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Ultra Pro Wrestling – 03/12/2010

As the scene fades into a full capacity gymnasium in Jena, Louisiana, the camera pans to reveal the newly acquired projection screen at the helm of Ultra Pro Wrestling's entranceway. The large silver screen suddenly powers on and draws attention to itself as an image of Steven Regal is presented to the audience. Amidst a unified cheer, Steven Regal begins to speak.

SR: Greetings my fans, and welcome to Ultra Pro Wrestling. You know, Scott Knudson was quick to acquire a man of my stature as I firmly believe in an American style hard-working way of life; something I'm sure all of us in attendance this evening are familiar with. Our talented roster certainly earned their keep at "Born To Be Wild", and I'm pleased to offer them my full support and admiration. That is why I propose we at Ultra Pro Wrestling recapture what exactly "Born To Be Wild" stood for. I propose we bring forth the excitement, suspense, and prize bouts that made our event so well received!

The unanimous roar from the audience briefly suspends Steven Regal's speech. He continues.

SR: I'm glad to hear that we are all in agreement. Tonight will see the Tag Team Championship contested between The Road Warriors and our current champions Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds who represent The Associates. Next week, we will see **all** of our championships contested. I'm certain there are several superstars on our roster feeling disgruntled regarding their performance, but rest assured that rematches will be granted and we will solidify who indeed is championship worthy!

Steven Regal takes a moment to stand behind his oak conference table. Panning the area where he sits reveals a standard office environment which includes similarly matched bookcases, cabinets, and other miscellaneous material. After adjusting his flannel shirt and torn jeans, he resumes his seated position and continues to speak.

SR: Lovely! With that in mind I have scoured our roster for men who I indeed feel are championship worthy. They have already waged war against one another in the wrestling ring, and I do not plan to change any of what is currently being contested. Their heated rivalries still have much left to settle. In light of next week's event, I have made attendance at this event optional and wrestlers do not have to make their presence felt. I have, however, confirmed their intention to meet one another in what I feel will make a rousing American style broadcast which is worthy of viewing! Next week, the following bouts have been confirmed:

Kaos will meet **Bobby Lashley** in a stipulation of his choosing for the Ultra Pro Wrestling Hardcore championship!

Ron Killings will challenge **Irwin R. Schyster** for the Internet Championship in a "Trailer Court Clash" setting. This bout will not be televised, but instead will be exclusively available for our global following on UltraProWrestling.tk!

Our unbooked singles competitors will all be in action against one another in an over the top battle royal! In the interest of exciting viewing, however, the first competitor who is eliminated from the bout will be dismissed from his contract here in Ultra Pro Wrestling!

And finally, **The Demon** will defend his World Heavyweight Championship in a bout against

his opponent..</center> <p>

<i>Suddenly, a tremendous thud fills the scene as Steven Regal's office door swings open at a high velocity. From the hallway enters Muhammad Hassan. His approach is met with both a roar of anger from the audience and hesitation from the acting general manager Steven Regal. Hassan carries a rope noose in his hand, and he raises it high above his head; a gesture negatively received by the audience members in Jena High School. He approaches Steven Regal and begins to speak.</i> <p>

MH: My name is Muhammad Hassan and I am an Arab-American!
 <p>

<i>Steven Regal interrupts his oncoming approach.</i> <p>

SR: We bloody know who you are, Muhammad! You were given the night off, and I was about to announce your name as the challenger to The Demon's World Heavyweight Championship! <p>

MH: <i>Suker khaljic</i>! I have had just about enough of all of the lies and falsehoods of the evildoer. You are no better than any of them, Regal. Your scripted promises and regurgitated ideals have brought nothing but suffering since the dawn of the evildoer's civilization! You see, it was in this very building where a group of white individuals decaded this item in the trees and shrubbery outside of this building! They persecuted black children, some of whom are my brothers in the correct religion and obedient to Allah and His Prophet (pbuh), and were labeled racist for their righteous deeds! Where is the justice in that?! Why is it that people like you, white and slovenly, are exalted in the highest regard? Why am I made to sit in the shadows because I don't swallow the evildoer's pill of servitude and humiliation? This is just another example of the prejudiced and racist administration.. <p>

