blood trickles down his arm.

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"It looks like Cancer Jiles' arm was cut open slightly on a broken piece of that stretcher."

He pushes through officials trying to hold him back and heads to Polowy who is now moving around, trying to get untangled from the stretcher straps that once binded him.

"Jiles knocks the straps away from Polowy and grabs his head, pulling him up."

Mike is obviously hurt as you can see by the way he's moving, but he pushes on as Cancer grabs the back of his head and directs him to the nearby announcers table.

"Whoa! Both men are right here."

Jason Whiteside gets up and moves back as Cancer slams Mike's head into the table. He turns him around and delivers several shots to the side of the head before rolling Polowy up on the table.

"Come on guys, not my table!"

Cancer moves up on top of the table, and picks Mike up. He places his head in a DDT hold, and throws one arm out before hitting the actual DDT. The entire table collapses.

"DDT THROUGH MY TABLE!"

The fans begin to chant 'Holy Shit' again.

"I can't believe the carnage of this match. These men are putting their lives on the line tonight."

Cancer rolls over and is able to get to his feet.

"Somehow, Cancer Jiles is able to still stand as he walks over to the fallen Mike Polowy."

As Cancer bends down to grab Mike's head, Polowy shoots his hand up and jabs Jiles in the eyes.

"Vicious eye poke by Polowy"

As Cancer stumbles back, holding his eyes, Mike slowly turns over and begins to push himself up. He falls over, catching the barrier, then uses it to stand completely up.

"Mike Polowy to his feet now."

He stumbles a few feet forward. Cancer is able to regain his vision and rushes Mike. Polowy shoots forward, and in one motion grabs the bell from the time keeper's table and swings it around and into Cancer's head.

DING

Jiles is twist all away around and falls forward to the floor. Mike drops the bell and rest for a moment.

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"What a shot, and in this match under 'Cool' rules it is allowed!"

Polowy heads over and lifts Cancer to his feet, then directs him to the steps where he slams Cancer's face on the top. As Cancer pops up, he turns only to get a forearm to the side of the head.

"It has been back and forward so far as these two fight for the 'You Call It' Championship! There are no rules to this match, however, pin falls and submissions can only be counted inside the ring. If they want to win this match, someone will need to get their opponent back in the squared circle!"

Mike grabs Cancer's arm and whips him up the ramp. About twenty feet away his momentum slows and Cancer falls face first but is able to cushion the fall into a roll and back up to his feet. However, when he gathers himself and turns, Mike Polowy meets him with a clothesline.

"Mike Polowy wants the belt, but as I said, he needs to be heading in the opposite direction!"

Polowy grabs Cancer by the head, lifting him to his feet.

"Big right from Polowy, followed by another!"

The fans begin to boo, until Cancer throws his arm up to block Mike's next punch attempt.

"Countered! Cancer Jiles now returning the favor!"

Cancer gives Mike his own lefts and rights, forcing Polowy backwards up the ramp and onto the stage.

"Jiles grabs Polowy's arm, whips him!"

Mike slams into the metal beam holding the big screen up. As he stumbles back, Cancer runs towards him.

"Quick drop kick to the back of Mike Polowy on top of the stage!"

Cancer lands hard on the stage as Polowy is sent forward, head first back into that beam, then falls back to the stag himself. Files rolls over and slowly pushes himself to his feet. He limps over to Mike and pulls him up.

"Jiles has Polowy by the back of the head. He is directing him... through the curtains?!"

Both men disappear backstage.

"We need to get a camera man back there, quick!"

After a few moments, the screen changes to a camera view that is obviously from the perspective of a camera man running through the backstage. The screen is shaky. It comes to a door that suddenly bust

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open. Mike Polowy falls backwards through the door and Cancer Jiles enters in behind him.

"OK folks, we have a camera back on the competitors."

Cancer heads behind Mike and grabs his head, ramming him into the nearby wall. He rams him again. After this time Mike stops the assault, grabs Cancer's head and puts in into the wall.

"Polowy now able to get back into control. Big chop to the chest of Cancer Jiles, followed by another."

Mike grabs Cancer in a side headlock and drags him to a door marked exit. He uses one of his free feet to kick the door, opening it, then forces Cancer to head out with him.

