

Exclusive Web Cast: 09.07.2010

September 7, 2010 | The WrestleZone - Universal Studios Orlando

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Dreamwrestling.com Exclusive Web Cast 9/7/10

7 Sep 2010

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

The Masked Dollar vs. Chris James

"

themedollar" "They say third time
s a charm, and tonight the world will find out if
were right." "Chris

Jamez has come up short in his past two outings against the new Television Champion, The Masked
Dollar." "Unfortunately for

Jamez, TMD has been more focused than ever in recent weeks.

So, a piece of advice Jason

hold your breath for an upset this evening." "Stranger things have happened, Lucien
stranger things have happened." A single lyric is heard as a throbbing drum solo kicks in while high intensity
strobe lights bounce back and forth.....and then a guitar riff follows in time with the drums...as Chris Jamez
comes out from the entrance, with red tights, black boots, his hair slicked back, and a white t-shirt with the
words emblazoned on the front.

Kind of hard Hard to see When you crawl On your hands and your knees With your face In the trough Wait
your turn While they finish you off Don

t know when it started Don

t know how Should have found out Should have happened by now Got these lines On my face After all this
time And I still haven

t found my place

Chris reaches the ring, climbs up the apron, opting not to use the stairs, and wipes his feet on the outside
edge. Chris goes through the middle ropes, and takes his shirt off wiping his face, and hairy back, and
throwing it into the crowd.

I jump from every rooftop So high, so far to fall I feel a million miles away I don

t feel anything at all

Chris continues stretching on the ropes, we clearly see a tattoo on his upper bicep, in old English font, that
says "Halo 14", as the song begins to fade, and the lights stop flashing.

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"Back to your comment, Lucien about The Masked Dollar being so focused lately. Don't forget that Chris Jamez has also improved his game in the last few weeks. Sure he lost to The Masked Dollar three weeks ago, but he did so in impressive fashion. And then just last week, he defeated Charlie Blackwell." "Wow, those are some spectacular accomplishments there: a clean loss, and a DQ victory over some nerdy kid from Ohio. Hell, that match was so sad that the only one with enough balls to finish it, was a girl."

DIRTY--ROTTEN--FILTHY--STINKING--RICH!

The crowd screams along with the lyrics, as Warrant is blasted over the PA system. Green strobe lights begin to flicker and flash throughout the arena as 'The Walking Infomercial' himself, The Masked Dollar, appears from behind the entrance curtain. He stops at the top of the ramp, and throws his arms up in the air. However, instead of flashing the all-to-familiar 'pay up' hand gesture, he raises the DREAM Television Title above his head for all to see. As the music continues, TMD marches down to the ring and slides in under the bottom rope. He immediately heads for the corner, where he ascends the turnbuckles and raises the Television Title in the air once again. Having shown off enough, The Masked Dollar then turns and takes a seat on the top turnbuckle, as he awaits the beginning of the match.

"Just look how calm, cool, and collected he is, Jason. Now that is how a Champion should act." "More importantly, look how his challenger is acting!!"

Before the bell even sounds, Jamez sprints across the ring, and drags The Masked Dollar from the top rope by his leg. Jamez drags him to the center of the ring, and goes to work stomping the hell out of TMD's midsection.

DING

"Jamez is looking to take the fight to The Masked Dollar right from the get-go." "He's gonna have to if he plans on actually beating him this time." James connects with a few more stomps before finally letting go of TMD's leg. However, the assault doesn't end there as Jamez leaps high into the air and crashes down on top of the Television Champion.

"Big time air, and a massive elbow drop by Jamez. The Masked Dollar looks to be in a bit of pain after that one." "Yeah, the challenger seems to have chosen a game plan based on brute force rather than technique."

The Masked Dollar rolls around the canvas for a moment, with Jamez stalking him from behind as he rises to his feet. TMD turns around, and is met by a stinging knife-edge chop that puts him back on the mat. However, the champ bounces right back up, only to be dropped by another chop. Showing great tenacity, The Masked Dollar climbs to his feet a third

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time, but walks right into an Atomic Drop. Stunned, TMD just stands there holding his groin, watching as Jamez bounces off the far ropes and comes back with a clothesline.

