



## Broken Dreams: 2011

s launch day. He

s also sporting a disgruntled burrito scowl across his unblemished face, some nice threads - not wrestling related - and holds the answer to the universe in the palm of his right hand. Standing idly by, is backstage reporter, Billy Payton. Old Billy-boy looks a bit nervous, and is apprehensive to approach the Vacater of Titles. Yet, he digresses and presses on.

"Mr. COOL, may I have a word?"

Parading right on past the guy as if he weren  
t even there, Jiles gets about ten feet before shouting back.

"Tell my people I  
m coming to the ring."

A bit bewildered, Payton  
shrugs, then looks into the camera while scratching the top of his head.

"Mr. COOL is on his way down to the ring?" -Ten seconds of dead air later. The lights  
inside the Slaughter House slowly draw to a dim, causing the  
Dreamer

s lucky enough to be in attendance to rise to their feet. After a few seconds of whistling and hollering,  
I am the COOL

by Screaming Jay Hawkins explodes over the PA system. Jumping around like they got ants in the  
pants, and cheering Dream

s new Savior... the fans are. - Yoda [Ha, what a gas. They  
re cheering cause it

s not IM Hate.] Then... From behind the curtain... ...Cancer the COOL emerges. He doesn  
t stop at the top of the entrance ramp to pose though, rather he continues his trek on the B-line down to the  
ring. During the intense trot, he blindly fires an egg into the jam-packed stands above.

Upon arrival to his destination, Jiles effortlessly slides under the bottom  
rope, and immediately motions to the ring manager for a mic.

"WELL, HELLLLLLLOOOOO DREAMERS!!! My COOL, it has been far too long! Now, as much as I  
d love to stand out here and catch up with all of my Junior Cooladors.... sorry guys, but duty calls." "BOO  
The crowd, unpleased, continues.

"BOO

Hand extended, Cancer tries to calm them Dream Crazyes down some.

"I know-I know. Let me explain first, you'll see it's not all that bad. You see, it  
s my fault.

Last week, I had this thing planned where I was going to repel from the  
rafters, tossing out memorabilia left and right, and... well.

Yeah, I guess we all know that didn

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t happen.

So, in order to mend my breach if you will, I did the French edition of Fan Access, cause apparently we're big over there. Well, while doing this bit; guess who decided to drop in and rain on my parade?"

Relaxing against the ropes, Cancer checks an imaginary

wrist-watch while waiting for the crowd to shout out the correct answer. One wrong one in particular catches his ear.

"No, not Richard Simmons. But that's eerily close."

Bouncing from his resting spot and moving into the center of ring; trying to filter out the thousands shouting name after name, Lord COOL of Cooladelphia finally identifies the correct answer.

"YES! Rich Mahomoforruiningmyshowany! Get that guy an egg."

The diehard teen-age fan who brought it home for Jerome dashes with his eyes popping out in excitement towards the barricade; prompting one of the stage hands to stand and fire. SPLAT

Goes all over the fans pimple-ridden face. Yet, after being egged by a stranger, he still rages crazy. Like, s number one style.

"Jeez bub. Settle down."

Cancer quips, while smiling and holding back a laugh.

"But anyway. Yes, that pig of a human being had the balls to come out, and MUTE the King of COOL. Mute \_me\_. I don

t even know where he got that kind of remote... or who he got it from... but, needless to say-- I WAS NOT PLEASED."

Shaking his finger as if to right the wrong, Cancer continues confidently.

"Being such, and being that last week I left my fans wanting for more... I have decided to pay back the favor, and MUTE Dick Mahomo."

A small roar bellows out of the crowd in agreement. Shit-grinning, knowing full well he has them right where he wants them, Cancer further teases his suitors. The roar multiplies, showing signs of obvious approval.

Pausing, and pointing up to the roof, Cancer finishes before dropping the mic.

"Bandit Style."

The fans erupt in a mass frenzy, and for good reason too. Simply, it's been a while since they've seen a grown man get egged. And if Cancer is right, and Rich get eggs tonight... ...they'll be waiting an even longer time than that.

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Ash Aiken vs. Casey Pierro Zabotel

"

caseypierrozabotel" Pyro lights up the stage, bright gold in colour. Dancers of both genders saunter out onto the stage, performing a routine with a breakneck pace that'd make B-Boys holla all across the world. During the routine, more pyro explodes, showering the people in flares and sizzly bits as the ceiling opens up, revealing a blinding white light. A platform begins to lower and the silhouette of Ash Aiken is seen. He stands on the platform, posed, hands on hips and surveying the crowd. The platform lowers to the bottom of the stage, and all at once the dancers drop to their knees and bow to the Great One. Ash Alken then walks down to the ring, ignoring fans and generally being a smarmy dick. He is about to jump onto the apron when he turns and snaps his fingers. Two burly men trot out from behind the security wall and drop to their knees, forming a staircase. It is a staircase that the High Preist of Cheap uses to ascend to the apron, to which he rubs his feet on the man's t-shirt, and steps into the ring. He walks over to his corner, where another of his minions places a stool for Ash Aiken to sit, awaiting his opponent. The words "I came to play! I came to play, there's a price to pay, time for you to get down on your knees and pray..."Hits the sound system, as the lights in the arena dim and white smoke emerges from the entranceway, and a spotlight shines down as

The Athlete, Casey

Pierro-Zabotel emerges. He observes the crowd and makes his way down the aisle, leaping onto the ring apron and walks along the side apron and climbs up to the top turnbuckle raising both of his arms into the air with an arrogant smile upon his face, met by disapproval from the crowd. CPZ hops down, and climbs between the ropes and into the ring leaping up and down to prepare for his match. The referee gets the ready signal from both men, as the throws his arm towards the time keeper, and the bell sounds.