"It seems they have made their way to the parking lot!"

Mike tosses Cancer up on the hood of a nearby parked car. He begins giving him big punches to Cancer's head as Jiles kicks his feet, cracking the windshield.

"Wait! That's my rental!"

Cancer's boot breaks the windshield more.

"I didn't buy the insurance! NO!"

Mike climbs up on the car, and lifts Cancer up half way.

"Don't do it Mike!"

Polowy looks as if he is going for a power bomb when Cancer lifts up, flipping him over onto the roof of the car.

"Back body drop, completely screwing me when I return the car."

Whiteside can be heard sighing as the action continues. As Cancer slides down to the ground, he pulls Polowy off the roof. he crashes down to the ground, breaking the driver's side mirror.

"Ah come on"

Cancer kicks Mike a few times before he grabs his head, and drags him to his feet.

As Jiles directs him to the wall we get a shot of Jason's car.

When we return to the wrestlers, Cancer is booting Polowy up against the wall again.

"The champion on the offense as... what?"

A golf cart with a DHL employee pulls up.

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"I almost forgot! We where promised the verdict of the Polowy and Jiles contract dispute before the main event!"

He jumps out of the cart and heads over to Cancer.

"Sorry I'm late, they wouldn't let me into the building."

Cancer moves his hands trying to hurry the man up.

"Yea, yea, give me the package!"

The DHL guy looks down at it.

"I can only deliver it to a Mr. Cancer Jiles or a Mr. Mike Polowy."

Cancer slaps his own face.

"I'm Cancer Jiles, let me have it!"

The DHL employee holds the package tight.

"Do you have a form of id?" "WHAT?! We're in the middle of a match!" "Sorry sir, I must have a proper form of identification and I need your signature as well." "Are you an idiot?!"

Behind them, Mike is starting to get up. He uses a nearby water fountain to pull himself up while Cancer and the DHL guy argue. Polowy limps over.

"I hate to be a bother, but what the hell is going on? We're in the middle of a damn match!"

Cancer holds his finger up.

"This guy has the verdict of our egg and no egg contract issue and he wants identification."

Mike thinks for a moment.

"Look bud, I don't have an ID on me and I'm sure this stupid piece of crap doesn't either..." "Hey!" "Shut up Jiles."

Cancer crosses his arms.

"But what you're going to do is give Sana Polowy here that damn package and move your ass on.

"Sorry sir, no id, no pac..."

Season's Beatings: 2009

Mike Polowy kicks him in the gut, while pulling the package away. He then pulls his elbow up and drops it on the guy's upper back, dropping him.

"Hurry up Polowy, open it up so I can finish kicking your ass." "Shut up before I scramble your ass."

Mike rips it open and begins to read it silently as Cancer looks over his shoulder.

"After much thought and consideration it is declared that the champion's clause to egg the losing opponent overrides the single clause of the eGG Bandits being unable to egg Mike Polowy due it being by Cancer Jiles and not the team of him and Doozer."

Polowy rips it up.

"Shit! Not like I'm going to lose either way!"

He turns and at that moment Cancer hits a super kick.

"TERMINAL CANCER!"

Polowy stumbles a few feet back and falls, landing in the back of the cart. Cancer rushes over and jumps in it. He honks the horn and begins to drive.

"Cancer Jiles is driving the golf cart, hauling Mike Polowy!"

The cart disappears out of the camera's view as we switch angles to show ring side. The camera angle heads up the ramp in time to see the cart burst through the curtain. the fans pop LOUD.

"HERE THEY COME!"

Cancer drives the cart all the way down and stops near the ring. He sort of trips as he exits the cart, heading back and yanking Mike Polowy off of it.

"Cancer Jiles rolls Mike Polowy in the ring, he wants to end the match now!"

Cancer heads up to the apron, and climbs the turnbuckle from the outside.
Inside the ring, Mike Polowy is up. He turns to see Cancer.

"Cancer is going to fly!"

As Cancer twist around and flips backward for a moonsault, Polowy turns around quickly and steps back. Jiles soars down, head first. He is unable to make the complete flip around as Mike grabs his legs in mid flight.

Season's Beatings: 2009

"Polowy grabbed him!"

