

Tuesday Night Insomnia: I

August 11, 2009 | Pine Bluff Convention Center - Pine Bluff, Arkansas

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11 Aug 2009

Pine Bluff Convention Center, Pine

Bluff, Arkansas (seats 8,500)

Welcome to Insomnia

Insomnia hits the airwaves as the arena turns to a purplish black. The scenes from Slaughter the night before. Explosions from the stage signal it is time to get the action going. Busta Capps, and Silva Sin are at the the commentators table ready for the action to begin. Capps: Welcome to the first ever Late Night Tuesday Insomnia one. This show has action packed and everything looks ready to go. This show has been months in the making and the Dream Wrestling has expanded and made this second show possible. Sin: No doubt. By the end of this night we have no clue what could happen. We have a tag team match that involves ladders, hell in a cell, and a mail bag that has the contract for the Tag Team Championship match. Only thing left to do after the mail bag is retrieved is to sign the papers within for the title match. Capps:

We can

t forget our man event either. We have we have Your Idol himself, Michael Polowy taking on Cody Brews. This match will be explosive to say the least.

Sin: This show period is action packed and incredible. This show has to be a success with some of the big names of Dream Wrestling that will grace that ring tonight. I.. by The Deftones hits as smoke covers the top of the entrance ramp. Out walks a long red headed built figure. The smoke begins to disappear as it is revealed to be Tommy Crimson. Crimson

s very appearance here has the fans insane with booing. Throwing cups, popcorn, and anything else they can get they

re hands on. Crimson walks down to the ring, being the former owner of fEar wrestler.

Mic in hand, Crimson speaks...

Crimson: I have been around the world. I have been a World Champion in this business. At 35 years old I have accomplished more than most of you will ever accomplish. I am not here to say I have this and blah blah blah. I am the new commish around these parts. I run this show and I intend for it to be a success. I don t bullshit, and I am in no mood for backstage politics. I am the real deal, and I have no reason to fail. To fail now would to start a new trend in my life and why would I want to start that tonight? If I wanted I could take

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this expensive italian suit off right now and whip a Level One
s ass all over this ring. I am now retired and that
s not what I am here to accomplish. I want to rule the ratings wars in professional wrestling. Slaughter along
with this show, how could we ever fail.

Without further a do, Welcome to Insomnia... Crimson drops the mic and steps out of the ring with boo
s still pounding down hard on him. He walks up the ramp and back to the backstage area.

Capps: Whoa, our old boss is here. I can

t believe this. I thought he was banned from professional wrestling for those stunts he pulled a year ago. Sin:
Naw, they can

t toss a legend like him out like that. He

s the boss, what he says goes on this show.

B.R. Ellis vs. Marty Menace

"

brellis" B.R. Ellis walks down the ramp with mixed reactions from the crowd. He gets to the ring and slides
between the ropes with a look of confidence on his face, he walks to a turnbuckle in wait for his opponent...

Sin: Ellis looks like he is ready for a fight tonight. This could be good, man. This could be great. Marty
Menace walks to the ring to cheers. Being four feet eleven is making him the crowd favorite in this match up
as he takes off running toward the ring, and sliding in. Menace and Ellis stare each other down waiting for the
bell to ring. Ellis still has the same confident look on his face as Menace just smiles in his direction. Capps:
This opening bout for the first Insomnia could shape up to be one of the best matches on the card. Sin: I
couldn

t agree more Capps. The referee signals for the bell as Menace and Ellis begin to circle each other in the
ring. Ellis strikes first being the bigger of the two. He gets Menace into a headlock and holds it in place. He
holds the hold tight. The ref gets in close to watch Menace

s hands and arms. He watches as Menace

s eyes begin to close and his arms begin to drop. His eyes pop back open suddenly and he begins to twist
and move to get free from Ellis

s grip. Menace see

s his only way out from the corner of his eye, a rope. Capps: He appears to be reaching for the ropes. Sin:

Yeah no shit, Capps. What would you do if someone who was a foot taller than you had a sleeper hold on
you? Capps:

I was just doing my Job, Sin. Jesus. Finally Menace reaches the

ropes, and the ref signals for Ellis to release his hold. The ref separates the two men, and

Ellis backs away as Menace gets to his feet. Ellis suddenly runs at Menace, Menace jumps and uses his
legs around Ellis

s neck for a

Hurricarana! Ellis rolls toward a turnbuckle and Menace is now runs at him drop kicking him solid in the face
before he can get back to his feet. Ellis is slow to get to his feet as the two men square off once again. Sin:
Ellis has been taken down by Menace! Capps: WHY IS HE WAITING?!?! He must be insane, he needs to be
the aggressor at this point! Menace hits the ropes and runs toward Ellis, he ducks and catches Menace with a
clothesline on the recoil. Ellis reaches down and grabs his much smaller opponent by the neck and lifts him
straight up into the air, choking him. The referee begins counting, insisting that he release the hold.