SR: Shut up! What exactly is it that you want, Muhammad?
<p>

MH: I want it all. The tyranny of the evildoer knows no bounds, Regal. Your kind is what is wrong with America, and exactly what's wrong with this organization. Much like the unjustified war against my brothers in the East, your leadership will ultimately destroy us all. I will not stand for it, and I will not subject myself to your prejudice. You've given me my just rematch against The Demon, but that is not what I'm after. The racist ways of this promotion have punished me for too long! I want Presidency and will settle for nothing less. <p>

SR: Presidency? <p>

MH: I will overthrow the tyrant Scott Knudson by force if it is necessary. Sanction this bout, Regal! <p>

SR: You've got your match, Muhammad! You will face The Demon for his championship and Presidency of Ultra Pro Wrestling! <p>

<i>Muhammad Hassan smirks and nods in agreement with Steven Regal's declaration to a roar of disdain from the audience. Regal continues.</i> <p>

SR: But if you lose, sunshine, that's it for you in Ultra Pro Wrestling! I will dismiss you from your contract and you will never be seen in our wrestling ring again!
<p>

<i>A sudden jolt of shock ripples through the body of Muhammad Hassan as he discards the noose and storms around the room in rage. Upon returning to Steven Regal, he replies.</i> <p>

*MH: Fine, Regal! You're on! * <p>

<i>The prospect of an Ultra Pro Wrestling without Muhammad Hassan sends a cheer throughout the audience as the man in question storms out of the room in rage. He slams the door behind him, and Steven Regal takes a moment to compose himself at his desk. Before he has the chance to speak, however, he is interrupted by the door once again swinging open with tremendous force. Steven Regal rises to his feet as he is met by Tatanka in his ring attire. He approaches Regal with a sense of hostility and begins to speak.</i> <p>

Tatanka: Fuck you, white man! You're putting me in an over the top battle royal while others get championship title shots? Don't you realize who I am? I am a full blooded Native American! I knew your kind was no good for us, albino. Ever since you Europeans robbed us of our land there's been nothing but trouble. We will not be ignored! <p>

SR: Sunshine, you have three seconds to get out of my office before you're ejected from the building. <p>

Tatanka: The white man never learns. Your ignorance of the rights we have been afforded by the white man's government is painfully obvious. I ought to beat some sense into you! <p>

SR: Are you challenging me? <p>

Tatanka: Are you hard of hearing, albino? My ancestors were robbed of our land by your kind and my spirit feels driven to push you out of our land once and for all. Step into the ring with me and let us bring peace to the great plain in the sky! <p>

*SR: Alright, sunshine! You've got your match! Now get out of my office because you've got a match with Ahmed Johnson coming up right now! * <p>

<i>With a jerk, Tatanka exits the office area which forces Steven Regal into a deep stupor. He carelessly falls back into his office chair and clasps his rigid facial features in the palm of his head. The scene fades to black as the projection screen fades into darkness.</i> <p>

<i>With the dimming of the projection screen, the camera pans around the Jena High School gymnasium which reveals its full capacity. Seated fans cheer for the event which was just revealed by acting general manager Steven Regal, though there is a sense of disappointment in the lack of anticipation for that which they are about to witness. However, the suggested lack of appreciation does not silence their adoration as both Tony Schiavone and John House appear through the entranceway curtain. The two proceed calmly towards their commentary booth which rests just east of the curtain. Together, the duo adorn their headsets while John House fiddles with the assorted knobs and controls in front of him. His actions are immediately swatted off by Tony Schiavone, and the show is introduced by the professional commentator.</i> <p>

TS: Good evening everybody and welcome to what should be an exciting night of professional wrestling. I'm Tony Schiavone and am accompanied by my broadcast partner John House! John, how do you feel about our new World Heavyweight champion? <p>

JH: Let me tell 'ya, Schiavone! I was beggin' and pleadin' for it to be anyone but that damn

terrorist. I got exactly what I asked for, and The Demon is now our champion! HA HA! <p>

TS: That's right, House. The Demon was victorious over Muhammad Hassan at "Born To Be Wild" and now holds the Ultra Pro Wrestling World Heavyweight Championship. Our card of events here tonight was set to feature a pre-recorded video interview with the champion, but unfortunately the tape has suspiciously gone missing. Do you have any idea where it could be, House? <p>