"Sweet Jesus, did you see that? That clothesline nearly turned The Masked Dollar inside-out!" "Go for the pin, kid! Go for the pin!"

As if responding to the color commentator's command, Jamez pulls the champion's arm away from the ropes, and makes a cover. The referee is right there to make the count. ONE TMD kicks out just as the two count is made, and the match will continue.

"It's going to take a lot more than elbow drops and clothesline to finish off the Television Champion." "True, Lucien but how much more punishment can one man take?" Not letting frustration set in, Jamez stays on the offensive and cinches in a headlock from behind the seated TMD. The referee checks to make sure the hold is legal, and all is well. Jamez keeps tightening his grip, screaming at The Masked Dollar. GIVE UP! JUST TAP OUT!

As Jamez continues to scream, TMD's arms start flailing about, as he tries to fight his way out of the headlock. He reaches back, smearing his hand into Jamez's face, doing whatever he can to loosen the challenger's grip. Ever-so-slowly, Dollar manages to work his way back to his feet, and turns slightly before driving his elbow into CJ's gut. Jamez doesn't let go at first, but a second and third elbow shot to the midsection puts the distance needed between the two so that The Masked Dollar can catch his breath.

"A good defence will always beat a strong offence." "Horseshit, Jason a brutalizing offence means never having to go on defence." "Touch Lucien, touch With only mere seconds to take a breath or two, The Masked Dollar intercepts Jamez as he looks for more offence. TMD gets a boot up into Jamez's stomach, doubling him over in the middle of the ring. Dollar follows up with an open-palmed uppercut that sends Jamez staggering back a few steps. Jamez grabs his jaw and turns his back to The Masked Dollar.

"What is he doing? You never take your eyes off your opponent!" "Not unless you have something fiendish planned."

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TMD closes the gap between he and Jamez, but Jamez surprises him when he turns and fires with a quick jab. TMD stutter-steps, but manages to duck under a clothesline attempt by Jamez. Again, Jamez turns quickly to face the champion, but The Masked Dollar grabs him by the head and delivers a snap mare takedown.

"We
ve seen this before,
Jason. There
s the snap mare
With Jamez in a seated position, TMD leans back and bounces off the ropes.

"And there
s the low dropkick!" Jamez falls to his back, and The Masked Dollar hurries to make the cover. ONE
Jamez gets a shoulder up as the hand is coming down for the three count. TMD, on his knees, places his
hand on his hips in disgust of not being able to put Jamez away.

"A fancy move by The Masked Dollar, but not enough."

Dollar gets to his feet, dragging Jamez up along with him, and sends him into the corner with a hard Irish whip. Jamez hits the turnbuckle chest first, and stumbles back out of the corner, giving The Masked Dollar enough room to jump up to the second rope, and connect with a corkscrew European uppercut. As soon as Jamez hits the canvas, he rolls out of the ring to regain his composure.

"Look at him go, running for dear life. Maybe he figures a count out loss is easier to swallow than a loss by pinfall or submission? At least he could end things on his own terms." "Or perhaps this is more of a tactical, albeit momentary, retreat. Maybe Jamez is switching up his strategy a bit, using his brains, not his brawns."

As the referee gives the customary ten count, Jamez circles the ring, never taking his eyes off of The Masked Dollar. Inside the ring, Dollar urges Jamez to come back in. Eventually, Jamez climbs up to the ring apron, but drops right back to the floor when TMD moves towards him. TMD starts complaining to the ref to make Jamez return to the ring, but to no avail; the ref just continues to count.

"Ahh, I was wondering when the mind games might come in to play."

Again, Jamez hops up to the ring apron, and again, The Masked Dollar advances towards him. Once more, Jamez returns to the floor at ringside. The Masked Dollar leans out over the ropes to shout at Jamez, but Jamez grabs him by the foot and drags him out of the ring.

