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Ultra Pro Wrestling – 02/26/2010

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I
In The Beginning

Glitz and glamor isn't something Mississippi is particularly well known for. In a traditional country town to the southwest of the state, Natchez has prohibited gambling on its soil. A savvy and crafty businessperson discovered a loophole in this matter and brought forth a retro-chic riverboat; filling it with all the necessities of conventional gambling. It includes an abundance of video machines, slots, card tables, and is the center stage of Ultra Pro Wrestling's "Born To Be Wild" super card.

It has been a humble and rocky start to Scott Knudson's vision. His apathetic presence over the federation has spawned a great deal of ruckus and carnage, however this has not stopped its progressive growth and success in the world of professional wrestling. The promotion has attracted several world class athletes of yesteryear and newly evolving superstars who were once unknown. Tonight marks a milestone in UPW's history and will determine its own personal elite. Contained only within the hallowed halls of the "Isle Of Capri" casino; the superstars are certain to rock the boat.

A gentle orange glow fills the sky as the scene opens before a large riverboat. A covered ramp way leads towards the object which evenly floats within the Mississippi River. Its shimmering metallic structural supports lend itself to the image of strong foundations and former southern prosperity, and uniformly leads into the revolving doors of the vessel. The scene pans to reveal a great line of traffic encapsulating the narrow ridges of Silver Street. Residents and patrons are brought to a standstill as professional wrestling fans park their vehicles and step onto the crisp evening dew of the well known rainy state. Spring is notoriously renowned as being the wet season for citizens of the South, though tonight doesn't suggest anything by the way of inclement weather. The sun continues to set on the beautiful rural scene as the sky reflects varying shades of red and blue.

The dedicated fans of Ultra Pro Wrestling continue their uniform march towards the Isle Of Capri casino. Its ramp way fills with the lust of eagerness and suspense as the revolving doors slowly begin their turn. An apparent squeak from the revolution signals a timely cheer from the queued audience as they rush into the riverboat. Several pushes and shoves filter the rabid audience members as the camera proceeds with a slow saunter towards the casino's entrance.

Walking into the casino is a true sight to behold. The sound of the numerous games on offer clash against one another and sparks feelings of frenzy and disorder. The array of overhead lights duel against one another as if to assert their dominance over one another and submission to the player's tokens. A few individuals drabbed in "UPW" branded merchandise proceed to the slot tables and are met by ebony waitresses serving alcoholic cocktails and other complimentary refreshments. No, this ain't a show for the little'uns, but over its few weeks of existence its fan base have come to terms with that. <p>

The camera continues to pan the scene. Brushing across the casino's clean red carpet reveals a wrestling ring to the western end of the room. It is accented by several rows of folding chairs which surround its proud and erect stance. The wrestling ring, while tatty and unmaintained, has been the setting of so many trials and tribulations to date, and the personal sacrifices which the roster has made can not be forgotten; tonight can only yield so much more. <p>

The audience of tonight's event are spoiled for choice. There's very few areas within the room which are not in an excellent view of the wrestling ring. While the fans mostly fill the seats to their capacity, some others fill the swivel style booths in front of the slot and other video game machines. Thrifty and cunning card dealers lure in a few unsuspecting patrons who willingly exchange wallets of cash for game chips. As their attention is drawn away from the wrestling ring, the roar of the surrounding audience grows louder as Tony Schiavone and John House strut through a makeshift wrestling curtain and entranceway. <p>

Their reception continues to grow louder in praise as they ascend a small staircase which leads to a mezzanine above the wrestling ring. Their seat is perhaps the best in the house, and it is rightfully so as their weeks of presentation skills require precision sharpness in tonight's card of events. With so much on the line in terms of prestige championship belts and other accolades it seems only necessary that their seat is in full view of the goings on. <p>

The duo point down towards the entranceway as a stage hand comes running through the curtains. He drags with him a minuscule black and white projection screen that is connected to some form of cable which disappears behind the backstage curtain. He promptly straightens the cable into a linear shape that does not intersect with the center of the aisle and points in his own non-verbal mannerisms towards the backstage area. The screen lights up, and after several scenes of static snow reveals a shot of the backstage area. The image quickly disappears in unison with the stage hand who exits the scene. <p>

John House stands at the top of the mezzanine and strikes numerous poses for the cheering audience surrounding the ringside area. He repeatedly jumps for joy as Tony Schiavone points to his seat at the commentary table. Reluctantly, John House flops himself into the metal folding chair. Schiavone motions towards the rugged commentary headset which John House grabs and places on his head. Nodding, Schiavone takes his respective seat and professionally adorns his own headset. <p>

The duo engage in their own banter as the camera continues to pan the region; laughter, smiles, and a general aura of enjoyment fills the scene as spectators do their own thing amongst themselves. Suddenly, the lights above the ringside area dim as Steppenwolf's "Born To Be Wild" overwhelms the casino. The audience sings along with the familiar lyrics as Tony Chimel proceeds from the backstage area to a powerful cheer. He briefly touches hands with a few audience members seated next to the steel barricades which wrap around the wrestling ring. Chimel enters the ring by ascending the nearby steel ring steps and stepping through the middle rope. <p>

There is a sense of upper-class superiority in his demeanor this evening as he brushes his pleated black pants with his right hand. They match his formal upper body attire which includes a white shirt and navy blue necktie which disappears behind the closed double breasted jacket. He proudly stands in the center of the wrestling ring as the camera pans up towards the commentary area. <p>

In his usual antics, John House makes several hand gestures behind Tony Schiavone who attempts to run through a printed sheet of heavyweight white paper. As “Born To Be Wild” fades out of audibility the scene fixates itself on the bickering Tony Schiavone and John House.</i> <p>

TS: For once in your life would it kill you to be professional about this job? <p>

JH: Lighten up, Schiavone! We're in a casino and I don't see no John Cena t-shirts in here! HA HA! <p>

<i>The camera lens startles both commentators as Tony Schiavone continues to speak.</i> <p>

TS: Good evening fans and welcome to what should be an exciting night of professional wrestling! Tonight marks a great milestone in our history here at Ultra Pro Wrestling as we join our first month's worth of action into one super card of events! Titles will be decided and careers will be altered forever as our talented roster showcase their abilities inside of the wrestling ring. <P>

JH: This is what it's all about, Schiavone! <p>

TS: You're right about that, John House. Let us take a moment to run through the action we expect to see here this evening. <p>

JH: Go for it! <p>

TS: In the undercard we'll see developing feuds between four rising stars here in Ultra Pro Wrestling. At our previous event, we first witnessed Mr. Perfect attack Dice Domino in a retro restaurant. Just as Dice Domino was updating us on the condition of his tag team partner Deuce Shade, and ultimately his own decisions regarding his career here in Ultra Pro Wrestling, Mr. Perfect attacked him out of nowhere. The heinous actions of Mr. Perfect left Dice Domino unconscious on the checkerboard floor! <p>

JH: Gotta admit, Schiavone, I love Mr. Perfect. 'Lemme tell 'ya I ain't got no respect for a man who lives in the past. Dice Domino wants to reach out to the audience and drag them down with him? I hope Mr. Perfect kicks his ass! <p>

TS: Interesting observations, House. Next we'll see another developing feud which first started at our previous event. In a dispute between employer and employees, Flash Funk belittled and battered a defenseless woman. Just before the event got too out of hand, Mark Henry stepped in and set her free while confronting a hostile Flash Funk. A previous object to Funk, his self proclaimed “pimp stick” if you will, was destroyed in the mix up and now Flash Funk is seeking revenge. <p>

JH: Now listen, Schiavone, I've had a few dealings with Flash Funk! He's got some fine deals in his “bargain basement” so to speak! HA HA! <p>

TS: So that's your explanation for being spotted with several morbidly obese women earlier on

tonight? <p>

JH: Someone's gotta love 'em.. <p>

TS: In any event, a challenge was forged between eight individuals in our tag team division and it has been sanctioned to determine our first tag team champions. Ahmed Johnson and Big Van Vader will meet Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds, Ezekiel Jackson and Festus, and The Road Warriors. The match will be contested under fatal four way rules with the first team to pin or make another submit being awarded the tag team titles. <p>

JH: Eight powerhouses are gonna collide! I don't have a clue what's gonna happen there! <p>

TS: The feeling is mutual, John House. With so many combustible elements there's no deciding what could happen in that bout. We'll just have to wait and see who walks away with the Ultra Pro Wrestling Tag Team Championships. <p>

JH: I love it, Schiavone! <p>

TS: At our previous event we witnessed an awe-inspiring sight. As Kaos stood right before us on a similar mezzanine, he broke through the security retaining structure and executed a “Piledriver From Hell” from the stage through a table. The drop was over ten feet from the surface and sent Bobby Lashley's head crashing through a table onto the hard coated gymnasium floor. Before the show ended Kaos made a gesture of outlining a belt on his waist. Knowing his now well established affiliation in the hardcore division, could that mean he's after the hardcore title and will Bobby Lashley confront him regarding the attacks? <p>

JH: Kaos is one crazy guy! I couldn't believe it when they fell over ten feet through a table! That is sure a rematch I'd like to see, Schiavone. <p>

TS: We also witnessed Ron Killings lose control of his emotions and blemish his win/loss record with a disqualification after repeatedly using the steel ring steps against the forearm of Irwin R. Schyster. At the conclusion of the bout, Killings issued a challenge to Schyster for the Internet championship. Will the man better known as I.R.S. accept? <p>

JH: Either way, Schiavone, I just want to see that pig get what's comin' to him! I paid my taxes and felt a little sad when the plane hit that building over in Austin! That man is an absolute disgrace to the government, and the administration don't need no more reason to be frowned upon! <p>

TS: Next, I received word that Scott Knudson has appointed a general manager to maintain order in our upcoming events from here on out. With all of the disorder caused by The Associates last week it was only a matter of time before someone was brought in. The question is, however, who is Scott Knudson's appointed general manager? <p>

JH: My sources tell me it's someone we ain't seen before! <p>

TS: Your sources? <p>

JH: Yeah! A man's gotta have a little backstage scope! <p>

TS: Finally, two weeks worth of bitter tension comes to an end tonight. To open the promotion, Ultra Pro Wrestling hosted a tournament featuring all members of the talent roster. This event was separated into two shows which made up our two finalists for the World Heavyweight Championship. They are Muhammad Hassan and The Demon, and they will meet each other in our main event to determine the first World Heavyweight Champion. <p>

JH: Anyone but the terrorist, Schiavone! It's because of his people that I had to go through a full body airport scan while coming over here! <p>

TS: You flew into Mississippi from Alabama? Why didn't you take the bus with the rest of us? <p>

JH: Flyin' in style, Schiavone! HA HA! <p>

TS: I will now step down to the wrestling ring and interview our ring announcer Tony Chimel. At our previous event he was brutally beaten at the hands of Big Daddy V and The Associates. I will get his thoughts and opinions regarding the attack and his future here in Ultra Pro Wrestling. <p>