Mike quickly steps over his arms and leaps up and forward.

"THE MIKE EFFECT! MY GOD!"

The fans are on their feet booing as Polowy turns him over and covers Cancer.

"The referee is down for the count!

As he raises his hand for the three, Cancer is somehow able to put his foot on the bottom rope. The referee hits the three.

"WAIT! Mike Polowy just won! Cancer had his foot on the rope and the referee did not see it! Mike Polowy has won the 'You Call It' championship!"

As the referee gets up he sees Cancer's foot.

"Wait!"

With a bunch of energy he begins to waves his arms as to say not to call the belt, and frantically begins pointing at Cancer's boot on the ropes.

"Polowy can't believe it!"

Mike gets up and begins to scream at the referee in his face. he yells to get him his 'damn' belt. The referee comes back, denying him as Cancer's foot was on the ropes.

"The referee is calling for the match to continue! They say our zebras can't see, but I beg to differ folks!"

As Polowy continues to yell and threaten the referee, Cancer sees an opportunity as he rolls over. He gets a burst of energy and lunges up, hooking under Mike's leg and rolling him up.

"SCHOOL BOY PIN!"

Mike begins to kick as the referee jumps down and starts his count. the crowd is going nuts.

"HE DID IT! HE DID IT! HE DID IT! CANCER JILES RETAINS!"

Cancer uses the ropes to get to his feet. The referee raises his arm. Mike Polowy is on his knees, just staring out into the crowd. Cancer's music begins to play.

"Cancer Jiles has retained!"

Season's Beatings: 2009

Cashing In

Cancer Jiles music is playing. Suddenly fireworks go off from the top of the stage. Over the PA system the sound of coins dropping and cash registers opening up. by Pink Floyd begins to play. Money, get away Get a good job with more pay And your O.K. Money, it's a gas Grab that cash with both hands And make a stash New car, caviar, four star daydream Think I'll buy me a football team. Money get back I'm all right Jack Keep your hands off my stack Money, it's a hit Don't give me that Do goody good bullshit I'm in the hi-fidelity First class traveling set And I think I need a Lear jet As the guitar and saxophone start playing more fireworks go off this time starting at the bottom of the ramp and working its way up to where it ends in a huge blast sending gold colored sparks everywhere. The two wrestlers are in the ring looking up the ramp wondering what is going on. The camera pans back to the stage as Chris Bladez comes walking out form the back. The crowd starting going nuts. Chants of C4 can be heard throughout the whole arena. Chris Bladez continues to just stand there taking in all the love the crowd is giving him. Mike Polowy and Cancer Jiles are looking up and Bladez in shock. The guitar and saxophone solos continues playing. Money, it's a crime Share it fairly But don't take a slice of my pie Money, so they say Is the root of all evil Today But if you ask for a rise It's no surprise that they're Giving none away Away Away Away Away... The music dies down and Chris Bladez pulls a microphone out from ones of his pockets.

"Congratulations Jiles, that match was exciting. There was one thing it was missing though"
The crowd begins to chant C4!! Chris Bladez, begins to laugh.

"Well, besides that, it was lacking me.

So after much thought I am hear to announce that I am cashing in on my rematch clause. When I lost my at Golden Dreams, I was giving a chance to call upon a rematch for said title. Sorry to say
Force, your going to have to wait a bit longer to get that title match. I'd be honored to have you be my first title defense though . Cancer, enjoy your time with that title." Chris Bladez, pulls a cigar out of his jacket pocket. He pulls out a match book and lights his cigar. He takes a puff.

"Oh and Happy New Year!"

The rest of continues to play as Chris Bladez turns around and walks back stage. Leaving Cancer Jiles and Mike Polowy in the ring.

"Chris Bladez is back and he just declared himself the number one contender for the "You Call It" Championship due to a rematch clause!" Cancer Jiles has his title in his hand as he drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring. Mike Polowy just stands in the ring with his hands on his hips. The camera sits on him, with Cancer walking up the ramp in the background. Finally, with no music or anything, Polowy walks over to the ropes, looks out to the crowd and exits the ring.

"Mike Polowy can't be happy with losing this match after he was sure to have had the three."