Before the ref can reach three, Ellis throws Menace down. Hitting the mat hard Menace jumps back to his

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feet and dives at

Ellis, missing. Menace is nearly back to his feet as Ellis gets hold of his head. Menace uses all of his strength left to push Ellis into the turnbuckle knocking the ref down to the ground. Ellis shaken but still aware, watches as Menace slides out of the ring. He walks over toward Capps, and Sin to get a chair. Capps: Now see Menace is finally thinking. There is no way he can defeat this big redneck without some sort of equalizer. Sin: Well he

s got one now! Menace now back in the ring charges the Ellis with the chair. CRACK! Across Ellis s skull slams against the chair and he falls to his knee

s. Sin: Damn! Capps: He

s cheating! Damnit! Menace is now in control with the steel chair. He continues his assault on Ellis and keeps hitting him in the ribs, and attempting to hit him in the head over and over. Ellis is covering his heads to deflect the blows from the chair. Menace hits him twice more and drops the chair, and gets down to pin Ellis as the ref comes to. The ref begins his count. 1.....2.....ELLIS KICKS OUT! Ellis throws Menace off of him. The referee is now back on his feet and in control of the match once again. Ellis jarred yet still ready to get the job done. Ellis charges Menace with a clothesline and drops him. Menace struggles to get to his feet, now Ellis is back in control he continues to kick Menace. He rolls out of the ring, and looks like he is going for another weapon, Ellis being between he and the other chair. Ellis is in close pursuit and catches him just before he reaches for another. Ellis holding on to his opponent rolls him back in the ring. Rolling him back in the ring, he begins pounding away at his head. Ellis throws Menace into the turnbuckle and begins hitting away. The crowd begins to count.... 1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....7.....8.....9.....AND 10!

Ellis releases Menace as he falls to the mat. He reaches down and grabs at his head once again. He notices the chair behind him and acts as if he is about to fall. The ref watches as Ellis still holding onto Menace s head DDT

s his head into the steel chair, Menace previously used. The referee thinking this was an accident does not DQ, Ellis. Ellis rolls over onto Menace for the pin! Capps: He

s going for the pin! Jesus he cheated you know that was no accident! Sin:

Ref didn

t call it, I didn

t see it.. Ellis pins Menace.....

1.....2.....3..... The referee calls for the bell as Ellis stands up, victorious in this match! The ref raises his hand, but he pulls it away. Ellis uses his hand like its a cup and does a drinking motion. Capps: I guess he

s going to get drunk tonight! He

s is already drunk I would say! Crimson needs to piss test that

Sin: What is your problem, Capps? Great Match and awesome win for the Ellis! Capps:

Yeah...Whatever, We will be right back after this commercial break!

An... Apology?

"

mikepolowy" Following the opening match up of the night, a hush falls over the crowd as the lights in the arena begin to dim. It starts low, but the faint buzzing of bass can be heard over the PA system before finally

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the full opening riff's of "Yes Please" by

Muse begin to blast through the new high budget speakers. The crowd immediately explodes into a low hiss and sharp boos as DREAM's resident jerkoff, Mike

Polowy, steps through the curtain and onto the stage. He isn't dressed to wrestle yet, instead attired in a pair of stylish looking pre-worn jeans and a button down black dress shirt with a tacky looking pair of aviator sunglasses hung low on the bridge of his nose. He's chewing gum, apparently, in an over-exaggerated sort of way that makes him look somehow cockier than usual. He takes a few steps down the ramp, shifting the DWF Women's Championship to his opposite shoulder as he reaches into his lack pocket to produce a microphone. Strangely absent tonight is his half of the Tag Team Championships, as is his tag team partner Jak Nemesis. Seeming un-bothered by this, The Mike Effect chuckles to himself as he stares out at the peanut gallery tossing him so many insults. He clears his throat, raising the microphone to his lips as he shakes his head.

"I came out here tonight..." he begins, his voice as low as a good campfire storyteller.

"Because I felt like an apology was owed."

Almost immediately, the crowd hushes to practically a whisper. Not a fan in attendance could have possibly anticipated those words to escape the mouth of the most hated man in the Dream Wrestling Federation.

"It's pretty fitting that I'm main eventing the flagship episode of this little show DREAM is putting on here tonight."

