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UPW - Friday Night ShowDown! 02/12/2010

As the scene illuminates it fixates itself upon the neon lined walls of an eating establishment. Various florescent bulbs flicker in the distance as differing shades of green and pink blink; bringing a cosmic light to the area. The camera pans across a checkerboard tile floor, and brings itself to a set of swivel stools sat prominently before a metallic silver bar area. In the center of the area is an unidentified man. He sports a black leather jacket which sags past the stool and covers the upper part of his cuffed black pants. A speck of Caucasian skin is exposed to the light as his socks rise high above the scruffy leather shoes on his feet.

The man leans in; taking a swig from a white straw placed inside of a pint glass which contains some sort of murky brown substance. He sighs a breath of relief as the swivel stool swiftly jerks and brings the man into the camera's view. A pair of large tinted sunglasses covers his eyes, however he is quick to lower them and reveal himself as Dice Domino.

Dice Domino motions towards the camera and announces his presence.

DD: Hey, hey.. C'mere a 'sec..

The camera proceeds in a forwards motion towards Dice Domino. He leans cockily against the bar area with both his arms spread in neighboring parallel lines. With a smirk on his face, Domino poses a question into his own reflection.

DD: Hey, what do you call a whinin' crybaby who had his be-hind carted off to the county jail?

The camera shakes itself as if to suggest "I don't know". Dice Domino grins and continues.

DD: Tatanka! **OH!**

Dice Domino leans backwards and takes a sip from the pint glass. The familiar red "Coca Cola" decal adorns the side of the object as Domino rests it next to a glimmering gold coaster on the bar surface. He turns to once again face the camera. With a smile on his face, he continues to speak.

DD: Hey, I know my family and Deuce Shade is like a brother to me. All families have their tough times and Tatanka's fight is nothin' we ain't been through before. He's at home healin' up but soon we'll be hittin' the streets again. I suppose the streets ain't somethin' Tatanka knows much about. After all, those reservations ain't got no streets! **OH!**

Dice Domino rises from his chair and approaches a multicolored jukebox in the center of the room. He throws himself within one of the several booth areas and removes a 25 cent coin from the breast pocket of his leather jacket. He carelessly discards his sunglasses as he simultaneously inserts the coin into a table sized machine filled with assorted letters and numbers.

DD: C4, man..

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<i>Dice Domino lounges within the booth and takes a moment to adjust the window blinds next to him. Lowering them, Domino plunges the scene into darkness as the sound of Bill Haley's "Rock Around The Clock" fill the area with its vintage charm. The sound brings comfort to Domino's body as he relaxes into a deep stupor. Nodding, Domino reaches into the side pocket of his leather jacket and removes a tatty cigarette and a matchbook. He hastily rips a match from the booklet and strikes it against the wall next to him. As the object ignites a flare fills the camera lens which dims out quickly. The camera regains its initial focus and brings itself to watch Domino flick his arm outwards to relieve the firm tension of the leather jacket. He brings the cigarette to his mouth and continues to speak.</i>
<p>

DD: Hey, this is a great look into my time. My family used to stay up until the crack of dawn listenin' to these records, man. We've gone our separate ways but Deuce and I remained tight buddies; 'ya know like a brothers. I'm sad to see him away for a short while, and I thought about callin' it quits myself but I ain't got nowhere else to go. Fightin' is my life and is the only life for a throwback like me! <p>

<i>Dice Domino positions his hands in a clasped position behind his head and continues to speak.</i>
<p>

DD: Hey, this ain't the end of Dice Domino. No way! My brother might be at home fixin' his broken body, but Dice Domino is ready to shine! I don't know where exactly the Ultra Pro Wrestlin' is gonna take me but Domino is ready for the ride. I'm a free man now, huh? That ain't true because I need all of my throwbacks and their support. This is gonna be a different chapter in my life and the audience at the Ultra Pro Wrestlin' is family as well, man. <p>

<i>The song continues to blast on as Dice Domino reclines in his careless seated position. He briefly puffs on the cigarette and gently places it to the side of an ashtray near the jukebox controller. When all of a sudden, another individual confronts Dice Domino by jumping over the adjacent booth and roughly landing on his chest. The unknown man begins attacking Domino with a flurry of battering strikes to the face and torso area. The assailant's curly blonde hair is the only visible feature, but his identity is quickly brought to light as the nearby window blinds fall and expose his being. <p>

Mr. Perfect stands tall over the fallen body of Dice Domino. Smiling, he struts away from his fallen prey and opens the vintage Coca Cola refrigerator positioned next to the full scale neon jukebox. He removes the familiar red soft drink can and tosses it into the air. In a flipping, spiraling motion it flies but is gracefully caught by the right hand of Mr. Perfect. He promptly opens the beverage and brings it to his mouth as to avoid a splatter of cola. Mr. Perfect takes a swift drink and throws the remainders at a motionless Dice Domino. Mr. Perfect disappears from sight as the scene fades to black.</i> <p>

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The scene opens at Hillcrest High School in Evergreen, Alabama. The facility appears much more modernized in comparison to the event's previous encounters. A variety of steel doors bring forth an abundance of fans who fill the gymnasium to its capacity. The commentator's position rests approximately 10' above the main area of the gymnasium, and hosts a variety of lighting features.

As the lights of the gymnasium dim and the final few members of the audience fill the seated area to its limit, a spotlight guides the fans to the elevated commentary area. With a unified cheer from the audience, Tony Schiavone and John House enter the area together. John House dances manically around the platform which sparks a gasp from Tony Schiavone. Schiavone reaches forward to stabilize him as he twists and shouts near the safety barricade of a potentially dangerous area. He forcefully throws John House into his seat and places the rugged commentary headset onto his head. After professionally adorning his own headset, he begins to speak.

TS: Good evening everybody and welcome to what is expected to be an exciting night of professional wrestling. I am Tony Schiavone and am alongside my broadcast partner with obvious suicidal tendencies, John House. Just what do you think you're doing there!?

JH: Shut up, Schiavone. I'm just excited 'becos tonight we're gonna see some hardcore action! HA HA!

TS: That's right, House. In our main event we will see Bobby Lashley meet Kaos in what could be a barbaric match where the stipulation is hardcore rules. Care to inform our fans as to what that is, House?

JH: Sure Schiavone! When a man pretends to love a woman and they get into bed together, he just wants to do her a little rough..

TS: Oh would you be quiet! Our hardcore stipulation means there are no rules, no disqualifications, and falls count anywhere within the State. That means there's nowhere to run or hide for our main event superstars in Bobby Lashley and Kaos. We saw some heated tension develop between these two during "Heat A" of the Tournament of Champions. What will we see here tonight?

JH: I dunno, Schiavone, but would someone get these damn lights! They're givin' me a headache over here!

TS: Let's take you ringside for our first contest.

As the camera pans to the wrestling ring, the scene brings itself Tony Chimel in the center of the wrestling ring. He raises the in-hand microphone towards his mouth but is suddenly interrupted by an intimidating theme tune.

Calling All Cars, Calling All Cars..

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As the song fills the Hillcrest High School gymnasium, the audience members rise to their feet in disapproval. They shout cries of rage as Big Daddy V, Jack Reynolds, and Big Boss Man walk through the entranceway curtain. Each man is dressed in his respective traditional wrestling attire, and they slowly walk to the ringside area in unison. Big Boss Man intimidatingly shouts “shut up” at everyone he passes as Jack Reynolds empties his US Postal Service issued sack and tramples on the various articles of mail. Reynolds takes a moment to turn and walk backwards as the camera focuses on the “Royal Mail” logo embroidered into his high visibility orange jacket before he turns around and presents the index and middle fingers of his left hand.

