

Tuesday Night Insomnia: II

August 18, 2009 | American Airlines Arena - Miami, Florida

II

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Tuesday Night Insomnia II

18 Aug 2009

American Airlines Arena,

Miami, Florida (seats 20,000)

It's On!

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tmoney" The Dream Wrestling Federation logo flashes. Show opens up, backstage, a television is playing the end of T

Money versus Chris Bladez; [i]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 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 hBuis eyes. Doozer turns and walks away with his hands held high into the air. All the fans are on they re feet cheering, "Doozer!, Doozer!"[i] Camera zooms out from the television as T Money appears out the corner of your screen. He face is as red as a lobster as he stares at the video.

"I'm going to get that mother..."

T

Money slams the chair he is sitting on and storms out the door. Scene flashes as fireworks explode on the stage. Fans are going crazy in the sold out American Airline Arena. The camera pan the crowd as more fireworks are set off, igniting a roar of cheers. Camera flashes light up the arena. The camera pans ringside to Busta Capps and Silva Sin.

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Two

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mikepolowy" Sin: Welcome to the second ever Insomnia! This event the only wrestling event this late at night. Technically we could be early early Wednesday morning but we prefer Tuesday Night. Capps: I agree Sin, this event looks to be great. We have two competitors that will be showing up tonight however. Missed flights, and live television sometimes shit happens. Sin:

Watch your language, Capps. Some people might not appreciate at that. Anyway we thank you for allowing us into your television for tonight. We have straps on the

line, and a Main Event that will blow your mind. Doozer and Level One will fight it out tonight on Insomnia Capps:

Huge night for sure, Sin. We have some of the best wrestlers on all of the Dream roster here with us tonight and we are going to have one hell of a show. We hav.... by the Deftones hits the PA system as Commish Tommy Crimson makes his way down the ramp. He walks up the steps and into the ring already holding a mic.

Capps:

Uh oh, Boss is here...

Sin: Yeah for now...He

ll be fired soon im sure... Capps: Shhhh you kiss they

re ass when this close... Crimson: I have come out here tonight for a number of many different reasons. For one I hope you all loved last week and we had a ratings night. I hope that tonight will be a success and you will continue to join us each and every week. My main reason for being here is that I have heard some rumors in the back concerning Mike Polowy, yes I hear your boo

s. I use to be just as hated if not more than you. He says im killing Dream Wrestling with this show and I need rid of immediately. I am a man however and I am here to face this man to man. Or woman whatever division he believes to be in this week, haha. Sin: This is going to be good.... Polowy walks out on the stage and is holding a piece of paper in his hand. The other has a mic... Polowy: Wha.. Crimson: Naw

Polowy...Naw...I don

t want to hear whatever it is you have to say. If you mess with me ill make your life a living hell. What you hold there in your hand is a, what is the right word. Polowy: Treasure Map? Crimson: Correct! That paper your holding there is a treasure map you could say, and if you find in this arena where it leads. You will find a title shot there. It is in a room and it could be a very dangerous journey but if you want what, your third title? You will do it. Im not crazy either, the mail bag idea was mine, and it worked. This will work too, if you trust and follow my lead,

I will make this show a success. Look around at all of these people who hate you, Polowy...They want you to fail....Can you do

it? That my friend, is entirely up to you... Crimson drops the mic, as Polowy leaves the arena looking at the paper and scratching his head. The fans are booing both the men as they leave the arena. Crimson slaps hands with Sin and Capps as he circles the ring and exits. Capps: Great Man... Wonder what title it is?!?! Sin: Still an asshole...I would say the World knowing Crimson like I do.... Capps: No way its the World, L1 and Polowy are pals.

The consensus

"

mikepolowy" Together your champions stand

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We find ourselves in the locker room of the world champion, Level-One. You knew you were in the locker room of Level-One first by noticing the large size--it was only suitable considering the weight he held within DREAM wrestling, and with the company that surrounded him one could argue that the room simply wasn't big enough. If the size wasn't

big enough of a hint; the plain painted walls, the dully decorated room with nothing more than a set of weights, a work bench and a row of lockers that all remained empty must've eluted to the fact that Level-One cared very little about materialistic things and to a certain extent, he despised it. On the outside he was as simplistic as Rocket Science and in the inside, he was as complicated as a math equation that read 2

the irony. The only difference between Level-One and his acquaintances in Jak Nemesis and Michael Polowy noticeable on first site is that both Michael Polowy and Jak Nemesis wore their titles on their shoulders with a sense of pride, a wave of superiority that would make you feel inferior in their presence.

Level-One however held his title loosely in his grip causing the gold plate to lifelessly beside his knee cap. Although he held quite possibly the most prestigious title amongst themselves--he had been the least enthusiastic about his rein as champion. While the tandem remained a force to be reckoned with something still hindered their long term partnership. Each men had their own conflicting personalities which made them each stand out from the rest. While Jak Nemesis preferred a laid back approach, Michael Polowy strutted his advances with an admirable sense of confidence... and

Level-One? Well he merely stepped on everything his path and shoved everything stand in-front of him out of his way, as if the world was his play ground

I don

t know what the hell last week was all about

Level-One states with a rich sense of frustration plaguing his vocal chords.