With his closing remark regarding the card of events, Tony Schiavone removes the rugged headset from on top of his head and places it gently on the table in front of him. Bringing himself to a standing position, he walks down the mezzanine's staircase and walks through the entrance curtain to a standing ovation from the audience. He approaches the wrestling ring with a sense of alertness. Ascending the steel ring steps, he brings himself through the middle rope and approaches Tony Chimel. The two are identical in their formal wear as Schiavone requests Chimel's microphone. <p>

II
 End of the Trail <p>

Tony Chimel stands proudly as he surrenders his microphone into the grasp of Tony Schiavone. The two look out into the adoring audience who cheer their combined presence. With a look of concern on his face, Schiavone begins to speak. <p>

TS: Tony Chimel; you were the victim of a heinous and unprovoked attack at the hands of The Associates. As a broadcast journalist myself, I felt your pain in Evergreen and wish to extend my deepest sympathies with regards to that matter. Just what was going through your mind at the time? <p>

Tony Schiavone extends the microphone into the face of Tony Chimel as he begins to speak. <p>

TC: There wasn't anything going through my mind. When Big Daddy V approached me and started shouting in my face, I knew something terrible was about to happen. My only thoughts were for my own personal safety and for those around me. <p>

TS: What do you remember about that night? <p>

TC: I only remember being struck in the face with some form of metal object. It all happened so quickly that I just woke up and found myself in a nearby doctor's office. I don't recall much of the events at all. <p>

TS: How does it feel now to be back in an Ultra Pro Wrestling ring? <p>

TC: Intimidating. I don't feel at ease being here, however I love my position here in UPW and am very grateful for the financial assistance and insurance as provided by the promotion to cover my expenses. It doesn't really ease my fear, though. I don't feel I deserved any of what I received for simply doing my duty as a ring announcer. <p>

TS: What does the future hold for you here in Ultra Pro Wrestling, Tony Chimel? <p>

TC: That's a question I can't cover right now. While recovering over the past two weeks I reflected on my position here and will be in talks with Scott Knudson regarding additional benefits for my services. I'm happy to call tonight's event but I don't wish to comment on my future at this time. <p>

<i>Suddenly, "The Native American Theme" fills the Isle Of Capri casino as seated audience members rise to their feet in disarray. Players of slots and card games turn to face the wrestling ring with a loud hiss as Tatanka walks through the entranceway curtain. Similar to his blue attire seen at previous events, the colors appear inversed to feature yellow trunks draped with an assortment of black wire tassels on his dark rugged boots. He takes a moment to adjust the feather wear bonnet on his head and plucks the centerline feather in the arrangement. The object comes cleanly out into his hand, and Tatanka studies it with a furious gaze. Discarding it to the floor below, Tatanka storms to the wrestling ring and slides under the bottom rope. He brings himself to his feet and executes his well known cleansing ritual dance as the two stage personalities cautiously watch on. </i><p>

<i>Tatanka brings himself to a halt before Tony Chimel. Pointing and poking his chin, Tatanka begins to speak.</i> <p>

Tatanka: Leave my ring, albino. This is my territory now. <p>

<i>The audience grow louder in their disapproval as Tony Chimel shows his palms in a submissive stance and backs away from the scene. He exits through the middle rope and jumps to the protective ring mats below. Shaking his head, he takes his rightful seat in the announcer's chair and looks up towards Tatanka who laughs at his humility.</i> <p>

TS: Now just what is the meaning of this, Tatanka? You're not even scheduled to be here tonight! <p>

Tatanka: That's exactly why I'm here. How could it be that Ultra Pro Wrestling left me off of the card tonight? I don't take too kindly to the racists you represent, white man. <p>

TS: Tatanka, I will not stand here and be belittled by your remarks! <p>

Tatanka: Oh I think you'll do exactly what I say, albino. It's the least you can do after you European trash invaded my land and robbed it from my people. We have been made to sit on the sidelines while your Euro government looks down on us like the filth on your shoes. Tonight a full blooded Native American was left off of the biggest professional wrestling event this promotion has seen to date! If that isn't racism, albino, I don't know what is! <p>

<i>The seated fans at ringside being taunting Tatanka through mimicking war cries. This does little to impress Tatanka who stands in the center of the ring with his arms across his chest. Sinking his head in disapproval, he continues to speak.</i> <p>

Tatanka: The white man never learns. It brings my heart into mourning when I look out into the crowd tonight and see nothing but ignorance and arrogance. My people are not of your kind and we refuse to be treated as such! We are above each and every one of you people and we demand respect! <p>

TS: Tatanka, do you believe you're going the right way about “demanding respect”? <p>

Tatanka: Did the white man go the right way about taking my people's land? No they didn't! My ancestors were here long before any one of you albinos washed up on our soil. Why is it that I'm not competing for the World Heavyweight Championship? If it wasn't for my people, none of you would be here tonight! The white man's country wouldn't have the resources to get itself off of the ground! <p>

TS: Well I believe the supplies would have come from England in the beginning, Tatanka.. <p>

Tatanka: Oh so you're a funny man now, huh? I didn't find it particularly funny when my ancestors were being fed the poisonous juice the white man forced into our veins. I didn't find it particularly funny when I read I was left off of the card tonight! Let me make one thing perfectly clear, I will not stand for racism against my people in any fashion. We have been spat on by the white man for too long! It's time for things to change! <p>

TS: Just what exactly is going to change, Tatanka? <p>

<i>As Tatanka inhales deeply into his protruding chest, he is interrupted by the sound of a mill whistle rattles the arena. The fans rise to their feet in wonder as “He's a man! Such a man!” echoes throughout the Isle Of Capri casino. A mysterious figure steps through the entrance curtain and looks out to the cheer of the crowd. He removes a yellow construction hard hat from his head and gazes into the wrestling ring with a smile on his face.</i> <p>

JH: Wait a minute! That's Steven Regal! <p>

<i>Steven Regal stands proudly in front of the curtain as he nods in agreement with his positive reception. Regal folds his arms across his chest; ruffling the red checkered plaid shirt which wrinkles in conformity with his blue jeans. He begins a steady pace back and forth across the entranceway as the audience continue to cheer on his presence. He motions for a microphone towards the backstage area, and receives one as a hand reaches out through the curtain in presentation. The sound of “A Real Man's Man” fades out of intelligibility as Regal begins to speak.</i> <p>

SR: Well, sunshine, I was listening in the back and have had just about all I could take of your gibberish. I may be an immigrant in these lands but the United States have treated a man of my stature with dignity and respect; something you, my good fellow, have not begun to master. I was contacted by the President of Ultra Pro Wrestling in dire straits. He begged for a man of my worth to his promotion, and I gladly obliged. It seems that UPW is in need of a real man's man!

 <p>

<i>Tatanka daftly pulls the microphone away from Tony Schiavone and stomps towards the other side of the ring. Bringing it to his mouth, he begins to question Steven Regal.</i> <p>

Tatanka: Is this a joke? I've had just about enough of all the funny business going on in this promotion. First a full blooded Native American was left out of the show, and now a damn European albino is in charge? <p>

SR: That's Mr. Regal to you, sunshine. I have listened to your plea, Tatanka, and don't think it will go unnoticed. Tonight, however, we have a real card of events to get through to determine men worthy of championship status. If you could please get out of the ring and exit the building.. <p>

Tatanka: Fuck you and your kind, white man! I'm not going anywhere! <p>

SR: Then you leave me no other alternative... Security! <p>

<i>The riverboat plunges into darkness as security lighting illuminates a dim scene around the wrestling ring. The sound of stomping against the ring canvas fills the area as Tatanka shouts obscenities in each direction. The witch-like cackle of what can only be assumed is a stun gun bounces all about as Tatanka emits roars of frustration and pain. He is quickly silenced as the scene returns to its normal lighting. A team of "Isle Of Capri" branded security guards stand tall in the wrestling ring and Steven Regal applauds their accomplishment. In unison, the team shove Tatanka under the bottom rope. His body crashes to the protective ring mats below only to be met by further guards who drag him by the arms. The fleet of individuals disappear through the entrance curtain alongside the newly appointed general manger.</i> <p>

<i>The scene pans to the commentary area as Tony Schiavone quickly rejoins his broadcast partner John House. After placing the rugged headset on his head, Schiavone begins to speak.</i> <p>

TS: It's with great pleasure that we welcome Steven Regal to the ranks of Ultra Pro Wrestling. Yes, he is the appointed general manager who will be acting in Scott Knudson's absence. <p>

JH: I just like the way he stood up to that Indian! HA HA! <p>

TS: Fans, we will now take you ringside where Tony Chimel will introduce the first match up. <p>

<center>III</center>
 <i>Flash Funk vs Mark Henry</i></center> <p>

<i>The camera lens pans across the Isle Of Capri casino where an abundance of fans and audience members jump to wave towards its passing glare. Tony Chimel's voice fills the area as a familiar voice fills the riverboat.</i> <p>

<center>"It's Sexual.."</center> <p>

<i>The sound of Mark Henry's voice overwhelms the audience who rise their feet in appreciation. Their united cheers draws the large man from behind the entrance curtain. Mark Henry takes a moment to adjust the straps of his "Chocolate" branded wrestling singlet as he flashes various smiles towards the audience. He begins a slow saunter towards the wrestling ring and shakes the hands of a variety of fans who reach out past the security railing. Upon ascending the steel ring steps and stepping through the middle rope, Tony Chimel begins to speak.</i> <p>

TC: Introducing first, he hails from Silsbee, Texas! He stands 6'1" tall and weighs in at 392 LBS! He is "Sexual Chocolate" Mark Henry! <p>

<i>Mark Henry extends his arms high above his head as the audience cheer on his introduction. The sound of his theme music fades out and is quickly replaced by the shout of a deafening woman.</i> <p>

<center>"Oh Flash! You are so Funky!"</center> <p>

<i>The once united cheers immediately reverse to that of an angry roar as Flash Funk walks through the entrance curtain. He comes accompanied to the ring by two petite ebony women on each arm. Funk takes a moment in pause as he stares out into the audience. He receives little by the way of warmth and compassion, though shrugs their boos away with a simple flick of his feathered cap. The wide object falls into his grasp as the group of individuals proceed to the wrestling ring at a normal walking pace. Flash Funk reaches the apron of the wrestling ring and instructs his women to remain on the outside while he "takes care of business". He slides under the bottom rope and jumps to his feet. With that, Tony Chimel introduces him to the audience.</i> <p>

TC: Introducing next, he hails from Reno, Nevada! He stands 5'11" tall and weighs in at 229 LBS! He is Flash Funk! <p>

