

I Have A DREAM: 2011

January 17, 2011 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

2011

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I Have A DREAM 011711

17 Jan 2011

The Slaughter House,
Orlando, FL (seats 8,796)

Introduction

The DREAM logo appears across the screen then explodes into the words "I Have a DREAM."

Once it fades away the camera pans across the entrance stage. Pyros begin to fire in the air and the fans scream.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to DREAM's first show back, entitled to celebrate the great Martin Luther King, "I Have a DREAM!" in full HD and only on Pay Per View! I'm Jason Whiteside and we're coming to you LIVE from the Slaughter House in Orlando, Florida."

The camera pans across the fans holding signs and screaming.

"This capacity crowd is ready for some action, and I think we outta give it to them! Get ready for the next hour and a half of the most exciting wrestling action you can get, uncut, and uncensored here on Pay-Per-View!"

Caspian De Romanus vs. Christian Wright

"

christianwright" "A Certain Shade of Green" by Incubus begins to play. Christian Wright exits from the back and begins his way down the ramp, slapping some of the front row kid's hands.

"Christian Wright making his DREAM debut against another DREAM first timer tonight right here on Pay-Per-View."

As he walks up the stairs and enters the ring, the music fades out. The lights slowly dim out as the crowd starts to get anxious. The electric chords of "Follow The Reaper"

By Children of Bodom blare on over the PA sound system as the pale figure of Caspian De Romanus appears atop on the stage. His shoulder length jet black hair cascades on down his red sleeveless red trench

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coat, barely touching his pale shoulders. He stands looking out into the darkness that surrounds him like a black abyss. He can be seen taking in a few deep breaths of air, as if he can taste all the untouched, and pure innocent blood driven fans surrounded around him. As he begins walking down the entrance ramp the bottom of his red trench coat can be seen swaying back in forth with each and every footstep he takes. Once at the bottom of the entrance ramp he walks around to the steel plated steps and walks on up them, as the lights begin to flicker back on the fans can be heard beginning to start up a chant of "You Suck" a few boo's can even be heard as he makes his way into the ring.

"Caspian De Romanus feeling the tension that this crowd has brought tonight to The Slaughter House."

The sound and light system return to normal and the fans show their DREAM spirit.

"This should be an interesting match as both of these men have very contrasting styles."

The bell sounds to begin the match.

"And we're off. Could the future of DREAM Wrestling be in this very match?"

Christian Wright runs at Caspian De Romanus, who in turn just throws a quick jab into his throat. As Christian Wright grabs his throat in pain, the referee warns Romanus. Caspian pushes past the referee and closed fist punches Christian Wright in the side of face.

"Caspian De Romanus may be disqualified early if he can't quit using tactics like this."

Romanus grabs the back of Wright's head and directs him to the nearby corner, where he slams his head into the top turnbuckle.

"Christian Wright bounces off that turnbuckle, allowing Romanus to hit a short arm clothesline."

Caspian De Romanus promptly begins to choke Christian against the referee's wishes.

"Oh come on, now that is just no needed!"

Romanus lets go of Wright right as the referee counts four. The fans unleash heat as hot as Hell. Caspian De Romanus leans down and grabs Christian Wright by the neck with both hands, pulling him to his feet. He promptly sends him flying into the ropes. As Christian Wright returns, Romanus bends down to catch him, but doesn't.

"Christian Wright leaps over Romanus grabbing him by the waist. Sunset flip!"

Romanus kicks his legs and avoids the pin.

"That could have been an amazing comeback win if successful. Hopefully Christian Wright can turn this

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match around."

Wright rolls up to his feet and awaits Caspian as he gets to his.

"Caspian

De Romanius charges Christian Wright, Wright jumps with a standing drop kick to the knees of Romanius." The fans pop as Caspian goes to his knees.

"Swift kick across the chest of Caspian De Romanius."

Romanius tenses up and takes the kick, before falling back to the mat.

Right as Romanius falls, Christian Wright showcases his agility by turning and leaping up and back.

"Standing moonsault! Wow, this guy here has the agility of a panther!"

Christian Wright hooks Romanius's leg and the referee begins to count.