Travis Williams? Seriously? I appreciate the thought, guys--but at what point did you believed I needed any HELP to beat him?

Michael Polowy scratches his head trying to conjure up an answer; while Jak Nemesis merely looks in the opposite direction in hopes of getting this over with in a timely manner. Michael Polowy quickly realizing that silence isn

t his friend and eagerly addresses Level-One

s concern.

Listen, we didn

t mean to slight you out there last week. We both know you can handle yourself out there, especially against that slacked jaw son of a bitch

Michael Polowy says, as Jak Nemesis slowly turns his head to observe his tag partners statements.

At the end of the day though, we are a unit and we stick together

The statement has the back of Level-One

s eyes rolling to his head--as he lifts the championship up in the air and for the first time ever, he places it onto his shoulder. It was meant for nothing more than a statement, really.

I appreciate the sentiments Michael--but I won this title on my own, and I

d like to continue winning matches on my own

You won that title because of me

Jak Nemesis chips in. Level-One turns to Jak Nemesis with scowl on his face. Michael knowing that the two men aren

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t the closest within the group, quickly enters between the two in attempt to defuse the situation. Jak Nemesis keeps his eyes transfixed on the world champion, as Michael Polowy pushes Level-One back a few steps.

Does he know who he

s talking to?

Level-One asks Michael Polowy, who does his best to keep the sprits within the group high.

m sure

Jak just meant he put you in a great position to win the world title that night

Before Level-One can approach on the offensive, Michael Polowy is quick to raise a finger in the air.

BUT no doubt it was you who helped us both win the tag team championships

Michael Polowy reminds them

both, now focussing his attention on his tag partner, relinquishing a solid head nod.

Alright maybe I overreacted

Level-One says as if he had ate the last piece of humble pie. With his hands in the air, he makes his stance clear.

Look, I understand what your intentions were. I understand that walking in that ring and helping me out made it easier on

myself--hell,

I jogged a few blocks after the match to get a REAL workout, I simply couldn

t get from Travis Williams last week and maybe I should

ve been more thankful then I had been

We meant no harm

Michael Polowy

insists, while Jak Nemesis sighs and nods his head up and down in agreement.

Just trying to make it more easier on you, god knows you deserve it

Jak Nemesis replies sharply.

Well now Travis Williams believes I can

t beat him on my own or some bullshit. Real champions don't make up excuses...

Level-One says removing the title from his shoulders, completely letting his guard down.

Look, all I expect from you two is to use your best judgement out there, alright?

Michael Polowy shrugs his shoulders where as Jak Nemesis merely watches Level-One turn around and leave. The tag champions stand together in Level-One

s locker room, before Michael Polowy taps the shoulder of Jak Nemesis.

Wait, so does that mean we can interfere in his matches and beat people up for fun?

Jak Nemesis shrugs his shoulders; unconcerned with the entire encounter.

Yeah, something like it

The door slams shut.

T-Money vs Cody Brews

Sin: That Lady America...She

s something else. Capps: I hear she may on Next weeks Insomnia?

Just rumors. Anyway, You know

T-Money has a birthday coming up soon, Sin? Sin: You know I was unaware of that until just now. Capps:

Yeah on the 29th. He is now on his way to the ring! T-Money makes his way to the ring. Walking up the steps he steps through the ropes and steps into the squared circle. He hits the ropes a couple of times appearing to

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get loose for the match. Sin:

I must say, Money is looking good tonight and ready.

Capps: Money? If he is such the money maker, why is he one of the first matches on the card, Sin? Sin:

Capps, shut up...Here comes the hometown hero atleast for tonight, CODY BREWS! Brews walks down the ramp and stops just short of the ring as cheers fill the arena. He and Money lock eyes as he slides in the ring and the two stand in different corners of the ring as the stare down continues... Capps:

Yeah Yeah, Everyone knows that Brews is from Florida. I hate this

place, it is alway just too hot down here. Sin: Capps, you have to admit this is going to be a great match.

Two of the most recongnized superstars on the rosters are about to get it on! The referee rings the bell as the two men begin to circle each other. Finally T-Money goes in for the attack bringing Brews down with spear to the mat! Money now sitting on top of Brews begin to rain down blow after blow of punches until the ref interfere

s. The referee stands both men up and then Brews gets on the offensive! With a quick irish whip out of the ring. Brews gives chase and dives over the ropes right on top of T-Money. Money attempts to catch Brews and this brings all of Brew

s weight down on T-Money! Capps: Damn! Did you see that! Sin: Yes I did! Brews is going all out in this match. After that match last week on Insomnia he has a lot to live up. Capps: Yeah he lost last week... Sin:

Yeah, Capps but that match was

great, he really brought his game last week. Brews brings T-Money to his feet, as both men are wobbily from the fall. T-Money elbows Brews in the ring causing him to bend over, and giving Money an opportunity to sling Brews into the steps. Brews slams into the steps with a loud crash then falls. T-Money now in control struts over to him and picks him up by the and rolls Brews back in the ring, and walks up the steps and climbs on up on the turnbuckle and waits. The referee stops his count which was at 9 before Money got back in the ring. Brews gets to his feet, now holding his shoulder from the collision with the steps on the outside. He turns toward the turnbuckle Money is waiting on. Before he see

s T-Money he takes flight and drop kicks Brews in the face from the top rope!! Capps: You know that F king hurt, man... Sin: Ew... T-Money rolls on top of Brews as the ref hits the mat for the count.