<i>Flash Funk extends his arms as if to offer his women to Mark Henry. Henry shakes his finger as the ring bell sounds and deems match official. Tony Chimel exits the ring as Mark Henry charges over to Flash Funk. The force of his mass against the ring canvas causes the ring ropes to shake, though his efforts are in vain as Flash Funk responds to his charge with a strike to the face. Henry staggers backwards which allows Flash Funk to bounce off of the nearby western ring ropes and execute a dropkick. While Funk goes to the ring mat below, Henry continues to teeter backwards into the eastern ring ropes. Funk, now bringing himself to his feet, runs towards Mark Henry and launches himself in a crossbody motion which causes the two competitors to fall to the outside of the ring.</i> <p>

TS: Flash Funk has been the dominant man in this contest, House! <p>

<i>As the two tumble to the protective ring mats below, Mark Henry swiftly rolls himself away from the driving momentum of Flash Funk. The two men lay motionless on the ring mats below, and it is Mark Henry who first responds to the situation by bringing himself to a prone crawling position. He moves over to the lying Funk and begins to repeatedly strike him with close fist punches to the forehead. The in ring referee demands that this action cease. Henry willingly obliges to his command and brings himself to his feet in a submissive backwards motion. Flash Funk regains his composure but not before his women rush to his aid in order to revive him with their glamorous charms. The women assist Flash Funk to his feet but scramble in fear as Henry charges towards him; bringing him back to the mats below with a body avalanche. The referee begins a 10 count which sparks the attention of Henry. He slides back into the ring and brings himself slowly to his feet; looking down at the

motionless Flash Funk.</i> <p>

TS: Flash Funk has until the count of 10 to get back in the ring. Will he respond? <p>

JH: I sure hope so, Schiavone! I'm gonna be a repeat customer tonight it looks like! HA HA!
<p>

<i>The count strikes seven as Flash Funk brings himself slowly to his feet. He madly staggers around and rolls under the bottom rope to break the count, but remains in a motionless grounded position. Mark Henry cautiously walks over and looks down at his struggling opponent. He pauses for a moment; studying the audience who cheer him on. Mark Henry drops to his knees and hooks a the nearby left leg which forces the referee into a pinfall position.</i> <p>

1.

2. <p>

<i>Flash Funk manages to break the count by draping his right leg on the western ropes. This action seemed to require little effort on behalf of Funk but in his movement allowed a brief rest period as the referee forces Mark Henry away. Henry is backed into the northeastern corner as the referee tends to the fallen Flash Funk. Funk suggests something with regards to his knee, though his exact words are inaudible to the camera. One thing is for sure, though, the audience seem uninterested in his pleas as they grow louder in their hostility.</i> <p>

JH: C'mon! Get up and fight! <p>

<i>The referee manages to assist Flash Funk to his feet and the superstar seems to receive a second wind. Flash Funk rushes over to the cornered Mark Henry and jumps in a splashing motion against the large man. The impact forces Henry further into the corner and allows Flash Funk to continually kick and stomp at the abdomen and lower body region of Henry. Under the impact of the strikes, Henry falls into a seated motion against the corner. Funk praises himself for his deed which receives a negative response from the audience.</i> <p>

JH: Yeah'ha! <p>

<i>Flash Funk stands tall in the center of the ring and awaits the unstable Mark Henry. Henry tries to get to his feet, but clasps onto the ring ropes for self stabilization. After eventually rising to his feet he is met by a quickly advancing Flash Funk. Funk attempts to begin striking the torso of Mark Henry, though his efforts are swatted away with a giant shove. Funk falls to the mat below and is promptly met by the falling mass of Mark Henry who flops on top of him. The referee positions himself in a pinfall position.</i> <p>

1.

2. <p>

<i>Flash Funk throws his left arm upwards and rolls himself from underneath the dazed Mark Henry. Bringing himself to the southern ring ropes, he props himself against the bottom rope and looks at the fallen opponent. Bringing himself to his feet, Flash Funk leaps and bounces off the middle rope. He twirls himself into a splash bounces off of the mass of Mark Henry. As the audience boos on, Flash Funk rises to his feet and raises his arms in self appreciation.</i> <p>

TS: Flash Funk looks to be in great form against Mark Henry! <p>

Mark Henry clutches his face with the palm of his left hand. Shaking himself, he manages to breathe new life into his body and slowly rises to his feet. He looks over to the posing Flash Funk and hits him with a forearm smash to the back of his head. The impact of the strike sends Funk teetering into the ring ropes and Henry continues his smashing blows to the shoulder region. Funk bends down but is brought over Henry's shoulders as Sexual Chocolate executes a back suplex. The audience rises to their feet in joy as Mark Henry covers Flash Funk for a pinfall attempt. <p>

1.

2. <p>

Flash Funk slowly kicks out of the pinfall attempt. Both competitors rise to their feet and stare one another down; what is it going to take to defeat the other? In response to their thoughts, the duo engage in a competitive slugfest with numerous strikes to the face and upper body region. Mark Henry slowly gains the upper hand in the situation and begins battering Flash Funk towards the ring ropes. In one overwhelming blow, Flash Funk is sent falling over the top eastern rope and falls flat in front of his ringside valets. The two women attempt to revive him as Mark Henry retreats and stands tall in the center of the wrestling ring. <p>

TS: This has certainly proven itself to be an excellent back and forth competition, John House! <p>

Just as Mark Henry continues to absorb the growing cheers from the audience, one of Flash Funk's women jumps to the ring apron and begins taunting him. The siren lures Mark Henry into her grasp as she suggestively kisses the mammoth of a man. The audience roar in an audible boo as Mark Henry staggers backwards. Looking into the woman, he extends his arms as if to suggest "what are you doing?" With Mark Henry distracted, Flash Funk manages to scale to the top of the northwestern turnbuckle. The woman steps down to the protective ring mats and Mark Henry turns to face Funk who vaults himself off of the top rope. His attempt is unsuccessful as Mark Henry catches Flash Funk in a horizontal position and aggressively hoists him into the air. Funk cries a moan of fear as he's drilled into the ring canvas with a falling powerslam. Mark Henry hooks Flash Funk's right leg as the referee drops into a pinfall position. <p>

1.

2.

3! <p>

"Sexual Chocolate" fills the Isle Of Capri casino as the title character has his right arm raised in victory. Mark Henry steps over the fallen Flash Funk and exits the wrestling ring through the middle rope. He briefly stares down the promiscuous woman to a cheer from the audience, though ignores her and simply walks up the ramp way into the backstage area. The sound of his theme music fades as Flash Funk is assisted out of the ring and is brought towards the backstage area by his lovely ladies. <p>

TS: There you have it, House, Mark Henry is victorious over Flash Funk in the opening bout. I'm sure we'll be seeing more from them in the near future. <p>

JH: What about my bargains, Schiavone? I've been savin' up my pennies! HA HA! <p>

<center>IV
 <i>Absolutely Perfect</i></center> <p>

<i>Flash Funk disappears out of sight as the projection screen next to the entranceway begins to flicker an odd static buzz. It eventually stabilizes itself to feature an image of Mr. Perfect. He sits in what appears to be an upscale living room, and eloquently clutches a video game controller. Mr. Perfect is not dressed for competition but rather sits in casual wear to include a polo shirt, black slacks, and clean black loafers. He flashes a smile which brings the audience into an audible boo. Presenting the controller to the screen, he begins to speak.</i> <p>

Mr. Perfect: Just what is it that exemplifies perfection? Is it a quality or intrinsic characteristic in man? Is it observed through his actions? Well, that is not for me to decide, however I do feel I am nothing short of Perfect. I am a man without flaw and without blemishes. There is nothing in my life which I have not done perfectly, and I will always continue to do so. From top to bottom, I am Perfect! <p>

<i>Mr Perfect adjusts himself into a reclining position as he continues to speak.</i> <p>

Mr. Perfect: Dice Domino is a man who features nothing but flaw. He presents himself as something which preceded his own birth. How can a man appreciate something when he himself was never around to experience it? Well, Dice Domino, I have before me an Atari game console. Being from the 1970s it is slightly out of your lifestyle sphere, though any half-witted yokel in Natchez, Mississippi, would agree that it is dated. Like the garbage that is your lifestyle, Domino, it is out of fashion and requires modernization. <p>

<i>The audience cry a deafening boo as Mr. Perfect continues to speak.</i> <p>

Mr. Perfect: Let us take the simple game of Pong. A popular game, and to the common man maybe a frustrating game. Is it out of my sphere of perfection? Absolutely not! For you see, Domino, there is nothing in my life which I cannot do perfectly. Watch as my control over the green paddle forces the computer controlled orange paddle into humble defeat.. <p>

<embed width="440" height="420" type="application/x-shockwave-flash" src="http://v6.tinypic.com/player.swf?file=24ch06v&s=6">
Original Video - More videos at TinyPic <p>

<i>As the video of Mr. Perfect's triumphant victory over the computer fades it recovers into an audible hiss from the audience. Laughing, Mr. Perfect continues.</i> <p>

Mr. Perfect: Do you see? Dice Domino, like this video game you are dated. I will execute the Perfect-Plex and see that you're humiliated at the hands of Mr. Perfect! <p>

<i>Mr. Perfect carelessly discards the video game controller as he brings himself to a standing position. The scene fades to black as he exits the room and disappears from the camera lens' range.</i> <p>

<center>V
 <i>Dice Domino vs Mr.