"Kick out at two. Caspian De Romanius is one tough son of a gun, so amazing agility or not, you need to do more than that to keep him down for the count."

Christian Wright pops to his feet, as Romanius slowly gets to his.

"Christian Wright runs, off the ropes."

He leans into a cartwheel, coming up with a kick that almost takes Caspian De Romanius's head off.

"What a running cartwheel kick!"

Christian Wright continues with his momentum, leaping over a downed Caspian De Romanius and heading to the ropes where he leaps to the top with ease, and jumps back.

"MOONSAULT OFF THE TOP ROPE! This man has the speed of a cheetah on coke and the balls of an armless midget fighting a lion!"

The crowd pops loud as Christian Wright opts to not go for a finish and gets back to his feet. He heads over to the corner, backing into it and climbing up. He leaps with a frontward flip into a splash.

"Caspian De Romanius gets his legs up! Knee to the incoming gut of the high flying Christian Wright!"

Wright bounces off Romanius's knees and back to the mat, holding his mid section. Romanius rolls over and pushes up to his feet.

"Caspian De Romanius gives Christian Wright no time to recuperate as he yanks him to his feet."

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Romanus begins delivering hard rights and lefts into the stomach of Christian.

"Caspian De Romanus wanting to possibly injure his opponent as he focuses on where Christian Wright landed from that high risk maneuver."

Romanus grabs Wright and whips him hard into the ropes. As he returns, Romanus throws a boot up catching him in the mid section.

"Caspian with a flowing DDT."

Romanus gets to his knees and dust his hands off before getting the rest of the way up. Christian Wright rolls to his side, obviously in discomfort and pain.

"Caspian De Romanus lifts the leg of Wright, kick to his inner thigh."

He kicks Christian Wright again, relentlessly.

"Romanus now lifting Christian Wright's other leg. He holds them, leaning back. Slingshot!"

Christian Wright flies into the nearby turnbuckle, as he hits he stumbles back into the grasp of Caspian De Romanus.

"Belly to belly suplex. I'm unsure how Christian Wright can withstand the punishment that Caspian De Romanus is dishing out to him."

Romanus glides over Christian Wright, covering him. He counts along as the referee counts.

"SOMEHOW Christian Wright KICKS OUT! That was two and nine tenths! It had to be!"

The crowd pops loud and Romanus becomes obviously pissed as he gets to his feet, violently pulling Christian Wright up with him.

"Elbow to the temple of Christian Wright, another. Caspian De Romanus is getting angry."

The crowd begins to make some noise and the camera catches a glimpse of someone walking from the back.

"Here comes Young(drunk)Stallion. What is he doing out here?"

Y(d)S walks up the stairs and enters the ring.

"Caspian De Romanus and Young(drunk)Stallion with a stare down."

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Caspian runs at Y(d)S who meets him with a big boot to the stomach. The referee begins calling for the bell.

"Y(d)S grabs Romanius and lifts... POWER BOMB! The ring shook!"

The bell continues to ring. Y(d)S cracks his neck and looks down at Christian Wright.

"Young(drunk)Stallion now focusing on Christian Wright. This young man is trying to send a message to the locker room I think."

Stallion lifts Wright up to his feet then over his shoulder. He runs forward and tosses.

"Wright on the receiving end of power bomb as well!"

Y(d)S's music begins to play as he stands in the middle of the ring.

"I think his message is sent, what is next for this newcomer?"

Familiar Face, Brand New Place

"

sarapettis" The scene moves to backstage where we see Declan Schorg walking through the corridors of the Slaughter House towards the entrance of the arena. He stops though when he sees a familiar face, stretching off to the side at one point.

"So, you followed me here huh?"

Declan says casually strolling over. The camera pans back to reveal Sara Pettis standing there, in her gear warming up for her match, "I didn't follow you anywhere, I came here because HOSTILITY closed, and this place was hiring." she tells him standing up straight, and looking him in the eye.

"Oh, right. of course."

Declan smirks.

"Don't get full of yourself, though it is nice that you're still around. I still owe you something for HV: 71. Nice to know I can still pay you back."