1.....2....1/2...KICKOUT!!!! Capps: That was THREE! THAT WAS THREE! Sin: Brews KICKS OUT!

T-Money walks over the ref and begins to argue about the count. The referee explaining it was two and not three doesn

t even notice Brews getting to his feet. T-Money turns to go back after Brews is met with a DDT! Sending his head to the mat hard! Now Brews goes for the pin! 1....2.. KICKOUT! Sin: NOW HE KICKS OUT! This match is shaping up to be great Capps. Capps: Money already won, he was cheated! Brews and Money both get to they

re feet and charge each going for a clothesline, as they both hit the mat. Capps: Hahaha...Don t see that much these days... Brews stands up as Money is getting back up and the two begin swapping punches as Money is still attempting to stand. Money getting the advantage on the exchange, sidewalk slams Brews! Jumping back to his feet he grabs one of Brews legs, and twirls around entangling legs with Brews as he falls backwards into a FIGURE FOUR LEGLOCK! Sin: He

s got him, damnit! Capps: Haha... Brews is trying to get free as Money begins to twist and put more pressure on the legs of Brews. The ref gets right down next to Brews watching for the tap. Money watches Brews as he swings his arms wildly trying to reach for the ropes. Money tries to drag Brews but he is swinging to wildly trying to get the ropes, so T-money applies more and more pressure to get him to tap. Brews stops swinging

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his arms and grabs his face in pain. Suddenly he stops moving at all as the referee grabs his right arm and raises it, then drops it....Then he does this again...The third and final time he raises his arm and then drops it and suddenly Brews raises it before it can fall against the mat again! Brews begins swinging his arms wildly again, and attempting to flip T-Money over. He tries and tries but the pressure is too much. Finally he rolls as hard as he can and flips Money and himself over, his stomach now on the mat reversing the pressure from his legs to T-Moneys! Sin: GREAT COUNTER! T-Money is about to tap, and suddenly he rolls back over and again the pressure is REVERSED! Money puts the pressure back on the already sore legs. Brews grabs the ropes, and the ref breaks the hold. Brews is now limping as he runs at T-Money. Money ducks as Brews and hits the ropes. Money catches Brews as he turns around and hits the Stardom!!! Money goes for the PIN!!

1.....2.....THREE!!DING DING!!! Capps: T-Money has done it!

He has beat the hometown hero, Cody

Brews! Sin:

That is a deadly move, The Stardom. Many hit with it don

t recover from it. Great

match! Capps: Money is really starting to make a name for himself here at Dream.

Dawn McGill visits Lady America

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shaunphillips" Lady America places a duffel bag in her locker and then shuts the door. Placing her hands on the lockers, she begins to stretch out her legs. The locker room door slams open and startles Lady America. Her left hand slips off the locker and she nearly falls. She turns around and see an angry Dawn McGill bearing down on her. McGill pushes Lady America hard into the locker and presses a Singapore cane against her throat.

"You were in on this with Polowy, weren't you?"

Lady America winces.

"In on what?"

McGill pushes harder.

"You know, what. You held her long enough for him to get in the ring to kick Tessa Martin." "I swear, I didn't know anything-"

Again, McGill increases the pressure on her.

"Don't lie to me." "I swear to God...I wasn't involved...Amy?"

Amy Martin...aka...Miss USA...enters.

"Amy, I swear, "

Lady America pleads.

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"I-I had nothing to do with what happened to Tessa."

Amy walks over to Dawn and puts a hand on her shoulder.

"I believe her."

Dawn continues to press the Singapore cane menacingly on Lady America's throat.

"You do?" "I do."

Finally, Dawn relents and pulls back. Lady America slides down the lockers and sits on the floor.

"Hey! What's going on here?"

Shaun XF appears at the entrance. He sees Amy Martin and his eyes widen.

"And what the hell are YOU doing here." "She just saved your girlfriend's life,"
Dawn retorted. Shaun XF sneered, "Ha. Both of you...get out before I remove you myself."

Dawn let out a snicker and begins to walk towards the door. Amy turns and follows right behind. As she passes Shaun XF, he shoves her into a locker.

Without batting an eye, Dawn whips around and backfists Shaun sending him reeling across the room into the wall. He lands with his back to the wall and his legs spread open. Dawn whirls around and cocks her 4" stiletto shoed foot back... Again Amy puts her arm on Dawn's shoulder.

"He's not worth it. And it won't get Tessa out of the hospital any sooner."

Dawn smiles at Shaun XF. She walks away.

"Oh...and Shaun,"
Amy says.

"You-a...might want to change your pants before the match tonight."

Doozer Finally Arrives...

"

levelone"

The big screen cuts to outside the arena. A limo pulls up and stops. The driver steps out and walks to the back door. He opens it and out steps a man dressed in a 'Mr. Cool' t-shirt followed by another wearing a Superman shirt and an official, Red Sox baseball hat lying backwards on his head.