Big Daddy V reaches the ringside area first. He brings himself to the surface of the ring apron by firmly grabbing on to the top rope and hoisting himself upwards. The force of this action visibly shakes all ring ropes in varying degrees of intensity, and he enters the ring by stepping over the top rope. Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds quickly follow suit by walking up the steel ring steps and enter through the middle rope. The trio approach Tony Chimel, and Big Boss Man rips the microphone from his clutch. He begins to speak as “Calling All Cars” fades into silence.

BBM: Lookie here, boy! We heard what you've been sayin' about Big Daddy V. You were sayin' he was a coward during that there Tournament of Champions! You were sayin' he forfeit his match; but he ain't done no such thing!

JR: *Leaning over Big Boss Man* You're just like these wankers in attendance here tonight. You believe one thing but say another. Big Daddy V is a man of honor and prestige! Why, I hold him up there with our noble Queen Elizabeth II. But no, I think all of the McDonalds you've stuffed into your piggish body has gone to your brain because you seem to think this man is a traitor against his word. He is anything but a traitor!

The audience roars in a painstakingly loud boo. Tony Chimel begins to cower in fear as Big Daddy V steps in front of the duo of Jack Reynolds and Big Boss Man. He motions for the microphone and Boss Man immediately surrenders the item into his monstrous hand. Big Daddy V raises the microphone to his mouth and begins to speak.

BDV: You liar! “Winner by forfeit” you said! I never once said I lose, nor did I say I quit. It's lies like that which get a man into trouble, Tony, and **you** are in very big trouble indeed!

Tony Chimel closes his eyes as he begs for mercy into the protruding waistline of Big Daddy V. He continues.

BDV: Open your eyes, brother. I will give you a chance to redeem yourself.

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The fans continue their tirade of hate as The Associates bully a defenseless Tony Chimel. Big Daddy V begins jabbing his index finger into the chest of Chimel as he continues to speak.

BDV: Brother, you will announce my men Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds as the first Ultra Pro Wrestling tag team champions! What's it going to be?

A visible line of tears stream down the face of Tony Chimel as the microphone is positioned next to his mouth. He anxiously whimpers and attempts to speak.

TC: Sir, I can't do that. I only announce the participants and outcomes of sanctioned wrestling bouts. What you're asking me to do is beyond my power.

Big Daddy V quickly jerks the microphone back to his mouth and roars in the face of Tony Chimel.

BDV: Wrong answer!

Big Daddy V discards the microphone and he begins to mercilessly punch the chest of Tony Chimel. The force of the impact noticeably pushes Chimel towards the northeastern ring corner. Chimel raises his forearms in aims of protecting his face as the unwarranted assault continues. Big Daddy V pushes the staggering Tony Chimel into the corner using his brute mass, and the collision forces him off of his feet. The now seated ring announcer attempts to continue his defensive stance but visibly lacks the strength to do so. The fans express their displeasure through a series of jeers and finger taunts, and Big Boss Man replies with a series of his own. Big Daddy V points to Jack Reynolds who presents his US Postal Service sack and gently knocks on the side of it. A strong "thumping" sound accompanies each tap of the bag which brings a smile to the faces of the three dominant men in the ring.

Jack Reynolds runs to the opposite southwestern corner and charges towards a fallen Tony Chimel. With a simple leap, Reynolds throws the mail bag towards he center of Tony Chimel's face and grinds it in with a ferocious dropkick. The object within the sack bursts open which sends a series of papers and broken fragments of what appear to be stainless steel cooking utensils flying around the ringside area. Chimel rolls through the bottom rope unconsciously; his lifeless body flopping to the protective ring mats below as Big Daddy V emits a roar of laughter. He once again brings the microphone towards his mouth and continues to speak.

BDV: Stop, brother, you've done well. It is time, however, that we bring forth our fourth Associate to replace the fallen ring announcer. Oh, I'm sure Tony will be fine but a man of our stature needs to make the pivotal announcement of our victory. March forward, Dear Mother Ethiopia..

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As Big Daddy V points to the ceiling, the sound of a rhythmic drum and bass solo known as “Domination” begins to fill the High School. The fans rise to their feet as Faarooq walks calmly through the entranceway curtain. His presence is immediately met with a sea of boos though this hostility does nothing to phase him. He continues his saunter towards the ring and is met by fans who attempt to touch his chest. Their attempts are immediately swatted away by Faarooq who walks up the steel ring steps and enters the wrestling ring through the middle rope. He approaches Bid Daddy V who welcomes him to the brotherhood as his entrance music fades.

BDV: Welcome, brother Faarooq. How nice of you to join us this evening.

Faarooq leans into Big Daddy V and interrupts him.

Faarooq: Now listen here. Did you just call me a 'motha?

BDV: Calm yourself, brother..

Faarooq: No I won't calm myself because I am not a 'motha. I am anything but some sissy queen that all you people seem to tolerate in our country. I am from the streets; I am a 'brotha. Growing up in this country as a black man was hard as Hell. Don't no one of you white skinned people have any clue what it's like to be me. I was beaten down at every opportunity while the everyone was pushed ahead of me. No, I wasn't in line for no job promotions, I wasn't in line for no salary raises, and I wasn't in line for no equal treatment. So, it is with great pleasure that I award the Ultra Pro Wrestling tag team championships..

”Ohhh.. WHAT A RUSH!”

Faarooq's rant is immediately brought to a standstill as the sound of The Road Warriors' theme song fills the jam packed gymnasium. The audience rises to its feet in cheer as Road Warrior Animal and Road Warrior Hawk walk through the entranceway. They feature their typical spiked shoulder pads and face paint, and both clutch separate microphones in their right hands. Road Warrior Hawk is first to speak as the music is brought to a silence.

RWH: WELL! Animal! It looks like we've got some punks trying to steal themselves the tag team championships. That might be all well and good where you come from boys, but down here in Ultra Pro Wrestling that's not how we play. Hey Faarooq! Yeah, we've spent some time on the streets too. We know your struggles but our difference is that we overcome adversity. Tell 'em, Animal!

RWA: Hey Bozos! Listen up, we've proven countless times that we are the strongest professional wrestlers walking this Earth today! So if you think you've got what it takes to step up in front of all of UPW's fan base then we will meet you for the tag team championships! What'dya say or are you too chicken?!