DING

"Stare down by both opponents. It

s anybody's move as the crowd intensity soars. Here we go! Both men rush each other. Casey Pierro-Zabotel goes for a clothesline, but misses as Ash Aiken ducks." CPZ quickly turns toward Aiken who goes for a round house kick. Casey jumps back, a look of surprise on his face.

"It was almost over for Casey if Ash Aiken would have connected. CPZ now taking his time, studying his opponent."

They lock up. CPZ breaks the lock, and quickly places his hands around Aiken's neck, lifting him up.

"The referee warns Casey , who tosses Ash Aiken to the mat."

Aiken grabs his back in pain as he starts to get to his feet.

"CPZ's foot meets the gut of Aiken as he was trying to get up. If Casey can keep him down, he may have this one in the bag."

Aiken holds his stomach as he rolls out of the ring.

"It looks like Aiken is trying to regain composure, by taking a break outside the ring."

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Casey Pierro-Zabotel rushes the ropes as Ash moves towards the ring. Aiken reaches in under the ropes, sweeping CPZ off of his feet.

"Ash Aiken climbs to the apron. Holding onto the top rope, he uses it to lunge himself over, landing with a splash, connecting with CPZ."

The crowd begins to get into the match as Aiken climbs the nearby turnbuckle.

"Ash Aiken flies. Huge 450 Splash off the top rope!"

He makes the cover, hooking the leg.

"Kick out at two and nine tenths!"

Making sure not to be discouraged, Ash Aiken rises to his feet as Casey Pierro-Zabotel uses the ropes to get up himself.

"Aiken waits patiently behind CPZ, preparing to attack."

Casey Pierro-Zabotel holds onto the top rope, looking to the crowd as if he knows something is amiss. Pierro-Zabotel turns and Aiken lunges forward.

"Casey Pierro-Zabotel quickly takes Aiken down with a Dragon Corkscrew leg drag. He knew it was coming and was ready."

CPZ makes the sign to show he's smart to the crowd, before lifting Aiken to his feet.

"Irish whip to the turnbuckle. The force behind that was enough to bounce Aiken off of it."

Ash Aiken grabs his lower back and falls to the mat, wrenching in pain.

"CPZ straddles the back of Ash Aiken places him in a cross face. He now applies pressure, trying to make him tap"

Aiken tries to pry CPZ's hands from his chin, but can't as Pierro-Zabotel applies pressure.

"Casey Pierro-Zabotel holds tight as Aiken continues to fight unconscious. He reaches for the bottom rope. Almost... Almost... He got it!"

The referee makes CPZ break the hold. As he gets to his feet, he gives Aiken a good stomp. Casey pauses to look out to the crowd.

"Whoa! Somehow Ash Aiken gathered enough strength to roll CPZ up with a school boy! Casey

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Pierro-Zabotel quickly kicks out."

CPZ pulls Ash Aiken up with him. Aiken hits a forearm shot to Casey's face. Without hesitation CPZ turns and goes for the CPZcutter.

"No, Ash Aiken pushes him away!"

CPZ lands ass to mat, as Aiken quickly kicks him in the back.

"Ash Aiken lifts both legs of Casey Pierro-Zabotel up. Wait, what..."

He holds Casey's legs up, leaps, bringing both legs down dead center of Pierro-Zabotel's groin.

"That's smarts!"

Ash rolls over to his feet, runs at the ropes and leaps up, landing on the top. He uses them to leap backward, arms across his chest, and twisting followed by landing directly on his mark and going right into a cover.

"Ash Aiken once again taking air! Now he goes for the pin!"

The referee begins his count as Aiken hooks the leg.

"THREE! Ash Aiken has defeated Casey Pierro-Zabotel. Short match but plenty of highlights!"

Aiken celebrates his DREAM debut win in the ring.

He wasn't kidding.

"

mahogany"

The scene switches to the backstage area again. In the distance, Mr. Impressive can be seen trying to kick it to one of The Ladies. SLAP

Walking away with his cock out

-- his stunt-cock that is-- is the flamboyant Richard Mahogany. He travels the backstage area by his lonesome, seemingly unaware of the bounty of his head.

"I swear to effin

Christ, if one more of these little chickies smacks the

Rich-man in his zillion dollar face, I

m just gonna rub one out right there in front of

her..." As Dicky is about to enter his locker room, he opens the door, stops dead in his tracks and with a red-face full of surprise mouths, "What the...". Before he has the chance to finish... ZAP

Rich goes lifeless and falls quickly to the ground after being blindsided by the electrifying charges. From the look of it, the weapon of choice seems to be a cattle prod. About a second or two pass before poor Rich

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begins to squeal like the pig he is. [Fitting.] Somehow, during all of this-- he managed to maintain a raging erection. [Also fitting.] Fade to Whiteside.