Sara tells him as she goes back to stretching. Declan laughs, "Listen lil' girl. I don't know about you, but I've moved beyond HOSTILITY. Maybe you should just let it go, for your own sake."

Sara shrugs, "Why should I? I'm not afraid of you. And I'm not afraid of Ian Michaels."

Declan puts his hand on Sara's shoulder, but she brushes it away, "Hey, calm down kid. I was just going to say that it was probably because you're too naive. But really I think it's because you're just some stubborn

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brat who doesn't know how to learn a lesson. So if you want to carry that crap over from HOSTILITY, then fine, go ahead."

Declan starts walking away from Sara towards the arena's entrance, "It's your funeral." he shouts back just as he's about to leave ear shot.

Silence

"

young(drunk)stallion" Young(drunk)Stallion walks through the back as Bill Payton, DREAM's backstage interviewer, catches up with him.

"Excuse me, Stallion.. Can I ask you a question?!"

Y(d)S stops and stares at Bill.

"Why did you interfere in the last match? Is there a message you're trying to send?"

Y(d)S thinks for a moment then just pushes by Payton who is left answerless.

Declan Schorg vs. Masked Muchacho

"

masked_muchacho" 'Renegade' by (hed) P.E. starts to play and the joyful banter of the fans is silenced by their hatred for the man they are about to witness destroy whatever stands in his way. While the song that fills their head is all sorts of dope and fly... the overwhelming feeling of fear and delusion clouds their minds as the best thing to come to DREAM Wrestling ever - "Der Fuhrer"

Declan Schorg - walks out from the backstage area with a smile on his face and his personal assistant Norman J. Lukas by his side. The journey down the ramp to the incredible squared circle of DREAM begins. As they walk toward the ring, Norm holds up a microphone and reads a prepared statement to the live audience.

"Making his way to ring that he will soon own... he stands five feet ten inches tall and weighs in at an astoundingly fit and lean two hundred and fifteen pounds! He is our master, our idol, and ultimately the man we all prey to before we go to bed! Please give a resounding welcome to the only man to ever make every woman in the world cum three times at the same time just by taking off his shirt! He's the world's greatest, he is the inevitable future DREAM Wrestling World Heavyweight Champion...

"Der Fuhrer"

Declan Schorg!" As the entire arena gives shoots all of their negative energy toward in the direction of Der Fuhrer, the greatest villain of all time finally stops at the bottom of the ramp. He looks around at the less than adoring public... and then walks up the steps. Schorg stops at the top of the steps as he points to the camera man and then yells incoherently about destruction or something. Declan walks along the apron as he takes a moment to wipe his feet before entering the ring... because he doesn't want to soil his property. As he stands in the center of the ring, he glares out at the sea of people he hates.

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"Declan Schorg for the first time in a DREAM ring, is getting more then a little heat from this sold out crowd."

Declan stretches in the ring as red, white, and green lights illuminate the entrance.
To generic Mexican music, The Masked Muchacho sprints from the back and down the ramp.

"The Masked Muchacho like lighting from the back."

As he slides under the ropes and into the ring, Declan begins to stomp him.

"The bell sounds as Declan Schorg welcomes The Masked Muchacho with a series of vicious stomps."

Der Fuhrer reaches down and yanks The Masked Muchacho to his feet by the mask.

"Knife edge chops by Schorg, leaving The Masked Muchacho's chest glowing."

He grabs Muchacho's arm.

"Hard whip, sending The Masked Muchacho into the ropes."

Schorg runs forward, throwing his arm out.

"Muchacho ducks the clothesline attempt on his return."

The Masked One leaps to the second rope and leaps up as Declan turns.

"Moonsault!"

Declan Schorg catches The Masked Muchacho, braces him and runs, falling forward.

"The Masked Muchacho flattened like a tortilla!"

As Declan gets to his feet, he throws both arms out and lets out a dominating yell.

"Schorg jumps over The Masked Muchacho, off the ropes, dropping a knee across the chest of his opponent."

Declan uses the ropes to pull himself up before leaning over them and grinning to the booing crowd.

"Declan Schorg seems to feed off of this heated crowd."

He moves from the ropes and towards The Masked Muchacho, lifting his left leg up.