He continues, his voice not raising from it's unusually subtle tone.

"Insomnia. I don't think I've truly slept for the last four or five years, and if anyone around here knows the definition of insomnia, it's most certainly me. When you're an insomniac, you never really feel rested. You lie awake most nights, maybe getting a few hours of shut eye here and there, but mostly, it's just a lot of empty space. Time that needs to be filled. And with that much time to fill... I think."

He swallows hard, beginning to pace toward the right as he lowers his head. The crowd is now following his every word quite intently.

"I think about a lot of things."

MPlow utters, solemnly.

"I think about my life, and where it's all really going. I think about Heaven and Hell and all the eventualities of life that we have to deal with in the end. I wonder to myself what ever happened to the chick who played Alice on the Brady Bunch. But mostly, especially lately,

I've been doing a little too much thinking for my own good. Last night on Slaughter, I unfortunately took some of that

over-thinking in my personal life into the wrestling ring, and I feel like for that I must apologize. For those of

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you who may read my weekly blog at DREAM's website, you may or may not be aware that early last week, a... crazed individual... took it upon herself to rape and pillage my personal information and hack into my account. The details aren't particularly important, but in the end it's really had me thinking about a lot over the last few days. Last night, as

I know everyone is aware, I had a confrontation with Tessa Martin at Slaughter which almost turned physical. She had been quite critical of the way I do things around

here, and I took a situation that existed in my personal life and I let it get the best of me in the ring. So I'd like to apologize for almost snapping last night, and becoming physical with Ms. Martin." For the first time since his induction into the Dream Wrestling Federation, the arena begins a low cheer for the Women's Champion. His face doesn't seem to change much at first, but over a few seconds a warm smile comes over his face, as his eyes begin to well up with tears.

"You see," he continues, the volume of his voice beginning to rise.

"I apologize, because I held back. I wholeheartedly apologize to Tessa Martin for NOT destroying her personal personal pan pizza box with the stiffest hot and ready goddamn soccer kick! she's ever felt in her life!"

The warm smile on his face quickly re-freezes, his icy demeanor showing its true colors with a sadistic sneer. The crowd boos even harder than they had before, duped by such a pathetic trick on the part of wrestling's most notorious dilettante.

"As the DWF Women's Champion," he continues, ignoring the sudden turncoat from the fans.

"I have a job to do. I have a responsibility... a duty to defend my championship and my honor from week to week, even if it means handing out laced up hysterectomies on every continent

I step foot on. And last night, I denied my responsibility. I stood in the ring with two of the most disrespectful, ungrateful women ever to lace up a pair of boots and call themselves wrestlers, and I had a chance to deliver a little bit of judgment. But instead, I let a few memories from my childhood get in the

way, and

I didn't do the job that needed to be done. But I assure you, Tessa and Dawn... and I assure you, fans of the DWF worldwide, that it will NEVER. Happen. Again. From this point forward, where I walk, there will be slaughter. Where I fight, there will be fear. And from this moment on, where there is Michael Polowy, there will be a kind of justice the women of this world will never forget. Husbands, lock up your wives... MPlow is back." He sneers again, chuckling to himself as he drops the microphone to the steel stage. There is a crackling of feedback, and then silence, with only the booing of the hostile crowd to play off the always vicious Michael Polowy as he turns and walks back through the curtain, not saying another word. The Start Of Something New...

"

tjparker"

This is the big night. The debut. The beginning of what T.J. hopes will be a beautiful career. Sitting with his

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head between his knees, T.J.

His mind is running through every possible scenario for tonight

his match. Every single way he can leave in victory and every single way he can avoid defeat. It

has been a long time

coming, but he feels he

is finally ready to step back into the ring. Hell, he was born to do this. His cell phone

his ringtone snaps him back to reality. He picks it up and reads the name and immediately answers.

"Hey momma

T.J. says and then listens as his mom begins to talk.

"What? You

are here? But how

He listens to his mom talk for several minutes and after awhile the corners of his mouth creep into a smile.

Just the other day, she wanted nothing to do with T.J.

his chosen profession but apparently she had come through and was in the crowd waiting and watching.

"She

is with you? But how did you two meet?" He stops so she can answer but interrupts his mom shortly after she starts.

"Look momma, we can talk about this after the show. I

will take you two out for a late dinner, how does that sound? Thank you for coming, it means a lot. I love you."

T.J. hangs up the phone but cannot erase the smile. This is what he wanted the most, his mom here ready to watch her son become a star. With his father gone, he has nobody else to share this side of his life with. But that she

is here shows that she

has taken a huge step in forgiving this sport for her husband

his death because even though the sport didn't

it give him cancer, she believes it took control of his life and changed him from being the husband she knew. And Celeste was here too? How could that be?