The Suicide Kidd vs. Young(drunk)Stallion

"

thesuicidekidd"

As we return ringside, The Suicide Kidd is already in the ring. Slow screeching death music begins to play over the sound system as

Young(drunk)Stallion comes from the back, beer in hand. He lifts it, chugging the beer before crushing the can on his head.

"Young(drunk)Stallion now making his way towards the ring. This young man is impressive in size."

As Y(d)S walks up the stairs and enters over the top rope, his music fades.

"The Suicide Kidd has a big challenge ahead of him."

As the bell sounds, The Suicide Kidd runs at

Y(d)S.

"Cross body block attempt by The Suicide Kidd! Caught in mid air by Young(drunk)Stallion!"

Stallion slams Kidd down. He looks down at his opponent and puts a foot on top of him. The referee drops and counts.

"It's over! Quick three by the referee and Y(d)S has maybe broken a record here in DREAM for the quickest win! My God!"

Stallion raises his arms in victory as he walks over Kidd.

Big(dumb)Asshole

"

brellis" "Wait, what's this?"

B.R. Ellis is seen walking from the back, microphone in hand.

"B.R. Ellis is here!"

Obviously. He raises the microphone to his mouth.

"Hey you big dumb looking bastard."

Y(d)S turns and looks at Ellis.

"Last week I watched you come out here, try to establish yourself and knock around two nobodies."

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The crowd pops some.

"This week, because of an idiot booker in the back, you get to bring your imbreaded, goat screwing ass down here and hurt some small time Jabroni three times smaller than you."

Another pop. Y(d)S looks around, wondering why they are cheering for the guy who interrupted him.

"Well, let me tell you a few things."

B.R. uses his fingers to count as he talks.

"1. I am the only beer drinking, ass kicking son of a bitch in DREAM now that my boy Dark is sitting at home eating Cheetos, so there is no room for a God awful piece of crap like you."

Pop. Y(d)S can't believe it.

"2. You just look plain stupid."

Stallion yells at the crowd who are supposed to be cheering him as they cheer for Ellis, the DREAM vet.

"3.

If I sucked booker cock like you, I could get it easy too."

At this, Stallion charges the ropes, grabbing the top, and yelling over them at Ellis.

"Yea, yea... talk from up there. You know why you aren't right here, right now, in my face like a man? Huh? Cause you know what I am saying is true. You are a self proclaimed Drunken Warrior with a few backyard belts on your record, and I am a dick swinging, bitch banging, man of a fucking man."

Young(drunk)Stallion grabs at his hair and yells in anger.

"You know why Cancer Jiles is facing Rich Mahogany in the main event tonight instead of you? Cause even with the backstage heat you two had last week, you're too pathetic to face a guy like Dick Mahogany. He shit in your bag, and you took it home and proceeded to take in the smell of a real wrestler as you used your tears to lube up the only love in your life and comfort yourself."

The crowd goes insane. Jason Whiteside gives his input.

"B.R. Ellis being crude to the newcomer, who can not believe the crowd is not behind him. I am almost certain Ellis will be punished by management after they hear his tirade."

Ellis smirks up at Y(d)S.

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"My answer to all of this? Simple. The next pay-per-view you're going to get your green ass handed to you by a real wrestler."

Y(d)S yells at Ellis, mouthing "Who? You?!" "Yea me you silly bastard. I'm going to proceed to put my foot so far your ass, you'll be able to tie my boot with your teeth."

Ellis drops the mic and shoots up a two handed, middle finger salute as his music begins to play.

"You heard it here folks, B.R. Ellis will take on Young(drunk)Stallion in two weeks! Right here on pay-per-view!"

FADE TO A BEST OF DREAM 2009-2010 DVD COMMERCIAL

Whoring it up.

"

cancerjiles" Walking past Richard Mahogamy

s locker room, you

d notice a sock covering the door knob. Normally, this would mean that the Doctor of Swing is getting his swerve on. However, in this case-- it couldn

t be further from the truth.

In stay of hot sex on a platter, Dicky is trapped

inside; tied down to a chair via the use of all sorts of fancy hook and double-butterfly knots.

Richs

captor, Cancer

Jiles, holds only one egg, and dons a smile wider than a football field.

"You ignorant fuck. I tell you... ahhhh, forget it. You

ll never learn." Rich, still passed out mind you, is slumped over with his chin resting flat on his chest. He is stripped naked, with a towel covering his still raging erection. SPLASH

A bucket of water being dumped on the somewhat fresh hand-print covering Mahomo

s face totally disrupts the staleness of his current situation. The devious wake-up call causes his eyes to pop wide-open. Trying his best to speak -- and block out the pain -- The Crawling King Snake can only manage to muster,

Confused, Cancer tosses a double yolk of freedom casually in the

air; acting as if he were going to fumble atop Dicky

s head.

"Oh? I

m sorry. What was that again? I couldn

t make that last part out, Dick."

Staring a hole through Cancer

s head, Rich can do nothing more than sit

there, and play witness to the shoe being on the other foot.