JH: Are you accusing me? I ain't no thief, Schiavone! <p>

<i>Their introductory ramblings are suddenly cut short as "The Native American Theme" fills the arena. Seated audience members rise to their feet in rage as Tatanka storms through the entrance way curtain. He sprints towards the ring; sliding under the bottom rope and rising to his feet only to perform a ritualistic cleansing dance around the perimeter of the ropes. His actions are met by a central Tony Chimel who gives him a very unnecessary introduction.</i> <p>

TC: Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, he hails from Pembroke, North Carolina! He stands 6'2" tall and weighs in at 285 LBS! He is Tatanka! <p>

<i>Tatanka stops himself in his tracks to tap his heart using a clenched left fist. He raises this gesture towards the ceiling which receives a negative reaction from the audience. Shrugging the booing fans off, Tatanka takes his position at the northeastern ring corner and awaits his scheduled opponent.</i> <p>

<i>As The Native American Theme fades out, it is soon replaced by "Pearl River Rip". Ahmed Johnson slowly walks through the backstage curtain to a standing ovation from the audience in attendance. He paces down the ramp way; pausing only to flex his muscular upper body physique. He has a look of serious intent in his eyes and does not seem phased by Tatanka's demands of entering the ring. Ahmed Johnson pulls himself to the ring apron by grabbing onto the middle rope and enters the ring with a bow. He approaches the center of the wrestling ring, and is introduced by Tony Chimel in the process.</i> <p>

TC: Introducing next, he hails from Pearl River, Mississippi! He stands 6'2" tall and weighs in at 305 LBS! He is Ahmed Johnson! <p>

<i>Ahmed Johnson raises his arms to the ceiling as the bell sounds. The clarity of his theme music slowly dies out as the two men circle one another inside of the ring. Tony Chimel is quick to flee from the two gargantuan competitors as they lock in a tie up. The two push one another back and forth in an impressive display of strength, but it is Ahmed Johnson who is the victor in the situation as he hoists Tatanka from his feet and slams him to the canvas with a spinebuster. The audience cheers in appreciation for this action, though Tatanka seems unaffected by the maneuver and quickly rises to his feet. He confronts Ahmed Johnson in a nose-to-nose situation, and this process soon escalates into a shoving match. The two shove one another back and forth and Ahmed Johnson once again shows his supremacy in the ring by bouncing Tatanka off of the eastern ropes and driving him into the mat with a clothesline. He quickly drops to his feet and covers the Native in a pinfall attempt.</i> <p>

1.. <p>

JH: C'mon Ahmed! <p>

<i>Tatanka kicks out of the pinning predicament with force. The pinfall attempt clearly infuriates him as he rises to his feet and begins to shout obscenities in the direction of Ahmed Johnson. Johnson

attempts to strike the face of Tatanka, though his attempt is blocked and he is sent running into the western ropes. Upon returning, he is brought to the canvas with a shoulder block and Tatanka then stomps into the chest of his grounded victim. Lowering himself to one knee, Tatanka begins punching the face of Johnson and the impacting strikes slowly open his forehead. Ahmed Johnson oozes a stream of blood and is left dazed in a submissive position.</i> <p>

TS: Tatanka has drawn blood on Ahmed Johnson! <p>

JH: No, no, no! C'mon! Get up n' fight! <p>

<i>As the audience roars on in disapproval, Tatanka brings Ahmed Johnson to his feet. He staggers and fails to regain any sort of composure as the Native hoists the lifeless Johnson to his shoulders. Tatanka shouts a tribal war cry as he drops the most muscular opponent with an Indian Death Drop. Ahmed Johnson's body convulses upon meeting the ring canvas and Tatanka is quick to cover him in a pinfall attempt.</i> <p>

1..

2..