With this news, T.J. now had more of a reason to win than ever. With his

mom, the most important person in his life, and Celeste who was quickly becoming his best friend out in the crowd watching him compete, he now felt untouchable. Things were quickly shaping up to make this night the best night he

has had in a long time. Suddenly, he realized, he could go nowhere but up.

Pierce vs T.J. Parker

"

"Pierce" T.J. Parker eases his way out onto the ramp. The people all around in the arena boo like crazy. The fans are throwing different items. A carrot flies across the aisle and hits him in the back. He turns about to confront the fan. He brushes it off and heads for the rings. Capps: Welcome back fans. Second match of the night is about to begin. T.J. Parker is in the ring and he is now in the ring. Sin: Yes he looks like he is ready to go, tonight man. Here comes Pierce! Pierce walks out and the fans immediately begin to cheer like crazy.

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"Pierce!", "Pierce!", chants break out all over the arena. He slides in the ring and Parker immediately goes in for a spear! Pierce slowly stands up to and T.J. Parker grapples him into the corner. Pierce wraps his arms around Parker and gets off a german suplex!

Still holding him around his waist he performs another german suplex. Now showing signs of fatigue, Pierce releases the hold he had on. Parker pokes Pierce in the eye and takes down.

Capps: Ew, had to hurt. Sin: No doubt. No doubt, man. Parker rolls around to get to his feet after being taken down. Tripping up Pierce in the process he jumps on top of him. Parker kicks at Pierce on the mat, and is attempting to get back to his feet. Slowly but surely he makes it to one knee. Parker then hits the ropes and comes back into to hit the Pierce with spinebuster laying him down. Pierce is after Parker now with him in his sights. He uses the ropes to come down with his knee

s on the fallen Pierce. Sin: That did some damage to those ribs of Pierce... Capps: It isn't over yet man. Pierce tries using the ropes to get back up from the beating his ribs has just taken. Parker runs at him and is met with a spinning wheel kick. Parker hits the mat, and his nose is now bleeding Capps: He is bleeding! This could cause Parker a loss here. Pierce is on the attack now throwing his opponent into the ropes and is met with a bulldog in the middle of the ring. Pierce gets on top Parker and is now punching away. The referee is right there watching the count. Sin: He better watch it man, this could be the very end if that ref reaches that count. Capps: Parker may have this in the bag. Sin: I wouldn't be so sure, not if he get

s disqualified! The match turns back for Pierce's favor as the ref breaks up the punching. He now looks for a way out. Pierce stands over Parker watching the blood gush from his nose. Parker stands back up to his feet looking like a beaten man. Parker headbutts Pierce one time and watches him wobble around. He grabs his head once again for another thunderous headbutt. This causes Pierce to finally fall to the mat. Parker taking advantage unties the turnbuckle while the referee is tending to the fall Pierce. Parker finally realizes this is his chance, and throws Pierce into the bare turnbuckle and falls forward. Before he can hot the round he is drop kicked to the skull. Pierce falls over and rolls right in front of Parker, Sin: Do it! Do it! Now. Parker takes Pierce down and now the two men are on the mat. Parker gets to his feet and applies a sharpshooter. Pierce reaches for the ropes to break the hold. He scoots with all his might. The referee is right there watching and waiting for the tap. Pierce fights and scoots his way toward the rope to grab ahold. Pierce reaches, and reaches...Parker uses his leg strength to pull him back in the middle of the ring. The pain is too much for Pierce. Capps: He

s going to...He s going to.... Pierce sees no way out, and begins to tap the mat to release the hold. The ref rings the bell. The two men stand up and Pierce extends a hand to Parker. At first he seems reluctant, but he extends his hand out and Parker grabs it. A kick to the gut, Parker hits a jawbreaker on Pierce, and spits on him as he lies knocked out. Sin: Jesus...Parker has no room for friends here at Dream. Capps:

No doubt, Sin. No doubt. He dominated most of the match, and showed what he is made of. Insomnia so far has been just awesome.