"You know it's not cool to be wearing another wrestler's shirts when you're my manager, right?"

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The question's from Doozer. His manager shrugs his shoulders and replies, "Actually, it is Cool. It's so Cool, you would never understand."

The Dude pretends to pop his collar, even though he's wearing a t-shirt, and points at Doozer while sticking both thumbs up. Whether he knows it or not, it's a decent impression of Fonzie.

"Mr. Cool..."

All he needed was an, 'Aaaaaaayyyyyyyy.' "You're such an idiot."

The two make their way into the arena and start to walk toward Doozer's locker room. It's not long before, around a corner, Level One himself comes into sight. The Dream Wrestling Champion walks past Doozer and Dude shooting them a condescending glance and cackling as if to say, Good luck. You'll need it, old man. Doozer looks over his shoulder, still walking, just to make sure Level One is out of earshot.

"I don't even care. That douche wants to come off about as pleasant as a pale of rotten assholes; fine by me." Doozer's off the wall comment makes even The Dude's face cringe. He's a little afraid to, but as the manager he's obliged to ask, "What do you plan on doing, man?"

Stopping in his tracks, Doozer forces The Dude to stop as well.

"What else? I'm gonna Dooze him, then Abuse him. You gone completely mental or somethin' No, man. I just.. I don't see him as a tough competitor, that's all." They start walking again. The Dude continues on, "He hasn't lost a match since we've shown up here. He just wants to know if you're going to do it?" Doozer stops again and shoots his manager a suspicious look.

"I'm gonna Dooze him Then Ah-buse him His manager opens his mouth to reply, but is cut off.

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"No. Enough said. Level One
Doozed and Abused
m sick of your negative crap. You
re supposed to be the positive one. You called me up as giddy as a friggen
school girl yesterday after I finally woke up from my pill-induced coma, tellin
me how psyched you were for the match. Stop bein
a pansy. It
s over with already. He
s Doozed. He
s Abused. Case is clused." "Did you just say clused?" "Nothin
else rhymed." "Good point
Scene fades.

This is a public service announcement
Tragic Evilution First, I give you the
HOW? We can answer the other questions later. This one is complex enough anyways. How did these two
men come to meet. Travis
Cancer? Lets call it what it is. Two men, one painted, one tainted. The coward and crook. Guys like Travis
Dark Shadows' Williams and Cool Cancer Jiles are NOT in this business to make friends. They are here to
and I quote.

"I am going to turn this fed on it
s head, and split it like a pumpkin." -Cool Cancer Jiles Travis Williams is a man with a goal. He has his eye
on the prize. He understands that things will not be easy
If he goes at it alone. Two men, both with different styles, different paths. Now you get the WHY? One
mission. To remove the tumor of L-1... To prevent the cancer of Mike Polowy... To eliminate bitches like Jak
Nemises... Dream is in for a real treat. The Cancer has been unleashed
Now you get the WHEN
B.R. Ellis vs Cancer Jiles
"

brellis" Sin: Cancer Jiles is one of the hottest superstars here at Dream. I think he will have a strap before
too long. That promo was shot earlier this week from what I am told. He is here tonight though! And ready for
action! Capps: What a joke?What kind of stupid f
king name is Cancer anyway? I usually love guys like Cancer, but I just can
t get past his name. Isn
t that what your grandmother has, Sin? Sin:
Your an idiot, Capps... B.R Ellis makes his way to the ring. The fans cheer his name as he
enters, and climbs a turnbuckle raising his arms high into the air....

"Coming to the ring, from
Philadelphia Pennsylvania, Mr. Cool.... Cancer
Jiles!" A chorus of boos rains down the from the DWF faith full as CCJ struts to the ring. He taunts the fans,
who have developed a fine love to hate you relationship with the superstar.
Upon arrival, Cool Cancer Jiles slides under the bottom rope ascending the turnbuckles. He reciprocates the

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fans appreciation of

him, flipping them off a couple of time before finding in his final resting place; a seat on top of the third turnbuckle. He stays perched there, awaiting the bell. The referee calls for the bell as the two men jump down from the turnbuckles and another stare down begins. Ellis is the first to attack with a chop across the chest. Jiles steps back and smiles at Ellis, and snap suplexes him nearly across the ring. Ellis gets back to his feet quickly, but Jiles running hits a running shoulder block knocking him back to the mat. Sin: Jiles came to fight that is for sure. Capps: It sure is looking that way... Jiles and Ellis are now back both to they re feet as the Jiles hits the ropes and goes for a spear on Ellis, but is caught and raised into the air in a delayed SPINEBUSTER!

Ellis stands over top of Jiles and begins to stomp him as the referee rushes in to break it up. He stomps as the referee begins to count and right before he counts three, Ellis stops. Ellis helps Jiles to his feet, and piledrives his head into the mat, as the two men crash to the mat. Ellis now in control gets on the turnbuckle and slaps his elbow signaling for a pointed elbow drop. He jumps and before he hits Jiles, he pulls the referee in front of him allowing him to take the the shot. The referee is now down, as Jiles rolls out of the ring to get it together. Ellis is trying to wake the referee in the ring as he see s Jiles looking underneath the ring. Sin: Jiles is up to no good, he will do anything to win. Im sure whatever he comes up with underneath that ring won

t be good. Capps: You know after so many years you would think Crimson and every other person who runs a wrestling show would remember to not leave things like that underneath the ring. Jiles slides back in the ring holding a metal chair, and swings it at Ellis. Ellis ducks and misses and Jiles hits the ref! The referee hits the mat once again, and is knocked out cold. Capps:

Haha, I love this match... Ellis takes the chair from Jiles and drops it on the ground kicking Jiles in the gut!