3! <p>

TC: Here is your winner, Tatanka! <p>

<i>The Native American Theme once again sounds as the fans voice their disapproval with the result. Tatanka stands tall over his fallen opponent and brings his clenched left fist to the ceiling above. He exits the ring; proceeding to the backstage area with a sense of urgency. Disappearing through the entrance curtain, Tatanka's presence fades and is soon followed by Ahmed Johnson who slowly teeters towards the backstage area.</i> <p>

TS: There you have it folks! Tatanka is once again victorious in this bout against Ahmed Johnson. <p>

JH: That really makes me mad, Schiavone! They come up in here whinin' and cryin' about their land being taken away, but nobody says nothin' when they walk out of here victorious! <p>

TS: Let's move right on to our next bout. At "Born To Be Wild" we witnessed the emerging tag team of Ezekiel Jackson and Festus be forced apart by a loss. Now, they have agreed to meet each other in a one-on-one bout to determine the better man. I guess that's how country boys deal with their problems, huh House? <p>

<i>A silent crowd is soon brought to its feet as the familiar tune of Alan Jackson's "Small Town Southern Man" brings them to cheer. Both Ezekiel Jackson and Festus appear from the backstage area and sport their unified tag team attire. The duo walk towards the ring together and enter it by ascending the steel ring steps and bowing through the middle rope. The now in-ring Tony Chimel alerts the audience as to their statistics.</i> <p>

TC: The following is a grudge match scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, he represents the 4-H Chapter of Hicksman, Kentucky! He stands 6'2" tall and weighs in at 285 LBS! He is Ezekiel Jackson! <p>

<i>The fans in attendance give Ezekiel a mixed reaction due to his outburst of aggression following the

tag team championship match at the aforementioned event. He does not seem at all interested in the audience members. Instead, he keeps his eyes firmly locked on the apathetic stance of Festus.</i> <p>

TC: And introducing next, he also represents the 4-H Chapter of Hicksman, Kentucky! He stands 6'8" tall and weighs in at 302 LBS! He is Festus! <p>

<i>The reception of Festus is much more positive as the fans give him a standing ovation. He too seems uninterested in the audience, though his expression is distant and cold. The ring bell sounds which forces a thunderous roar from the Goliath, but is wholly in vain as he is brought down to his back with a quick witted tackle from Ezekiel Jackson.</i> <p>

JH: Get it on! HA HA! <p>

<i>Alan Jackson's song soon fades out of intelligibility as the two men roll and pummel one another with a series of punches. However, it is Ezekiel Jackson who soon gains the upper hand in the confrontation. His punches grow with a furious intensity that is unrivaled by Festus. The much taller competitor soon fades out of consciousness as Ezekiel Jackson continues to pound on the facial region with a series of whopping strikes. The referee attempts to intervene, but is ignored; Ezekiel simply continues to punch the now stunned competitor. The ring bell sounds as Ezekiel Jackson rises to his feet. He attempts to confront the referee, though the man in stripes jumps through the middle rope and avoids any sort of interaction with the enraged Ezekiel Jackson. He proceeds to Tony Chimel and whispers his decision regarding the bout.</i> <p>

TC: Ladies and gentlemen, due to Ezekiel Jackson's defiance of the referee's command, your winner by disqualification is Festus! <p>

<i>The announcement sends Ezekiel Jackson into a frenzy. Exiting the ring, Jackson pursues the referee who simply runs away from the scene and flees into the audience by jumping over a nearby security barricade. Unable to control his rage, Ezekiel Jackson throws Tony Chimel from his ringside seat and clasps the object together. He carelessly throws it over the top rope and slides under the bottom rope. After retrieving the folding chair from the ring mat below, Ezekiel Jackson stands tall and begins to furiously strike the head and shoulder region of Festus. The ring bell sounds several times to request the presence of the security team, though the assault continues on the head of Festus. Strike after strike, Ezekiel Jackson drives the chair into his unconscious opponent. The audience thoroughly disapproves of his actions, though Jackson simply ignores their pleas for help and exclamations of anger. He forcefully drives the folding chair into the head of Festus and a profuse torrent of blood pours down the face of Festus. This response sees Jackson halt his plight against the fallen man. Discarding the chair, Ezekiel Jackson simply exits the ring and walks to the backstage area with a smile on his face. Nearby medical personnel storm the ring as the camera pans to the commentary area.</i> <p>

TS: Wow! Ezekiel Jackson is out of control, House! <p>

JH: I love it, Schiavone! Looks like we're seein' a new and improved Ezekiel Jackson! <p>