T-Money vs. Chris Bladez

"chrisbladez" Capps: Welcome back from commercial break. This next match I have been waiting on all night. It could turn out to be the best match on the card. Sin: Capps, dude you have said that about every match on

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the card. Insomnia thus far has been going so well. Crimson

s statement earlier tonight could not have been more correct. Here comes Money! T-Money makes his way to the ring. The boo

s are coming down like crazy. Signs all over the arena like, "DIE T-MONEY", "SUCK MY T-MONEY", and many different signs. He walks up the steps and shakes his head at the fans who are booing. Sin: Damn they hate T-Money, for sure. Capps: There is no way this man can be that hated. He is one of the best wrestlers on the entire Dream roster in my opinion. Sin: He

s on his way, don

t get up his ass that quick, Capps. Capps:

Here comes former UCF World Champion, Chris

Bladez, hailing from Beverly Hills, CA! Represent! Sin: Capps you are from Virginia, what the hell are you talking about? Chris Bladez makes his way down the ramp with fans booing just as before with T-Money. The signs that are being held up in his name, are so obscene they are blurred. Soon as Bladez slides in the ring he spears T-Money bringing him down to his knee

s. Capps: SPEAR! T-Money is down, and rolls out of the ring as Bladez gets back to his feet. T-Money is laying beside the ring as Bladez is on his way to come after him. Suddenly he springs up to get grab one of Bladez legs while he is still standing in the ring. Tripping him to the mat hard. T-Money still holding his leg drags him over to the closest turnbuckle and slams his leg against the ring post. Bladez screams in pain. Smiling he continues to slam the knee cap of Bladez into the ringpost. T-Money stands up on the apron and begins to stomp the already hurting knee of Chris Bladez. He uses his other leg to kick Money off. Regaining his composure, T-Money looks back in the ring at Bladez who is now attempting to get back to his feet. Sin: He has hurt that leg. T-Money came into this match with a plan and so far it is working. Capps: He is outside the ring, man? How do you think he is in control at this point? Sin: Well for one Capps, you moron. Look at his knee he is holding it and can barely stand! Bladez is now on the defensive as he scoots across the ring trying to stand back to his feet. His knee is in pain as he grabs the ropes and is nearly back to his feet. Suddenly T-money comes around the outside of the ring up on the apron and uses the ropes to choke Chris. The referee steps in and is counting. 1...2... Finally he releases him and Bladez falls to the mat. T-Money climbs the top rope and jumps off landing an elbow drop and wrapping a leg for a pin, the ref begins to count.... 1.....2 1/2...T-Money lifts Bladez head! Capps: Why would he do that? Sin: Hahaha, he isn't finished with his ass yet...

T-Money looks at the crowd who are now on they

re feet booing. He flips the crowd off and walks back over to the turnbuckle. As he is climbing, Bladez gets to his feet and wobbles over to the turnbuckle. Grabbing the shoulders of Money as he is still climbing slams him hard on the

mat, and rolls him up in a pin! 1.....KICKOUT Money rolls over ontop of Bladez and begins punching him in the face with a closed fist. The referee is watching this closely and starts pulling on Money

s shoulder. Finally he stands up pulling up Bladez up with him. He throws him into the ropes and hits Bladez with a thunderous clothesline. The clothesline causes Bladez to do a spin in the air. T-Money stands to his feet sweating and breathing heavy at this point. Capps: The end is near... Sin: I wouldn

t say that... T-Money lifts up Blades and pumphandle slams him into the middle of the ring. The crowd begins to cheer out of nowhere. Money looks around at the crowd flipping them off once more for jumping on his bandwagon? T-Money falls on the mat across the Chris Bladez as the referee begins to count.

1.....2.....3!!!!!! Capps: T-Money has won this match! T-Money stands to his feet, still not paying any

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attention to the crowd cheers. He hates the fact they are actually cheering him until he turns to leave. He realizes exactly what is going on. He turns to face Doozer! Sin: DOOOZER!!! Doozer throws T-Money outside of the ring to a roar of cheers. The two men outside the ring exchange blows. They begin fighting right best the announcers table as Doozer kicks Money in the gut and he bends in pain. Doozer suplexes Money through the announcers table! Doozer gets back to his feet and looks down at T-Money with a look of hatred in his eyes. Doozer turns and walks away with his hands held high into the air. All the fans are on their feet cheering, "Doozer!, Doozer!"

Capps: He got him back for that, asshole broke our table. Sin: You better watch it, he'll tear you apart, brother. What a match, crazy finish. Love it, we'll be right back after a short commercial break!