"Kick to the inner thigh of The Masked Muchacho."

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Declan picks the right leg up, and brings his boot down the middle.

"Now that is uncalled for."

The Masked Muchacho holds himself, rolling over face into the mat, as Declan grabs him by the head, and violently pulls him to his feet.

"Declan Schorg directs The Masked Muchacho to the corner, introducing his face with the top turn buckle."

The Masked Muchacho's head bounces off of the turn buckle. He stumbles back and turns around to receive an European uppercut from Schorg.

"The Masked Muchacho, held up by the ropes now, has not had a chance to bring any offense into this match as Declan continues to dominate."

Declan charges Muchacho, throwing his boot up.

At the last moment, The Masked Muchacho moves, causing Declan to put his leg through the middle of the ropes and become temporally entangled in them.

"This could be The Masked Muchacho's chance."

The Masked Muchacho crawls a few inches and pushes his way to his feet, as Declan is able to regain proper footing.

"Both men meet for a proper lock up. Declan is quickly able to regain control and place The Masked Muchacho in a side headlock."

Schorg applies pressure to Muchacho, however, The Man of a 1000 Mask is able to slide out of the lock behind him.

"The Masked Muchacho with a vertical jump, standing dropkick to the back of Declan Schorg."

Schorg is sent forward into the ropes, as he hits them and is shot backwards, The Masked Muchacho runs, leaping to the second and jumping off with an elbow.

However, Declan Schorg is able to hook his arm in and in one motion carry him over to the mat and into an arm bar.

"Quick thinking by Declan Schorg may have gotten this back on track. He applies pressure to The Masked Muchacho's arm."

The Masked Muchacho throws his legs forward, and uses the momentum to stand up, twisting out of the arm lock that Schorg had applied, while at the same time twisting Schorg over and to the mat. The fans cheer at

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the action.

"The Masked Muchacho to the ropes, he grabs the top, pulls himself up and forcefully leaps to the second, bouncing off with momentum. The Masked Muchacho crashes down across Schorg and the referee goes to count. Kick out at one."

The crowd pops as both men begin to get to their feet.

"Schorg grabs the arm of

The Masked Muchacho, Irish whip into the ropes. The Masked Muchacho on the return, he leaps with a double leg sitting drop kick, Schorg ducks and lifts. Quick thinking by Declan Schorg as he throws The Masked Muchacho to the mat. Power bomb." Major crowd heat resumes as Declan Schorg pulls The Masked Muchacho to his feet.

"Chop by Schorg, followed by another, and another. The Masked Muchacho now leans back and comes forward with his own."

Declan grabs his chest.

"Swift kick to the side of Schorg's legs by The Masked Muchacho. Declan Schorg to one knee. The Masked Muchacho runs past him, off the ropes, soccer style kick to the back of Declan Schorg's head."

Schorg falls forward to the mat, holding his head. The Masked Muchacho leans over him, and bends down. Schorg throws a leg up, kicking The Masked Muchacho in the face.

"Schorg quickly able to get to his feet. Don't count him out yet folks. He turns The Masked Muchacho around, whip, no, reversed. Schorg sent towards the corner."

The Masked Muchacho runs behind him. As Declan Schorg gets to the corner post he grabs the top rope and leaps up. The Masked Muchacho crashes through the post as Schorg lands behind him.

"Declan Schorg takes advantage of the situation, grabs The Masked Muchacho's head, inverted DDT!"

Muchacho appears dazed, but is still able to roll over and get to his feet.

"Both men up again. Schorg rushes The Masked Muchacho. Muchacho sidesteps, lifting Declan and sending him now crashing into the corner post."

Schorg bounces off of the turnbuckle, The Masked Muchacho runs and grabs the top ropes, throwing his legs up behind him, wrapping them around Schorg's neck. He legs go, swinging around.

"Hurricarrana!"

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The Masked Muchacho hits the mat, and rolls up to his feet. He runs across the ring, and bounces off the ropes.

"Baseball slide by The Masked Muchacho!"

The Masked Muchacho gets to his feet and raises his arms to the crowd, getting them pumped. As the fans pop he climbs the nearby turnbuckle.