"Oh man

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The Masked Dollar just fell for the oldest trick in the book." "Really? I thought the old tap on the shoulder and run trick

was the oldest?" "Who knows, or cares. All that matters is that the Television champion's momentary loss of judgement is costing him big time now."

The Masked Dollar lands back-first on the ringside floor with a thud. ONE

Jamez lines up and delivers a field goal style kick to TMD

s midsection as he gets to his hands and knees. TWO

With the champ still on his hands and knees, Jamez grabs him by the back of the neck and trunks, and sends Dollar face-first into the steel ring post. THREE

s a good thing he

s got that mask on, because he

s probably not looking too pretty under there after that one." "Maybe we should get you a mask, Jason. Or a gag

one of the two."

FOUR

With his head still vibrating from the collision with the ring post, The Masked Dollar staggers backwards, right into Jamez

s awaiting arms. FIVE

He lifts the TMD up into the air, and drops him on the back of his head.

"That was a well executed move, Lucien. I guess Jamez has some technique to go along with all that anger and abuse." "And as if a back suplex like that isn't

painful enough inside the ring, The Masked Dollar gets to experience out on that thinly covered concrete floor." SIX

Jamez pulls to aching TMD to his feet, and quickly rolls him back into the ring to break the count.

Shoving him over onto his back, Jamez makes a

well-timed pin attempt. ONE

Is he going to do it?" "We have a new champ!"

THRE

The referee

s hand is barely an inch away from the mat when The Masked Dollar gets a shoulder up. The referee flashes the

two count

signal, drawing a mixed reaction from the crowd.

"Would you listen to all those

Fans, Jason. That masked man has quite the

following." "What masked man are you talking about, Lucien? Because it sounds to me that a lot of folks want Chris Jamez to become the new DREAM Television Champion."

Jamez thinks he got the three count, and begins arguing with the referee. This, of course, gives The Masked Dollar a chance to shake out the cobwebs. Jamez gets right in the ref

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s face, clearly doing everything he can to try and secure a victory over his rival. Unfortunately, the referee won

t have any of Jamez

s crap, and orders him to continue on with the match.

Aggravated and disgusted, Jamez turns back around to dole out some more punishment, but TMD delivers a thumb to the eye that manages to go undetected.

"CHEAP SHOT BY THE MASKED DOLLAR!" "NO WAY, Jason! That was an opportunistic shot by The Masked Dollar. He

s the Television Champion for a reason you know." "I know all too well."

Blinded, Jamez stumbles around the

ring, swing wildly in hopes of connecting with TMD

s chin. He does come close on several occasions, but the ring savvy of The Masked Dollar is too much for Jamez. A close call with a right cross, which The Masked Dollar dodges, turns into a pumphandle double-knee backbreaker, and TMD

s best chance at winning thus far. He makes the cover, hooking the far leg, and the referee slides into position to check the shoulders. ONE

Yet another close call in this match. Who

s going to walk out the champion after all this is over?" "The

Masked Dollar all the way, Jason. He

s been

so far in his DREAM

career, no pun intended." Now The Masked Dollar is the one that can

t believe he

s so close, yet so far away from ending this match. As he rises to his feet, he adjusts the mask on his face and pulls Jamez to his feet. TMD just stares at Jamez, who is only on his feet because he

s being held up. The masked Champion

s eyes are filled with disappointment as he launches Jamez over the top rope, as if he

s done with him.

"The Champion is showing no respect for his challenger. I knew the business world was cut throat, but not like this." "Get used to it Jason, because I have a feeling that the Television Title is going to around that man s waist for a while." "I don

t know, Lucien

there are a lot of talented wrestlers in DREAM. Any one of them could

HOLY SHIT! Look at Jamez!" The Masked Dollar hasn

t seen him yet, but Jamez managed to hold onto the top rope when he was launched to the outside, and just skinned-the-cat and re-entered the ring.

The Masked Dollar finally notices Jamez back in the ring and rushes him from behind. Somehow, Jamez gets an elbow

up, and smashes TMD in the face. He then turns and doubles over the Television Champion with a boot to the mid section.