Ellis hits his famous, Lone Star Stunner on

Jiles! Jiles ribs hits the metal chair hard as he lands! Ellis rolls over Jiles and goes for the pin..

1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6..... The crowd is counting as long as Ellis holds the pin. Finally Ellis releases the pin and rolls over trying to get the ref back up, but he is knocked out cold. Jiles stands up and hits a standing drop kick on Ellis hitting him in the back of the head! Capps: Ew Damn! You know that hurt! Sin: Cancer should have lost this match already. We have no Referee! Jiles climbs the top rope and lands his "It s not a tumor!"!! The headbutt however takes alot out of Jiles as well as the two men are both layed out in the ring. The referee has not moved since the chair shot. Jiles slowly gets to his feet as B.R Ellis is as well. Jiles meets a russian leg sweep as he attempts to get ahold of Ellis again. Ellis begins to stomp on Jiles again getting the crowd behind him. The crowd is starting to get Ellis pumped again. He goes for Giles and is low blowed and falls to his knee

s. Jiles using his shoulders to stand to his feet, knee

s Ellis in the face, and throws him to the mat. He finds the chair from earlier in the corner of the ring. Ellis wobbles to his feet, using the chair, Jiles drop kicks Ellis holding the chair at his feet. Knocking Ellis nearly out of the ring. He holds onto the ropes before he can fall completely out! Jiles baseball slides at Ellis hitting him in the crotch area. Ellis rolls around in the ring and tries to get back to his feet still holding his crotch. He is met with a superkick from Jiles and falls to the mat!! Capps: He is OUT! Sin:

That

s his finisher, Terminal

Cancer! Jiles goes for the pin and waits for the count, realizing the referee is still out he looks around.

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Suddenly Commish Crimson runs out from the back. The fans who him as he slides in the ring and begins to count... 1.....2.....3!! Capps: Crimson counts THREE! Sin: Yeah if he had not done that I fear this match would have went on forever, haha! Crimson holds Jiles hand into the air. Ellis rolls out of the ring backing toward the ramp and making his way out watching the two as Crimson holds Cancer s hand high into the air still. Jiles superkicks Crimson, and he falls to the mat. Capps: HE WILL BE FIRED! HOW COULD HE!?! Sin: Ah it takes one dirty man to break another dirty man. Capps: Ah that was his job right there. He is done in wrestling! We will be back after this short commercial break!

Dawn McGill, Amy Martin arrives.

"

dawnmcgill"

Once again, Dawn McGill and a visiting Amy Martin aka Miss USA come out and take two of three open seats in the front row. Unlike last week, the mood is much less jovial as both women are mindful of the fact that Tessa Martin is still in the hospital. McGill places a sign on the third seat. The camera pans closer. The sign says 'LISA' on it. Glory Hole...

Capps:

Earlier tonight, Crimson gave Polowy a Treasure Map to a title shot. Somewhere in this arena he hid a title shot.

Sin: You make it sound like the title shot is an object, haha. What he has hidden is a piece of paper with the match written on it. Allowing him to have a title shot. Capps: How would you know? Sin: Uh. The Scene cuts to the backstage area where Polowy is following the map. He finds himself in the women s bathroom and laughs as he enters. Miss USA walks out of one of the stalls and slaps him across the face, "PERVERT!". She runs out of the bathroom as he smiles watching her ass sway as she walks away. He looks in all the stalls where this map obviously leads. Finally in the last stall he opens the door and see s a hole in the wall.

"In Here, Polowy!", written above the hole in the wall he wonders what is in that hole. Almost frightened by it he sits on the toilet and looks at it. Appears to be red light coming from the hole, but he looks around but finally he gets close as he can. Through the peephole he can see what appears to be a woman undressing. No title shot, but he looks on and suddenly hears, "Polowy s here".

"OH! FINALLY!", and he suddenly what appears to be a comes through the hole and the screen blacks out Capps: Oh my God... Sin: We are done, Crimson done it this time. A Glory Hole? I mean we are late night but Jesus, we might as well pack we are done... Capps: Hahaha, its hilarious... Sin: You Il think Hilarious when we are at the soup kitchen again... Capps: That was insane, someone remind him this isn t fear. Someone remind him.... Sin: I think that s what Polowy already tried to do, would you want to break it to him after a stunt like that?!?! Capps: Point Taken.

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Out for Revenge

"

tmoney" Scene opens backstage. T

Money is rumbling around the backstage area looking in every room and searching in every corner for Doozer. Still in his wrestling attire, fresh off his victory of Cody Brews. The sweat is pouring down his face, as he tosses trashcans over and everything else that is in his way.

"Where is he!"