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<i>Jack Reynolds firmly pulls the microphone away from Big Daddy V and brings it to his mouth. His attempt to speak, however, is immediately interrupted by the sound of “Pearl River Rip” filling the Hillcrest High School gymnasium. The fans continue to cheer as Ahmed Johnson and Big Van Vader walk from the backstage area. They, too, receive an overwhelming amount of praise from the fans as Vader signals his trademark “V” to the audience using his forefingers fingers. Ahmed Johnson reveals a hidden microphone from within his metallic leg brace and begins to speak as his theme music fades out.</i> <p>

AJ: Hold on, Road Warriors. Now I know there's a lot of history between us and I just want you to know that you guys still have our respect. We've been through endless wars and that ain't going to come between us now, but what is going to come between us is our tag team championships! <p>

RWH: .. And since when were you guys teaming up? <p>

AJ: HEY! You wipe that stupid little grin off of your face! The big dogs are here, and nothin' is gonna come take away our tag team championships! Just the thought of that makes me real mad! I haven't taken my Prozac today, and you won't like me when I'm off of my medication! <p>

<i>Ahmed Johnson's declaration receives a mixed reaction from the crowd. Jack Reynolds attempts to get in the mix but is once again cut off by the sound of Alan Jackson's “Small Town Southern Man”. Two relatively unknown individuals, Ezekiel Jackson and Festus, walk through the entranceway and come to a stop in between The Road Warriors and the duo of Ahmed Johnson and Big Van Vader. Jackson takes a moment to dust off his flannel shirt and motions for a microphone from Road Warrior Animal. Animal graciously surrenders his microphone to Jackson who begins to speak.</i> <p>

EJ: Well, Festus. It looks like we're going to get our shot at the gold after all! We were just talking in the back and couldn't help overhearing all of this darn commotion out here. You see, we grew up under 4-H guidance and have become great citizens through their programs. I know some people here in Evergreen, Alabama know a thing or two about 4-H.. <p>

<i>A few members of the audience cheer as Ezekiel Jackson presents his hands and nods towards the fans. Road Warrior Hawk interrupts with his own offering.</i> <p>

RWH: .. And it sounds like you've spent a bit too much time up there on the farm. <p>

<i>The situation breaks down into a confrontation of excessive rambling which is inaudible to the various positions of the scattered microphones on stage. A few shoves are shared between Ezekiel Jackson and Road Warrior Hawk, and Ahmed Johnson shouts towards the two feuding teams from the sidelines. Jack Reynolds silences the hostility at the entranceway with a simple remark.</i> <p>

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JR: Fatal Four Way.. <p>

<i>The bickering on the stage is immediately brought to a standstill as the three teams mutually nod towards one another. Big Boss Man pushes Jack Reynolds as if to ask what he's doing, but is quick to be calmed as Big Daddy V steps into the trio and nods at The Associates. The team of Ahmed Johnson and Vader disappear to the backstage area and are quickly trailed by Ezekiel Jackson and Festus. Road Warrior Hawk brings the situation to a close with a shout of his traditional catchphrase.</i> <p>

RWH: OH, WHAT A RUSH! <p>

<i>The Road Warriors' theme song fills the gymnasium once more as the fans cheer in unity. Road Warrior Animal and Hawk both turn and disappear to the backstage area as Jack Reynolds, Big Boss Man, and Big Daddy V exit the ring. They walk to the backstage area as Faarooq is left in the center of the ring. The three men disappear through the entranceway curtain, and the sound of "Self High Five" fills the area. <p>

The song brings the crowd to their feet in cheer once more as Diamond Dallas Page struts into the gymnasium. The crowd mimic his actions as he forms a diamond using the forefingers and thumbs of both hands, and breaks it above his head in a swift downwards motion. He runs towards the ring but is met by his booked opponent Faarooq. Faarooq drops to his knees and begins to strike the back of Dallas Page's head. Page attempts to recover into a defensive stance but is pummeled by a hostile Faarooq. <p>

Suddenly, The Associates once again walk through the entranceway at a quick pace and enter the ring through the bottom rope. The foursome aggressively torment Diamond Dallas Page who is unable to respond with attacks of his own. Big Boss Man drags Dallas Page to his feet and Irish whips him into the west facing ropes. Upon returning, Big Daddy V steps in and hoists Page to his shoulders. Dallas Page is brought to the mat with a forceful Ghetto Drop and is left motionless in the center of the ring. The stable of men bring Page to his feet and throw him over the top rope to the protective mats below. Page attempts to crawl away, but a cunning Jack Reynolds dives through the middle rope and brings him face first into the gymnasium floor. Big Boss Man, Faarooq and Big Daddy V follow closely behind, and the four men drag Diamond Dallas Page by the arms through the entranceway curtain. </i> <p>

TS: Just what is going on here tonight, John House? We've seen a match booked for the tag team championship, Faarooq was about to award the tag team championship to his newfound friends, and Diamond Dallas Page stood no chance against the pack of wolves known as The Associates. <p>

JH: I love it, Schiavone! <p>

<i>A stage hand runs next to Tony Schiavone and passes him a note. He takes a moment to study the paper and continues to speak. </i> <p>

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TS: Ladies and gentlemen, I've just been informed that the tag team contest has just been sanctioned by our President Scott Knudson and will take place in two weeks at our first super card subtitled "Born To Be Wild" in Natchez, Mississippi. We will see the teams of Ahmed Johnson and Big Van Vader, Ezekiel Jackson and Festus, The Road Warriors Animal and Hawk, and Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds who represent The Associates. Together they will compete in a first fall four way bout for the Ultra Pro Wrestling tag team championship.

JH: Incredible!

TS: And that's not all, House. It also reads that, in light of the events tonight, Scott Knudson has just appointed a general manager who will act on his behalf at live events. The individual will make their presence known at "Born To Be Wild".

JH: Hey! That better not cut into my paycheck, Schiavone.

OH TESTIFY!

The sound of electric organs and "Eyes of Righteousness" fills the Hillcrest High School gymnasium as Reverend D-Von confidently walks from the backstage area. He is met with a favorable response and walks quickly towards the ringside area. D-Von enters the wrestling ring after scaling the steel ring steps and stepping through the middle rope. Reaching into the breast pocket of his charcoal blazer jacket, he removes a sheet of brilliant white paper which appears to be marked with various fragments of black text. He brushes his pleated black pants clean and takes a moment to rub the side of his leather shoes on the nearby east facing ring ropes. In picking up the discarded microphone, he begins to speak.

RD: Oh Lord, Oh Lord, Oh Lord.. The sinners backstage are in full force tonight, brothers and sisters. Don't despair, though, because of the Light of our Lord Jesus Christ will shine upon them and break their hearts of stone into those of flesh.

RD: Yes, my brothers and sisters, tonight is a glorious night for professional wrestling. Unfortunately, my opponent is a misguided man. Yes, he claims himself as being "Perfect".

The audience begin to boo as the recognizable "Mr. Perfect" connection is made.

RD: Oh no, no, no. My brothers and sisters remember that forgiveness is key of our souls! It is only through our humbled spirits in the Lord that we will allow others into His sphere of excellence, and together we will all rejoice in the Kingdom of Heaven knowing that we all were Blessed Peacemakers; sons of God.