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"The Champ is in trouble here!" "COME ONE DOLLAR, SUCK IT UP!" "Jamez has a vicious DDT, and I think that's what he's looking to score with."

Sure enough, Jamez locks onto TMD

's head and attempts to plant him on the canvas with a sickening DDT.

However, TMD has Jamez well scouted from their previous encounters, and manages to shove Jamez back into the corner. However, the man in the zebra shirt gets crushed between the two superstars and the turnbuckles.

"Oh, this can

t be good, Lucien." "Gee, you think? There

s another hospital bill for DREAM

s wonderful officiating staff." All three men tumble out of the corner, with the referee obviously taking the worst of it.

As he lies face-down on the canvas, The Masked Dollar slowly gets to his feet; watching

Jamez attempt to get up as well. Suddenly, The Masked Dollar drops to the

mat, and rolls out of the ring. He starts searching underneath the apron for something, until he finally slides back in brandishing some kind of weapon.

"Is that?" "Yes it is!" "The same?" "The very same, Jason."

Standing behind Jamez, waiting for him to get up, The Masked Dollar stands ready with a baseball bat in his hands. In fact, it

s a very recognizable baseball bat. It is the same wooden bat that TMD used to choke out Jamez during their last meeting. The same dark pine the same white tape covering the barrel.

"He can

t use that thing in this match. The Street Fight was two weeks ago!" "He

s the

Champ, Jason. He can do whatever he

wants" The Masked Dollar winds up the bat, urging, begging, pleading with

Jamez to get up. Unaware of his impending doom, Jamez slowly gets to his hands and

knees, and then to his feet. Those in the crowd that are cheering for him, try to warn him about the bat wielding mask man behind him, and it just may have saved his bacon. Jamez turns around to face The Masked Dollar, and sees the bat coming with just enough time to duck under the swing.

"Strike One!"

Grunting with rage, TMD swings the bat

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again, barely missing the side of Chris Jamez face as the challenger bobs and weaves.

"Strike Two!"

Behind Jamez, The Masked Dollar can see the referee coming to. Keeping Jamez
s back to the
referee, TMD feigns an attack with the bat, drawing
Jamez
s hands up in a defensive position. Suddenly, TMD tosses the bat into Jamez
hands, and falls to the canvas in a heap.

"No way! He didn
t?" "Now THAT

S the oldest trick in the book." Jamez is left there, staring at the baseball bat in his hands, and the Television
Champion lying on the mat. He hears something coming from behind him, so he slowly turns around only to
find the referee staring at him flabbergasted. Jamez takes quickly glances over his shoulder at The Masked
Dollar, who is still on the ground. Then it clicks
Jamez just got played. The referee, seeing Jamez with the bat, and The Masked Dollar out cold on the floor,
has no choice but to call for the bell.

"Strike Three

re out Jamez." Chris Jamez can
t believe it

he was just outsmarted by The Masked Dollar. He drops the bat immediately and rushes the ref to plead his
case. Unfortunately, the referee isn
t hearing any of it, and leaves
Jamez fuming in the ring. Suddenly, Jamez is grabbed from behind and spun around. Before Jamez can
even
react, The Masked Dollar lifts him up and slams him down across his knee.

"Now that was uncalled for Lucien. The match is over, and The Masked Dollar already picked up the victory.
Why add insult to injury?" "Now way, Jason. That Deal Breaker was obviously payback for Jamez
s attack after The Masked Dollar won the Television Title at the last Slaughter." "Turnabout is fair play I
suppose." "More like payback is a bitch!"

Satisfied with his handy work, The Masked Dollar slides out of the
ring, and grabs the Television Title from the timekeeper
s table. He makes his way around the ring, and backs his way up the ramp, staring down at Chris Jamez,
who is on his knees in the ring, holding his aching back. As the show fades to a commercial break, the two
rivals continue to stare at each other.

At the top of the ramp, The Masked Dollar raises the Television Title in the
air, while Jamez finally gets to his feet in the ring; cursing and swearing at the man he hates the most in this
world.

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