We get a reply of Polowy's three count and Cancer's foot on the rope, then we go back live watching Mike walk up the ramp.

Season's Beatings: 2009

"Cancer has yet to deliver the egging that he is guaranteed by contract to give to Mike Polowy. I'm honestly unsure what is going on here tonight."

Egging of Mike Polowy

"

mikepolowy" We have a montage of the events leading up to tonight's PPV. Afterward we arrive backstage where Mike Polowy is heading to his car in the parking lot. He appears to have only thrown on a shirt as he is still in the rest of his gear.

"Hey, come back here

Polowy, I owe you an

egging!" Cancer Jiles runs towards Polowy. Mike stops, drops his back and turns toward Cancer.

"You know what Jiles?"

Cancer stops, and just stares at the man whom he just defeated.

"Tonight's not the night. I get it, you get to egg me. That's fine, whatever, but tonight I'm just going to go. I'm going to my room, changing, then getting out of Detroit. That a problem?"

Cancer just stares at him, then drops the eggs.

"You know what Mike, I don't like you, but after that match we just had, I respect the hell out of you. I owe you an egging, but not tonight."

Polowy nods, he picks his bag up and turns away. Polowy takes a few steps and stops, looking over his shoulder.

"Good match Jiles, good match."

He continues on, out of view.

Travis Williams Addresses DREAM and the Rumors

"

traviswilliams" "Courtesy Call" by Sixx AM starts to ring out throughout the arena, as the crowd goes nuts, in an unexpected way for Travis Williams. As the lights dim slightly, a paintless Travis in a suit comes out with a microphone in his hands, and orders for the music to end.

"I never thought that I would be making this announcement at any point and time. However, when time comes and its knocking the fuck out of you like the eGG Bandits did to me. You have no alternative then to do what I am doing. I have talked with every stock holder, ever cocky hold with power, to inform them that I, Travis Williams, will be retiring officially tonight!"

Travis pulls out a tissue from his pocket, and wipes his forehead and cheeks.

Season's Beatings: 2009

"I know many of you would love to see

Travis Williams leave DREAM and never return. I also know some of you would miss me if I never looked back. However, Mister Peters made my career decision easy." The fans start to grow very silent, as some even shake their head.

"I poured my blood to make you people happy, and

I sweat so much doing that, I almost

dehydrated! And tonight, you get the tears! Though I truly thank you for yours in return!" The fans start to chant, 'PLEASE DON'T GO' and 'STAY TRAVIS STAY!' "I would speak harsh on

Peters decision to hire ignorant and foolish drones such as Tommy Crimson, Cancer

Jiles, and the list goes on...However, this week, he did something that left me even speechless." The crowd stops chanting, as most have given up hope. They know of the bitterness that lies in Peters' bones, and the fact that he cannot really relate to fans on anything.

"HE GAVE ME POWER!"

The crowd grasp for air!

"2010 is not just the year DREAM becomes part of WfWA, and guys like L-1 are just pre-cum stains in our history books...2010 will be the year that, and if

I have to drop Mark on his fat ass head, DREAM takes center spotlight and reigns as KING of WRESTLING, and anyone in the back who does not like this...Well...We wish you the best in your future endeavors!" Travis drops his microphone, as the fans start to chant THANK YOU BILLY about William Peters decision to bring Travis in to aid Mark in making DREAM better. Courtesy Call by Sixx AM starts to play once again, as Travis takes a bow and walks to the back.

"HOLY HELL!

TRAVIS IS BACK, AND MORE POWERFUL THEN

EVER! I for one am not exactly sure if that is a good or bad thing!"

In the Spirit...

"

eggbandits" We resume backstage with the Egg Bandits. Well, 3 of the 4 Egg Bandits to be honest. Cancer decided to hit the showers after his long, hard fought match with Polowy. The Dude, quite out of breath, must have just recently bolted back to the locker room as Doozer sits with Whamford discussing strategy in preparation for his Unified DREAM Title match. Still doing his best to catch his own wind, Doozer's manager reports from his prior recon mission CJ sent him on earlier in the night.

"Well... not many newbs are lurking around these halls, lemme tell ya that."

Disappointment from The Dooze and Whammy speeds up The Dude's report.