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<i>The crowd continue to applaud Reverend D-Von's sermon as he continues in the center of the ring.</i> <p>

RD: As our spiritual battle is waged remember, dear brothers and sisters, that perfection cannot be attained in this life. The Law and our sacrifices for the Law do not make us perfect. It is only through our soul's counsel in Christ that we shall see the light and mature ourselves into His excellence. Yes, we will stumble my brothers and sisters, but fear not as God forgives us for our transgressions against the Spirit. He will never forsake you; just as I will never forsake Him.. <p>

<i>Reverend D-Von's sermon is cut short as the sound of "Perfection" fills the gymnasium. The standing fans boo in a united front against Mr. Perfect as he walks through the entrance curtain. His bright orange and black singlet reflects an apparent wet suit look, and a sports towel hangs evenly over his right shoulder. Mr. Perfect grabs the towel using his left hand and gracefully throws it behind his back only to grasp it with his right hand. He raises both arms to the ceiling above him as the fans boo his meticulous action. </i> <p>

Mr. Perfect continues his approach towards the wrestling ring and enters by ascending the steel ring steps and stepping through the middle rope. He discards his sports towel and spits a piece of chewing gum. Before it leaves his reach, he swats the pink object into the crowd and confronts Reverend D-Von face to face. D-Von discards the microphone as the ring bell sounds. </i> <p>

TS: This should be a very interesting match up as Reverend D-Von meets Mr. Perfect in a one fall bout. <p>

<i>Mr. Perfect is first to respond to the bell by shoving Reverend D-Von by the chest towards the ropes. D-Von teeters backwards, but bounces back with a running forearm smash to Mr. Perfect's face. Mr. Perfect staggers sideways and presses his left hand against the right cheekbone to relieve tension in the facial region. He is, however, met with a clothesline to the chest from a running D-Von. D-Von stops himself in his tracks as Mr. Perfect falls to the mat below. While grounded, Mr. Perfect experiences a flurry of repetitive stomps to the chest by a proud D-Von, and it is these stomps which force Mr. Perfect out of the ring to the mat below. </i> <p>

TS: Reverend D-Von showing great form against Mr. Perfect! <p>

<i>Reverend D-Von steps in between the middle rope and drops a double axe handle smash between the shoulder blades of Mr. Perfect which forces him from his former crawling position to a flattened state below. D-Von rises to his feet and drags Mr. Perfect to a vertical state; whipping him with force into the protective barriers. Mr. Perfect's upper body collides with the steel barricade and the in-ring referee demands that both competitors re-enter the ring.</i> <p>

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<i>Reverend D-Von immediately obliges to the referee's command and slides through the bottom rope. A weakened Mr. Perfect, not showing his typical high standards of cardiovascular conditioning, brings himself to a standing position but needs to brace himself using the ring apron. He, too, slides under the bottom ring rope, and is allowed to rise to his feet as D-Von holds himself still at the opposite north facing side of the wrestling ring. <p>

Mr. Perfect rises to his feet and the two meet in a lock up. Both Reverend D-Von and Mr. Perfect jockey for position and move swiftly around the center of the ring. Mr. Perfect is first to capitalize on the situation as he extends his right arm under the right arm of D-Von and hip tosses him to the mat below. D-Von lands in a seated position but is forced to lie down as Mr. Perfect applies a rear chinlock.</i> <p>

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

<i>The submission hold is short lived as Reverend D-Von manages to tap the south facing wrestling ropes using his leather shoe. This forces Mr. Perfect to break the hold. He initially resists the referee's command but on the count of "4" releases D-Von. The Reverend flops around the ring canvas in attempts to recompose himself, but is met with a series of standing knee drops to his chest which forces him to lie on his back. Mr. Perfect raises his arms in pose to the audience members, though they don't appreciate his display of showmanship.</i> <p>

JH: Keep on 'em, Perfect! <p>

<i>Mr. Perfect allows a wavering Reverend D-Von to return to his feet, though immediately swings him around and locks him in a tie up. Swiftly and gracefully, Mr. Perfect hooks D-Von's right leg and lifts him into a bridging cradle suplex known as the "Perfect Plex". The referee bounces as the impact sends a shockwave throughout the wrestling ring. Dropping to a pinfall position, the referee counts.</i> <p>

1.

2.

3! <p>

<i>"Perfection" fills the gymnasium once more as Mr. Perfect rises to his feet in victory. The fans release an obvious shout of rage as he has his right arm raised in victory by the referee. He quickly exits the ring; shuffling his way to the backstage area through a mob of angry fans who attempt to reach over and make contact with his singlet. Upon disappearing through the entrance curtain, Reverend D-Von is assisted to his feet by the referee and flees from the scene in humiliation.</i> <p>

TS: There you have it, House. Mr. Perfect has defeated Reverend D-Von in their first encounter. Perhaps it was too virtuous to allow Mr. Perfect to return to his feet in the early moments of the bout? <p>

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The audience bring themselves to a hush as “Perfection” fades out. Panning to the commentary area, Tony Schiavone begins to speak.

TS: Ladies and gentlemen, it's now my broadcasting duty to inform you that I will be conducting two independent interviews. In the first instance, we will feature Tatanka and ask him the pivotal question: “Why?”. This man is known to have an aggressive personality and it's with great apprehension that I must now approach this situation.

JH: Break a leg, Schiavone.

TS: Yeah, thanks..

Tony Schiavone removes the rugged headset from the top of his head as a spotlight focuses on the elevated commentary area. He takes a moment to straighten his business casual attire and disappears into the back; only to return a few moments later through the entrance curtain. He does not come accompanied by any members of staff, nor to any theme music. Upon entering the ring by walking up the steel ring steps and bowing through the middle rope, he requests a microphone from the in-ring referee. His request is granted as the referee exits the ring through the bottom rope and hands him the discarded object from the floor below. Schiavone begins to speak.

TS: Ladies and gentlemen, would you please welcome at this time.. Tatanka.

”The Native American Theme” fills the area as the fans rise to their feet in anger. Tatanka charges through the entranceway wearing a traditional feathered war bonnet and stripes of black and white paint underneath his eyes. He slides through the bottom rope and immediately rises to his feet; conducting a variety of spinning dance-like maneuvers along the inner perimeter of the wrestling ring. As his entrance theme fades out, he intimidatingly walks towards Tony Schiavone who draws the microphone towards his mouth.

TS: Tatanka, the question on everyone's mind is “Why?” Why did you assault Deuce Shade on two separate instances on the same night?

Tony Schiavone presents the microphone towards the mouth of Tatanka. With an expression of anger on his face, he begins to speak.

Tatanka: Why? Why Not?! Listen to me and listen to me good, albino. I was humiliated last week at the hands of your illegal occupiers. Do you not realize that I am a full blooded Native American? I am above your laws and requirements, and I will not follow them.

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TS: But, Tatanka, your attack on Deuce Shade was merciless and showed no remorse whatsoever. How do you explain your actions? <p>

Tatanka: I don't have to explain myself to anybody, albino. The fact of the matter is you and all of your European kind need to leave my land; my home. This country belongs to me and my people! Deuce Shade was just the beginning. We are done living in the death camps you Europeans call "reservations". What exactly is a reservation, albino? Have you ever visited one? <p>

TS: No I haven't, Tatanka. <p>

Tatanka: And it's a good thing because your kind aren't welcome. Let me tell you a little something about life on the 'rez! Our water is dirty, the white man's provided land is barren, and we live without the necessities of life. The things that the white man was meant to provide us with have not been provided. Me and my people have been outcasts in your European government standards. We are sick of the broken promises, the lies, and the "tomorrows" that each successor to the white man's throne in the White House has told us. There is no more tomorrow! My people are through waiting! <p>

TS: And what does that mean for us, Tatanka? <p>

Tatanka: Albino, do you not even speak your European language? Let me put this in terms that even your occupying mind can understand. Tatanka will crush any white man who dares to get in my way. I don't care if you're white, black, Oriental, or Latin American. Each and everyone one of you are all unwelcome settlers in the land that belongs to us. There is only one race that matters and that is the race of my people. Red until dead! <p>

<i>Tatanka steps away from Tony Schiavone who lowers his head in disgust. He approaches the ring ropes as fans jeer and taunt him with a barrage of hate filled comments. Tatanka shouts a hostile war cry to the audience who reply with boos and miscellaneous profanity lined outbursts. "The Native American Theme" grows to a prominent state within the gymnasium as Tatanka exits the ring and proceeds to the backstage area. He is met with a few flying objects from audience members, but simply brushes them away from his upper body and light blue wrestling trunks. He walks through the entrance curtain and disappears from sight.</i> <p>

JH: Yeah, go back to your squat Indian! Oh shit! Is my mic on? <p>

<i>John House flicks and manipulates the various controls and switches in front of him. He becomes noticeably irate as he simply throws the headset from off of his head onto the table in front of him; taking a moment to adjust the dark shades which perch firmly on his nose.</i> <p>

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The fans continue their expressions of rage as “The Native American Theme” fades into silence. Tony Schiavone continues to speak.