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"Really though, Dicky. I can't understand a word you're saying with all that semen taped inside your mouth. Swallow that shit, then holler at me." Rich's eyes fill with despair. He tries to wiggle his way free, but alas, the knots are too tight. Crouched down, and butting eye to eye with his future foe, Jiles confirms the nightmare.

"That's right, you fucking little-bitch. I had my way with you." Thumb thrusting with his egg-hand, Count COOL reaches up with the other and gently pats the top of Dicky's head in a playful manner.

"You're now MY whore, Dick." "MHMMMMMMM!"

Jumping up to pace about the room, Captain COOL bellows.

"HAHAHAHA. Fuck if you aren't a biter though. I've gotten better BJ's sneaking into the dentist office. Seriously, you're going to need a lot of work if you want to be one of my girls." "MHMHMMMMMMH!!!!!!" "Hold on dammet. You need to promise to be a good boy if you want me to un-MUTE you."

Dancing in, and grabbing the edge of the tape -- fidgeting with the end to further toy -- CCJ counts.

"One... TWO... THR!"

Yanking back as violently as possible, he snidely remarks after his prisoner clears his throat.

"Oh, you're a spitter. Can't have you playing on my team then." Irrate, Rich exclaims.

"You fucking FAG. What the fuck is wrong with you! You are the ga..."

During the tantrum, he sputters to a halt when trying to process what exactly it was that he just spit up. Chiming in, The O-G of COOL quells MAJOR concern.

"It's egg yolk, Dick. I'm no fag." "Oh yeah, then why does my ass hurt?!?!?" "I stuck ya with the prod. I

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m thorough like that."

When the realization hits that he hasn't been ass and mouth raped, Dicky actually smiles. A stretch, with all things considered.

"Heh, if I could wipe the sweat off my brow, I would." "Oh yeah?"

Cancer humbly chirps back.

"Don't worry, you've been through enough. I'll get it for you." Leaning in to help; an egg cracks on Rich's face.

"Opps. My bad. Forgot I had that there."

Rich just sneers, still happy he wasn't plundered by The COOL.

"Anyway, I'm outta here Ace. Try not to wear yourself out to much getting loose. Wouldn't want you being all tired when I kick your ass for the second time."

IM Hate vs. Masked Muchacho

"

imhate" The lights in the arena slowly starts to dim down, as the Hostile Vision starts to display static lines across it as old footage of bombers dropping the Fat Man and Little Boy atomic bombs on Japan. As explosions echo around the arena and a voice echoes out. 'What we've got here is failure to communicate. Some men you just can't reach... So, you get what we had here last week, which is the way he wants it! Well, he gets it! N' I don't like it any more than you men.' As the whistling of tune of 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' is heard over a guitar the Dream Vision splats blood across it as it runs down leaving behind the word HATE written in blood. 'Look at your young men fighting Look at your women crying Look at your young men dying The way they've always done before Look at the hate we're breeding Look at the fear we're feeding Look at the lives we're leading The way we've always done before!'

As the guitar amazement of Slash rips throughout the Milenko Memorial Gardens, Guns N' Roses' 'Civil War' starts to blare. IM Hate walks out to the top of the ramp with a mix reaction from the Hostility fans. He glares at the ring as he walks at a normal pace towards it, dead center of the aisle just out of reach of the fans. 'And I don't need your civil war It feeds the rich while it buries the poor Your power hungry sellin' soldiers In a human grocery store Ain't that fresh I don't need your civil war!' Hate slides into the ring under the bottom ropes and swings his feet around to in front of him as he leaps to his feet. The lights return to normal, as IM Hate stands in a corner waiting for the sound of the bell to start the match.

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"IM Hate wanting to gain a victory after last week's controversial loss."

The Mexican Hat Dance begins to play as The Masked Muchacho comes out in a poncho shaking maracas. He tosses them into the crowd and slaps some hands before taking off the poncho.

"The Masked Muchacho has a lot of love from these DREAM fans."

He slides into the ring and gets ready for the match. As the bell sounds, the two men lock up.

"IM Hate overpowering The Masked Muchacho, forcing him backwards and then hard into the turnbuckle."

The Masked Muchacho holds his back in pain and takes a few steps forward.

"Hate with a swift kick up and into the chest of The Masked Muchacho."

Muchacho hits the corner again and stays. IM Hate walks forward, holds the top ropes and begins kicking up and into his chest.

"Corner kicks by IM Hate into the chest of The Masked Muchacho."

Hate finally stops and backs away. As The Masked Muchacho stumbles forward, Hate runs at him and turns with an elbow smash.

"Roaring elbow from IM Hate."

Muchacho grabs his face, hits the turnbuckle, then grabs his back. Hate quickly grabs Muchacho's arm, and yanks.

"Huge whip, The Masked Muchacho sent across the ring with force. On the return now."

Hate runs, leaps to the second rope and springs off of it with a knee into the face of The Masked Muchacho, promptly sending him to the mat as the crowd gives heat to the hated one.

"Muchacho has had zero chance this match to display his talents. Remember, last week it started off very similar, yet The Masked Muchacho was able to come off with a win. Of course, his chances aren't looking as good this week."