"The Masked Muchacho going for a high risk maneuver."

He carefully aims, before leaping, flipping in the air.

"450 Splash!"

The crowd goes insane as The Masked Muchacho quickly covers his opponent and the referee drops.

"He hooks the leg. One.. two..."

The bell sounds.

"The Masked Muchacho pulls off an impressive DREAM debut victory!"

The Masked Muchacho dances in the ring to celebrate as we get clips from the match.

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"

imhate"

As 'Civil War' by Guns N' Roses starts to play across the Slaughter House in Orlando, Florida the DREAM Vision flashes the word HATE over and over again. The DREAM fans stand to their feet and start to shout their boos as IM Hate walks out in a suit and tie and up to a podium and signals for the music to stop.

"May I have you attention please?"

Ian states, as he ask the fans to quiet down for his moment of time in front of them at the first DREAM show back from it's long hiatus.

"I say to you today, my friends, so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream."

Ian states, using a section from the famous Martin Luther King Jr. speech, but the fans are not buying it, as they attempt to drown him out with boos.

"I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold

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these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal."

The fans start to settle down, as Ian looks across the crowded arena at all the fans pleased to have DREAM return.

"I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood."

Ian flashes a smirk, the one he often speaks about. He pauses, waiting to see if the fans are really settled down.

"I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice."

A few fans start to chant at Ian, "SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

Ian laughs, as he shakes his head.

"You people do realize that I am paying my respects to a man who made it possible to be of a different skin color and be successful and treated equal. With all you Cubans in this state, you should be taking notes!"

The fans calm down once again, realizing Ian is right.

"I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character."

A few cheers and claps are heard from the fans near the stage.

"I have a dream today."

Ian states loudly, as he points his finger up in the air.

"I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of interposition and nullification; one day right there in

Alabama, I mean

Florida, little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers." A guy in a suit comes out from backstage and start to approach Ian.

"I have a dream..."

The man reaches Ian, causing Ian to stop in the midst of his speech. The man is whispering something into his ear, as Ian's eyes grow big and the microphone picks up his comments.

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"WHAT? I'M NOT BLACK?"

The crowd giggles a bit, as the man whispers something else into his ear.

"Are you telling me that my great great grandfather was a slave owner? How come no one told me this?"

By now, the fans are booing the Evangelist of Hate, as the man in a suit exits to the backstage as Ian is left there alone on the stage at his podium with a look of embarrassment.

"I have been informed that I am not close to being an African-American, that I come from a long line of white racists and slave owners!"

The fans boo loudly, causing Ian to pause.

"Hey, just because they did it, does not make me the evil one for it!

But come to think about it, I could use someone to carry my bags and detail my car for me!" The fans are heated, as the booing has stopped and hateful words are not being screamed at the superstar.

"Now that I have the jokes aside, and I have your attention... I want you moronic cum stains to listen up and listen very closely! My name is Christopher Anthony Titan, but Ian Michaels or IM Hate or Hate is what I expect to be called! I am wrestling royalty and that includes even the ranks of DREAM! I did not jump aboard DREAM to be some second string superstar. I am going to steal the spotlight and end careers. Faces will eat steel, and women will be given to special treatment. I am not going anywhere, no matter what you may think. Before you can start a facebook page up declaring how much you HATE IM HATE, I will be the DREAM Champion and laugh at how I got everyone to hate at least me, if not everything else. This is the only warning, after tonight there will not be advice given or warnings issued. Your favorite superstars and even those you hate will come to understand the term HATE CRIME!" Ian laughs at the fans, as 'Civil War' by Guns N' Roses starts up again. Ian flashes a smile.

"THANK YOU ORLANDO!"

He states, as he takes a step back and waves like he is the president of the United States. Ian turns and exits to the backstage area as the fans boo until his music dies down.

Casey Pierro-Zabotel vs. Sara Pettis

"

caseypierrozabotel" 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 entrance way, 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

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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.

"This is almost uneasy to watch as Casey Pierro-Zabotel will face Sara Pettis in an inter-gender match. CPZ is twice Pettis size." by Moby begins to play. CPZ watches for his opponent.