TS: Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize for that man but allow us to continue. At our past two events we witnessed a series of men from two tournament brackets battle it out to determine the two finalists in the “Tournament of Champions”. Those men are Muhammad Hassan and The Demon, and they will meet each other at our upcoming super card in Natchez, Mississippi subtitled “Born To Be Wild”. At this time I invite you to welcome our “Heat B” finalist. He is The Demon.

The Hillcrest High School gymnasium plunges into darkness as fragments of red spotlights hover around the area. “God of Thunder” by Kiss begins to roar as the fans rise to their feet in appreciation. At the beginning of the lyrics, The Demon kicks through the entrance curtain and studies the fans in attendance with a mystical gaze. He swaggers from side to side as each individual bounces in cheer. Upon reaching the ring, he thrusts his arms outwards which exposes the red lining of the spiked cape adorning his body. The Demon enters the ring by sliding under the bottom rope, and rises to his knees before bringing himself to a standing position. The gymnasium restores its normal lighting and the theme tune comes to a close as Tony Schiavone begins to speak.

TS: Good Evening, Demon. How does it feel to be competing for the most prestigious title in Ultra Pro Wrestling?

The Demon hastily grabs the microphone away from Tony Schiavone and shouts to the audience in attendance.

TD: OH YEAH!

The Demon repeats this question in a series of three as each fan mimics his cry. He lowers his voice into a more sensual, softer tone and looks out to the members of the audience.

TD: Well alright..

The Demon razzes his onlooking fans as he hands the microphone back into Tony Schiavone's grasp.

TS: Demon, you valiantly fought your way through opponents to be in this spot now. How do you respond to those who say your victory was a fluke and you are only there due to forfeits and other special circumstances?

TD: Do You Love Me? I know my Creatures Of The Night here in Evergreen, Alabama love me!

The audience continues their roar of joy as The Demon speaks.

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TD: We're Somewhere Between Heaven and Hell, Tony Schiavone. On one hand we have Muhammad Hassan who, in giving credit where credit is due, fought his way through three intense match ups to get where he's at. I, on the other hand, received a few special circumstances to get where I'm at. Does that make me a fluke? Absolutely not!

The audience members raise their voices in unison as The Demon continues.

TD: Muhammad Hassan is one tough customer for sure, but he does not rock like The Demon does. This War Machine is ready to be deployed and when he's finished will be the one holding the World Heavyweight Championship!

TS: Are you at all worried about Muhammad Hassan's views which could be described as somewhat radical?

TD: Danger is what I thrive on, Tony Schiavone. Muhammad Hassan's political viewpoints don't threaten me in the slightest. Many times they work against him. Hassan is a man who is too conservative in his beliefs; too rigid. What he fails to realize that, while his heritage and ancestry may come from those types of regions in the world, women forget their nationality when they see me and they all bow down to my Love Gun, yeah!

TS: You sound very confident, Demon. Do you feel you will be the winner at the upcoming "Born To Be Wild" super card in Natchez, Mississippi?

TD: All The Way!

"God of Thunder" by Kiss rumbles throughout Hillcrest High School as the audience once again rise to their feet in appreciation for The Demon. Both Tony Schiavone and The Demon exit the ring and proceed to the backstage area to a standing ovation. Tony Schiavone is first to disappear through the entrance curtain as The Demon briefly turns towards the audience with a razz. He then exits through the curtain as a spotlight focuses on Tony Schiavone re-entering the elevated commentary area.

Tony Schiavone places the rugged headset back on to his head, though visibly cringes within a strong static feedback. John House throws his arms up in the air and points to the assortment of buttons and switches on the commentary table. The scene fades to black as Tony Schiavone grabs hold of a few seemingly opposite plugs and heedlessly pulls which forces them to pop out.

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The scene re opens from within the backstage area of the Hillcrest High School. Flash Funk stands tall amongst an assortment of women who straddle the ridges of the school's storage lockers. Their fingers intertwine with the small, slit like openings which restrict their movement and reduce their glamorous eyes to cries of pain when several attempt to escape. Flash Funk begins to speak.

FF: Listen, hos! Down here in Evergreen there's a strong demand for bitches like you. You're all going to go make me some money tonight; 'ya dig?

Flash Funk marches in a similar fashion to a drill sergeant on parade. He stops in his tracks and jerks to examine one of the tangled women. She flinches in his presence as Flash reaches into his blue night suit; removing a diamond studded walking stick with the letters “FF” engraved into the helm. He claps it fiercely against the vacant adjacent locker which sends a ripple through the fingers of all of the imprisoned women. The target, a slim petite woman of African-American descent, begins to cry torrents of tears as Flash Funk yells in her left ear.

FF: And just what the fuck are you doing, ho?

“Baby, let me go. I don't want to be here anymore.”

FF: Shut your damn mouth, “baby”. I ain't payin' you to have thoughts. You're going to do as you're told; 'ya dig?

“But baby, c'mon, I ain't feeling too good lately. I just want to go back to the den in Reno for a little while.”

FF: Who pays the damn bills for that place? You ain't nothin' without me. Now, go clean yo' ugly face up. You got the look only a poor trick could love.

Flash Funk tugs forcefully at the slender fingers of the woman. She shrieks in agony as the jagged ridges of the storage locker peel away at her delicate skin. Tumbling to the floor, the woman examines her hand in pain as streaks of blood stream from her forefingers. Flash demands that she rises to her feet but she is unable to do so, and attempts to crawl to the school's nearby exit.

FF: And where the fuck do you think you're going, ho?

The woman scurries on her hands and knees towards the door and pushes on the steel handles. As the door flings open, she stumbles into the wet marshland surrounding the area. In quick and angry pursuit, Flash Funk exits and stands high above the grounded woman. He brings the walking stick high above his head and drives it towards the stomach region of the woman. However, his effort is suddenly stopped as two monstrous hands reach out and prevent the oncoming strike.