Perfect</i></center> <p>

<i>The projection screen fades out of action as its image is quickly replaced by the sound of “Perfection”. Mr. Perfection calmly walks through the entrance curtain to a rousing boo from the audience in attendance. He shrugs off their attempts to belittle him and instead displays his arrogance by tossing a sports towel behind his teal green and black singlet. As the object gracefully flies through the air it is caught with his right hand. Perfect raises both arms to the hateful audience as he struts towards the wrestling ring. Ascending the steel ring steps, he steps through the middle rope and revels in his introduction from Tony Chimel.</i> <p>

TC: Introducing first, he hails from Robbinsdale, Minnesota. He stands 6’3” tall and weighs in at 240 LBS! He is Mr. Perfect! <p>

<i>Mr. Perfect once again brings his arms high over his head and receives an overwhelming boo for his effort. He discards the sports towel and awaits his opponent in the center of the ring. “Perfection” fades out of audibility and the riverboat remains in a brief silence. <p>

Shortly after the end of Mr. Perfect's entrance theme, the sound of “All About Cool” fills the area. The audience change their demeanor into a cheer as Dice Domino walks from the backstage area. He opens his leather jacket to the audience and pushes the tinted sunglasses further up his prominent nose using the free thumb of his left hand. Swaggering towards the ring, Dice Domino reaches the ring apron and slides under the bottom rope. He brings himself to a standing position and removes his accessories as Tony Chimel introduces him to the audience.</i> <p>

TC: And introducing second, he hails from “The Other Side Of The Tracks”! He stands 6’1” tall and weighs in at 240 LBS! He is Dice Domino! <p>

<i>Dice Domino stands calmly in the northeastern ring corner as the ring bell sounds. His theme music fades out of clarity as Mr. Perfect begins a short warm up routine on the opposite southwestern corner. Tony Chimel flees the scene which allows Dice Domino to promptly advance towards Mr. Perfect. His effort is cut short, however, as Mr. Perfect responds with a strike to Domino's right cheek. This action sends Domino spiraling backwards, and Mr. Perfect capitalizes on his poor posture with a series of knee strikes to the stomach. As Domino bends, he receives a swift hip toss which grounds him to the mat below. Mr. Perfect lowers himself to one knee and matches Domino's seated position. With Domino in a submissive position, Mr. Perfect applies a rear chinlock.</i> <p>

TS: Potential submission hold here, House! <p>

<i>Dice Domino struggles to free himself but is unable to break the vice-like grip of Mr. Perfect. He lowers himself to his side and begins shifting and crawling towards the northern ring ropes. He eventually reaches the desired position and breaks the hold by touching his left leg against the bottom rope. Mr. Perfect rises to his feet and backs away from the scene as Domino recovers to a standing position. <p>

The two confront one another in the center of the wrestling ring. Dice Domino opens the situation with a right handed strike to the face of Mr. Perfect, and quickly follows up with his own knee strikes to the midsection. Grabbing his left arm, Domino sends Mr. Perfect running with an Irish whip to the eastern ropes and responds to his oncoming charge with a knee lift to Mr. Perfect's face. This action grounds Mr. Perfect and Domino drops himself into an unhooked pinfall. The referee counts.</i> <p>

1../b> <p>

<i>Dice Domino brings himself to his feet after a short winded one count and begins to drop his knee into the chest of Mr. Perfect. These actions force the man to stay down, though Mr. Perfect is able to respond by rolling out of the ring and on to his feet. The audience boos as Domino leans over the western ropes and taunts him with a loud “Oh!” which the crowd happily echoes in reply.</i> <p>

JH: “Oh!” 'Kinda catchy, Schiavone! HA HA! <p>

<i>Mr. Perfect covers his ears and shakes off the audience's favoring of Dice Domino. Perfect slides under the bottom ring rope and manages to attack the left leg of Dice Domino with a cunning amateur-style takedown. Mr. Perfect rolls Dice Domino to his back with a half nelson, and brings him into a pinfall. The referee counts.</i> <p>

1../b>

2../b> <p>

<i>Dice Domino brings his right shoulder off of the mat to end the pinfall attempt. Mr. Perfect rises to his feet and confronts the referee. Pointing to his striped shirt in warning, the referee forces Mr. Perfect to back off which sends him into the grasp of Domino. Dice Domino rolls Mr. Perfect up in a pinfall attempt.</i> <p>

1../b>

2../b> <p>

JH: Who's gonna take it here?! <p>

<i>Mr. Perfect somersaults away from the pinning predicament and brings himself to the western ropes. He uses them for stability as he rises to his feet and faces Dice Domino sat on one knee. Domino attempts to rise to his feet, however he is met with a series of backhanded chops to the chest which force him to the opposite ring ropes. Mr. Perfect confidently whips him back to the eastern ropes and dropkicks Dice Domino upon returning to the center of the ring. Domino falls to the mat which allows a grounded Mr. Perfect to hook his leg in a pinfall attempt.</i> <p>

1../b>

2../b> <p>

<i>Dice Domino brings himself off of the mat to stop the count which infuriates Mr. Perfect further. Perfect brings himself to his feet over the fallen Domino and drags him to a standing position. The two competitors tie up towards the center of the ring, and it is Mr. Perfect who gains the advantage in the situation by hooking the right leg of Dice Domino and vaulting him over his shoulder in a bridging cradle suplex known as the “Perfect-Plex”. The referee drops and counts the pinfall.</i> <p>

1../b>

2../b>

3! <p>

<i>”Perfection” fills the area as the audience boo in Mr. Perfect's victory. He has his right arm raised

by the referee to denote his superiority, and further flaunts his status by bringing himself to the southeastern middle rope and raising his arms to the crowd. Dice Domino rolls out of the ring and proceeds to the backstage area in both frustration and humiliation. He avoids confrontation with Mr. Perfect who continues to show off for the audience in attendance. After a further few moments of basking in his own glory, Mr. Perfect exits through the middle rope and walks up the rampway. He disappears through the entrance curtain as the sound of his theme music fades out. Panning to the commentary area, Tony Schiavone begins to speak.

TS: What an excellent match up, House! The two men seem very evenly matched for one another but on this night Mr. Perfect lives up to his name and defeats Dice Domino.

JH: "Oh!" HA HA!

VI
Tag Team Championship

Machine Edit:

The scene pans back towards the center of the wrestling ring. The referee clutches two golden belts in his arms, and raises them high above his head. The ring bell sounds as Tony Chimel begins his introduction.

TC: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is for the Ultra Pro Wrestling Tag Team Championship! This match will be contested under fatal four way rules where the first team to score a pinfall or submission will be declared the winner!

The sound of "Pearl River Rip" fills the Isle Of Capri casino as Ahmed Johnson and Big Van Vader appear through the entranceway curtain. Vader trails behind Johnson and flashes the "V" using his forefingers to the audience. Both men receive a favorable reception as the duo walk towards the wrestling ring. Johnson sports a serious demeanor simply gazes into the eyes of ringside fans who cheer him on. This is in sharp contrast to Vader who seems interested in soaking up the positive reception. Both Johnson and Vader enter the ring in unison after walking up the steel ring steps, and walk to the southwestern corner while being introduced by Tony Chimel.

TC: Introducing first, they weigh in at a total combined weight of 763 LBS! They are the team of Ahmed Johnson and Big Van Vader!

Ahmed Johnson instructs Big Van Vader to step onto the ring apron. He submissively agrees and steps outside the ring while grasping on to the top turnbuckle. The sound of "Pearl River Rip" fades and is replaced by the sound of "Calling All Cars".

The once positive audience immediately reverse into boos as The Associates walk through the entrance curtain. The team of Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds are billed to fight this evening and lead the way while Big Daddy V and Faarooq follow. A few ringside seated fans shout obscenities in the direction of Big Boss Man who simply responds with a firm and audible "shut up". Big Daddy V laughs, and watches on as Jack Reynolds turns to present the attached "Royal Mail" logo within his high visibility orange jacket. Reynolds carelessly unzips his issued mail sack and pours a sea of undelivered letter mail that is further tramped on by Big Daddy V and Faarooq. While The Associates laugh in unison, Big Boss Man reaches the steel ring steps. Ascending them, he enters the ring and is quickly trailed by Jack Reynolds who repeats his actions. Tony Chimel begins his introduction as the duo take their respective place in the southeastern ring corner.

TC: Introducing next, they are accompanied to the ring by Big Daddy V and Faarooq. They weigh in at a total combined weight of 535 LBS! They are the team of Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds! <p>

<i>The audience shriek in hate as Jack Reynolds presents his index and middle finger towards the standing fans. Their faction's theme music fades out of audibility and is replaced by the sound of Alan Jackson's "Small Town Southern Man". The next team to walk through the entrance curtain comprise of the plaid shirted country boys, Ezekiel Jackson and Festus. The duo both walk in a synchronized movement; raising their arms to their adoring fans with one another. Upon reaching the ring, Ezekiel Jackson is first to enter by dashing up the ring steps and bouncing through the middle rope. Festus repeats this action and the two walk towards the northwestern ring corner. Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds bicker with one another on the other side, and Big Daddy V noticeably intervenes from the outside to force Jack Reynolds to the ring apron. Festus willingly steps to the outside without any fuss, and the duo listen in to Tony Chimel's introduction.</i> <p>

TC: Introducing next, they represent the 4-H Chapter of Hicksman, Kentucky! They weigh in at a total combined weight of 611 LBS! They are Ezekiel Jackson and Festus! <p>

<i>Spectators roar in cheer as "Small Town Southern Man" fades out. It is soon replaced by an overwhelming "WHAT A RUSH!" which signals the entrance of The Road Warriors. Animal and Hawk step from the backstage area to a deafening cheer; the loudest of any participating team. Adorned in spiked shoulder pads and traditional face paint, The Road Warriors march towards the wrestling ring and enter by sliding under the bottom rope. They rise to their feet and remove their shoulder pads. Animal's yelling at the other "bozos" in the ring is soon interrupted by Tony Chimel's voice.</i> <p>
TC: And finally, they hail from Chicago, Illinois! They weigh in at a total combined weight of 360 LBS! They are The Road Warriors! <p>

<i>Road Warrior Hawk exits the ring to stand on the ring apron as the bell sounds. The four in ring participants stare down at one another from their respective corner, and await any movements from the other.</i> <p>

TS: Here we go, folks! Remember, the winning team is the one who scores a pinfall or submission first. <p>

<i>As the foursome stare at one another, Big Boss Man is the first to make a move as he strikes the opposing Ahmed Johnson with a swift blow to the face. This action is in unison with Ezekiel Jackson striking Road Warrior Animal. The four competitors in the ring begin engaging in an all out brawl which leaves each participant staggering and striking one another in a frenzy. The ringside participants yell commands to their respective partners, and the fans erupt in a loud cheer for the goings-on.</i> <p>

JH: It's all breakin' down here! HA HA! <p>

<i>The first man to gain the upper hand in the situation is Ahmed Johnson who, with one vicious blow, sends Big Boss Man flying over the top rope and crashing to the mat below. The Associates quickly rush to his side as Ahmed points to the four and shouts an intimidating "you're going down!". Ahmed Johnson's efforts are sidelined by the duo of Ezekiel Jackson and Road Warrior Animal who double clothesline him on top of The Associates. The stable of men fall off their feet under the weight of the

powerful Ahmed Johnson, and Big Van Vader quickly rushes to his side. Big Daddy V and Vader square off with one another, but neither trade any blows. Ezekiel Jackson and Animal stand tall in the ring, though Animal quickly swerves the situation by bringing Jackson to the mat with a thunderous lariat. Festus rushes into the ring, but is quickly stopped by the in-ring referee; allowing Road Warrior Hawk a chance to enter and double team the fallen Ezekiel Jackson.

TS: The Road Warriors have gained the upper hand in this contest. Will they leave victorious?

On the outside of the ring, Big Van Vader pulls Ahmed Johnson from the fallen Associates who scrimp and scramble to return to their feet. Jack Reynolds cunningly maneuvers alongside the ring apron and begins to stomp at the opposing team which angers Vader. In one swift jerk, Vader forcefully tugs Jack Reynolds from the ring apron and powerbombs him forcefully to the protective ring mats below. Reynolds expels a sigh of pain as the air trapped inside of his chest leaves his body, and the fans cheer on Vader's dominance over the fallen Reynolds. Big Boss Man runs to his partners aid and executes a body avalanche to Ahmed Johnson which sends the imposing force to the mats below. His effort, however, is met with a shoulder block from Big Van Vader which brings Boss Man to the mats alongside his partner.