"I do have good news, though. I saw Zylbert."

Season's Beatings: 2009

A confused look from Doozer. He's obviously not so sure whether Dude meant Mark or Matt, seeing as The Big Shot is back in town these days. Seeing this, The Dude clarifies.

"Lil Big Shit, not Big Big Shit."

Doozer nods, as does the Wham Man. Then, just as synchronized as their head movements, the two of them stand to their feet. The Dooze walks over to his duffle bag and reaches in, pulling out a Goose egg. He glances back up at Dude with an evil grin on his face.

"It's time to teach this asshole that he can't just bring his big bro in here and expect things to change."

The Dude replies with a quick question.

"What about
Legend, Inc. and Disciple
X, though?" Shrugged off by the World Champ.

"Look, Dude... making the type of comeback I did is nothing short of miraculous. Don't go thinkin' every old smuck can waltz in here and start kickin' ass just 'cause your man Doozy did." "Actually, my man's Mr. Cool!" "You want this Goose egg in the face or should I save it for Zylidick?"

That shut him up. With the new found, and rare, silence Doozer tosses the Goose egg up in the air and catches it on its way back down. Then, he starts making his way out of the locker room.

"So, which way did he go?"

Before The Dude can give an answer, Whamford jumps from his seat with a concerned look on his face. Leave it to the Jew...

"Dooze, don't you think you should be a bit more concerned with your match? It's the Main Event... and the next one on the card. You should be up anytime. Do you really want to let the staff know that you care more about egging them than winning titles? Don't you want to show Big Shot, Inc, and X exactly who The Dooze is... and that he hasn't changed since they used to fear him back in the day? Wouldn't you rather send a message through your wrestling than an egging?

Please, Dooze... please
don't be like Cancer."

Up until that last sentence, Whammy had nothing.

DREAM's Savior was half out the door before the Whamster spouted out the comparison to CJ. An amazing tag team they might be, but Doozer would never EVER want to be equated to Cancer like that...

"You're right. I need to show The Big Shit that The Dooze has been ready and waiting. No messin' around tonight."

Season's Beatings: 2009

He tosses the egg to The Dude who, surprisingly, catches it.

"You egg Zylidick. Tell him it was for his big brother showing his ugly face around these parts when you do. Make it worth the sacrifice."

To Whammy's satisfaction, Doozer walks back into the room and returns to his seat. The two of them get back to discussing strategy as The Dude leaves, once again, on a mission. Scene cuts.

Lupin Cy vs. Doozer

"

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

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

"The fans love the hall fo famer, they love Doozer!"

As

"Pure Morning" by Placebo comes melodically flowing through the arena's sound system, the DREAM Champion Lupin Cy comes speeding down the ramp from the backstage area. Just as Cy begins a head-first slide into the ring, green fireworks launch from the top of all four turnbuckles. Lupin wildly keeps the energy going for the crowd by spinning in circles, pointing out to the masses as he does so.

After ascending one of the turnbuckles to salute his title belt to the crowd, Cy steps back down to the mat and shakes out a few stretches and rope pulls.

"This should be one hell of a unifacation title match folks! After this there will only be the DWF DREAM Championship!"

Season's Beatings: 2009

The bell sounds to start the match.

"Quick lock up. Doozer takes control, placing Cy in a side head lock."

Lupin stomps the foot of The Dooze.

"Lupin Cy able to roll out of the lock behind Doozer. Swift kicks to Doozer's legs."

Lupin turns The Dooze around.

"Lupin goes to whip The Dooze, reversal. Cy on the return. He ducks a clothesline, off the opposite ropes. Leap frog."

Both men stop in their tracks and turn to face each other.

"Cy goes for a kick, Doozer catches his leg. Lupin Cy in trouble now. No, enziguri!"

Lupin quickly covers The Dooze.

"Easy kick out by Doozer."

As they both begin to get up, The Dooze grabs and yanks both legs from out under Cy.

"Lupin hits the mat hard.

Doozer steps in, Cy is able to break free and kick him back."

The Dooze stumbles back, Lupin turns over and pushes up

"Two quick chops by Cy, he runs and bounces off the ropes, on the return.