USXF vs. Mexican Express

"

thenewera" Sin: Welcome back to Insomnia. We are ready for a hell of a match now. This match has some stipulations for those aren't aware of them. The steel hell in a cell in being lowered and hanging from above the top of hell in a cell is a mail bag. This mail bag was stolen by a member of Mexican Express and a fight broke out between Express and USXF. Whoever escapes the cage, and makes their way back to the top using one of the tables, yes a table is required to reach the bag after being on top of the cage. This could be the match of the night, and I mean that. Capps: The competitors are already in the ring. Jesus Martinez, and Blue Phoenix are in the ring as well as Shaun XF and Lady America. These two teams are ready for action. What my partner forgot to mention is the ladder in the ring has purpose as well. This match is a creation of Commish Crimson. The ladder in the hell in a cell is to reach the key hanging at the top inside the cage. Whoever gets to the top will be able to unlock the door and then who knows what will happen? The bell rings as all of the wrestlers stare each other down. The crowd is amazed at such a match, never have seen anything like this. Shaun is the first to attack going straight for Blue Phoenix in the match. Lady America drop kicks Martinez and causes him to fall against the ropes. Shaun and Phoenix are battling in the corner of the ring fighting to get the ladder. Finally Phoenix suplexes Shaun out of the ring and then dives over the ropes after him landing knee first on him. Back in the ring Lady America is being thrown into the turnbuckle as Martinez follows up with a splash causing her to fall in a sitting position against the turnbuckle. Martinez smiles and backs up toward the far turnbuckle and hits Lady America with the bronco buster! He is bouncing up and down and the crowd gets into this. Capps: Jesus, you never see that move anymore. Sin: It's great, even better when it's done to a chick for some reason. Lady America is being pulled around the ring by her hair. Martinez is relentless in his offensive approach. Meanwhile outside the ring Phoenix and Shaun are fighting outside the ring. Shaun is rubbing Phoenix's face across the cage. Phoenix's forehead is now bleeding as he is dropped to the ground and starts getting kicked over and over. Sin: This match is insane... Lady America inside the ring lowblows Martinez and he falls to his knees. While he is down she regains her composure and picks up the ladder in the middle of the ring and hits Martinez square in forehead with it as he begins to stand. She stands the ladder up in the middle of the ring and begins to climb. Step after step she makes her way up toward the key until she reaches the top of the

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ladder. She reaches for the key and nabs it! Phoenix see

s her grab the key and slides back in the ring while Shaun XF is getting back to his feet. Phoenix, now in the ring drop kicks the ladder and Lady America flies out of the rings and bounces off the side of the steel cage, dropping the key. The ladder as it falls hits Martinez once again who is still down from being hit directly with it. Phoenix rolls back out of the ring where Lady America dropped the key and retrieves it. He looks down at her and she appears to be out cold. He spits on her, and makes his way toward the door. Capps: He is going to win this match! Sin: It

s not over until its over! Phoenix now begins to unlock the door and it flies open. As he walks through the door he begins to lock the door again. Shaun XF drop kicks the door sending Phoenix flying to the floor.

Shaun ddt

s Phoenix on the outside of the cage, and goes back inside the cage after throwing the master lock to the cage into the crowd. Shaun checks on Lady America to make sure she is okay, but she is still out after the fall she took. Shaun looks in the ring and Martinez appears to be in worse shape than Lady America, as he looks straight up to see the mail bag hanging above the hell in a cell. Phoenix is already outside the ring climbing up the side of the cage. Shaun rushes outside the cage to begin climbing the cage, and they make they re way to the top of the hell in a cell. Sin:

Whoever gets to the top first, Wins....

Capps:

I dunno, Silva... Phoenix and Shaun get to the top of the cage and run at each other

clotheslines! They both fall hard to the flimsy top of the cage. Phoenix gets to his feet first and sets up the table to climb to reach the mail bag. Shaun reaches for Phoenix

s leg but is kicked away. Shaun climbs on the table as it wobbles back and forth from having nearly nothing to hold it steady. The two men reach for the mail bag and both rip it down! And fall down to the top of the cage. Both still holding the mail bag begin fighting for one to let go. The two begin to swap punches on top of the cage, as Shaun XF get

s an edge after hitting Phoenix one last time, and spears him. The two men fall three the top of the steel cell!

Sin: Holy F

ING SHIT! Capps:

They

re Dead, They

re Dead.... Now the men in the ring roll around still trying to get to they

re feet after the bad fall. Suddenly a voice can be heard coming from the ramp. Commish Crimson is standing there holding a mic looking at the carnage in the ring..

Crimson: The match you guys just had in that ring for that mail bag...I have decided next week right here on Insomnia, both teams have earned a title shot. Write it in stone, you all better heal up. Unless you haven t noticed the Dream Tag Team Champions are no joke. Heal up, you

ll need to be a 100% next week. Next week, 6 men enter the ring, two will leave with the belts. Raise that cage up back to the rafters and clean that carnage out of my f

king ring. Leave the remaining two tables. I just decided that your MAIN EVENT is now a LADDER MATCH.