T

Money gets frustrated and slams the door. He begins walking along side of some people as he stops and looks around. A guy with a headset is sitting down talking to a woman. T

Money looks around for a second and grabs the guy with the headset by the shirt and pins him against the wall as the woman moves away quickly.

"You seen Doozer?" "No, no, no! Sure haven..."

deep breathe

Money let's him free then looks at him, the guy shields himself anticipating an attack. Before Money can say a word the guy starts talking.

"I he-he-heard a few min-minutes ago he ar-arr-arrived."

T

Money's face lights up as he grabs the guy again by the shirt.

"Which way is the parking lot?"

The guy points to the right side. T

Money looks down the way, then slams the guys face in the cargo box he was sitting on. T

Money take's off walking. Busta Capp - "These two are going to meet head on! Both in the same building Silva Sin - "T

Money already gave Cody Brews a old fashioned beatdown, Doozer better bring it!"

Jak Nemesis/Mike Polowy vs. USXF

vs. Mexican Express

"

thenewera" Capps: This next match is for the tag team titles. Polowy has had one hell of a night thus far. We just witnessed in the last match the Commish getting a face full of Terminal Cancer. Sin:

Yeah I don

t know what to expect in this next match up. We have the Dream Tag Team Champions and then two of the best tag teams in all of Dream facing each other. Last week the decision was made to give both teams a shot at the titles and the time has come. Here comes the first tag team to enter the ring, Mexican

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Express!! Phoenix and Tito make they
re way to the ring. They roll in the ring and as Lady America and Shaun XF make they
re way to the ring. They are running, and slide in the ring before the bell even rings the fight is on! Capps:
The Champions aren
t EVEN HERE YET! Sin: This is going to Rock! Polowy and Nemesis strut down the ramp watching the
others wrestling in the ring. The referee is trying to contain the madness. Nemesis looks over in the crowd
and notices an empty seat with white card with the name written on it. He looks and sitting beside the seat
with the card is McGill and Miss USA sitting beside it. Nemesis goes toward the too obviously angry. Polowy
see
s this and pulls him back toward the ring. He points his finger at the two in the crowd, and then takes his
thumb across his throat in a "cut your throat" motion. The two jump in the ring and join in the action as the
bell finally rings. The referee finally throws up his arms and lets the fight go on. Polowy has ahold of Tito
tosses him out of the ring and goes after him. In the corner Nemesis has Shaun XF pinned against the
turnbuckle and continues to punch away. The referee is now just watching the action giving up hope in
containing the wrestlers. The Blue Phoenix is knocked out cold from one of the wrestlers spinning wheel kick
and is just laying in one corner alone. Sin: The referee doesn
t know what to do?
He must have went to high school with you, Capps. Haha...
Capps: Sin, that is one of our old referee
s. He just doesn
t know how to handle a match with this many big names. Sin: What? So if this match was jam packed full of
nobodies he would be doing a better job? Capps:
Maybe his authority would mean something to them. These guys don
t care, Look at Miss
USA, DAMN! Miss USA has Martinez on the mat in a choke hold slamming his head against the mat.
Outside the ring now Polowy has Tito grinding his face into the announcers table. He is screaming at the man
and the crowd is booing him like crazy. A "Polowy sucks
chant starts through the arena. Shaun XF and Nemesis are now on exchanging blows and Shaun gets the
upperhand and lands a DDT! Now on the mat XF grabs Nemesis and piledrives his head into the mat. Polowy
meanwhile is taking it to Tito on the outside. He slingshots Tito into the crowd to a roar of boo
s and then rolls back in the ring. He see
s that Nemesis is losing his battle with XF and runs up behind him for a BULLDOG! The Blue Phoenix is
finally back on his feet and goes after Polowy. Capps: Damn! That Polowy is beating everyone up! I LOVE
THIS GUY! How can you not just love Mike Polowy? Hold
s two titles, and is just an all around great wrestler! Sin: This guy has the Women
s championship for one, and I will admit he does deserve one half of the tag team titles. However, the
women
s title? What a doushe.... Polowy has Miss USA in the air and drops a powerbomb! Polowy goes for a pin on
Miss USA... 1.....2.....TITO BREAKS IT UP!! Capps: Shew Tito saved Miss USA there! Sin: Yeah I believe it
was over. Polowy gets up and runs after Tito and is met with a knee smash from Tito on the counter. The two
men begin exchanging blows. Miss USA rolls up Polowy and the crowd begins to cheer as the ref starts to
count. Tito breaks up the pin before the refs hand can touch the mat once. XF runs to her defense and he
and Tito now exchange blows, as

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Martinez makes his presence known in the match drop kicking Nemesis in the face. Before he can even hit the mat, Miss USA hits the Hiptoss of

DOOM! Before she goes for the pin Martinez picks her up by her hair to her feet. He tries to kiss her and she pushes him away and then uppercuts him in the groin area. He falls holding his groin in pain as Miss USA turns to go for a pin she is met by Nemesis and Polowy! Polowy hits his famous implanted DDT! Nemesis scoop slams XF as he runs to help his partner. Tito out of sight of the two jumps from the top rop and hurricarana

s Nemesis, rolls him up into a pin!!!! 1.....2.....POLOWY BREAKS IT UP! Capps: Jesus that was close! I thought we had new tag team champions, and Polowy and Nemesis had been screwed! Sin: Capps, how would they be getting screwed? That was fair, all of it? Capps: Everyone should have been disqualified 20 minutes ago, with the exception of Polowy and Nemesis. Sin:

Yeah, Whatever.. Polowy is now in control of XF as he applies his sharpshooter and has him near tapping when Martinez hits him from behind to break the hold. Polowy hits the mat and Martinez pounces on him and applies his version of a

sharpshooter! Polowy is about to tap, and Nemesis is now on the ropes flipping off and cussing at McGill and Lady America who are sitting in the crowd. The crowd is roaring with boo

s at him. He turns to see Polowy in trouble and dives at Martinez to break the hold. Shaun XF recieves a hurricarana from The Blue Phoenix just as Miss USA is hit with the Mike Effect from Polowy!!! This is a desperation move from Polowy just being rescued from tapping out. The crowd responds with boo

s and "Wife Beater" chants break out. Martinez is spun around by Nemesis and is met by Polowy and another MIKE EFFECT is delievered!!!! 1.....2.....3.....!!! Sin: The Champions RETAIN! Capps: I KNEW IT! THEY RULE! I LOVE YOU NEMESIS! Sin: Your gay. We will be right after this short commercial break!

Unusually Nervous Breakdown

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dawnmcgill" MPlow rolls up off the mat, looking exhausted both physically and mentally. With hatred in his eyes, he stares out into the crowd, his gaze focused directly at Dawn McGill and her entourage. Miss USA and McGill chuckle smugly, gesturing toward the still empty chair labelled sitting next to them, but the smug grins slowly fade away as Polowy begins to stalk towards them, bailing out of the ring with a fury never seen in the Women's Champion before. He tears over the ropes and down to the floor, slamming his body into the guardrail with a sickening thud as he barrels over top of it, hopping the steel and making his way into the crowd.

Not wanting to fight it out this early, Miss USA quickly ushers McGill away from the rampaging psychopath in their midst.

Strangely, however, MPlow doesn't make chase. Instead, he beelines for the chair set up, knocking away the placeholder bearing the name of the woman responsible for his recent inner angst. He snatches the chair off the floor, not even looking behind him as he swings away, knocking several other chairs over as he releases it towards the ring. The steel chair smashed into the ring post with a loud clang, sending cameramen and ring techs scampering away. Polowy doesn't appear to be done, as fans struggle to get out of the way of his rampage. He begins trashing the ringside, throwing chairs and having an all out tantrum, his face contorted with emotions never seen in front of a wrestling crowd before. He stumbles back towards the ring, tears welling up in his eyes as he falls forward, collapsing over the guardrail as he flips over it, falling nearly on his head as he slumps almost into a ball on the other side.

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At the top of the ramp, Dawn McGill watches on, almost blank faced. Polowy crawls himself toward the apron, pulling himself up as he drops his face onto the canvas. He turns slightly, looking up towards the scariest woman in the DWF. His face is a mess of half tears and broken blood vessels. At the top of the ramp, she simply looks back at him and smiles. She points towards him, and even without a microphone, her lips are easy to read.

"See you Sunday night, Mike."

MPlow drops his head to the mat once again, as Jak Nemesis and the referee lean down to check on him. The show awkwardly moves to an unplanned commercial break as staff attempt to clean up the mess at ringside.

Doozer vs Level-One

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doozer" "We Made You" by Eminem hits the PA system and the fans go wild.

"Doozer, Doozer" chants break out as the he walks down the ramp and jumps in the ring. The fans are still cheering as he stomps the mat and awaits the crowds response. Capps: This guy is an idiot.... Sin: What are you talking about? He is a living legend in my book, and may be one of the best wrestlers we have here at Dream. Capps: I beg to differ, the best wrestler in Dream is about to come to the ring.... "Put you on game" By Lupe Fiasco ruthlessly attacks the stereo system with little regard; shaking the ear drums of the crowd of thousands. Red smoke seeps through the upper ramp; and ripping through the curtains Level-One finds himself on top of the ramp; taunting the booing fans. Creating a with his left hand he places his index finger behind his thumb forming his initials as the red and white pyro shoots up in the air indiscriminately. Level-One lowers his hand looking into the crowd; whom craves for his entertainment, even as they boo relentlessly. Slow and methodically he works his way down the ramp, before sliding under the bottom rope. Level-One paces around the ring, his red eyes capturing the essence of his surroundings. This is where he belongs; he smiles. Right before the referee can ring the bell, by

Eminem hits the system as T-Money walks out on the ramp holding a steel chair. Level One and Doozer take notice to this and are ready for a fight. Money just unfolds the chair and smiles at Doozer and sits in the chair at the top of the stage. The fans are booing Money like crazy as his attention is squarely on Doozer in the ring. The referee calls for the bell and while Doozer is still looking at Money, Level One goes after him. Bring him down on the mat with a arm bar. He releases his hold on Doozer and