IM Hate stomps the mid section of The Masked Muchacho, moving up and stomping his chest, followed by his arm.

"Several methodical stomps by Ian Michaels Hate."

He stops towards the middle of The Masked Muchacho and leaps up, coming down with a knee drop.

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"Big knee drop by Hate, continuing the punishment of The Masked Muchacho."

Hate runs, bounces off the roads and leaps up.

"Another huge knee drooo.... NO

Muchacho moved! The Masked Muchacho moved!" IM Hate crashes into the mat, bouncing up and back immediately grabbing his knee. The referee is seen checking on him.

"Hate seems to have possibly injured his knee."

The Masked Muchacho goes to grab IM Hate's head, but receives a thumb to the eye.

"OH! IM Hate playing possum! What a dirty move!"

IM Hate rolls over to his side and pushes to his feet.

"IM

Hate grabs his opponent's arm sends The Masked Muchacho into the ropes. As he returns, IM Hate takes him down with an arm drag. Both men quickly up to their feet. Muchacho runs at IM Hate, another arm drag." They both get up again and rush each other.

"Muchacho leap frogs

IM Hate. Both men off opposite ropes. The Masked Muchacho hits the mat, IM Hate jumps over him. Both up and turn." Hate leaps up and clotheslines The Masked Muchacho.

"What a move! That knocked the breath out of The Masked Muchacho with no doubt!"

Hate rolls out of the ring.

"It looks as if IM Hate is ready to take it to the next level as he is determining if there is a tool of destruction he'd like to incorporate into the match." "Inside the ring, The Masked Muchacho is using the ropes to pull himself to his feet."

IM Hate pulls a chair from under the apron a chair and slides into the ring. As IM Hate gets to his feet and rushes Muchacho with the chair, The Masked Muchacho jumps.

"Drop kick into that chair!"

The chair ricochet's off of Hate's face and Muchacho quickly gets to his feet.

"The Masked Muchacho with quick thinking, however, IM Hate is up behind him, with that chair again."

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He swings.

"No! The referee interjects and pulls the chair from Hate's grasp!"

The Masked Muchacho sees Hate arguing with the referee.

"The Masked Muchacho grabs IM Hate and turns him around quickly."

Muchacho kicks him in the gut, and grabs his head.

"DDT!"

The fans pop.

"The Masked Muchacho gets to his feet. He now lifts IM Hate up, Irish whip!" Hate grabs the top rope to stop himself and The Masked Muchacho runs at him. IM Hate pulls down on the top rope, sending The Masked Muchacho over, crashing hard to the floor outside.

"My God!"

IM Hate then collapses to one knee, trying to catch his breath. On the outside, officials check on The Masked Muchacho.

"So far the carnage has been from the start of the match. What a back and forward this has become!"

Muchacho begins to get up on the outside of the ring as IM Hate does the same inside.

"Both men on their feet, IM Hate looks out to Muchacho. He runs, leaps, OVER THE TOP ROPE! IM Hate FLIES THROUGH THE AIR!"

He lands right on his mark. Both men crash to the floor.

"What a dive to the outside by IM Hate."

We get a split screen, showing it again as both men seem to be trying to get back up, slowly.

"I'm unsure how much longer these two men will be able to go on."

Hate pulls himself up on the barrier as the Masked Muchacho uses the side of the ring.

"Muchacho runs behind IM Hate, forearm shot to the back."

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He turns him around and begins to hit Hate with hard closed fist. The Masked Muchacho then grabs his arm, turns and whips Hate into the steel steps. THUD

IM Hate crashes into the steps!" The Masked Muchacho walks to the side, and brings a forearm down across Hate's chest. He then lifts Hate's legs, throws his own up, and falls to the floor.

"AMAZING! Sling shot into the barrier! The fans are getting up close and personal tonight!"

Muchacho pulls himself up, then lifts IM Hate to his feet. He walks him to the ring, then rolls him in.

"The Masked Muchacho sliding in after Hate."

Muchacho climbs the turnbuckle as IM Hate starts to get to his feet.

"Muchacho leaps!"

He throws his legs out, wraps them around the neck of IM Hate, and twist down.

"HURRICARANA!"

The Masked Muchacho quickly covers IM Hate.

"Muchacho wasting no time as he covers Hate!"

The referee begins to count.

"One... two... THR... KICK OUT!"

The Masked Muchacho gets up, pulling IM Hate up with him.

"Hate from nowhere, swings at Muchacho. Muchacho ducks!"

He slides behind Hate and drops down, rolling him up.

"SCHOOL BOY BY MUCHACHO! The referee counts!"

IM Hate tries to kick out, but the quick surprise of the school boy has him off balance.

"THREE! THREE! THREE! THE MASKED MUCHACHO SOMEHOW GETS THE WIN!"

The Masked Muchacho lets go and quickly gets up. The referee goes to hold his hand up, but Hate gets to his feet and charges them.

"The

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Masked Muchacho quickly exits the ring, IM Hate after him!" Muchacho runs up the ramp, being chased vigorously by Hate as the two disappear behind the curtain.

"What a match and what an ending! All I can say is wow!"