Lupin Cy ducks a clothesline. Both men turn, Cy leaps twisting backwards, PELE KICK CONNECTS!" Lupin quickly floats over into a pin.

"He doesn't hook the leg, kick out at two. Boy, that Pele kick almost took Doozer's head off."

The Dooze uses the ropes to pull himself up, as he turns around Lupin Cy is up and runs at him, leaping.

"SPLASH!

No, Doozer

moves! Cy flies into that corner post." Lupin takes a dizzy step back into The Dooze's grasp.

"Inverted DDT! it has to be over."

The Dooze smirks and covers Lupin, and the referee drops and covers.

Season's Beatings: 2009

"The referee stops at two, Lupin Cy gets his foot on the bottom rope!"

Doozer has a look of 'are you serious' on his face as he begins to get up.

"Doozer pulls Lupin up with him. Grabs his arm, whips Lupin Cy into the nearby ropes, Cy leaps to the second, jumps back." He catches the head of with a kick Doozer, and brings him down.

"Head Shot! Lupin Cy up's the ante a bit!"

Lupin covers Doozer slowly and the referee drops to count.

"We may have a winn.. NO! Another kick out by Doozer!"

The fans are getting into the action of the match as both men are using the ropes to get up.

"We are just a few minutes into this competition, but both men have went at it 110% from the sound of the bell. They are drained."

They both hold onto their respective top rope and glare at each other across the ring before bolting towards each other like wild locomotives.

"DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE! THEY TAKE EACH OTHER DOWN!"

The referee waits a moment and then begins his ten count.

"Neither man is moving. I think they just decided to push themselves too hard, too early."

The referee continues on. Both men are starting to move some.

"Almost up, can they beat the referee's count?"

Right before the ten, both men are on their feet. The fans pop. Doozer mouths 'Let's do this' as Lupin Cy nods. The crowd goes nuts.

"Here they go!"

Doozer goes to hit the DREAM Champion with a big right, Cy ducks and swiftly kicks the leg of the Dooze. Another swift kick to the leg." Doozer begins hopping on one leg, holding the kicked one. Lupin lowers himself to the mat and sweeps the World Champion off of his feet.

"Doozer rolls backward and up to his feet. he was caught off guard, but seems ready to go again. Both men go in for a quick lock up."

Season's Beatings: 2009

The Dooze kicks Lupin Cy, breaking the lock.

"Doozer locks the DREAM Champion's arm, and follows up with a hip toss."

As Lupin hits the mat, he rolls over and pops to his feet.

"Cy back up, he rushes Doozer. Arm drag by the The Dooze."

Lupin Cy makes sure to get right back to his feet, this time he stays stationary, studying his opponent.

"Cy now moving towards Doozer."

Doozer places his fist up in a ready stance as Lupin comes at him.

"More swift kicks by Lupin Cy to the side of the legs of Doozer."

As Lupin lands his kicks, Doozer tightens up his block, ready for anything.

"Cy twist, spinning heel kick that meets the stomach of Doozer."

The breath is obviously knocked out of Doozer.

"Lupin uses this opportunity to get back on track as he runs at The Dooze. He leaps, knee smash to Doozer's face."

Once his knee connects, Lupin turns back around and grabs Doozer's legs right as he hits the mat, lifting them. Lupin then leaps up, throwing his legs out and landing across Doozer's inner thigh.

"Lupin Cy trying to take Doozer's legs away from him in this match, which could effectively slow down his assault."

Cy pushes up to his feet as Doozer turns over and attempts to get up himself.

"Lupin with a stomp to the back of Doozer, planting him back down to the mat."

Cy runs to the nearby corner, and climbs the turnbuckle.

"The DREAM Champion going up top."

As he stands up, arms out.

The cameras flash. In the ring, The Dooze begins to get up.

Season's Beatings: 2009

"The Dooze to his feet. He looks up as Lupin Cy leaps. Look at the air!"

Cy flips in the air and crashes through Doozer. Both men hit the mat hard as the fans pop extremely loud.

"What a high flying maneuver that pays off!"

Lupin gets to is feet. His breath is heavy, but he continues on as he stomps Doozer a couple times before lifting his leg.

"Stomp to the inner knee of Doozer."

The Dooze lets out a yelp of pain as he grabs his knee.