L1 throws him into the ropes. On his way back he is met with a big boot! He hits the mat, and L1 eats up the crowds reaction. Doozer stumbles to his feet with L1

s back still to him. He gets a German suplex on L1!! They both crash to the mat. Doozer does not release the hold and does yet another german suplex. His release is becoming weaker with each suplex, but he gets off one more before he releases his hold on Level One. Doozer now on the offensive, and picks him up in a fireman

s carry. L1 is still trying to get to his feet, and Doozer becomes frustrated at this. Level One stands up and Doozer goes for a spear but Level One counters with a DDT! Capps: These two men are going at it! Sin: Yeah this so far has been a great Main Event. Level One, holding

Doozer by the neck looks up the ramp at Money and just smiles. He gets to one knee and literally slams

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Doozers back onto his knee. Doozer falls to the mat holding his back in pain. The referee gets in to ask him if he is okay. Doozer tries to get to his feet, Level One continues his assault with pele kick. Doozer is brought to his feet by

L1 and is thrown into the ropes. L1 goes for another big boot be is met with a spear!! They both crash to the mat and wobble to get back to they

re feet. The referee begins to count, and the two men stagger to get back up. Sin: These two men are two of the very best Dream has to offer. I wonder how Crimson ever landed this match on our show? Capps: He is just a great promoter, and I hope he doesn

t watch all the offensive things you had to say about him. He

s the greatest Commish ever, its all Sin saying the bad shit man! Sin: Jesus... Doozer has a sleeper hold on L1 now as they both are down in the middle of the ring. The referee holds Level Ones hand in the air and lets it drop. Then again he does the same thing, and nothing.

The third time, Finally

L1 gets his hand up and again reaches for the ropes. Swinging back and forth to reach those ropes and finally he reaches and the referee has Doozer release the hold. Doozer stands up and points at Money who is still sitting at the entrance on the stage. Money flips him off and Doozer turns right into a Spinebuster from Level One! He stands up and has a look of accomplishment on his face. L1

s neck is red from the sleeper Doozer applied from before. L1 climbs the top rope and jumps performing his famous LEG DROP! He goes for a pin.... 1.....2.....KICKOUT!!!! Sin: Almost had him! Capps: Oh he will! Doozer rolls out of the ring after his kickout, and as the huge

Level One stands to his feet, Doozer grabs his legs tripping him to the ground. Doozer still ahold of L1

s leg drags him to the corner and slams his knee cap into the pole. Level One uses his other leg to try to kick him away. Doozer grabs his other leg and has uses his strength to get L1 in a version of a figure four using the metal pole as a brace! The referee tries to break the hold, but Doozer will not release it. Counting 1....2...Doozer releases the hold and L1 kicks him in the forehead causing him to fall to the floor of the outside of the ring. Doozer uses the announcers table to stand himself up. L1 is still in the ring wiggling his leg trying to get the pain to pass. Doozer rolls back in the ring and goes after L1

s bad leg with a russian leg sweep! Capps: He is attacking the hurt leg of Level Ones! Dirty Son of a Bi Sin: It

s wrestling, he

s doing the smart thing in this situation. Doozer takes hold of Level Ones leg, but he counters kicking him away with the other.

Doozer falls to the mat from the kick and struggles to get back up. Level One doing the same finally gets to his feet and gets to Doozer as he is about to stand up, Belly to Belly

SUPLEX! Boom! Doozer hits the mat. Level One stands him up to do another but it is countered with a jawbreaker! Doozer picks L1 up and slings him into the turnbuckle and charges with a knee smash! He gets on the turnbuckle slightly above L1 and begins forehand and back hand chops as the crowd counts.

1.....2.....3.....4.....He grabs L1 and whips him toward the opposite turnbuckle but L1 counters and hop tosses Doozer. Level One gets Doozer in a boston Crab and holds the hold! Sin: This is awesome... Capps: This is Over.. Doozer is looking like he will tap but L1 releases the hold. Doozer looks confused and turns around on the mat to begin to stand up. L1 walks away looking at T-Money who is now actually standing. Doozer notices this as he is standing to his feet. He brushes it off and runs toward L1, at the last minute L1

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turns and Doozer meets a knee smash! He is wobbily in the ring with his back to Level One. L1 comes up from behind him, and Doozer receives a Level-ADVANCE!!!! L1 PINS!!! 1.....2.....3!!!!!! T-Money claps and walks out leaving the chair sitting. Meeting him is Travis Williams and Cancer Jiles as they come running through the entrance. They enter the ring, one from each side of the ring. Cornering Level One, as he is now standing holding his belt the referee just handed him.

Cancer attacks with a russian leg sweep and before he can fall, Williams hits the Mafia

Kick, The Stage 4 CANCER!!! Polowy and Nemesis run to the ring as Williams and Jiles leave the ring through the crowd. Polowy tends to Level One checking on him as Nemesis leans on the ropes looking at Williams as he points to his wrist in a "time is ticking" motion. Capps: What A NIGHT! Sin: I

Il say, from Sin and Capps this has been the best Insomnia thus far in my opinion. If we have offended any of you out there with our bad language and insane wrestling, we do apologize. For those of you that love our little late night wrestling show, keep showing love! Sending your fan mail to Dream Wrestling! Capps: Yes we do love us some fan mail!

From Dream Wrestling and Florida and the entire Insomnia gang here at Dream, Thank you for joining us, and please watch next f

king week! Because if not we

Il be out of work again, and we can

t draw unemployment. Night

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