In the ring, Road Warrior Animal and Road Warrior Hawk continue their dominance over the fallen Ezekiel Jackson. The duo stomp and kick at the fallen man while Festus requires continued restraint from the referee. He roars and pleads with the referee to turn around, though his requests fall on deaf ears as the man forcefully demands that Festus return to the outside of the ring. Animal and Hawk both scrape the remains of Ezekiel Jackson to his feet and sends him into the eastern ring ropes with an Irish whip. Upon returning, Ezekiel Jackson receives a double clothesline from The Road Warriors which grounds him to the mat below. Hawk exits the ring while Animal thrusts his fist into the jaw of Ezekiel. Festus finally exits the ring and the referee turns to see Animal attacking Ezekiel with several closed fist punches. The referee demands that this action stop, and while pushing and restraining Animal, Ezekiel is able to barely crawl to the ring corner and tag in his partner Festus.

TS: Ezekiel Jackson was barely able to escape that predicament, folks!

Festus storms into the ring and launches Road Warrior Animal over the ropes. His body collides with the feuding Associates and Big Van Vader, and again the barrage of men fall to the protective ring mats. Big Daddy V lowers himself to his knee and whispers into Big Boss Man's left ear. Grinning, Boss Man flees to the opposite side of the ring as the referee shouts at the pandemonium below him. Reaching into his utility belt, Big Boss Man removes a police issued baton and holds it in a tight grasp.

JH: Wait a minute! Boss Man's got that stick!

Sliding under the bottom ring rope, Big Boss Man approaches the distracted Festus and clobbers him in the back of the head with the baton. He immediately falls to the ring canvas and lies convulsing and twitching in suggested pain. Road Warrior Hawk yells from the apron, but too receives a strike to the face from the baton for his efforts. Big Boss Man discards the object and kicks it towards the clutch of Big Daddy V. Pinning Festus, he yells at the referee to turn and count the pinfall. The referee jumps on to all fours and counts.

1.

2.

3! <p>

JH: Shit! Not like this! <p>

"Calling All Cars" grows louder in its presence as The Associates cheer for one another. Big Daddy V, Faarooq, and a staggering Jack Reynolds enter the wrestling ring and walk towards the triumphant Big Boss Man. The dominant foursome raise their arms in victory and witness as Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds are handed the Ultra Pro Wrestling Tag Team championship belts. Boss Man breaks free from the group and yells over the top rope at the vengeful audience below. He demands that each person "shut their mouths before he shuts them himself". A sea of discarded objects including poker chips, drink cups, and other casino insignia fly towards the ring and collide with the four members of the Associates. The group exit the ring and quickly sprawl to the backstage area under a siege of trash. The sound of their theme music dies out to calm the pending riot, and The Road Warriors and the duo of Ahmed Johnson and Big Van Vader exit towards the backstage area. Ezekiel Jackson enters the ring and confronts the defeated Festus; who slowly brings himself to his feet. <p>

Ezekiel Jackson begins pushing and shoving the unbalanced Festus. He questions him as to his defeat and demands an answer. Trying to reenact the situation, Festus hits himself in the back of his head with a closed fist. This does nothing to explain the event to Ezekiel Jackson, and he responds with a chokeslam. Festus once again lies motionless in the center of the ring as Ezekiel Jackson exits the ring to a negative response. He angrily walks to the backstage area as the scene fades to black. <i>

<center>VII
 <i>Pain Is My Pleasure</i></center><p>

The moonlight above twinkles down on the scene. Illuminating a small area within the depths of a darkened alley, it sees little life and little movement. There appears to be a man from within the narrow walls though this is not confirmed until he steps into the white light. <p>

Kaos, a man of impressive size and strength, steps into the scene. His hair is tatty and unmaintained; reflecting also in his soiled street clothes and torn shoes. He appears to look down into his wrists and emits a roar of laughter and delight. His manic grin follows him as he paces around the confined alley. Back and forth into darkness and light he walks, and he shows little by the way of organization in his movement. Kaos suddenly stops in his tracks and looks at a locked steel door next to him. What building this isn't known, though it does not seem to affect Kaos who throws a punch into the panel. The strike leaves a clear impression in the frame and reduces Kaos to his knees in pain. What would typically bring an individual into tearful pain brings pleasure to the face of Kaos. He smiles and watches as his forearm and hand shake in various directions from the sudden shock. Looking into the moon above, Kaos bellows a cry. <i> <p>

Kaos: Why do you do this to me?! <p>

What is being done to him is anyone's guess. Offering further insight, Kaos continues. <i> <p>
Kaos: Why do you tease me like this? Do you like seeing me in pain?
 <p>

Kaos lowers his head into his chest. Looking to the murky, damp ground below, Kaos continues to speak. <i> <p>

Kaos: I like seeing me in pain. There's nothing which brings a bigger smile to my face, and it's an even greater pleasure to watch my opponents suffer in my hands. You're one of those opponents, Bobby Lashley. From the moment I laid eyes on you, it became very clear. I knew I had to destroy you! I knew I had to watch as your body responded to the mold of such a beautiful destruction. To see you lying on the ground after plummeting over such a small distance was too easy, Bobby. Do you know the pain I've endured? Explosions purging my skin from my horrible body, barbed wire tearing my flesh, and objects of misery releasing my blood; my inner being and the being of a thousand other opponents! I love it so much, Bobby! Won't you come and play with me again?

Kaos shakes wildly as he giggles in suggested happiness. He continues.

Kaos: Oh, Bobby, I know it's beyond your realm to come play in my yard. It's just that.. I have so many toys. So many things which we can use to amuse ourselves. Sure we may get hurt. Yes we may **bleed**! It's all a part of the fun, Bobby!

Kaos reaches into the torn breast pocket of his shirt and removes a small syringe. Jamming it into his visibly bruised left arm, he injects a viscous fluid into his veins. This action soothes him and immediately relaxes him into a flattened state. Kaos brings his head to face the camera, and continues to speak.

Kaos: Isn't human blood a beautiful sight, Bobby? I know it brought me great delight to look down on your bloodied body in Evergreen. To see you so helpless empowered me with such a strength I cannot describe! It's what I feed on, and what will always drive me in professional wrestling. I do not care for World championships or Internet championships. What I care about is my belt; my prized possession. That is the Hardcore championship. That belt belongs to **me**! Nobody else is worthy of wearing it!

Kaos breaks down into an obsessive pant. He struggles to regain his breath and wheezes with several inhales. He continues.

Kaos: My challenge at the former event was just too easy. If you're still alive after such a pitiful fall, meet me for my championship! Bobby Lashley, you have proven yourself to be a simple stepping stone in my quest for glory. That belt will be mine! If you choose to face me, which I sincerely hope you do, you will look up into the lights above and watch as I stand victorious over your body. Shaking in pain, you will know what hardcore is. You will know my life! Bobby Lashley, life without pain has no meaning! I will give your life meaning!

Kaos cackles in a wicked laugh as he flops to a submissive position on the ground. The scene fades to black as the intimidating presence continues to laugh himself into the darkness.

**<center>VIII
<i>The Confrontation</i></center>**

Kaos' video package fades as the projection screen flickers itself into darkness. This image follows in unison with the sound of "Psycho Circus" by Kiss filling the Isle of Capri casino. Kaos storms through the entrance way curtain to an unruly boo. He takes a moment to adjust the shoulder straps on his barbwire decal butcher tights, and charges towards the wrestling ring. He ascends the steel ring steps with a quick pace and steps over the top rope to assert his height and dominance over his colleagues and the audience. He stomps towards Tony Chimel and yanks the microphone from his grasp. Bringing it to his mouth, Kaos begins to speak.

Kaos: Don't keep me waiting, Bobby! **Don't keep me waiting!**

Suddenly, as the sound of "Psycho Circus" fades, "The Dominator" quickly replaces it. The audience rises to their feet in cheer as Bobby Lashley walks through the entrance way curtain. His neck and upper body are heavily bandaged which restricts the visibility of his otherwise muscular ebony physique, though he clearly sports his typical wrestling gear including black biker shorts and boots. He strains as he moves which brings a sense of pleasure to the face of Kaos; who throws the microphone against the ring canvas and salivates at his incoming prey. Bobby Lashley slowly walks towards the wrestling ring with a noticeable expression of rage in the direction of Kaos. As he continues to hop along towards the wrestling ring, Tony Chimel scoops up the discarded microphone and begins his introduction.

TC: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the Ultra Pro Wrestling Hardcore Championship! Already in the ring, he hails from "Parts Unknown"! He stands 6'8" tall and weighs in at 300 LBS! He is Kaos!

TC: Next, fighting out of Denver, Colorado, he stands 6'3" tall and weighs in at 252 LBS! He is Bobby Lashley!

Bobby Lashley jumps to the surface of the ring apron which forces all of the restricting bandages to rip off of his flesh. He raises his arms to the ceiling to show that he has sustained no injury at the hands of Kaos which receives an overwhelmingly favorable response from the audience. As the referee presents the Hardcore championship belt to the frenzied audience, Bobby Lashley dives through the middle rope and rushes towards the much taller Kaos. The ring bell sounds as Lashley successfully shoots a double leg takedown on the big man and drives him to the mat below. Lashley mounts himself on top of Kaos' shoulders to the approval of the crowd, and looks down into the face of his opponent. With no remorse similar to what he had sustained at the hands of his opponent, Bobby Lashley begins striking the face of Kaos repeatedly with numerous closed fist punches.

TS: Here we go, folks! This match will be contested under hardcore rules which mean there are no disqualifications and the match may be contested anywhere in the state of Mississippi! This match could end up in the crowd again, John House!

JH: I just love a good hardcore fight! HA HA!

Prone and vulnerable, Kaos receives a flurry of battering strikes to his face which does little to change his demeanor. Bobby Lashley continues to repeatedly strike him in the face though the punches seem to have little lasting effect. Kaos extends his arms over his head in an almost reclining position, and laughs as the torment continues to rain down on his forehead.

TS: This man is sick, John House!

Kaos submissively allows Bobby Lashley to strike him in the face. This action infuriates the martial artist, who brings himself to a standing position and begins stomping on the midsection of Kaos. Each boot to the abdomen region expels further laughter from the innards of the large man, and receives nothing by the way of a counter attack or competitive reaction. With no warning, Bobby Lashley drops himself over the torso of Kaos and hooks his inner leg for a pinfall attempt.

1..