Hate Deez Nuts

"

poncho" We switch backstage. The Masked Muchacho runs down a hallway, followed by a pissed off. As Muchacho runs past a vending machine and a locker room door, the door opens, slamming directly in the face, sending him back and to the floor. Out walks B.R. Ellis. Ellis looks down at and then back at The Masked Muchacho who is now hiding behind him and shakes his head.

"Get out of here Poncho, I'll handle this."

The Masked Muchacho runs out of view and the door opens, startling Ellis. A small, sweaty midget of a Mexican steps out.

"You call me Meester Ellis?"

Ellis raises his back hand.

"Not you Poncho, the other burrito eater. Get your ass back in the locker room." "Yes Meester Ellis."

Poncho disappears back into the room as Ellis watches get to his feet. looks at Ellis very angrily.

"Ah son, lose the attitude before I beat it out of you." takes a step forward.

"Look, I ain't all about getting in other's business typically, but you look as if you are mad cause one of those little wet backs pulled a fast one.

It happens. Shit, Poncho in there ate my last bagel this morning. How you think that made me feel?"

The door opens again, Poncho steps out.

"Yes Meester Ellis?" "God Damn It Poncho, get your little ass back in the God damn locker room!" "Yes Meester Ellis."

Ellis shakes his head.

"Yea, maybe they need to be slapped around a little. Maybe he got one up on you this week. Just take it and roll. Shit son, didn't you just get over being sick?" begins to say something. Huh? Umm... hmmm... Can we get sued for using that?

"Bottom line is, whatever the reason, that's your excuse this week. Screw em. Now, why don't you come in

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here and watch Poncho fuck a pony. This shit is straight crazy." shrugs and follows Ellis into the locker room.

Cancer Jiles vs. Rich Mahogany

"

cancerjiles" 'Love Man' by Otis Redding begins to play. Rich Mahogany steps out and does a seductive dance at the entrance before heading towards the ring.

"The ladies man himself making his way to the ring for this exciting triple threat main event!"

Rich walks up the steps and along side the apron. He grabs the top rope and holds on as he thrust his hips before rolling through the middle rope into the ring.

"Mahogany giving a show before his music fades out."

Screaming Jay Hawkins belts out I am the COOL over the PA system, signaling the start of something... COOL.

"Coming to the ring, from Philadelphia Pennsylvania, standing six feet and one and half inches tall... Weighing in at a Cool, 225 pounds. The one... the only... Mr. Cool!!!! Cannnnnnnnncerrrr JILES!!!!!!!!!"

The chorus of cheers raining down the from the DREAN faithful, as Mr. Cool struts his COOL ass down to the ring is deafening. The O-G of COOL playfully taunts the crazed fans, who have come to develop a fine love to hate you type of relationship with the self proclaimed, Cool superstar. Upon arrival, Mr. Cool slides under the bottom rope, then ascends the turnbuckles for a little show and tell. He reciprocates the fans appreciation of him, before throwing his customary pair of Cool shades into the audience. Mr. Cool then finds his final resting place atop the third turnbuckle. There, the heir of all things COOL stays perched, awaiting the opening bell.

"As the bell sounds, we kick the match off with a little smack talk from both sides."

Rich Mahogany offers his had for a test of strength.

"Cancer Jiles, a little reluctant, agrees."

As Cancer raises his hands, Mahogany quickly gouges his eyes.

"Jiles caught by surprise with that vicious eye gouge."

Cancer holds his eyes in pain. Mahogany runs at the ropes, jumping to the second rope.

"Springboard, twist into an open palm slap. Adding insult to injury with what he calls the 'springboard bitch slap.'"

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Jiles stumbles, then falls to the mat.

As he attempts to get to his feet, Rich Mahogany stomps his fingers.

"Ouch! That's smarts."

Cancer Jiles grabs his hand, which is throbbing in pain. 'Mahogany yanks his opponent up viciously by his head. Digging his nails deep into Jiles back, he rakes it all the way down.' The referee warns Mahogany, who raises his hands up as if saying he didn't do anything.

As Jiles turns toward them, Rich pushes by the referee and boots Jiles in the 'junk'.

"Jiles goes down quicker than a Mexican prostitute on Cinco De Mayo."

Rich Mahogany stops to give a cocky pose to the booing fans.

"Mahogany has been in 100% control this entire match. I don't think Jiles was prepared for his not so professional tactics."

Rich Mahogany picks Cancer's legs up, looks out to the crowd then leans back, sending him flying into the nearby turnbuckle.

"Slingshot to the corner by Mahogany."

As Jiles stumbles off of the turnbuckle, in on swift move, Mahogany catches him as he turns into a perfectly telegraphed swinging neck breaker.

"Rich Mahogany goes for the pin to end the match."

Cancer Jiles kicks out at two and three quarters.

"Some how Jiles found the strength to kick out. Mahogany can't believe it. To be honest, neither can I!"

As Jiles tries to pull himself to his feet by using the ropes, Mahogany grabs his head and runs his eyes along the ropes. Jiles grabs his face again and flops to the mat.

"Rich Mahogany stooping to low levels to secure a win over Mr. Cool."

Mahogany goes to stomp Jiles, but Cancer rolls out of the ring.

"Maybe the smartest move by Cancer Jiles this entire match."