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FF: Let go, trick! <p>

<i>The two hands which reach out from beside the school walls continue their struggle against an irate Flash Funk. A brief tug of war envelopes the scene as the female victim manages to bring herself up from the wet marshland below and scrambles away. Flash yells towards the fleeing individual but she does not look back; instead running with intent away from the scene until she disappears from sight. This momentary distraction allows the pair of hands to pull the walking stick away from Flash Funk. The momentous force sends Flash trembling into the ground and the walking stick disappears from the sight; only to return a few moments later with its current bearer, Mark Henry. </i> <p>

FF: Trick, what do you think you're doing? Do you know how much damn money you cost me tonight? <p>

MH: There's no price for love, Flash Funk. Your ladies are some of the most hypnotic, erotic, and sensual creatures I have ever seen in my life.. <p>

FF: No price on love? Trick, you must be playin'. That ho there scored me 50 dollars an hour! <p>

MH: A minor fee for a moment of pleasure, Flash. That isn't the way I, UPW's most handsome man, plays the game. I don't approve of the way you treat the world's most beautiful creatures. <p>

FF: Trick, I don't give a fuck what you approve or don't approve of. You cost me money and you're going to be the one to pay! <p>

<i>Flash Funk attempts to bring himself from the ground below to a standing position. His effort, however, is met with a firm strike to the head from Mark Henry's wielded walking stick. The diamond studs crack over the head of Flash Funk and split the stick into two separate fragments. Both Funk and the walking stick crash to the ground below. Upon regaining composure, Flash Funk gazes into his broken treasure.</i> <p>

FF: Trick, you broke my pimp stick! I'm gonna get you! <p>

<i>Mark Henry slowly backs away from the scene though confidently walks out of sight as Flash Funk is left attempting to piece back the two broken pieces of his former possession. The scene fades to black as Mark Henry disappears from view.</i> <p>

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<i>As the scene returns to the ringside area, the sound of mechanical typewriters fill the scene. The audience rises to their feet in anger as Irwin R. Schyster walks through the entranceway curtain. He is met with a variety of hand gestures and other non-verbal insults, though these do little to affect his serious demeanor. He adjusts his red neck tie as he lowers the steel briefcase hanging at his right side. He quickly punches in a combination to its secure padlocks which immediately fling open and reveal a microphone. Schyster refastens his briefcase after removing the microphone, 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 or risk me showing up at your trailer parks with fines of up to 100,000 US Dollars. Now, let's face it; if the combined annual income of the audience here tonight was in excess of that amount, you wouldn't be living in this impoverished stink hole now would you? <p>

<i>Irwin R. Schyster continues his formal march towards the ringside area as the audience continue their tirade of hatred for the tax man. He discards the steel briefcase at the ringside area and enters the ring by ascending the steel steps and flopping through the middle rope. The sound of the typewriters fades out as he once again brings the microphone to his lips and continues to speak.</i> <p>

IRS: It makes me sick to my stomach to have to step into regions such as Evergreen, Alabama. Each and every one of you are in my files, and I know your minds are focused solely on illegal deductions and other falsified claims. It surprised me to see that several people likely in attendance here tonight claimed medical expenses on last year's tax return. What's the matter? Did "all y'all's babies daddies" fall in the unmaintained trailer court after a drunken dispute? Liquor, I might add, which was likely distilled in your filthy bath tubs as to avoid paying a sales tax? <p>

<i>Irwin R. Schyster shakes his head at the audience who slander his comments. He attempts to continue his remarks but is interrupted by a shout from the backstage area. </i> <p>

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

<i>Ron Killings steps through the entrance curtain accompanied by the sound of his own voice as he sings his "What's Up" theme song. He approaches the ring with a series of quick hops and moments of hip hop style dancing, and enters the ring by sliding under the bottom rope. He quickly brings himself to his feet and dusts his urban camouflage print denim jeans. Approaching the face of Irwin R. Schyster, he bellows a loud cry.</i> <p>

RK: Evergreen, Alabama! <p>

<i>A cheer accompanies the name drop of the audience's place of residence as Ron Killings asks his pivotal question.</i> <p> RK: What's Up?! <p>

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<i>As the audience echoes the question of Ron Killings, he is met with a stiff jab to the cheekbone from Irwin R. Schyster. The two competitors drop their microphones as the match bell sounds. A staggering Killings fails to get the upper hand as Schyster forces him to the eastern ring ropes with a series of straight punches to the face and upper body. Schyster grabs the left arm of Killings and Irish whips him into the opposite ring ropes. Upon returning, Killings receives a stiff shoulder block which brings him to the mat below.</i> <p>

TS: Irwin R. Schyster looks to be in great form against Ron Killings!<p>

<i>Ron Killings brings himself to the nearest northwestern ring corner and looks up to the more dominant Irwin R. Schyster. Schyster stands proudly over his victim, and is bent upon adding insult to injury by aggressively stomping into the cornered Killings. A flurry of leather shoes strikes make contact with Killings' upper torso and face region. Each strike sends the rap sensation into a deeper transient rest. Upon a suggested loss of consciousness, Irwin R. Schyster removes himself from the ring corner and raises his arms to the vengeful audience. He receives a slur of obscenities for his efforts, though is quick to respond with the shuffling of his index fingers and thumbs as if to suggest "pay up".</i> <p>

TS: Ron Killings is struggling to gain the upper here against our resident tax man. Is there anything he can do? <p>

JH: I dunno, Schiavone, but I sure hope he lays into the pig! I ain't puttin' up with listenin' to his rants! <p>

<i>It must have been divine intervention through John House's statement as Ron Killings brings himself back to a standing position to the cheer of his adoring fans. He is stabilized by the top ring rope and looks over to the posing Irwin R. Schyster. This lack of sportsmanship and respect infuriates him, and he responds with a jumping knee strike to the shoulder blades of a distracted Schyster. The force of the impact sends him staggering into the ring ropes, and Ron Killings capitalizes on the situation with yet another jumping knee strike to the upper body. Schyster tumbles over the top rope and plummets face first into the protective ring mats surrounding the squared circle.</i> <p>

JH: Yeah! C'mon Killings! <p>

<i>Irwin R. Schyster attempts to regain his composure by straddling his prominent facial features in the clutch of his hands. The audience jeers his actions and he mutters remarks pertaining to prompt tax payment. He flops himself to his back and looks up towards the hot lamps hanging high above the combative region. The lights blind him, and he removes his spectacles in attempts of correcting the sudden intense glare on his face. Ron Killings watches the struggling Schyster and smiles. Bringing himself slowly to the southwestern top turnbuckle, he executes a graceful 450 splash which forces the wind out of Schyster's chest. The audience rise to their feet in appreciation as Ron Killings shouts an overwhelmingly emotional "What's up?!" to the Hillcrest High School gymnasium.</i> <p>

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TS: A beautiful aerial maneuver from Ron Killings! <p>

<i>Ron Killings drags Irwin R. Schyster by the arm and slams it forcefully into the steel ring steps. The collision lets out a disturbingly loud “thud” which forces the nearby seated fans to show some degree of empathy through their visible cringes. Killings begins a repetitive assault on the forearm of Schyster through numerous slams against the steel ring steps. The referee promptly exits the ring and forces Ron Killings to back away from the fallen Schyster. This action receives a negative response from the fans as Killings confronts the referee regarding his action. Pointing to his zebra striped shirt, the referee demands that Ron Killings respect his authoritative decision. This falls request falls on deaf ears as Killings carelessly shoves the referee into the nearby steel barricade and returns to kicking and stomping the battered forearm of Schyster. </i> <p>

JH: I love it, Schiavone! He didn't take any of that from the referee! HA HA! <p>

<i>The ring bell sounds as the referee straddles his neck against the nearby steel barricades. He shakes his head in agony as the sound of metallic mechanical typewriters fills the Hillcrest High School gymnasium. The sudden onslaught of “clicks” and “clangs” sends the audience into a frenzy as Irwin R. Schyster is declared the winner of the bout through a simple point and tap of the right arm by the referee. Schyster crawls away from the scene on his hands and knees as Ron Killings intimidatingly shouts at the referee. His words grow louder in intensity and rage as the referee brings his hands over his face in defense. This diverts the angry singer to the nearest discarded microphone. He hastily picks it up and begins to speak after bringing it towards his mouth.</i> <p>

RK: No, no, no! That ain't my style! Schyster, I have had just about enough of you. I know the people of Evergreen, Alabama have had just about enough of you! <p>