"From the crowd, here comes Sara Pettis!"

Sara slides into the ring behind Casey, running at him.

"Forearm shot to the back of Casey Pierro-Zabotel!"

The bell sounds as Casey, who is barely effected, turns around.

"Quick rights and lefts from Pettis into the midsection of Casey Pierro-Zabotel who seems un-phased."

Sara reaches back and swings, but has her arm caught by the 6'5, 250 pounder. CPZ twist Pettis around and down to the mat.

"Arm bar by Casey Pierro-Zabotel. He applies pressure, trying to get his opponent to give up early here. With a size disadvantage like her's, I'd almost have to say she needs to."

The referee ask Sara if she gives, but she refuses to.

"I heard Pettis had spunk, she is proving it now."

CPZ applies even more pressure, twisting the arm of Sara Pettis. She begins to reach with her free arm, for the bottom rope.

"If Pettis can just grab the bottom rope, maybe she can approach the match with a new plan."

Somehow, she grabs it and the referee forces Pierro-Zabotel to break the hold.

"Sara Pettis rolls out of the ring, holding her arm in pain as CPZ stands up, just looking down at her."

Casey shakes his head in disbelief that he is having to face this woman on his return to DREAM. Sarah gathers herself and slides into the ring, just to be met with big stomps from Casey Pierro-Zabotel.

"Pierro-Zabotel not taking it too lightly to his female opponent. What did the bookers have in mind when they made this match? I can barely watch!"

CPZ grabs Pettis by the head and yanks her to her feet. He grabs her hurt arm and uses it to whip her with tremendous force into the opposing ropes.

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"Sara Pettis on the return."

CPZ ducks down to catch her.

"Pettis leaps over Casey Pierro-Zabotel!"

She attempts to grab his waist and flip him, but his size declines her, as she hits the mat back first. Casey quickly turns around and lifts his foot. As he goes to stomp she rolls out of the way, and halfway up, before twisting with her leg out and sweeping him off his feet from behind.

"What a move!"

She sells the pain in her arm before running to the near by corner and up to the second turnbuckle. As CPZ gets to his feet, she leaps backwards.

"Pettis caught in mid-air by Casey Pierro-Sabotel. Come on, someone end this match now!"

He squeezes her from behind. Pettis kicks her feet. As Casey tries to ground his feet better, he takes a few steps forward.

"Pettis close enough to the turnbuckle to use it as support!"

She places her feet on the ropes, and pushes off, causing Pierro-Zabotel to lose his balance and grip. He turns around, Pettis in hand, letting her go. As he does, she reaches up and grabs his neck, bringing him down as she falls.

"Some sort of neck breaker there out of desperation!"

CPZ bounces off of the mat and back, holding his neck from what looked to be a semi-bad bump. Sara rolls away from him and uses the ropes from the other side to pull herself up to one knee.

"Casey Pierro-Zabotel looks to no longer be underestimating Sara Pettis as he gets to his feet."

CPZ holds his neck and grows angry. he runs at Pettis who gets up and begins running at him.

"Pettis slides under the legs of Casey Pierro-Zabotel."

She jumps to her feet and turns as he turns.

"Sara leaps, drop kick!"

CPZ stumbles back. She runs forward and leaps again.

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"Another! Casey Pierro-Zabotel goes down!"

Casey immediately rolls over and begins to get up. He charges Pettis.

"CPZ getting frustrated and sloppy."

Sara leaps with a spinning heel kick, dazing CPZ, before rolling behind him and dropping down. As she does, she grabs under his leg and pulls.

"School girl roll up into a pin!"

The referee drops quickly and counts.

"Two... Three! IT'S OVAH

CPZ kicks out hard as the bell sounds. Pettis moves quickly out of the way and to her feet, where the referee meets her and holds her hand up. Casey Pierro-Zabotel pushes himself up and stares at her, hands on his hips.

"The former DREAM Anarchy champion can not believe what has just happened as Sara Pettis comes off with a surprise win."

Sara's music begins to play as CPZ just hangs his head and exits the ring, obviously extremely aggravated.

"Sara Pettis with a big win. Welcome to DREAM Sara."