As Mahogany turns to the ring in time to see Jiles soaring through the ropes.

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"Suicide Drives by Jiles!"

As he hits his mark, both men hit the ground. The fans pop for Jiles.

"That may have been the move to turn this match around!"

Jiles uses the steps to make it to his feet. As Mahogany attempts to push himself up. Cancer runs and places a boot into his midsection sending Rich back to the floor.

"Cancer Jiles now in control. He lifts Mahogany to his feet, and rolls him into the ring."

Jiles climbs to the apron, then the turnbuckle.

"Cancer Jiles looking to fly!"

Mahogany begins to get to his feet. He turns towards Jiles, who leaps through the air.

"Jiles caught by Mahogany! Power slam into a pin!"

The referee drops to begin his count and Rich throws his legs up on the ropes for leverage.

"Ah come on!"

The referee hits 2 but as he is bringing his hand down for three, he sees Mahogany's feet and begins pointing as he gets back up.

"That right there is why he is a main event referee, to show that blatant cheating will not stand in high caliber matches like this."

Rich Mahogany gets in the referee's face, yelling about not knowing how to count. Behind him, Cancer is slowly using the ropes to get to his feet.

"Mahogany trying to justify his actions, but the referee isn't having any of it."

Cancer gathers himself and waits. Finally, Rich begins to turn and Cancer leaps forward.

"TERMINAL CAN... NO!"

Rich moves and Cancer hits his super kick perfectly.... on the referee.

"Two weeks in a row, the referee has been taken down in a match with these two men!"

Cancer's face is full of surprise as he looks down at the referee who is out cold. Rich drops to a knee and

## Broken Dreams: 2011

brings his arm up between Jiles' legs.

"Low blow by Rich Mahogany and there is no referee to stop him."

Cancer falls to his knees holding himself.

"Mahogany with a swift kick to the back of Cancer Jiles."

Cancer falls face first into the mat, holding his back in pain.

"This match has been almost one sided, as Rich Mahogany uses down right dirty tactics to make sure that Cancer Jiles has little to no chance of winning."

Rich grabs Cancer, and violently pulls him to his feet.

"Mahogany with an irish whip. Cancer Jiles off the ropes and on the return, he ducks a clothesline attempt by Rich Mahogany."

Both men quickly turn to face each other.

"Boot to the gut of Jiles."

Rich Mahogany grabs the back of Cancer Jiles' head and yanks him backwards to the mat.

"Mahogany grabs one of Jiles' legs."

Cancer uses his free leg to kick Rich back. As Rich Mahogany stumbles back a few steps, Cancer Jiles is able to get to his feet. Rich Mahogany regains his composure and takes a step towards Cancer who jumps.

"Somehow he pulls off a standing drop kick!"

As Rich Mahogany hits the mat, Cancer quickly grabs his head and lifts him up.

"Cancer Jiles now with a knife edge chop followed by another, and another. He grabs Rich's arm, whips him across the.. no, Rich Mahogany reverses. Cancer Jiles off the ropes, he leaps, big shoulder block takes Rich Mahogany down."

Cancer quickly covers Mahogany.

"The referee is still down, Cancer trying to end this match now that he is the offensive."

As Cancer gets to his feet, he once again pulls Rich Mahogany to his.

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"Jiles with a big right hand, followed by another.

However, Mahogany blocks this one and returns fire with his own. Rich Mahogany scoops Cancer up, Jiles slides behind him, landing on his feet." Cancer pushes Mahogany who falls a few steps forward, stopping at the ropes.

As he turns around, Cancer runs at him.

"Rich Mahogany moves, pulling the top rope down."

Cancer goes over the top rope, catching it as he goes over. Mahogany smirks and points two thumbs to himself at the crowd as Cancer uses his strength to flip back over the ropes and into the ring.

"Rich

Mahogany turns, Cancer Jiles showing off his agility with a standing drop kick, the second one he's used in this match so far." Jiles picks up both of Rich's legs, he leans back, falling to the mat.

"Slingshot. Rich Mahogany flies into the nearby corner post."

As he hits, he bounces back and stumbles around. Cancer Jiles sets up behind him, almost stalking the God of sex.

"Mahogany turns,

Jiles lunges forward, BIG

SPEAR!" Jiles quickly returns to his feet.

"Quick and very hard stomps by 'Mr. Cool' Cancer Jiles."

Cancer yanks Mahogany to his feet, and quickly guides his head into the nearby top turnbuckle. He doesn't let go. With his free hand he points to the corner post on the opposite side and walks Mahogany over to it, slamming his head into that turnbuckle as well before turning him around and shoving him into the post back first.

"Cancer Jiles using the top ropes for leverage as he stomps repeatedly into the mid section of Rich Mahogany."

Mahogany falls to a semi-sitting position in the corner as Cancer continues to stomp. He walks to the middle of the ring and points at Mahogany as he looks out to the crowd.

"Cancer Jiles runs."

Rich Mahogany quickly grabs the ropes, pulling himself up and side steps as Cancer comes crashing through with a boot up. His leg wraps into the post before he falls back hitting the mat.