<i>In an audible cheer from the audience, Ron Killings continues.</i> <p>

RK: And that's why I 'gots to thinkin'. Here in the Ultra Pro Wrestlin' we've got ourselves an Internet championship title. I'm putting the challenge out to you for that belt and we'll meet at the upcoming super card in Natchez, Mississippi! How's about that?! <p>

<i>Ron Killings throws the microphone against the ring canvas which causes it to distort in its numerous bounces. The sound of his “What's Up” entrance theme fills the gymnasium as fans jump and cheer in unison with his decree. He exits the ring by hopping through the middle rope and proceeds with an enraged saunter towards the backstage area.</i> <p>

TS: There you have it, fans. Irwin R. Schyster is the winner by disqualification but has received a challenge from Ron Killings for the Internet Championship at “Born To Be Wild”. What's your call, House? <p>

JH: Hey, I just hope that pig gets what's comin' to him! <p>

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TS: Well, John House. This is it. It's the moment you've been waiting for because Bobby Lashley is set to meet Kaos. <p>

JH: Aw yeah! It's time we go hardcore! HA HA! <p>

TS: And unlike our last contest, this bout will feature no disqualifications and falls count anywhere within the State of Alabama. The match can end anywhere, House! <p>

JH: I love it, Schiavone! <p>

<i>The sound of “What's Up” fades out of intelligibility and is quickly replaced by “The Dominator”. Bobby Lashley storms through the entranceway curtain to a roar of praise from the audience. His chiseled ebony physique is contained only within a covering of lycra biker shorts, and he smiles as he poses for his fans in attendance. He bends forward and crosses his arms; slowly regaining his erect position as he releases his arms diagonal points to the ceiling above. He continues with a methodical approach to the ringside area. Hopping, he jumps from the protective ring mats to the summit of the apron and enters the ring through the bottom rope. He turns in wait of his opponent.</i> <p>

<i>As “The Dominator” fades, it is substituted with “Psycho Circus” by Kiss. The track exhibits its brief interlude of miscellaneous carnival sounds and other features before introducing a powerful rock ensemble. The song grows in intensity as Kaos appears from the backstage area to a mixed reaction from the audience. In appreciation for their hero Bobby Lashley, his reception is mostly filled with boos and hisses. His extraordinarily tall physique is accented by the black and red butcher tights which cover his blemished skin. In dedication to his wrestling style, his tights are covered with a solid design representative of barb wire which brings a smile to his sadistic face at each glance. His nods in an almost slovenly way as he approaches the ringside area. Grasping firmly on to the top rope, he pulls himself to the surface of the ring apron and lifts his long legs over the top rope. The ring bell sounds which declares the match as official, and Kaos approaches the much shorter Bobby Lashley.</i> <p>

JH: I can't wait! Let's get it on! <p>

<i>The wounded referee scurries away from the closing gap between the two superstars as Kaos palm strikes the face of Bobby Lashley. This strike does little to move the fierce Lashley; who responds with a series of clubbing closed-fisted blows to the abdomen of Kaos. Each strike sends Kaos in a backwards stagger. Upon eventually reaching the western racing ring hopes, Bobby Lashley punches Kaos with a stiff uppercut to the chin. The force of the impact sends Kaos over the top rope, however he is able to land on his feet and manically laughs out loud.</i> <p>

TS: Just what is it going to take to get Kaos down? The man is out of his mind, House. <p>

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<i>Kaos continues to pace wildly around the outside of the ring area with a grin on his face. His steps grow loudly into stomps which shock the protective mats below him. He snarls, and punts the nearby steel ring steps which sends them flying into the barricade of the nearby seated fans. The few audience members scream and scramble which brings a sense of delight to the face of Kaos. Bobby Lashley, worried for the spectators, jumps through the middle rope and shoots for a double leg takedown on the impressive height of Kaos. His attempt is successful, though in the driving force of his own momentum stumbles over a dislodged ring mat and falls on to the nearby steel ring barricade. Both Kaos and Lashley crash with a tremendous force which knocks the barricade out of its secure holding and forces both competitors into the spectator area.</i> <p>

JH: Oh shit! They're in the crowd now! <p>

<i>Bobby Lashley gains the upper hand in the situation by rolling on top of Kaos and battering his face with an onslaught of close fist strikes. Pound after pound, the damage seems to be minimal to Kaos as he smiles and laughs with each successful strike. Bobby Lashley stands tall over the battered Kaos, though is brought down to a nearby folding chair with a toe hold from Kaos. Lashley's chin bounces firmly against the seated surface as he rolls to the side in agony. Kaos props himself against the chest of Lashley and pins his shoulders against the epoxy coated floor.</i> <p>

1.

2. <p>

<i>Bobby Lashley kicks out of the pinfall which angers Kaos. Rising to his feet, Kaos picks up two nearby folding chairs and hurls them away from him. The high velocity of the objects forces all seated spectators to run to the back of the gym which exposes a clear battlefield of scattered seats. Kaos brings Bobby Lashley to his feet, but the dominant martial artist responds to his positioning with a series of repetitive body strikes and knees to the stomach. Lashley hugs his arms around the abdomen region of Kaos and launches him in a belly to belly suplex which sends Kaos sliding through a pile of chairs acting as a conveyor belt. Kaos rubs his face with both palms and attempts to regain his composure, though a quick witted Bobby Lashley pursues his thrown subject and begins to stomp on his face. Reaching down, Lashley hoists a folding chair and brings it high above his head; only to send it crashing down on the exposed facial features of Kaos. The impact forces a wave of blood and bodily matter to gush from the forehead of Kaos, and Lashley quickly mounts him for a pinfall attempt.</i> <p>

1.

2. <p>

<i>A bloodied Kaos kicks out of the pinfall attempt and rolls himself away from the aggressor Bobby Lashley. Lashley brings himself to a standing position and looks down towards his muscular chest. Kaos' blood is splattered against it and forms an abstract design, however this sight causes Bobby Lashley to strike an equally sadistic grin as he approaches the fleeing Kaos.</i> <p>

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<i>Kaos continues to roll away from Bobby Lashley as the blood stained man continues his pursuit. The duo navigate themselves toward a nearby school exit which looks up towards the commentary area. John House flashes a quick wave as Lashley signals a thumbs up in reply. Kaos is dragged to his knees by Lashley, and is mounted in an agile freestyle cradle pinfall.</i> <p>

1..