Showtime. Sin: You heard it here first brother. Next week the Tag Team titles will be on the line. I think these two teams we just witnessed here tonight deserve it. Capps: I agree with that, amazing... Stay tuned for the Main Event coming up next. We got to pay some bills with this short commercial break! Sin: Don

t GO ANYWHERE!

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Unwanted help

"

malcolmdredking" Malcolm Dred-King is in the lobby of the arena doing promotional work for Dream Wrestling. He is signing autographs while at the same time promoting the new DVD on the federation. He grins while a young girl named Allison tells him he was her father

s favorite wrestler, he takes a look at her she seems about 18 years old and he just shakes his head and comments that he has indeed been in this business too long jokingly with her. As she walks away another patron hands him a video

the padded glove he

s wearing is all to familiar as the individual states

Can you please make this out to Dolo

forever my hero, the best wrestler to ever

MDK looks up and sees his one time tag team partner Dolo Bentswinger

MDK:"She didn

t?!?" Dolo:"Ohhh yes she did

Dolo states with a cocky smile on his face

MDK goes to the crowd and asks for a five minute break, promising to stay after the show to sign whatever remaining items they have. He goes to the event organizer and says to make sure to have whatever available Dream Wrestling t-shirts from the concession stands after the show to give to whoever comes after the show that will be on him, that he

ll sign in addition. He and Dolo steps to the side

MDK:"I told Nichelle I don

t need a tag team partner

Dolo:"No you told her you could find your own, I

m just insurance incase you don

t." MDK:"Dolo

I can

t go back, I

m all about moving forward

Dolo:"look is this about that little thing with me being apart of the whole accident that claimed Bianca s life? I

ve more than made up for that by helping you smoke out all the others who were apart of that conspiracy. Or was is this about me almost ending your career?

I am a gun for hire you know that

I was paid to do a job, Don

t tell me it

s about the time I piledrove your daughter to force you into a match with me

s not like I didn

t protect her when I did the

move." Malcolm looks at him like he

which he is a little

MDK:"Didn

t I retire you?" Dolo laughs

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Dolo:"Obviously your wife cares about you enough to actually call me after what I did to your daughter. She understands that my loyalty to the almighty dollar outweighs whatever loyalty you can possibly find in the Dream Wrestling lockerroom

MDK:"ohh so you work here now?"

Dolo:"not quite

your wife is giving you until Sept. 16th to

find yourself

win the World Title

find another tag team partner whatever you want. You have a month to have your run. After that if you still want to be here I kick in and we rip things up like the old days by first and foremost claiming the tag team titles." MDK:"So this is just a friendly warning?"

Dolo:"Far from it

like I said I

m your insurance policy, even though

I can

t debut in ring until Sept. I

ll be around protecting my employer

s which in this case happens to be your wife

s best interest

that being you. You got a month kid to do what you gotta do, I

ll just be around to make sure you don

t get yourself killed while doing

it."

Dolo lets out a big laugh as he gives a giant hug to Malcolm Dred-King who just shakes his head in disbelief
Dawn McGill, Tessa

Martin, and a special guest come out and sit in the front row

"

tessamartin" Dawn McGill and Tessa Martin, still basking over their win the night before, walk down to the ring and sit two of three open front row seats to watch the main event between Mike Polowy and Cody Brews. A few seconds later, a third woman wearing a strapless red and blue dress and the Missouri Valley Wrestling title belt secured around her waist joins them. It takes a little while for the audience to put two and two together and figure out who she was. Amy Martin aka former DWF Women's Champion Miss USA looked markedly different than the last time the DWF audience saw her. Back then, her hair was colored with blue highlights and she wore a mask. Tonight, sans mask, her long, flowing hair was back to her natural blond. She high fives McGill and Martin and takes her seat next to them.

Mike Polowy vs Cody Brews

"

mikepolowy" Capps: Here we are the moment has come. The Main Event is upon us and Mike Polowy and Cody Brews are ready to get it on. Sin: What about Crimson changing the match to a Ladder match? Capps: Well this is Dream Wrestling and if you haven

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It noticed anything can happen on Insomnia. Here comes Cody Brews! Cody Brews makes his way to the ring. The fans cheer one of their favorites. Cody steps through the ropes and jumps around getting loose for his toughest test since signing a contract with Dream. Sin: Cody Brews has a lot of experience in the ring. I mean he is no push over.