<i>A team of medical staff assist the fallen and bloodied Festus onto a stretcher while applying pressure to his open wound. They attempt to control his bleeding though are unsuccessful in doing so. Blood continues to spill out of his open forehead, and leaves a splattered trail as the numerous individuals run through the entrance curtain with the injured competitor.</i> <p>

TS: Well, House. It looks like we've lost another competitor due to the unbridled rage of a fellow competitor. What happened to the days of respect, huh? <p>

JH: This is 2010, Schiavone! We wanna see blood! We wanna see gore! HA HA! *"Calling All Cars"* quickly silences the commentary team as a worried and upset fan base shout their hatred for the entering stable of men. Known as "The Associates", Big Daddy V and Faarooq accompany the Ultra Pro Wrestling Tag Team champions Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds. The foursome walks toward the wrestling ring as Big Boss Man looks at the standing audience members with a stern expression. Their expressions of hostility are met with numerous replies of "shut up" from Boss Man. Jack Reynolds, a representative of the postal service, takes a moment to "deliver" his items by simply reaching into his bag and tossing assorted articles of mail without any regard for their intended recipients. Envelopes and light packages rain down on the entrance way as the group enter the wrestling ring one by one. They each ascend the steel ring steps and bow through the middle rope. Walking towards the center of the wrestling ring, Tony Chimel begins his introduction from the protective ring mats outside of the ring.

TC: Ladies and gentlemen, the following bout is scheduled for one fall and is for the Ultra Pro Wrestling Tag Team Championship! Introducing first, they are the UPW Tag Team champions! They weigh in a total combined weight of 535 LBS! They are the team of Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds!

Fellow Associates Big Daddy V and Faarooq nod in agreement with their introduction as the champion duo present the tag team belts to the audience. They are met with a distasteful reaction of profanity lined comments, though Boss Man shrugs them off by demanding that the offending audience members "shut their mouths". The sound of their united theme song fades out which draws in the rippling "What a rush!" call from the Road Warriors. The demeanor of rage changes to one of happiness and excitement as Road Warrior Animal and Road Warrior Hawk walk through the entrance curtain. Their spiked shoulder pads drag the curtain with them as they walk forward, however the duo quickly brush it away as the fans cheer on their favorite team. They both approach the ring with a stomp and slide under the bottom rope. Big Daddy V and Faarooq exit the ring as Tony Chimel walks away from the two intimidating forces. After venturing to a more secure position, he announces the next set of participants.

TC: Introducing next, they weigh in at a total combined weight of 560 LBS! They are The Road Warriors!

The team discard their shoulder pads as the bell sounds to declare the match as official. Big Daddy V calls out to Boss Man and throws a glimmering black object through the air. Boss Man turns to face his call and grasps the object flying towards him. Wielding his police issue baton, Big Boss Man clobbers both Road Warrior Animal and Road Warrior Hawk in the chest which forces the referee to ring the bell due to a blatant disqualification. The fans boo loudly as The Associates scramble from the ringside area. Reluctantly, Tony Chimel makes his announcement.

TC: Here are your winners by disqualification, The Road Warriors! However, championship belts cannot change hands on a disqualification and therefore still Tag Team champions are Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds!

Jack Reynolds quickly runs to collect the two championship belts as the foursome begin to walk up the entrance way. Their march is halted by the sound of a mill whistle. "A Real Man's Man" fills the high school as Steven Regal steps out from behind the entrance curtain. He clutches a microphone and begins to speak.

SR: No, no, no! Sunshine, you may have found a temporary loophole in our sanctions but I will not allow you to get away with it. If you recall at the beginning of our broadcast I mentioned that each champion would defend his title at our upcoming event. You two are not exempt, and will defend your tag team titles against The Road Warriors in a no disqualification rematch! <p>

<i>The Associates grumble and shout in disagreement with the decision as the fans rise to their feet in appreciation. Steven Regal disappears into the backstage area, and is soon followed by the disgruntled Associates. The scene fixates itself on the projection screen which powers up. In a darkened alley, the screen reveals Kaos with a sadistic grin on his face. He laughs; rocking back and forth against a damp brick wall. He repeats the same four words with glee as the scene fades to black.</i> <p>

<center>"No ropes, barbed wire.."</center>