Sara sells her hurt arm as she continues to celebrate in the ring.

Female Charms

"

stacyjones" As the match ended and Sara Pettis left the ring, the cameras head to the parking lot where a large white stretch limousine drives in from the arena

s staff entrance. The driver exits the vehicle, opening the door of the limo. Out of the door, a woman exits. She wears a denim skirt that finishes above her knee, black boots and a black blouse. She flicks her hair from behind her ear and grabs her handbag.

"So

this is the home of DREAM huh?" she asks her driver.

"Yes Miss Jones

he replied. She slams the door behind her and walks towards the backstage area of the arena, stopping as Bill Payton locates her.

"Miss Jones, can I have a few moments of your time?" he asks, to which she gracefully nods.

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"Very well, be quick
she says with a smile.

"Stacy Jones, you recently signed a contract with the Dream Wrestling Federation. We
ve just seen Sara Pettis compete on tonight
s first PPV of the 2011 revival, how do you feel about being the second female competitor here in DREAM?"
She pauses for a second.

"What sorta shitty question is that? I couldn
t care less if there
s one, three, nine, or none. I am not some diva bitch looking to slap around some Brooklyn whore. I am a
professional wrestler, gender is unimportant." The interviewer looks a little scared all of a sudden.

"Uh..well yeah..so..next PPV should be your debut, any words?" "I
m going to go sit out there and watch the main event, you know why? Because that is where my ambitions
lie. I will be holding gold within a few weeks and nobody is going to stop me." She slams the microphone into
the interviewer
s chest and walks off, leaving him standing there, bemused.

Cancer Jiles vs. Rich Mahogany

vs. IM Hate

"

mahogany" '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."

The lights in the arena slowly starts to dim down, as the screen 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 screen 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 Slaughter House, Guns

N' Roses' 'Civil War' starts to blare. IM Hate walks out to the top of the ramp with a mix reaction from the

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DREAM 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. 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.

"Cancer Jiles technically the last 'You Call It' champion in DREAM will face off against Rich Mahogany and IM Hate. Main event action!"

As Jiles returns to ring, the bell sounds to begin the match. All three competitors stand in their own corner, awaiting the first move to be made.

"And we're off! Hate charges Mahogany."

Rich drops to his stomach and slides out of the ring as IM Hate grabs the top ropes in the corner to stop himself. As he turns around, he barely has enough time to see Cancer jiles flying through the air.

"Hate moves, Jiles with a splash into the corner turnbuckle as Rich Mahogany watches from the outside of the ring."

Cancer stumbles back a few feet, and turns as IM Hate runs at him, leaps, and catches his neck.

"Swinging neck breaker by IM Hate!"

Hate turns over and begins to push his way up. Rich reaches in, grabs Hate's foot and yanks him back to the mat.

"Mahogany to the apron."

Hate quickly begins to get up again. He turns to see Rich Mahogany and runs at him. Rich grabs the top rope and leans back, cause Hate to soar over the top and crash to the floor outside.

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"Mahogany enters the ring as Cancer Jiles begins to attempt to get up. Mahogany runs, hard kick to the face of Cancer."

Rich immediately follows up with a stomp to Cancer's head.

"Mahogany playing it safe, keeping Mr. Cool down as IM Hate is still outside of the ring, trying to gather his bearings."

Mahogany moves to Cancer's feet, and lifts them in the air, then boots him in the jewels.

"Cancer Jiles meet Rich Mahogany's specialty."

The referee grabs Rich's arm and twist him around warning him. Rich argues with the referee as IM Hate slides into the ring.

"Hate waits, ready to strike."

Mahogany pushes the referee away and turns as IM Hate runs and leaps. He grabs the back of Rich's head, placing his knees into Mahogany's chest, and falls backward.

"IM Hate catches Mahogany!"

IM quickly covers Mahogany as the referee goes to count.

"Quick kick out by Rich Mahogany."

Cancer Jiles begins to use the ropes to pull himself up as IM Hate gets to his feet, pulling Rich Mahogany up with him.

"Mahogany pulls away, thumb jab to the eye of IM Hate."