"The Star of the Show" is no joke. He has so many different awards, and he has had a great career so far. He is a legend in my book. Mike Polowy struts down the ramp having one half of the tag team titles over one shoulder and the Dream Women

s titles over the other as he struts to the ring. He walks around the ring, and sits his titles on the announcers table the Dream staff has attempted to put back together after Doozer putting T-Money through it earlier in the night. Polowy slides in the ring and the two men stare each other down. The crowd is on the edge of their seats waiting for the match to start. Sin: To win this match you must send your opponent through one a table. This match could be great. I mean both of these guys have been World Champions, and both have resumes

that is simply amazing.

It

s Main Event time, Capps..

Capps: Ohhh yeah... The bell rings as the two men grapple in the ring, one trying to gain a power advantage over the other. Polowy gets the advantage and piledrives Brews to the mat. He then walks over to the corner and smiles awaiting Brews to get back to his feet. This enrages Brews as he stares down Polowy and the two men begin to circle each other. Brews strikes first with a spinebuster! The boom can be heard throughout the Pine Bluff Convention Center. Polowy is getting to his feet, as Brews hits the ropes and hits a swinging neck breaker on Polowy. Brews is eating up the crowd at this point and heads for a turnbuckle to really get them pumped. He jumps off going for a flying headbutt and Polowy at the last minute moves out of way! Capps: Missed! Sin: That had to hurt, and Polowy is like a snake in the grass. He will use any means to beat you, and Brews, the veteran he is knows this. Cody Brews rolls around in the ring holding his head from hitting it solid against the mat. Polowy stomps at Brew

s ribs, causing him to cover and protect himself from the damage being inflicted. Polowy's attention suddenly goes to one of the tables outside the ring and he heads outside the ring to retrieve it. Brews is in the ring trying to get to his feet, and does so. He sees

s Polowy outside the ring sliding the table into the ring and Brews does a baseball slide to the edge of the apron knocking Polowy to the floor. He follows up by smashing his head into the security wall, and then tosses him over. He then jumps over the wall himself as Polowy gets to his feet. His back is to Brews as he comes up behind him. Polowy notices a wire that goes to one of the tv cameras

s filming the event and reaches for it. As Brews comes at him he flips around and begins to choke Brews with the camera wire. Brews arms are flapping all around trying to escape. He is running out of air as Polowy just keeps applying pressure to with the wire around his neck. Finally he manages to wrap his arms around the head of Polowy and falls to the ground with a jawbreaker. Brews stands up and unwraps the wire from around his neck, and now can breathe. Catching his breath he doesn't

even see Polowy come up and grab him. He suplexes Brews over the security barrier and the two men land just a few feet from the ring. Capps: These men are going to kill each other. This is awesome. I love insomnia... Sin: This match could go down in history, these two men couldn't be any better matched. I mean they are both legends in my opinion, they both f

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ing great wrestlers... The two men now just outside the ring now are trying to get back to they re feet. The hard fall from the suplex has them both jarred. Polowy finally gets to his feet and a hold of Brews throwing him into the steel steps to the ring. Brews crashes into the steps and falls. Polowy watches this and slides in the ring. He sets up the table he slid in the ring earlier. He unfolds the legs, and sets it up in the middle of the ring. Brews is slides in the ring and Polowy turns around to a bitch slap! He holds his cheek looking at Brews as if he was crazy, he removes his hand from the spot and a huge red hand print remains. Polowy swings at Brews and is met by an arm bar! Polowy gets himself free but Brews is all over him and throws him in the ropes. On the recoil he recieves a KNEE SMASH! Sin: BREWS IS IN CONTROL! Brews picks up Polowy and rolls him on the table. Brews heads for the top of the turnbuckle and is facing the cheering crowd about to attempt a back flip to send Polowy through the table. He jumps, and Polowy catches him in the mid air with a spear from the top of the table and knocks the air out of Brews. Trying to catch his breath he is rolled on the table now, and

Brews gets to his knee

s attempting to get off the top of the table, Polowy climbs on the table as well. Both of the men begin punching back and forth. Brews gets the upper hand and goes for a quick takedown on top of the table but is countered with the MIKE

EFFECT! This sends Brews through the table. The bell rings, and Polowy stands up looking down at Brews amongst all the broken wood from the table. The referee bring Polowy his belts and he just stares at Brews. Finally he slides out of the ring and walks toward the back holding his gold high into the air, watching his opponent motionless in the ring as he backs toward the entrance ramp. Capps: Jesus! What a match! What a Main Event. Join us next week as the Dream Tag Team titles will be on the line. So many great matches planned for next week, you can

t miss it ! Sin: No doubt after seeing Insomnia 1, how the hell could we top this!

Join us next week, Late Next Tuesday

Night, for INSOMNIA!

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