2.. <p>

<i>The sheer size of Kaos allows him to break free from the cradle attempt as he rolls himself to safety. Kaos rests in a seated position and takes a moment to examine the shimmering red blood which flows freely from an open wound on his forehead. He continually pats his forehead and looks at the ever increasing amounts of blood on the palm of his hand, and shakes his head in anger. He emits a strong roar as he brings himself back to a standing position. Bobby Lashley, standing in wait of Kaos, responds with a suplex style throw against the nearby school exit. The door does not open, however, which sends Kaos crashing head and neck first into the floor. He falls in a daze and convulses in shock as Lashley looks around the room. Seeing something on interest, he runs towards it. A few enthralled fans follow his dash and cheer as Lashley reveals a pine wood folding table.</i> <p>

TS: Bobby Lashley is bringing a table into this no disqualification hardcore bout! <p>

<i>Bobby Lashley claps open the table legs and positions it carefully near the fallen Kaos. Once the table is placed to his satisfaction, Bobby Lashley returns to a dazed Kaos and drags him to his feet. Reaching under and lifting Kaos to his shoulder, Bobby Lashley begins a quick sprint towards the table but is unable to execute any throws as Kaos slides from the grip of Lashley and glides over the table. The table stays perfectly in place, though the same can't be said for Lashley who does his best imitation of an Olympic-like long jump and comes to a stop against the nearby coated block wall. The force of the impact sends Lashley staggering backwards and he collapses to his back. Fans shriek in horror as the head of Bobby Lashley opens and brings forth a narrow stream of his own blood.</i> <p>

JH: Both guys are bloodied up here, Schiavone! Who's gonna end who? <p>

<i>Kaos, gripping the back of his head and neck region, approaches Bobby Lashley and drags his carcass off of the floor. He points up to John House who jumps up and down in both fear and delight. Kaos supports Lashley's dazed body as the two walk through the entrance curtain and disappear from sight. A spotlight begins to shine on the commentary area as Kaos gradually comes into scene while still carrying his opponent. Pointing to the floor, Kaos receives an overwhelmingly negative reception from the audience as he throws Bobby Lashley's head into his pelvis and continues to point towards the ground below.</i> <p>

TS: Just what are you doing, Kaos?! <p>

JH: 'Ya can't, 'Ya cant! <p>

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<i>Kaos continues to mount Bobby Lashley in a submissive position as he kicks away the barriers which protect the commentary area. Steel poles and other restraints crash to the floor below which sends nearby audience members away from the scene in a fearful panic. As all restrictions fall from Kaos' path, the commentary team continue to plead with him to reconsider his actions. The referee below throws his arms up and waves them as if to suggest "no". Bringing Bobby Lashley into an upside down position with his bleeding face pointed sharply towards the floor below, Kaos steps off the edge of a deranged normality and into an inhumane oblivion. <p>

Both Bobby Lashley and Kaos tumble from the elevated commentary area as Kaos executes his Piledriver From Hell through the positioned table. The object breaks away immediately upon impact as the audience unite in their cries of horror and fear. </i> <p>

JH: Someone call 911! <p>

<i>Bobby Lashley's head collides with the Hillcrest gymnasium floor. He flops lifelessly on to the scuffed floor next to a seated Kaos; who watches his opponent convulse in possible injury or pending death. With no remorse, Kaos rolls Bobby Lashley over utilizing a half nelson and brings him into a pinfall attempt.</i> <p>

1.

2.

3! <p>

<i>"Psycho Circus" by Kiss fills the Hillcrest High School gymnasium as the audience members scream obscenities towards the victor. The referee raises Kaos' right arm high above his bloodied face as the man sadistically laughs at the crushed Bobby Lashley below him. The fans continue their taunts and jeers, though Kaos takes little notice of their actions and continues to stare into the body of his devastated opponent. The scene fades to black as Kaos rubs an apparent belt outline over his waist and points towards an unresponsive Bobby Lashley.</i> <p>

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The twinkling of stars and moonlight fills the scene as it opens from within a forested region. Tall deciduous trees sway in a gentle wind as the lush foliage reflects speckles of light looming over it. The area appears vacant. There is a strong sense of the region being unkempt, and an eerie presence travels through the wind. Someone, or something, is here and has been here for many years.

As the scene pans the region of nothingness, a man comes into the scene. He is dressed in traditional Arab attire to include a thawb and a woodland camouflage keffiyeh supported by a black agal. He pauses for a moment; brushing some of the dirt off of the brilliant white material which clings closely to his skin. It takes little time to recognize the figure as he announces his presence into the poorly lit night.

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

Muhammad Hassan approaches an isolated boulder. Bringing himself to a seated position and looking into the night sky, he continues to speak.

MH: Some may call it destiny, but I call it necessary. For it is those who endure endless stress and strife that receive their reward. My life has been unwaveringly devoted to both this country and my personal beliefs. That is until the day it all changed. "The land of the free" they say. I say personal freedom is given only to those with the appropriate skin color; or lack thereof. It is only those who willingly bow down, reject their religious foundations, fornicate themselves into oblivion, and resist all calls to behave virtuously that win in this country. In defiance of Allah and His Prophet (pbuh) they behave; in defiance they must fall.

Muhammad Hassan rises from his seated position and continues to walk throughout the forested scene. He continues to speak.

MH: On that fateful day nearly nine years ago, my brothers in justice sent a wakeup call to this country. Their plea for this nation to open their eyes and see their wrongdoings was a spectacular event to witness! However, where did it lead them? Where did it lead me?! Since then, all of the evildoers have done nothing but humiliate me and strike me in the face with the proverbial soles of their shoes. I have been ostracized in my own home because of my righteous beliefs and devotion to Allah who is Wise and True!

Muhammad Hassan points to a seemingly random spot in the dirt ground below him. Grinning, he begins grinding it with the heel of his shoe as he continues.

MH: On this spot lies the result of a wretched whore's actions. On this spot marks the place where Allah opened the world and encapsulated Barbara Allen Rainey in *Jahannam*. You see, the defiling of righteousness has been an ongoing process in this country. The first female to fly in the United States Navy was rightfully cast out of this world, and that brings a smile to my face. Who is a woman to fly, anyway? They don't know of such things!

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MH: And now, as a result of her ignorance and defiance of Allah and His Prophet (pbuh), she dines on the fruit of the <i>Zaqqum</i> for eternity. Still, you swine look at her and praise her for acts of heroism and valiance. Yet, since 9/11, you look at people like me with hate and vengeance. Our actions were in no way different but because of my color and beliefs you swine perceive me as being malicious. Never mind the fact that I grew up with you as a child and attended the same public schools as your friends! Because of my complexion, you hate me and revere evildoers like The Demon! <p>

<i>Muhammad Hassan begins pointing through the now hastily blowing trees. The wind picks up with an intense fury as he continues to speak.</i> <p>

MH: Through there is a public airport. Through there is the prime example of the prejudiced and racist administration which I am forced to live under! Regardless of any form of conservative appearance I assume while traveling, I am always diverted through additional security measures. "It's for the safety of all passengers on board the aircraft" they say. Safety is not through conventional measures! Safety is through humble and loving submission to Islam! The greatest injustice of all is watching men like The Demon walk through untouched. He may disguise himself in women's cosmetics and instruments of sexual bondage, but he receives no punishment as a result of his actions! The tyranny of the evildoer knows no bounds, and my brothers and I have been its pawn on the intricate chessboard of domination. <p>

<i>Muhammad Hassan approaches the camera. He gazes into the lens with a fearless stare and continues to speak.</i> <p>

MH: Demon, the process of panting your face white paints a perfectly clear portrait in my mind. Your belief in the wrongdoings of the evildoer is something you worship. You believe in looking down on people like me and that is not something I will stand for! Be comfortable as <i>Qiyamah</i> is coming, swine. By the endless grace of Allah you will be destroyed, and in liberation of my brothers I will be crowned the World Heavyweight Champion! Never will we be ashamed to walk the streets. We will come forth in great masses and persecute you! <p>

MH: Demon, it is shameful for a man to dress in women's effects. To me, that is not a man but a confused Western apostate. Your weakness will be your downfall and I will be victorious. I will be Ultra Pro Wrestling's World Heavyweight Champion. <p>

<i>Muhammad Hassan turns with a quick jerk and walks through the dense shrubbery. The camera silently watches and witnesses Hassan disappear into the sterile night as the scene fades to black.</i> <p>

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