IM Hate grabs his eyes in pain and stumbles back, turning around. Cancer Jiles flies forward with a super kick.

"TERMINAL CANCER!"

The crowd pops. As Cancer gets his foot back to the mat, he is taken down by Mahogany with a clothesline.

"Rich Mahogany runs through Cancer Jiles. It looks like he tried to take his head off!"

Rich looks out to the crowd and shakes his hips, pointing at a woman in the front row he thrust his cock in her direction.

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"There are children watching this show Rich."

Rich turns back and goes toward Cancer, who is trying to get up. Mahogany grabs Cancer, and pulls him into a head butt. Jile holds his head.

"Mahogany runs,
Cancer sidesteps, DROP TOE
HOLD!" Cancer maneuvers and locks in a chin lock on Mahogany.

"Mahogany may need to tap..."

Rich raises his hand, trying not to tap. Cancer pulls back harder. Rich somehow is able to break free enough to bite Cancer Jiles' fingers.

"Cancer Jiles lets out a blood curdling scream."

Rich crawls a few feet forward, turns to his back, and kicks Cancer directly in the teeth.

"Mr. Cool can not catch a break as Rich Mahogany continues to take charge."

IM Hate rolls to the edge of the apron, just laying there as Rich Mahogany gets to his feet.

"Cancer Jiles, still groggy from the boot to the face, now attempting to get up as well. Mahogany runs at him."

Cancer ducks, wraps around Rich's waist and lifts, falling back.

"Rich Mahogany hits the top rope!"

He bounces up and begins back, as Cancer spins around, grabs his neck, and in one fluid motion plants him.

"Inverted DDT!"

The crowd gives a crazy pop as both men lay. Cancer, resting, and mahogany finally feeling the effects of being on the defense.

Near the apron, IM Hate rolls out of the ring and begins walking towards the time keeper.

"What is Hate doing?"

IM Hate forces the time keeper out of his chair and picks it up, folding the chair.

"Hate looking to bring a weapon into this already dangerous match!"

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Hate slides the chair into the ring, and slides in after it. As he gets up, chair in hand, Hate lifts it above his head. before he can bring it down, the referee grabs it out of his hands from behind.

"Stopped by the referee!"

Hate turns around and yells at the referee, snatching the chair and pushing at the same time. The referee falls back, releasing the chair, and hitting his head on the mat.

"The referee is down."

Hate returns to his two downed opponents. Cancer begins pushing himself up, looking up briefly to see the chair coming. WHACK

Cancer Jiles takes a deadly chair shot to the head!" Hate lifts the chair and brings it down, connecting with Rich Mahogany's skull. He tosses the chair and covers Mahogany.

"There is no referee Hate, you took care of that!"

Hate looks around and sees the downed referee. He hits the mat and pushes his way up.

"Look, from the back!"

A second referee runs down the ramp.

"We have a back up referee coming in."

As the referee slides in, Hate covers Mahogany again.

"One.. Two.. KICK OUT!"

Hate is pushed off of Rich Mahogany as Cancer Jiles slowly gets up behind him.

"Jiles is tuning up the leg. Hate turns... a second TERMINAL CANCER!"

Hate falls back into the grasp of a, now up, Rich Mahogany.

"Neck Breaker! Mahogany with a neck breaker!"

Both men drop and cover IM Hate. The secondary referee drops to count.

"Tim Brown, the original referee for this match is awake and see's the pin as well!"

Both referees count.

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"THREE! THREE! BUT WHO HAS WON THIS MATCH?!"

Each referee helps a wrestler up and holds their respective arms up.

"It seems that both Rich AND Caner have won this match! What?!"

The referees begin arguing with each other and saying that their count was the valid one. Rich and Cancer stare at each other, then begin arguing as well.

"I'm not sure what's going on here."

Rich pushes Cancer, who pushes him back.

"The brawl is on! Rich Mahogany and Cancer Jiles now exchanging punches."

Both referees get in the middle and push the two men back.

"The intensity between these two is amazing. I can tell you this now, this is NOT over!"

As the camera zooms in on Mahogany yelling obscenities at Cancer, the copyright comes across the screen and we fade to black.

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