"The DREAM Champion is now lifting Doozer to his feet."

Lupin Cy goes to hit Doozer with a right.

"Big right hand connects. Going for another, blocked by Doozer! The Dooze returns with his own fist. Both men now exchanging punches."

The fans begin to get loud as they hit each other.

"Doozer grabs Lupin Cy's head, rolls him over to the mat."

Lupin sits in an upright position on the mat.

"Doozer jumps, drop kick to the back of Cy!"

Lupin is jolted up and forward to the mat as Doozer gets back to his feet. He sells the earlier knee punishment with a slight limp.

"Boot to the mid section of Lupin Cy. Doozer now lifts the DREAM Champion to his feet. He follows up with a forearm shot to the lower back."

Lupin stumbles forward a few steps.

"Doozer turns Cy around, going for the whip."

Lupin spins under Doozer's arm and pulls him into a boot.

"Doozer denied by Cy! Lupin leaps, bringing his leg down. Scissor kick across the back of Doozer" Doozer falls face forward to the mat. Lupin turns Doozer over and covers him, hooking the leg.

Season's Beatings: 2009

"The referee counts."

Doozer is able to kick out at two.

"Cy to his feet, pulling the World Champion up with him. Grabs his arm, whips Doozer into the ropes. Doozer on the return. He ducks a clothesline attempt by Lupin. both men turn, stomp to Lupin Cy's foot by Doozer!"

He grabs Lupin, hooking under his arms. He lifts, and delivers a double underarm impact DDT.

"THE ABUSER!"

Doozer, turns Cy over and covers him. The fans count with the referee.

"DOOZER HAS DONE IT! DOOZER HAS BECOME THE DWF DREAM CHAMPION!"

The crowd is on their feet. Doozer is helped up by the referee and handed his World Championship belt and the DREAM Championship.

"MY GOD! DOOZER HAS UNIFIED THE CHAMPIONSHIP BELTS TONIGHT HERE IN DETROIT!"

A Final Gift

"

gman" Doozer's music cuts off almost directly after it begins.

"What's this?"

Doozer looks around, upset at his huge victory being interrupted. On the big screen, a familer logo flashes.

"That's.. that's the SCW's logo. Supreme Championship Wrestling was DREAM's farm promotion back in 2000 to 2001 or so. It was ran by..."

The arena lights dim and "I'm The Man" by Belly starts to play.

"It was ran by the man whom this theme belongs too! MY GOD!"

Green strobe lights and spotlights go off in the arena and money starts to fall from the rafters as the fans break into a frenzy. The screen comes to life with clips from the career of Greg Manix before being shattered by his name.

"G-MAN!"

As this happens, pyrotechnics start to go off in various colors and Manix steps out onto the ramp. He stands there for a second, taking in the crowd reaction, before making his way down the ramp.

Season's Beatings: 2009

"GREG MANIX IS HERE IN DREAM!
MY GOD, GREG
MANIX!" Doozer's face turns pale.

"The rumors are true, William Peters has brought in a huge name from the past!"

Doozer watches as Greg enters the ring.

"What is his purpose here?!"

Manix looks down at Lupin Cy, then at Doozer, then back at Lupin again. G-Man puts his hand out and mouths 'congratulations Dooze'" "G-Man is here and paying the new DREAM Champion the respect he deserves after his win!"

Doozer grabs G-Man's hand, at that point Manix's face goes blank. He pulls Doozer into a big boot, and follows it up with a big power bomb.

"HE JUST POWER BOMBED DOOZER!"

The fans begin to boo as G-Man looks over at Lupin. He smiles evilly and walks over to the former champion.

"Manix pulls Lupin to his feet, what he is going to do?!"

Greg turns around in front of Lupin, and lifts him up on his back, face down, in a crucifix position. He then tosses him hard with a power bomb.

"GANGSTAS EDGE!"

Cy is out cold, Doozer rolls around, selling a possible neck injury. G-Man walks over and picks up the DREAM Championship. He holds it high in the air.

"That could very well be the next DREAM Champion as he has destroyed both Lupin Cy and Doozer in mere seconds!"

The camera pans in on G-man holding the title as the copyright appears on the screen.

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