Kaos hastily throws up his right arm while signals the end of the pinfall. His once happy and cheerful expression changes to one of anger and frustration. Punching the mat, Kaos rolls to his stomach and brings himself to his feet. Bobby Lashley scrambles from the much larger man and slides through the bottom rope to the outside of the ring. He takes a moment to observe the frantic Kaos who

begins to wildly pace around from east to west; stopping only to intimidatingly stare into his opponent's eyes. Charging, Kaos vaults himself in a baseball slide through the bottom rope, but has his long legs caught by the impressively strong Lashley. Lashley pulls Kaos through the bottom rope and brings him to a standing position; only to Irish whip him into the security railings. Kaos' back cracks with a tremendous thud against the barricade as front row fans scatter away from the carnage. In deep thought, Bobby Lashley scans the ringside area and seems to have a moment of agreement. He approaches Tony Chimel who immediately jumps from his seat, and Lashley thanks him for doing so as he grabs the warm folding chair from below. Clapping it together, Lashley approaches Kaos and slams the object over his skull. Nearby seated fans yell in horror as a trickle of blood begins to fall down the face of the big man.

JH: Kaos is first to bleed! Yeah!

The increasingly aggressive Bobby Lashley continues to swing and crash the chair against the skull of Kaos who sways against the barricade in a daze. Changing his motion, Lashley begins ramming the ridged seat back into the chest of Kaos which winds the stunned victim below. The audience cheers on as Lashley presents the folding chair as an offering to his adoring fans, and in one final blow throws the object into the head and neck region of Kaos. The chair flies at a high velocity and collides with its intended target. Kaos slumps into a deep stupor as Lashley drags his left leg to expose his shoulders to the protective ring mats. He drops into a pinfall position as the referee counts.

1.

2.

Kaos instinctively kicks out of the pinfall attempt and rolls himself away from Bobby Lashley. Lashley, bringing himself to a standing position, hooks an ankle lock submission on the grounded Kaos. He screams in pain as Lashley fiercely cinches the hold in place. Blood begins to profusely stream down the face of Kaos as he wails in agony, though manages to free himself from the hold by grabbing the discarded folding chair and swiping it against the face of Bobby Lashley. Lashley teeters backwards and falls into the protective ring barricade. Bringing himself to his feet, Kaos notices his prone victim and runs towards him. With one large boot to the face, Bobby Lashley flies over the barricade into the seated fan area.

JH: They're going out in the crowd!

TS: This is shades of our previous event in Evergreen, House!

Kaos brings himself over the barricades one leg at a time and looks down at the grounded Bobby Lashley. He roars in delight as fans run in all directions to disperse from the psychotic individual. Dragging him by the left arm, Kaos pulls Bobby Lashley through a sea of folding chairs which fall over and rip at the skin of his lower back and shoulders. Lashley audibly shouts in pain as Kaos revels in suggested delight. The duo venture towards a variety of card tables as players and dealers look towards the oncoming professional wrestlers.

JH: Put it all on black! HA HA!

Kaos brings Bobby Lashley to his feet and stares deeply into his eyes. In an almost hypnotic trance, Lashley attempts to guide himself away from Kaos but is met with a stiff forearm smash to the face for his efforts. He falls in a heap against a nearby card table which forces its players and deal to retract a

few steps. Laughing, Kaos knees Lashley in the stomach and scoop slams him through the table. Both cards and betting chips fly in a lovely stream of various colors. As the objects settle, Kaos positions himself on the chest of Bobby Lashley to denote a pinfall attempt. The referee counts.

1.

2.

Bobby Lashley kicks out of the pinfall attempt which sends Kaos into an emotional overload. He brings himself to his feet and walks away from the scene with his hands interwoven behind his head. Pacing, he walks over to a row of slot machines and gazes into the blinking lights. Smiling, he finds himself attracted to the various spinning objects and amusing sounds which force him to comfortably sit in place next to a female player. He demands that she place token after token into the machine, and with each pull of the lever he becomes increasingly pleased with the glitz of the machine. Unbeknown to him, Bobby Lashley climbs to the top of the machine and vaults himself in a crossbody towards Kaos. Swiftly, Kaos catches his attempts and executes a fallaway slam into the vacant slot machines behind him. Lashley's falling carcass pulls on three lined up levers and each machine emits a sound suggesting failure.

JH: No jackpot for you, Lashley! HA HA!

Kaos removes himself from his seat and begins to stomp at the exposed shoulders and lower back of Bobby Lashley. Each strike causes the warrior to seethe with pain as the much more dominant Kaos smiles in his efforts. Bringing Lashley to his legs, he points to the vacant slot machines used and slowly makes a cut throat gesture. The fans shriek in horror at the prospect of Bobby Lashley colliding with the machines and this sound gives the man a second wind. Lashley begins to pummel the stomach region of Kaos which forces him to bend over. Turning the tables, Lashley throws Kaos head first into the slot machines with incredible force. The result was a shock to everyone.

A torrent of sparks and debris shoot through the air as Kaos' vocal chords giggle and snort. Electricity shoots through the body of the mad man as a small electrical fire works its way from the extremely damaged slot machines. Nearby audience members run away in a panic, and the lights of the Isle Of Capri casino dim into darkness.

JH: Someone call 911!

TS: Kaos has just been electrocuted at the hands of Bobby Lashley! Are we even recording at this point, House?

JH: I dunno, Schiavone, but holy shit!

Kaos' lifeless body gently drapes itself across the red carpet of the casino floor as paramedics rush to his side. Bobby Lashley props himself against padded stools and bewilderingly looks into his opponent's body. Convulsing and jolting in pain, Kaos continues to feel the effects of electrocution while being tended to by paramedics. They apply various burn ointments and cooling compresses to his searing flesh. As the lighting is restored to the casino floor, the fans watch on in horror as Kaos struggles with a life or death situation before their eyes.

TS: Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize for the startling events which have just transpired. In a hardcore environment it is very difficult to predict what can happen, and sometimes the worst does

happen. <p>

<i>Bobby Lashley brings himself to a standing position, but is ward off by spare paramedics who tell him to keep his distance. A stretcher is then run over by additional medical personnel who each strap the large man to it and provide him with additional life supports and oxygen. The team rushes outside of the Isle Of Capri casino and run across the water ramp which leads towards a waiting ambulance. In pursuit, Bobby Lashley and the referee follow the team in attempts to get information regarding the status of an unresponsive Kaos. As the medical team reach the back of the ambulance, Kaos sits himself upwards. He stares with rage into the eyes of Bobby Lashley; who immediately responds with clubbing blows to the face. Kaos falls out of the stretcher and crawls to DA Biglane St. <p>

Looking out into a forested area, Kaos crawls and stumbles towards the woodland area. Bobby Lashley quickly trails in pursuit of the man and, upon catching up with the man, drops his knee into the sides of Kaos. Positioning his weight on the back of Kaos, Bobby Lashley executes a half nelson which brings Kaos into a pinfall. The referee counts.</i> <p>

1.

2. <p>

<i>Miraculously, Kaos kicks out of the pinfall attempt. It seems even electrocution has little effect on the monster who brings himself to his unsteady feet. He rocks and teeters from side to side, though is able to tie up with Bobby Lashley. The duo jockey around the grassy area and pull themselves deep within the forested area. Once in place, Kaos hits Bobby Lashley with a knee strike to the stomach and suplexes him to the hard, rocky ground below. Draping an arm over the chest of Lashley, Kaos signals a pinfall and demands that the referee count.</i> <p>

1.

2. <p>

<i>The pinfall ceases as Bobby Lashley raises his left arm to the darkened sky above him. The duo roll in the dirt and bring themselves to their feet while separated from one another. Kaos looks through the trees and seemingly sees a light towards the end of the tunnel. Limping towards it, Kaos leaves the forested area though is pursued by a quick witted Lashley. The superstars reach a busy main road which stands before The Natchez-Vidalia Bridge. There is no public traffic crossing the bridge at this point, and Kaos points to its concrete surface. <p>

Bobby Lashley and Kaos begin brawling into the structure. Held over the Mississippi River, the steel supports prove themselves useful as weapons when Bobby Lashley repeatedly rams the head of Kaos into their jagged sides. This action forces his already bloody wound to open further and allow a more profuse stream of bodily matter to flow from the face of Kaos. The two continue to march across the bridge and it is Lashley who capitalizes on the situation by striking the back of Kaos' right leg. This forces him to the ground, and in the process Lashley moves himself to the front of his body and applies an innovative chokehold. <p>

Kaos struggles from left to right while attempting to break the body scissors of Bobby Lashley. His efforts are finally successful when he reaches up to a bridge support and forcibly pulls himself upwards. Lashley, unable to control Kaos' bodyweight, is forced to break the hold, but immediately counters by shooting for a single leg take down. His attempt is successful, and he quickly sweeps Kaos off of his feet. Lashley roughly brings Kaos to his feet and props him onto his shoulder. Evenly draped over his right side, Bobby Lashley signals for his finishing "Dominator" powerslam. He charges forward with a speedy momentum and drives Kaos to the concrete below. Surprisingly, the referee

waves his hands to denote the match ending. <p>

Bobby Lashley rises to his feet and pushes the referee while questioning his actions. He calmly explains the situation to Lashley who stomps in rage. Walking to the camera, the referee announces his decision.</i> <p>

“They've crossed the State line and are now in Louisiana. This bout is void and is being deemed 'no contest'” <p>

<i>Bobby Lashley grabs the back of his head with both hands in surprise. He walks away from the bridge without further confrontation, and the scene fades to black as it focuses on the motionless body of Kaos who lies in a submissive, starfish-like position on his back.</i> <p>

<center>IX
 <i>You Cannot Deduct Flesh, Joe Stack</i></center> <p>

<i>The scene opens from within an upscale office setting. A variety of cubicles each sport mechanical typewriters which click and clang their way through numerous sheets of paper. Printed documents marvel their bearers while men in formal suits strike fear into their hearts with their identical glare. The camera continues a lonesome walk through the valley of paper and a sea of numbers before finally arriving at a locked door. It is marked with a plate stating “Interview Room #1”, and twisting the round handle reveals the man inside. <p>

Irwin R. Schyster sits idle bodied in an executive high-back leather chair. In comparison to his suggested work colleagues, his desk is bare and gleams with the intense sunlight pouring in from the bay window behind him. Looking left, he intently stares into a map of the United States of America. Focusing on the state of Texas, he begins to speak.</i> <p>

IRS: So many innocent lives destroyed at the hands of a tax cheat. I'm sure we've all heard the news regarding the magnificent attempt by Joe Stack to get out of paying his taxes, but I most certainly know better. I know his heart is evil and was solely dedicated to avoid paying what's due. <p>

<i>Irwin R. Schyster brings himself to a standing position. He turns and looks out the window; continuing to speak.</i> <p>

IRS: You thought you had it all figured out, didn't you? But just like the rest of the tax cheats you found out that avoiding me was impossible. As I look out onto my home of Washington, DC, I know there are several more like you. You may be a hero to them, but they are nothing more than common criminals and thieves! <p>