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"Maybe the opportunity that Rich Mahogany needed to get back on top in this match"

Cancer Jiles holds himself in pain as Rich Mahogany steps over him and climbs to the second rope. He holds onto the top rope, using it to launch himself up, before coming down with a knee drop.

"Mahogany to his feet, he pulls Jiles to his."

Rich grabs Cancer's arm, and goes to pull him into a short arm clothesline.

"Cancer ducks, they both turn."

Jiles leaps up, simultaneously grabbing the back of Rich's neck and placing his knees into Mahogany's chest, falling back.

As Jiles lands on the mat, Rich

Mahogany's chest is crush and he springs up and backwards. The crowd goes insane.

"AMAZING!"

A Cancer chant begins as the King of Cool rolls over and uses the ropes to get to his feet.

"It looks as if the referee is coming to, maybe just in time as Cancer Jiles can put this one away!"

Cancer sees the referee then quickly covers Mahogany.

"The referee is still a bit out of it, but slowly making his way to Jiles and Mahogany."

Cancer yells for the referee to hurry. The ref drops beside them and raises his arm up.

"One!"

The crowd goes ballistic as the referee raises his hand again.

"TWO!"

Jiles yells for one more and the referee puts his hand up.

"This is it! THREE.... NO

KICK OUT BY RICH MAHOGANY! SOMEHOW HE KICKED OUT!" Cancer looks at the mat, unable to comprehend that the match just isn't over yet.

As he begins to get up, Rich Mahogany rolls

over, and starts to use the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

"Someone has to win! Last week we saw both men covering IM Hate at once, and with two referees with two points of view, a clear outcome could not be gathered.

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They both want to know, WHO IS THE BEST IN THE RING RIGHT NOW?!" The camera pans to the top as we see Young(drunk)Stallion coming through the curtain and heading toward the ring.

"It's Y(d)S! I have heard through the rumor mill that he has it in for Rich mahogany after a backstage shenanigan left the young man with a taste of vengeance in his mouth."

Mahogany rest on the top rope and looks down at Stallion making his way towards the ring. He is obviously exhausted and looks unready for the Drunken Warrior to interfere.

"Cancer Jiles is protesting to the referee to have Y(d)S removed so that the two men can finish their match."

Stallion stalks Mahogany from outside of the ring.

"Young(drunk)Stallion looks to want to make an impression after basically being called out by B.R. Ellis earlier."

Suddenly the crowd gets louder.

"B.R. ELLIS! Here he comes from the back!"

B.R. rushes down and attacks Young(drunk)Stallion from behind.

"Forearm to the back of Stallion, catching him off guard."

Ellis turns Stallion around and begins hitting him with hug shots.

"B.R. Ellis having to reach up slightly to connect, but lighting into Young(drunk)Stallion with fury."

Inside the ring, Cancer heads toward Mahogany who gets to his feet.

"Rich turns, caught by Cancer. Whipped across... NO! Mahogany reverses. Cancer sent into the ropes. On the return... PUMP KICK BY MAHOGANY!"

Jiles drops back. Outside the ring both Ellis and Stallion are exchanging punches as they back up the ramp, disappearing into the back. Rich lets out a roar before yanking Cancer up by his head.

"Jiles retaliates with a shot to the gut of Mahogany, followed by another."

He stands up and sends a fist into Rich's head, Mahogany blocks the next and delivers his own punch. The fans are going nuts.

"Mahogany grabs Cancer, whip, into... NO! Over the top rope!"

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Cancer hits the side of the apron before falling to the floor. The Love Machine follows him to the outside. The referee begins counting.

"Mahogany pulls Cancer to his feet, directing him to the barrier."

Rich mahogany slams Cancer's head into the barrier. The screaming fans pat both men on the back.

"Mahogany attempting to introduce Cancer's head into the barrier again, stopped by Cancer. Jiles now grabs Rich's head and returns the favor!"

Cancer turns Mahogany around and hits him in the stomach. He takes a few steps back and runs, leaping, and putting his knee into the stomach of Mahogany. RING RING RING!

"What?! The referee has counted the two men out! WE STILL DO NOT HAVE A WINNER!"

The bell continues to ring as Cancer drops to his knees, tired and disappointed. Mahogany leans against the barrier and can be seen mouthing "I need a fucking cigarette" to Jiles.

"These two men have given their all and still sit in the unknown."

Suddenly, Mark Zylbert's music begins to play. Out from the back steps the general manager of DREAM, mic in hand.

As he gets crowd heat, Zylbert puts his hand up to shut the fans up.

"Mahogany... Jiles... I pay wrestlers to win matches, not to go two weeks without a clear victor."

The fans boo more.

"Next show you WILL face each other for the LAST time... No disqualifications..."

The fans actually pop.

"I'll even reward the winner with something nice. This match will be a ladder match for the DREAM Championship!"

The fans go insane. Both Cancer and Rich have a look of hope in their eyes.

"Now, don't look for us next week. We are increasing our pay-per-views to 2 solid hours every two weeks."

The fans pop.

"February 7th, right here in The Slaughter House... Mahogany-Jiles 3 for the DREAM Championship!"

## Broken Dreams: 2011

His music begins to play and the fans continue to scream. It is the beginning of a new era in 2 weeks. Roll copyright, fade to black.

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