<i>Irwin R. Schyster turns to face the camera. He continues.</i> <p>

IRS: Oh, your heart may have been in the right place. I certainly found your suicide not intriguing, but that pathetic attempt isn't going to work on me. In light of your death, it is now your family who have incurred your debt and, one way or another, you will pay your fair share in taxes just like everybody else! I wonder how Sheryl is doing. I sure hope her pocketbook is open! <p>

<i>Laughing, Irwin R. Schyster continues.</i> <p>

IRS: Perhaps it was all of the cat food and bread swimming in your brain, Joe, but I know your mind was reduced to mush. I know that inside you were solely focused on trying to get out of paying your taxes. You felt it necessary to take your own life in a grand display against my men. The Department of the Treasury was assembled for people like you, Joe. Did it ever occur to you that inheritance tax is coming back to us in great sums because of your wrongdoings? You slime, the IRS will never give anyone a break! <p>

<i>Irwin R. Schyster takes his seat and reclines in the leather chair. Holding a pen between his forefingers, he continues.</i> <p>

IRS: Which leads me to my next point. Ron Killings, perhaps the greatest tax cheat of them all through the music industry, has challenged me to a match for the Ultra Pro Wrestling Internet championship. In response, Ron Killings, I accept! I'm through having to deal with the corruption of people like you and having to listen to all of the whining and excuses. Quit your crying and pay what's due or IRS will audit you! <p>

<i>The scene fades to black as it focuses on the disgusted face of Irwin R. Schyster.</i> <p>

<center>X
 <i>Internet Championship</i></center>
<p>

<i>The camera scene pans its way to the commentary area where Tony Schiavone begins to speak.</i>
<p>

TS: What a shocking turn of events here tonight, ladies and gentlemen. We witnessed a man electrocuted; only to get up and continue the bout. I've said it before and I'll say it again, Kaos is a monster! <p>

JH: No doubt, Schiavone! But hey we're nearin' the end of our supercard! <p>

TS: That's right, House! We have two more matches on our card tonight. Irwin R. Schyster has accepted the challenge from Ron Killings and will meet him momentarily. Following the bout, we will hear from both The Demon and Muhammad Hassan in previously recorded video packages where they will comment on their upcoming bout for the World Heavyweight Championship. <p>

<i>The sound of mechanical typewriters fill the Isle Of Capri casino as Irwin R. Schyster walks through this entrance way curtain. His stout physique is accented by the typical red necktie and eyeglasses he normally wears, and the steel suitcase which hangs at his side. He lowers it to the ground and enters a short combination on the padlock. This forces the briefcase to pop open and reveals a microphone. He brings the item to his mouth and begins to speak.</i> <p>

IRS: Listen up, all of you tax cheats! I am an official representative of the United States Department of the Treasury! Each and every one of you will pay your fair share in taxes, which include all of your gambling winnings you've earned here tonight. I know "all y'all's" aren't too smart down here in Mississippi, and I know the operators of this gaming establishment are likely running on a loss due to their ignorance in not fixing the games! <p>

<i>Irwin R. Schyster reaches the ring apron and looks up to the in-ring referee. He slides the steel briefcase under the rope in which he places his active microphone. Ascending the ring steps, Irwin R. Schyster steps through the middle rope and accepts Tony Chimel's introduction.</i> <p>

TC: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the Ultra Pro Wrestling Internet Championship! In the ring, he hails from Washington, DC! He stands 6'3" tall and weighs in at 248 LBS! He is Irwin R. Schyster better known as "I.R.S."! <p>

<i>The audience hiss loudly at the tax man though their hostility does not appear to faze him. Standing proudly in the northwestern ring corner, he awaits his opponent.</i> <p>

<center>"Y'all know what time it is.."</center> <p>

<i>The typewriters silence their piercing clicks and are replaced by the upbeat melodies of Ron Killings' self produced theme song "What's Up". He begins singing along to his lyrics on the casino's audio system, and walks through the casino's main entrance. Dancing and greeting fans at the assorted gaming tables and machines, he brings himself towards the wrestling ring through numerous adoring fans. Hopping over the steel barricade, he breaks down in a short dance routine and rolls under the bottom rope in the process. Jumping to his feet, he greets his fan base.</i> <p>

RK: Natchez, Mississippi! <p>

<i>In a cheer, the crowd prepares to echo Ron Killings' pivotal question.</i> <p>

RK: What's up?! <p>

<i>Ron Killings discards his microphone as Tony Chimel presents an unnecessary introduction.</i> <p>

TC: And next, he hails from Charlotte, North Carolina! He stands 6'2" tall and weighs in at 228 LBS! He is Ron Killings! <p>

<i>The in-ring referee presents the UPW Internet Championship to the audience as Tony Chimel exits the ring. He hands the belt to Chimel and signals for the bell which rings. Ron Killings and Irwin R. Schyster circle the center of the wrestling ring and stare at one another's movements. Neither competitor throws any strike as pace in an endless circle. Suddenly, Schyster reaches out to Killings to tie up and drags him into a bent position. The tax man launches the rap sensation with a vicious double arm suplex which causes Killings to bounce into the western ring ropes. Schyster rises to his feet proudly as the audience boo in disagreement with his actions.</i> <p>

TS: Irwin R. Schyster kicking things off here with a suplex to Ron Killings! <p>

JH: Kick his ass, Ron! <p>

<i>Ron Killings brings himself to a standing position using the ring ropes for stability. He is, however, immediately brought to the outside of the ring with a charging shoulder block from Irwin R. Schyster. Schyster brings his arms over his head in self praise. However receives a negative reaction from the crowd in attendance.</i> <p>

Stepping through the middle rope, Irwin R. Schyster looks down at a rising Ron Killings. He reaches out with his left arm and rubs his forefingers as if to suggest “pay up”. This action is immediately countered by Killings who underhooks the tax man and slams him to the protective mats below with a sitout hip toss. Rising to his feet, Killings soaks up the adoration of the audience who cheer on his successful action against Schyster.

JH: Yeah! Go get him!

The referee begins a 10 count which commands both wrestlers to re-enter the ring. An already standing Ron Killings quickly slides under the bottom rope which leaves an absent minded Irwin R. Schyster struggling to regain his composure. Schyster manages to flop himself under the bottom rope which ends the count at 7, however he is met with a flurry of stomps from a standing Ron Killings. The fans grow louder in their praise as Killings increases the tempo of his step. His strikes grow in intensity and speed as Schyster is left helpless on the ring canvas. The referee, noticing Schyster's inability to return to the contest, forces Ron Killings to back away. He apprehensively backs away to a negative reaction from the audience.

TS: Ron Killings better be careful not to get himself disqualified, House! This happened at our previous event.

JH: Oh 'cmon! Let 'em fight!

Ron Killings is forced to wait as Irwin R. Schyster pats his protruding chest in aims of restoring a normal flow of breathing. Bringing himself to his feet, Schyster looks towards the direction of Killings and adjusts his eyeglasses. He snarls a sigh of anger as Ron Killings shouts “what's up?” in reply. The audience echo his chant, and are firmly behind the rap sensation.

Once again, the two competitors circle one another in the center of the wrestling ring. Locking up, Ron Killings reaches towards the clavicles of Irwin R. Schyster. His attempts are blocked and the duo engage in a battle of strength. Schyster's mass plays an important part in the confrontation as his much larger size allows him to gain the competitive advantage. Launching Killings upwards, Schyster holds him in an upside down vertical position before dropping him in a thunderous suplex. Schyster bounces onto the dormant Killings and demands the referee count a pinfall.

1.. **BR**

2..

Ron Killings kicks out with tremendous force. Bringing himself to his side and further to his feet, he refuses to be defeated by the tax man. Irwin R. Schyster also rises to his feet and begins kicking the midsection of Killings. Twisting him, Schyster drops Killings to the mat with a neckbreaker. He once again attempts a pinfall victory.

1.. **BR**

2..

<i>Ron Killings brings himself out of the pinning predicament and rolls to the northeastern ring corner. The fans hatefully boo the tax man who continues to taunt the struggling Killings with finger gestures pertaining to money. Jumping to his feet, Ron Killings receives new life from the fans who break out in a "Ron, Ron" chant. Irwin R. Schyster has little time to react as Killings springboards himself from the middle rope into a corkscrew and further collides with a flying forearm smash. The impact of the move grounds both competitors. However, it is Killings who is advantageous in the situation as he pins Schyster.</i> <p>

1.

2. <p>

TS: Just what is it going to take, House? Both competitors are kicking out powerful maneuvers! <p>

<i>Both Ron Killings and Irwin R. Schyster rise to their feet in unison, though it is Schyster who capitalizes on a slow turning Killings with an Irish whip to the opposite eastern ropes. Simultaneously, Schyster bounces off the nearby western ropes and charges towards the oncoming Killings. Leaping, Irwin R. Schyster collides with a powerful flying clothesline known as the "Write-Off". Killings folds up into himself as he's held down by Schyster for a pinfall attempt.</i> <p>

1.

2.

3! <p>

JH: I don't believe it! <p>

TC: Here is your winner and new Ultra Pro Wrestling Internet Champion: Irwin R. Schyster! <p>

<i>The sound of mechanical typewriters once again fills the Isle Of Capri casino. Irwin R. Schyster rises in victory and has his right arm raised by the referee, and is soon rewarded with the Internet championship belt. He clutches the jewel tightly as he smiles with a grimace towards the fans in attendance. The man receives nothing but hatred as profanity lined comments are thrown in his direction. Sighing a breath of relief, Schyster raises the championship belt above his head and revels in his win over Ron Killings. Killings, being attended to by the referee, is assisted out of the ring and walks with a hunch towards the backstage area. Immediately following him is Irwin R. Schyster who exits the ring with his championship belt. Hoisting his suitcase, Schyster disappears to the backstage area as the scene fades to black.</i> <p>

<center>XI</center> **<i>Into The Void</i></center>** <p>

<i>A sense of excitement pulsates through the scene which finds itself within an outdoor fairground. Fair rides long since abandoned sway in a gentle breeze as the bright moon looks down on the area. Clown artifacts reflect their pleasing yet mysteriously haunting presence in the darkened corners of the park, and out from behind one brings forth The Demon. </i> <p>

Dressed to compete, The Demon is adorned in "Demon" style Kiss makeup and other stage clothing which include his ribbed cape, spiked shoulder pads, and dragon-like metallic boots. His clothing glitters in the occasional patch of light as he approaches the camera. With a smile on his face, he begins to speak.

TD: Oh yeah? Well alright!

The Demon razzes the camera. Once finished, he continues to speak.

TD: And I say welcome to show! It's time for all differences to be set aside; it's time for this war machine to head into battle. I may be dressed to kill, but I lack just one thing: where are my Creatures Of The Night?!

Suddenly, the fairground bursts into motion as rides activate and a swarm of people rush into the park. Hopping on rides, throwing darts at balloon games, and indulging in vast cones of cotton candy, The Demon smiles as the region comes to life. He continues.

TD: The Kiss army stands united. Muhammad Hassan, who will be in your corner tonight? Who will be the one you reach to when you're begging for that last ounce of strength? Like master and slave, you have nobody who will provide you with the energy to go on. I, on the other hand, am a million strong! Tonight will be a great victory for us all. After a journey of 1,000 years, it's time for The Demon to be unleashed. There's nowhere to run, Muhammad Hassan. Tonight you will fall victim to the Love Gun, and I will leave Natchez as the World Heavyweight Champion!

The scene fades to black as frantic party-goers continue the festivities throughout the now bustling fairground. Nodding, The Demon razzes as the image disappears.

XII
White Tyranny

Serving as a sharp contrast to the scene previously witnessed, the scene opens from a darkened residential area. Several tall mansions encapsulate the area and their treed front lawns allow little light to creep through. That which does manage to penetrate the leaves shines down on Muhammad Hassan. Like The Demon, he is dressed in wrestling attire though is cloaked in a traditional Arab thawb and keffiyeh. Lowering his head in disgust, Muhammad Hassan begins to speak.

MH: My name is Muhammad Hassan and I am an Arab-American! This spot marks everything that is wrong with this country; my country. This is the spot which stands out as everything I am against! For here are the Lady Antebellum mansions of Natchez. Purposely built to serve as trading post for African-American, and some of my brothers in Islamic faith, all of the evildoers would gather and exchange human lives amongst themselves. Should any of them have stepped out of line, they would be put back in their place with force. My brothers felt the pain and anguish of the dominant white tyrant for many years! Their pain pulsates through my veins as I stand here!

Muhammad Hassan takes a moment to compose himself. He continues.

MH: Demon, you represent what is wrong with America today. You believe by painting your face white with feminine cosmetics that you're somehow better than I am. No, swine, I will never utter falsehoods and abuse the gift of speech bestowed to me by Allah; Powerful and True. Your act of face painting is perfectly clear in my mind. You're no better than the evildoers of this era I stand in. Look at these buildings, Demon, are the pearly white pillars coincidental? I think not. For too long the image of white supremacy has ruled this nation and singled out people like me. Honest, decent, and hard-working, we're humiliated all because of our belief in the correct religion. It's all because of people like you Demon. Tonight is a new night. For my brothers, we will be set free. Our liberation comes when the World Heavyweight Championship rests on my waist. <p>
<i>As the scene fades to black, Muhammad Hassan turns with a swift jerk and walks into the ever increasing darkness.</i> <p>

<center>XIII
 <i>World Heavyweight Championship</i></center> <p>

TS: The time for talk is over, House. We've now reached our main event! <p>

JH: Anyone but the terrorist.. <p>

TS: For the past three events, Muhammad Hassan and The Demon have battled to assert their dominance in Ultra Pro Wrestling. The two were victorious in their respective heats of the "Tournament of Champions". It is now time to determine that champion. <p>

<i>The ring bell sounds three clangs as Tony Chimel begins his introduction.</i> <p>

TC: Ladies and gentlemen, the next bout is scheduled for one fall and is for the Ultra Pro Wrestling World Heavyweight Championship! <p>

<i>The audience cheer loudly in unison with Chimel's remarks. Their happiness is soon turned to discourse, however, as the Shahadah is recited over the casino's audio system. This brings forth Muhammad Hassan from the backstage area. He stands in the entrance way with a clear expression of rage on his face. Stomping quickly down the aisle, he ascends the ring steps and enters through the middle rope. He then awaits Tony Chimel's introduction with an eerie sense of calm.</i> <p>

TC: Introducing first, he hails from Detroit, Michigan! He stands 6'2" tall and weighs in at 245 LBS! He is Muhammad Hassan! <p>

<i>Muhammad Hassan extends his open palmed arms to the ceiling above as he shouts inaudible Arabic based phrases. The audience continue their loud boo until saved by the sound of "God Of Thunder" by Kiss. The track drowns out the Shahadah which soon fades out of intelligibility. As the lyrics to the familiar tune begin, The Demon storms through the entrance way curtain with a fierce kick. He studies the audience members intently as he slowly saunters towards the wrestling ring. Sliding under the bottom rope, he razzes Hassan who looks on at his actions in despire. He receives his due introduction after rising to his feet.</i> <p>

TC: Introducing next, he hails from Olympus! He stands 6'7" tall and weighs in at 275 LBS! He is The Demon! <p>

<i>The Demon receives a boisterous cheer from the audience as he removes his cape and shoulder pads. The bell sounds which declares the match as official.</i> <p>

JH: This is it, Schiavone, this is what it's all about! Anyone but the terrorist! <p>

<i>Muhammad Hassan and The Demon quickly confront each other in the center of the wrestling ring. With a fierce slap to the cheek, Muhammad Hassan forces the much larger Demon to bend to his left side. Readjusting himself, The Demon responds with a series of right handed jabs to Hassan's face which sends the craftier man teetering backwards into the ropes. Hassan leans into the western ropes, but is soon brought over the top rope with a vicious enzuigiri kick to the side of the head. The Demon falls to his chest in the ring, but cunningly slides to face a fallen Muhammad Hassan on the outside of the ring.</i> <p>

TS: The Demon looks to be in great form against Muhammad Hassan! <p>

JH: Yeah! Get him! <p>

<i>Muhammad Hassan is taunted by fans seated near the ringside area, and this torture gets to him as he shouts verbal commands related to "shut up" in their direction. The Demon rushes to their aid by rolling under the bottom rope and towering over Hassan. The sight clearly worries Hassan who backs away from the scene. Pleading with The Demon, he backs himself into the steel ring steps. The Demon does little to slow his pursuit and throws a wild right hand towards the head of Hassan. The attack misses, and The Demon's fist collides with the steel ring post as Muhammad Hassan ducks out of the way. Writhing in pain after the brutal shot, The Demon stares at his shaking and convulsing wrist.</i> <p>

JH: No, no, no! Recover, man! <p>

<i>The Demon begins stomping and kicking the protective mats below in pain. This action allows Hassan to painlessly escape the situation by rolling under the bottom rope into the wrestling ring. He brings himself to his feet as the referee begins a 10 count. This action forces The Demon to re-enter the ring at the count of 8, and he immediately approaches Muhammad Hassan. He attempts to boot the face of Hassan, though his effort is swerved as he trips the much larger man with a modified single leg takedown. Muhammad Hassan brings himself into a pinfall which forces the referee to count.</i> <p>

JH: No! <p>

1. <p>

<i>The Demon kicks out of the pinfall attempt with ease and sends Muhammad Hassan flying off of his chest. Sitting up, The Demon brings himself to his feet and stands tall over his opponent. He grabs the throat of Hassan who attempts to break the hold unsuccessfully. With one fluid jerk, The Demon hoists Muhammad Hassan and chokeslams him to the ring canvas below. In an almost insult-like mirror action, The Demon pins Muhammad Hassan for the count. </i> <p>

JH: Yeah! <p>

1.

2. <p>

<i>Muhammad Hassan slowly kicks out of the predicament by raising his right shoulder off of the ring canvas. He rolls away from his opponent by venturing into the southwestern ring corner. Hassan brings himself to his feet and looks towards the opposing force, though is quickly brought back to a seated position with a running clothesline to the corner. The Demon stands proudly over his opponent and basks in the adoration of the audience members.</i> <p>

JH: Yeah! C'mon! <p>

TS: This match has been very one-sided, House. Can Muhammad Hassan get back into the championship hunt? <p>

<i>Tony Schiavone's question is soon answered when the fox-like Muhammad Hassan crawls from the corner and leg sweeps The Demon to his back. This allows Hassan to rise to his feet, though he doesn't remain standing for long as he repeatedly drops himself with a series of standing elbow drops to the sternum. His third attempt ultimately fails as The Demon brings his knees to cover his chest; cracking bone-on-bone on collision. Muhammad Hassan rolls away from The Demon to study his pulsating arm, and in doing so allows the grounded opponent to rise to his feet.</i> <p>

JH: Yeah Demon! I ought'a appoint myself as President of his Creatures Of The Night! <p>

TS: You're the President of something, House, but nonetheless The Demon is asserting his dominance over his opponent. Muhammad Hassan has had some recovering moments. However, his arrogance is his downfall. Who will be the victor here tonight? <p>

<i>Approaching Muhammad Hassan, The Demon reaches down and forces the seated opponent on to his feat. An impressive feat of strength sees Demon easily bringing Hassan over his head in a military press position. The audience roars in their appreciation for this sight as Demon attempts to slam him to the mat below. However, in a sudden reversal, Muhammad Hassan lands on his feet and quickly hooks Demon for a reverse STO. Demon's face collides with the mat which sends the large individual somersaulting towards the ring ropes. Hassan quickly goes for a pinfall attempt.</i> <p>

1.

2. <p>

<i>The Demon kicks and flaps his arms to break free of the pinfall attempt. Muhammad Hassan confronts the referee regarding his actions. He complains furiously; insisting that the pinfall was indeed a three count and he was "doing as the evildoers do". Demon, slowly rising to his unsteady feet, notices the distracted Hassan and quickly approaches him from behind. He hooks in a cobra clutch which forces Hassan to struggle in a submission hold. Lowering him, Hassan is brought into a semi-seated position only to be hoisted up and slammed to the mat in a cobra clutch slam known as the "Love Gun". The audience bursts into a frenzied roar as Muhammad Hassan's body implants itself within the ring canvas. Without losing any time, The Demon jumps on top of the prone Muhammad Hassan and the referee counts the pinfall.</i> <p>

1.

2.

3! <p>

JH: Wait a minute! **YES, YES, YES!** <p>

TC: Here is your winner and new Ultra Pro Wrestling World Heavyweight Champion: The Demon! <p>

"God of Thunder" by Kiss begins to play which confirms the previous announcement. A pyrotechnic cannon shoots confetti streamers from the entrance way as audience members jump for joy in a frantic cheer. The Demon waddles on his knees as he is awarded the World Heavyweight championship belt by the referee. Gazing into the golden object, The Demon folds over in joy as assorted pieces of colored paper fall on top of him and his fan base. The supercard is brought to a close with a successful victory for the good guys, and The Demon continues to stare into the championship belt before him. He brings both the object and himself to his feet and steps to the middle rope of the southeastern turnbuckle; presenting the championship belt to the cheering and near riot-like audience members. Exiting the ring, he celebrates with individuals sat at ringside. <p>

The Demon continues his victory march up the aisle and turns to the audience once again before exiting. Bringing both arms and the championship belt above his head, a simple razz of the tongue shows promise of a pleasant beginning to the minor deep south promotion. In a quick turn, The Demon exits through the curtain and disappears into the backstage area. The scene fades to black as the camera focuses on a defeated and motionless Muhammad Hassan. </i> <p>